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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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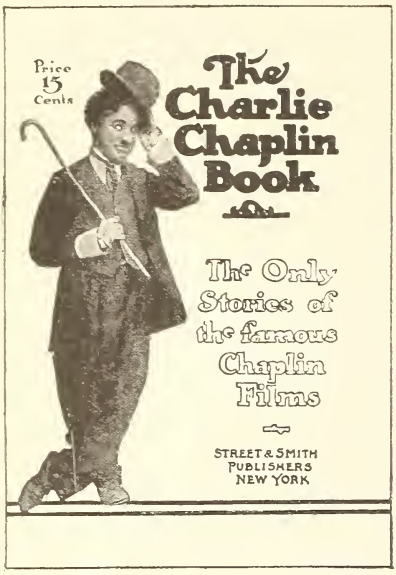

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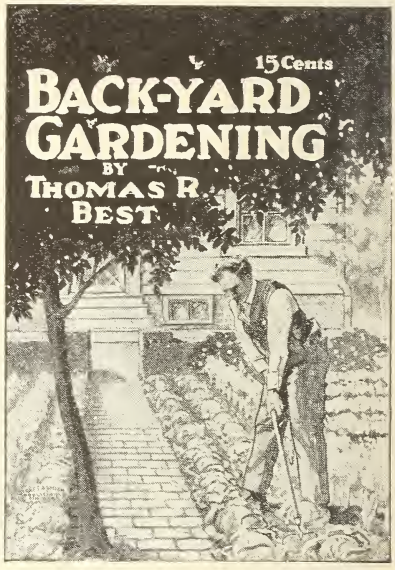

HAVE you a backyard, or vacant lot, now growing flowers, grass or weeds? If so, plant a vegetable garden and be independent. Last year there was a shortage in all crops and the demand was the greatest in history. That is why vegetables are now an expensive luxury.

Back-yard Gardening

By Thomas R. Best, has been published to help avoid another shortage in the vegetable crop. It tells what can be done with a small plot of ground; how to lay it out and plant; what to plant early and how to secure a succession of crops—and thus get double service from the same ground in one season.

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83 Seventh Avenue, NEW YORK

AUG -3 1917

PATRIOTISM AND PICTURES

WHEN they are silent they cry out."

The voiceless call to arms, which the cinema sounds, is no less stirring because its appeal is through the eye. Filmdom is agog with patriotism. No great industry in the land is doing more to arouse the nation to its war duties and responsibilities. Motion pictures have become a power in this country second only to the press. They reach the masses almost as generally as the newspapers do. Their influence is now being exerted forcefully and efficiently to promote a spirit of common endeavor and purpose, as it applies to the conduct of the war. This is seen in numerous preparedness plays, in poster slides which urge men to volunteer, in pictures of trench warfare, and in scenes which relate to military get-readiness in America.

As the days of preparedness creep on and the day for action draws nearer we find that motion-picture people from every branch of the industry are offering their services to the country. Actors, many of them well known, and studio employees of every craft have been enlisting in large numbers. Moreover, perhaps sixty per cent of the artisan workers in the industry are subject to being drafted.

With regard to noncombatant work, actresses throughout the land are devoting their energies and sympathies to the war cause. A goodly number of screen favorites have gone to Europe to enter the Red Cross service; while the vast majority, who of necessity must remain at home, are engaged in various fields of helpfulness. Some are training to be nurses; others have organized sewing clubs which put out bandages, knitted socks, and other war-time necessities; still others are aiding recruiting by making appeals for volunteers. These appeals are not

always in the form of speeches, though very often they are. It is left to each actress to choose her own method in trying to reach the conscience of America's young manhood. One daring "movie" queen was strapped to a steel girder and lifted aloft on a crane to the top story of a high building in New York. The incident attracted thousands of spectators. Recruiting officers got busy in the crowd and persuaded many young men to join the colors. In this case, and in many others, the appeal to courage was made through an act of courage.

Some of the higher-salaried players have demonstrated their patriotism by generous contributions to war benefits. One idol of the films is said to have given one hundred thousand dollars to the Allied cause. There are numerous cases where not only gifts of talent and service, but also material aid have come from the ranks of the cinema celebrities.

Not only have producers and players been active in furthering the work of preparedness, but motion-picture directors have lent invaluable aid. In some instances their services are unsung, but it must be kept in mind that the excellence of a patriotic picture and the good results which follow its showing are due in no small measure to the man behind the camera. Further, there is a tendency among the directors to coördinate their efforts. Soon after the declaration of war the New York Association of Motion Picture Directors, assembled at a banquet in that city, pledged their support and service to the President, and telegraphed him to that effect.

Motion pictures, as they bear on the war, are beneficial in a subtle and almost imperceptible way. In war dramas we see the conscious efforts of producers to awaken patriotism. As regards the personnel of filmdom, again we see the purposeful activity of individuals that contribute to the honor and credit of the profession.

We recognize, however, a less definable and more indirect way in which the screen industry serves a patriotic purpose. The nerve strain, the mental tension and distress which war imposes upon a people cannot be endured without some diverting and relaxing influence. It is the motion picture which, more perhaps than any other amusement, ministers to the psychological needs of men and women. The good which the cinema does in thus relieving the solemnity and sorrow that war brings cannot be overemphasized.

Winners of Our Screen Opportunity Contest

ETHEL PAYNE

of the MacDonald Apartments, Valencia Street, Los Angeles, California, was born in Liverpool, England, about nineteen years ago. She was educated there, also, and came to America, in 1914. After attending high school at the Academy of Idaho, for two years, Miss Payne let ambition lead her to Los Angeles. She has been a gown model there for the past year, and feels that her good fortune in winning the Screen Opportunity Contest has opened the way to a brilliant future.

JOHN L. O'BRIEN

is an athletic young American of the sturdy New England type, and was born in East Hardwick, Vermont, in 1896. He modestly disclaims that he was a child prodigy, and declares that the first important event in his life was graduation from high school in his home town. Since then he has been associated with the industry which makes his State famous—maple sugar refining. Mr. O'Brien anticipates his entrance into dramatic work with great enthusiasm. He resides in East Hardwick.

MYRTLE OWEN ANDERSON

of 1118 Main Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma, is another who will be given an opportunity to shine as a star of the silent drama. Mrs. Anderson—she has a husband and two small children—was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, April 25, 1892. When she was graduated from the Walnut Lane Seminary, at Germantown, Pennsylvania, at the age of twenty, she married George H. Anderson, and they moved to Tulsa. The judges believe that in Mrs. Anderson they have discovered an actress for strong parts, of the Clara Kimball Young type.

FRANCOIS DU BARRY

was born and reared in Quebec, Canada, and was educated at St. Mary's School in that city. Later he attended St. John's College, I'berville, Canada, and then studied voice culture under Signor Carboni, the Metropolitan Opera baritone. Besides being an accomplished singer, Mr. du Barry lays claim to being a cosmopolite. For several years prior to the war he lived in Milan, Italy; and since then in Pasadena, California, where he achieved fame as a golf player. He is eager to begin screen work. His home is in Fairfield, Connecticut.

RUTH MARIE WALLACE

was called right from the comfort of her hearthstone at 548 Roche Avenue, Porterville, California, to take her place upon the screen before the eyes of all the world. Her father has ranch holdings in the San Joaquin Valley. She owns a ranch all her own, which she supervises; is an accomplished pianist, and the wife of a judge. Portland, Oregon, where she was born on August 15, 1894, is the place that will boast of this fact if she makes good in the pictures—and she is determined she shall. Her education was obtained in a boarding school from which she was graduated in 1915.

HENRIETTA L. GANT

is the promising picture player of the future portrayed above. Miss Gant, who is a resident of Shore Road, Douglas Manor, Long Island, New York, was born in Chicago, of English parentage, on June 17, 1889. After being graduated from a convent at Dubuque, Iowa, Miss Gant encouraged her ambition to follow a professional career by studying instrumental and vocal music and dramatic art for ten years. This ambition was never realized, but she feels certain that her opportunity at last arrived when she was chosen a Contest winner.

GERTRUDE V. DUFFY

has come to realize the strange reversal of the order of things which this old world has a habit of forcing upon its inhabitants. For a long time she has been diligently cultivating her voice, with a view to operatic endeavor, only to be appointed to seek fame in an art that is mute and silent. Miss Duffy was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1896, and was educated in Chicago, and, in 1915, won the gold medal offered by the American Conservatory of Music for singing.

ALAMEDA DAVIDSON

is a native of such a small town in Alabama that the map disdains mention of it. Spring Gardens, the name of this geographical pin point, served only as a birthplace for the prospective star. In early childhood she moved to Atlanta, Georgia, and was reared there. Her first ambition was to be a lawyer, but she now admits she would rather be an actress than play the rôle of Portia in real life.

LELA SUE CAMPBELL

was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas, but has resided most of her life in Brinkley, same State where she now lives. The "day of youthful joy" and "twentieth spring" which the aged poet sighed for is hers, and added to this is beauty. Ever since she finished school in her home town, Miss Campbell's main ambition, according to her own confession, has been to be a queen in the silent drama.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT SOVEREL

is the only successful contestant who can boast that New York is her natural habitat. Nine years ago, when she was a mere slip of a schoolgirl, she moved with her family to Cedar Grove, New Jersey; and was educated in the public schools there. Miss Soveral is a striking beauty of an unusual type; she has dark blue eyes and golden brown hair. In addition she is tall and of very graceful bearing. She brings to her work the bubbling enthusiasm of the typical out-door-loving girl.

JUNE RENIGAR

is a native of Greensburg, Indiana, but for nearly two years has lived in Memphis, Tennessee. A long and interesting letter from Miss Renigar recounts the days of her childhood spent with her grandparents, older sister, and brother in the little Indiana town. Her ambitions in life have led her to consider several lines of work, but she had just recently decided to be a business woman when the chance to be a screen actress came. She is twenty.

Who is She?

The young lady whose photograph is printed above has been chosen by the judges as a winner in our Screen Opportunity Contest. But who is she? We do not know. Her letter, containing her application blank, with her name and her address, was lost among fifty thousand other letters and packages, and her identity remains a mystery. But the judges, resolved to retain the utmost fairness in their decisions, did not put another in her place among the winners. Will the lady of mystery, who is having the door to success in filmdom held open until she arrives, kindly communicate with the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE immediately upon seeing this?

Announcement of Contest Winners

Judges complete decision of Screen Opportunity Contest winners. What they get. Their chance for stardom, and how they will act.

AT last the anxiously awaited announcement of contest winners can be made. On the first twelve pages of this issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE the photographs of the winners appear. These pages, as readers of this magazine know, are usually reserved for the photographs of screen stars, and in devoting this space to our winners we wish to imply the hope that they, too, will some day be shining luminaries in the film firmament.

There is no first prize, and no special honor or preference will be given to any individual. As previously announced, each of the fortunate twelve enters filmdom on his or her own merit, and their future in the motion-picture world depends upon the individual efforts of each, and the talent displayed as the filming of the first picture progresses.

How Winners Were Chosen

The task of Mr. Powell, Mr. Duffy, and Miss Rambeau in selecting the winners was a colossal one. The thousands of entries presented a staggering task, but each one of them was carefully examined, the single-minded purpose of the judges being to accord justice to all and favor to none. As each entry was considered, it was duly classified according to the way it commended itself to the judges, and when all of them had been looked over the final twelve were chosen from among the several divisions into which the entries had fallen. That is to say, the final selections represented what the judges considered the most promising personalities from among the various types of people registered. Of course, this meant a long and rather trying process of elimination. The beautiful eyes of Miss A. were weighed over against the attractive hair of Miss B. The height and weight of one were compared to the height and weight of the other. In short, every factor in the personality and physical appearance of one prospective winner would have to be considered in comparison with some rival contestant. Every care and effort was made to give credit where credit was due, and it is the belief of the judges that, so far as it was humanly possible to decide, the winners are the twelve contestants who can best qualify to undertake motion-picture work. In no sense does this discount many others who made a splendid showing.

One of the Twelve Unknown

It is interesting to note that after the winners were selected it was found that one fair beauty among them was unidentified. It was discovered that her name and address did not appear on the photograph and—pity of pities—her letter and application blank had been lost. At first the predicament seemed hopeless. In fairness to the winner the judges did not wish to be forced to substitute some one in her place. It seemed to them that it was a sort of Cinderella

problem reversed. Her name, which corresponded to the slipper, was missing, and had to be found. The search for it is still going on. It was decided to publish her picture along with all the other winners in the hope that she would see it and then come forward and make herself known. This is the last element of uncertainty in a contest which has thrilled with surprise and suspense. No doubt the vast family of contestants who have looked forward so eagerly to the result of the contest will share with the judges the hope that the unknown winner will soon be located. The next issue of PICTURE-PLAY will tell whether she has been found and full particulars of the search for her. Her picture appears opposite the first page of this article. It may be that even if the young lady herself does not happen to see it some of her friends will, and advise this magazine of her identity.

Winners Greatly Delighted

The contest winners come from twelve different States. It is not altogether by accident that this happened, it being the idea of the judges to have as many sections of the country as possible represented among the winners. This, of course, however, does not mean that other considerations were in any way sacrificed. As stated at the outset of the contest, it was a screenable face, personality, and intelligence that would be the three determining factors in the selection of the winners. Not only do they hail from different parts of the country, but generally speaking they are widely apart as far as types are concerned. While all of them, in the estimation of the judges, are unusually attractive and intelligent-looking young people, for the most part they represent great variety, both as regards personality and appearance. It is gratifying to the judges that this is true inasmuch as it will be easier to cast the players when each one of them has a pronounced individuality of his own.

The letters and telegrams of acceptance from the winners were extremely interesting. In every case they seemed enthusiastic over the prospect of entering pictures, and there was a pleasing tone of appreciation on their part for the opportunity which was being given to them to make careers for themselves. As soon as the final choice of winners was made a telegram was dispatched to each of them, apprising them of their success. Immediately telegrams in reply began to come in, and in a short time all except the unknown lady of mystery had wired their acceptance and thanks. Thereafter letters followed telegrams. In these letters the judges found every evidence of wide-awake intelligence, which confirmed their good opinion of the winners previously formed. Not only did they show unbounded delight in the fact that the contest had favored them, but each winner was plainly impressed with the responsibilities of the work which awaited him. The judges therefore have every reason to believe that when actual work begins in the studio they will find assembled an able, conscientious, and alert group of young Americans who stand ready to do their best in the realm of the silent drama.

The Trip to New York

Immediately after the appearance of this article the first contingent of winners will be sent for, and they will at once be cast for parts in the feature picture which is to be filmed. As indicated already, the winners will not all come to New York at once. It has been decided as best that three or four come at a time, so that each player will receive the most attention possible at the hands of the director. In this way the possibilities and talents of each can be devel-

oped to the utmost. It will not be surprising if at least three or four players of stellar ability will thus be discovered, and it is hoped that all of the twelve will give a good account of themselves whether or not they have the talent to become stars. All that is possible will be done to set at rest any timidity the winners may feel in approaching a new profession. They will be treated with the greatest consideration, and it will be the purpose of the director and his assistants to discover the peculiar gifts of each winner and give each a chance to employ these gifts. Being in close personal touch with the winners day by day, the studio staff will have full opportunity to observe progress made by each player, and the difficulties which arise will be smoothed out as far as tact and kindness will be able to do so. The judges believe that with each winner the possessor of good looks and intelligence there will be nothing for any of them to fear, and they anticipate no trouble from their being "screen struck" or overawed in their initial appearance before the camera.

As regards the arrangements which have been made for the winners to come to New York, it was thought at first that each of them would be paid the price of his railroad fare at the end of the first week's work. Now, in order to insure the winners against any financial inconvenience, it has been decided to purchase their railroad tickets for them and make all transportation arrangements in advance. Furthermore, they will be met at the railroad station upon their arrival in New York and escorted to their destinations in the city. The personal comfort of each will be looked out for, and for the benefit of those who have not previously visited New York, advice and courtesies will be offered as they are needed. It will be noticed in the captions under the several pictures that a few of the winners live near the metropolis. To them the wonders of the great city are an old story, but for those who come from a distance the sights and surprises of Gotham are a pleasure which awaits them. For the benefit of those in the latter class, nothing will be left undone to be of every assistance possible.

Women Outnumber Men

It will perhaps be surprising to some to note that the men winners are in the small minority. This occurred not through any prearranged decision on the part of the judges. On the other hand, it happened as a natural result, after the entries had been thoroughly examined. This is not intended to imply that the men did not make a good showing, for there were many estimable candidates to pick from. For all that, however, the ladies held their own to the last, and when all was said and done, decisions were awarded to ten women as against two men. The strong appeal which the entries from the winners made was not on account of their good looks alone. Their letters and application blanks showed care in preparation, and great earnestness of purpose as far as their ambitions were concerned. In addition, they showed originality and brightness, and through them all runs a note of youthful enthusiasm. Also, they are not without that indefinable quality called "human interest."

As typical of the joyous spirit in which the winners have accepted their new positions, the following speaks for itself:

"I just received your wire, stating that I had been chosen one of the winners in the PICTURE-PLAY contest. 'Tis surely wonderful, and I thank you with all my heart. It seems too good to be true.

"It's dreadfully late to be writing, but I'm so excited that I never could sleep, and I believe I'm about the happiest girl

in the whole world. I'm glad for the others who have been chosen also—and I hope we all have a chance to make good."

Letters from Contestants

Many of the most interesting letters received were from those who failed of selection to a place among the winners, and yet who, for native cleverness and wit, were not surpassed by their more fortunate rivals. Again, some were so naïve, so natural, so altogether human and spontaneous, that what they lacked in elegance they made up for in genuineness and directness. It would be impossible to describe in a word the variety of sentiments, viewpoints, and motives that came to this magazine in the contest letters. Still less possible would it be to describe the varieties of style in which these ideas were couched. It is not out of place to reproduce, either in part or in their entirety, a few of the more striking or otherwise interesting contest epistles.

A lady from Kansas recounts the story of her life in such overdetailed and generous measure that she far exceeds the two-hundred-word limit prescribed in the contest rules. Realizing this just in the nick of time, she closes her letter thus:

"I have written eight hundred words, but when you have read two hundred of them you can stop."

Not less to the point, but in more egotistical vein, is this excerpt from the letter of a college girl: "I thank God that he gave me a beautiful face, a statuesque figure, and a brilliant mind."

Despite these qualifications, which she so frankly admitted herself, she was not included among the winners.

John Blank, from the countryside of middle Illinois, tells some very interesting things, that are not very relevant to motion pictures or to the contest. He writes: "In this neighborhood eggs are selling higher than they were at Christmas time, and no wonder the country is howling about hard times. Butter is going up, and other dairy products, too; and if this keeps up, rich men will soon be poor enough to go through a needle's eye. You see, I am a religious man, and it comes natural to me to use Bible reference. For my part, I am willing to let the other fellow do the complaining, because a man in the dairy-and-poultry business, like me, will not be the first one to suffer from high prices!" He continued in a similar strain through three paragraphs, and concluded with a very happy compliment to the magazine and many good wishes for a successful contest.

A rather discursive note, penned by a sweet-sixteener, gives us a glimpse into youth's multicolored world of dreams:

"My mother thinks I am too young to be an actress, but I know if you would give me a chance I could be a movie queen like Miss Theda Bara. I am right tall for my age, and I could either play vampire parts or simple country girl. My preference of rôles is romantic. I can dance, swim, play the piano, and also pony riding. My hair is auburn, with golden streaks in it when exposed to the sunlight. I do not like school very much, and I think it would be fine to come to New York and be a great actress. I think I could do best in love scenes."

The following extract from a letter written by a young lady from Texas shows that she has plenty of ambition, but that she is not quite sure of her goal. She says: "I am very anxious to become a famous actress, and I think I could play parts like Nance O'Neil and Shirley Mason." Perhaps she has noted a similarity between those stars that has escaped us, but it has always been our impression that the respective talents of Misses O'Neil and Mason

were as widely divergent as the mental attainments of Napoleon and Socrates.

Even in these strenuous days most women take time to become acquainted with themselves. We would say that the following showed a marked genius for self-analysis and introspection:

"My type is similar to that of the most popular actresses, being small and possessed of regular features. I am active, and delight in movement and impersonation. I have an extensive imagination and a desire to use it. I possess a marked degree of grace, personality, intelligence, and originality. I am so interested in the art of acting, every faculty I possess would be centered upon my success and my ability to please."

In the following girlishly wholesome and frank letter there is something eternally feminine—mayhap it is the reference to the mirror:

"I have at last gained courage to send in my application. I have wanted to, but I know I am far from being beautiful. Since a very small child I have wanted to act, and felt I could do so if given a chance. I am my real self when acting. Therefore I am generally misunderstood. I enjoy trying to act—before my mirror—because I feel the emotions I try to portray.

"A few weeks ago I had the opportunity to see myself as others see me. The people said I 'registered' splendidly. Minus the usual 'make-up.'

"I know there must be hard work in acting. But work that is a pleasure is not work. Anxiously awaiting your decision."

Final Word to Contestants

We might publish, if space permitted, many other letters that reveal the fundamental traits of humanity. This time it was not a touch of nature, but a screen-opportunity contest that made us realize anew that the whole world is kin. People have expressed themselves as they really felt, and this is what has given us an insight into human nature that we never had before. We believe that sympathy is the eye of the soul, and, through the deeper feeling for human nature that the contest letters have inspired in us, we think that forevermore, when we meet ambition, heart yearnings, and mankind's hopes and vision of things as they ought to be, we shall know them on sight.

Just one word in conclusion as we approach the parting of the ways with our friends who entered the contest. Disappointments there must be, as is always the case where many people are striving for a limited number of niches in the Hall of Fame. We trust that all who have missed being chosen as winners will accept the decision of the judges philosophically. It was certainly the earnest aim and purpose of the latter to award the places of honor to those who were best able to fill them. To be a good loser is just as fine as to be a good winner, and we believe that all who ran in the race will join us in extending hearty congratulations to the twelve successful contestants. From time to time we shall report the progress that these young travelers on the road to renown are making.

Returning of Photographs

Since the close of the contest, PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE has been in receipt of many letters from contestants, requesting that their photographs submitted to the contest be returned. Some of these letters have inclosed postage for the purpose of covering mailing, and some have not.

When the judges opened the mail, they laid aside those pictures with which were inclosed postage, and put the others together. Every effort is

being made to return the pictures with which postage was inclosed. The others were not filed alphabetically, and it would be impossible to find an individual entry among the thousands. Therefore, if you inclosed postage when you sent your picture, it will most probably be returned if you are not a winner. If you did not inclose postage, it is useless to write now and send us stamps. We could not find your picture, and would only have to return your money.

Foreseeing such a situation, it was clearly stated in italic type, in every publication of the rules, that this magazine would not be responsible for any pictures or letters submitted to the contest. We are doing our utmost to return them to the senders who put stamps in their entries, but the return of even these cannot be guaranteed.

PLAINTIVE SONG OF THE LADY BUG

I BELONG among the upper set's best people,
And my high position bothers me a bit,
For I'm isolated like a stately steeple,
There are lots of pleasures that I must omit;
While I do not care to talk of my attractions,
Still, I must admit I'm more than passing fair;
And it splits the male contingent into factions
When I step into the plot 'most anywhere.

Oh, they dance attendance on my stray caprices,
And they try to make the going soft for me;
Though I bust a multitude of hearts in pieces,
Yet I'm not as happy as I ought to be.
Men! They ask me out to concerts and to dances,
And they take me out to every blooming show;
Men! They tell me that my pulchritude entrances,
But—they do not take me where I want to go.

For—by way of necessary explanation—
(I tell all these things to you in confidence)
I am just as timid as a poor relation,
Who, upon receiving money, gets him hence;
It is very hard for me to ask a favor,
That's my nature, and I'm sorry it is so;
So, you see, my problem waxes graver,
I am much too shy to tell them where to go.

Me, I'd like to go and see the moving pictures,
For the handsome heroes thrill my very soul;
But my whole life must be lived between the strictures
Of position and the ultrasocial rôle,
They have placed me on a pedestal above them,
At an altitude that's formal, cold, and smug;
There they think that I am happy, but, Lord love them,
It is time they learned I am a lady bug.

LYON MEARSON.

the heavy hand of the general hammered on the panel.

"Quick! Pull down your hair and struggle with me," whispered Karl. "It is our only chance."

The big bulk of the general was flung against the door, and it gave way. Wrathful, he surveyed the struggling man and woman. Then, recognizing the young lieutenant, he burst into a roar of vicious laughter.

"A woman—always a woman, my brave lieutenant!" he cried. "The little spitfire bootblack, eh? Bring her down, Von Austreim. I want to question her." And in his stockinged feet he lumbered downstairs.

They followed him to the dining room, where he had summoned his staff around the dining table.

As Karl and the girl entered, the general greeted them with a leer. "Wine, women, and war—that's Von Austreim's motto!" he chuckled. Then the brutal grin vanished, and his eyes grew stern. "Now, girl, some one has been telephoning from here to the French lines. What have you to say? Tell!"

"He asks you to tell what you know about a secret telephone," Karl translated.

"I refuse to say anything," she answered.

Karl looked at her pleadingly, but she shook her head.

The colonel bared his teeth. "No answer, eh! Then take her out and shoot her!"

Karl plucked off his helmet and flung his sword at the feet of the colonel. "Order me shot also," he said. "I am done with you and your emperor. I was blind to your system—now, thank God, I see!"

The angry officers sprang to attack him, but the colonel waved them aside. "It shall be as the gentleman desires," he said with ironic courtesy. "Ascertain the lady's name, and have it entered on the records that she was shot as a spy; also that Karl von Austreim was shot for treason. Now take them away."

Jules de Destin, at the other end of the phone, had heard Angela scream. Failing to get further message from her, he surmised that she had been discovered. It was useless to hope for mercy from the disciples of *schrecklichkeit*. He ordered the guns concentrated on the château. An avalanche of French shells descended. Karl and Angela were buried with the others in a mass of débris. Suddenly the guns ceased and the girl managed to crawl out from the wreckage, and, supporting Karl, who was badly wounded, led him through the star shells of No Man's Land between the German and French lines.

They gained a ruined chapel as a fresh charge of the French swept by in a counter attack that gained them the château permanently.

Next morning, bringing his battery up, Jules saw two figures stumbling out of the ruined chapel—the woman he loved and the man he had hated. It was a strange meeting, there by the broken chancel and the broken cross on the devastated plain.

Angela, overjoyed at meeting the young Frenchman, hastened to explain what had happened. "Karl is no longer a Prussian," she added. "He gave up his sword to his commander."

Jules stared at the man he had hated. Karl nodded dully. "I didn't understand," he said. "I thought the Fatherland meant——" And there he stopped. There was a sob in his throat.

"Jules, will you protect him—for my sake?" pleaded Angela. "He is badly wounded."

"I must advance with my battery," Jules told her. "I will see that you are in safe hands, and I'll send an ambulance for Von Austreim. He will be put in a detention camp, as a matter of course, but I think—yes, I *know* I can

secure his release and passports to enable him to return to America, if he wishes."

"I never wish to see Germany again," said Karl.

Karl recovered from his wounds, and, cheered by the visits of Angela, looked hopefully to the future. Jules de Destin was as good as his word, and because of his great love for Angela sent a full report of her heroism, and added his plea for the release of Karl von Austreim. It was an effective letter, and it brought immediate response.

One day, when Angela was talking with Karl through the wires of the concentration camp, a soldier arrived with an official document. Karl read it with eyes that grew blurred. "It is my release," he said, his voice choking. "On the recommendation of Lieutenant Jules de Destin. God bless him! He did it for your sake, Angela. He loves you, and is more worthy than I. May you and he be very happy!"

She understood. Her cheeks crimsoned. She rose on tiptoe, and pressed her face against the wire to be kissed by the disheveled but happy prisoner.

"Be good," she said, with a ripple of laughter that brought him back to the old days in America. "Be good—and come and see us in Washington."

SONG OF THE SCREEN STAR

OH, I am a moving-picture hero bold,
You should see me knock the sneaky villain cold,
Armed with virtue in the fight,
(And a fairly nifty right),
I can surely make them hustle when I battle for the light;
I am cast within the Grecian gods' own mold.

Oh, I am a hero of romance—and brave,
And I'm always looking for a flag to save,
If a man must do and dare,
You can bet that I'm right there,
And I buss the lovely heroine—a rather sweet affair,
While the villain seeks a dank and dreary grave.

Oh, the fans applaud when I stalk on the screen
With the triumph of the victor in my mien,
And the mash notes that I get
From the girls I never met,
Why, I feel as if the beauties of the world were in my net
And the least I should have married is a queen.

But, when I get home from all my mimic strife,
And take up the thread of plain domestic life,
Then I watch my bally step,
For I know my wife is hep
To the way that I became possessed of my heroic rep,
For no hero is a hero to his wife.

LYON MEARSON.

The Top o' the Ladder

Four of the biggest guns in the movies, seen together for the first time.

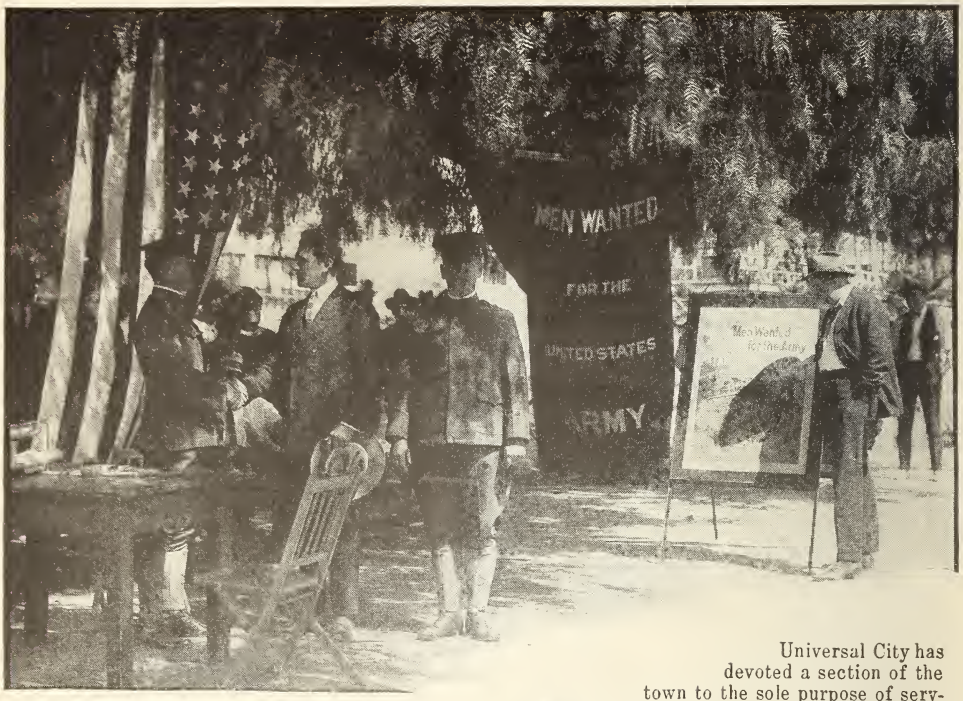
There are many ladders in the land of films, but there is only a single rung at the top of each. Here are four of those who occupy the highest altitude in their respective fields, snapped together for the first time, before the Lasky studio. All are good friends, and affiliated in business. From left to right, these sure hits are: Cecil B. DeMille, director; Mary Pickford, peeress of screen "players with appeal;" Douglas Fairbanks, king of comedy-drama; and Jesse L. Lasky, producer.

Recruiting with Face Powder and Fist

Dainty actresses and impressive actors are working to assemble "The First Five Hundred Thousand."

Little Janie Lee, who is one of the youngest actresses on the screen, has donned a uniform and is stationed with two recruiting officers. Her fame and cuteness attract a crowd, and patriotic Janie addresses her countrymen to induce them to join the colors.

Reports from the Los Angeles districts show that recruiting is better there than in most other parts of the country, and, no doubt, the part taken by the film players has much to do with it. Who wouldn't scramble into a soldier's suit, with full speed, to have Olive Thomas pin a ribbon on his chest? In Olive's district they might even sign just for the pleasure of a good-by kiss, when they are called to France.



Universal City has devoted a section of the town to the sole purpose of serving as a recruiting station. It is shown above, and the names of many well-known players appear on the lists of the boys who have enlisted. Because of the fact that it is a picture city, there is not a single man who has joined from this station who is not connected with the film industry.

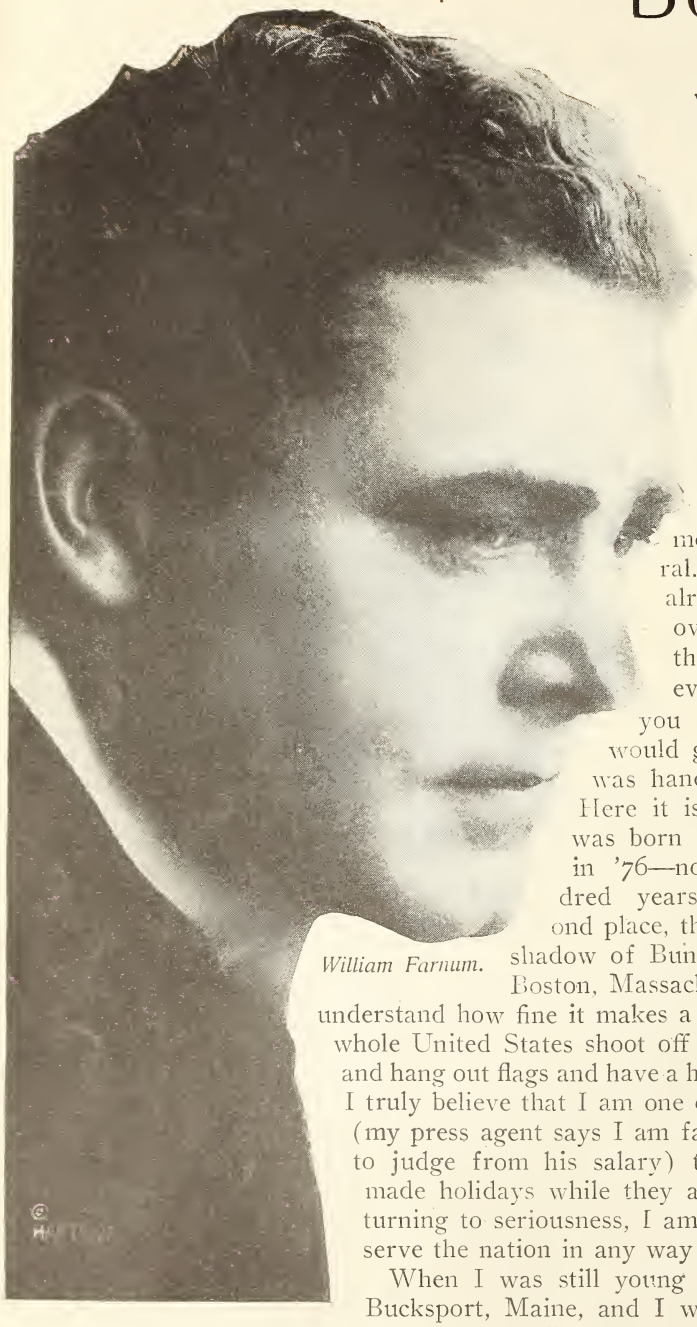
Harry T. Morey, below, has been one of the most active picture players in the campaign to bring the army up to fighting strength. Mr. Morey has left the Vitagraph studio for long intervals, to speak in many places to aid recruiting.

Virginia Pearson, above, is pictured leaving her automobile to make a personal appearance at a theater, where she spoke both to swell the army list and to sell Liberty Bonds. Miss Pearson makes many such appearances. and also works regularly behind a counter in a big New York store to sell the bonds. She has obtained remarkable results.

Below are some of the Lasky Home Guards, accompanied by Mary Pickford, who go out in a body to urge Californians to hearken to the call to arms. Behind Miss Pickford is Captain C. B. DeMille, and Wallace Reid is the color sergeant.

Booming

By
William Farnum



William Farnum.

MOST people are naturally patriotic in their regard for these United States; some people adopt their patriotism when they adopt the nation and take out first papers. Other people, perhaps there are a few, are not patriotic. But with me, patriotism was natural. When I was born I already had a headstart over any of the patriotism that Georgie Cohan could ever acquire. What do you suppose that worthy would give for the record that was handed to me in the crib? Here it is: In the first place, I was born on the Fourth of July, in '76—no, not 1776—one hundred years later. In the second place, the event occurred in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, in Boston, Massachusetts. You can hardly understand how fine it makes a person feel to have the whole United States shoot off firecrackers and salutes and hang out flags and have a holiday on your birthday. I truly believe that I am one of the first famous men (my press agent says I am famous, and I should be, to judge from his salary) to have their birthdays made holidays while they are still alive. But, returning to seriousness, I am patriotic, and ready to serve the nation in any way I can.

When I was still young my family took me to Bucksport, Maine, and I was educated there with my school chum and playmate, my brother Dustin, who is to-day employed by the same firm that pays my salary. Both of us, even in our earliest days, had a longing to go on the stage. This, no doubt, was partly hereditary. As we grew older we also grew more determined to realize our ambitions. When I was fourteen, and beginning to think that the world needed my presence on the

the Cheer Market

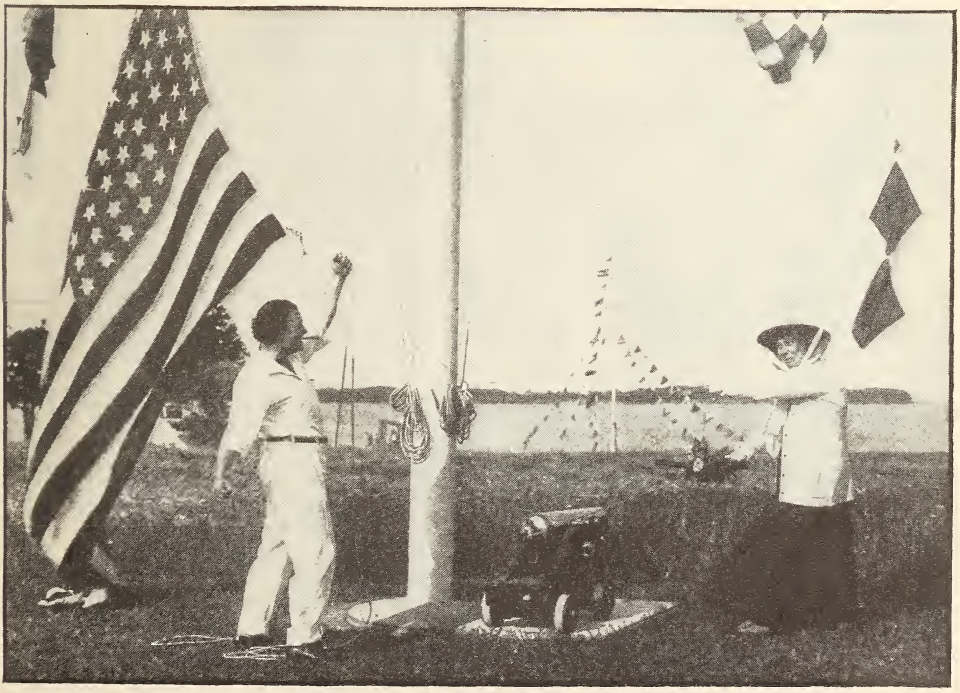
A famous star tells his life story, and starts with startling personal data that boosts patriotic stock above par.

stage, I made my début at the old Boston Academy. Strange as it may seem, there was no difficulty at all in getting the job—my dad, you know, owned the company. My first appearance was as *Lucius,* in "Julius Cæsar."

Dad wouldn't think of letting a poor actor play in any of his companies, and drilled me morning, noon, and night. Day after day I worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four to perfect a part. Finally, I became "so-so," to quote my father's words, and he gave me bigger and better parts.

At about this time the company went on a long road tour, in Shakespearean plays. During these few years I doubled and many times trebled in every character the immortal William ever wrote. They were the hardest years of my life. They taught me, although I wasn't old enough to realize it then, the untold value of a training in the classical drama for young actors. It is to those years of hard knocks and work that I attribute whatever success I have gained since.

Finally, my father, who was growing old, disbanded his company. The germ of the stage, however, was still in my blood, and I played with various companies for nearly six years, always companies of classical répertoire. In those days the Bard of Avon was the most popular playwright in the country. Today—especially in films—he is not.



William and Mrs. Farnum, celebrating his and the nation's birthday.

This was recently proved by Mr. William Fox, when he engaged Mr. Robert Mantell to appear in photo plays. Mantell, you must remember, was one of the greatest portrayers of Shakespearean rôles in the world. Mr. Fox thought that it would be splendid to have him appear on the screen in the same plays he had immortalized on the stage. Accordingly, he asked the opinion of some one hundred of his exchanges. We were all surprised when the answer came back that the odds were seventy to thirty against Shakespeare. Therefore, Mr. Mantell played in modern dramas, and in them duplicated his stage successes as a scholar of Shakespeare.

Strange as it may seem, it is the style these days to sneer at "robustious, periwig-pated fellows" of the Shakespearean school, but nevertheless it takes more brains and talent to play "Cæsar" or "Hamlet" than it does to be the "soup-and-fish" hero of a modern society play. I know—I have played both.

A few years back I established the William Farnum Stock Company in Buffalo and Cleveland, building my own theaters. Then the classical drama was not dead. In Buffalo alone we had a season of thirty weeks, giving twenty different classical dramas, and the "S. R. O." sign was almost always on display. I wish I could say the same thing about our other productions, but, sadly, I cannot.

When I was receiving my training in father's company I thought I had to work hard. I changed my mind when I started my own company. I was "up" in all the parts and ready to fill any in case of need. Really, with producing, studying, directing, and looking after the financial end of the business, I celebrated every week if I found that I had had as much as forty hours' rest.

"Ben Hur" came next, and I played the part for five consecutive years. This, I imagine, constitutes some kind of a record, but as I don't know what it is we'll let it pass. This play was followed by "The Prince of India." About that time I received a splendid offer to play the lead in a screen version of Rex Beach's masterpiece, "The Spoilers." I accepted more as a lark than anything else. I just thought that it would be a little change from my regular

Little Olive, William Farnum's daughter.

Bill Farnum's vacations at his Maine home consist mainly of work.

routine, and that it would require no study and little work. I made a bad mistake! It was work and study, and every bit as hard as playing on the legitimate stage. Any actor that goes into the "movies" to have a "good time" is going to be terribly fooled. In many respects it takes a bigger and better man to put across some emotional stuff before the camera than it does on the stage. Remember, too, that you haven't got your lines to help you out—your actions are what count.

"The Spoilers" was staged out in the great, glorious West, and we lived an outdoor life. I'll never forget the big scene of the picture. Tom Santchi, a husky six-foot-two giant, was playing the heavy lead, and a wonderful, "dyed-in-the-wool" villain he made. The scene called for a fight between the two of us—not one of these "tap-you-on-the-wrist-slap-you-in-the-face," but a real man-sized scrap. Tom and I got together before the scene was to be filmed, and talked matters over. We decided that we'd go at it hammer and tongs, and I've never heard any one claim that the fight was faked. We wanted this scene to stand out—it did! So much so that we fought five minutes longer than necessary. When "The Spoilers" was flashed on the screen I was suffering from a case of stage fright for the first time in my life. I had been acting for a good many years, but that was the very first time I had ever seen myself perform.

The art of the silent drama appealed to me thereafter. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that it taught me a great deal about my own work. I see every picture I appear in, and try to find out where I can improve. There was another attraction, too, to film acting, and that was the variety of parts, instead of the monotony of portraying the same rôle over and over again. I decided to remain with the screen rather than return to the stage.

Gladys Leslie—Soldiers' Samaritan

By Bert Adler

DID you ever hear of the "Gladys Leslie Coffee Station?" No? Well, it has been running for some time now at the Long Island entrance to the Queensboro Bridge, New York City—ever since, in fact, the Naval Militia were called out on active duty. Richard Leslie, of the First Battalion, New York Naval Militia, is a brother of the Thanhouser star, and when the call came for him to perform his duty, Miss Leslie decided that she would do hers. This took the form of a coffee stand, where the pretty picture player served the young militiamen with the warming beverage.

"It seemed to me to be the most practical thing that I could do," says Miss Leslie. "My brother and the rest of the boys who got the assignment to guard the New York side of the big structure are naturally brawny fellows, but as they are a part of the volunteer system, they have been engaged until the call came at their regular businesses, most of which are of an indoor nature. When you take a young man who generally passes his entire day in an office and his evenings in a club house, an armory, a theater, or some equally comfortable place, and put him out in the midnight cold at this bridge, and keep him there night after night, you will find he is glad to have coffee." It might be added, to Miss Leslie's statement, that he is glad to have a pretty film star serve it.

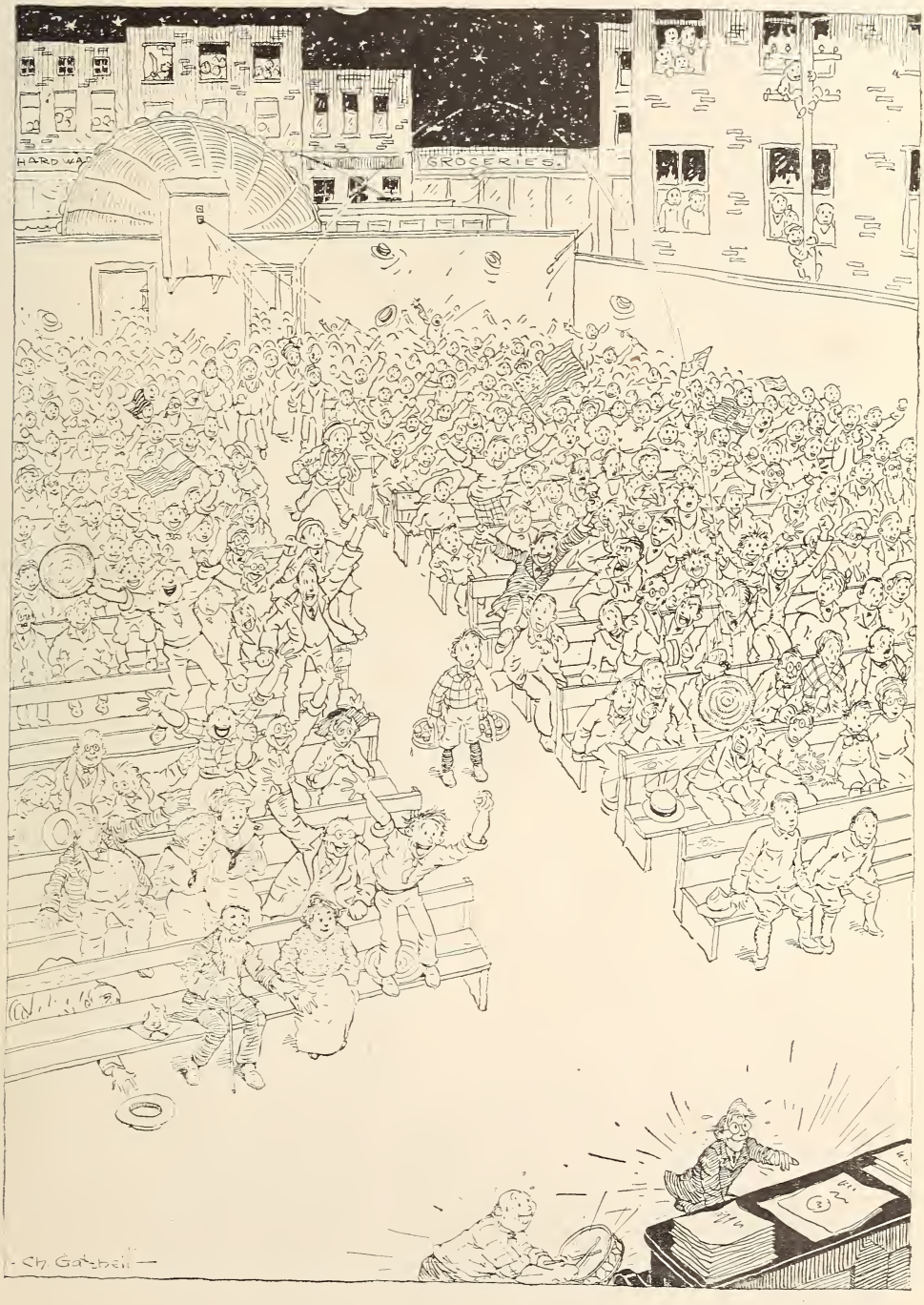
The Queensboro Bridge, which is one of the largest structures under the watch of the New York Naval Militia, cost seventeen million dollars to build, and it was reported that an effort would be made to dynamite it.

Miss Leslie would like to see the wives and mothers of the boys organize coffee stations for them on a systematic basis—that is, a stand wherever a detachment is on duty. She is assembling some of the officers' wives for this purpose, and hopes to make the organization a fact.

A Patriotic Eruption

Able-bodied Americans who stayed at home, cheering an open-air movie of the boys who went to the front.

By Charles Gatchell



What Movies Mean to the Marines

The men who in "soldiers and sailors, too" are making the films work for Uncle Sam.

By

Lieut. Charles P. Cushing

AFTER Kipling had met marines all over the world, a-doin' all kinds of things, he came to the conclusion that there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the Jollies don't know nor do. With a note of despair in his voice, the operator of a still camera echoes the poet's sentiments. Tackle the problem yourself and you will find that there is no such thing as a "typical photograph" of marines. The marine is "soldier and sailor, too." He is, as occasion demands, an oarsman or an infantryman, a cavalryman or an aviator, a ship's gunner or a coast-defense artilleryman, a signal man, operator of a wireless, or a bridge engineer. How shall you pic-

ture one so versatile—in a trench with a rifle and a steel helmet, or on the deck of a superdreadnaught manning an antiaircraft gun?

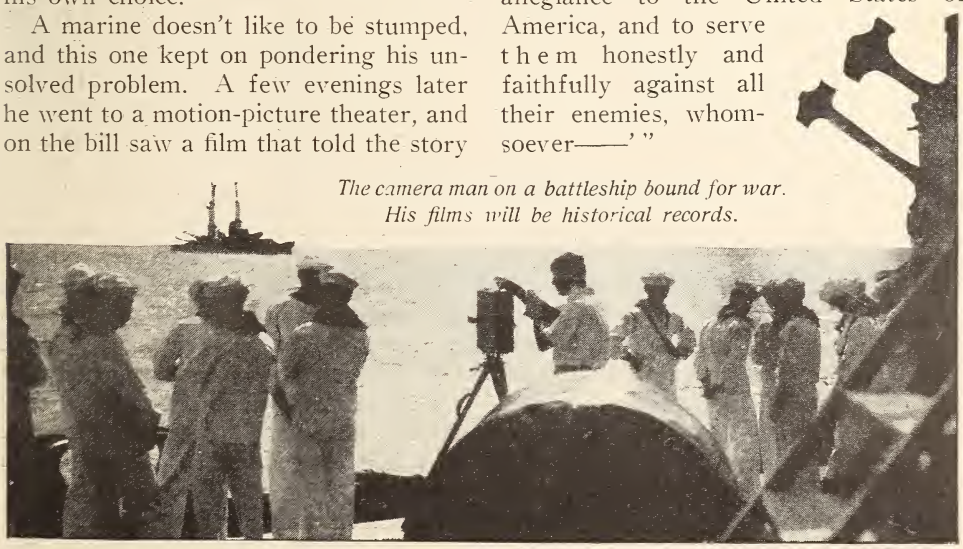
In this peculiar situation the motion-picture operator steps in and claims his opportunity. He, and he alone, can take a truly characteristic portrait of marines, all on a single film. Of course, the film should be at least a thousand feet long.

The story of how our marines first got into the movies dates back to long before the war. Five or six years ago a Sunday newspaper forwarded to a recruiting station of the United States Marine Corps in San Francisco a request for "something typical" to illustrate an article about the activities of the corps in times of peace. The lieutenant in charge of the station set to work upon the task of trying to select something typical out of a collection of a hundred or more photographs in the office files. He eliminated down to a set of about two dozen, and there he was "stuck." What *is* typical of the kind of soldier who specializes in a score or more of duties? Finally, the lieutenant packed up twenty of the pictures and pleaded that the editor take his own choice.

A marine doesn't like to be stumped, and this one kept on pondering his unsolved problem. A few evenings later he went to a motion-picture theater, and on the bill saw a film that told the story of how steel is made. No "still" could have covered that story, but the movie described every process. The thought suddenly occurred to the officer that here was what he had been seeking. Why not a motion picture to describe the making of a United States marine?

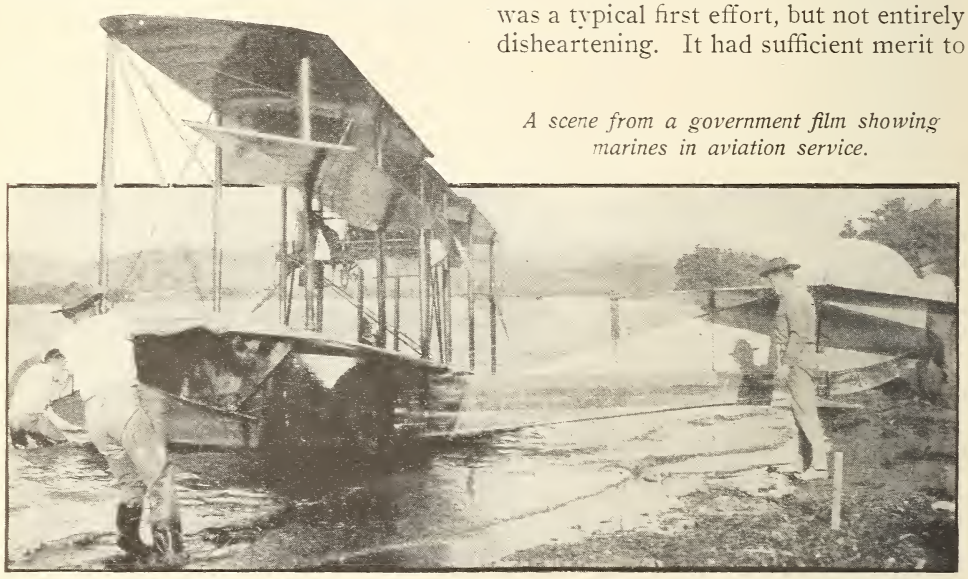
The lieutenant knew no more about the cinema camera than any other consumer, but he decided that the thing to do was to get busy right away and make a beginning. First of all he evolved an amateur scenario with a love story in it. He sat down and ticked it out on the office typewriter:

"Two young fellows in love with the same girl. The fellow who gets turned down is the right sort, and instead of going out into the garden to eat worms, he decides to enlist and be of service to his country. Walks down the street and sees the recruiting poster in front of a station of the marine corps. Smart-looking sergeant on watch at the door. Applicant inspects sign, hesitates, glances toward sergeant, and back to sign. Steps up to sergeant and speaks to him. Is escorted inside. Makes up his mind to go through with it. Is examined by surgeon and sworn in: 'I solmnly swear to bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and to serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies, whomsoever——'"



The camera man on a battleship bound for war. His films will be historical records.

After that the scenario outlined, like an industrial film, the mill through which recruits are put—the "awkward squad," learning the manual of arms, a company going through exercises, movements in close order, bayonet exercise, street-riot formations, wall scaling. From that to the camp and the bivouac, the artillery drill, the rifle range. The marine on the field and the marine on



A scene from a government film showing marines in aviation service.

board ship, a battle scene for a climax. Finally, the love story emerged again, when the hero with his medals goes home on leave, and the leading lady claims the privilege of her sex to change her mind and marry the military man rather than the civilian.

As recruiting happened to be a bit slack, the author of the scenario obtained permission to run down to the marine training station on Mare Island for some cinema target practice. He made no particularly high score of bull's-eyes at first. Sometimes, in fact, he quite missed the target. He tells the story on himself, so we may as well quote:

"In the innocence of inexperience, I rashly offered to undertake the task of producing such a picture. My troubles began with the scenario, and multiplied rapidly through the various phases of filmography, until the final day came when the finished product, the result of many trying and discouraging incidents, was thrown on the screen. I took one despairing look at the dismal sight, and then went home and sent for the doctor. I remained two weeks on the sick list, until the excitement had subsided. It was a typical first effort, but not entirely disheartening. It had sufficient merit to stimulate the hope that some time some one would produce a marine corps film that would be worth while. It was a great encouragement when I later discovered that my camera man had acacquired about all his experience in turning a grindstone on a ranch near Fresno.

"In spite of the lack of merit in the maiden effort, persistent recruiters succeeded in getting the picture on the screens in various parts of the country, and some districts even went so far as to report it a success. In some places, where the picture was accompanied with a lecture, it was reported to have gone with a whoop. Only recently has the film been expended as 'worn out in service.'"

Whatever else the film accomplished,

it taught the producer a good many useful points about film making. After a sojourn in Nicaragua, the lieutenant was placed in charge of the marine corps' national publicity bureau in New York City. Again his thoughts reverted to the possibility of describing the work of a marine through the medium of moving pictures. Some rather lively fighting was going on at the time between United States marines and the revolutionists in Hayti. This suggested the possibility of putting a better climax onto the process of "The Making of a Marine" than a sham battle. Why not show him in the thick of some real fighting? Headquarters approved the idea, and the producer set to work again. In the office of the publicity bureau the officer found a corporal, Percy Webb, who used to be an actor, and a gunnery sergeant, Thomas G. Sterrett, who had been director of theatrical troupes. With marines to do the job themselves and a trained camera man at the crank, a new battery went into action, and distinguished itself for a month for gallant and efficient action. "The Peacemakers" is a film with all the earmarks of professionalism. Its big scenes are made aboard a ship bound for a war and upon actual battlefields.

A piece of the marines' film made by a soldier camera man.

The success of "The Peacemakers" stimulated some of the big film corporations to put marines into further pictures. The Edison Company in June released "The Star-spangled Banner," a film in which all the parts but the "leads" are taken by marines. The Hearst-Pathé Weekly has released a number of scenes of training-camp life taken at Marine Barracks near Charleston, South Carolina. In several other films marines are used in battle scenes. Once they accommodatingly donned the uniform of the invading army in a "preparedness" film.

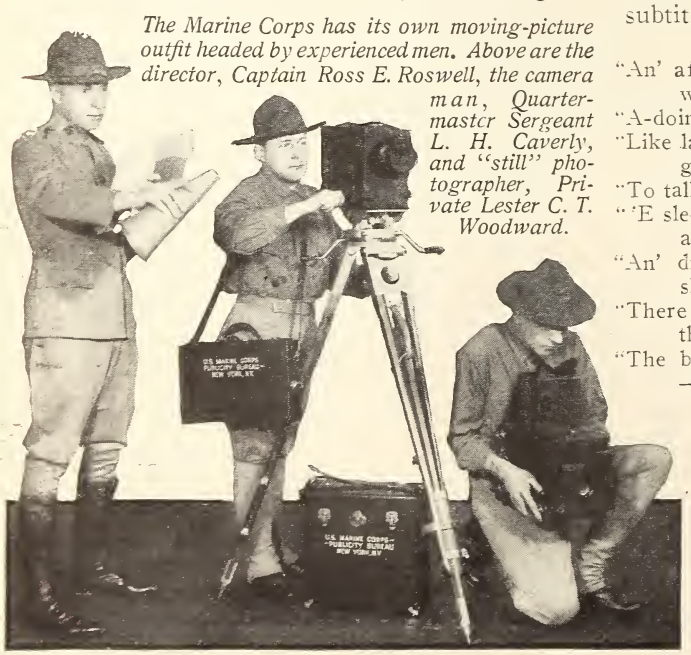
When war was

declared upon Germany, one of the first things the marines' publicity bureau did was to enlist L. H. Caverly, a civilian motion-picture expert, in the ranks of the reserve corps as a quartermaster sergeant. Some of the pictures he is taking are designed to stimulate recruiting. Others are to be historical records, so that a generation to come may see how the marines sailed away to France, how they looked in action, the welcome when they returned. At this writing no official permission has been granted to film the battle scenes, but if the example of the Allies is followed, this permission will not be long withheld. Both the French and the English have motion-picture men at the battle fronts, and in the French cinema brigade the casualties have been as heavy as among machine-gun operators.

Pending the time when the marine squad of movie men may be sent to the front, the activities of the squad will center chiefly upon graphic description of what our marines are doing in this country, aboard ships, or in the places outside the "States" where they are stationed or are called for duty. A motion picture is worth yards of reading matter when it comes to defining "What Is a Marine?" Seeing is comprehending. When the public can sit in a movie theater and see for itself that a marine is a sea-going soldier; that he is a "regular," but in the navy, not the army; that though he is in the navy his job aboard ship is quite different from a jack tar's—then, and possibly only then, will the United States Marine Corps be understood and appreciated.

The lieutenant who produced the first marine corps film is now a captain, and the gunnery sergeant director has the rank of second lieutenant. They have four expert camera men to help them and the coöperation of all the patriotic film corporations in the country to fall back upon in emergencies. The producer and the director are working now upon a film version of the Kipling ballad, "Soldier and Sailor, too." A sketchy draft of the first page of that scenario is worth putting on exhibit. Here are a few of its subtitles:

"An' after I met 'im all over the world"
"A-doin' all kinds of things"
"Like landin' 'isself with a Gatlin' gun"
"To talk to them 'eathen kings"
"'E sleeps in a 'ammick instead of a cot"
"An' drills with the deck on a slew"
"There isn't a job on the top o' the earth"
"The beggar don't know nor do ——"



The Marine Corps has its own moving-picture outfit headed by experienced men. Above are the director, Captain Ross E. Roswell, the camera man, Quartermaster Sergeant L. H. Caverly, and "still" photographer, Private Lester C. T. Woodward.

There is where the task becomes difficult. Stevenson said that the real task of the artist is to know what to leave out. The marines would like to compress

The movies are a great aid to the Marine Corps in keeping records of rifle practice.

their new movie into a reel or two, but the versatility of the United States Marine Corps, which does everything from splicing ropes to acting as sanitary experts, makes "knowing what to leave out" a peculiarly taxing sort of job. And while the scenario is in preparation the publicity bureau has a number of other little things to turn out—for example, millions of hand bills and booklets, a dozen or more varieties of four-color posters, a voluminous correspondence, a monthly magazine, and three releases of "copy" a week.

But the material turned out for the public's consumption—especially the films which are shown all over the country—is not merely a part of a recruiting campaign. Although that is the primary purpose of it, every inch of film and every word of manuscript contains more interesting, instructive, and entertaining features than can be found in most magazines or on most screens.

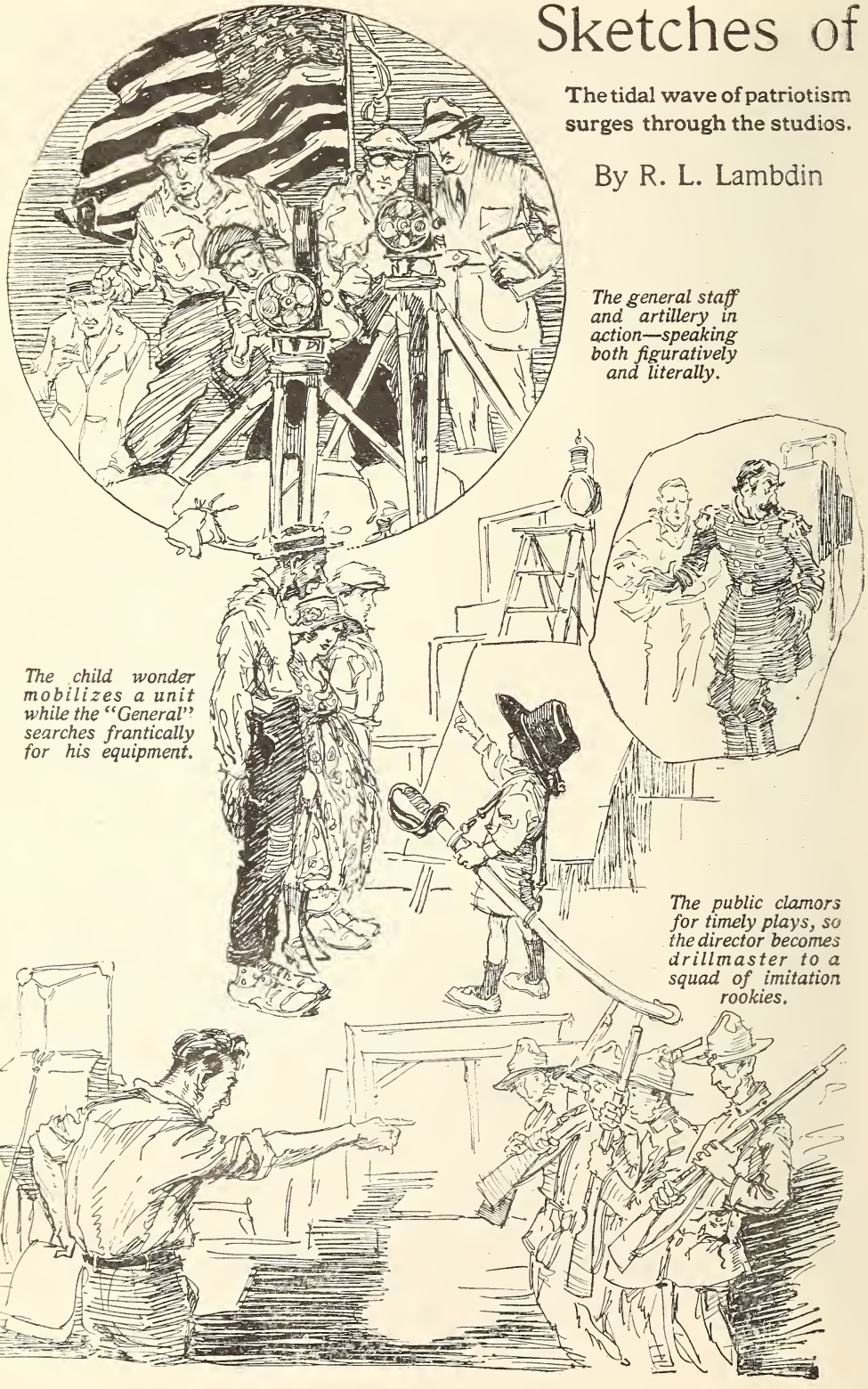
For this reason, the films are one of the most effective recruiting mediums employed in the United States to-day. The pictures of the various branches of military service are so interesting that the men of America flock to see them —and then the films do their work for Uncle Sam.

The difference between the Marines and the Sailors is seen in this picture taken from "The Peacemakers." The Marines are at the left.

Sketches of

The tidal wave of patriotism surges through the studios.

By R. L. Lambdin



The general staff and artillery in action—speaking both figuratively and literally.

The child wonder mobilizes a unit while the "General" searches frantically for his equipment.

The public clamors for timely plays, so the director becomes drillmaster to a squad of imitation rookies.

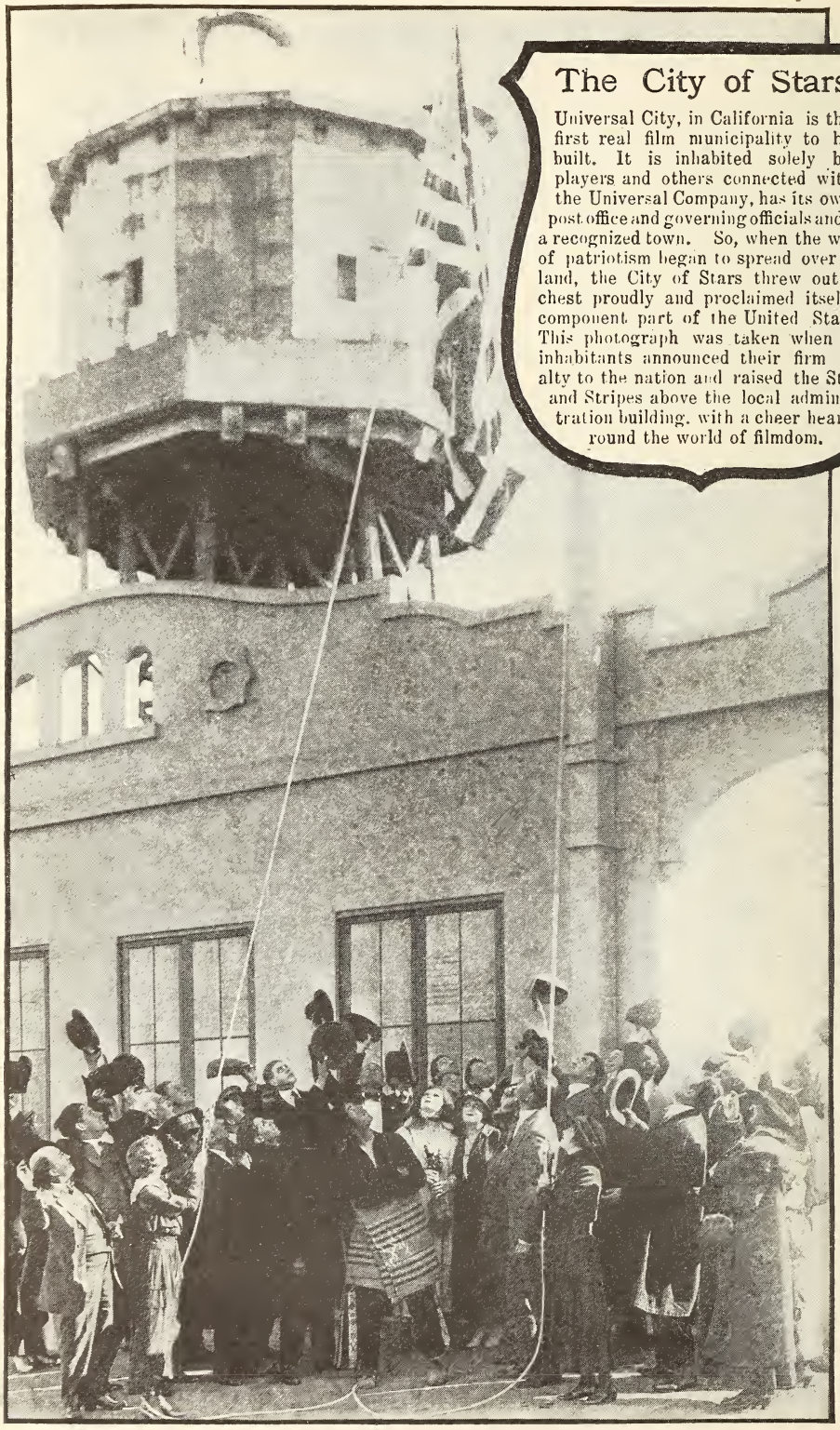
the Studios in War Time

You can find one of these in almost any studio these days—and the whole male cast wants hospital scenes.

The wardrobe-room mistress makes a strong start, but cannot remember the end of her anthem, so she starts again.

The star lends her car and personal charm to the cause.

Every one in the studio does his duty and buys a bond.



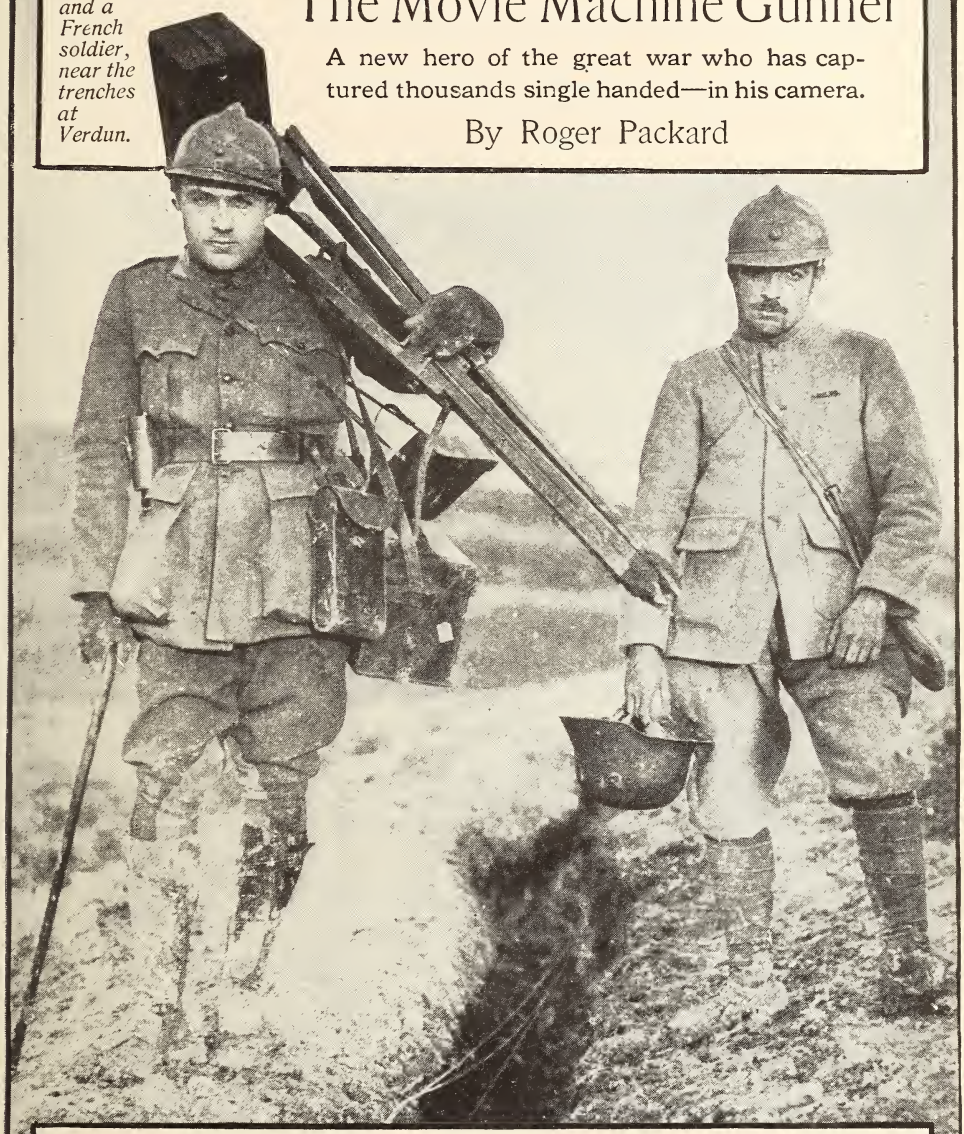
The City of Stars

Universal City, in California is the first real film municipality to be built. It is inhabited solely by players and others connected with the Universal Company, has its own post office and governing officials and is a recognized town. So, when the wave of patriotism began to spread over the land, the City of Stars threw out its chest proudly and proclaimed itself a component part of the United States. This photograph was taken when the inhabitants announced their firm loyalty to the nation and raised the Stars and Stripes above the local administration building, with a cheer heard round the world of filmdom.

The Movie Machine Gunner

A new hero of the great war who has captured thousands single handed—in his camera.

By Roger Packard



Merl LaVoy, at left, and a French soldier, near the trenches at Verdun.

EVERY war has its heroes whose deeds of valor set fire to a country's imagination. But always there is the element of "the fighting chance" in these acts of courage, because the soldier who performs them is prepared to strike back at his foe with weapons best suited to the emergency. History must give place, in its records of bravery, to a new type of hero who endures the hardships and dangers of battle without even "a bare bodkin" to use for self-defense. In this latter class the first candidate for honors is Merl

LaVoy, who has given to the world the most realistic and thrilling motion-picture record of the present great war. There is nothing uncertain about these war pictures. They are war pictures. Mr. LaVoy made them under the authority of the American Relief Clearing House, and he took the same risks in filming them that a combatant does fighting. Verdun was still under bombardment when the pictures of that ruined citadel were taken. Shells were bursting within less than a quarter of a mile of the photographer when he made the pictures.

LaVoy's life wasn't worth a pickayune to the first-aid corps, because he was a mere adventurer, making pictures. He had a "green pass," which means "let him alone." The young American was let alone, and he got the pictures.

Under the title "Heroic France," the most stirring events of the war have been recorded in an eight-reel picture. Mr. LaVoy was engaged for twenty-two months on the battle front in France in securing the film which was released by Mutual recently.

In contrast to most war pictures shown in this country which have been taken rather remote from the firing line, these pictures were almost invariably taken under the muzzles of the guns. Here you see the French artillery batteries swinging into line for one of the big "punches" on the Verdun front. In another scene are shown the ambulance corps men tending wounded under fire. A moment later the grim-visaged *poilu* will be seen escorting a company of German captives to the rear.

Less thrilling, but not less interesting, are the scenes behind the lines, which comprise a variety of subjects. The spectator is introduced to the celebrities of French and English political and military life and to the famous aviators of the service. Among the latter are many who have since been killed in action. There are splendid views of British cavalry troops waiting to go to the front; and, again, the reserve encampments as seen through the flooring of an aëroplane are flashed on the screen. The Charlie Chaplin monoplane, one of the fighting machines of the west front, comes in for its share of interest.

Among the famous men registered on the film are ex-Premier Briand, ex-Premier Georges Clemenceau, President Poincaré, and Lord Kitchener. The latter's picture was taken a short time before his death. Among the popular aviators are George Carpentier, French heavyweight pugilistic champion, and Raoul Lufberry, Connecticut.

The unusual interest which attaches to Mr. LaVoy's pictures is due in no small degree to the picturesque personality of the young photographer himself, and also to the fact that the pictures were taken under actual service conditions at the front. The audience realizes the dangers which beset Mr. LaVoy's progress as he "shoots" pictures amid scenes of havoc, where his fellow heroes are shooting the enemy. All about him the roar of heavy artillery, the barking of smaller guns, and the bursting of shells lend horror and fascination to his dangerous tasks. He has lived so close to the struggle, and for such a long time, that you would scarcely think of him as apart from the *poilu* if it were not for his trusty camera and tripod, which he swings jauntily over his shoulder. The steel helmet, khaki uniform, and mud-besmattered puttees give him the bearing of a trench fighter—and, indeed, he is, for most of his twenty-two months were spent in the first-line diggings. While his comrades are struggling to bring strife to a close, LaVoy is doing all in his non-militant power to make the war last forever—at least, in celluloid form—in order that future generations may be eyewitnesses of the great conflict.

Filmy Fancies

By Robert V. Carr

DIRECTING.

THEY'RE never on time, that troupe of mine,
They all spell grief to me:
They fool around and sing and play,
No odds where they may be.
They bother and kid me behind my back—
Ye gods! that alibi
Is ever the same, he's late because
He met a friend named Si.

The vamp's now lost nine strings of pearls,
The giggling ingénue
Can never remember from set to set
To change her costume through.
And over and over I shoot the scene,
And work my poor dome gray,
And threaten and praise, and plead and cuss
To get ten feet O. K.

What's that I hear about my troupe?
They can't make pictures, hey?
Here, hold my coat, and let me see
If I can't trim that jay!
Why, man alive! that troupe of mine
Can beat the world—hear me!
Just rest your eyes on what they've done,
And then, by jinks, you'll see!

INTRODUCING CHARLES MURRAY, COMEDIAN.

"My callin'," says Murray, "it is noble,
I'll have you take notice of that;
What more can man do when you're gloomy and blue
Than make a smile tip the lid of your hat?

"What better to do, let me warble,
Than to show all the fun in your fears,
And chase I. M. Gloom on the jump to his tomb,
And make a smile turn the lock on your tears?

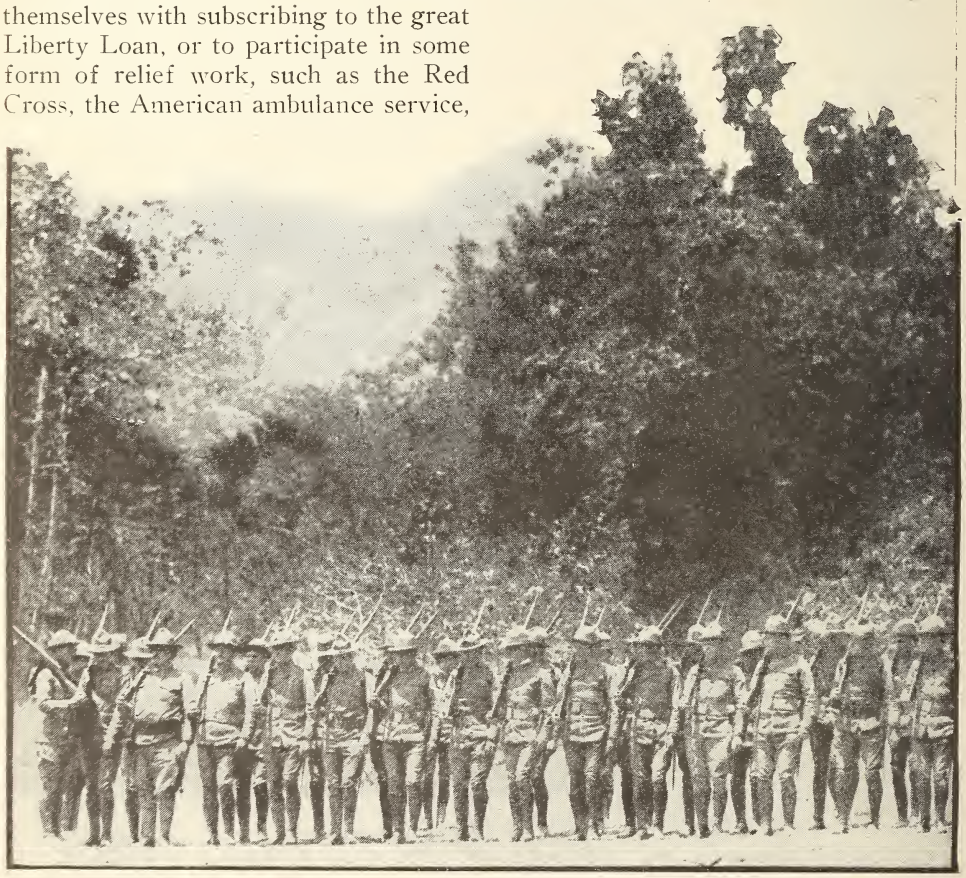
"Yep, all of my life have I joked them,
This mighty and restless old race,
And I'm glad that I can light the heart of a man
And make the smile wipe the tear from his face."

The Bullet-Proof

Having proven their bravery by grappling with the wiles of the screen

By Ray

THERE are two ways in which it is possible for an individual or an organization to express patriotism; one is the giving of treasure, and the other the giving of self. Many extremely patriotic people are, by force of circumstances, prevented from making a concrete expression of their love of country in either form, and others find that they are able to manifest their patriotic desires in only one of the two alternatives. Thousands of men and women have been forced to content themselves with subscribing to the great Liberty Loan, or to participate in some form of relief work, such as the Red Cross, the American ambulance service, or some other of the innumerable and invaluable service branches designed to alleviate the suffering and poverty which are the inevitable results of the gigantic world conflict. Still others have made the tremendous sacrifice of sending their own sons to the front, while it has been the privilege of relatively a small proportion of the country to dedicate itself to the active service upon the firing line.



The Lasky Home Guard going through its daily drill on the Lasky ranch in California. The experience at directing troops of

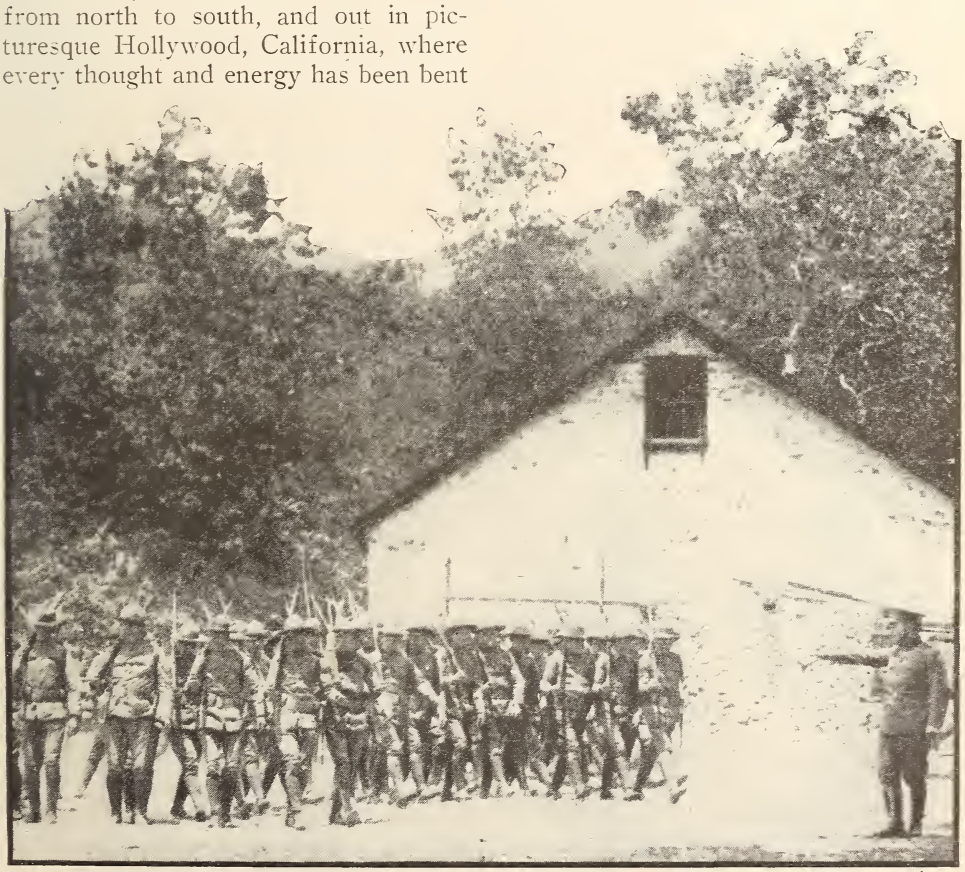
Heroes of Romance

women, Lasky's whole staff has formed a Home Guard to face gunpowder.

Ralston

When the President of the United States issued his immemorial challenge to the Hun there arose in the heart of every true American an unconquerable desire to respond to his country's call, and to help in shouldering the tremendous responsibility which the country has undertaken in its fight for the freedom of the world. The electric spark of patriotism flashed in every corner of the country, from east to west and from north to south, and out in picturesque Hollywood, California, where every thought and energy has been bent upon the production of photo plays, the call to arms met with a response which will redound to the everlasting credit of the motion-picture industry.

Actresses, who had been largely concerned with the latest modes from Paris, or with the newest creation of their modistes, suddenly took up an active study of Red Cross work, and classes were formed in home nursing, first aid, bandage rolling, and various other activities for the active relief of suffering both of the men at arms and



maneuvers are being commanded by Captain De Mille (at extreme right) who has had much soldiers and mobs for the screen.

of their families. Actresses of all ages, who had formerly been content to sit idly gossiping or doing fancy work while waiting to be called for their scenes, will be found to-day busily knitting the various sweaters and other wearing apparel for which the government has issued an urgent call—each one animated solely by the desire to be of service.

Among the men the effect of the president's message was inspiring to behold. As a result of their activities, the Lasky Company points with pride to-day to the fact that there is not one single man of military age in its employ who has not volunteered and enlisted for active service. This is a record which will be preserved to the everlasting glory of the motion-picture industry, and is a stinging rebuke to those who have professed to find within it an element of moral decadence. The majority of the men who have enlisted have joined either the Naval Reserve or the Coast Artillery Federal Reserve. The latter organization has already been called to the colors on August 5th, and it is a matter of pardonable pride on the part of the Lasky studio that Company Seventeen of this unit is commanded by Captain Theodore Duncan, of the Lasky Company, and has as its second lieutenant Walter Long, another member of that organization. This company is practically a Lasky unit in its entirety.

Supplementing the enlistment of the unmarried men in these two branches of the service, there followed the formation of the Lasky Home Guard, one of the most remarkable units which has ever been formed. It comprises an infantry company of one hundred and twenty-five men, a band of thirty pieces, a complete signal unit, and two machine-gun sections. It is commanded by Cecil B. De Mille, the director general of the Lasky studio, and is being thoroughly drilled in the manual of arms and in all military matters by Lieutenant Henry Woodward, under the direct supervision of the officers of the California National Guard.

Confidently expecting that the calling out of the California National Guard for active service—in all probability in France—will necessitate the enrollment of the Lasky Home Guard for the purpose of guarding life and property in

and around Los Angeles, the Home Guard has undertaken a rigorous course of training in preparation for whatever contingencies may arise. The noncommissioned officers of the organization drill every night, and these drills are supplemented three nights a week by a special school for officers of the line. The entire organization drills twice a week, and Sundays are given over to general maneuvers on the big Lasky ranch outside of Hollywood.

In the latter part of May one of these Sunday maneuvers was interrupted long enough to permit Mary Pickford to present the Home Guard with a beautiful silk flag, which was accepted by Captain Cecil B. De Mille, and which is now carried during drill by Color Sergeant Wallace Reid.

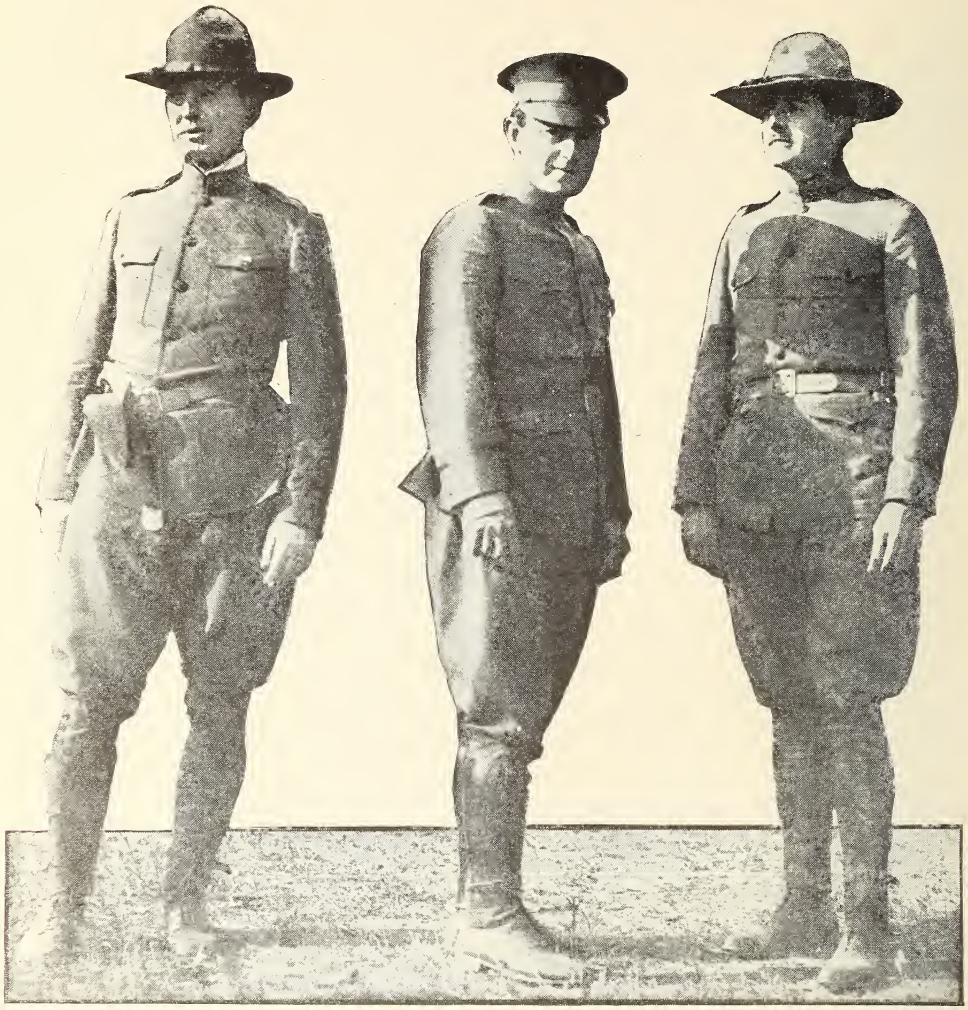
The equipment of the Home Guard is as complete in every detail as that of any National Guard unit, though the uniforms are necessarily slightly different from those of the authorized branches of the service.

The newest model rifles, exactly the same type as those which are now being used at the front by the French, are being utilized by the Lasky Home Guard. They are, of course, fitted with the regulation bayonet. The machine guns are of the latest automatic type.

The equipment further comprises a portable wireless outfit with a licensed operator, a complete field telephone unit, a field ambulance of the latest approved design, and two portable lighting plants which may be used in operating powerful searchlights for night work. There are enough automobiles owned by the company and individual members of the guard to transport the entire organization, which can be mobilized and armed in one hour after the sounding of the alarm.

In the film vaults which have been given over by the company for the purpose of storing ammunition, the Home Guard has one hundred and twenty thousand rounds of rifle ammunition and one hundred thousand rounds for its ma-

The Home Guard band—mostly actors—rehearsing in the field.



The men who are training the first real contingent of soldiers composed entirely of motion-picture men. From left to right: First Lieutenant James Neill, Captain Cecil B. De Mille, and Second Lieutenant Henry Woodward.

chine guns. The Lasky Home Guard was organized for two purposes: One, to guard property and maintain order in the event of the National Guard being called out of the State; and, second, for the purpose of so thoroughly schooling its members in military tactics that, if the war is prolonged and they are called to the colors, they will be eligible for rapid promotion because of their experience and training.

The noncommissioned officers of the organization are as follows:

Captain, Cecil B. De Mille.
First lieutenant, Henry Woodward.
Second lieutenant, James Neill.
First sergeant, William C. De Mille.
Second sergeant, Ed. Martin.
Third sergeant, J. P. Hogan.
Fourth sergeant, Alvin Wyckoff.
Fifth sergeant, Geo. Melford.
Sixth sergeant, Kenneth McGaffey } machine
Seventh sergeant, Fred Kley } gun
Eighth sergeant, Milton E. Hoffman.
Color sergeant, Wallace Reid.
First corporal, Horace Williams.
Second corporal, Walter Sherer.
Third corporal, J. Parks Jones.
Fourth corporal, Lucien Littlefield.

Fifth corporal, Tully Marshall.
Sixth corporal, Charles H. Geldert.
Seventh corporal, Don Short.
Eighth corporal, Louis M. Goodstadt.
Ninth corporal, Ed. Morrison.
Tenth corporal, Claude Mitchell.
Eleventh corporal, Ted Duncan.
Twelfth corporal, Ernest Traxler.
Thirteenth corporal, Jack Dean.
Bugler, Guy Oliver.

In pecuniary matters, the Lasky employees have covered themselves with laurels as well as in their participation in active service. One week after the home office of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation announced the appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to the purchasing of Liberty Bonds, Cecil B. De Mille had the honor and pleasure of advising President Adolph Zukor that the individual employees in the Lasky studio had pledged seventy-five thousand dollars toward the Liberty Loan. So, now that the heroes who have been used to conquering in the love scenes are preparing to meet gunpowder instead of face powder, they are said to be brave. And they are. But ask any of them who have been baraed and glaumed and suratted, and you'll find they always have been brave, undaunted, and heroic.

SOME GOOD MATERIAL

THE editor proposes a ten-thousand-dollar prize
For him who can invent, construct, discover, or devise
A story full of youth and love, adventure, joy, and zest
More beautiful, elaborate, and grand than all the rest;
But, dear, I know a story worth a million—and it's true.
It's simply this: that you love me and know that I love you.

The moving-picture fellows want to make a film so fine
That every movie house will have an anxious waiting line.
They bid for the scenario a price extremely high—
An open contest in which all are privileged to try;
But, dear, I know a little scene original and new—
That lovely film where you kiss me, and I, of course, kiss you.

The men who run the theaters are searching every day
To find for public nourishment a new, attractive play.
They say the old is wearing out and modern art is flat,
And in forlorn and hopeless hope they're trying this or that;
But, dear, I know a play that's full of merit, and it's new!
Guess who the hero is—of course, the heroine is you.

ARTHUR BROOKS BAKER.

An Alluring Call to Arms

By J. B. Waye

"SAILOR, beware; sailor, take care," and all the rest of the famous old song is a melodious caution against submarines, shoals, and such. It should be revised to include a warning against the siren fascinations of the female in general and the persuasive attractions of Olive Thomas in particular.

The unsuspecting and eligible young man of military age is usually not afraid to serve his country. But he is not prepared, as a rule, to be drafted by the conscriptive means of a woman's charms. This, however, is what happens when the fair Olive focalizes the rays of her beauty and personality upon a swain and asks him to join the service.

Above is shown the well-known actress, busy in the hum-and-buzz atmosphere of a recruiting station, where she is helping Uncle Sam to get boys for the navy. She is a tireless worker, and not only wins enlisters by her gracious smile and manner, but even helps the authorities in the monotonous clerical duties, and is active in every branch of work in the recruiting office.

In fact, she holds herself ready to do her bit in any way that she can serve best, and she has too much real patriotism to shirk any task that is assigned to her. Stony-hearted, indeed, is the chap who can withstand the appeal to duty when it is made to him by such an ingratiating young lady.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on the best and latest pictures, written by America's foremost dramatic authority.

By Alan Dale

The following is the first article of a series by ALAN DALE which will appear in every issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Mr. Dale is the peer of all critics of the drama and this is the first time that he has turned his genius toward the silent art. His writings on motion pictures will appear exclusively in this publication, and we enjoy a feeling of just pride in being a party to winning Mr. Dale to the film world. Read his article regularly and learn to follow his judgment when selecting the plays you go to see.—*Editor's Note.*

"The Broadway Sport"

(Fox)

I ALWAYS feel that I have been jollied and trifled with when I sit through a story, permit myself to become interested, and then learn that it was all a dream. It seems such a cowardly way of reaching conclusions. It is like using sterilized horrors. The most dreadful things happen, and you grow quite impressed with them, and—then you are let down. I wonder why. Surely what is worth picturing is worth happening. Why dream? "The Broadway Sport," in which Mr. Stuart Holmes is the star, turns out to be nothing more than a dream, with Stuart Holmes as a gawky clerk in a small-town store. He is clad in ill-fitting clothes and spectacles, which, I am told, is a new garb for Mr. Holmes.

However, needless to say that he varies it. The story concerns the robbery of his boss' safe by a couple of thugs. Holmes locks them in the safe and picks up the money that they scatter around. The idea comes to him that with such an amount of cash he can be-

Stuart Holmes and Mabel Rutter in "The Broadway Sport."

come a Broadway sport, and he proceeds to do it.

There is a ridiculous dalliance with hypnotism, by means of which a "shyster" lawyer contrives to get the hero recognized as the nephew of a millionaire and a share of the spoils for himself. Then the incidents set in. There is a ball, at which all the "élite" of the unélite world assist, and five hundred quarts of champagne are used in the pool at the supper table. Such is the extravagance of the film idea!

I suppose that many of the incidents are intended to be humorous—for instance, the rescue from a forced marriage of the wrong girl at the very altar! The hero escapes with her in the usual automobile, lifts up her bridal veil, and discovers that she is a fright!

However, it is not necessary to describe a story that is but a dream. That is the way I feel about it. At the very close of "Broadway Sport" the hero wakes up, and is the gawky clerk, with the spectacles on again, and nothing that happened—happened. What a let-down!

Stuart Holmes has a limited amount of facial expression, and was not particularly happy in this rôle. Of course he wore the "latest" as the sport, and seemed to be more at ease. Clothes make the man, and they certainly make the movie star, of either gender. The picture was so wildly improbable that it cannot be discussed in very cold blood. I thought that the best work was done by Miss Mabel Rutter, who played the spinster typist. This was

"I am lost in admiration of Sessue Hayakawa," says Mr. Dale. The above is a scene from "The Jaguar's Claws."

really clever, and as it is one of those rôles that will probably escape attention —only the lovely heroines are noticed in pictures—I am glad to be able to praise it. It is these "bits" that count on both the legitimate and the picture stage. The unknown actress who manages to make a small rôle stand forth conspicuously surely demands recognition. I consider that Miss Rutter's work in "Broadway Sport" was the best that was done in the picture.

"The Jaguar's Claws"

(Lasky. Paramount)

I AM lost in admiration of Sessue Hayakawa! It seems to me that an actor of this type might have made a tremendous hit in the real drama. Certainly he is the finest film artist I have ever seen. He has magnificent repose, features that register every shade of expression, and gestures that are never obnoxiously conspicuous.

It is seldom that a picture story makes a direct appeal to the critic of the drama! The far-fetched, in pictures, is so frequent and so irrepressible that one's criticisms are squelched, and the only thing to do is to sit and look, or sleep and not look. But "The Jaguar's Claws," by Beatrice De Mille and Leighton Osmun, from the story by William M. McCoy and Roswell Dague, is so interesting, so direct, and so gripping that I unhesitatingly announce it as the best scenario I have noted in a long time.

It has a dramatic situation that is virile and impressive, and this is it: The Mexican bandit, in a fury of vindictiveness, takes prisoner both the wife and the sister of the American manager of the oil fields in Mexico. The young husband, distraught, visits the bandit and begs for clemency, but El Jaguar is merciless. He has this to offer: the American can take one of the girls, and leave the other. That other must remain with El Jaguar. It is a case of being torn 'twixt conflicting emotions. The wife cries out for rescue from one cell; the little sister demands assistance from the other. What shall the solution of the problem be? Now, I think it is a pity to give away a fine story just for the sake of giving it away, and I do not intend to do it. I merely note the situation, which is worthy of the theater in its entirety, and if you want to know what the young American did, under the circumstances, you must see the picture.

"The Jaguar's Claws" is full of color and extremely vivid. It has no single dull moment. I should imagine that if it were necessary to make picture converts—and it is *not* necessary—this would be the very film to do the deed effectively. It was so well acted, too. Sessue Hayakawa is worthy of the attention of all actors. Professional matinées should be given, and students of the stage should watch Sessue in the capital work he does. I saw him once before, and appreciated him, but in this latest he could not be excelled. Marjorie Daw was interesting, and the cast has been excellently selected.

I rarely feel any enthusiasm for pictures, though I can appreciate their merits, but "The Jaguar's Claws" pierced my shell.

"To-Day"

WHAT a pity that picture people lack the courage of their convictions! It does seem a shame that they credit their audiences with the sloppiest sort of opinions, and spoil fine stories for that curious notion.

The picture called "To-day," a scenariozation of George Broadhurst's play, was really as fine and gripping a film as I have ever seen—very much better as a picture than as a play. It

kept you absolutely interested and enthused until the last reel, when, for no earthly reason other than that picture audiences are supposed to lack ordinary sanity, the whole thing is passed off as a dream! Think of that!

There you have sat through the pecuniary ruin of the opulent couple; you have watched her agony and wallowed in her intrigues for money; you have inhaled the "spice" of the rendezvous between the wife and the "money-eyed lover" at the questionable house of Mrs. Farrington, and you have pulsed at the exceedingly dramatic meeting betwee the wife and her husband at the aforesaid house. You have then revelled in the struggle between the two, and admitted the dramatic justice of the killing of the peccant lady. Just as you had made up your mind that "To-day" was really a very stirring picture—you are let down with a flop.

It was all a dream! Dreams are the particular weakness of pictures, apparently. The wife is perceived waking up, and the whole Broadhurst tragedy is permitted to end happily and stupidly and unpardonably, on a sordid picture of wifie washing dishes, wearing an apron, and doing the sweetly domestic.

What vandalism! Exactly why this sort of thing is considered necessary for movie audiences I cannot imagine. I suppose that if "Macbeth" were filmed for the mob by ordinary filmers, the whole fabric would have been shown as a dream, and every other drama with an unhappy ending would be explained in that baffling way.

Louise Glaum in "Love or Justice," a Triangle story which is replete with sacrifices by the star.

The entire dream business should have been eliminated from "To-day." I was not enthusiastic about the play, but the picture "got" me until that terrible let-down. Then I felt as though I had been kicked and called all sorts of names. Miss Florence Reed was admirable. I have never seen her do anything as good in the drama. Frank Mills was also quite acceptable, and that delightful old actress, Alice Gale, was excellent in a rôle that in the play was freighted with dialect. Thank goodness that the films render dialect

impossible. Miss Kate Lester, as *Mrs. Farrington,* certainly made the best of a none too fragrant rôle.

"To-day" as a picture was injured horribly by the illogical idea current among picture producers that movie audiences lack all intelligence.

"Love or Justice?"

(Triangle)

THE sacrifices that women make in pictures are perhaps a trifle more incongruous than those they wallow in in the legitimate. There is a particularly luminous sacrifice in "Love or Justice?" credited to Lambert Hillyer. Psychology takes a back seat when it is a question of the sacrifices that picture heroines dally with.

The heroine of "Love or Justice?" meets the man she once lived with, in a courtroom. She is being tried for murder, and I need not say that she is innocent. Of course she is; otherwise she wouldn't be a heroine. He has become a famous lawyer, and his political future depends upon this case. He is the prosecuting attorney, and if he loses the case his future will be ruined. So, I dare say, you can guess what her sacrifice was. For his sake, and because she loves him, in her picture way, she declares that she committed the murder, that she is absolutely guilty, and is willing to suffer for her crime!

However, she is not allowed to pay the penalty. The guilt is properly accredited, and all ends as you are quite sure that it would end. One's sense of plausibility is a trifle routed. These terrific sacrifices get on my nerves, accustomed as I have been to those of the "legitimate" for years. Pictures go these at least three better!

The incidents of "Love or Justice?" are many and complicated. The heroine is announced as a "woman of the underworld," and the meeting place of the thugs is pleasantly set forth as belonging to "crime's aristocracy." *Nan* falls in love with a young dope fiend, and accomplishes his reformation. Then they live together, and he becomes known in the legal world. Her specialty is sacrifice, and even before she makes the tremendous one to which I have alluded, she starts a smaller one, by departing, *à la Camille,* for the sake of his career, and permitting him to think her unfaithful. The underworld evidently turns out first-class heroines.

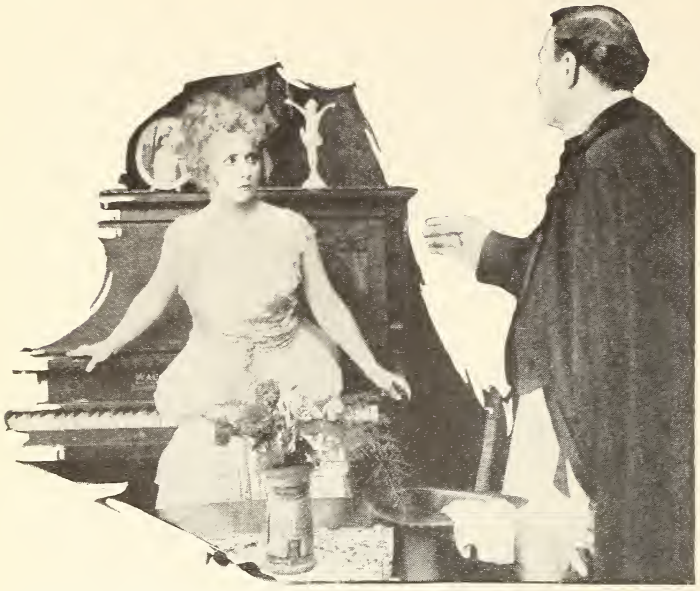
It was Miss Louise Glaum who played *Nan.* May I be allowed to confess that I had never seen her before? One has to begin some time, you know. Miss Glaum struck me as being an actress of extraordinary facial ability. The pictures are evidently in her line. She managed to portray variegated emotion in a perfectly satisfactory manner. She is not pretty, but there is an intelligence in her face that is more valuable than beauty for the rôles that she interprets. *Nan* was extremely well done. Charles Gunn is, I am told, new to the picture business. His stock of facial expressions is a trifle limited, but he was adequate, and I think he preferred his lack of grimaces to the usual contortions of the picture hero. One of the characters in this picture was entitled *Winthrop Haines,* although he was *not* a theatrical manager or anything of that sort. This rôle was well acted by J. Barney Sherry. Charles K. French gave an excellent picture of a judge.

On the whole, a dramatic picture of far-fetched drama!

George Walsh, in "Some Boy"

(Fox)

IN the drama, everybody loves a lover. In the pictures, everybody loves a hero who can climb houses, jump from fire escapes, and prove that he is an athlete. I suppose that explains the popularity of George



Bessie Barriscale playing the rôle of a reporter in "Hater of Men."

Walsh. His latest picture, "Some Boy," is one of those things that are full of incident, and that are peculiar to the movies. Such a story as "Some Boy" would be impossible on the speaking stage, and it depends entirely upon the work of its star. It is a mono picture, if I may use the word. It is full of exultant absurdity, as, for instance, the inane idea that a boy cannot be recognized by his sweetheart if he appears in feminine garb. That Mr. George Walsh does in "Some Boy." He disguises himself as a woman, in a regular Julian Eltinge outfit, and baffles everybody. That sort of thing—and I presume that Shakespeare is an authority for it—never appears to fail in dramatic or picture stories. No sooner does a man don woman's apparel, or a woman array herself in man's clothes, than both he and she are completely disguised! Nobody seems to care a rap about the utter absurdity of the exploit.

There is a baseball scene in "Some Boy" that seems to be quite good (I am no baseball authority); there is a dinner episode on a limited train that is well done; there are the usual automobiles and telephones, without the aid of which two-thirds of all pictures would languish; and there are doings on board ship.

The "press-agent" fraternity receives several knocks in a humorous way, and nobody should know better how to treat press agents than scenario writers! Walsh is the press agent of a fashionable hotel, and the stunts that he does for "publicity" may prove instructive to the picture public. Personally I think it is a pity to give these snaps away. The picture people need them so badly that they should keep them for further reference, instead of making a present of them to the public for the sake of one picture.

"Trying to be a woman is a hell of a job!" declares the hero by means of the "insert," and I should imagine it was. It is also a very unnecessary job, and the sort of thing that George Walsh does not need. Miss Doris Pawn was the petite heroine—always petite—and she has a brother, who is naturally mistaken for her sweetheart by the hero. The rôle of a spinster was amusingly done by Miss Caroline Rankin.

"Hater of Men"

(Triangle-Kay Bee)

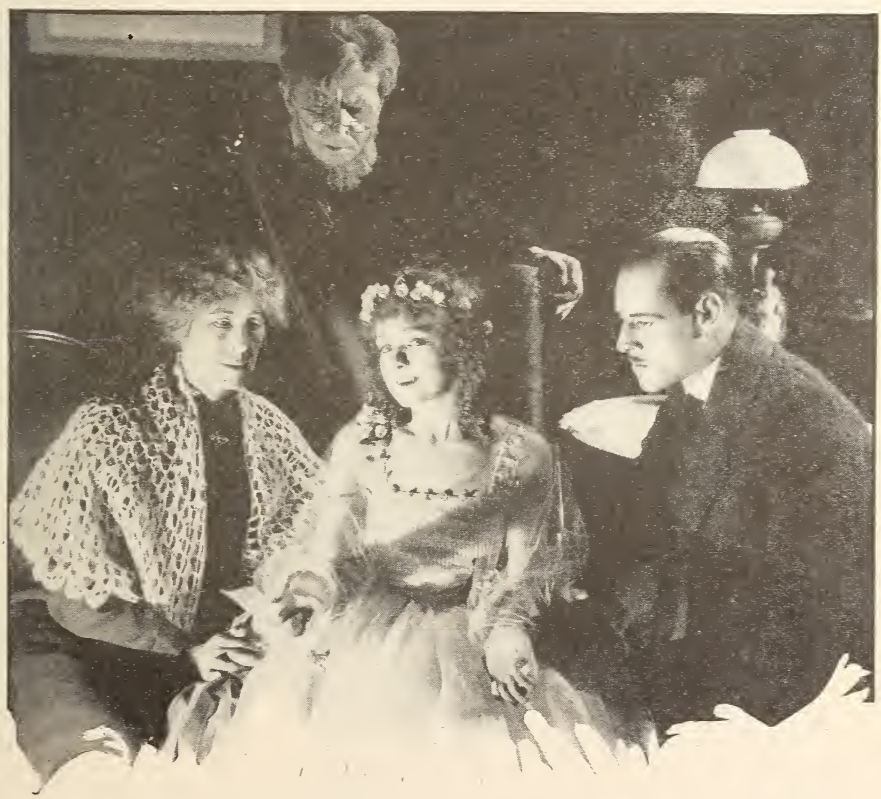
MR. C. GARDNER SULLIVAN wrote the "Hater of Men," and he must have written a good deal more than the films were able to register. I don't know if picture critics are permitted to speak of "talky" films.

but I'm going to do it just the same. "Hater of Men" is surely a talky film. Luckily, one does not hear the talk—and that is where pictures have the "drammer" beaten. You see Miss Bessie Barriscale, Charles K. French, and Jack Gilbert chatting incessantly, talking things over—and then over again—and philosophizing perpetually.

Of course, you are told occasionally what they are saying, for you could never guess it, and you are kept busy reading the legends flashed upon the screen in explanation.

Miss Barriscale is cast for the rôle of a newspaper woman, and the oddest newspaper woman *I* have ever met, and I've met a few. All she seems to do is to amuse herself, go yachting, and attend parties. As for her wardrobe—well, Park Row has never seen its like. Journalism must be much more profitable than the poor owls of Park Row have ever imagined it to be. The story of this film is not exciting. It has an idea, and it *could* have, and should have, bright dialogue. Lacking that, it is scarcely filmable. The heroine of the story has decided that men are no good. She arrives at that conclusion while she is "reporting" a divorce case. She has a charmingly cynical style, we are told. (Otherwise we should never know.) She breaks her engagement with the youth to whom she had plighted her troth, and plunges into bohemia, where she soon discovers that the men merely look upon her as a "good fellow."

Now, that sort of thing would be



In "Giving Becky a Chance" the little blond lady (Vivian Martin) had every chance in the world to do little blond things in her little blond manner.

quite interesting in a play, or in a magazine story, but in a picture it necessitates constant explanation, and one grows bored. The idea is worked out laboriously, and the close is really quite foolish. *Janice* invites a friend to a home-cooked dinner; the friend asks her former fiancé to accompany him, and then it is learned that the dear little thing is domesticated, after all, and the picture ends as they all do.

Miss Barriscale strikes me as being too intelligent for such a story, and she had little to do but wear her beautiful gowns—apparently the perquisites of all newspaper women. Let Mr. C. Gardner Sullivan take a trip to Park Row before he writes another newspaper story.

"Giving Becky a Chance"

(Paramount)

REALLY, I welcomed the opportunity to see little Miss Vivian Martin without hearing her "baby voice," that cut up such capers in the "legitimate." That is one good thing about the films. They do not register intonations and "sichlike." The idea of Miss Martin, screened, appealed to me.

In "Giving Becky a Chance," the little blond lady had every chance in the world to do little blond things in her little blond manner. She was a sweet little country girl, with a set of parents quite up to her style, and—and, of course, there was a mortgage on the old home—one of those mortgages that have gone out of fashion on the speaking stage.

I always note that in the case of girls of Miss Martin's type they are either kissed or ruined in the film stories, and occasionally both. In "Giving Becky a Chance," the struggle with base and impious manhood occurs at the very close of the picture, when *Becky*, having earned the coin with which to pay off popper's mortgage, rides with the naughty gentleman in an automobile, and is there—kissed!

The other episodes in this perfectly blond history show dear little *Becky* at a swagger boarding school, to pay for which poor old popper and mommer pinch and scrape—and you are never allowed for one peaceful minute to forget it. *Becky* dancing in a cabaret for lucre, and whole wads of rather primitive pathos, in which ailing mommer was concerned. The entire picture is prettily trite and inordinately "wholesome." Even the kissing incident in the last reel is quite agreeable, and the conventional ending just what blond minds appreciate.

Miss Vivian Martin owns one sorrowful look, which works overtime in the "pathetic" moments, but she certainly is a nice girl, for just this type of well-stirred simplicity. As a dancer she was a new one to me, but in pictures, the terpsichorean art does not possess many variations, and even a Pavlowa suffers from the reel. *Becky* received the neat sum of five hundred dollars for her two weeks' work in the cabaret, and I don't think she was worth it.

I wonder if all the mortgages on dear old homesteads that the legitimate has discarded have found their way into the films, and how long it will take to pay them off?

What's Happening

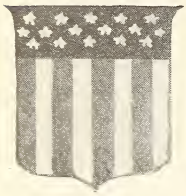
Pictures with "pep" snapped when famous stars were not acting.

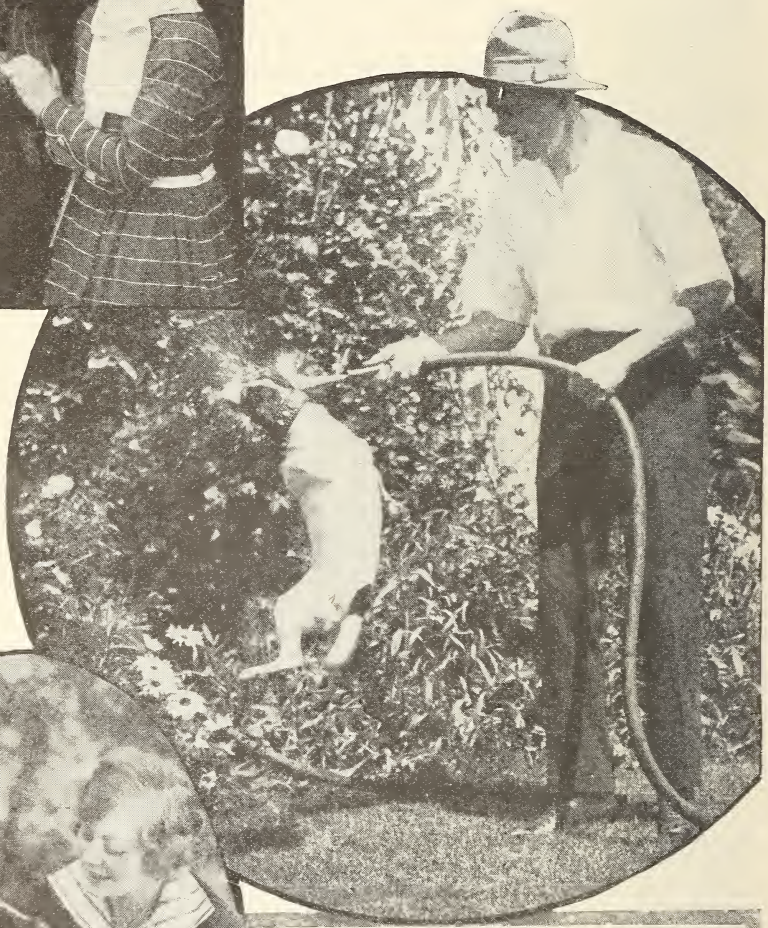
Jack Pickford says that he finds the company of Doug Fairbanks very elevating.

"Give me some of that money," says Ann Pennington (above). "I can't, because I have just received a lot of bills, and I find that I'm Owen Moore."

Valeska Suratt (above), and one-twelfth of a dozen (assorted) admirers. She is caught in the act of descending to the level of a male man.

Henry King and Gail Kane fit well into our Patriotic Number, because they are a little like our flag, being stars in stripes. There!

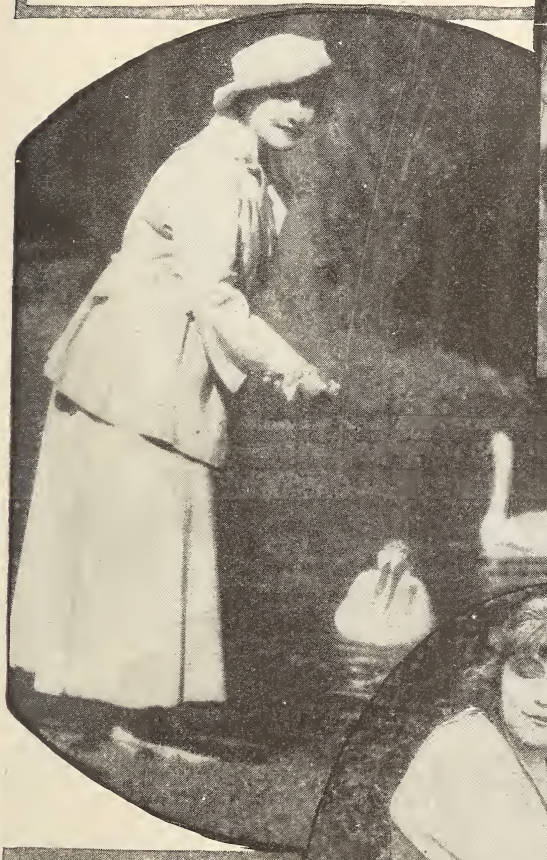




Hugh Fay, of Keystone (above), taking advantage of his poor unsuspecting dog by making him drink water.

We are getting a little weary of dog pictures. Do you suppose Seena Owen "wears the pants" in her family?

Alice Joyce proving that her beauty is of the washable variety. Although only her hands are being treated here, her facial features have already undergone the test.



Above—a pretty pastoral picture. Clara Kimball Young feeding the swans. It would be more effective if the swans seemed to know that they were being fed.

Louise Glaum has transferred herself and full vampire equipment to the outdoor coolness for the summer months. Louise, having victimized most of the stars with her wiles, is about to begin on the sun.

Agnes Johnston, Thanhouser scenarioist, searching for a scene in Gladys Leslie's eyes. We don't think Agnes can find it—in her eyes.

Jack Mulhall "doing his bit" by putting up the flag at Universal City. Everything is going up these days.

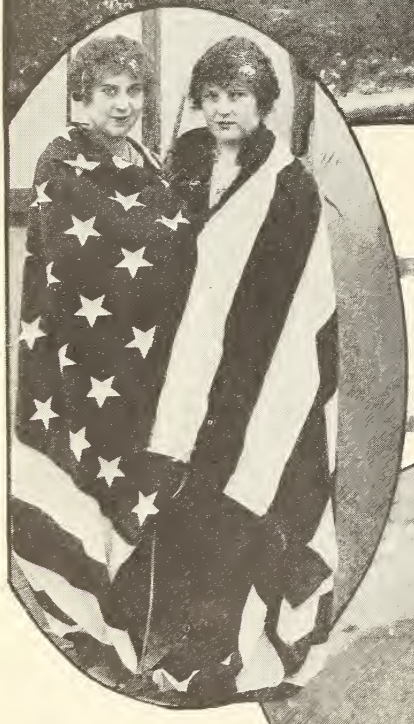
A California summer scene. The river and mountains are beautiful, and—oh, yes! Helen Holmes and Leo Maloney are guarding the bank.

Rhea Mitchell and Richard Bennet at a coming-out party. Dick is coming out a little more than Rhea.

William S. Hart, ready for action, paying his respects to the colors. If Bill had his gun in his hand we could say that he was a shooting star. But he hasn't so we won't.

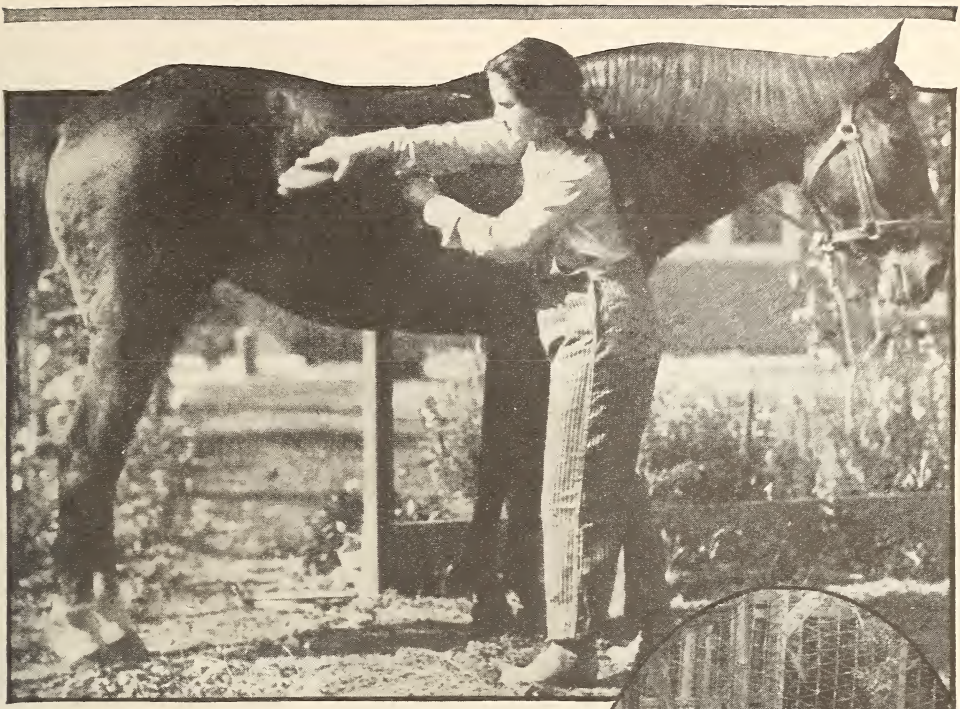
Marjorie Wilson played safe. She might have had her picture printed with either the racket or the flowers, but she knew there would be no doubt if she used both.

You might say that Alma Reubens is a well-balanced actress. She says she'd do this over Niagara, but she's afraid of the falls.



Mignon Anderson and Molly Malone approving of the American flag. Boy! Page George M. Cohan! Or has his copyright on the banner expired?

The sad sea waves must be particularly sad here, to judge from Edith Storey's expression. She looks like the "Before Taking" part of a lumbago advertisement.



Clara Williams manicuring her favorite Arabian charger. Now, if it only happened to be a ticklish horse . . . But it doesn't.

Louise Lovely feeding her camel. We'd go eight days without a drink, too, if Louise would hold the bottle on the ninth.

Dorothy Phillips is answering the letters of her admirers. That's what the press agent says they are. We have a pile of letters like that on the first of every month, but you could scarcely call the senders of them admirers.

Charlie Murray, of Keystone, rises to remark that in these days of the h. c. of l. some kinds of chickens are preferable to other kinds.

Says little Bessie Barriscale—
And her advice is sage—
"Just hold a bunch of flowers if,
You'd land upon this page."

Showing what happens to naughty custard pies that play hookey from Keystone comedies. Bessie Love and Fay Tincher turning a piece of pie into two pretty girls.

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen, that are of interest to everyone.

Leasing Players in Filmdom

THE habit of loaning players from one company to another for a single picture or two has again come into vogue, it would appear. The Lasky Company loaned Hobart Bosworth to the Fox Company for a picture, and a bevy of their prettiest girls to Universal for certain scenes in another film recently. Usually all that is needed to establish a custom around the studios is a start. Therefore other cases of loaned players may be looked for in the near future.

A couple of years ago there was quite a bit of this done. The loaning company relinquishes the contract right to the player's services during a stated period, during which the contract is taken up by the concern which borrows. We think it is a good plan, for it keeps many a good player in action, whereas he might be idle for weeks, waiting for his own company to find a suitable play for him. Likewise it saves his or her company the waste in salary which would accumulate during that time.

Changing conditions have brought about a closer fellowship among producers, and we believe the future will find players' contracts handled in much the same manner as those of baseball players. Trades can then be made and outright purchases of contracts negotiated for. Of course, before this condition comes true a board or head of some kind must be established which will sit in judgment in all cases which are disputed for some reason or other, for disputes are sure to arise in such dealings.

Equitable War Taxation Demanded

JUST because the atmosphere of the motion-picture world threatened to clear up for a whole on the question of the censorship menace, those who know little of movies, but think of them much in anything but a beneficial way, have agitated a taxation nuisance which threatens to grow into the proportions of the former bother.

Every person knows that at present there is a call upon every large industry to lend its financial as well as its industrial support to the cause for which our government is fighting. This the motion-picture industry will do, and do with a will in proportion to the taxes levied among all kinds of production and distributing business. What the industry objects to is petty

prosecution by State and city authorities in their effort to wring further money out of it.

Like all industries, there is a certain rate of taxation it should pay to both State and city through those of its people doing business in various branches of the business. This, too, is fair, when it is kept within the proportion others are paying. The trouble right now is that there are laws pending before many city councils and a few State legislatures which would lift the motion-picture industry out of the class of those industries which are taxed fairly.

Just what the idea is is hard to tell. There have always been enemies of films who started such things through malice. Lawmakers believe what they hear about the immense wealth of the industry, and, though this is false, they take it for granted. Therefore the film men have realized they must fight—and they are fighting. To say that to bring up such bills now is unpatriotic is putting it mildly. Left to its own resources, the industry will flourish and be able to render more assistance than can be imagined to our country; oppressed and fought down on all sides, as some would like to see it, it will naturally weaken and be of little value. Therefore let us hope that unjust bills and all other forms of prosecution will be quickly curtailed by the men having the power to act in the matter.

The Natural-Length Picture

BECAUSE of the war and the fact, which has been proved, that many of the so-called big productions have been financial failures, the belief continues to grow among the motion-picture trade that the film of the future will be the natural-length reel. At the time the first of the motion pictures which rivaled stage productions were launched, the public was in a most receptive mood, and the success of "The Birth of a Nation" led many others to invest huge sums in similar large productions. Not all of them have proved what their makers hoped they would be.

At the present time there are the few big producers who still believe in the big production, but men like David W. Griffith stand alone as blazers of the trail in this industry, and seem to have foreseen a change coming, for they have decided to concentrate their activies, for the near future at least, to natural-length pictures. They may make a film of many reels if the material on hand justifies their doing so, but it is very likely that these will be few and far between, for the natural length will probably settle down to an average of between twenty-five hundred and seven thousand feet, depending on the value of the story.

Fans and Filmites Introduced

WILLIAM S. HART, of the Ince forces, recently made a tour of the country, in which he covered practically all the main territory of the United States in which his films are shown. It was Mr. Hart's first vacation for some time, and we know of no better way that he could have spent it than this, for in every city which he visited he personally appeared at all the houses showing Ince Triangle films. Trips of this kind, by popular players, are always good

for the game, in our belief. It brings the image which the fan has so long seen on the screen directly into his presence in real flesh and blood, and the result is an increased interest in all future films made by the players who appear. Then, too, it stimulates the interest of the public in players, and gives the theater manager an opportunity to cultivate this interest, if he so desires. It is to be hoped that many other stars will see fit to spend their vacation, or part of it, in a similar manner, for, wherever this custom has been practiced, it has always been found beneficial to all concerned.

Importing Russian Films

ONE of the most important trade developments in many months was the recent importation to New York of Russian-made motion pictures, the first of their kind ever brought to this country. They are based on the works of such noted writers as Sienkiewicz, Dostoevsky, Puschkin, Ostrovsky, Tolstoi, Torgeniev, Gorki, and Andrieff.

The enterprise is one which should be roundly applauded. It is backed by N. S. Kaplan, a leading figure in the Russian motion-picture world. The films were produced in Moscow, and brought to this country, by way of Japan, to New York, covering a distance of nineteen thousand miles. An idea of the expense attached to importing them may be gained from the fact that the customs duty alone amounted to eight thousand dollars.

It is expected that as soon as the work of translating the titles is completed, the films will be circulated, and a treat should be in store for the real students and lovers of the best in pictures, for we have never been permitted to see any films which were made in that country. Undoubtedly, if these films prove a success, an agency will be established here, and, at the war's end, the importation of films from Russia will become as regular as it was from other countries.

The "Open-Market" Trend

WHAT looks like the vital change from the old distributing system to the open market has at last appeared. A band of the leading exhibitors throughout the country—the men who run practically all the big houses—have banded together for the purpose of securing film direct from producers. In the past these showmen have had to deal with a middleman, and they feel that by banding together, and getting films direct from the maker, they will be able to increase the profit of both themselves and the producers.

As yet this movement includes only the biggest exhibitors—those who own the downtown houses in large cities and strings of theaters through cities or within one city, but it is expected that shortly a sort of secondary group of smaller theater owners will band together to secure the pick of the films, after the big fellows have finished with them, at prices suited to them. It may be that even a third group will be formed.

To meet this condition, producers are changing their methods somewhat. Some are going in for stories with able but not greatly famed players, depending for success on the strength of each production. Others are pinning their

faith to the stars who have made money for the exhibitors in the past. Mutual, Artcraft, and Paramount, for instance, advertise a certain star in a series of a certain number of plays or in so many plays per year. The pictures in which this star appears can be contracted for without the purchaser using any other of those on the program. Very likely other programs will work out other ways of offering their films, either singly or in groups, should the open market become a stern reality throughout the trade, and from present indications it surely looks as though this was just exactly what was going to happen.

Automatons for Screen Players

THE concern of Lea-Bel, in Chicago, has struck upon an exceptionally original and most amusing idea in the production of Mo-Toy, comedies of rôles which are enacted by wax-doll characters. The dolls run, fight, play, make love, and go through dramas like real persons. Clever stories have been written for the doll characters, and each doll is a star in its own way. Not only are the figures amusing, but the substance of the action itself will bring a laugh.

This is another type of film which should make an ideal entertainment for grown-ups and children alike, and such types of films are exactly what are needed in the industry to-day. Of course, the films are not the easiest in the world to make, for it is said that it takes months to make a reel of "doll stuff," but, then, the day has come when the producer must put time and money into his releases. He may feel that he is gambling in doing this, but it is quite a safe bet that for all that is invested in a film—if the film be really a novelty—he will be well repaid.

Artistic Settings Urged

THE constant attendant at the film theater cannot help but notice a sort of general similarity in the backgrounds of plays of a similar type. It seems that motion-picture directors and their location men have a formula for every type of play as far as locations go, and always put it into use, undoubtedly saving time in this manner. But the result on the screen is not at all pleasing or convincing as it might be made.

To name over the repetitions is forbidden by lack of space here, but it is enough to say that fully eighty per cent of the companies are guilty of neglect in this respect, despite the fact that practically all of them have special location men. This is important, because much of the beauty of a picture depends upon the exterior backgrounds, and those companies whose films excel in this respect are credited throughout the trade as making the most artistic pictures on the market. In our humble opinion, this is a matter that every producer should consider, for it may be the one thing that is holding his products back from popularity.

One Less and One More

To be more explicit than the title, we shall explain that the screen is about to lose one of its best child actresses and is at the same time, about to acquire another star. Little Marjorie Daw, of Lasky, has just decided that she is no longer too young to be a regular actress—so she has put up her hair, lengthened her skirts, and informed all those concerned that she is a lady. The photograph below shows Marjorie's mother supervising the change, while her daughter—Miss Daw, if you please—watches the transformation.

BEFORE THE STARS SHONE

By AL RAY

JAY BELASCO blames his histrionic proclivities on his father and grandfather, because the talents of these gentlemen, both of whom were clever comedians, have been visited on the third generation. Young Belasco was born in Brooklyn, New York, was reared and educated in London, and attained fame as a boy singer in Europe.

AMY DENNIS, one of the youngest stars in pictures, was born in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, and was educated at the Wyoming Seminary. Later she attended a dramatic school in New York, and her first engagement after graduation was with a stock company in that city. Soon afterward she played in the Bandbox Theater. Since then she has appeared in support of well-known actors, and is now playing comedy leads for Selig.

EDWIN J. BRADY for four years prior to his screen début led the life of a tramp. His family was ambitious for him to be a lawyer, but the lure of travel proved too much for his adventurous soul, and he left home when in his early teens. His first venture in the amusement world was with a cheap circus in St. Louis. In his wanderings he got as far as Australia. Wanderlust finally led him into filmland, and there he has remained. He now plays "heavy" rôles for Universal.

ANDREW ARBUCKLE was born in Texas the year that Grover Cleveland first became president. He began his career in mercantile pursuits; but gave up the latter at the suggestion of his brother Maclyn, the well-known stage player, and organized a quartet vaudeville company. Succeeding engagements finally led him to the Pacific coast, and there he was claimed by filmdom. He has attained popularity as a comedian with Lasky, Griffith, and Balboa.

FRANCES BURNHAM has done nearly all of her screen work in her native city, Los Angeles. Miss Burnham joined the ranks of stellar players as the result of Phillip Hansen's efforts to find a suitable leading lady for a sea story, produced by Henry Otto. She was the first among dozens of actresses to be interviewed, and she was the one chosen by Mr. Hansen. Although only nineteen, she was prominent in Fox and Fine Arts pictures before accepting her most recent engagement.

Telling what Popular Players did prior to becoming screen favorites.

BEVERLY BAYNE'S début in motion pictures was the result of a sight-seeing tour through the Essanay studios in Chicago, where she went with several girl companions. Her striking beauty and natural grace attracted the attention and interest of one of the directors, and she was induced to act before the camera.

RICHARD BUHLER is a native of Washington, D. C., whose father was a well-known sculptor of that city. As a boy Buhler displayed considerable talent in modeling. In early youth he worked in a drug store in the capital, and came in contact with many actor patrons of the concern. At length he became interested in the stage, and soon secured a juvenile part in a play through the kind offices of an actor.

RUTH BLAIR has been in pictures about three years. Her home was in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and she had attained local fame as an artist before deciding to take up the screen profession. Laying aside brush and palette, she came to New York and became a pupil of Madame Ada Dow Currier, who was Julia Marlowe's instructor. Under the guidance of this able teacher she developed ability as an emotional actress, and later came into popularity in the Fox picture, "The Fourth Estate."

GEORGE LEGUERE prefaced his stage and screen career with a college education and a brief plunge into the world of business. Born in New Orleans, he was educated at Georgetown University, and graduated at twenty. While there he distinguished himself in literary and oratorical endeavors. Later he worked in a railroad office, but gave up this position when he was offered a part in Blanche Walsh's company. He is now a McClure star.

JESSIE BURNETT was born in the shadow of the Pyrenees Mountains, in France, but came to this country when a child, and was reared in the sage-brush country of Arizona. Most of Miss Burnett's education was obtained in various convent schools. She had already planned to be a Sister of Charity when a romance, which came into her life, changed her whole career, and led her ultimately to the Biograph studio in New York. She has been in pictures ever since, and is now with Balboa.

Another Star Is Added

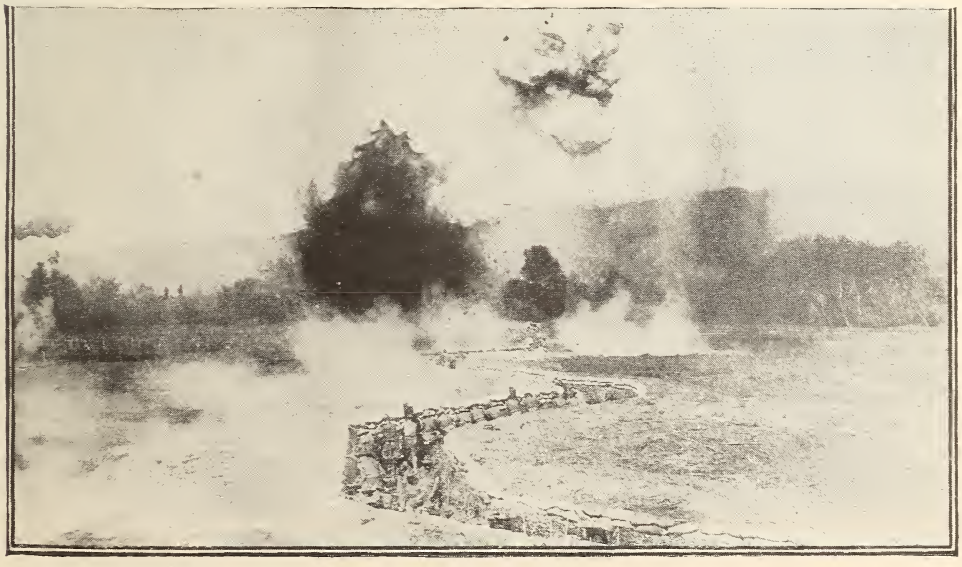
Besides the fact that this is a very pretty picture, there is a deeper significance to it. It means that there is one more star on the background of the flag. Miss Constance Talmadge has just been made a full-fledged star, for the first time in her life, by Lewis J. Selznick. She has starred in a few pictures before, but never regularly. So, here she is—a new star, with the flag as a background. It might be noted, that as here pictured, she is in the proper pose. Her five extremities are in the same position as those on the flag.

Defending America—for Films

A vivid description of a raging battle staged especially for pleasure.

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

ALL around us are the peaceful, warm, and sunlit hills of California, spotted with fine old trees, melodious with the birds and fragrant with flowers. War would seem to be an alien here, yet in the distance "hell's a-poppin'," to quote our guide. Beyond that line of hills just over yonder is rising a cloud of smoke, black, yellow, and white, pierced here and there with vivid flashes like bolts of lightning. Occasionally, far above the blanket of smoke below, appear almost simultaneously three or four cottony puffs that look like baby clouds, hanging stationary for a moment and then drifting away. You note they are thickest where are black spots that look like high-soaring birds. "Aëroplanes," explains your guide. The breeze shifts and comes from the smoke to you. The steady growl that you have been hearing now for some time, as you have climbed into the hills, immediately becomes louder and louder, until the uproar is terrific. The smell of powder, of strange explosives, comes down the wind. You feel as millions of men have felt as they have marched into a battle that was fully developed before they became a part of it—a strange thrill, a tightening at the throat, accelerated action of the heart, a strange desire to shout, to run—where it makes not much difference either into the battle or away from it, so long as you are



in motion, doing something. We climb the barrier of hills behind which is hung that vast curtain of smoke. When you talk now you have to shout to make yourself heard. There is a deep, continuous bass of big guns, while high above it, in a staccato snarl, is the never-ending rat-a-tat-tat of scores of machine guns, like a metallic tenor chorus. Their irritating clatter is paralleled high in the air by the whirring of the gas engines in the aëroplanes, which circle, swoop, and soar like gulls gone mad. Has war come to California? Over the hills is the fate of the country at stake? What enemy has seated himself on American soil?

At last we arrive, puffing, at the top of the hill. Before us lies a broad and verdant valley, smiling beneath the sun. At the foot of our hill the green is pierced by a yellow gash, that zigzags away for several miles. The yellow is swarming with antlike figures, and its outward edge carries a perpetual band of smoke, like the white water at the prow of a fast sailing vessel. Advancing on the run against that trench is a myriad of other figures. Now they stop, throw themselves on the ground, fire, then rush forward again, to repeat the performance over and over. Batteries of field guns come up on the gallop, unlimber, and fire in regular order. From their muzzles come great circles of smoke, like the miniature rings emitted from the mouth of a veteran smoker.

Squadrons of cavalry come up on the jump, sabers flashing in the air. Many fall headlong from their horses, and you cry out as you see them go apparently beneath the thundering hoofs.

Two dirigible balloons appear, attended by myriads of little smoke puffs. A flash of flame comes from one of them, it crumples up, and then dashes to the earth like a smoky comet. One of the soaring aëroplanes seems to stagger in the air, then explodes and

A panorama of the movie battlefield during action.

A remarkable photograph taken at night, of trenches bombarding the "enemy."

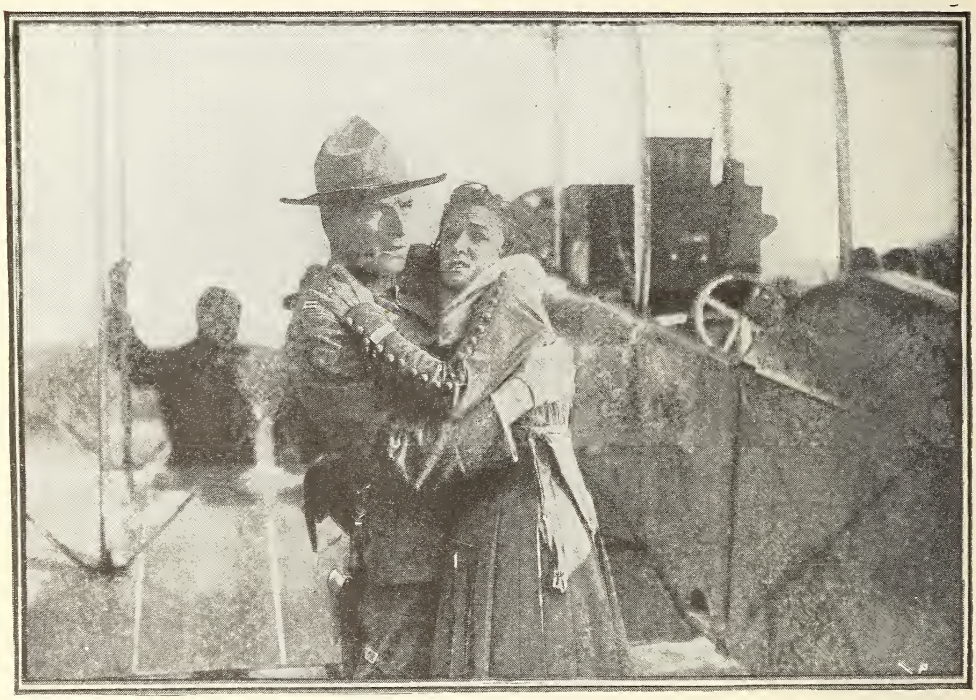
crashes to the earth. All around the trenches, and in among the advancing host, columns of smoke, earth and stones spout up like geysers. Some distance to one side is a pretty ranch building of stone and wood, apparently the headquarters of a general, judging from the bustle of arriving and departing messengers. A shell strikes it, and shattered timbers and crumbled stone sprinkle the landscape. When the smoke and dust clear away, there is no building. The gunners of Patria's army certainly scored a bull's-eye.

"*Patria's* army?" you say. Yes, Patria's army. This battle spread out before you is being staged for motion-picture purposes only. The thousands of soldiers, the heavy guns, the field artillery, the dirigible balloons, the aëroplanes, the miles of trenches, the barbed-wire entanglements, and so on *ad infinitum*, were gathered by Director Jacques Jaccard to make a movie holiday. Down there in the smoke and hullabaloo is he, with his camera men, putting into film the most realistic modern battle ever staged. Realism? Oodles of it. Over yonder are the hospital tents, with their corps of Red Cross nurses and their fleet of ambulances. Placed there for the picture, they have real work to do to-day, for over two hundred and fifty men will be brought to them before sundown, suffering from contusions received from flying rocks, gunpowder burns, broken legs, and Heaven knows what not. You are very ready to believe it when you see a geyser of dirt and stones go up right close to a camera man; when you see a stone the size of your hat almost hit the camera and camera man as it falls.

Let us get closer. We descend the hill. With a prodigious clatter two vehicles, that deserve to be placed in the "abysmal-brute" class, lumber up, straddle the trenches, and plow through the barbed wire, spouting smoke and fire from every cranny of their dingy armor. They are "caterpillars" of the type known among the English Tommies as "tanks." A greenish smoke arises from among the "enemy." The soldiers in Patria's trenches don gas masks. Director Jaccard is staging a "gas" attack. Not for one moment does the prodigious din lessen; nearly ten thousand dollars for munitions alone is being spent this day. You would be willing to believe it a hundred thousand, at least, from the display.

Get closer to the trenches. You will see that they are timbered and look permanent. Here and there you will note telephones. They are serviceable, and not fakes. As a matter of fact, Director Jaccard communicates his directions to his army by their use, just as do the commanders in France. Were it not for them, proper coördination of the various units, each of which has its part to do in the picture, would be practically impossible.

In that tent to the right of us is *Patria* herself, better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Vernon Castle. We may not interrupt proceedings to talk with her, for time is valuable to a director who is probably spending at the moment some ten thousand dollars or fifteen thousand dollars an hour. But we may observe her semimilitary uniform of khaki, riding trousers and all, and may see her receiving batches of reports from her army as to the progress of the battle. Mrs. Castle is a very busy person, indeed. Shortly before our arrival she went up in an aëroplane to observe the disposition of the enemy's



Milton Sills and Mrs. Vernon Castle in a scene from "Patria."

forces. That handsome young chap in an officer's uniform, who is as her shadow, so close does he stick, is Milton Sills, the hero of "Patria," and the object of her affections in the serial.

The director shouts an order. A half dozen bugles shriek out above the noise of battle. It is a signal previously agreed upon to "cease firing." Enemy and defenders fraternize laughingly, all except those in the hospital tents, who are wondering if, after all, it was worth while to risk their skins for the sake of an extra's wage. As a night battle is to be staged, supper is served to the multitude right on the battlefield. From the clatter of dishes, the rattle of knives and forks, one would think that all the quick lunches in Christendom had joined forces and patrons for a high-noon rush.

It is not well to linger here. If we wish to get the best vantage spot for the most spectacular event that probably America has ever seen staged, we should pick it now, while it is still light. Back to our hill again. Here, on this sandy knoll, is comfort and an uninterrupted view. See! We were not too soon! In the gathering twilight columns of horse, foot and artillery, long lines of motor cars and ambulances move out from camp and take their places. The trenches fill up with their defenders, and the tanks lumber clumsily out to support them. You think of childhood's days, when you went so early to the circus that it seemed as though the show would never start, and when you fairly trembled with nervous eagerness. The mantle of darkness settles on the battlefield and blots it out. "Ta-ra-ta-ra!" ring out the bugles, and, with a thunderous crash and sheets of flame, the artillery comes into action. Streaks of light from specially made shells rend the darkness, but, dazzling as is the display, it is nothing when the "star" shells and flares are set off. In France they light the battlefields like day, and defeat attacks. Now you can see the reason why. Every bush, every stone, leaps out of the darkness and registers itself. What a sight! Into this brilliant field charge the invaders, rushing upon the trenches. Sheets of flame from the rifles and guns of the defenders. Darkness again; then more brilliance, then darkness, repeated again and again. Shells have struck—purposely, of course—those buildings over there, and from every window belch flames and heavy smoke. Up to the trenches come the invaders through the barricades of wire, and there, on the edge, comes the play of bayonet and sword, of clubbed rifle and fist. It is magnificent, and it is war as realistic as man may imitate. Crash! goes the bridge over the peaceful river, and in the unearthly glare we see its timbers sailing, soaring, and falling. The bugles again! Backward run the defeated invaders; after them, out of the trenches, pour the defenders, cheering like mad, carried away by real excitement. Hundreds of cavalrymen, expert riders all, picked from the ranches of the Southwest, tear up to cover the retreat in most approved fashion, and into them charge Patria's cavalry. Horses and riders topple over in a medley of hoofs and arms. We, too, are carried away by the magnificence of the spectacle, and cheer and cheer and cheer.

"Ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra!" ring out the bugles. The firing stops. The flares die out. The battle is over. Was there ever such stillness? There is a silence that is almost thick, it is so oppressive.

This description is an accurate word picture of a day during the filming of the battle scenes for Pathé's big spectacle. Other pictures have been filmed in the same way—all for your amusement. Compare, if you wish, a day on the real battle front and one during the action of a motion-picture war. About the only difference is the soldiers' pay.

What Will Chaplin Do?

By Warren Reed

CHARLES CHAPLIN is a subject of the British crown, but the people of Great Britain and of France feel that he has been "doing his bit" much more effectively than if he were at the front. His pictures have not only done much to banish gloom from the trenches, but they have proved a vital factor in providing recreation for the saddened people of the countries at war. "Charlot," as he is known in France, has been a Godsend to the stricken French, and he is almost as popular as their own war idols, though, of course, in a much different way. England, too, has accepted him as a sort of institution of amusement.

The famous comedian is extremely sensitive to his responsibilities, and he would probably be on the firing line now except that his friends have urged upon him that he is doing far more service to suffering humanity in his capacity as screen actor. In the recent registration of men in this country of military age, Chaplin made no claim to exemption.

Besides the fact that the warring countries are indebted to him for the mirth which his pictures give, Chaplin has contributed generously in a material sense to the advancement of their cause. He purchased one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the British war loan bonds, spent the same amount in Anglo-French bonds which were floated in this country, and bought a goodly share of the Liberty Loan bonds. Furthermore, he has given liberally to war relief organizations, and privately to the families of soldiers.

Chaplin is deluged with appeals for charity. The letters which he receives from the trenches and from the relatives of Allied soldiers come by the hundreds. They range all the way from notes of superlative appreciation of his pictures to pleas for a package of cigarettes.

Famous comedian, a British subject, ready to answer call to arms.

Screen Gossip

A hundred reels of the happenings in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

"THE SAINT'S ADVENTURE" marked the last Essanay appearance of the eminent Henry Walthall, who rose to fame as *The Little Colonel* of "The Birth of a Nation." After more than a year with the Chicago organization, Mr. Walthall, upon the expiration of his contract, decided it wise to seek another connection, and refused to sign a new Essanay contract. He left immediately for New York, and announced that he would consider offers from other companies. Which concern is fortunate enough to have secured his services you probably know by this time, though on the date this article is being written he has not yet signed a new contract. Miss Mary Charleson, who was his leading woman in several of his Essanay releases, also left the Essanay organization at the same time as Mr. Walthall.

Henry Walthall, who has severed his connection with Essanay.

Thomas H. Ince and Triangle Film Corporation have reached the parting of the ways, and in the future you will see no more Ince productions released through Triangle. The split came early in June, when it was mutually agreed that the celebrated producer and the widely-known distributing company should separate. Mack Sennett, who is responsible for the Keystones also released through Triangle, is also out of the company, though the name Keystone still re-

mains the property of Triangle, and films bearing that brand will continue to be issued. The players who have been appearing in the Ince productions and the big studios at Culver City immediately passed into Triangle's control, and work went on as usual. The departure of Ince and Sennett from the Triangle organization entirely wipes out the famous triangular combination of Griffith, Ince, and Sennett, who were the Big Three of Triangle. Griffith was the first to undertake productions of his own. And now Ince and Sennett have new plans.

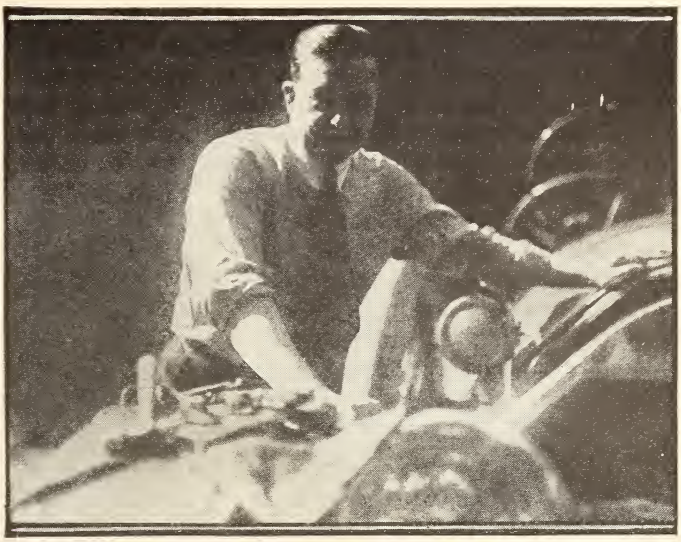
The resignation of the Triangle's triumvirate was organized solely to exploit their films.

Ann Murdock, starring in picturized Frohman successes.

Ann Murdock, who is making her picture début under the Empire-All Star banner, has completed "Outcast" and "The Beautiful Adventure," both of which will be released through Mutual exchanges. Both are Charles Frohman former stage successes, and Miss Murdock on the speaking stage has proved her ability to wonderfully interpret the important rôles in which she is cast. Del Henderson directed Miss Murdock in both these pictures, and now has under way a third big one that will probably still further increase the prestige of this popular player. Julia Sanderson is another Empire star who will make her screen début in a picture staged by Albert Capellani, who supervised "The Common Law" and "The Foolish Virgin," in which Clara Kimball Young appeared. He began his career in Paris and produced for Pathé for several years.

Constance Talmadge is the newest of Selznick stars. Like her sister Norma, Constance now is at the head of a producing company of her own, and "The Lesson," called by the press agent "a drama of laughter, love, and tears," is already well along toward completion under the direction of Charles Giblyn.

With the addition of Miss Talmadge the Selznick exchanges are now releasing productions in which are starred Robert Warwick, Norma Talmadge, Hazel Dawn and Bert Lytell, Nazimova, and Florence Reed



Julian Eltinge, well-known female impersonator, who has entered pictures.

As though to fill the gap left vacant by Mr. Walthall's departure, Essanay the same week announced the signing of Taylor Holmes, famous star of "Bunker Bean" on the speaking stage. In films Mr. Holmes is being starred in a series of Essanay features adapted from the "Efficiency Edgar" stories, which appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post.* All of these pictures are scheduled for release through the Kleine - Edison - Selig - Essanay exchanges, and some elaborate productions are promised.

Julian Eltinge, famed female impersonator, star of such speaking stage successes as "The Fascinating Widow" and "Cousin Lucy," is the newest twinkler of the legitimate to enter the picture field. Famous Players-Lasky is the organization which captured the muscular Julian, who in a half hour's time can transform himself from a sturdy, upstanding man into a bewitchingly fair and graceful society belle. In pictures, of course, he will enact the sort of rôles for which he is famous, so don't write him any mash notes, fellers, thinking he is a girl, 'cause you've had fair warning of what to expect.

Fox comedies are slowly but surely trying to corner the market of screen comedians. Starting with several of the tried and true Keystone funmakers as a nucleus, the Fox Company continued to add new stars from time to time. The latest to sign Fox contracts are Mae Busch, the former musical-comedy star who has been featured in innumerable Keystones, and Paddy McQuire, one of the featured leads in Vogue Comedies. Both Miss Busch and McQuire are to make their Fox début in a comedy starring Chester Conklin. Miss Busch is an Australian by birth, and obtained her first starring opportunity when she took Lillian Lorraine's place upon the latter's leaving the Eddie Foy company in "Over the River." Still later she was featured with Weber & Fields, and with William Collier, entering pictures about two years ago.

The Pathé organization believes implicitly in the power of the story rather than the reputation of the star as an appeal in motion pictures. J. A. Berst, vice president and general manager of

Pathé Frères, in carrying out this idea, announces that Pathé has secured some truly notable works of some of the world's greatest authors. For instance, one of the forthcoming Pathé releases will be an adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's "The Naulakah," this being the second Kipling story Pathé has filmed. "The Light that Failed" has already been released, and proved exceedingly popular. "The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker, is another manuscript the motion-picture rights to which have been secured by Pathé. By arrangement with A. H. Woods, the rights to many of the Woods stage successes have been secured, and one of the first Woods plays to be adapted to the screen will be "The Yellow Ticket," a Russian story that ran to capacity business at theaters all over the country in 1914. It will be staged this fall at one of the Pathé studios.

Monroe Salisbury, who has recently made a brief reappearance on the stage.

Stage stars by way of change and recreation like to occasionally "do" a picture or two in the off season, later returning to the speaking stage. It is not so common, however, to find the photo players enacting rôles on the speaking stage, and some of them do it so rarely they almost find they have lost their voices from the continued work in the silent drama. A number of the film notables, not long ago, went back to the "legit" for a week's engagement at Clune's Auditorium. "Shenandoah" was the play they enacted, and included in the cast were such screen celebrities as Monroe Salisbury, Winifred Greenwood, and Tyrone Power.

If you become as familiar with the works of such famous Russians as Tolstoy, Ostrovsky, Pushkin, Dostroyefsky, and others as you now are with the current popular American fiction, as found on the screen, don't be surprised. There are now available in New York more than fifty feature films all adapted from the works of celebrated Russian authors, and very shortly these subjects will be released for showing in theaters everywhere. N. S. Kaplan, of Petrograd, arrived in the United States in June with all the negatives of these subjects, most of which were taken at the Chanjonkoff and Ermolieff studios in Moscow, with members of the Imperial Theater acting the principal rôles. The productions are from five to ten reels in length, and many of them upon completion were shown to the Czar and his family. Czar Nicholas was then on the throne, of course, the

film work having all been completed before the revolution occurred. The subjects will all bear the imprint of the Russian Art Film Corporation, this being a company especially formed in this country to market the subjects.

Of course, you all know Helen Gibson, the famous railroad girl who has been starred in a host of railroad dramas with the Kalem organization, she having succeeded Helen Holmes as the "stunt" actress of the Kalem outfit when Miss Holmes went to Mutual. On the screen Miss Gibson will be best remembered as the heroine of "The Hazards of Helen" series, as well as the lead in such pictures as "The Gate of Death," "The Midnight Express," and "The Capture of Red Stanley." All this is preliminary to telling you that Miss Gibson is now a Universalite, having deserted the Kalem studios to do railroad dramas for Universal. The first few subjects are already completed, and the daring Helen is hard at work on still others.

Any rumors you may have heard to the effect that the world-famous team of Bushman and Bayne was to be dissolved or would make its appearance in any other than Metro pictures you can disregard. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are still screen partners, and they still swear allegiance to the Metro banner. President Richard A. Rowland, of the Metro Film Corporation, made the announcement a few weeks ago that King Francis and Queen Beverly (by grace of the California Exposition) have signed new contracts calling for their joint appearance for a long term of years in Metro pictures. So it's all settled and everybody is happy. Don't let 'em tell you different.

Francis X. Bushman, who will continue to star with Beverly Bayne in Metro pictures.

Metro Pictures Corporation, which heretofore has confined its activities to marketing the productions of a number of subsidiary companies, early in the summer underwent a reorganization, increased its capital stock from four hundred thousand dollars to two million six hundred thousand dollars, and absorbed all the manufacturing companies with which it had been connected. In the future, instead of their being Rolfe-Metro, Yorke-Metro, Columbia-Metro productions, et cetera, all pictures will be both made and marketed by Metro. The new plan will undoubtedly tend toward unifying production and eliminating waste. Some of the early releases under the new plan were announced as "Empty Pockets," an adaptation of Rupert Hughes' novel of the same title, in which Emmy Wehlen will be starred; "Blue Jeans," adapted from the old and popular play of that title, which will star Viola Dana; and a new Emily Stevens' picture not yet christened.

One by one the movie heroines are taking unto themeslves husbands. Ruth Roland is one of the latest. This fascinating star of the Pathé serial, "The Neglected Wife," evidently believes all wives are not neglected, for she said "Yes" to the bashful proposal of one Lionel T. Kent, of Los Angeles, and a few days later enacted the rôle of a bride for about the 'steenth time—this time in real earnest and not make-believe—emerging from St. Paul's Episcopal Church as Mrs. L. T. Kent. Though we aren't authoritatively advised as to the facts, we feel reasonably safe in asserting that this doesn't mean motion-picture fans are to be deprived of seeing Ruth Roland on the screen as usual, for though she may be Mrs. Kent in private life, we imagine she will continue as Ruth Roland in the films.

"Poppy," with Norma Talmadge, made a tremendous hit, but instead of resting on her laurels the fair Norma is already hard at work on another drama of society life which will bear the title, "The Moth." The new story is said to abound in emotional possibilities, and those of you with whom Miss Talmadge is a supreme favorite may rest assured she will take full advantage of them all, for that is a way she has.

Can studios "come back" as once-popular stars, prize fighters, and political celebrities sometimes attempt to do? The question is one which possibly hasn't been fully tried out before, but which now is going to have a real chance to work out if such a thing is possible. Remember all the tears that were shed and the wails that went up when the famous old Fine Arts studio out in Los Angeles was closed last spring; when the last of the famous screen celebrities took their make-up boxes and wardrobes away; when Griffith, the "old master," announced once and for all that he was "through;" when the plaster gates of Babylon were left standing alone in their desolation to crumble and fall to ruins? This "lot," which sponsored such productions as "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," was looked upon in the land of silent drama much as was the old Empire Theater in New York during the régime of Charles Frohman, and in truth what the Empire did for the speaking stage the Fine Arts studio did for the films. Its closing was considered in the light of a tragedy. But the last chapter hasn't yet been written, for now word goes forth that additions have been made, new stages erected, a big, light studio completed, and that soon the Fine Arts lot will take on a new lease of life. Triangle will utilize it for the making of pictures in California to augment those already

coming from the Culver City and New York studios.

Speaking of American and marriages and famous people therein concerned

Charlotte Burton and William Russell, who were recently married.

instantly calls to mind the wedding of two of screenland's most popular favorites, William Russell and Charlotte Burton. Every fan recalls the splendid work of these two in any number of American pictures, but perhaps particularly their strong rôles in the great serial subject, "The Diamond from the Sky." Times without number they have been married on the screen, but this time the license and the minister were real ones. Mr. Russell is being featured in a series of multiple-reel features released through Mutual, and the bride has appeared opposite him in so many pictures that there wouldn't be room on this page to list them all. The Russells will make their home near Santa Barbara, and perhaps may be seen together again on the screen, though up to the present writing Mrs. Russell has not been cast for any rôle.

Herbert Brenon, who has produced almost every imaginable sort of a picture during his long career as a director of motion pictures, is staging what is said to be a true story of Russian life that will bear the title, "The Downfall of the Romanoffs." The

real Illiodor, the fugitive monk who was once one of the spiritual advisers of Czar Nicholas, and who in a series of well-remembered newspaper articles exposed many of the intrigues and scandals of court life under the reign of the monk Rasputin, is taking a prominent part in the film, and elaborate stage settings are promised, exactly duplicating rooms in the palace of the Czar and other historical locations. Nance O'Neil has been specially engaged for a prominent rôle in the picture.

Some issues past this department chronicled the fact that Leopold and Theodore Wharton, the two young men behind Wharton, Incorporated, of Ithaca, New York, which filmed such well-remembered serials as "The Exploits of Elaine," "The Mysteries of Myra," and "Patria," were going into business for themselves, and would make a series of big multiple-reel productions which would be released on the State's rights basis. Well, the first of their offerings is now being shown. "The Great White Trail" is its title, and it is eight reels in length. Doris Kenyon is featured in the production, supported by an excellent cast that includes such favorites as Thomas Holding, Hans Roberts, Paul Gordon, and Edgar Davenport. The story was written by Leopold Wharton, and swerves between city life in New York and the cold and windswept wastes of Alaska. It had its first showing at the Broadway Theater, in New York, and now is available for theaters all over the country.

Did you ever read a story by Fred Jackson entitled "The Fatal Ring?" It's the basis of the next Pearl White serial which will be released by Pathé either under that same title or one a bit more striking. Work on it has progressed to the point where there are only one or two more chapters or episodes to "shoot" before the end is reached. George B. Seitz, author of many of Pathé's former successes, is directing, and Miss White is supported by a cast that includes Warner Oland, the villain of "Patria," and Ruby Hoffman, who has played vampire rôles in many important productions.

Touring the country is getting to be quite a popular pastime with some of our best-known stars. Warren Kerrigan thought it great. Rose Tapley took to it like a duck to water. Bill Hart had the time of his young life. And now Ben Wilson is going to take a whirl at it. Ben needed a rest after the completion of that strenuous serial, "The Voice on the Wire," for Universal, and thought a change of scenery would do him good. Incidentally a host of film fans had queried Universal as to whether Ben couldn't be induced to make personal appearances at their favorite theaters, so the press agent of the company got busy, and Ben is off on a swing around the country that will include stops at forty-seven different cities. Keep your eyes peeled for him when he reaches your town.

W. Somerset Maugham, author and dramatist, is one of the latest notables to answer the call of the pictures. Famous Players-Lasky has engaged Mr. Maugham to write especially for its photo-play productions, and one of his first efforts, the successful play, "The Land of Promise," is now being whipped into form for Billie Burke's use as her second Paramount picture. Her first, "The Mysterious Miss Terry," you have perhaps already seen. It was adapted from a story by Gelett Burgess. Among Mr. Maugham's plays which will probably be screened may

be mentioned such hits as "Madame Zampa," "Lady Frederick," "The Explorer," "Mrs. Dot," "The Hero," and "The Magician."

Out on the coast they are telling a good one about Douglas Fairbanks. Not so very many weeks ago "Doug" celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday. Of course, a party was the proper thing. A lot of his friends got together and decided it should be of the surprise variety, so with all sorts of secrecy they planned on surprising the life out of Doug, but the man with the million-dollar smile went them just one better. When the great moment arrived it was the surprisers who were surprised, for Doug had a gift for every person present, and proved that he hadn't been in the slightest degree surprised by their plot to surprise him. (Note to the reader: It sounds rather complicated, and we shall really be surprised if you can make head or tale of it, but we mean well.) Incidentally the surprisers did surprise Doug with a beautiful pair of silver spurs engraved with his own smiling countenance.

Broadway is the home of the actress, and, no matter how long a person may stay away from home, she becomes lonesome again some time. Ollie Kirkby, who has, for the past four years, been away from the metropolis, engaged in the serious business of making herself famous, came back the other day determined to stay. Ollie started her career with Kalem in 1913, and after various engagements that led her through many States and dangers, she came back to Kalem and played in several successful serials. And then Ollie, prodigal daughter, came back, with the fatted pocketbook and reputation tucked safely away. She declared that she is going to settle, and just to prove it, she has signed to appear in seven-reel features for George Backer films, which will be released on the State's rights basis.

Carmel Myers, the young Los Angeles ingénue who was featured in sev-

Ollie Kirkby, who has returned to Broadway after a long absence and is to play Backer features.

eral Fine Arts-Triangle productions, and who more recently has been appearing under the Fox banner, has again shifted, and now gets her weekly pay check at Universal City, where she is playing leads in a number of big features. The first of them will probably be just about ready for the screen when this magazine reaches you.

William Desmond just can't stay out of the mystery-detective rôles. One of his latest appearances is made in the leading rôle of "Time Locks and Diamonds," a five reeler just completed at the Ince studios under the direction of Walter Edwards. John Lynch and J. G. Hawks collaborated on the story which is crammed with thrills and surprises, and is enacted by a cast that includes, besides Mr. Desmond, Robert McKim, Margaret Thompson, and Roland Lee.

Kathleen Kirkham, best known for her work as *Mrs. Taine,* in Clune's "Eyes of the World" production, an adaptation of Harold Bell Wright's famous story of the same title, startled her associates by announcing her marriage to Harry Woodruff not long ago. The groom is a prominent clubman and insurance broker of Los Angeles, and the bride is at present appearing in American Film Company productions being staged at Santa Barbara, California.

"A Man's Man," adapted from Peter B. Kyne's book-length novel, has been chosen as the first starring vehicle of Warren Kerrigan, who, following his recent tour of the country, is now hard at work at the Paralta studios in Los Angeles. The scenes of the play are laid in the West and in a Central American republic which holds a fabulously rich gold mine and an incipient revolution. Mr. Kerrigan is ideally suited to the rôle he is to interpret, and it would seem we have a real treat to look forward to when the picture is finally completed and released. Oscar Apfel is directing the first Kerrigan picture. At the same studios Bessie Barriscale, late of Ince-Triangle, is being starred in "Rose o' Paradise," by Grace Miller White, who wrote "Tess of the Storm Country," that every dyed-in-the-wool fan recalls as one of Mary Pickford's most satisfying appearances. James Young, husband of Clara Kimball Young, is directing.

George Cohan, who scored so heavily in his first Artcraft picture, and proved that he is just as full of "pep" and ginger in the silent drama as he is in real life on the speaking stage, is almost through with his second screen production. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is the vehicle chosen for the second Cohan offering, and surely all of us who saw it in the original form will agree that it ought to make a corking picture—even better probably than was "Broadway Jones." Hugh Ford will direct for Mr. Cohan, and the supporting company will be of the highest standard.

Anna Little is now Harold Lockwood's leading woman. Miss Little was contracted by wire, she being in New York and Mr. Lockwood in Arizona at the time. She hopped the first train for the land of sagebrush and cactus, and must have put on her make-up in the baggage car, for directly upon her arrival she went before the camera and work commenced immediately on "Under Handicap," an adaptation of the Jackson Gregory story which is now being staged by Director Fred J. Balshofer.

Remember Maciste, the giant who was featured in "Cabiria," the Italian-made production of some ten reels or more that was featured all over the United States a year or two ago? Well, you will soon be afforded an opportunity of seeing this gigantic figure again, for "The Warrior," another multiple-reel feature from the same company, has just been imported, and will soon be presented at the leading theaters. The story of "The Warrior" has to do with the progress of the world war, and Maciste appears as an Alpine soldier who wins laurels for himself and his country. Many of the scenes were taken in the Italian and Austrian Alps, and the Italian government coöperated in a hearty fashion in staging this story of warfare amid the snow-capped peaks of the mightiest mountains in the world.

The Superlative Pictures Corporation is the name of still another new picture-making concern. It was organized during June in New York City, and will feature productions in which are starred Irving Cummings and Lois Meredith. Superlative Pictures will attend to the marketing of the subjects which will be made by the two subsidiary companies—the Irving Cummings Pictures, Incorporated, and Lois Meredith Pictures, Incorporated, for each star has been made a vice president of a separate company, and it is said will be given full control of all scenarios, directors, and supporting casts. Mr. Cummings has already gone into the Far North, where he will take scenes for his first play, a story much like that unfolded in "The Barrier," which proved so popular. The title and nature of the first Lois Meredith production have not yet been disclosed.

From the mouth of old Dame Rumor we learn that Cecil B. DeMille, the famous director, and his renowned brother, William C., who is a playwright and scenarioist, are interested in a new invention which they expect will make talking movies practical. Just how interested they are we do not know, but the following are said to be facts: The DeMilles have investigated the invention, which seems an improvement, because the record, as well as the projecting machine, is operated entirely by the man in the booth, and he. it is expected, will be able to make the words harmonize with the movement of the lips. When they had looked into the invention, they advised a lifelong friend, Mr. Newman, of New York, to invest in it. The invention was recently brought to New York from California, and is being perfected at the present time. We sincerely hope that this project will prove successful, and solve the long-standing mystery of talking movies.

Antonio Moreno, for many years a Vitagraph star of the first magnitude, has left Vitagraph for Pathé, and will in the future be featured in productions made by the Astra Film Corporation, which releases through the Pathé exchanges. You surely will recall his splendid work in such pictures as "The Island of Regeneration" and "Kennedy Square," even though you may not have seen him on the speaking stage, where he played engagements with Mrs. Leslie Carter, Tyrone Power, Constance Collier, Wilton Lackaye, William Hawtrey, and other notables. Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, though he came to America as a lad, and the greater part of his education was received in the public schools of New York City. His Pathé Gold Rooster productions will be directed by George Fitzmaurice, who directed "Kick In," "The Hunting of the Hawk," "Via Wireless," and other notable successes.

Filmdom to the Front!

How the celebrities, near-celebrities, and uncelebrated of the picture world are answering their country's call.

By Charles Carter

Mother Mary Maurice, Harry Morey, and Alice Joyce of Vitagraph.

Pearl White, Pathé, below, active in aiding recruiting.

FILMDOM is offering up its young manhood on the altar of patriotism. Volunteers from every branch of the industry are leaving behind them the illusory adventures and romances of the screen world as they pass out of the studio into the grim realities of military life.

Many of the best-known actors in the motion-picture profession have enlisted, as well as numerous scenario writers of note.

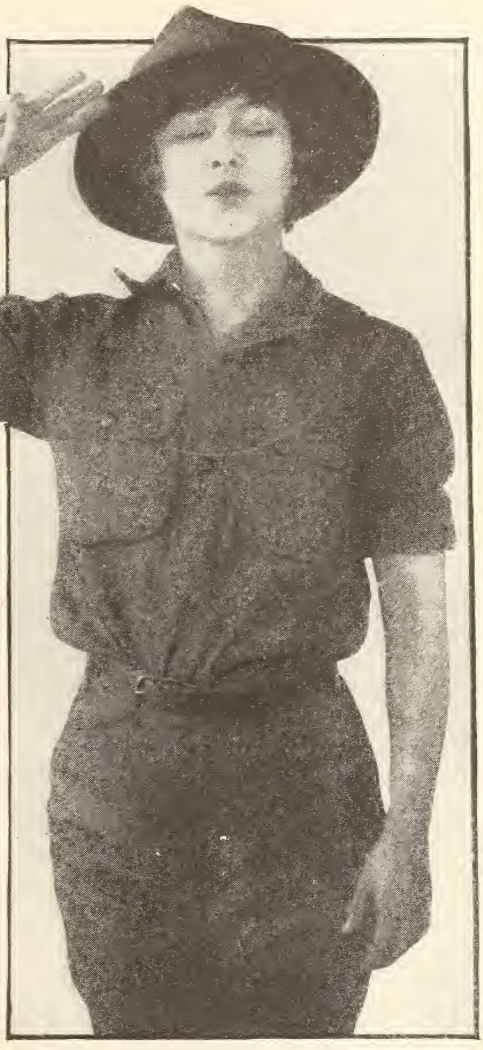
Also word comes from picture producers, both in the East and West, that the war spirit animates all the men in the industry, from the handsome hero-lovers to the property man and office boys. This is proved not only in the great number of enlistments recorded, but in the fact that military companies have been formed at nearly all the larger studios.

It is believed, counting those who have already joined the colors and those who will be conscripted, that

John Noble, Goldwyn, formerly of Annapolis, is awaiting naval orders.

fully sixty per cent of the male employees in the industry will shortly be in the military service. Vacancies caused by those who leave for the war will be filled for the most part by former motion-picture exhibitors who are more or less familiar with the business.

June Caprice, Fox, one of the first stars to become a war nurse.



Ann Pennington, Paramount, enthusiastic supporter of the Boy Scouts organization.

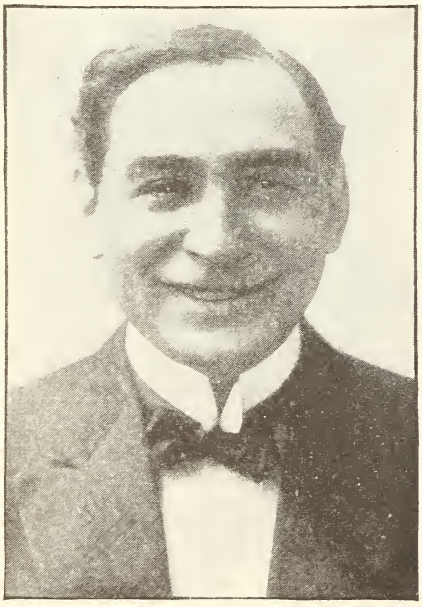
It is thought, too, that women, in many cases, will be pressed into service to do the work of the men who enlist.

The patriotism of motion-picture actresses will be manifested in many ways, and already they have come forward in surprising numbers to offer their services in Red Cross and allied organizations. As the war progresses the motion-picture star in nurse's garb, typified in the accompanying photographs, will be a familiar and pictur-

Rankin Drew, Metro, now in France in ambulance work.

esque figure in the hospitals throughout the land.

Screen actors are represented in practically every branch of the service. Some are training for officers' commissions at Plattsburg; others have joined militia units; the navy and aviation



Mitchell Lewis, now on call as a naval reserve.

Gladys Brockwell, Fox, learning how to minister to the wounded.

corps have claimed goodly numbers. The fighters, the lovers, the jesters, the villains in the make-believe world of pictures have rallied to the standard in a way that will inspire the youth of the land and reflect credit on their profession. No doubt in the arch-tragedy in real life, war, they will act their parts like brave men and prove themselves as gallant on the battlefields of France as they ever were in the storied adventures of the screen.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture-playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By Clarence J. Caine

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to Mr. Caine, will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for Mr. Caine to read and criticize any scripts. Six cents in stamps will bring you our market booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

REGARDING STUDIO TRAINING.

MANY authorities and many more near authorities have stated their belief, at various times, in the theory that a scenario writer, in order to be fully developed, must have studio experience. We do not agree with this viewpoint at all, for we have seen many examples to the contrary—examples in which men and women free-lance writers turned out scenarios produceable as they stood, without ever visiting a studio, let alone working in one. Then there are the amateurs who grow into professionals by selling scenario after scenario, and who live in out-of-the-way places, and therefore cannot come to studios for visits.

Studio training, to our mind, is valuable only to the scenario writer who seeks to go higher—that is, to an assistant directorship and then to a directorship. To the writer who seeks only to reach the highest pinnacle in his chosen profession, there is no benefit from doing writing within studio walls and watching the staging of plays regularly. Of course, there are tempting salaries to be considered for those who become out-and-out staff writers. But their chances to advance to directing are not the best.

Gilson Willetts, a staff writer for the Selig Company, and a man who does scenarios of all types and descriptions, and does them in large quantities, once said to us, "Why go to the studios? They have too many people there now, and they are all doing the same thing. Stay as far away from them as you can, and send in stories that you originate in an atmosphere peculiar to yourself, not amid a lot of people who are all discussing threadbare stuff." Mr. Willetts practices what he preaches, and never even visits a studio unless especially requested to do so. The result is that his scripts have an individuality that makes every one in the studio smile to think something new has been discovered.

We would advise that beginners set their minds at rest in regard to the studio-experience problem. Just work right along, and, as your scenarios become better, and sell, you will reach the stage where some company will want you to work in its plant. Then you can decide whether you wish to try for a directorship via the scenario department, to become a staff writer, or to remain a photo-playwright and work for yourself. In case you accept the studio offer, it will be well for you to have a thorough understanding about the line of advancement you want—either toward a director's position or toward the scenario editors' staff—to avoid any trouble later on.

STRENGTH AND SIMPLICITY.

Our student readers of even a limited length of time probably know well the doctrine of simplicity which we continually preach. Hundreds and hundreds of beginners have come to us to learn how they can best express something "technically," and our answer has always been the same: "Don't express it technically; write it in the simplest and clearest language possible, so that the director can tell just what you had in mind."

Despite the fact that personally and through the department we have hammered on this point, there still exists a large proportion of writers who insist they must understand all the "technical terms" of the game before they can sell. This is too bad, for these writers are failures so long as they hold this idea, and they have no one but themselves to blame for their lack of success.

The power for strong, gripping writing lies in one's ability to write simply. A good working script can be ruined, as far as practical use is concerned, by an overuse of "technique." On the other hand, a scenario not so well built can be used almost in its entirety, because the director understands exactly what the writer had in mind, and can fill in where the technique—even in scene action—falters.

We think it advisable for every beginner in the scenario game to master the art of saying things simply and clearly. To gain an insight into this art there is no better book to read than the Bible, for it is simplicity itself, and very clear and direct in its statements. Lincoln's speeches are also models of simplicity, strength, and clearness. Studying such works takes a little time, but it broadens the mind and aids one in one's ability to say exactly what is meant, and say it in the strongest way possible. It is an issue aside from scenario writing proper, but one that will yield returns.

WAITING FOR CHECKS.

It seems that of late some companies who formerly paid for scenarios upon acceptance have been waiting several months before sending checks out to their authors. We have several letters from writers of reputation, and quite a stack of epistles from those whose first-sale check has been held up. We have had to throw up our hands in despair, as we know of no reason why a company should not pay for a purchased scenario at once, or, at least, shortly after the acceptance.

Personally we have had no such trouble, but we have not dealt of late with the companies complained of. One person, in a position to know, told us that an increase in production in these companies, together with several poor films on the market, had tied up practically all the money for the immediate present. We believe that if an author will write a polite letter to the auditor's department he will learn the true state of affairs, and also be among the first to get paid in case the money-tie-up story is true.

MISUSING INSERTS.

Writing in his department for scenario writers in the New York *Dramatic Mirror,* William Lord Wright, the well-known photo-playwright, editor, and critic, makes several remarks regarding the use of inserts and other matter as padding. We consider his viewpoint of the subject an excellent one for all writers to take, and reproduce his words on the subject following:

"If possible, write a story in which the plot does not necessarily edge along with the aid of letters, notes, and telegrams. There are too many letters,

notes, and telegrams in the average motion-picture drama, and the great idea is to stay clear of them if possible. Letters, notes, and telegrams are frequently the lazy man's method of reviving and stimulating a weakening plot. The story languishes and promises to fade away, when a letter or a telegram is lugged in for diversion, later to figure in the story. Just how it is to figure is no mystery to the spectator. He knows as well as the author just what is going to happen. But sometimes letters and telegrams are essential. When that is a fact, they should be properly written. In one script we read recently a telegram to the hero from his father started out 'My Dear Son.' One would hardly start a telegram in that manner without any definite address. Too many telegrams appear, also, on the screen without check marks. Real telegrams carry a date line, receiver check, et cetera. These are little things truly, but 'great oaks from little acorns grow!' Ten words of an ordinary telegram can sometimes save a lengthy leader or may permit the elimination of several scenes of added action. When this is true, the use of the telegram is justified. Just the same, if the plot can be carried briskly forward without telegrams or letters it is better, for letters, notes, and telegrams in motion-picture plays have been very numerous."

CARE IN HANDLING ENDINGS.

There is a certain type of story that seems to take itself out of the author's hands and work right along to what the scrpt editors refer to as "a peach of an ending." Then there are other types of stories which baffle and fight against their creator all the way, and to find a suitable ending for which seems impossible. Often endings are allowed to dribble out just on this account.

That this should happen is regrettable, but true. We think every writer can look back over his career and pick out some certain story which he now feels could be improved by a stronger and better ending. And if his memory is sharp, we will wager that he will remember that at the time of writing the story the ending presented a problem, and was not handled as it deserved.

The ending, including the exposition of unrevealed facts, as well as the climax and a hint of the future life of the characters, should be made both strong and artistic. It is the last thing in a play—the final punch, so to speak. Therefore it must be impressed upon an audience so strongly that when it leaves the theater it will go under a sort of spell.

We have seen plays which have bid for lasting fame fail because of their endings, and we know that scenario editors reject many manuscripts simply because the end is very poor—or, as they say, "the idea isn't fully developed." Therefore it will pay every young writer to be careful in handling the ending of the story. Failure to make the desired point at this place in construction is almost certain to hold one back from sales for some time at least.

POSTAGE AND SUBMISSION.

"I have written several plays, which I am confident will sell, but I do not feel I want to invest the money required for postage to send them around, for I know they will be rejected many, many times."

The above is from a correspondent who has given an old view a funny twist. She knows they will sell and she knows they will be rejected. The riddle proved too much for us, and we wrote her, asking that she unravel what she had said. Then light dawned upon us. The young lady wanted to start a money-making business without investing even in postage!

We wrote her advice, and we repeat the advice in a few short sentences herewith:

"You have written the scenarios, and seem quite convinced they will sell.

"Therefore, is it not worth investing a few cents in postage to get, perhaps, hundreds of dollars in return?

"If, despite the foregoing, you feel they will be rejected, why did you write them?

"Did you ever consider you have a product of the brain on hand, and that you have to sell it, just as any merchant sells his products?"

We considered that we had said enough on the subject, and the young lady wrote us the other day, telling that the third script she wrote sold on the second trip out. All the rest that she had kept in storage are out, and are kept busy making the rounds. She firmly believes now that it pays to spend money for postage, even though it would be nice sometimes to use it for something else.

THE QUESTION OF TIME.

One of the things we would rather impress firmly upon the mind of a young writer than anything else is that it takes time to make a lasting success of scenario writing, just as it takes time to make a success in any other line of work. But we have found it very difficult to perform this seemingly simple trick. The beginner says he understands, and then he growls about his lack of success after a few months of feeble initial efforts. This spirit on the part of so many writers makes our work of guiding them along the right path much harder than it otherwise would be; therefore we strive to make the question of time one for discussion at the very beginning of a young writer's career.

Every professional writer has gone through the mill, and can look back on long, long periods of failure and discouragement during his early days. But he looks back with satisfaction, for, having fought his way through all odds, and made a success of his work, the element of time spent in winning means nothing but a cherished memory.

We know well, as we write these words, that many of the semidiscouraged ones will say, "It's easy for him to talk." And their attitude will cause them to drift even further from the success they crave. The feeling of the beginner, struggling to break through the unseen but impenetrable barriers, which surround him and keep him from the top, is well known to us—the hope with which each idea is worked up, the prayers with which it is sent on its first trip, the disappointment of the rejection, then the dogged submission elsewhere, and finally the sigh that is heaved as the play is set aside, to be worked over, because every possible market has turned it back. As you live through those days, they are not pleasant, especially if you hope to use the money to be gained by the sale of a scenario for some certain purpose; but as you look back over them, after gaining even a fair degree of the success you hoped for, they are sweet reminders, indeed.

We have always told beginners to approach scenario writing as they would a profession or trade where experience and training must come to one before the desired end is even in sight. Think of doctors and lawyers, or even plumbers and carpenters! The former two, with other professional men, must train for years, and then often go many more years without earning a decent living in order to gain true success in their chosen line. The latter two trades, being physical rather than mental, are learned much more quickly, but it takes many months in either before an apprentice earns even a living wage,

and many years before true success can come to him.

We think that beginners should consider these things seriously, provided they intend to take up the work with a view to making it a profession later on, and either decide to get right down to the grind, serve their apprenticeship, no matter how hard it is, and then, when the time is ripe, take up the work as a life profession. Sales will probably be registered here and there, and they will denote progress; but lack of sales should not in any way prove discouraging during the early months.

All of this applies only to those who wish to become professionals, as we have said. There are many more who take up the work purely as an avocation, and some as a pastime. These people are at their leisure as far as working ahead goes. If they fail to sell, they usually drop the work and are never heard of again. Others of this class sell on and off, and make quite a little "extra money" from a field they never intend to take up as a life work. To these people the question of time is a question of patience.

CHOOSING WORKING TIME.

In our opinion, it is always best for a man or woman who writes during spare time to choose his own time and method of writing. We know that this allows a big opening for the lazy writer to excuse himself, but the conscientious one will overcome laziness and take himself in hand.

It is wrong to say, "You should work two hours a day"—for you may not feel at all like writing, and merely waste the two hours. Also it is wrong to say, "Work when the spirit is on you" —for the spirit may not come for weeks. We think the correct way is to arrange your own work to suit yourself, but check up carefully at the end of every week, and see that enough time has been put in. Thus you avoid both listless work and loafing, and get good results.

FILM TEMPO.

Film tempo, that unseen but all-powerful element in the working out of a motion picture, is something which grips us when perceived on the screen in the work of others, but which eludes us when we aim to inject it into our own work. Tempo is a term which was formerly only meant for directors, and was not supposed to interest writers. Now, however, with the changing of other conditions, it has become a matter of importance to the writer, even in a greater degree than to the director.

Tempo, defined briefly, is the hidden power which controls the interest of the audience. It changes pace according to the dramatic elements in the picture. In working up to the climax with heat and excitement, the tempo runs at a high, thrilling rate of speed, and when building up to a powerful, crushing crisis, it goes along slowly, driving home the feeling that something awful is about to happen.

When a picture lacks tempo, either through the fault of the scenario writer or the director, the audience lacks interest. We are sure you all have seen films crowded with action of both the dramatic and thrilling kind which never caused you to move an eyelash. They lacked tempo. Things happened at regular periods, and were interesting in themselves to look at, but there was no grip in them. Had the film possessed tempo, each of these happenings would have been a vital part of the story, and would have fit in with the general ebb and flow of happenings in such a way that you would have been subconsciously stirred.

To a new writer this tempo might appear a harder thing to master than it really is, but the trained writer knows differently. This is another of the

points where the dramatic instinct in a writer shows itself. He will sense the tempo for the development almost as soon as he has sketched his plot. Then he will almost subconsciously work out the tempo to the highest degree in writing the scene action. To the writer without dramatic instinct—the one who must cultivate it through training—this is sort of a higher art; a step to be taken later on, when he has perfected what he lacks and can compete with other writers on an almost equal basis.

WHY NOT TRY COMEDY?

If you are one of the writers who do not like the present trend of the market toward five-reel scenarios and synopses, but are plugging along with it anyway, why not take a look at the farce-comedy field? This does not apply to young writers who haven't mastered the first principles as yet, but to those whose experience and ability have fitted them to write plays of any type. We know there are many in this class who are ignoring comedy, but we think if they "took a chance" they might profit.

There are many objections to sending in scripts to the comedy makers, so we are told by miscellaneous persons; and then there is a rich field here that yields plentifully and often, according to miscellaneous other persons. Some of the chief objections were that certain studios take any ideas sent in scenario form, and use them; that others merely return scenarios without reading them; that few of the companies want full scenarios, but, rather, comical ideas, and that there is no satisfaction in seeing a few of your ideas and a lot of other people's ideas mixed in together in what is called a farce. The advantages we have heard of are that farce concerns frequently pay close to one hundred dollars for a new idea or "stunt" that will serve as a basis for a comedy, and that checks between ten and twenty-five dollars drop in for lesser ideas, which can be used in working out a farce. Also, if a writer has funny ideas for several months' running, he is offered a splendid salary to come to the studio lot, sit around, and think of funny things for the players to do. He doesn't have to write scenarios, but just furnish absurd ideas that will draw laughs. Other writers have told us of selling a full scenario to a farce-comedy company, and having only a few changes made in it when produced. So there you are—the good and the bad side!

Aside from farces, there are several concerns wanting straight comedies in one or two reels. We think these offer an excellent market for the comedy writer, and we also believe that the farce market could be worked into, if approached with the right kind of material, in the right way. As we said before, the comedy field is waiting for those who don't like the long five reelers. The comedy field is almost devoid of real writers at this time. Those who get in now may find themselves on velvet in time to come, for we surely need better comedies, and the writers are the ones that have to give it to us, for both players and directors have failed.

PRETTY BAD.

A certain young writer started in the scenario game about a year ago, and for a while worked pretty steadily and sold a few scripts. He was clever with his pen, and earned money from the magazines regularly. When he failed to do this with his early efforts in the film field, he became disgruntled and sullen. He wrote a long, one-sided knock, and sent it to one of the magazines, free. It was read by many of our readers, and they believed everything he said. In reply to their ques-

tions to us on the matter, we merely say we wouldn't waste the time to burn the article up, much less print it. It is a first-class knock by a first-class knocker who failed to make good himself, and we merely term it "pretty bad."

BRANCH OUT.

After about six or eight months of scenario writing, there is likely to come a desire to young writers who have never handled the pen before to try other fields—the special article, the short story, the novel, the drama, the vaudeville, and other branches of the writing game. Many take a chance in one or more of these fields, and are more or less successful; others do not turn from their scenario work because they believe "once a scenario writer, always a scenario writer," and feel that their work must be limited to the one line of literary effort.

We do not believe in the latter course at all. Even if a man has been successful in script writing, we think he should try another field if the feeling comes to him that he can do as good or even better work in that field than in the scenario game. We know of several fairly successful scenario writers of three or four years ago who took up short-story writing and made even a greater success of it than they had made of the silent drama. They did not give up scenario writing entirely, but did a fair share of it, intermingling the short stories in such a way that neither form became tiresome to them.

The beginner who wants to try his hand in all the fields at once will do well to hold back for a little while in his branching-out policy. Our idea of an ideal plan is to have a writer drive through several months of hard work in the scenario field—if that is the field he starts in—and master the basic principles; in fact, become able to write a good scenario. Then he may turn part of his attention upon another field. He will find that his plot training in writing scenarios will stand him in good stead in his other work. His mind should remain with the new work only a short time at first, and then he should again concentrate on scenarios. Later he can branch out more into the new field if he so desires. Or he may discover that his field is that of the motion-picture plays, and give up work on the other completely. He will be far better satisfied, however, if he tries his hand at the other kind of work.

ANSWERS TO READERS.

C. J. T.—The reason that you find the scenario field lacking in competent instructors who devote all their time to teaching writers is because that business does not pay. One who essays to teach should be experienced and successful himself, and be able to place scenarios regularly—and if he does this, he makes much more money, with much less trouble.

M. B.—There is quite a market for synopses only, as you will note by watching the "Live-wire Market Hints" section in this department every month. You have the right idea about using only the simplest and plainest of terms in your working script.

L. T. B.—Strictly speaking, a manuscript is hand written, and in old days this was regarded as the term for work done in longhand writing. Now anything that forms the basis for a play goes as a "script" in the moving-picture world.

S. P. M.—No, indeed; don't restrict yourself to the old length of two hundred and fifty or three hundred words when writing a synopsis only. In the days when one and two-reelers were about the longest, those short synopses preceded the scenario proper in order

that editors might grasp the essential ideas of the story without reading clear through it. Synopses now, without a working script, may run up around three thousand words or even more if the telling of the plot requires it. Some can be told in seven hundred or eight hundred words, however. The shorter the better—but story value must not be sacrificed.

H. C. B.—We believe the film of "The Rosary" was based on the play. Lanier Bartlett wrote the scenario, and obtained some splendid screen results with material that was questionable. The book version has never been filmed, to our knowledge.

R. E. O.—Words mean nothing in working out a scenario. A short story is measured that way, but a scenario is worked out in scene action and measured in reels, according to the action. There are about seventeen minutes to a reel. Even the reel system of measuring films is passing, and the natural-length film is coming into vogue.

H. S. M.—There isn't much use starting to write if you feel you entirely lack self-confidence, for that is one of the prime essentials of success. Don't think for a minute that you know it all, but take a pride in the worth of your work, make each scenario better than the previous one, don't become discouraged at failure, and never waver in your determination to succeed eventually. That is the right kind of self-confidence, and without it the battle is indeed a difficult one.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

The Lasky Feature Play Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, needs five-reel drama suitable for their stars, especially Miss Olga Petrova, who plays heavy emotional and semivampire rôles.

The livest market for short-reel dramas is the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Universal City, California. They are buying one, two, and three-reelers as in the days of old, and also five-reelers. They also use one and two-reel comedies.

The World Film Corporation, New York City, and the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, are in need of five-reelers, and will read synopses only. Vitagraph also uses comedies suited to its players. The best way to get a line on this brand of fun is to see the company's productions on the screen, as they are rather distinctive.

SHORT SHOTS.

Analysis of others' work often develops severe critics. It should develop trained writers if not used too severely.

Opportunities lost will never return; therefore, never pass up what appears to be even the remotest chance to advance.

You often hear the brag tell what he knows. Did you ever notice what a short space of time it takes him?

Remember that a one or two-reel plot can't make a five-reeler, and don't try to pass off one of your old ones for more than it is worth.

Always keep your eyes open for ideas. If not, your stories will be pretty much the same all the way through.

Even if you haven't sold one yet, remember that thousands are being spent monthly for scenarios. Part of it is waiting for you when you qualify.

A scenario writer should no more allow himself to drift away from the active script market condition than a broker should allow himself to drift from the stock market. The effect on both, if they try to sell, will be very similar.

The Uncomplimentary Department

Containing practically everything except softsoap and whitewash.

Essanay figures a literary man as a teamster figures an artist—all wrong.

Below, we have Margarita Fischer portraying something or another—but that is unimportant. Why use wooden birds in an animated picture?

Edna Hunter poses, ready for a dive. But that mermaidish look won't fool the public, when you are standing in your dining room.

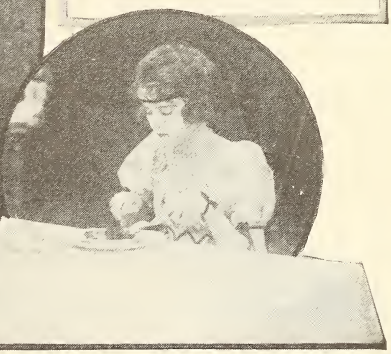
Vivian Reed, below, is enthusiastically (?) addressing a street audience—so we are told. Vivian apparently has been in the silent drama so long that she talks without opening her mouth.

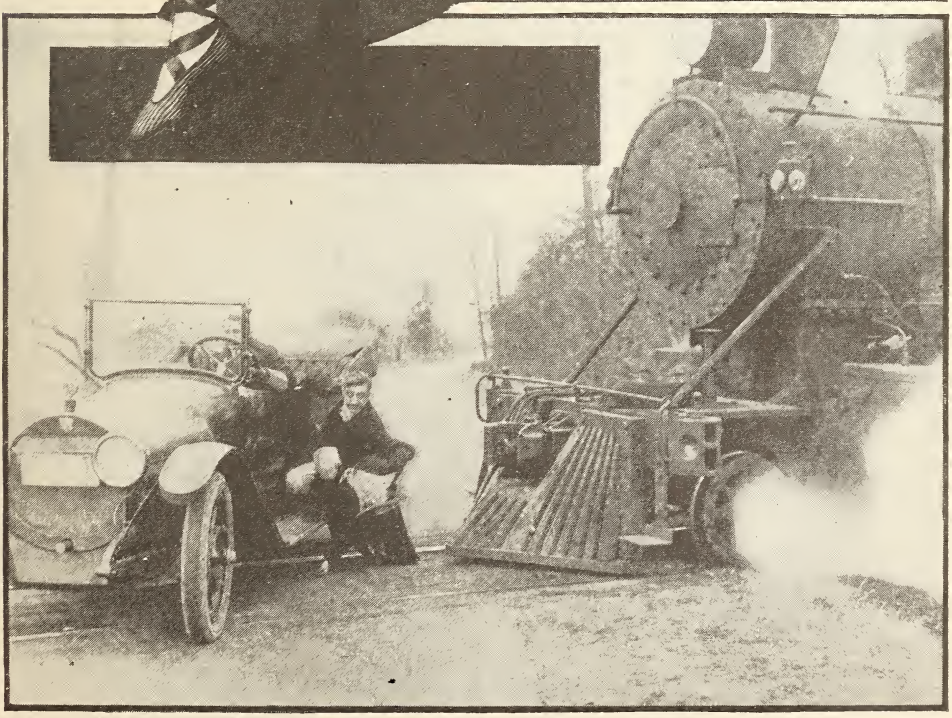
The picture below is very nice. The acting is all right. But have you noticed the wonderful work of the art director? Just study for a minute the maelstrom of furnishings that adorns the room.

Lillian Walker is another of the sprightly bathing girls, and she poses cutely for a beach scene on the top of a stool in the studio.

At the foot of this page is pictured a thrilling rescue scene in which Francis X. Bushman saves Beverly Bayne from a horrible death. This might be a convincing and exciting picture if the wheels of the auto and the engine were revolving. But they aren't.

Below, we have Mae Marsh engaged in the business of eating a meal. But, poor girl, the property man forgot to set the table.





Will Pictures Survive the War?

Favorable and unfavorable signs of the times analyzed to show how they bear on the film industry.

By G. B. Diuguid

WHAT will be the war's effect on the motion-picture industry? Will it tend to decrease or increase the output of pictures? Will it cause a change in the character of films which are produced? These and many other questions naturally suggest themselves to producers and patrons alike.

The consensus of film men is that the picture business will survive the uncertain conditions of war time, and that, moreover, it will probably even be boosted as a result of certain factors in the war situation. It is regarded as likely that neither the producer nor the exhibitor, generally speaking, will suffer; though it is admitted that many of the smaller producers and small theater owners may find it necessary to capitulate. Further, on the other hand, it can hardly be expected that the same kind of film attractions as we see to-day will continue to be shown without considerable variation. The program of to-morrow will reflect the happenings of the war even more than it does now; and, again, the national state of mind will call for different types of plays from what are seen to-day. There will be more demand for comedies as against heavy dramas and sex plays, this being a natural reaction in a time when the worries of the hour cause men to seek relaxation in light amusement.

Industry Faces Serious Problems

Despite the optimism which prevails, there is no gainsaying that many problems and many difficulties beset the path of the producer in these troublesome times. The increased cost of materials necessary in the manufacture of pictures, the proposed Federal tax on films and theaters—not to mention income taxes—and the depleting effect which conscription will have on the ranks of picture men, both in the acting profession and in the business and trade branches of the business, all disturb the stability of the industry. Again, our foreign market has been injured by the war, it being difficult to export films to Europe or even to secure payment for those sent. With the exporting branch of the industry crippled, the film business in this country faces war conditions with a serious handicap. The film business, if it survives and succeeds during the war, must do so on the strength of its internal patronage. Another problem presents itself when it comes to importing certain commodities such as dyes, carbons, et cetera, needed in the making of pictures. In some cases they cannot be obtained at all, and, at best, they must be bought very dearly. Of course, too, the price of lumber, canvas and many other materials which can be bought at home is soaring skyward.

Outlook Cheerful Despite Difficulties

Viewing the situation from a more cheerful angle, we find that there are many favorable signs which tend to offset the impression of gloom which the above facts produce. In the first place,

we can take courage from the way in which the motion-picture men of England, France, and Canada have breasted the storm. In those countries to-day, if reports be true, the cinema theaters are doing a good business, and the producers are actively engaged in putting out films—and this after three years of war. At first this state of affairs would seem incredible in the light of the devastating effect which the war has had on the business world in general in Europe. But, upon examination of facts and conditions, the mystery vanishes. In the first place, it is now recognized that in war times there is just as much need for amusements as in peace times.

In every way it seems that the screen is the most suitable kind of amusement for both the masses and the classes. The price of admission is reasonable, and, moreover, performances are continuous; and therefore, no matter what a person's occupation, there is always some time in the day when he can attend the pictures. Again, the program in a motion-picture theater is short compared to a stage performance, and this makes it practicable for all people to attend.

Another reason why the film business should continue prosperous is to be found in the change in routine habits of life which war brings. This point is brought out by a prominent motion-picture man in discussing the condition of the industry in Canada. He says, in part:

Conditions in Canada

"The leaving for the front of five hundred thousand Canadians means that approximately four hundred thousand women have been left without their husbands or their usual escorts. The household duties of the married women have been decreased largely by this. Many of them have a late breakfast and an early dinner as the result of not being forced to await the return of their husbands from work. Their evenings are their own, to do with as they see fit, and it has been demonstrated that many of them see fit to go to the motion-picture theater.

"With the young, unmarried women, left without their usual escorts, the same condition applies. They must depend upon their own earnings for their pleasures, and this causes them to seek the motion-picture theaters for amusement, because the attendance at the motion-picture theaters does not cause such a heavy drain on their resources."

Film Producers Optimistic

Another well-known picture man predicts substantial benefit to the industry as a result of the war:

"The war will hasten the changes that had to come, but that, under circumstances, have been delayed for years. We all know that there is a vast amount of waste in the picture industry. Some waste is necessary to the production of good pictures, but the reckless extravagance of the past, and, unfortunately, of the present, is a sign of an unhealthy condition within the industry. The burden falls alike upon the exhibitor, producer, and distributer. The public, too, suffers by reason of the poor quality of the pictures that result from carelessness and extravagance.

"The present situation means that the business will have to settle down to a solid foundation, and do it without delay. There are already many indications that this is being done."

In similar vein, another representative of the industry prophesies greater stability in the industry:

"I do think that the war will stop the rise of fly-by-night producers, and a number of the unfit will be eliminated, for the simple reason that investors will be more cautious, and will not be so

ready to lend money to companies of no standing. The more of these that drop out, the better conditions will be."

Regarding the present-day cost of materials, the following figures speak for themselves:

"Increased expenses in making pictures include aniline dyes, which have increased in cost one thousand per cent; oils, seventy-five per cent; hardware, fifty per cent; pine lumber is difficult to obtain at any price; canvas has been dispensed with entirely, owing to difficulty in securing it, and compo board has been substituted for it, although this is scarce; carbons are priceless; and the cost of lumber also has advanced."

The above figures were compiled by a gentleman who, in spite of discouragements, is optimistic, as the following report shows:

"The output of pictures by this firm will not be decreased as a result of burdensome war conditions; on the other hand, we are running two shifts at our studio, with six directors steadily working and only three weeks' time is allowed for any one picture. We are traveling at express speed."

The preceding report is typical of many such from the largest film concerns in the country. Although they regard threatened taxation and censorship with some degree of apprehension, they believe, for reasons presented above, that the outlook for unbroken prosperity in the industry is good.

Demand for Pictures Controlling Factor

The weight of the pessimist's argument is based on changing economic conditions. The weight of the optimist's views are based on unchanging human nature. Legislative bodies may or may not impose hardships on the industry in the form of burdensome taxes, et cetera. The price of materials which enter into the manufacture of pictures may or may not remain high. The export trade may continue to be unsatisfactory. Conscription may tend to thin the ranks of filmdom, and take from the acting profession many of its shining lights, and from the studios many of its best workers. Despite all of these untoward contingencies, the great, outstanding element in the situation is a psychological one. People instinctively crave diversion, and this craving is stimulated by the monotony and tragedies of war and the effect which they have on the temperamental part of our natures. Pictures are a wholesome, inexpensive, and entertaining form of amusement, which undoubtedly will remain with us in spite of the adverse circumstances which war brings.

A FAMILY FILM

H. HORATIO BROWN was the masculine lead
And the feminine lead was his wife.
The scenario called for a quarrel to start
And to end in a terrible strife.

So, as a result, Mrs. Brown is in bed—
Horatio—the poor little fellow—is dead!

EVERETT LEIGHTON.

The Mysteries of Make-up

Even a learned director like Rollin S. Sturgeon, doesn't know everything there is to know about pictures—especially those things which concern the painting of the lily. Gail Kane, as shown below, entered his office one morning with a little satchel filled with a thousand and several articles. What puzzled Mr. Sturgeon was how Gail was to smear her already beautiful features and still remain the beauty. So she proceeded to illustrate. Mr. Sturgeon decided that, while he is a director and an artist, there are certain branches of art, like painting, that will always remain a mystery to him.

Shot Without Warning

By Howard Mann

AN actress might lead an almost uneventful life if she went to the Eskimo country. And then, again, she might not. Most probably she wouldn't. Ask Ethel Clayton. After working continually before the clicking camera for a month or more, while a picture is being filmed, she finally comes to the studio, after it is completed, expecting to spend a quiet morning talking over a script or straightening up her dressing room or watching some one else work. Just as she enters the door she collides with her director.

"Good morning, Miss Clayton," he says. "We have been waiting nearly an hour for you."

"Who has?" the star inquires.

"Why, the newspaper men," is the answer. "You know, we finished the picture last night, and so I have made appointments for you to pose for some snapshots and to interview some men." The "some men" usually refers to ten or a dozen copy-ravishing reporters. Miss Clayton wants to sigh, but she smiles. Actresses are always supposed to smile. It is one of the best—and hardest—things they do.

So Miss Clayton hurries across the studio toward her dressing room to get fixed up for the snaps. Midway, she is met by the director, who bids her halt. A battery of cameras click. A few steps farther and they click again. The newspaper men wanted unconventional poses—not posed pictures. They didn't wait. The director speaks:

"You'd better go down and read those seven scenarios on your dressing table now, Miss Clayton. I'll have the interviewers call at your home tonight."

A Strange Transgressor

By Martin C. Newman

The story of a woman whose madness for revenge led to disaster and out again.

IT is a sorrow that most women cannot be understood by most people. It is a calamity that most women cannot understand themselves. And it is by reason of this calamity that those fortunate few who have the unusual gift of being thoroughly acquainted with their own natures, without allowing others to really know them, are in a position of great advantage over the vast majority of the feminine sex. Lola Montrose was one of these fortunate few.

But Lola was unusual in more ways than this. Her beauty was unusual and her figure was unusual and both were extremely useful to her in her unusual profession in life, which consisted of living as luxuriously and comfortably as money could provide for—at the expense of others. She was exceptional, also, because she was of a higher mental order than nine-tenths of the gentler sex. Lola mixed her liaisons with her brains.

She was a strange combination of a woman of the world and a mother. Upon the former she depended for her living, her excitement, and the satisfaction of her almost abnormal desire for the unconventional. Upon the latter she relied for her joy in true love. Her little son, David, meant more to her than life itself, with all its pleasures, and she sought, through kindness and care, to recompense for the great shadow that hung over the child's life —the dark shadow of namelessness.

Lola Montrose had more victims to her past than she had ever dared or cared to count. They fluttered about in her memory as dead autumn leaves are blown in the swirling breeze. She neither remembered nor thought much of them, once they were gone, but bent all her attentions constantly toward the latest acquisition of her wiles. At the present moment he was a surgeon of national renown, almost as unusual in his own masculine greatness and char-

acter as herself. His name was Doctor John Hampton, a man of much reserve, endowed with a personality of undoubted strength, and blessed or cursed with a power of will that made him always demand and never ask. He neither accepted nor despised the world's moral code. He had no illusions about Lola; she contributed what the animal side of his nature desired, and she was worthy of her hire. On the other hand, Lola's feelings toward Hampton were somewhat different from those she had entertained toward the other men who previously came into her life. She was far from believing she loved him—she knew much better than even to think such a thing—but his reserve surrounded him with just enough mystery to make him interesting, and, because he was the biggest man she had ever met, Lola could not help placing a certain value upon him.

But even Hampton, in all his greatness and all she counted upon him for, was second in her estimation to little David. To her son she was a perfect mother; she shielded him, loved him, and would have sacrificed everything she had and prized for his happiness. Very often when David clung affectionately to her she repented and regretted her shattered life and her unworthiness. If she had ever known his father's name she had forgotten it. He was unimportant. He was a merry little lad in his quaint way; a lad of odd conceits and whimsical ways, and, to keep him from the slightest contact with her own irregular mode of existence, she had placed him in a religious institution where he boarded on the outskirts of New York. Each week, on visitors' day, she went there and experienced with him the one hour of pure happiness she enjoyed in all the week.

Very often when David clung affectionately to her she repented and regretted her shattered life and her unworthiness.

Doctor John Hampton also had a son, Irwin by name, who, despite his sophisticated character and state of mind, was a perfect son to the great surgeon. Irwin had inherited most of his father's faults, but none of his redeeming traits. He had a love of the gay life and no sense of the value of money, and lacked utterly the strength of character that made his father the big man that he was.

Irwin had become engaged to Mary Chester, a blossoming flower in the garden of society, and the daughter of Hart Chester, one of the doctor's stanchest friends. Mary was a fluffy, dainty, domes-

Young Hampton was soon oblivious of his earlier experiences of the day and was lost in admiration of the wily creature before him.

ticated person, worthy of the best husband the world could offer. She, because of her engagement, took a natural interest in the conduct of her fiancé.

When, one day, she learned of an especially wild debauch in which Irwin was a prominent figure, and which had found its way into the public prints, her heart was broken, and she sadly sought the counsel of her father. That dignitary, however, had already heard and read of the affair, and had decided upon the action which he would take.

"Mary," he said, "I am very sorry that this has happened, especially sorry since the son of one of my best friends and your fiancé is the one to break our hopes, but I thank Heaven that it happened so soon. I have already telephoned to the doctor, and asked that he and Irwin come over as soon as they can. I think they both understand the gravity of the situation.

Mary said nothing. She left the room in tears.

Early that afternoon the maid announced at the Chester home the arrival of Doctor Hampton and his son. Irwin, dressed conservatively, and appearing to be anything but the wild youth that his reputation branded him, walked before his fiancée and her father with his head slightly bowed. Doctor Hampton followed, and the four sat down to a serious talk. Preliminary discussion and explanations were unnecessary. Every one understood. Doctor Hampton was the first to speak.

"Irwin and I," he said seriously, "have already talked this whole matter over, and he has promised me to follow a different path in the future. I believe that he can. I think that he has the makings of a real man in him if he will develop them. And, sir, he has promised—and remember, he is my son."

"He has broken my daughter's heart," replied Chester, "and no man could do that. Irwin"—he looked squarely at the younger Hampton—

"may make a man, but he is not one now." He paused a moment, but no one spoke. His tone bore conviction and truth. Chester continued: "There is but one thing that can be done, and that is what will be done. Mary is overcome by circumstances. She says that she cannot marry Irwin as matters stand. She says also that she cannot bear to give him up. She loves Irwin, and it is up to him to prove himself worthy of her. I have decided to send Mary to Europe for one year. That will be plenty of time for Irwin to effect his reformation, and if at the time she returns he has established himself as deserving of being her husband, I shall make no protest. It will be up to Mary to decide. Now, however, the engagement will have to be broken, for the present, at least."

There was nothing further that could be said. Chester's proposition was fair enough, and a good decision. It was the best that could be made, and after some talk the solution was accepted, and it was decided to make immediate arrangements for Mary to leave for Europe.

Doctor Hampton and Irwin left for home in their car, after the latter and Mary had bade each other a tearful farewell for a year.

But, as the Hampton car traveled slowly toward home through the traffic-congested streets, and as the father was lecturing reformation to his son, he was brought to a sudden realization of the example which his own character might be setting to his son and the insincerity of the arguments which he was offering at that moment.

This realization came as Hampton looked up, and, in another car which was going in the opposite direction from theirs and which was almost abreast, his eyes met those of the bewitching Lola Montrose. Irwin saw the glance, and followed it. He smiled a little, and Lola nodded graciously to the doctor. Hampton suddenly became aware of his son's presence, and deliberately turned his head away without returning or acknowledging the courtesy. To Lola, who was just returning from the chastening influence of a meeting with her little son, Hampton's spurn stung like a slap in the face. The cars passed, and Irwin, glancing back over his shoulder, remarked:

"My, dad, but that was a stunning woman! Did you see her, in the other car? She nodded to us."

"You'd better keep your mind off the stunning things in life, son, and revert to the wholesome. It is usually the worst medicines which are coated the tastiliest."

Doctor Hampton's statement was curt and full of meaning, and he was mentally applying it to himself as well as his son. Irwin, in the penitent frame of mind in which he was, took it deeply.

"I don't mean to go wrong, dad," he said half apologetically, "but it does get dull at home. We miss the feminine element there. There ought to be a woman around—at least I think so—and I don't see why you don't feel the need. I never said anything, dad, but I always had a feeling that some time you and Paula Leigh might become attracted with each other. But perhaps I shouldn't have said anything."

Irwin, now that he had spoken, wondered if he had done the wrong thing. Paula Leigh, the woman whom he had mentioned, was a young woman of good family but reduced circumstances, a distant relative of Chester's, who had accepted the position of companion to Mary, and lived in their home as one of the family. She was a woman of intelligence, refined and gentle, and there had always existed a genuine friendship between her and Doctor Hampton. That very morning, during their visit to the Chesters', the surgeon had reflected, as he looked upon Mary, that the influence of such a woman in

his own home might do much toward the uplift of his son. He had been dwelling upon this thought when Irwin, as though reading his mind, had made his hint of his father's wedding Paula.

"Would you like it?" Hampton asked casually, though in a tone that denoted seriousness. The reply was enthusiastic, and, characteristic both of Hampton the man and Hampton the father, who thought the world of Irwin, he made up his mind. By the time they entered the library, the doctor, in his mind, had the wedding already consummated, never, in his conceit, doubting Paula's consent.

His thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the telephone, and he went to answer it. It was Lola's indignant voice that greeted him through the receiver. She wanted to see and speak to him, and demanded an explanation. Hampton agreed to her request, though she could not have missed the cold terseness of his tone, and must have wondered what it boded. She was not to remain long in doubt, for Hampton, no sooner than he had hung up the receiver, went out again to his car and drove immediately to her apartments.

She threw her head back on the luxurious cushions and sighed: "Irwin, dear, are we ever to be married?"

Hampton was a man of quick determination and quicker action. So, with the decision to bring Paula into his home as his wife, he realized that his affair with Lola would have to be brought to a sudden and permanent termination. The incident of but a short time previous, when he had ignored her, he deemed fortunate, for it had

opened the way toward settling the affair between them. His visit, therefore, with Lola Montrose was a short and decisive one.

When he arrived at her apartments, all that remained was to make a satisfactory settlement with her. The sooner this disagreeable task was over, the better. So, in as few words as possible, he made known the situation to her. Lola was dumfounded. But Hampton was determined, and, after listening to her vituperative denunciations, he laid on the table a goodly amount of money and took his departure, leaving her alone with her grief and bitterness. But a woman scorned is a dangerous thing to leave behind, as Hampton was yet to learn.

For an hour after Hampton left, Lola, despondent, despairing, and with a soul swelled with wrath, thought and schemed. And, with every passing minute she grew more and more determined to seek revenge for having been cast so roughly aside. As time went by her shattered mind slowly began to grasp again the affairs that had transpired. Her plans for retribution worked themselves gradually into more tangible form. And then Lola made her decision.

She knew that the surest and deepest way to wound Hampton was through his son. She knew, also, that this should be a comparatively easy task to accomplish, because of the latter's reputation as an indolent, pleasure-loving youth, in whom the fires of desire for the wild life of midnight revels were flaming at their height. Lola resolved to use her wiles to ensnare the unsuspecting Irwin, and to use him as a tool to bring the elder Hampton to grief. She forgot her troubles, except for the one great one, forgot her financial needs, and, if there were any remnants of a conscience in her

With his fist clenched, and his nerves fluttering, he advanced a step toward Lola, muttering a threat.

make-up, she forgot those also. There was but one human sentiment in her mind, and that was a fierce, burning craving for revenge.

Lola's opportunity arrived much sooner than she had expected. It came that very night. Ensconced in a booth on the balcony of one of the gayest cafés in the city, Lola was sipping her liqueur, that served as fuel to her flaming wrath and indignation. As she surveyed the motley assemblage below her over the brim of her glass, she was suddenly startled by a figure that entered the door. It was Irwin Hampton, come, probably, for a final fling among the gayety that had stimulated his past character and troubles. Lola rose, apparently casually, but really for the purpose that she might throw herself into prominence, and Irwin saw her. Instantly he recognized her as the woman whom he had passed that afternoon in his father's car. He turned to one of his companions and nodded slightly toward the balcony, whispering something as he did so. The other returned the nod, and, in another moment, the Hampton party was walking across the ballroom floor toward the balcony stairway.

Lola Montrose had played her game carefully, and with the skill of an artist. She had accomplished her purpose without allowing the slightest suspicion to arise that she had had any such purpose whatever. It was but a matter of minutes before Hampton's companion had effected an introduction with the crafty woman of the world, and in almost as short a time she was gloriously succeeding in infatuating Irwin with herself. Aided by the intoxicating influence of the artificial surroundings, as well as by the sparkling wine in his glass, young Hampton was soon oblivious of his earlier experiences of the day, and was lost in admiration of the wily creature before him. His greatest weakness was his own weakness—his main fault was the lack of strength of character which had cast him down and kept him there. Lola knew this and benefited by her knowledge.

As has been pointed out, Lola Montrose was at a great advantage over the majority of her sex, because she was capable of keeping others, especially men, in a state of quandary about herself—never understanding her quite completely—while she herself knew and understood her every action. She was exceedingly clever, and, with all this cleverness, she undertook to capture the heart of Irwin, only that she might hurl it with a sneer of conquest at his father. The beginning of her contemptible work was proving remarkably successful.

During the next several days Doctor Hampton was absorbed in the arrangements for his marriage to Paula. He had spoken to her, and she had consented. So, immediately after the sailing of Hart Chester and Mary, according to their part of the agreement, the wedding took place, and Paula was installed as mistress of the home Lola had once dreamed she might occupy as wife to its master. If the gentle Paula felt slighted by the matter-of-fact manner in which she was received, she did not show it, but took up her duties as wife and mother with the same tender and cheerful spirit which she had manifested all her life in everything she undertook. From without, an air of apparent calmness and happiness surrounded the home, particularly in connection with the younger man of the house; but within trouble was surging.

Lola read of the wedding in the newspapers, and, incited by newly aroused rage, she redoubled her efforts with Irwin. By this time he had become her driven slave, soliciting her caresses and attending her every whim. It was a sharp contrast—and a gratify-

ing one to Lola—to her affair with the surgeon. Irwin's father, iron of will, had ever been the master of circumstance, while Irwin, with his character of putty, was ruled entirely and pitifully by events, governed by the merciless hand of a siren, heartless in her determination for revenge.

Finally, one evening when Lola had succeeded in getting Irwin in a condition where he was drunk with the desire for her and almost as drunk with wine, she decided upon a desperate plan—a plan that would bring things to a sudden and cruel end—though to a happy and favorable one for her. She expressed a desire to go home, and Irwin, ever obedient to her requests, summoned a car and drove to her apartments.

When they were seated on the lounge there, their glasses again filled, by foresight of Lola, she threw her head back on the luxurious cushions, and sighed:

"Irwin, dear, are we ever to be married?"

The effect on young Hampton's drugged senses was tremendous, though not jolting. Not for a moment did he reflect on Mary. She had been driven forcibly from his mind by the events of the last few weeks. Without a moment's hesitation he answered:

"Of course we are, Lola. Any time you say. I have been afraid to mention the subject. I thought perhaps you wanted some one bigger, stronger than I——"

"Nonsense!" Lola broke in. "I cannot wait. I want you, Irwin, I want you! I want to marry you now—tonight!"

"It's a go!" he shouted drunkenly. "Call a minister and we'll have him wed us here—now."

Lola lost no time. The hour of her triumph had come, and she hurried to the telephone. It was but a short time later that the disciple of God arrived. Lola bade him enter, and Irwin mumbled a request that he marry them immediately. A glance revealed to the minister that the man was in no condition to take part in the sacrament, and sternly refused to perform it. Lola argued, while Irwin fell back in a stupor on the lounge. But the discussion was to no avail, and the minister, with a curt "good night," turned and left the apartments. Lola, dismayed as she saw her hopes vanishing, walked toward the couch where Irwin lay. He had been aroused somewhat by the sound of the slamming door, and, as she approached, he rose to a sitting posture.

"Lola," he whispered, throwing his arms about her, "you're my wife now, my own little wife, and I'm going to stand by you."

She was startled at the statement. Could it be possible that he was under the impression that they were married, or was he merely jesting? He seemed in deepest earnest. She decided to find out.

"Irwin," she asked, half afraid of what the answer would be, "will you take me to your home and tell your father we are married? Will you do it now?"

"Of course I will," he replied.

Lola's hopes revived. She began to see her triumph, her conquest over the man who had shunned her, as she mentally pictured Doctor Hampton's feelings when Irwin announced that they were married. Hurriedly summoning a taxicab, and pushing Irwin in it, with the assistance of the chauffeur, Lola started on the final lap of her revenge, toward the climax—to the home of John Hampton.

When Lola Montrose and Irwin entered the Hampton library, the latter was considerably sobered as a result of his ride in the cool night air. But, even in his normal state of mind he still believed that the wedding had transpired

but a few minutes before. Doctor Hampton, despite the lateness of the hour, was standing before the library table, completely dressed. He had just returned from a surgical operation that had sapped much of his vitality, and was waiting for Paula to bring him a drink of stimulant. As he heard the front door close, he wheeled. Lola and Irwin stood on the threshold before him. At first he was so astounded that he could scarcely believe his eyes. But it did not take him long to realize the truth. A heavy frown clouded his countenance as he addressed his son.

"What do you mean, sir, by bringing that woman here? What right has she in this house?" He glared first at Irwin and then at Lola, who stood motionless, a faint, sneering smile on her face, as though she were enjoying the situation.

"I mean, dad," Irwin answered, "that she has a perfect right in this house. She is my wife." Hampton almost collapsed. He had suspected grave things, but nothing so serious as this. The revelation overcame him, and he was about to give vent to his feelings when Lola, meaning to deal her retribution to the fullest measure, spoke.

"Yes, Mr. Hampton," she said, looking squarely at the doctor, and with a sarcastic sweetness to her voice, "I am his wife. We have just been married. Aren't you going to congratulate us?"

This was too much for John Hampton to stand. His patience had reached its end, and he flew into a blind rage. With his fist clenched, and his nerves fluttering, he advanced a step toward

There, kneeling before the altar, her eyes raised to the God she had always denied, was Lola.

Lola, mumbling a threat. Irwin saw the move and blocked him.

"You—you young fool!" Hampton cried. "Do you know what you have done? Do you know whom you have married? This woman, this beast, to whom you have given your name, was —my paramour!"

Irwin recoiled. He did not believe the confession which his father, thoughtless in his rage, had made. "She's not!" he cried. "She is——"

Lola herself, laughing almost hysterically, interrupted.

"It's not a lie," she said to Irwin; then, turning to his father: "It's not a lie, is it? It's the bold truth—just as it's the truth, too, that he is my husband. And you, John Hampton, who spurned me, are the one who suffers."

The curtains to the rear of the library parted, and a ghastly white face appeared. It was the face of a woman —Paula—the surgeon's wife. In her hand was a glass containing the drink she had gone to get for her husband when Irwin and Lola had entered. From behind the portières she had heard the whole proceeding, and had been shocked by Hampton's confession.

Just as Paula was about to enter the telephone bell rang. Every one was startled. Who could be calling at this hour? they wondered. Paula answered. It was for Lola—from the school where her son David was living. She rushed to the phone and answered. When she turned back and faced the little, puzzled group in the library, she was a changed woman. She was Lola, the mother, with sympathy in her every feature, and anxiety driving all else from her mind.

"Little David," she sobbed, "has been hurt. He was seriously injured this afternoon. They thought it was not so serious, and did not inform me until now, when his condition is critical. My maid told them I was here. I have to go."

Her expression, her voice, her whole attitude were changed. Her only thought now was for her boy. Revenge and every other feeling had vanished, and, without another word, she left, unceremoniously slamming the door as she went. Irwin, staggering after her, collapsed at the foot of the stairway, and fell to the floor. Paula, running to him, tenderly lifted him to his feet, while Hampton sat in the library buried in thought, and helped him up the stairway toward his room. A tear rolled down her cheek. Lola's revenge had struck another than its intended victim.

It was early morning when Lola Montrose rode up to the school in an automobile. She rushed in to the office as soon as the car drew to a near stop at the entrance. The doctor and several assistants were conferring when she entered and inquired frantically about her son.

"It is very serious," she was told by the head physician. "A very delicate operation upon the child's skull is necessary without loss of time in order to save his life. There are only two men we know of who have successfully performed this operation in the past. One is in the West, but fortunately the other is within easy reach. His name is John Hampton, the famous surgeon."

Cast of "A Strange Transgressor"

Written from the Ince-Triangle picture play by John Lynch

Lola Montrose.... .....Louise Glaum
John Hampton.....J. Barney Sherry
Irwin Hampton.....Colin Chase
Paula Chester.....Dorcas Matthews
Hart Chester .....William H. Bray
David.....May Giraci

Lola gasped. John Hampton, she reflected. Would he forget and forgive and save her in her sorrow? She doubted, but resolved to make the effort. She went into the private office and called a number on the telephone.

When the phone rang in the Hampton library the doctor was still sitting in his chair. He had not moved. On the opposite side of the room Paula was sitting. She had not said a word since she had returned from assisting Irwin to his room. Her silence had cut Hampton more than if she had spoken. He could deal with most people in an argument, but in silence he was helpless. As he sat there he had wondered what Paula was thinking—how she was accusing him in her muteness. As the telephone bell rang, Paula rose and answered. She listened for several minutes, speaking only occasionally. Lola, at the other end, was pleading with her, begging her and playing upon her tenderness to induce her husband to help her and save her son. She turned to Hampton and spoke the first word that she had uttered in hours:

"Miss Montrose is in grave circumstances. Her son is dying. She is told that only you can save him, by a delicate cerebral operation. She is weeping and pleading. She begs forgiveness." Paula's tone was calm but stern. "Go; get your things and perform the operation—for my sake."

As Hampton walked from the room to procure his instruments and wraps, Paula spoke again to Lola and told her that the doctor was on his way. Then, turning from the telephone, she ordered his car.

When Doctor Hampton entered the school he did not see Lola. She was not in the room with her child when he went there. He did not ask for her, but went straightway to work on his nerve-racking task.

Two hours later he descended the stairs. The operation had been a success, and he had remained with the boy long enough to ascertain that the crisis had passed. Then he asked for Lola. He was led to the chapel, and there, kneeling before the altar, her eyes raised to the God she had always denied, was Lola—praying. She rose when Hampton approached, and went out to him, but she could not speak. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and said:

"There is no more danger. David will live. I shall see him regularly, and administer to him."

Lola was weeping. She begged for forgiveness, and vowed, in a voice that proved her sincerity and her transformation, that her life, from that moment on, would be changed; that she would forsake forever her past existence, and would live only for the love of her son. And John Hampton, like the big man that he was, forgave. As he turned to leave, she grasped his hand and whispered:

"John, I lied to you. Irwin and I were not married. There was no ceremony. He was drunk, and when the minister refused to marry us, he thought that we were wed. Go back and tell him that it is all a nightmare, and that he must make good."

"He will make good," the doctor replied, "for the sake of another girl who is waiting. He has the makings of a man, and this night's events will bring them out. And Paula, dear Paula, will help." He pressed her hand between both of his and left her alone.

"Thank God!" she murmured. "Thank God for a man like that!"

The Cowboy Chorus

By J. D. Bradford

THIS thing of being a silent actor is all very well, but there are times when playing deaf-mute rôles becomes unbearable. It is said that even the uncommunicative female occasionally finds it a little bit irksome to suppress speech indefinitely. The most submissive little actresses have been known to bolt the rules and fire a few volleys of vocal powder at the innocuous camera.

How much harder must it be for a hefty, hearty, healthy young man to keep quiet through reels and reels of voiceless action. It is as bad as being under the watchful eye of a stern schoolmaster. Out at Universal City, California, a sedition occurs regularly at noon every day. The irrepressible cowboys, who take part in plays of Western life, can stand the "No Talking" rule just so long and no longer. Then when lunch hour comes around the trouble begins.

Just so many coyotes could not make the day more hideous than these fellows when they get started. After "grub" has been disposed of, they gather in a corner of the studio, and with the aid of a guitar or two they "release" all of the prairie songs they have ever heard—or, at least, as many as the time-clock permits. Until one o'clock the rafters ring with the lusty lung outpourings of the cowboy choir. Then reluctantly and resignedly they get back on the job where deeds and not words are what count.

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

WILMONT K.—Well, here you are, right at the top of the Oracle department. I guess you will feel much better now, with your name at the head of the list, even if you are recovering from appendicitis, eh? Your only question is a very simple one to answer. Pauline Frederick is with the Famous Players Film Company. You can reach her in care of this concern, at New York City. No, I am glad to say I have never been confined to my bed for any length of time. (Here's knocking wood.) Write again when you get the chance. Your letter was most interesting.

SNOOKSIE.—Hobart Henley's latest picture is a feature called "Parentage," in which he played the leading rôle, and directed it, as well. It was understood that he would return to claim the girl. Drop a line to Douglas Fairbanks in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and he will get it, all right. Bessie Barriscale has left the Triangle Film Corporation to form the Bessie Barriscale Feature Film Company. Her pictures will be released by Paralta. Louise Glaum is with Triangle. Yes, she "vamps" differently from any of the others. "Alkali Ike" is still alive. His last screen work was in dramas for the Fine Arts Film Company. Henry McRae is now general manager of Universal City, California, succeeding H. O. Davis, who now enjoys the same position with the Triangle Film Corporation. Address both Robert McKim and Dorcas Matthews in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, Culver City, California. You know quite a few of the movie folks, don't you? I am sure that Henry McRae would like to hear from you.

JAMES H.—No, Marie Doro did not appear with Nat Goodwin on the screen in "Oliver Twist." She starred in the feature herself for the Lasky Company. Tully Marshall and Hobart Bosworth had the other principal parts.

SAGEBRUSH.—Mr. Caine answers all letters about scenario writing. Yours must have gone astray. Write to him again, and tell him that you wrote to him, and inclose a stamp. Repeat your questions, and I am sure that you will have an answer very quickly. So you live in Reno, the town famous for its divorces. You should always have a lot of new faces in your midst for a short time at least.

BEANS?—You can address Mrs. Vernon Castle at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, and she will be sure to receive your letter. She is in this country at the present time, making features for the Pathé program. She sends photos to her admirers, but doesn't get much chance to write letters. Wallace Reid will send you one of his autographed photos, I am sure. Address him in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Mary Miles Minter gets all her mail at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Wallace Reid is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He has light-brown hair and his eyes are blue.

WEST END.—Ralph Kellard and Grace Darmond will get any mail sent to them in care of

the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Many of the movie stars answer letters from their admirers at the first opportunity they get.

A. G. C. N. B.—The exhibitors are getting their typewriters busy, trying to get Grace Cunard to make a tour of the country, visiting the various picture theaters and making short speeches. Grace is thinking over the plan, and it wouldn't surprise me at all if she did it. She would certainly gladden the hearts of many picture fans who want to see her in the flesh if she accepted. Mary Pickford is working at the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California, where she is producing features for the Artcraft. Dustin Farnum is still with the Fox Company, and has been very busy lately, working overtime, due to the bad weather. Did you see Warren Kerrigan while he was in your town? Foolish question, eh?

M. M. M.—No, Claire has not a brother in pictures. You are thinking of George Fisher, who used to be with the Triangle. He is with the American Film Company now, playing opposite Mary Miles Minter. So you went in for the contest, too? Well, everybody seems to be doing it, and I wish you all good luck. May the best win. Evidently Norma Talmadge is your principal favorite, judging from the way you have her name underlined. No, I didn't get my name from Virgil. The editor gave it to me. Your letter was not a very long one this time. What is the trouble? Time getting very scarce, or what?

Edgar Hands.—We do not send out pictures of any stars. You can get a photo of Grace Cunard by writing to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. She is not playing for any company just now. Her last picture was a feature with Francis Ford, called "In Treason's Grasp."

Max.—I'm sure that I, too, would long for little old New York and the bright lights if I were compelled to remain in the place you mention very long. It must be many miles from nowhere, according to your description. I can't tell you why you lose so much flesh because I was never intended for an M. D. No, this is the only magazine that I answer questions for. Evidently you don't know such a thing as a movie show where you live, as I see you haven't even asked a question about either the movies or any of the stars.

Your Admirer.—Billie Burke can be reached in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Theda Bara is now working at William Fox's California studios on another big film spectacle of "Cleopatra," under the direction of J. Gordon Edwards. She will get any letter sent to her in care of the Fox studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Mary Pickford is also in California. Address her at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, California. Gladys Brockwell's address is the same as that of Theda Bara. Marguerite Clark is still in the East. She can be reached at the Billie Burke address. Anita Stewart still receives her mail at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Clara Kimball Young receives letters from her admirers at the Clara Kimball Young Film Company, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Blanche Sweet will have any letters forwarded to her that are sent in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. You are evidently going to do some corresponding with several film stars in the near future, or is it photographs that you want?

Charles Ray Admirer.—Your favorite is no longer with the Triangle Film Corporation. He resigned when Thomas H. Ince left that company to form one of his own. He has signed up with Mr. Ince again, and will be starred by him in big features. William S. Hart has also left the Triangle to be exploited by Mr. Ince. "Sudden Jim" was the last feature that Charles Ray appeared in with the Triangle. He did four pictures under Mr. Ince's supervision with Triangle since the beginning of the year. They were "The Pinch Hitter," "The Millionaire Vagrant," "The Clodhopper," and "Sudden Jim." Jay Belasco and Billie Rhodes are not playing together any more. Jay has left the Christie Company, and is now with the Marine Film Company, supporting Tyrone Power and Frances Burnham in a new sea story on the order of "Undine." Bessie Barriscale is now working at the head of her own company, The Bessie Barriscale Film Company, in California. Her features will be released by the Paralta Plays, Incorporated. James Young is directing her.

Miss Lillian I.—Marguerite Clark is four feet ten inches in height, and weighs but ninety pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes, with fair complexion. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on February 22, 1887. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, on April 8, 1893. She can be reached by the mail man at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

M. Y.—The rules and regulations of the Screen Opportunity Contest were published regularly in Picture-Play prior to the close of the contest, which occurred May 20th, last.

B. H. A.—Yes, Edna Purviance played opposite Charles Chaplin in "Carmen," "Behind the Screen," and "Easy Street." Yes, Constance Talmadge used to play with the Vitagraph. It was

she you saw in that Vitagraph comedy with Donald Hall and Anita Stewart. George Holt is still with the Vitagraph. He was the gambler that shot William Duncan in "Money Magic." George has been with the Vitagraph for a good many years, and is one of their old stand-bys. Antonio Moreno is no longer with the Vitagraph. He has joined the Astra Company, and his pictures will be released by the Pathé Exchange. Address him in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Constance Talmadge and Norma are sisters. Constance is just eighteen. She can be reached in care of the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. You are one of the few, then, if you have never seen Theda Bara on the screen. "The Desert Man" is one of the latest William S. Hart features. He is no longer with the Triangle. He severed his connections with that concern at the same time Thomas H. Ince did, and has joined the latter in his new company. Address Donald Hall in care of the Screen Club, New York City. Mae Marsh will get any mail you may send her at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City.

A. M. P.—Olive, Jr., is just a correspondent like yourself. I don't know the young lady at all. Charles Ray is twenty-five years old. You can address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. He has left the Triangle Film Corporation to go with Thomas H. Ince, and just now is enjoying a four weeks' vacation. Wallace Reid can be reached at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

M. T. S.—All questions regarding scenarios should be sent to Clarence J. Caine, of the Picture-Play Magazine, our scenario expert. He answers all questions pertaining to scenario writing. There are only a very few companies now that are using two-reel scenarios.

Happy Hawk.—You seem to be of a very changeable disposition in regard to your favorites on the screen. You like one the best until you see another, and so on. The best way out of that predicament is to like them all, and you can't go wrong. Never having been in your State, I am sorry to say that I can't think of any cure to offer you. Of course, school may seem like a terrible bore to you now, but when you leave, and go out in the world to earn your own living, you will see how useful all you have learned has been to you. Vacation time is on now, so you will have lots of time away from your books, and I dare say that when the fall comes around again, you will be glad to get back. Be more interested in athletic games at school. They will make you like the place so much better. Do something that will keep your mind occupied when not in school that will give you pleasure, whether it be in playing baseball, football, basketball, swimming, or any other outdoor sport.

Sunny Australia.—Florence Turner is an American, having been born in New York City. She went over to England several years ago to head a motion-picture company, and has been very successful at it. Barney Nernard was also born in the United States. Glad to hear that American pictures are going so well in Australia. Would like to hear more from you about film conditions there. Which films do you think are the most popular over there?

Universal Mc.—Tom probably wore the whiskers in the play because he did not have the proper implements to shave with. Mary Fuller left the Universal a long while back, to go with the Lasky Company. She supported Lou-Tellegen in her first picture for that concern. Address Bryant Washburn in care of the Essanay Film Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois. So there is talk of starting a picture company in Australia? Well, it seems to me that it wouldn't be a bad thing to do at all, if they can get hold of the proper people to start the company with. Of course, it isn't an easy thing, by any means, to start a successful picture company. In fact, it is one of the hardest jobs a person ever tackled. It not only takes the proper people, but a bundle of money, as well, before it can be assured of success. The people must have reputations in the film world, because the exhibitor has to advertise some one that his patrons know and like before he can get a crowd into his theater. Dustin Farnum is a very good tennis player. You would have to be some little player yourself in order to beat him. Seena Owen is still playing in pictures. You must have seen quite a number of films by this time. I'll bet the list of them that you are going to send me will be long.

G. Simmons.—Charles Chaplin is of English and French blood. No, Lillian and Dorothy Gish are not twin sisters. Lillian is two years older than Dorothy. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, on February 28, 1882. Blanche Sweet was born in Chicago, Illinois. "Quo Vadis" was taken in Italy. How is everything down in Colón, Republic of Panama? It must be a mighty hot place at this time of the year. Write again, and ask as many questions as you want. How many picture shows have you down there?

Alice.—What do you mean I am missing? So you shook hands with Bryant Washburn? You certainly are exceedingly lucky with all your nice collection of photos. Yes, Mae Marsh is cer-

tainly very clever, and especially so in emotional parts. "Panthea" was a very good picture. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, about eighteen years ago. Her sister Norma is several years older. Mary Pickford certainly took the cake in "A Poor Little Rich Girl." It was one of the best productions that I have ever seen little Mary in. Yes, I saw "The Barrier." It was one of the best pictures that I have ever seen, and I have witnessed many. Your friend Mabel Scott was very good in the picture. You should be proud of her. Can't remember the M. T. letter. It must have been very good, however, if I remarked about it.

"Hope."—Back at the old typewriter once more, I see. I have forgotten the name of that play. I shall, however, look it up for you. I'll get it all right if the editor doesn't see it first. It was Earle, with the first name of Edward, in the Viola Dana play. Earle Fox played opposite Pauline Frederick. Yes, I guess I shall receive a flood of opinions, some like your own and some differing. I wonder, too.

Cilly Aws.—Yes, it is quite true that Enid Markey has left the Kay-Bee Triangle Company, and she is not the only one. Enid is now with the Corono Cinema Company, and her first production since leaving the Triangle was "The Curse of Eve." Charles Ray, William S. Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, and Bessie Barriscale have done the same thing. Bessie has formed a company for herself, while Hart, Bennett, Ray, and Dalton have gone with Thomas H. Ince's new company. Willard Mack and Enid Markey appeared together in three productions, "Aloha Oe," "The Corner," and "The Conqueror." Blanche Sweet had the leading rôle in "The Warrens of Virginia." Griffith has not started work on a third big spectacle as yet. He is to produce for the Artcraft. Yes, I thought the "Foolish Virgin" was a trifle long-winded. It could be improved greatly if cut to a shorter length. H. B. Warner is playing with the Selig Company now. No, William H. Thompson is not playing in pictures any more. He has gone back on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks is with the Artcraft. Roscoe Arbuckle releases his comedies on the Paramount program. Charlie Chaplin's contract with the Mutual expires at the completion of his next picture for that concern. Seena Owen retired from pictures for a while shortly after she did "The Lamb" with Douglas Fairbanks. She is back in harness once more.

X. Y. Z.—Pearl White is twenty-six. Ralph Kellard was born in New York City on June 16, 1887. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has red-brown hair and brown eyes. Herbert Heyes is six feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds. He has dark-brown hair and hazel eyes.

Lee C.—There is no limit to the number of questions you can ask. Some of the movie stars answer letters. Most of them don't get the time to do it. There are studios situated in Los Angeles, Hollywood, Long Beach, Santa Barbara, Glendale, Edendale, and Culver City, California. There are also several in Brooklyn and New York City, New York. Quite a few are situated in Fort Lee, Coyettsville, and Ridgefield Park, New Jersey. There is a studio in Baltimore, Maryland; a couple in Chicago, Illinois, and several in Jacksonville, Florida. Providence, Rhode Island, has a studio, and New Rochelle, New York, has quite an up-to-date studio. Address Edna Mayo in care of the Essanay Film Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois, and Helen Holmes at the Signal Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Miriam Cooper receives her daily batch of letters at the Fox studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, and Earle Fox in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Madge Kennedy is now a full-fledged Goldwyn star, and receives her mail at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 16 East Forty-second Street, New York City. Anita Stewart has her mail delivered to her every morning at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Sixteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Jackie Saunders, the Balboa star, greets the mail man each day at the Balboa studios, Long Beach, California. You are no trouble at all. There is no limit to either the questions or the number of letters you can write me each month. Write as many as you feel like, because that is what I am getting paid for.

Hope.—Have just finished eating the nice little box of Easter-egg candy that you so kindly sent me. It was very kind and thoughtful of you indeed. Quite a surprise, too. The editor saw it first, and proceeded to help himself, but I arrived in time to rescue most of it. He said to thank you, too, for himself.

Bizzy Lizzie.—You have me all mixed up. I am not a seventy-year-old man. Not by a long shot. You are thinking of Clyde Hopkins in "Betsy's Burglar." I don't rave, so you needn't be afraid that I might rave on if I got angry. If I were one of the raving kind, I should have started in a long time ago. If I should lose my temper all the time, I shouldn't be answering the Oracle for any length of time.

Bashful Fifteen.—Yes, I think Creighton Hale and Charlie Chaplin might answer a letter from you. They would at least send you one of their photographs. Address Creighton Hale in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-

fifth Street, New York City. Charles Chaplin will get all mail sent to him in care of the Lone Star Film Company, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Address Lillian Walker in care of the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. Pearl White's and Grace Darmond's addresses are the same as that of Creighton Hale. Mary Pickford receives her carload of daily mail at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. I'm sure that I can't tell whether you can be a motion-picture star or not. It takes just a little more than the mere asking to become one these days. You have to have ability and experience to make good.

Robert Warwick Admirer.—Yes, I am sure that Robert Warwick would send you a photograph of himself if you inclosed the twenty-five cents in stamps that you mention. Bob was born in Sacramento, California, on October 9, 1881.

Inquisitive.—Yes, William S. Hart's eyes are blue, and a very rich blue, at that. Margery Wilson appeared with Hart in the picture you mention. Yes, I am sure that Hart appreciates all the praise he receives.

A. E. Perth, West Australia.—I have been getting a large batch of letters from Australia lately. They arrive with almost every delivery of mail. You seem to be getting quite as rabid film fans as the people of the States are. Lenore Ulrich acts for the Morosco Company, and Mollie King does her work before the Pathé directors. Kimball was Clara Kimball Young's maiden name. You didn't have many questions to ask this time. You will have to do better than this.

Agnes Bryan.—Alan Hale's hair is real, so I am afraid that you lose your bet. Sorry, but I couldn't change it around for you. Mary Pickford also has a head of real hair. If you can tell me the name of the company that produced the picture you mention, I may be able to give you the leading characters that played in it. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. No, he never played in any picture by the name of "The Copper King." His first appearance before the screen was a little over two years ago, for the Fine Arts-Triangle Company. His first picture was called "The Lamb," and was a very good feature, too. Seena Owen played opposite him, and William C. Cabanne directed. Of course, I am sorry to be the cause of one of my own readers losing a bet, but you see it couldn't be helped, as I always tell the truth in my answers.

Glenn M. Tinfrock.—Yes, Douglas Fairbanks had the leading rôle in the Fine Arts-Triangle picture, "Manhattan Madness." A very good picture, too, didn't you think? Yes, "Doug" is certainly a very clever fellow, and I enjoy his work very much indeed. Edna Mayo is much better looking off the screen than she is on. Yes, the picture you mention was an Ince production, and was called "Civilization." Yes, Theda Bara has done several pictures in which she was a good little girl. I don't agree with you at all. I think your letter was very short indeed.

A. B.—Address all your communications regarding scenarios to Clarence J. Caine, of Picture-Play Magazine. He is the expert we employ to disentangle all the problems of our readers in the scenario line. You should hear from your story within four to six weeks.

Your Unknown Friend and Movie Admirer.—You have heard just another of the many untruthful movie rumors. Marguerite Clark is far from dead. She is busy right now at the Famous Players studio in New York City, acting before the camera. You can't be dead and alive at the same time, so I must say that your informer was all wrong. Address her in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Yes, I am sure that Charlie Chaplin would send you one of his photographs without his mustache if you inclosed the necessary two bits. You should read the rules before writing, as several of your questions can't be answered for this reason. Address Tom Forman in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

L. C. N. M. R. W.—Marshall Neilan is with the Lasky Company. He is now devoting all his time to directing, and does not act in the pictures at all any longer. He is sadly missed, because Marshall used to be one of the most popular leading men on the screen. He is directing the features with Mary Pickford now at the Lasky studios. He used to be her leading man. All the Pickford family are now on the coast. Jack and Mary are working at the Lasky studios. Lottie is not working at all at the present time. Ethel Clayton is starring in features for the World Film Corporation. Crane Wilbur plays with the Horsley Motion Picture Company. His features are released on the Mutual program. Herbert Rawlinson, Anna Little, and William Worthington were the leading players in the Universal serial, "The Black Box." It was directed by Otis Turner at the start, and when Turner left the Universal, Worthington finished the remaining episodes.

Hope.—You are the real veteran of the department now, together with my old friend Cleo. Olive, Jr., has deserted me, from all appearances. Myrtle Stedman reminds one of Kathlyn Williams very much indeed. George Fisher did not play opposite Mary Miles Minter in

"Youth's Endearing Charm." I should say that it is a comfortable age. You are creating a record for yourself this month, with three answers. Wheeler should be seen shortly, now, with Mabel Normand in "Mickey." It is taking them a long time to release this picture, and I sincerely hope that it will be well worth waiting for when it makes its appearance on the screen. That ought to be a good idea. Why don't you try it in the contest? Henry Otto contents himself with merely directing these days. He did not write either "Mister 44" or "The River of Romance." Both were adapted from books. "He is now producing a big film spectacle on the order of "Undine," which he directed for the Universal. He has Tyrone Power and Frances Burnham as his leading lights in this new feature of his. Violet Mersereau did not play in "The Clansman," that Griffith directed. I don't know whether there is any truth in the report that Wheeler Oakman inherited a chicken ranch or not.

O. H. S.—Doris Grey will get all letters sent to her in care of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, New York. You had an off day with your questions this time. One little question like that is no trouble at all.

Charles Chaplin Fan.—Charles Chaplin has not announced as yet what his future plans will be upon leaving the Mutual Film Corporation. He still has another film to make for the Mutual before he gives in his notice. He has had several offers for his services that go over a million dollars for eight pictures, but it has not been definitely decided just what he will do. There is a strong possibility that Charlie may form a company of his own. He wouldn't have any stipulated salary in this way, and might "get by" easier with his income tax. If the government puts through its graduated tax on incomes, Charlie would be paying several hundred thousand dollars a year in taxes. He has already invested at least one hundred thousand dollars in the British war-loan bonds, and perhaps even more than this sum in the Liberty Loan bonds.

Pelham.—Mrs. Castle is still in the United States, and making features for the Pathé Exchange at the same time. So you have begun to switch your favorites already? Shame on you. You shouldn't make up your mind that any one is your favorite until you have seen all the others. If you followed this idea out, you wouldn't be changing around so often. I don't know whether Edward Arnold will come to New York or not. He is working at the Essanay studios, at 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois, at the present time. I'll speak to the editor about your request for a picture of Cleo Madison on the cover. No, you are all wrong. I am only too glad when I hear from my constant readers, so don't worry about not writing for two or three months. Write as often as you like, and I shall always be glad to answer your questions.

Fern J.—It is impossible for me to give you the life of William Duncan, of the Vitagraph, in full, as there is not room enough in the Oracle department to do so. My space is terribly limited as it is. Tell me just what you want to know about him, and I may be able to help you out all right, but you know that to relate a motion-picture star's life history in full is a huge job, and eats up space. When there are hundreds of other questions to be answered the same month as yours, you can easily see that it can't be done. Try to think just what you want to know about your favorite, and let me know. Make your questions in this respect as limited as possible.

Anna U. C.—Your letter was very interesting, but evidently you forgot to ask any questions, so therefore I can't give you any answers in return. So your aunt has given up going to the movies? Well, well, well.

Just Little Wee Marjorie.—Marjorie, you are getting to be a regular and steady little correspondent, aren't you? Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Address Doris Pawn in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Herbert Rawlinson Fan.—Herbert Rawlinson is still with the Universal Film Company, and doing as nicely as ever. Yes, he is a crack swimmer, and it was really he that did the Australian crawl in the picture you mention. Herb does not need any one to double for him when it comes to swimming stunts. He is one of the best swimmers in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and has won several prizes.

Walter J. E.—The *Motion Picture News,* a trade journal, publishes a studio directory, with a complete list of actors and actresses, with a brief sketch of their careers. You can secure this book from them for fifty cents. Address *Motion Picture News,* 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Blossom 17.—That bit of poetry about J. Warren Kerrigan was very interesting indeed. You are wrong about his nationality. He is an American, having been born in Louisville, Kentucky, on July 25, 1889.

J. W.—No, there are only two real good investments to my mind: One is a subscription to Picture-Play Magazine, and the other is Liberty Bonds. It is too late to invest in the latter, so

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you have no alternative. Harry Hilliard was Theda Bara's lover in the Fox photo play, "Her Greatest Love." No, Charles Richman did not play in "Merely Mary Ann." Harold Lockwood's home is in Hollywood when he is not playing before the camera. He was born in Brooklyn, New York.

D. H.—Creighton Hale was the *Laughing Mask* in the Pathé serial, "The Iron Claw."

Bi.—Better write to Harold Lockwood again, and inquire yourself. He is in California, while little Oracle is in New York, and that is a big way apart for people to ask questions. Address Harold Lockwood in care of the Yorke Metro studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Mary Pickford will get a letter from you if you address her in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Helen E.—Certainly you may enter the ranks of the Oracle correspondents. There is always room for another. Your folks are right. Louise Glaum was the girl of the dance hall in the Triangle production of "The Aryan," in which William S. Hart was featured.

Poppy 16.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, New York. Charles Ray first saw the light of day in Jacksonville, Illinois. Fannie Ward is forty-two. You will find it quite a hard job, I am sure, if you start out to find little me. You may breeze right into the office where Picture-Play is published, but do you realize there are several hundred people in the place? If you can pick me out of that mob, you are some little picker. No, I am sorry, but I don't resemble the picture you drew of me as a male. I might be a female. Who knows? Maybe I'm not.

C. J. W.—Haven't noticed your letter that you said you wrote before. If you want to know about the Screen Opportunity Contest, which closed May 20th, last, send your inquiries to the editor of the magazine, as he looks after all that end of the contest. I answer all other questions, with the exception of scenario inquiries, which are handled by Clarence J. Caine, of this magazine, and those questions which are against the rules.

Elsie S.—The Screen Opportunity Contest closed May 20th, and no entries received since that date have been considered.

Laura F.—I have turned your letter over to the editor, and he will send you a copy of the February, 1916, issue of Picture-Play Magazine that had the life of Theda Bara printed in it.

Miss Pauline Pelisare.—Address Mrs. Vernon Castle in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Yes, I think she will welcome a letter from you. Actors and actresses are always glad to hear from their admirers. It shows them that their work is being appreciated, and spurs them on to better efforts. If you wanted an answer by letter, you should have inclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. It is quicker to have your questions answered through the columns of the magazine than by letter, as all the magazine questions are answered before the letters are attended to.

Alta.—I must confess that I did not eat a single egg on Easter. I had to sit down at my typewriter most of the day, and answer Oracle questions. No, I did not enter the Screen Opportunity Contest, but I know a number of my readers who did. Who can tell but what the winners will all be leading ladies some of these days, and, instead of answering questions for them, I may be answering inquiries about them. No, Douglas Fairbanks does not receive a larger salary than Charles Chaplin. Douglas has his own company, and gets all his money from the profits. He will probably average more than friend Charles when the profits are turned over to him. You can reach him by letter at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Yes, Pauline Frederick played the parts of the twin sisters in "Ashes of Embers." Hazel Dawn has gone back into pictures once more, but not with the Famous Players. William S. Hart is certainly a fine actor and a great favorite with the film fans. Yes, I liked Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army." Did you enter the Screen Opportunity Contest? From the tone of your letter I sort of suspect that you did.

Alex E. T.—You can address Ruth Roland in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Thomas F. S.—The actor pays all of his own expenses, when he works for a film company, out of the salary he receives. Eddie Polo will get any mail you may send him at Universal City, California. There is no youngest actor or actress. They range anywhere from a few days old to over eighty. The directors rehearse each scene until they think it is as near perfect as they can make it. The number of releases depends entirely upon the company that is producing the pictures. Some release more than others. Write to the editor regarding all your questions about the Screen Opportunity Contest.

F. S.—Dorothy Phillips is her real name. You can address her at Universal City, California.

Admirer of Talent.—Yes, Dustin Farnum was the parson in "The Parson of Panamint."

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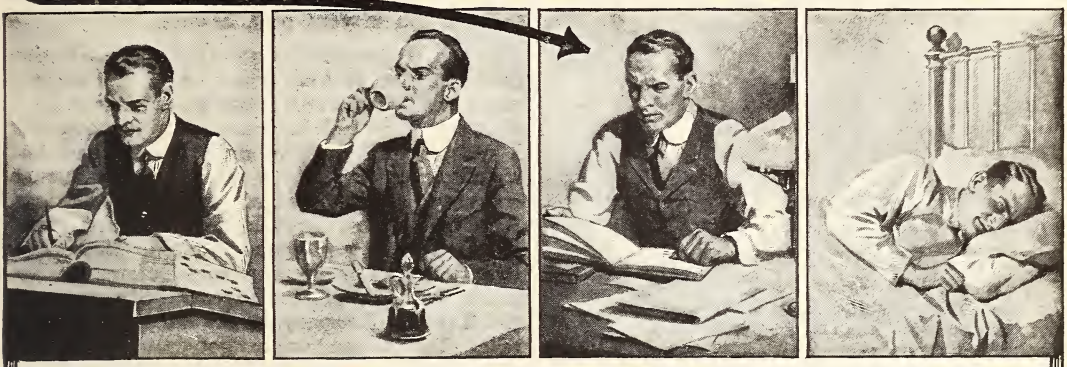

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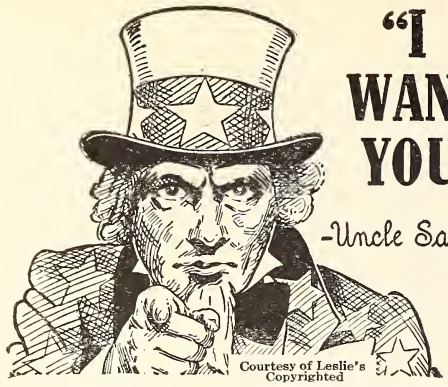

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

L. R. O.—Write to Clarence J. Caine, of this magazine, who has charge of our scenario department. He will be only too glad to give you any advice that he can in reference to your scenario. I can tell you that you won't have to put conversation in your play, however.

Oracle's Admirer—Genuine Article.—It certainly is nice to have some one feel that way about you. You are a great little flatterer, Miss Admirer. You will have me really thinking that I am good if you keep on this way, and that would never do. My head is swollen enough now from sitting up nights answering questions. Bob Walker has been in pictures for several years. Yes, he is very good, indeed. No, Gladys Brockwell did many a picture before she appeared in "Sins of Her Parent." She was with the Kay-Bee Company in the old days at Inceville. The picture you mention was her first for the Fox Film Company. That lad from Texas must evidently be a fine boy. All right, I will keep a secret.

Tootsie.—That certainly is a sweet name. Bessie Barriscale is with the Paralta Company, and has just started work on her first picture for that concern. "The Snarl" and "Bawbs o' Blue Ridge" have been two of her late Triangle features. My eyes are blue just now. Address Bessie Eyton in care of the Selig Company, Chicago, Illinois. Blanche Sweet will get any mail sent to her at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, California. That must be very annoying to sit down to write a poem and then forget it. The best thing to do in such cases is not to write the poem, and you will never be annoyed by forgetting it.

Babe M.—Wallace Reid took the leading rôle opposite Dorothy Gish as the *grown-up prince* in "Old Heidelberg," one of the first Triangle releases. You must have seen him in other plays, but just couldn't place him in your mind.

Josephine M. F.—You can relate in your essay about the advantages of the films in geography—as to how they show actual scenes from the different parts of the world—and in history and many other educational branches. You should be able to write a very good essay on "The Advantages of Motion Pictures for Educational Purposes."

Marguerite Clark Admirer.—Marguerite Clark was *Snow White,* Creighton Hale her *Prince Florimond,* Dorothy Cumming the *Queen Grangomar,* Alice Washburn the *Witch Hex,* and Lionel Braham was *Berthold,* the *huntsman,* in the Famous Players production of "Snow White." William Desmond was *Horace Lee,* Robert McKim was *Donald Greene,* J. Barney Sherry was *Richard Deering,* Margaret Thompson was *Evelyn Deering,* J. J. Dowling was the *butler,* Jerry Storm was the *butler's son,* Louis Durham was *Desmond's assistant,* and J. Frank Burke was the *specialist* in the Ince-Triangle feature, "The Iced Bullet." The story was written by C. Gardner Sullivan, and was quite an original idea. Charles

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Chaplin, Edna Purviance, and Ben Turpin had the leads in the Essanay burlesque on "Carmen." Marguerite Clark is thirty. Grace Cunard lives in a fine home at Hollywood, California. Theda Bara played in "The Vixen," a Fox production. J. Warren Kerrigan is now at the head of his own company, and has started work on his first picture, "A Man's Man," under the direction of Oscar Apfel. It will be released by Paralta. Ella Hall is still with the Universal. "Miss George Washington" was the Marguerite Clark feature before "Snow White," and "The Fortunes of Fifi" followed it. Yes, the McClure Company produced "The Seven Deadly Sins." You must sign your name to your letters in the future.

PAULINE.—No, Marshall says he is not from Louisville. My mother was born in that town. So was D. W. Griffith. Marshall Neilan is now directing Mary Pickford at the Lasky studios. "Judith of Bethulia" is about five years old. The height of a star appears to vary on the screen according to the players who appear with her. If they are tall and she is tall, none of them will look so very tall, but if there is a contrast between the heights of the different characters, then the heights will surely be noticed.

D. A.—Address June Caprice in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

ORACLE'S ADMIRER—GENUINE ARTICLE.—You certainly are getting to be very regular in your correspondence. So the lad from Texas has come to visit you? Yes, Mabel is certainly a very good actress. I think that she will continue to do more film plays. Derwent Hall Caine has played in two pictures for the Arrow Film Company; "The Deemster," taken from his father's famous novel of that name, was one of them. "Easy Street" was a mighty fine comedy, and I liked it better than anything I have ever seen Charlie in, and I have seen them all. Of course "Tillie's Punctured Romance" was a scream in its day, but it doesn't get one-tenth the number of laughs to-day that it used to. I saw it lately, and the laughs were few and far between. Comedy has advanced the same as other kinds of dramatic productions. Just compare late comedies with the ones two years back, and note the great difference between them. You can't believe it, either, until you see them.

LEE C.—Sessue Hayakawa was the Japanese actor that played with Fannie Ward in the Lasky picture, "The Cheat." You can address him in care of the Lasky studios at Hollywood, California.

ALOHA.—Harold Lockwood was the man that played opposite Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift." Mary Pickford has a brother and a sister. Both are in the movies. Jack Pickford, her brother, is being starred in features by the Lasky Company.

GOULASH.—What would you like to know about Harold Lockwood's life? Let me know, and I

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

shall try to help you out the best I can. Yes, Grace Cunard is certainly a darling. She is one of the sweetest women that I have ever met, and is certainly well liked among the players in the screen profession. She is always trying to do something for some one that needs assistance.

Buckeye Maid.—What is the trouble? You wrote me a nice long letter, but you forgot to ask any questions this time.

Kitty.—William Hart has a new leading lady in his pictures every once in a while. Enid Markey, Sylvia Bremer, Mary McIvor, Margery Wilson, and several others have played opposite him in his Triangle features. "The Desert Man" is one of his latest productions for Triangle. Your questions five and six are against the rules. Harold Lockwood is thirty years old. May is twenty-two. Yes, Marguerite Clark is going right along playing in Famous Players productions. Address Ethel Clayton in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. June Caprice gets her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. I don't know of any dogs that Harold Lockwood has.

Joky M.—Your first Harold Lockwood question is against the rules. His latest picture is the "Haunted Pajamas." You can reach him in care of the Yorke Film Company, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Harold Lockwood lives in Hollywood. Norma Talmadge can be reached in care of the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Your Anita Stewart question is also barred for the same reason that the Harold Lockwood one was.

Goulash.—Eddie Polo can be reached at Universal City, California, by letter. Olga Petrova will get all mail sent to her in care of the Lasky studios, Hollywood, California. Grace Cunard was *Pat,* Francis Ford was *Phil Kelly,* Jean Hathaway was Grace Cunard's aunt, Pete Gerald was Francis Ford's assistant, and so was Jerry Ash; John Duffy was *Silk Donahue,* John Featherstone was *Stephen Dupont,* and Mario Biannchi was the *butler* in the Van Nuys home. All right, I shall expect to hear from you every month, as you have threatened.

Fussy.—J. Warren Kerrigan has finished his tour of the States and Canada, and is now working on his first picture for his own company, called "A Man's Man." It will be released by the Paralta Company. You can reach him by letter in care of the Paralta Plays, Incorporated, Clune studio, Los Angeles, California. Florence la Badie, the Thanhouser star, was born in Canada, during the year of 1894. You ought to be complimented on your first letter, as you are one of the very few that didn't ask questions against the rules in his first bunch of inquiries. No, Olive, Jr., has now been away so long that I am afraid she has deserted the Oracle department. It's too bad, too, because she used to

be such a jolly little person. Your heading doesn't agree with your letter at all.

May Allison Admirer.—What was the name of the company that produced the comedy you mention, and maybe I can help you out? The girl who was sitting next to Fatty Voss was only an extra lady, so her name is not securable. Edna Purviance is the name of the girl in "The Fireman" with Charles Chaplin. You can address her in care of the Lone Star Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Those great leaps you have reference to are done with the aid of trick photography. Fatty Voss passed away recently in Hollywood, California. May Allison has not as yet announced her future film affiliation since leaving the Metro. Your last question regarding Harold Lockwood is against the rules.

Julianna.—Address Warren Kerrigan at the Clune studio, Los Angeles, California. Jay Belasco will get any mail sent to him at the Marine Film Company, Los Angeles, California. He is now playing in a big, spectacular sea story with Tyrone Power and Frances Burnham. Charles Chaplin gets all his mail at the Lone Star Film Company or the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California. Marshall Neilan can be reached at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, California. Eddie Lyons receives all of his mail at Universal City, California. Your letter to Francis X. Bushman was addressed wrong, so it is no wonder that you have not heard from him. He can be reached in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City.

N. S.—Jean Sothern will have letters forwarded to her that are sent in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Dorothy Phillips receives all her mail at Universal City, California. Emmy Wehlen will get any letter sent to her in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Miriam Cooper has her daily mail delivered to her bungalow dressing room at the Fox studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Mollie King should be addressed at the Pathé Exchange. Seena Owen will get any mail sent to the Triangle studios, Los Angeles, California.

L. O. C.—Address June Elvidge in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Chere.—James Grover Farver is really seven feet five inches tall. He was signed up to appear in the movies because of his tremendous size. Marie Dressler is still working very hard. Her latest picture was "Tillie Wakes Up," for the World Film Corporation. Previous to this she appeared in "Tillie's Tomato Surprise" for the Lubin Film Company. Roscoe Arbuckle is working for his own company, producing comedies for the Paramount program. "The Butcher Boy," "A Reckless Romeo," and "His Wedding Day" are his three latest pictures. You are right about Mary Pickford's height. What made you think she was rather tall? If you want to see

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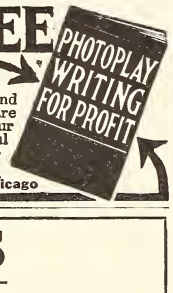

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

a picture in which she looks like a tiny little mite, see "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

ECIRPIC.—"Mayblossom," the Pathé feature in which Pearl White appeared, was taken the same way as any ordinary feature film. The prints were made off the negative, and colored afterward by hand. It is a big job, too, believe me. Pearl White's hair is auburn. Yes, Theda Bara was at her wickedest in "The Tiger Woman." Lillian Lorraine only appeared in one film, and that was the Balboa-Pathé serial, "Neal of the Navy." She has done all her work on the stage, singing in musical comedy and vaudeville. Yes, the underwater scenes in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" were really taken under water. Those were real fish you saw swimming about, and a real octopus was used in some of the scenes. "The Railroad Raiders" and "The Mystery of the Double Cross" are two serials that you have not seen, and also the "Voice on the Wire." Helen Holmes appears as the leading light in "The Railroad Raiders." Mollie King is featured by Pathé in the "Mystery of the Double Cross," and Ben Wilson is given the starring honors in the Universal serial, "The Voice on the Wire." That is certainly patriotic stationery that you use. It is quite a novel idea, too. I think I shall have to buy some like it for myself.

E. C.—If the editor were to print my picture at the head of the Oracle department, that would quite give away my identity, and that would never do at all, so I am afraid that the space will not be occupied by a likeness of myself. If he agreed, I would never get the opportunity to get a photo taken, so I don't see how the deed can ever be accomplished. So you think Earle Williams doesn't make love strong enough? Just what may your ideas be about a screen lover? Can't answer your Francis X. Bushman question, as it is against the rules of the department.

ROSE BLOOMING.—Jack Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1896. It isn't hard to get into motion pictures if you can deliver the goods and have a good reputation on the stage. Olive, Jr., is just one of the Oracle readers like yourself. She used to write many questions to be answered about Wallace Reid and scores of her other favorites, but all of a sudden she has stopped. Are you sure that you addressed Tom Forman correctly when you wrote for his photograph? You should have written to him in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Write him again, and tell him about it.

MARY R. S.—Everybody seems to be inquiring about Olive, Jr., lately. I see that you, too, want to find out who she is. How should I know, as I have never seen Olive? William Desmond was, indeed, very handsome in the "Last of the Ingrahams." I will speak to the editor about your request for an interview with him.

CLEO.—You certainly keep up in your color schemes in stationery. Whenever any envelope

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

comes into the office with a peculiar coloring, I can tell right away that you are with us once more. See that you have changed from orange and black to red, white, and blue. Very appropriate, indeed. Where do you get your stationery? I have never seen any like it? Do you have it made to order? You are the veteran correspondent of my department, having been one for fifteen months now. Yes, Bessie Barriscale and J. Warren Kerrigan have their own companies now. In fact, it seems to be quite the style lately for every one to be heading his or her own company. Griffith has been a very busy man over in Europe, but no one seems to know what he has been doing. Just busy, I guess.

S. W. S.—June Caprice will get any mail that you send to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. King Baggot is certainly very impressive in his talks during his tour of the different theaters.

Little Miss Picture-Play.—You must be saving a cast of characters from every play that you have seen, judging from the number that you want to know. Well, as I have always been the obliging little person, here goes. Marguerite Clark was *Bernice Somers,* Niles Welch was *Cleverley Trafton,* Frank Losee was *Judge Atwold,* Florence Marten was *Alice Atwold,* Joseph Gleason was *Paul Carroll,* Maude Turner Gordon was *Mrs. Atwold,* Billie Watson was *Miss Perkins,* and Herbert Prior was *Colonel Worthington* in the Famous Players production of "Miss George Washington." Francis Bushman was *William Strong,* Beverly Bayne was *Beverly Clarke,* Fred R. Stanton was *The Great Master,* Edward Connelly was *Doctor Zulph,* Tom Blake was *Bull Whalen,* Helen Dunbar was *Jane Warren,* Sue Balfour was *Mrs. Clarke,* Dorothy Hydell was *Eunice Morton,* Belle Bruce was *Sarah Morton,* W. J. Calhoun was *Chief Detective Ackerton,* Fred Roberts was *his assistant,* Lillian Sullivan was *Miss Tredwell,* Ed Laurence was *Chug,* Tammany Young was *The Shadow,* Charles Ripley was *The Spider,* Arthur Ortego was *The Rat,* and Charles Fang was *Wee See* in the "Great Secret," Metro serial. If you start in putting down the casts of every play you see, you will soon have many a book filled to the brim. Nazimova was *Joan,* Charles Hutchinson, Charles Bryant, William Bailey, and Richard Barthelmess were the *four brothers,* Nila Mac was their sister *Amy,* Gertrude Berkeley was *their mother,* Alexander K. Shannon was the *king,* Robert Whitworth was *Lieutenant Hoffman,* Ned Burton was *Captain Bragg,* Theodora Warfield was *Mina,* and Charles Chailles was the *financier* in "War Brides." No, William Shay did not play in the production. Herbert Rawlinson is still with the Universal Film Company. You can reach him by letter at Universal City, California. Charles Ray's latest picture is the "Clodhopper," and one of the best that he has ever appeared in. Margery Wilson plays opposite him in this feature. He can be addressed

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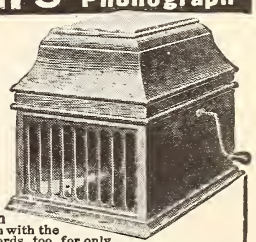

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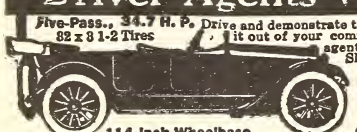

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

in care of the Ince-Triangle studios, Culver City California. Yes, I think he will send you one of his autographed photos.

E. W.—No, the Oracle is just one person, and not three or four, as you think. Do I seem as mysterious as all that? I'm not at all mysterious if you only knew me, but being as you don't, I suppose I shall continue on in the same mystic way to you. Marguerite Clark, the Famous Players star, is only four feet ten inches tall, and tips the beam on Fairbank's scales at but ninety pounds. Do you win or lose your bet? So I do, answer all the questions myself. A. P. L. Lockwood Pal does not know me. She merely asked her husband if she could write again, as she would ask him if she could do anything else. She does not know whether I am man, woman, or child. I didn't see anything wrong with your printing. It was very easy to read, which is more than I can say for some of the letters I receive. The majority of my readers write very legibly, however.

Pugsley D.—"A Romance of the Redwoods," "The Little American," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" are the three latest productions of Mary Pickford. The vanishing stunt is produced on the screen by the means of stop motion in the camera, or a combination of stop motion and double exposure Certainly Tom Chatterton is still alive. Tom is spending most of his time on his fine ranch, and his remaining moments in other business matters that require his attention. He is a busy little fellow since he retired from the screen. We should not be at all surprised, however, to see Tom's smiling face back with us at any moment.

L. L. P. C.—We have not any copies of the Japanese film magazines, the *Kinema Record* or the *Katsudo No Sekai,* for sale. The only copies we have are for our office files. It is mighty interesting to look these magazines through. The American News Company might be able to supply you with some, or some book store that handles foreign magazines.

K. M. D.—Your tastes are rapidly changing now that you have had a chance to see all the stars on the screen. It is only natural that if a person sees the pictures of only one or two companies he will pick his favorites from these companies, but if he has a chance to see them all in action, it is bound to spread his favorites over a vast area of companies. Charlie Ray's late pictures should be at your theater almost any time now. He has done some dandies lately, and I am sure that you will like them very much. Farnham was certainly very good in "The Spoilers," but, then, so were all the other members of the cast.

"Me."—You were evidently in such a hurry that the only question you asked was whether you could write again. Certainly you can. I'll be only too glad to have you on my regular list. I'll mention your request regarding the cover to the editor.

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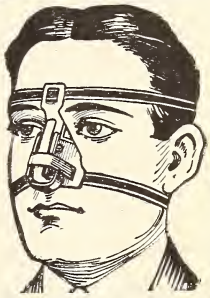

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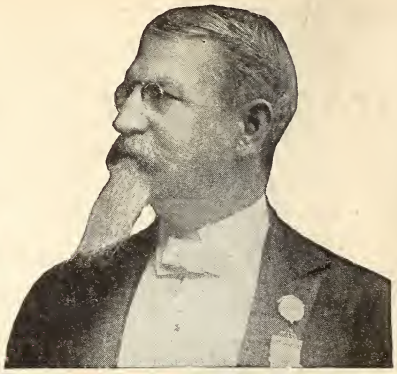

From recent photograph of J. H. Brittain

AFFIDAVIT re HAIR GROWTH

While completely bald on the top of my head as shown in my photograph which accompanying this affidavit, I adopted a hair cosmetic and formula given me by an old Cherokee Indian. Within six months my head was covered with a new and luxuriant growth of hair. I now supply Ko-tal-ko, a pomade prepared according to the original formula which resulted in my own hair growth. The statements in my advertisement are true and my photographs are correct.

John Hart Brittain

Personally appeared before me, John Hart Brittain, this fifth day of June, 1917, who signed the foregoing in my presence and who being duly sworn, attested that same is true.

SEAL

John Klein
Notary Public

From former photograph of J. H. Brittain

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The engravings here printed are from actual photographs. The baldness was greater than apparent in the earlier picture as it extended over the back of my head.

In the course of my career, I had business with certain members of the Cherokee tribe of Indians and met a "medicine man" who gave me a pomade which I agreed to apply to my scalp.

To my surprise and joy, tiny hairs began to appear and gradually a growth of hair was developed all over my scalp. It was amazing to observe the improvement from week to week. A prolific hair crop resulted and has never left me although many years have passed.

The Cherokee wizard's secret or principle was imparted to me and although engaged in another business (printing) I have from time to time supplied the pomade elixir to others. Some marvelous results have been reported by both ladies and gentlemen. *The pomade is called Ko-tal-ko.* It is for men, women and children.

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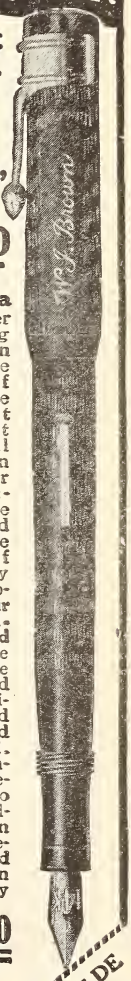

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Favorite Picture Players

ANN PENNINGTON

was born in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1895. Her career as a picture-play star has been brilliant, sudden, and unique. A little over a year ago she frolicked through the latest dances in "Ziegfeld's Follies" with never a thought of immortalizing her art, because she didn't know she had any. Then the Famous Players Company offered her a contract, and she decided to see if she really could act. She was starred, and her immediate success almost surprised her. This year she has gone back to the "Follies," but is still making films for Famous Players.

BESSIE BARRISCALE

began her stage career when she was five years old. She came to America at that age with her father, an English actor, and played every kind of child part from *Little Eva* to *Fauntleroy*. Her art advanced with her years, and she understudied Katherine Kidder in leading Shakespearean rôles when very young. One success led to another, and finally she entered pictures with Lasky. Later she played with Triangle, and now she heads her own company under the Paralta banner.

MELBOURNE MacDOWELL

the noted character actor of the stage, who was recently engaged by Triangle, was born in Washington, South River, New Jersey, November 22, 1864 From the age of eleven until he was twenty-one he followed the life of a sea mariner. Then, tiring of roving the ocean, he went to New York City and took to the stage. Among his greatest rôles are *Mark Antony*, *Scarpia* in "La Tosca," and *Loris Ipanoff* in "Fedora." His wife was the late Fanny Davenport, one of the most famous actresses of her day.

GAIL KANE

is a Philadelphian by birth, but permanently adopted New York as her State when she came to Newburgh to attend boarding school. There she played in amateur performances and got the stage fever. While summering at Long Beach, Long Island, she was offered a small part in Charles Frohman's "Decorating Clementine," and from this start she rapidly rose to fame as an actress. She is now in pictures with Pathé.

JULIAN ELTINGE

was born and educated in Butte, Montana. After a short fling in the wholesale business, at the age of fourteen, he played in an amateur production entitled "Miss Simplicity." In this he achieved his first success in feminine rôles. George M. Cohan engaged him for his minstrels, and following this he played in vaudeville and then a succession of plays. He will produce three pictures for the Lasky Company a year.

JACK RICHARDSON

was born in New York City, but at an early age, moved to Cleveland, Ohio, with his parents. After attending the Culver Military Academy he decided to enter a business or military life. In Chicago, however, on his way home he met a friend who was playing at the La Salle Theater, and he thought it would be a lark to enter the chorus. This started his career, and he later joined a California repertoire company. Then the movies called and Richardson responded.

LOUISE LOVELY

made a reputation for herself acting in her native land, Australia, before she came to this country about two years ago. After arriving in America she played in vaudeville in Canada for a time, and then wandered into Universal City where her beauty and talent caused her to be cast in a picture with Digby Bell. Her success in this film won her a permanent contract with Universal, in whose pictures she is still appearing. Miss Lovely is twenty-one years old.

MARGUERITE CLARK

the sprightly and petite Famous Players star, sang her way into popularity via the opera route. For several seasons she was leading lady for DeWolf Hopper in many notable successes. Her charming portrayal of *Prunella* influenced Adolph Zukor to offer her a place in pictures, and she has been with his company ever since. Her first screen triumph was in "Wild-flower," and she has won favor in many other later plays

EDWARD EARLE

is a native of Canada, and gained his first experience as an actor in the Valentine Stock Company, Toronto, of which Mary Pickford was also a member. In many important engagements he played with such stage celebrities as Henrietta Crosman, Marie Cahill, and DeWolf Hopper, on Broadway. He has become popular throughout the country in Famous Players, Pathé, Edison, and Metro pictures successively. Mr. Earle is now with Vitagraph.

WILLIAM FARNUM

was not only born near historic Bunker Hill, but on the most patriotic day in the year, the Glorious Fourth. His father, an actor, moved to Buckport, Maine, and the younger Farnum was reared there. First he received a musical education, and afterward adopted the stage profession. His fame before the footlights reached its zenith in "Ben Hur." In pictures he first played for Selig and now he is with Fox.

PEARL WHITE

embarked upon a theatrical career, when as a little, tow-headed mountain girl in Missouri, her beauty attracted the attention of a passing stranger, a showman, and she was carried away by him to take a child's part in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A circus engagement followed soon afterward, and in a short time found herself at the top of the histrionic ladder. "The Perils of Pauline, and other Pathé serials have made her famous in filmdom.

LOUISE GLAUM

made her first professional success in "Why Girls Leave Home." Her later career, distinguished by triumphs in vampire rôles, proves that she is equally successful in showing why men leave home. Although a Maryland girl she is distinctly Oriental in manner of dress and type of beauty. Her gowns, patterned after peacock plumage and webs of spiders, are designed by herself. She has played in Triangle pictures ever since her advent into screendom.

JANE COWL

commenced her artistic career while living in Brooklyn where she was born, by writing verses for magazines. A friend, who was stage manager for Belasco, secured her some silent and almost invisible parts in his plays. After she obtained her first leading rôle in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" she played a summer in stock in New Jersey and in several fairly successful productions. Finally she triumphed as *Mary Turner* in "Within the Law." After playing in "Lilac Time," which she wrote, she was engaged for Goldwyn pictures, where she now is. Miss Cowl is also coauthor of a play which is being produced this fall.

ALICE JOYCE

was born in Kansas City, Missouri, but later moved with her family to Petersburg, Virginia, and spent her girlhood there. When she was still quite young she came to New York and made a livelihood as an artist's model and in business positions before she took up motion-picture work. She secured a start in pictures by playing thrill parts in railroad stories. Her finer gift for romantic and emotional rôles soon won stardom for her. She plays for Vitagraph.

JACKIE SAUNDERS

is a great lover of out-door sports, and is perhaps one of the most athletic girls in pictures. But, nevertheless, she does not scorn dancing as a pastime. As a child she appeared in Dawson's Dancing Dolls, on Keith's Circuit. She started with Biograph, in 1911, later joined Pathé, then Universal, and now is with Balboa-Mutual. Her fame rests chiefly upon juvenile comedy leads, and she always prefers romping tomboy parts. "Jackie" is also the author of several scenarios.

Julian Eltinge—Plural

Before a proper article can be written about Julian Eltinge, some one will have to invent a pronoun which means both he and she—plural. Mr. Eltinge, the famous impersonator of women, has come to the screen. Below, he is seen asking himself for his allowance, and refusing to give it. The difference in his size can be explained only by the photograper.

Motion Pictures and the War

WE are at war. Thousands of our boys are now in the trenches. Other thousands are mobilized in training camps. Still others are preparing to leave home at any time.

To the film fan the natural question arises: What part will motion pictures play in all this activity? What difference will they make? What problems will they solve? How can they help us toward victory in this conflict?

The answer is a chorus. Let us take up some of the more important phases, and discuss them one by one.

In the first place, with every division at the front there is also a camera man. His pictures are official. They will be the record of the future, the history book from which our children and grandchildren will learn of these stirring times. They are taken in the trenches, on the sea, in the air. The camera man goes wherever there is a soldier, wherever shells are bursting, wherever men die. The lens of his camera sees it all.

Closer home, there is the training camp. Our boys must be kept cheerful, heartened in their work. And so it is that we find at each cantonment a motion-picture theater, or several of them. Raymond D. Fosdick, chairman of the commission to look after moral conditions in the camps, believes the photo plays will keep the recruits out of mischief.

But most important of all, perhaps, is the problem of food conservation. Here the motion picture enters into its chosen field—propaganda. No industry in the world's history ever had an opportunity like this. None was ever fitted for it. But the motion-picture business, dealing with a commodity which feeds the brains and emotions of millions of persons daily, can carry the lesson home where other agencies must inevitably fail.

Herein lies the future of both the industry and the profession. If producers and actors turn their talents to this problem they can be the means of saving enough food to feed the world. They can save life and preserve families. What higher call could any one ask, what finer inspiration? If the motion picture lives up to this privilege and opportunity it will be established on a plane of respect and merit for all time.

Our character grows through the deeds we do. Let us meet this situation with the ideal of service ahead of all else; and the critic of the movies, the cynic, the faultfinder, will have no one to listen to him. Opportunity knocks but once!

The Fighting Trail

By Gerald C. Duffy

Written from the Vitagraph Company's thirty-two reel serial motion picture of the same title, by Cyrus Townsend Brady and J. Stuart Blackton. This story was announced under the title of "Hearts Aflame."

CHAPTER I.

BALTERMAN leaned forward impressively in his chair.

"There is nothing further to be left to doubt, gentlemen," he said. "Only one thing remains: We must go ahead, though the cost be millions. Do you agree with me?"

The others about the directors' table merely stared. They were afraid to answer. Men of millions, rulers in the world of finance, capable of hurling the Stock Exchange into furious panic by a mere utterance, they feared to say the words that would start the wheels of a nation turning to carry out a mighty aim. Still, as they stared across the table at Balterman, they shrank. Strong, wealthy, powerful as they were, Balterman was greater. He glared at them a moment and spoke again.

"I repeat, gentlemen, what I have just said." His words were quietly spoken and calm, but they carried the force of his character. He fluttered the yellow sheet of a cablegram in his fingers. "This message is decisive. It means possibly conquest for our country. Alone, it is enough for me. You know, all of you, that we control the greatest explosive in existence; you were present when the government tests were made and announced successful. You know, also, that noxite is a necessary ingredient of that explosive. We must have noxite, and, gentlemen, I intend that we shall have it.

"The supply of California has been worked to the limit. Spain has emptied its mines. Every known resource has been exhausted. There is but one man who can fill our orders. We must enlist the aid of John Gwyn. I do not know where he obtains the supply, and I don't care. I know that he can meet our demands, and I know that he is honest. I am satisfied. Gentlemen, what do you say?"

Balterman's eyes were fixed on his associates. They started to protest, for they anticipated the price that Gwyn would ask, but they dared not. Balterman was there to meet all objections, and they knew that any objection raised would be useless. They knew that, great as they were individually, collectively Balterman was their leader, and they would do his bidding. Moreover, they were fully aware that his advice was dependable—that it was the best thing to do. They assented unanimously.

A faint smile played about Balterman's lips. It was not a smile of joyousness or a smile of relief. It was merely a sign that he had gained a victory. In Wall Street it was known that when Balterman smiled, his fortune had been increased and some one—some enemy—was groveling in despair. In this case his enemy was the enemy of his country. Balterman, above all, was an American.

It took but a moment, after the decision had been reached by his confrères, for him to pick up the telephone and call a number. He did not delay an in-

stant. Time, at this moment, meant lives. He reached Gwyn's secretary, then Gwyn.

"Mr. Gwyn?" he questioned. "This is Balterman. We would like to see you immediately on a matter of grave importance. We shall wait for you. Good!" Balterman hung up the receiver and turned again to the men about the table. "Gwyn is coming right over. You can take him absolutely into your confidence. He is surprisingly young for the influence which he wields, but the point to remember is that he is just as big as his job. And he's on the level."

The others nodded.

It was less than fifteen minutes before Gwyn was announced. He came into the room with a briskness that contrasted sharply with the august dignity of the directors who were deliberating over such a weighty problem, and shook Balterman heartily by the hand. To the others he nodded a polite curtsy, and then seated himself, in readiness to proceed to business. The financial powers about the table peered in almost astonishment at the young man as he fell leisurely into his chair. It seemed incredible that one so young, so handsome, and whose features bore no lines resulting from worry, as did their own, should be able to slip so casually into their dignified midst and place them immediately at his command. Yet they could see, in his keen and alert glance, in his deliberateness and in his veneering personality, that as a man he could be a ruler of men, capable of attempting unflinchingly great undertakings and of emerging from them with equally great accomplishments. They remembered, also, Balterman's words of assurance, and found themselves confident.

Balterman lost no time in getting to the point.

"We have been conferring about our new explosive," he announced. "You no doubt have heard of it. There are certain ingredients which are essential in the manufacture of it and which we are desirous of obtaining. One of these is noxite. It is imperative that all our plans and operations be absolutely confidential, for there will be much in our actions that would be invaluable to the Central Powers. We realize that our every move, despite the discretion with which it is made, is closely followed by the agents of those Powers. You, Gwyn, are the man we have chosen to supply us with noxite, as we understand that you have an unlimited supply and because we know that we can rely upon your confidence."

"I thank you for the honor of taking me into your confidence," Gwyn replied, "and I can assure you that it has not been misplaced. I appreciate, however, as you must, the vastness of this task to which you are assigning me. Your demand alone will surpass all others that I have been receiving in the past—it will necessitate improvements and enlargements at the source of my supply in order for me to meet it, and I shall have to cancel immediately all orders for the future."

"But we shall pay you well," reminded Balterman.

"I am very glad that you realize that," Gwyn answered curtly; "I had feared that we might not agree so well on that point. Most assuredly you shall pay me well, or you shall have no noxite." Balterman had evidently met his equal. Gwyn, young though he was, was possessed of a strength of character and personality that met unperturbed the assault of power that made the others cringe in Balterman's presence. There was to be no bluffing from either side.

"However," continued Gwyn firmly, sweeping the assemblage with his eyes, "since we are agreed on the most important point, I can supply you with what you require. I happen to know,

gentlemen, no matter through what channels of information, that you cannot manufacture your new explosive without noxite. I believe, also, that I am the only man on earth who can locate the latter. Therefore, while you can exploit your explosive—the greatest in existence—I control it. My price to you, gentlemen—the lowest I can offer—is a bonus of two million dollars and the market price for all of the material with which I furnish you."

Gwyn's brain staggered as he mentioned the sum. It was to make his career at a single stroke, and to set him on a pedestal in life and reputation. He had demanded the sum because he understood his indispensability to these men before him. They were great, and he, under ordinary circumstances, would have been nothing but an insignificant, petty human to them. But now, with their success in his power, to be directed with his hands, he was almighty. He gambled with fate that they would accept his proposition, and, as he finished speaking, his eyes gleamed with inward anxiety but outward calm, as he watched their faces to try to read the result of his offer. Mainly he watched Balterman, for there was the answer. But the leader's countenance was impassive, unemotional. Gwyn apparently was stern and cool. His spirit, beneath this calm, was surging restlessly. He was forced to wait until Balterman spoke.

"Gentlemen," asked the leader, "what disposition do you care to make regarding Mr. Gwyn's proposition?"

"It is too much!"

"We could never stand such a fabulous outlay!"

"The price is ridiculous—outrageous—foolish; it is——"

"It is nothing! It is everything!" Balterman shouted impatiently. "The price may be ridiculous, but it is also reasonable—it is important. There is no need to dicker childishly with Mr. Gwyn. It would be useless. He understands our situation, as he informed us. He knows that we cannot secure noxite anywhere in the United States—or anywhere on God's earth, for that matter—except from him, and he intends to charge us for it accordingly. I don't blame him. He is a business man. Moreover, he controls our whole enterprise and its success, as well as the nation's welfare. And, gentlemen, Mr. Gwyn is a man to depend on. It is worth two millions of dollars, to my mind, to have his support instead of some one else's. I demand, in your own interests, that you accept this proposition. If you refuse, you may carry out your own affairs—I shall withdraw entirely, and sever my connections with this enterprise. You may do as you please. Gentlemen, what is your answer?"

The effect of Balterman's threat to withdraw both his influence and his capital was astounding. There was not a moment's hesitation. The proposition was promptly and enthusiastically accepted, and the necessary contracts were drawn up immediately and signed with the scrawling, huge signature of every one of the financiers.

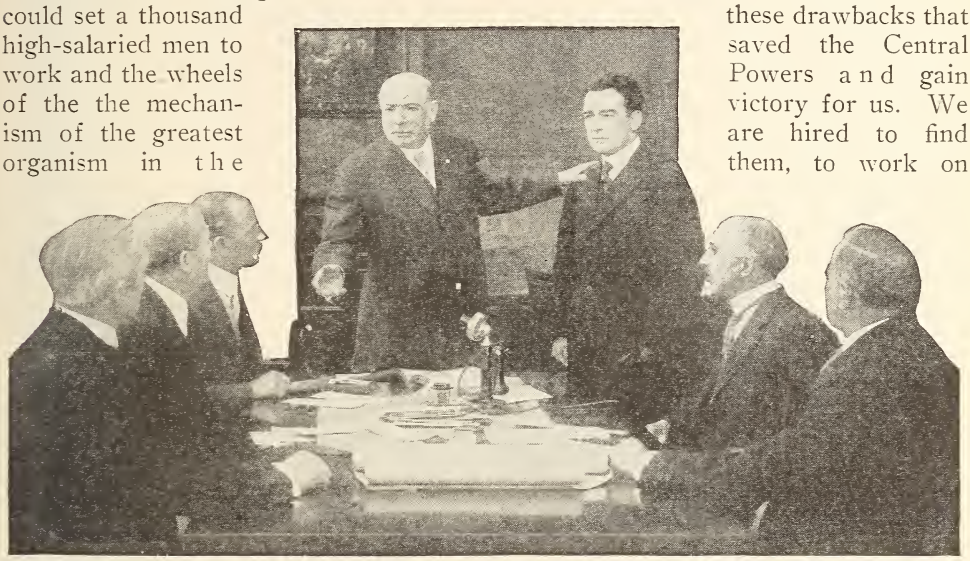
Balterman turned to Gwyn. "We accept. Are you prepared to start for the West on the Limited to-night?"

"I am prepared," he answered, "to start for anywhere in one hour. I am with you to the greatest extent of my power, and you can depend upon me absolutely. I need not say that I shall expect the same from you. I know I shall receive it."

CHAPTER II.

Karl von Bleck, chief representative of the Central Powers in the United States, laid his newspaper on the desk before him and delved into thought. His secretary, seated at a desk nearer the door, tiptoed quietly from the room. When Von Bleck

thought, he thought of grave and important things, and his secretary knew by precedent that he preferred to be alone. The representative of the Central Powers was the head of one of the most complete and efficient international spy systems in the world. The pressure of his finger upon one of the numerous buttons on his desk, or the faintest word issuing from his lips, could set a thousand high-salaried men to work and the wheels of the the mechanism of the greatest organism in the



"I demand, in your own interests, that you accept this proposition. Gentlemen, what's your answer?" The effect of Balterman's threat was astounding.

world grinding toward the accomplishment of plans whose results would make history for the ages to come.

Von Bleck, left alone, proceeded to read again the newspaper item which had so perturbed him. It seemed to stick from the rows of type in words that spelled the destruction of his nation, of his power, of his every interest; and yet he saw toward the last of it a ray of hope—the hope which he must make a reality. He read:

> The terrific power of the new allied shell is marvelous. It surpasses anything which the Central Powers have yet developed, and promises to be the nation's salvation in the present great conflict. This remarkable power is due to the new explosive which has recently been invented, and, with this explosive, the munitions problem of the country will be revolutionized. The only drawback—which is truly a menacing danger—is the extraordinarily small supply of noxite, the chief ingredient of this new explosive. . . .

Von Bleck sneered. "Is there anything," he mused, "which this country has discovered that did not have some drawback? They succeed, but they reach only halfway to success. It is these drawbacks that saved the Central Powers and gain victory for us. We are hired to find them, to work on them, and finally to spoil the whole thing by means of them. That's what I have always done. That's what I'll do now. For no other reason does my government retain me. Drawbacks, drawbacks—thank God for them!"

He rose from his chair, laughing, though more with scorn than mirth, and passed through a door at his back to an adjoining room. There, leaning over a long table, were his associates, ready to do his bidding, reading the code translation of a cable message they had just received and deciphered. They greeted their superior with dignity and relief. His mere presence and his austere mien were comforts to them.

Von Bleck was handed the cable,

and he read it carefully. Then he smiled. His associates knew the meaning of that smile—they had seen it often on previous occasions. They knew, also, what the cablegram contained. Von Bleck spoke:

"The most important thing to our enemies, at the present time, is the perfection and supply of their new explosive. Therefore, naturally, the most important thing to us, at this moment, is the destruction of this explosive; we must render it impossible for it to be made. The easiest and most effective way for us to do this is to cut off the supply of noxite, which is the chief and scarcest ingredient used in the explosive. It seems almost impossible to obtain it. I learned but fifteen minutes ago, through a confidential agent, that the contract for noxite has been given to a young American engineer named Gwyn. He has been receiving shipments of it from the West, by the Santa Fe Railroad. If we get Gwyn, and buy him off, or get his mine, we shall have accomplished our purpose. This cable, as you know, places at our disposal five millions of dollars to be used to this end. Gentlemen, I am going out to locate this engineer and offer him more wealth than he ever dreamed of. You shall remain here until I return or you hear from me. Good day."

Von Bleck walked hurriedly back to his office, donned his hat and coat, and strode out, leaving the others in the inner office, conferring.

Ten minutes later, Von Bleck was walking into the building in which was located the office of John Gwyn. He had, mapped carefully out in his mind, a proposition with which he intended to startle the young engineer. It was a proposition which would make Gwyn independently wealthy for the remainder of his life—and all that would be necessary for him to do would be to cancel the noxite contract.

As he passed through the revolving doors and walked toward the elevators, a crowd was surging toward the street. One of these, a young, stalwartly built man, who carried a suit case, fairly rubbed arms with the agent of the Central Powers. It was John Gwyn! Neither took particular notice of the other, they having never previously met. Gwyn went through the door to the street, and Von Bleck entered the elevator, to be driven upward to the former's office.

"Is Mr. Gwyn in?" he inquired of the secretary, as he entered.

"I'm sorry, sir," was the reply, "but Mr. Gwyn just left a few minutes ago for an indefinite stay in the West. He was just in to clear up a few matters and left with his suit case. Is it something important? Perhaps I could help you. He has left me in charge, and ——"

"It is important," Von Bleck broke in, "and I can see no one but Mr. Gwyn himself. When does his train leave?"

"He goes on the Limited to-night," was the reply.

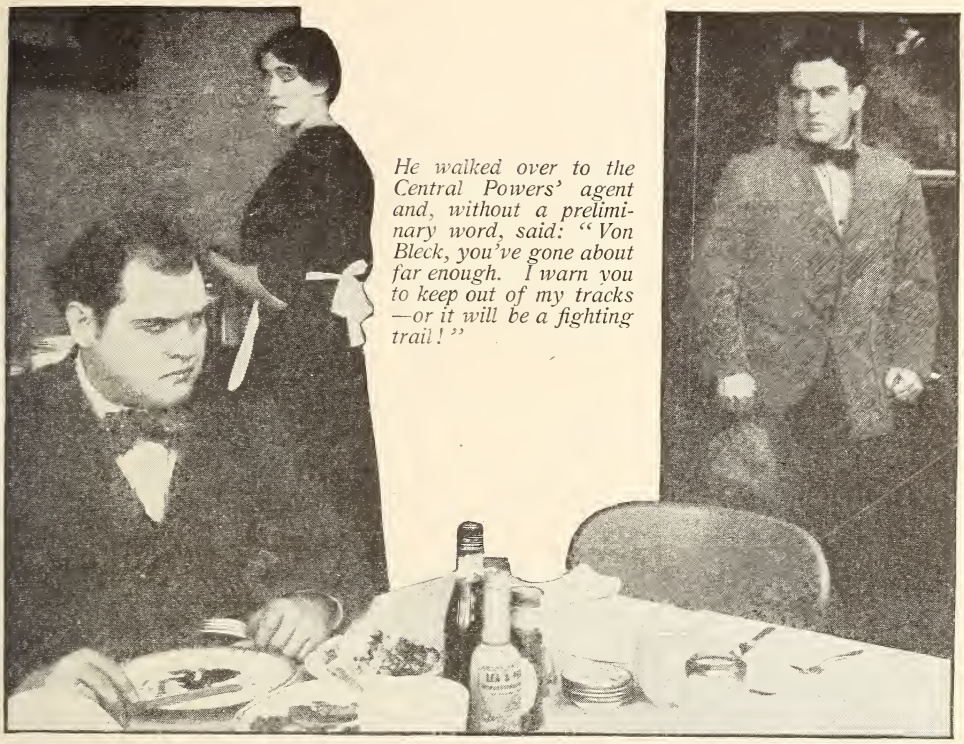
Von Bleck was about to leave the office, when his eye caught sight of a picture hanging on the wall in the outer office. He walked over to it casually and scrutinized it. In the foreground was a young man, pipe in mouth, roughly clad in mining attire. Behind him was a stretch of typical mining country.

"Is this your employer?" he questioned.

"That is Mr. Gwyn," the secretary answered.

"He looks quite young," Von Bleck commented. "Quite young, indeed, to be so prosperous. Is this his own mine —where he gets noxite?" He watched carefully every expression on the other man's face as he spoke. He thought he saw a trace of surprise.

"That was taken at the noxite mine in Lost Mine. It isn't Mr. Gwyn's, though he markets all it produces. It's



He walked over to the Central Powers' agent and, without a preliminary word, said: "Von Bleck, you've gone about far enough. I warn you to keep out of my tracks —or it will be a fighting trail!"

pretty far West, I guess, because the trains don't run there. I believe you have to get off somewhere at a place called Barstow to reach it."

Von Bleck was alert. He did not wish to miss one bit of the information, so valuable to him, which was being disclosed by the careless and innocent secretary. He took another careful look at the picture, and, thanking the young man, left the office.

Again in the street, he sought the nearest telephone booth and called the office.

"Gwyn leaves for the West to-night on the Limited," he told his confrères over the wire. "I shall be on the same train. I shall keep in touch with you while I am gone, and, in the meantime, you attend to any other matters that may come up during my absence. As soon as I am able, I shall wire you my address. I may need that five million before I get back."

CHAPTER III.

The Limited was rattling over the rails toward the West with a speed that was astounding. Outside it was already dark, and the lights along the roadbed shot by so fast that they resembled sparks flying up a hearth chimney from blazing logs below. In the smoking compartment at the end of the car, John Gwyn sat, perusing some papers. The portières parted and Von Bleck entered. He drew a cigar from his pocket and asked Gwyn for a match. The latter silently accommodated him.

"Pretty long and lonesome trip," the Central Powers' agent commented. Gwyn nodded. He was apparently in no mood for striking up acquaintances. But Von Bleck persisted.

"I'm going out to Frisco," he said. "Maybe you're bound for there, too. My name's Von Bleck; it's nice to know some one on the train."

"My name is Gwyn," the young engineer responded, glancing up from his papers and fearing that he might appear impolite by avoiding conversation. "I'm not going to Frisco, though. I'm on my way to a place called Lost Mine, in the wilds of the Sierras. Barstow is my getting-off point."

"Pretty wild out in the mountains," Von Bleck continued. "Quite a contrast to the civilized West around the cities. They say the mining camps are of the type that might have existed back in the eighties."

"Yes," Gwyn replied, again looking down at the papers in his lap; "they haven't the latest improvements yet, by any means." He took his watch from his pocket and glanced at it. "Getting a little late; I guess I'll turn in." He arose, nodded a "good night" to the other, and left the compartment for the sleeper, which the porter had already made up for the night.

Von Bleck remained in the smoking room for about ten minutes; then, tossing away his cigar, rose and started toward his berth. As he was walking down the aisles between the rows of berths, a pair of military brushes fell from one to the center of the car. A moment later Gwyn's body protruded from between the curtains, and he reached for them. He saw Von Bleck, nodded to him, and returned to his berth. The Central Powers' agent made a mental note of the location of Gwyn's sleeping quarters and walked on to his own.

Late that night, when the sleeper was black with darkness, except for the fleeting rays of lights along the track that shone but for the briefest fraction of a second as they passed the ends of the car, a shadowy figure, clad only in a dressing gown, quietly and cautiously emerged from one of the berths. It moved rapidly along until it was outside of Gwyn's compartment; then bent over and peered in. A little pocket flash light suddenly illuminated the car and revealed, had any one been awake to see it, the dark features of Von Bleck. He covered the end of the light with his hand to dim its rays, and put it between the curtains. Gwyn was sleeping soundly. Von Bleck watched him for a moment to see that he was not aroused by the light, and then, satisfied on that score, reached across his body to a half-opened suit case resting in a rack near the window. Slowly and carefully, so as not to awaken its sleeping owner, he lifted the suit case from the rack and hurried back to his own berth.

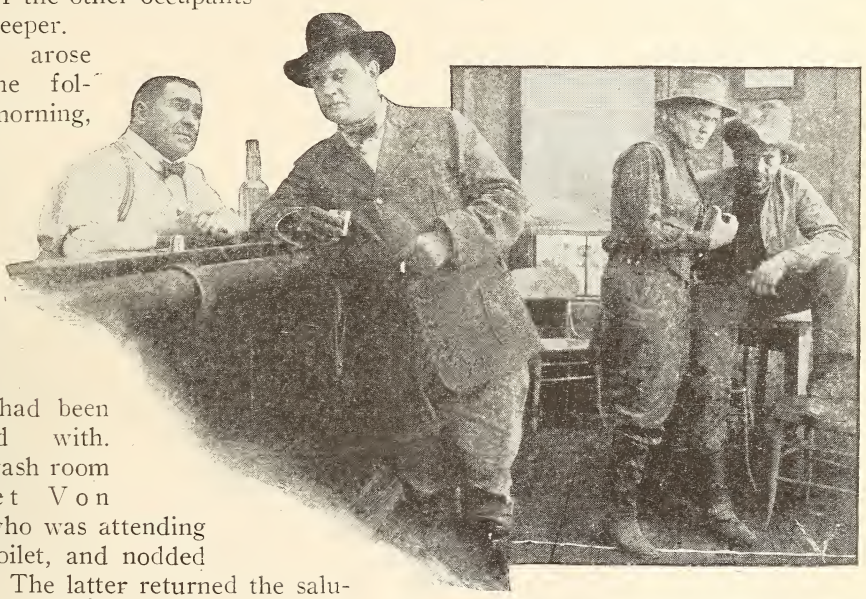
For a quarter of an hour, Von Bleck, in the seclusion of his sleeping compartment, studied the contents of Gwyn's bag. A small packet of letters, which had been tucked carefully at the bottom, held his attention the longest. For the most part these were of a personal nature, and contained nothing of interest to him, but finally one caught his eye. It was postmarked "Lost Mine," and was addressed in a flourishing Spanish hand. He opened it with impatient fingers and read:

DEAR MR. GWYN: Am shipping your last order to-morrow. You need have no fear of the supply becoming exhausted for some time to come. When am I to be honored by a visit from you? I trust before long. Faithfully yours, CARLOS YBARRA.

Von Bleck smiled with triumph as he read the letter. It was the same smile that had played about his lips when he had met with his associates earlier that day. He folded the paper noiselessly and replaced it in the envelope. Then, as if realizing the length of time which he had kept Gwyn's suit case, he put the packet of letters back into the bottom of the bag and stole cautiously down the aisle to Gwyn's berth. A glance assured him that its absence had not been noticed. The young engineer was still sleeping heavily. He had been thoroughly tired

by the strenuous events of the previous day and his hasty departure. It required but a moment for Von Bleck to lay the suit case back on the rack near the window, where he had found it, and to hurry back to his own berth. He made a note of Carlos Ybarra's name in a little notebook, put the memorandum carefully in his coat pocket, and retired. In another five minutes he was as securely slumbering as any of the other occupants of the sleeper.

Gwyn arose early the following morning, dressed, and used several articles from his bag. He did not notice that it had been tampered with. In the wash room he met Von Bleck, who was attending to his toilet, and nodded to him. The latter returned the salutation and watched keenly from the corners of his eyes to see if Gwyn should appear the least bit suspicious that his belongings had been ransacked. He was greatly relieved to learn that he was not.



He asked the way to Ybarra's, and, as fate ruled, Brant and Pomona, who were standing nearby, were his appointed guides.

Several times that day, and during the days that followed, Von Bleck attempted to enter into conversation with the engineer. Once or twice they talked congenially for nearly a half hour, and they even ate together, but the agent of the Central Powers was never able to turn the conversation into channels that would allow him to bring up his proposition gracefully. Gwyn seemed to notice that there was some hidden motive for the conversations, and very clearly let it be comprehended that he did not care to talk about his business. At length, Von Bleck decided, though reluctantly, that it was useless to press the engineer further. His failure but served to stimulate his determination. He, who had always been victorious in his undertakings, who was considered the most valuable man in the intelligence service of the mighty Central Powers, was not a weakling to bow in such a situation as this to a young man like John Gwyn. His dark countenance grew darker in a frown. He glared with restrained hatred whenever he saw his enemy thereafter, and his oily, polite manner of deceit vanished. Von Bleck was preparing to play his game later, in the wilds of the Sierra mining camps—and he was planning to stack the cards for his success.

Early on the fourth day after leaving New York, the Limited drew into the little Western town of Barstow, at

the foot of the great range of Sierra Mountains. John Gwyn, his bag packed and his wraps on, was ready to alight and start on his important mission. As soon as the train came to a stop, the young mining engineer jumped lightly from the platform and proceeded to the local hotel, which was located a short distance from the depot. As the Limited chugged again, starting on the last lap of its journey to the West, Von Bleck, who had been watching alertly from his seat for Gwyn to depart, jumped from his seat. He darted to the door, suit case in hand, and whispered into the porter's ear, slipping a crisp bill into his hand at the same time. The colored worthy grinned knowingly, and nodded. With a jerk he threw open the vestibule door on the side opposite the station. Von Bleck stepped down, grasped the handrail of the car, and swung out. The train was moving rapidly now, and the jump was perilous. The car was quite a distance past the station. Von Bleck took one glance at the ground flying by under the train, sprang into the air, and went sprawling to earth.

CHAPTER IV.

Don Carlos Ybarra trudged up the last few steps to the summit of the mountain beneath the burden of two heavy wooden cases which he bore upon his shoulders. They were a heavy load for one so old as the rugged Spaniard, but he was strenuous and energetic, and his muscles were hardened by years of rustic living in the West. His gray hairs were no symbol of feebleness. Don Carlos was a man, and sturdy, and would be until the end. As he reached a clump of bushes beside the footpath on which he was walking, he paused to look suspiciously about for a second, and then parted the shrubbery, revealing the entrance to a spacious cave. He tore his way through the bushes, allowing them to close behind him, deposited the two cases among many more that were hidden in the dark corner of the cavern, and came out again. Once more he looked carefully about him, as if to satisfy himself that no one had been observing his actions, and then started to walk toward a little hacienda several hundred yards away, which served as his mountain dwelling. Precisely at the moment that he turned his back, two glaring, malicious copper faces appeared from behind the undergrowth, but a few yards from the cave's entrance. They scurried along quickly, though with the silence that is characteristic of their race, to the place where Ybarra had left the cases, parted the shrubbery as he had done, and disappeared behind it.

At that moment Ybarra, shuffling on toward the house, startled a sleeping rabbit. He paused a moment to watch it run, terrified, away. Either through coincidence or by kindness of Providence, the frightened rabbit dashed toward the entrance of the cave. As it was about to enter there for shelter, it took a sudden turn and fled in the opposite direction, with renewed speed. Ybarra was immediately suspicious. Something—perhaps some one—must have frightened the animal. He uttered a little cry. Perhaps some one was in his cave! He turned toward the hacienda and called:

"Joe! Joe!"

Yaqui Joe, the relic of a dauntless tribe of earlier days, Ybarra's faithful servant, appeared in the doorway. Don Carlos motioned to the cave. Joe understood. The old Spaniard, his days for physical combat passed, went on toward the hacienda, leaving the Indian to see to the safety of the cases.

When Ybarra entered the house, he was welcomed warmly by the one bright ray in his shattered, lonesome life. It was a young and very beauti-

ful girl, whom he called Nan. She was dark, of the Spanish type, but nevertheless sparklingly American. Ybarra often described her to strangers as the kind of girl an orphan always imagines his mother was. And that was description enough, both of beauty and of character.

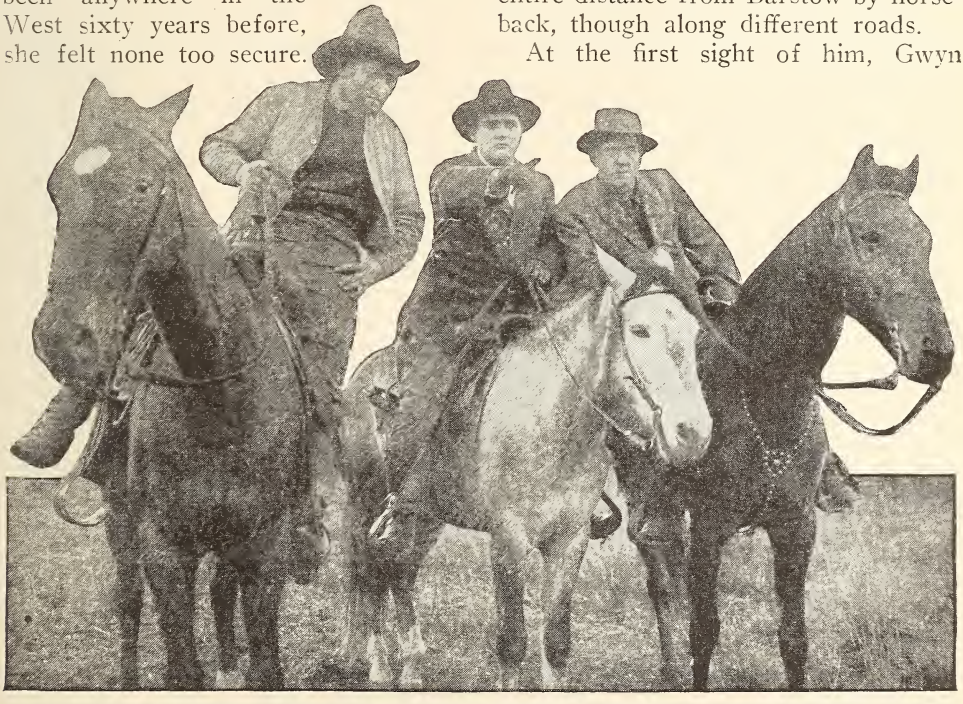
"What's the matter, father?" she asked nervously. "Why did you call?"

"I thought perhaps those two mad Indians from Lost Mine, Shoestring Brant and Pomona, were about again. Yaqui Joe is looking around now. It may be nothing. Don't be alarmed." He tapped her on the shoulder. Despite his assurances, Nan was alarmed. She feared the men whose names her father had mentioned, for often before she had heard of their maniacal intentions of abducting her. And, in the wilds of this secluded mining country, where life was as uncivilized as it had been anywhere in the West sixty years before, she felt none too secure.

Joe, however, returned at that moment to report that he had seen nothing. If any one had been there, he surmised they had been frightened away. Ybarra, however, realizing the value of the noxite in the cases, especially since he had received recent telegrams from Gwyn, to whom he sold all his product, lifted a trapdoor under the kitchen floor, which led, underground, to the cave, and which he had dug for emergencies, and brought the cases into the house.

The following morning things occurred rapidly and unfortunately at the little mountain town of Lost Mine. Von Bleck and Gwyn arrived at the same hotel just a few minutes after each other. The secret agent of the Central Powers got in first, and Gwyn met him in the dining room as he was eating breakfast. Both were clad in rough Western attire, having ridden the entire distance from Barstow by horseback, though along different roads.

At the first sight of him, Gwyn



From out of the brilliantly lighted little abode, laughing merry voices could be heard. "Busy celebrating the Easterner's arrival," Von Bleck half whispered to his companions. "We couldn't have chosen a better night for our little surprise."

comprehended. He had been followed. In an instant he recalled the conversations on the train, remembered how Von Bleck had attempted to talk business. Everything that had passed between them flashed like a bolt of lightning into his mind. He had no doubt that his suspicions were true. He walked over to the Central Powers' agent, and, without a preliminary word, said:

"Von Bleck, you've gone about far enough. I know who you are, what you are, and what you want. Look out. I'm working to save my nation—you are working to destroy it. I wouldn't for a moment allow such a little thing as your life to stand between me and my mission here. I warn you, keep out of my tracks—or it will be a fighting trail!"

Von Bleck said nothing. He merely sneered and resumed his meal, although it could be plainly seen in his features that the suddenness of Gwyn's accusation and his threat had thrown him off his guard.

Gwyn ate a hurried breakfast, and, after inquiring the way to Ybarra's mine, started out upon the back of a hired horse to find it.

It was said that the occurrences at Lost Mine that morning were unfortunate, and they were; for, when Von Bleck had finished his meal, and decided, despite Gwyn's caution, to follow the young mining engineer to his destination, and foil his plans, if such a thing were possible, he asked which trail to follow to Ybarra's. The name he found by reference to his notebook. As fate ruled, his appointed guides were none other than Shoestring Brant and Pomona, the two Indians who had prowled about the Spaniard's dwelling on the previous evening.

After they had led him several miles into the mountains, they discovered that he, too, was an enemy to Don Carlos Ybarra, and, due both to Von Bleck's shrewdness in the situation and that of the Indians, they struck a bargain. It was an immense bargain, almost as great and important as the one made by Gwyn and Balterman, but the conditions under which it was made were in sharp contrast to the other. It was agreed that if Von Bleck, through the aid of the Indians, should gain possession of Ybarra's noxite mine, the Indians were to be paid the fabulous sum of one million dollars, in addition to which Von Bleck was to aid them in what was more important than the money, to their minds—the abduction of Ybarra's daughter Nan.

Meanwhile, Nan and Yaqui Joe had gone to Lost Mine with a shipment of noxite to be sent to Gwyn's New York office. Nan left Joe in charge of it, with instructions for him to wait for the mail, while she hurried back across the mountain trail to her father, whom she did not care to leave alone.

She was riding leisurely along the narrow trail that led around the side of one of the mountains, when, suddenly rounding a curve, she met Gwyn face to face. The path was not wide enough for both horses to pass easily, and there was a sheer drop of more than five hundred feet into the valley from it. Nan's horse, frightened by the sudden appearance of Gwyn, reared and started to turn in his tracks. One of his feet slid over the edge of the trail and he commenced to fall. Gwyn, in an instant, was out of his saddle and beside her. It was useless to try to save the horse. Already he had lost his balance. Gwyn caught Nan just as she was about to go over the edge, and dragged her back to the trail, while her mount tottered on the brink for a brief second and toppled into space.

Nan, when she had recovered from the shock of her narrow escape, murmured her thanks and was wondering how she would reach her home, when

Gwyn astounded her by revealing his identity. He, also, was agreeably surprised to discover that she was the daughter of Don Carlos Ybarra, whom he was on his way to see. He had lost himself in the mountains, and was trying to find his way out when they met each other on the narrow trail.

She looked at him with her great, dark eyes, and Gwyn was overcome by her beauty and carefree freshness. "Father will be mighty glad to see you," she said, smiling at him. "He has been hoping for a long time that you would come out and see us. Let's see if we can get along together with one horse. I'll get on, and you jump up behind."

Gwyn did as she suggested, and they rode ahead through the trees and along the cañon, until they were presently out of sight of the scene of the accident.

CHAPTER V.

That night, shortly after dusk, when the Sierras were clouded with the evening mist, three figures emerged on horseback from the woods and advanced across the little clearing to Ybarra's hacienda. About fifty feet from the house they halted. The first figure turned toward the others. Von Bleck's deep voice addressed them.

"Listen!" he ordered curtly.

From out of the brilliantly lighted little abode, laughing, merry voices could be heard. Mingled all together could be recognized the speech of Don Carlos, Nan, and Gwyn.

"Busy celebrating the Easterner's arrival," Von Bleck half whispered to his companions. "We couldn't have picked a better night for our little surprise. Come now, altogether! Rush!"

Brant and Pomona, fluttering with nervous excitement, followed Von Bleck's lead. They dashed up to the hacienda, bolted through the unlocked door, and faced the occupants with drawn revolvers. Von Bleck had calculated that this would be all that was necessary, but even such efficiency experts of the Central Powers' "system" as he was some time calculate incorrectly. Neither Gwyn nor Ybarra threw up their hands in surrender. Instead, they drew their own weapons, and gave furious battle. Von Bleck and the Indians fired. Gwyn and Ybarra returned their shots. In the excitement no one was hit. For several minutes the fight raged—hand to hand at times—and then Don Carlos fell, a bullet in his head. Gwyn's gun was snatched from behind, and Nan was caught in the ironlike grasp of the chuckling Pomona.

"Get it! Get it!" Von Bleck yelled. "Hurry up, and then run!"

The Indians rushed together toward the kitchen, and suddenly stopped. They listened. Through the open door came the sodden clatter of hoofs upon the grass. The marauders knew immediately what it meant. Yaqui Joe, returning from town, had seen the spot where Nan had fallen and had seen her horse in the gully below. He was rushing to the house for Don Carlos. The position became dangerous. Taken thus by surprise, they might all be killed. Pomona released Nan and ran to the cover of the kitchen. Von Bleck followed, just as Yaqui Joe burst into the door and fired. The bullet pierced his hand, but Von Bleck leaped into the kitchen before he could shoot again, slammed the door, and bolted it.

For several minutes Gwyn and Joe hurled their bodies against the portal. At last it sagged and fell in, with the two men, battered and bruised, sprawling upon it. They looked up quickly, expecting to meet a volley of shots. Nothing happened. The kitchen was empty!

An open window, with broken panes, told the reason. But a few feet from it, the cover torn off, was an old, wooden chest. Yaqui Joe rested his

eyes upon it for a second. Then, with a little cry, ran to it and began rummaging through its contents.

"They've got it! They've got it!" he fairly shrieked. And then, reaching down one side, his finger pressed on something. The inner side flew open, revealing two large, sealed envelopes, yellow with age. "But they haven't got it all!" he shouted almost joyously. Rushing past Gwyn and Nan, who stood, mystified, in the center of the room, he ran into the adjoining room and knelt beside Ybarra. The old Spaniard opened his eyes dazedly and smiled at his servant. He took the envelopes from him and proceeded to tear them open with trembling fingers.

"Joe," he ordered, "follow their trail. Get it from them." The old Indian, hesitating not a moment, rushed out of the door, and in another moment could be heard galloping away through the night. Gwyn and Nan were beside him by this time. The girl looked down into the Spaniard's face and saw there a hidden terror. He was dying.

"Father! Father!" she whispered, her throat closing on the words as she realized that Don Carlos had reached the end.

Ybarra looked up at her and smiled bravely. His outstretched hand held a fluttering, bulky manuscript. The other envelope lay on the floor, beside him. Then, as if exerting all his energy, he spoke with quivering lips.

"Nan, dear," he said tenderly, "I am not your father. Don't let them get it—it's yours. Read this—read it, and know I loved you as my child. This is the story; it will explain."

Ybarra pushed the yellow papers into her hand and fell backward to the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STAR'S SECRET

WHENE'ER he takes me in his arms
Or by my side he's kneeling,
My head's a-clang with sweet alarms,
My ravished senses reeling.

I find it hard to realize
That some one is directing,
And wish, while gazing in his eyes,
He wasn't *merely acting.*

EVERETT LEIGHTON.

Dainty Dynamo of Drama

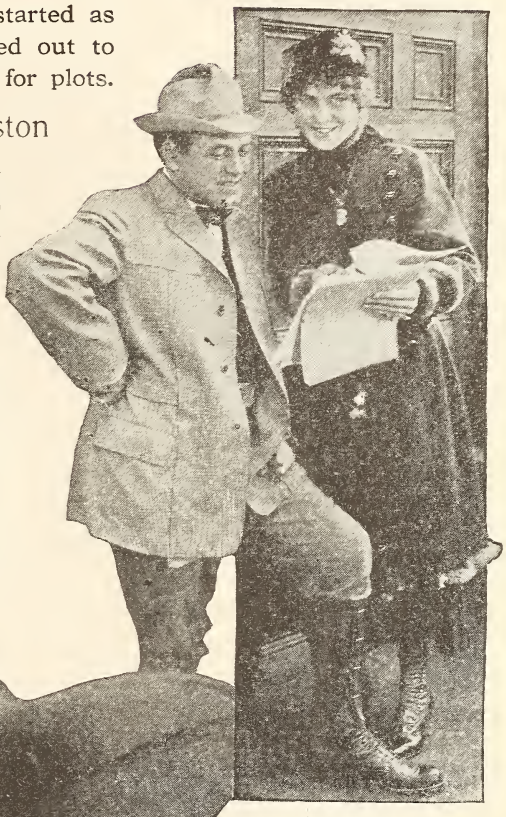
Jeanie MacPherson started as an actress and turned out to be a mental factory for plots.

By Ray Ralston

THE scenario writers have a gay and easy time—nothing to do but sit down in a big, comfortable chair before a nice desk and push a pencil, or stroll through the woods in search of an inspiration.

Scenario writers have a life especially easy—any one can dash off a plot for a motion picture in less than no time. If you don't believe it, ask Jeanie MacPherson, the clever writer at the Lasky studio.

Around the studio they call Miss MacPherson "Gentle Jane," because when there is to be any particular combat between the members of the fair sex, she is the one delegated to do it: witness her thrilling combat with Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen," and the battle with Mabel van Buren in "The Girl of the Golden West."



Miss MacPherson showing William Farnum what she will make him do.

A close-up of Jeanie MacPherson who turns out strings of picture dramas as though they were so much sausage.

When Miss MacPherson appears on the grounds, it is never to walk slowly and sedately, as great writers should—she has a cross between a fast walk and a run. If any one wishes to indulge in conversation with her, he must hurry along by her side; in other words, catch her coming or going.

For an office, she has a mountain

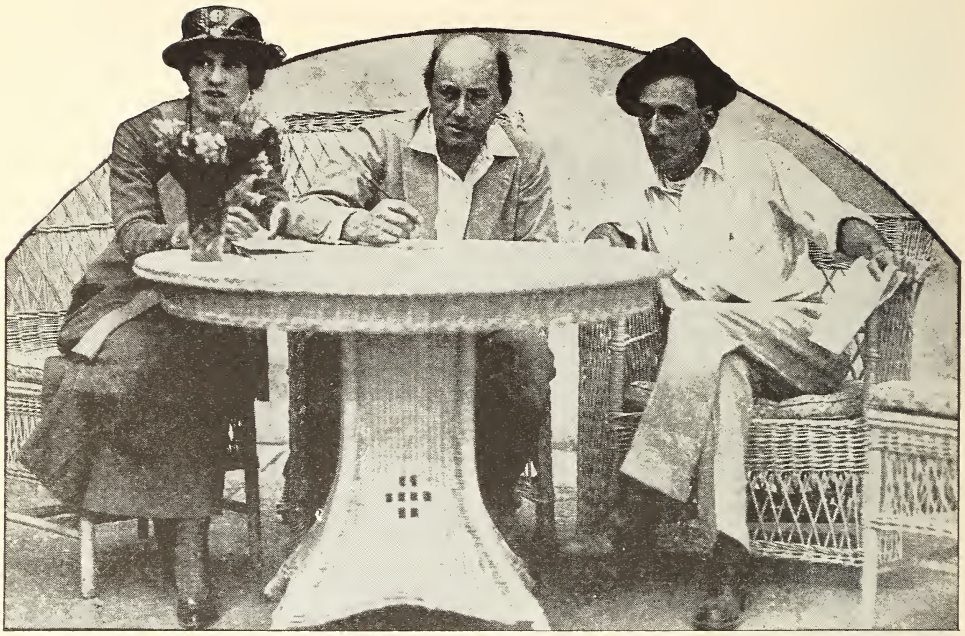
cabin—not up in the hills, but right in the Lasky administration building. Instead of being a plain, bare room, she has had the walls lined with wooden slabs—a huge stone fireplace erected in one corner, and even

Above, Lou Tellegen, Geraldine Farrar, and Jeanie MacPherson unanimously declare that scene 157 is very acceptable.

"Little Mary" and "Gentle Jane" have luncheon together in the fields during filming on locations.

the electric lighting fixtures are lanterns hung from the limbs of trees projecting from the bark-covered walls. Even the desk and heavy window shutters are in keeping with the mountain-cabin idea. A beautiful Navaho blan-

Jeanie is so used to hearing the twaddle and compliments of directors, that even such an unusual thing as a scolding from one Charles Spencer Chaplin strikes her as humorous.



Jeanie MacPherson, Cecil B. De Mille, director, and William C. De Mille, playwright, the triumvirate of drama, working on a story.

ket serves as a rug, and in the fireplace hangs a camp kettle. The whole room has the scent of the woods, and once inside, with the slab door shut, one is really far away in the mountains instead of in a mere office of a busy institution.

Now, Gentle Jane has nothing to do but write scenarios—that's all she has been doing for the past three years. Her "Carmen" conflict retired her from the film in a blaze of glory.

With all this idleness on her hands, one would expect Miss MacPherson to be a rotund, jovial person, instead of the slight, energetic, nervous being she really is. In all of Miss MacPherson's three years she has written more than twenty stories, which is a real task. Among them are "The Dream Girl," "The Golden Chance," "The Heart of Nora Flynn," "The Love Mask," "Joan the Woman," the great ten-reel spectacle in which Geraldine Farrar appeared; "A Romance of the Redwoods," and "The Little American," for Mary Pickford, and just at present she is engaged in preparing two stories for Miss Farrar's next screen appearances.

Just when Gentle Jane does not work has not been discovered. The first arrival at the studio in the morning finds the writer hard at work in her room; he knows she is there by seeing some sleepy servant carrying a tray of food from the studio kitchen to Miss MacPherson's room.

Cecil B. De Mille, the genius of the Lasky Company, for whom Miss MacPherson writes exclusively, is busy during the day, and is only able to confer with his writer in the evening. Consequently, after they have had their talk over the scenes, Gentle Jane has to spend several hours in making notes before her chauffeur is aroused from his uncomfortable couch in the rear seat of her car to drive her home.

Miss MacPherson says she has always known how to write, as in the early days of the photo drama she

William C. De Mille and Miss MacPherson, conferring over a manuscript.

wrote her own pictures, directed them, and played the prominent rôles. Then she came to the Lasky Company, where she did more writing and a little acting, but ever since "Carmen," her time has been taken up turning out stories for Mr. De Mille. Often the two collaborate on a story and work it out together; that is, Mr. De Mille conceives the plot and Miss MacPherson does all the work.

Two stenographers take the work of Gentle Jane; for, while she writes everything out first in longhand, her pencil flying across the paper, the work she does at night must be on her desk the next morning.

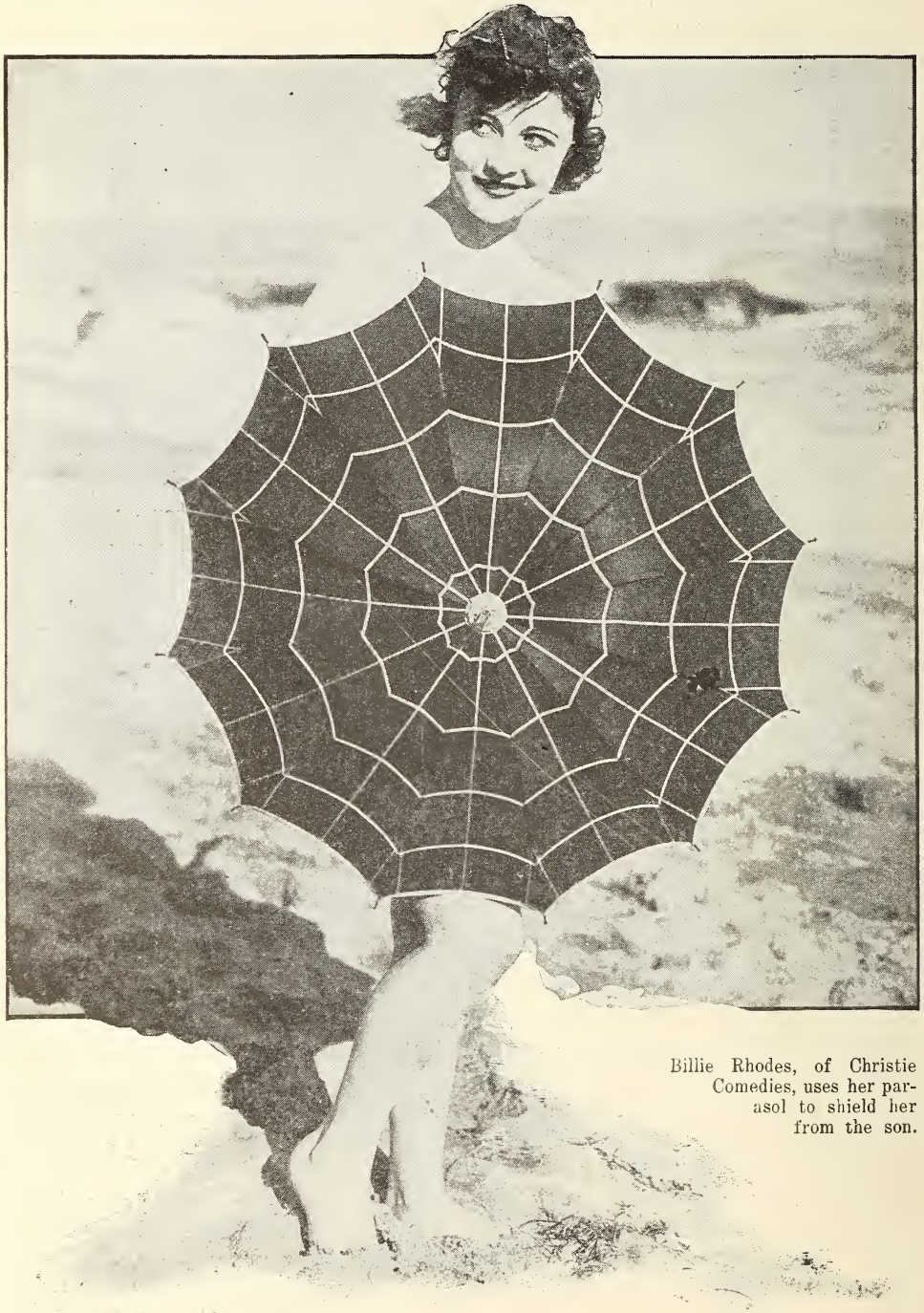
Miss MacPherson should be a writer, because she was born in Boston, of a Scotch father and a French mother, and is a direct descendant of the bonnie Prince Charlie. Her ancestors were all publishers and writers, and Jeanie was educated almost entirely in Paris. After returning from France, she went on the stage, appearing with Forbes-Robertson and then in "Strongheart," a play written by William C. De Mille, famous brother of the famous Cecil.

Jeanie then decided that the moving pictures were going to be everlasting, and looked up the names of some of the companies in a New York telephone directory, and before long was working for D. W. Griffith, one day playing bits and the next day playing as leading woman. She switched from the Biograph to the Universal, coming West with that company, and started in writing scenarios. Her scenarios were so good that she began directing, and finally had the task of playing the lead and directing her own scenarios. This overwork caused a breakdown, and, after a three months' rest, she played a special engagement in "The Sea Wolf," and was nearly drowned during the filming of one of the scenes.

When Cecil B. De Mille came West, and started the Lasky Company, he heard of Miss MacPherson, and immediately enticed her over to the Lasky studio, where she has been ever since.

Undress Parade at the Beaches

A bevy of beauties of world-wide fame, snapped as they pass the reviewing eye of the camera.



Billie Rhodes, of Christie Comedies, uses her parasol to shield her from the son.

Margaret Thompson and Clara Williams, at the top of the page, providing a little domestic Hawaiian stuff, prove that Waikiki isn't in it with Los Angeles.

Juanita Hansen, basking her beauty on the sandy beach beside the Pacific, poses for camera men and any others who may be interested in bathing suit styles, while she waits for the water to get warm.

Another important figure seen at the ocean's edge. Bebe Daniels, Pathé's trim star, is disgusted—her bathing suit got wet. Bebe is very inconsiderate. She casts all her coy glances at some one else, and refuses to flirt out of the page with us.

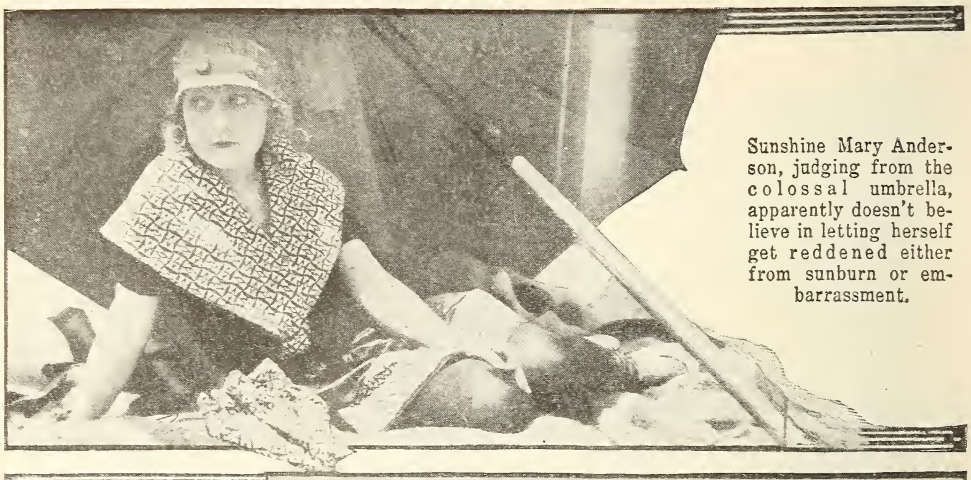
Above, Douglas Fairbanks and his leading lady, Eileen Percy, have a little private pool in which to enjoy their aquatic exercises. Doug and Eileen are entirely too valuable, both to the country in general and the banking business in particular, to take any chances with the submarines in the ocean.

Jackie Saunders, like a few other women, is very particular about her appearance. When the ocean breezes dishevel her golden locks, Jackie creeps off into ambush and rearranges them "just so." She evidently thinks some man on the beach might look at her hair.

Vivacious Margaret Gibson, in patriotic adornment, is a cross between the Statue of Liberty and the American flag. With Margaret wig-wagging—and dancing girls can wigwag nowadays—and guarding our shores, it would be a rather gentle and tender approach that an alien enemy would make—unless sight of her started them fighting among themselves.

This is a sample line of Keystone's well-developed talent. Every one of these nine—count 'em—nine, water-loving maids could fill one man's life with happiness. Oh, for the life of a catfish!

Can you imagine any one so coquetishly clad as Norma Talmadge is here, going off to a deserted, rocky beach and amusing herself with candies and a canine? And look at the dog. All he is appreciating is the bonbons. What can you expect an animal to know about fashions and beauty anyway.



Sunshine Mary Anderson, judging from the colossal umbrella, apparently doesn't believe in letting herself get reddened either from sunburn or embarrassment.

New York City and vicinity absolutely refuses to accept California styles. Selznick's starettes shine forth in the economical suit, skirt subtracted, because of the war or something or other.

Below, Miss Beverly Bayne is seen on the beach without a hero. If the photographer had shown us the other end of the dog's leash, we might have seen F. X. Bushman or some other fortunate friend.

The Teare Wells

A screen comedienne who is a prosperous oil magnate in addition to being a film favorite.

By Charles Carter

THIS is the first time that a movie queen has been the heroine of a real Sunday-school story with a moral and beautiful sentiments from cover to cover.

The moral of the story is this: Buy your aged bungalows and you shall own oil wells and everything. Ethel Teare, of the Keystone Film Company is the heroine. Some go into the movies because they hear the call of art. Miss Teare went into the movies because the Teare family needed the money, and she happened

Miss Ethel Teare, who Keystones for comedies in working hours, supervising work at her own oil well in California.

to be a deliciously pretty girl. With some of her very first savings she bought a bungalow in a rather unpretentious neighborhood for her father and mother. It was on the outskirts of Los Angeles, on a high mesa which rolls off to the westward until the sky line meets the broad Pacific.

The bungalow was a little work of art. The family was mobilized, and they all put on their overalls and made the garden and put in lawns. Ethel got the garden-digging fever herself, and hurried home every day from the studio to see how the sweet peas and the weeds in the front lawn were getting on.

One day, as she was working on the front lawn, a heavy dirt wagon went trundling by. She straightened up to get the crick out of her back, and saw something dribbling off the back end of the wagon. It was sand. And it wasn't ordinary sand. The girl's quick eye saw that it was black, and after the wagon had passed she examined some of the sand that had fallen off. It was reeking with crude oil. She found out from the driver, on his next trip, where the sand came from. The result was that she took an option on the lot from which the sand was being hauled, and after being told by an expert that the fluid seeping out of the ground was really oil she

took an option on the property. The oil business in and around Los Angeles has developed to a very great extent in just this way. E. L. Doheney, the Tampico oil king, who is one of the richest men in the world, started by finding oil sand in his own back yard and sinking a well down in the middle of his wife's pansy bed.

Miss Teare isn't a Tampico oil queen yet, but she started in much the same manner.

After taking the option on the lot, she plunged through the middle of her bank account to the extent of bringing out an oil expert to look at the goo seeping out of the ground. His verdict was favorable.

In these days it costs something to drill for oil. If it only costs you ten thousand dollars to strike oil you are getting off easily.

Miss Teare at that time didn't have the money to bore for oil on her property, so she had to take in a little outside capital. The oil well, after many anxious weeks, turned out to be a success. It wasn't in the Lakeview gusher class, but it was "regeler ile." Out of her profits she has invested in another well, now being drilled.

Ethel is now lying awake nights waiting to be informed by telephone that they have struck oil. She says this one will either make or break her.

Meanwhile her dressing room looks like a chemist's office. Sample bottles of oil stand in rows. She knows more about "specific gravity" than any comedienne has a right to know about any kind of gravity.

Also, it may be mentioned down here in a footnote that the Teare bank account is growing to large proportions.

We add in a hushed whisper: No, she is not married—yet.

TO ANITA LOOS

SOME ivorydomes have oft remarked
That brains and beauty never
Go hand in hand, but here and now
I nail that lie forever.
Such babblers, it is plain to me,
Rate less than the half-witted;
They'd change what little minds they own,
If they had been permitted
To see Anita.

For 'neath Anita's elfin hat
Are more ideas, by jingo,
Than ten he-egoes in a bunch
Could put in picture lingo.
Besides, she is a cameo
To make the he-goop stutter,
And grab his wildly bounding heart,
And sadly, sweetly mutter,
"I've seen Anita!"

ROBERT V. CARR.

Three Million-Dollar Smiles

A smile is a happy thing, and valuable. How much is yours worth — and how many motors can you buy with the proceeds?

By J. B. Waye

THE constellation above consists of the three brightest stars—both artistically and financially speaking—that could be found any place in this world. It is doubtful if, even in the remotest corners of the earth, there is any one who is not familiar with the names of Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chaplin.

Each of these three fortunate ones has accumulated his wealth himself—none of them was rich by inheritance. And their smiles—together with their brains—have been, to a great extent, responsible for their success.

The incomes of these three, combined, reach somewhere not far from three millions of dollars every year.

Compare these three to any of the business men who have accumulated as much money in as short a time. How would you feel if you were to meet a magnate, were he railroad man, broker, or trust head? Sunday clothes and nervousness would be prominent, no doubt. But pass Doug, Little Mary, or Charlie on the street, if you know them, and they'll turn and grab your hand. They are different. In short, they are all just "regular fellows."

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on the best and latest pictures, written by America's foremost dramatic authority.

By Alan Dale

"When True Love Dawns"
(World Film)

THE title of this picture sounds like Sarah-Jane, and *is* Sarah-Jane. Its story reminds me of the once-popular play, "The Ironmaster," translated into the simple language of the screen. It is a French picture, I am told, and that may account for some of the dreadful-looking people it contains, especially the youths.

The more I see of French, the better I like American pictures, though this particular film is programmed as a "Brady International Service World Picture," which you must admit is awfully portentous. True love dawned, of course, when the more or less lovely gell discovered that the man she had married for his cash was a perfect gentleman, whilst the artist with whom she was on the verge of eloping was what they call in the classics "poor fruit."

Incidentally, her brother loses his money, and hers, by horse racing, *and* you see the horse race, which you *might* be very glad *not* to see. Her grandmother, who is a duchess (you know they love titles in France), is forced to retrench, and, to help her out, the heroine marries the man, for whom her love dawns in the fifth reel. And there you are! The "titles" used in the picture are so Sarah-Jane-y that

A scene from "When True Love Dawns," the first of a series of French films released by World.

they appeal to the sense of humor at the wrong time. "Her Heart's Refuge," for instance, gets on one's nerves; and, as for the legend, "The Path of Duty Leads to True Happiness," even the movie fans must snicker at that. Really, considerable attention should be paid to the titling of a picture. Men of ability, with some literary judgment, should be consulted. Frequently these titles are not merely ludicrous, but they are illiterate, and this should be rectified.

Miss Susan Grandaise played the "lead" in this picture. She is a self-conscious young woman, but not a bad actress. Brenton Marchville was the husband in the case, and typically French. I thought that the best bit of acting was contributed by Marie Jalabert, who was the *Duchess,* and—as the reporter would say—"every inch the duchess."

"Mother o' Mine"

(Universal)

THE only picture of the month that aroused my enthusiasm was the delightful story entitled "Mother o' Mine," which, it is only fair to announce, was the work of E. J. Clawson. Usually it is *unfair* to proclaim the names of picture authors. Here was a film that, by the most legitimate and the most unsensational of methods, proved to be pathetic, in the best and nonmaudlin sense of the word, and interesting at the same time. In fact, here was a film without one dull moment.

It was a "mother" story, and an admirable one—not the sloppy "mother" affair that we see so frequently on the legitimate stage. The old woman lived in the "country," and her son John (have you noticed that the sons of stage mothers are always called "John?") went to the big city to make his name and fortune. And—he forgot his poor old mother. That is to say, he forgot to go and see her. He was kind, he wrote letters, but he was invariably too busy to take the trip.

The poor old dame at last decided that she would visit her recalcitrant boy. The scene of her arrival at his stately mansion was admirable. How difficult it was to get to him! How the flunkeys on guard at the portals checked her efforts! How rejoiced she was when she finally landed inside the house! He was receiving his lordly guests, and it was a swell function! The agony of the old mother when she discovers that her son actually introduces her as his nurse and is ashamed to announce her as his mother was beautifully shown, with not one atom of overelaboration. This was so artistic and charming that one's eyes grew moist.

The disillusioned mother returned to the farm, without one word of reproach to her boy. She had brought him jam and clothes and other domestic products with the fond maternal instinct that had never become extinct. Later on, the son, overcome with remorse, sought out his mother, and made due amends. Bald in the telling, this story actually gripped. It was one of the best pictures I have ever seen. It had truth, artistic idea, imagination, and dramatic power.

Miss Ruby La Fayette was exquisite as the old woman. Here was a piece of acting that, in the drama, would place this actress in the front ranks. And—permit me to say it—I do not recall having seen her before.

"Patsy"

(Fox)

WHY are pies so funny in pictures? What is it that gives the modest and unassuming pie such a prominent position in the jocundity of the screen? Whenever a scenario gentleman is at a loss for a

humorous incident—and I find that this is of frequent occurrence—he introduces a lemon meringue pie, and induces the comedy person to sit on it. Apple pie, mince pie, peach pie are all delights to the films, but it is the lemon meringue that brings out the wit, the humor, and the intellectuality of the picture humorist. Really, one would think that pies are made to-day for the pictures. They revel in pie; they advertise its lost merits; they bubble with mirth as they consider it. Never—never was there such a joyous and diaphanously merry contrivance as—pie. Pie!

Pie occurs in the picture entitled "Patsy." Naturally. "Patsy" is supposed to be full of the joy of living, and the pictures translate that joy into —pie. Otherwise, I should say that the story of "Patsy" was rather stupefying. If you can conceive of a plot in which the man who loves the heroine is already married to his own butler's wife, you may perhaps be thankful that pie steps in to relieve the situation.

Can pie step? Really, I don't know. If it can't step, what can it do?

After all, perhaps it is safer to say that pie occurs!

Miss June Caprice plays *Patsy,* and she is a pretty girl, but one of those aggressive hoydens that the legitimate stage gave up years ago. To-day the ingénue has replaced the hoyden in the "legit," and possibly that will happen in the films later.

Miss Caprice is young, lissome, alert, and vivacious. She will probably clamor for something better than "Patsy" in the sweet anon.

The climax of Universal's "Mother o' Mine."

"The Message of the Mouse"

(Vitagraph)

HAVE you ever noticed that the lovely damsels of the screen love to pose amid foliage and peer at the glad hero through autumn

Jane Caprice, in her latest release entitled "Patsy."

leaves? It is fearfully cute! Take Anita Stewart, for instance, in "The Message of the Mouse." You see her fondling foliage, coquetting coyly with branches, and persistently posing. Unfortunately, even in pictures where you expect anything, or everything, there is no foliage in interiors. So Miss Stewart had to do without her beloved trees indoors. Isn't that a pity? Why do not trees grow in drawing-rooms?

I should call "The Message of the Mouse" a sort of melodramatic chowder, in which the expected hates to happen, but *does* happen. It can scarcely be taken seriously. It is delicately compounded of secret agents, spies, messages contained in capsules, in the stems of flowers, and in bronze vases, codes blazoned forth in invisible ink, a revolving chimney, and a desk that appears mysteriously from the ceiling.

And then the mouse. This particular mouse—and I should think it could get a good vaudeville engagement—picks up a message that the villain has written to the villainess, and carries it to the benign and beautiful heroine.

If this had been a Keystone comedy, the heroine would have jumped on a chair and pulled up her skirts; but it was melodrama, and she did nothing of the sort. She took possession of mouse's paper, and discovered thereby a most important piece of information that she gave to the secret service—and to us!

The villain arranged a frightful explosion for no other purpose than to get the people at the house party out of the house, so that he could rummage for papers! This was another factor in the chowder that gave it a flavor. I refuse to say what sort of flavor.

And so it went, until the fifth reel released us from our more or less thrills. What elephantine efforts for the poor little thrills! Miss Anita

Stewart, amid the foliage, looked very pretty—also when not amid the foliage. She is really too young to need foliage. She can leave it to older stars, of whom there are many.

"Her Excellency, the Governor"

(Triangle)

THE pictures really are ingenious. Nobody can deny that. For instance, in "Her Excellency, the Governor," we have the governor madly in love with the lieutenant governor, who is a charming woman—in fact, almost a lady. Talk of your "love and politics!"

I suppose that this picture might be dedicated to the suffrage movement. It certainly shows woman's superiority and poor old man's lamentable inferiority. She is so good and pure; he is so bad and impure. The colors of each are laid on thickly—one might almost say that they are daubed on. The story deals with a child-labor bill which the politician vetoes and the politicianess supports. The governor is in the hands of a villainous "boss," and does his bidding. Later the question of the president's war appropriations of men and funds comes up. Again the governor is impelled by his Nemesislike "boss" to veto it, and the lovely lieutenant governor is in favor. And this time the lady wins. She wins in the last reel by a ruse that might be called far-fetched.

There is a constitutional provision to the effect that the lieutenant governor shall act, in the event that the governor is out of the State. So the lovely heroine asks the gentleman to take her to luncheon on the other side of the State line. Although governor, he has a "loving heart." He accepts the situation, and off go the twain in one of the best "movie" automobiles. They are no sooner at the restaurant than she slips away, drives back to the capitol, announces the absence of the governor, and—signs the bill.

Curtain—or very nearly. When the governor discovers what has been done, and listens to his "boss" giving the poor lady lieutenant governor a fine dose of "beans," he kicks the gentleman from the room—and all is well, and wed-

One of Anita Stewart's many struggles in "The Message of the Mouse."

Bessie Barriscale was better than the story in Triangle's "Borrowed Plumage."

dingy. Wilfred Lucas and Miss Elda Millar are the participants in this case of political amour.

"'Hell' Morgan's Girl"

(Universal)

I WAS informed that this rather conspicuous title was designed for selling purposes, and as a long course of the "legit" has familiarized me with the potency of the "cuss word," I can quite believe it. The picture, at any rate, is quite lurid enough to live up to its title. It has "Hell" Morgan's daughter as its heroine, and that always popular institution, the "social derelict," as its hero. And its scenes are laid in California and the "Barbary Coast."

The young woman, of course, is "good at heart." In her own room she is "refined," though in "Pop's" joint she goes the pace. There she meets the social derelict, who talks like a dime novel—thereby emulating the picture itself. The picture, for instance, asks: "What was there within her soul that made her crave the beautiful things of life?" And it had plenty to say of "ashes of degradation," and "the demon drink." (In the legitimate, we call "the demon drink" the "coise of liquor." I don't know which is better, or worse.)

In one episode the derelict throws whisky at Venus—which is one of "Hell" Morgan's art treasures, and there is a pictorial fight. All, of course, tends toward the 'love" of the daughter for the derelict and for the regeneration of both. In pictures—and also in drama—people are regenerated so easily and pleasantly. "'Hell' Morgan's Girl" is by no means devoid of grip, and the end is spectacular.

You are wondering why all the characters wore the garbs of a few years

ago, and you discover that the reason for it is that the film shows the earthquake in San Francisco. This was not badly done, but still it was just as well that we knew what it was intended to represent. We *might* not have guessed. I presume that it was the *sine qua non* of the affair. At any rate, it solved the mystery of the costumes.

Miss Dorothy Phillips and Joseph Girard were the principal actors, and Miss Lilyan Rosine played a siren in the conventional sirenic manner. On the whole, "'Hell' Morgan's Girl" was above the average.

"Borrowed Plumage"

(Triangle)

THE "Georgian day" has its uses. At least it is a fine excuse to "dress up" in those costumes that theatrical people adore and to make a valiant effort in the cause of "atmosphere." "Borrowed Plumage" is terribly full of atmosphere. I have heard that commodity alluded to, in our ugly vernacular, as "hot air." I merely mention that fact, for I could not bring myself to use such an expression.

Miss Bessie Barriscale is the central figure of "Borrowed Plumage." She is the "kitchen wench"—how early English that sounds, doesn't it?—in Selkirk Hall, home of the Earl of Selkirk, don't ye know. She loves the gay life she sees around her, and longs to have a piece of it all for her own. Naturally she does manage to secure it.

There are rumors of war; there are rebellions; there are uprisings, and chaos reigns. When the invader comes, the gallant earl and all his household rush away for safety, and the kitchen wench remains. Attired in the garb of Lady Angelica, she has her innings, and you understand why the picture was written, or made. The plot is as thick as pea soup, and rather indigestible. It carries you through all sorts of exploits—very Georgian, don't ye know—and the kitchen wench even dresses up as a boy in order to pass the sentries, and—save her lover. Of course, I haven't mentioned the small fact that there was a lover, for the reason that if there hadn't been one, "Borrowed Plumage" would not have been offered to an enthusiastic public.

Miss Barriscale is better than her picture. She is a clever little woman, and the more I see her the more I appreciate her. She does many things very well, indeed. Arthur Maude and Barney Sherry did their best to help in the task of putting the picture "over." I hope they succeed, not for the sake of "Borrowed Plumage" but for the sake of its little star.

"Big Timber"

(Paramount)

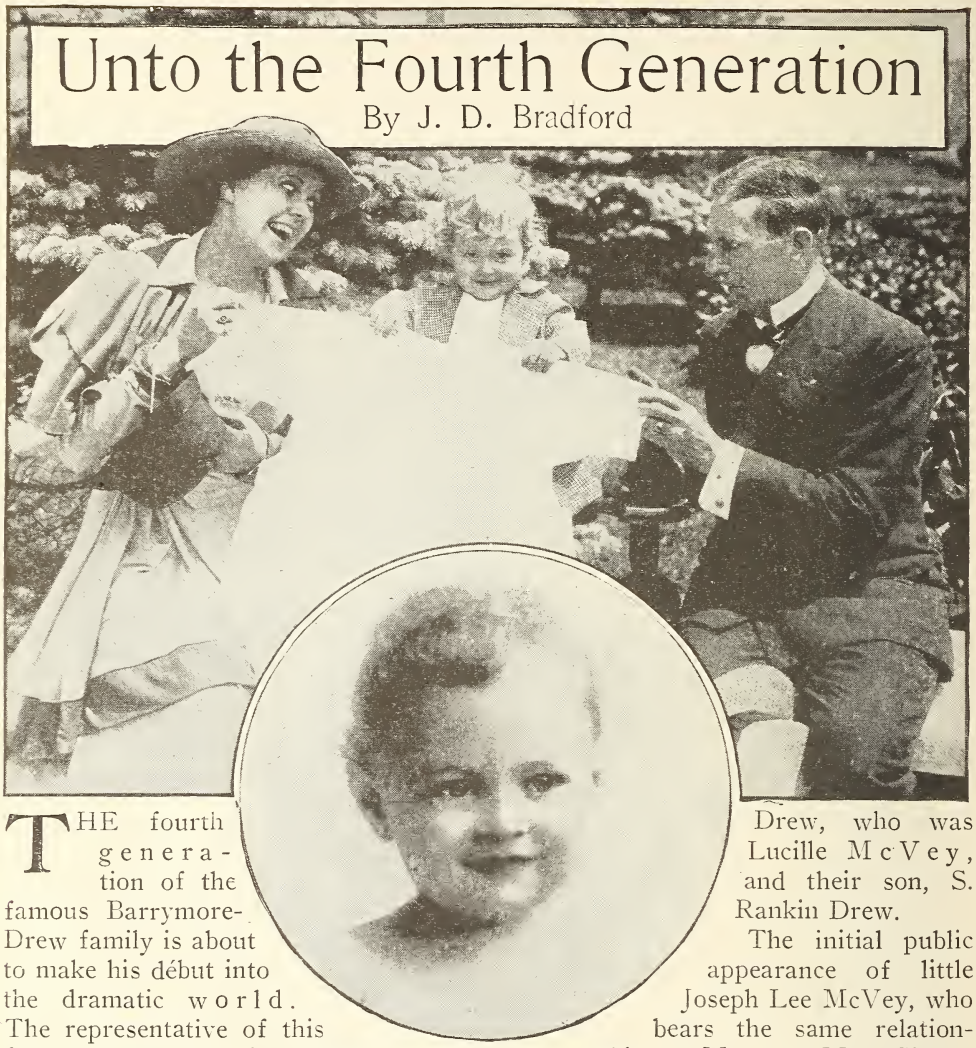
UNLESS you are frightfully interested in timber—and I confess I am not—you will find "Big Timber" rather pallid and dull. The lovely society lassie who goes to live with her brother in the lumber camp, and cooks angelically for the men, is not an alluring character. Nor is her story entertaining. You learn that she has lost her beautiful singing voice, and you do not lament a bit. You are further glad that this is a picture, so that when she recovers that voice—as she inevitably must do—you will not be forced to listen to it.

Sure enough, it returns, and she grows so rich that she is able to retrieve her husband's lost fortunes—also his lost wife, which she happens to be, having left the suffering lumberman. The "big-timber" gentleman, therefore, thanks to the voice which you do not hear, ends happily with his own wife, and fortune intact—or reasonably so.

The "real forest fire," it seems, is the excuse for the film. It is quite a long picture, and it seems longer.

Unto the Fourth Generation

By J. D. Bradford



THE fourth generation of the famous Barrymore-Drew family is about to make his début into the dramatic world. The representative of this fourth generation is Joseph Lee McVey, nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. He is two years and nine months old.

The romance of Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew united the Barrymores and Drews and formed the first generation of one of the most famous families in the world. Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew were as popular in their day as are Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore, and John and Sidney Drew to-day. Others bound by the same lineal ties who are renowned in theatricals now are Mrs. Sidney Drew, who was Lucille McVey, and their son, S. Rankin Drew.

The initial public appearance of little Joseph Lee McVey, who bears the same relationship to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew as do John and Lionel Barrymore, brings before the world the fourth generation. Joseph makes his début in support of his uncle in a Metro comedy entitled "The Deadly Calm." He did not work under lights.

The youngest actor of the Drew clan was born on December 18, 1914. But he will not be the youngest for long, for little Lucille McVey, a niece of the famous comedy team, will be cast for a rôle as soon as she is old enough. Her début is still several months in the future.

Capturing the Camp with Celluloid

The perils of war begin early for the movie men at the training camps.

By Charles Gatchell

Peggy Climbs the Lad-

Another invasion by the English which has resulted favorably for both sides.

Peggy Hyland, with the one admirer who followed her from abroad.

IT was just two years ago that one of the big ocean liners docked at the bustling New York pier and a tiny stranger alighted—lonesome and homesick at the sight of her fellow passengers being welcomed by scores of loved ones. But this little stranger is a stranger no longer. Instead she is one of the best-loved film stars in America, and her name is Peggy Hyland. On this day she was on her way to the Famous Players studio, where she was to work in "Saints and Sinners." It had taken just bushels of courage and confidence to leave her people in England, but Peggy Hyland fairly brims over with determination, and she had fully made up her mind to become a famous movie star.

Three years before this, she was ignorant of the theatrical profession, and one of the many guests at an English week-end party. It was here, however, that her future was changed, for another guest who was credited with seeress powers proclaimed great success for her if she would go on the stage. Somehow she had always longed to act, and many, many times her feelings had been

der to Success

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

seriously hurt when her brothers and sisters had insisted upon her giving out the programs instead of playing a part in the charades at the holiday season. But now that she had really made up her mind to seek fame and fortune behind the footlights, and was soon visiting the theatrical managers without the sanction of her parents.

At the very first place she applied she was offered a part—small, but nevertheless a real part.

"No, thank you," she faltered, frightened to death at even the thought of such a thing. "I just want to be in the chorus until I get used to it."

Doubtless the manager was somewhat taken back by this unexpected turn in affairs. At any rate, she was placed in the chorus in accordance with her request—but she did not stay there very long.

The next thing she knew Cyril Maud had offered her one of the minor parts in his new play. She acted this with so much realism and scored such a hit that she finally found herself cast in the rôle of the heroine.

The triumvirate of success. At the left, Charles Brabin, director, Miss Hyland, and "Bill" Davidson, leading man.

But all this time the call of the films had been sounding in her ears, and she finally secured her first engagement to appear before the camera in "The Love of an Actress." The silent drama then and there won a new recruit from the ranks of the legitimate stars, and pretty Peggy was well started on her way to success via filmdom. After this she played in "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Infelice," and "Cast."

It was in one of the latter that she made such a strong appeal to the officials of the Famous Players Company that they gave her a contract provided she would come to America. And this brings us to where we started our story!

In "Saints and Sinners" she proved as refreshing and charming as the company had predicted she would. Then the Vitagraph Company prevailed upon her to support E. H. Sothern in his first motion picture, "The Chattel," which she did with such success that she was immediately starred in "Rose of the South," "Her Right to Live," "The Enemy," "Intrigue," "Babette," and "The Sixteenth Wife." And now comes the crowning success of her young career. She has been accorded the honor of being the first star of the Mayfair Film Corporation, where she starred first in "Persuasive Peggy."

This story offers her innumerable opportunities of displaying her abilities and charm, and the second production, now being prepared, does not fall below the first in any way.

Miss Hyland herself is delighted with her new company, and works constantly in order that her many kind friends will be pleased with her efforts.

WANTED—AN IDEAL WIFE

ONE of the very prominent young leading men of the screen of to-day is unmarried. We recently asked him about his apparent ill luck, and he told us it was a matter of misfortune as far as he was concerned, but that the lady who might fulfill his dreams had not yet appeared. This seemed strange to us, as we know that he is well acquainted with some of the sweetest unmarried dreams it has been our pleasure to meet. However, upon further questioning we found that she who would cause him to take the great leap must be——

Beautiful; but must not flirt with any other man.

Musical; she must play the classics as well as ragtime, and sing.

Domestic; she must be at home in the apartment kitchenette, and be able to fill his aching void on the cook's off day.

Loving; but to him only.

Clothes; she must wear them well, neat, and in taste.

Saving; she must help him save, not spend it all in a summer.

Literature; she must be up in the best.

Drama; she must be able to exchange intelligent criticisms.

Disposition; she must smile at all times, agree with him in everything, never doubt, and be obedient. "He" is always to be "Right."

Bad Points; she must not have a single one, and she shall have to be just as alluring in an apron as in a bathing suit.

Worldly Goods; she should have her own automobile, and be comfortable in her own right.

Athletic; she must swim, skate, ride, and play tennis.

Her feet and hands must be small. Her hair—— Well, he hasn't decided on its color yet, but it must be long and silken. The question is—does she live?

Far be it from us to act as a matrimonial bureau for actors who have wearied the bilious lights and tired food of cabarets, but we are as curious to know if this ideal exists. If she does, we stand ready to deliver mail and attend to details for—— But we won't tell his name. We'll just say that, despite appearances, our hero is not a crank. He has just seen too much of screen vampires, we guess.

Baby Mine

To quote Shakespeare: "It is a wise father that knows his own child." This comedy which begins with a quaint luncheon and ends in a near-riot, is a case in point.

By Margaret Mayo

IT is not always the weak who lean upon the strong. Sometimes the order is reversed, as in the case of Jimmy Jinks, who in his senior year at college weighed a hundred and ninety pounds and leaned upon his much weaker and younger classmate, Alfred Hardy. The way in which the huge Jimmy deferred to Alfred made copy for the college-song writers and humorists. Alfred, who was the dignified type of youth, and had little humor in his make-up, resented these witticisms; but Jimmy grinned and enjoyed them. "The Lord gave me a bigger body, and He gave you a bigger brain," Jimmy would say. "If you want somebody licked, I'm your man; but if it's a mental fight, I'll back you against the school."

That was in the bright college years. Jimmy revised his opinion later, when his superman friend selected as his fiancée a very alluring beauty, whom

"The Lord gave me a bigger body and He gave you a bigger brain," Jimmy would say.

Jimmy catalogued as "a bit of fluff; an animated doll." How she had mastered Alfred was at first a problem for Jimmy; but, not content with that conquest, she assumed authority over Jimmy Jinks himself, insisted that it was time he was married, and introduced him to Aggie Darling, a girl whose good looks were not to be compared with Zoie's, but whose "head was in the right place," as Jimmy expressed it. The outcome of which was that there was a double wedding, with Zoie and Aggie in the limelight, and Alfred and Jimmy as the support.

Chicago was good to the young benedicts. Alfred, as was to be expected, quickly made a name and a place for himself in the business world, and he set himself to the task of accumulating a fortune with a zeal that Zoie scarcely appreciated, for business to her was a bore. Mrs. Jinks, on the other hand, being more practical, aided considerably in the development of Jimmy's business ability, and never objected when office work interfered with her pleasure. The quartet saw each other often—but not too often.

So far the scheme of things was not complicated; then came the fatal lunch!

It was not a prearranged lunch; for, if Jimmy Jinks had had an intuition that it was coming off, he would have dropped into the lake or done some other desperate deed to avoid the mad, glad hour.

It was a luncheon for two, with the fluffy Zoie as the self-invited guest, and the large, perspiring, bewildered Jimmy Jinks as the unenthusiastic host.

Zoie Hardy had been shopping. She was hungry. Impossible, of course, for her to lunch alone. Providence sent Jimmy to her aid. He was passing the most sumptuous restaurant in Chicago at the precise moment Zoie was viewing wistfully from her taxi the ornate entrance. Coincidence, if you like, but Zoie took it as an illustration of how beautifully Determinism works in the affairs of human beings.

She was out of the cab in a moment.

"Oh, you darling!' she murmured into Jimmy's ear. Her arms were reaching up to his broad shoulders. His head was jerked down to meet a flower-like face. With a shock he realized he was gazing into the baby-blue eyes of Zoie. "I'm *so* glad I saw you," she gushed. "You've saved my life. I'm starving, Jimmy; starving. And I couldn't go in there all by my lonesome and be stared at as if I were an exhibit in the zoo. Providence has sent you. Take me to lunch, Jimmie."

He muttered something about "a business appointment." but Zoie only laughed. "You foolish boy, it isn't every day you have the chance of lunching with a pretty woman," she told him. "Business can wait. Come!" And clutching his arm, she led him into the La Salle, and selected a table in a corner of the big dining room.

"It's fun to lunch with somebody else's husband," she said merrily.

Jimmy had no reply. He was wondering what Aggie would say about it; wondering whether Alfred would be peeved; wondering whether he ought to make a bolt for it and leave Zoie to her own resources. He compromised by ordering the waiter to hurry. But Zoie sweetly countermanded the order, and insisted that she must have time to select her dishes carefully. With her elbows on the table, she bubbled and sparkled and flirted openly with the unhappy Jimmy.

At the ultimate end she declared she had never enjoyed herself so much. Jimmy muttered what was meant for agreement, mechanically paid his check —and committed the unpardonable sin of neglecting to tip the waiter.

Jimmy promptly put the episode out of his mind. He was not at all eager to remember it; besides, he had other

things to think about—the near approach of the wedding anniversary, for instance.

In the forenoon of the following day, while he was figuring on his desk pad and wondering just what kind of present to give his wife, his telephone bell rang violently. Zoie was on the other end of the wire—a highly excited Zoie apparently.

"Jump into a taxi at once and come here!" she commanded.

"What's the matter?" cried Jimmy.

"Don't ask questions!" she shrieked. "Come—right away—this minute!"

Jimmy went. He found Zoie in tears.

"What—what's happened?" stammered Jimmy.

"Alfred's gone!" she sobbed.

"Gone where?" asked Jimmy.

"Gone—just gone. Don't you understand? I don't know where he's gone, but he's gone. I just phoned his office, and—and he wasn't there."

"Oh, come, now," said Jimmy soothingly. "It's just a little family tiff. It'll blow over. Did he get mad about something?"

"H'm! h'm!" She nodded. "About you, Jimmy."

"About *me!* Good Lord! What have *I* done?"

"You took me to lunch, Jimmy, and now you have destroyed our happiness."

Jimmy dropped limply into a chair.

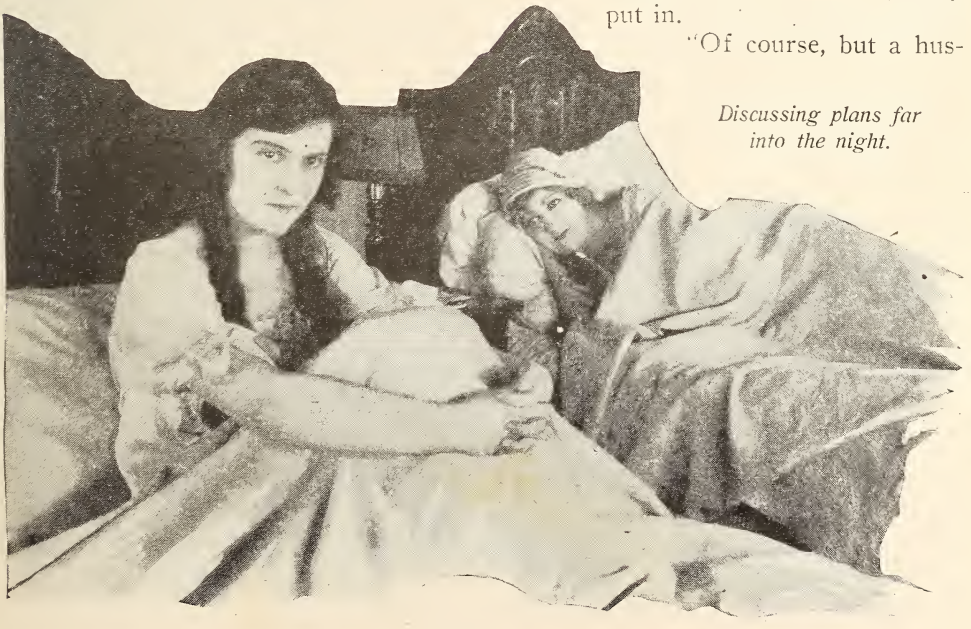
"Of course he doesn't know it's you that has incurred his enmity," she went on. "I didn't tell him who was with me; in fact, I lied about being out to lunch at all."

Jimmy's jaw dropped open. "Begin at the beginning," he begged. "I don't understand."

Zoie looked at him pityingly. "Men are so dense," she said. "Well, listen: It seems a waiter in the La Salle told him I had had lunch with a man. He said nothing about it last night—was just as sweet as he could be. But this morning, when I said something about lunch, he asked me, quite casually: 'Where did you lunch *yesterday?*' And I answered, just as casually, 'I had none, dear.' Then he went off the handle; told me I lied, and——"

"And didn't you?" Jimmy put in.

"Of course, but a hus-



Discussing plans far into the night.

band should not talk to a wife like that. I listened while he told me what Henri —the waiter you didn't tip, you stupid fellow!—what Henri told him. I assured him that Henri was mistaken, and he flung out of the room in a rage."

"You should have told him the truth," Jimmy insisted. "There should be no secrets between husbands and wives."

"Did you tell Aggie?" she asked quickly.

Jimmy reddened. "Why—er—no. I didn't think of it."

"Thank Heaven for that!" she exclaimed. "You must not tell her, Jimmy."

"Certainly I will," insisted Jimmy.

"Then if you do, I'll tell her that you *enticed* me. Oh, why—why did I marry a jealous husband!" She burst into a fit of sobbing.

Jimmy moved across the room and stood by the arm of her chair. Maybe he patted her shoulder, but, at any rate, the hysterical Zoie flung her arms about him and wept on his waistcoat.

The door opened, and Alfred, accompanied by his secretary, came in. "So!" boomed the aggrieved husband. Zoie shrieked and fled through her bedroom door. Jimmy swung around, and, in his bewilderment, shook hands with the waiting secretary.

Alfred motioned the secretary aside. "Go into my study," he directed. "I'll join you presently." He turned to Jimmy. "Well," he sneered, "I suppose Zoie has been pouring her troubles into your sympathetic ear."

Jimmy had nothing to say.

"I suppose, also, she has made you believe I am a brute. Jimmy, old friend, what would you think of your wife if you found out she had been lunching in a public restaurant with a blackguard?"

"A—a blackguard?" stammered Jimmy.

"That's what I said. She denied it, of course. But I have it on the best authority. Henri, at the La Salle, told me. Oh, it's unbearable, Jimmy! I won't stand it. I'm going to Detroit; a good part of my business is there, anyway; and I can help boost it. Meantime I've got a plan to catch the scoundrel. Henri knows every head waiter in town, and if the bounder who lunched with my wife shows up with her at any restaurant, Henri will be informed, and will go and identify him and then wire me. I'll return promptly and shoot the fellow——"

"Sh-shoot him!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Oh, I'll be acquitted," said Alfred easily. "When I get my story before the courts, they'll see I did right to rid the community of a wife stealer."

Alfred went to Detroit, and Zoie went for sympathy to Jimmy's wife. Aggie did not learn the full particulars, but she understood Zoie better than anybody else. She did not ask too many questions. "You have been a little indiscreet, that is all," said Aggie soothingly. "Is that lunch with 'the other man' the only thing Arthur has against you?"

"That's the latest," answered Zoie tearfully. "He has never liked the people I associate with—outside yourself, Aggie. Says they are too frivolous and all that; but what is a wife to do when her husband gives all of his waking hours to business? Then, too, he fumes because the house isn't full of babies."

"Well, why don't you get him a baby?" asked the practical Aggie.

"It's too late now," sobbed Zoie.

"Nonsense! It's the very thing to bring him back."

Zoie looked up hopefully. "But how could I get one?"

"Adopt it."

"Oh, goody!" cried Zoie. Then her expression changed to chagrin. "No; that wouldn't do. Alfred is so fussy.

He always wants his own things around the house."

"He needn't know," explained Aggie. "Do you realize that there are, according to a newspaper article, three thousand husbands in this city fondling babies not their own?"

Zoie accepted the astounding statement without question, and said eagerly: "Oh, Aggie, do you think we could get away with it? I can't endure babies, but I'd do anything to get Alfred back. Can we get one to-day?"

"Will you please send us up a baby?" she said, as one might order a loaf of bread.

Aggie laughed. "If you were to get one to-day, Alfred would know it wasn't yours. No; we must wait a few months, lead him up gently to expect a pleasant surprise, and then——"

"A few months!" cried Zoie, aghast. "Oh, I couldn't endure to be so long away from him!"

"All right; if you can think of any better way to bring him to his senses ——"

Zoie was all contrition in a moment. "Please don't be angry, Aggie. Yes, yes; by all means let us try your plan."

"It is the only way," said Aggie. "The president of the Children's Home is a great friend of Jimmy's."

"Then we'll let Jimmy get it," declared Zoie.

"Jimmy will help us, I'm sure," said Aggie, "but we will have to back him up. Meantime you must come and stay with us till the time is ripe to spring our little surprise on Alfred."

When Jimmy Jinks returned from the office that day, he found Zoie installed in his home. Aggie explained matters, and let him into the great secret of "the new heir."

"You are a great little arranger, Jimmy," she said purringly. "We are going to send you over to the Children's Home to pick out a baby for us."

"Not if I know it!" shouted Jimmy.

Aggie only smiled. "A nice plump, little baby, James, with a strong chin and a lofty forehead—that's the intellectual type, you know."

"No! I'll be hanged if I——"

"Wouldn't it be well," suggested Zoie, "if I went along with Jimmy to help with the selection? I'm going to be the mother, you know."

Jimmy caught up the idea. "Fine!" he said. "It's going to be *your* baby, Zoie; so, of course, *you* are the person to enter upon the negotiations. That's settled, then. You and Aggie fix things, and leave me out of it. I'm a busy man——"

"We'll all go," said Aggie decisively. "Three heads are better than one. But there's no hurry. We won't want a baby for several months. When the time arrives, we will let you know, James."

Jimmy slept that night in the guest room, and he could hear the two girls in the adjoining room, from which he had been ousted, discussing plans far into the night. He caught snatches of the conversation:

"Do you think Alfred will be led, when I send him word, to suspect——"

"Not a chance."

"But suppose you were in my place, would Jimmy——"

"Hush-sh-sh!"

Jimmy groaned. He fell asleep quoting to himself:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

Then began a subtle sequence of letters from Zoie to Alfred, inspired by the clever Aggie. They very insidiously suggested to the distant husband that an "interesting event" might soon be expected. Alfred was too deeply engrossed in business to grasp the significance of the innuendoes. To be sure, in one letter Zoie had said something about a doctor, but he was not going to let her play on his sympathies in that fashion.

Zoie was impatient to test Aggie's brilliant scheme, and at last came the day when, escorted by Jimmy, they visited the Children's Home.

There came a violent clanging of the bell, twice repeated. Zoie screamed. "It's Alfred. I know his ring. Now what shall we do?"

The superintendent was a dignified gentleman with kindly eyes. When Jimmy presented the ladies, Zoie came to the point at once.

"Will you please send us up a baby?" she said, as one might order a loaf of bread.

The superintendent of the children's home was astounded by Zoie's request, and stood staring at her with puckered brows; he was not able to make up his mind whether this astonishingly pretty woman was making sport of him. But the innocent eyes that looked into his disarmed him. He coughed. "Certain formalities have to be gone through——" he began.

"Formalities!" cried Zoie. "Oh, dear! I thought we could have you just bundle up an infant and send it by messenger or parcel post."

Jimmy broke in. "Better take a look at what babies he has, make your selection, have him prepare the papers; then you can sign 'em. Everything will be regular. The institution will be minus one; Zoie will be plus one; signed, sealed, and delivered. That's business."

The superintendent nodded. He understood Jimmy. "My friend is quite right," he said. "Now, I suppose, you want a well-developed child, probably a year or two old?"

"No, no," said Aggie. "He must not be more than two weeks old at the most."

"I have the baby you want," said the superintendent. "The mother is a poor widow—an Italian woman. The child is a boy, and a prize baby. You'll be very lucky. I am sure we will be able to arrange the matter of a formal transfer without any delay."

"Then that's settled." Zoie heaved a sigh. "Aggie, dear, you go and inspect the baby and see to the papers. Jimmy will take me to lunch."

A wild shriek from Jimmy. He yelled something about "business"—and fled.

The stage was set. Zoie lay in her little white bed. A liberal application of powder hid the flush of health on her cheeks. Her hair was arranged in pigtails. There was a baby's crib in the room. The shades were drawn. A rose lamp above the bed gave just the right glow on the lingerie pillow below the lovely head. Aggie was stage manager, and she did her work well. Zoie felt she looked a fright, but her friend insisted that a young mother must never look beautiful, but appealing.

Jimmy had the twofold task of, first, apprising Alfred by wire that he was a father, and, second, bringing the baby from the home. Everything was apparently arranged, even to the minutest details.

The wire was dispatched; they calculated the time of Alfred's arrival; they knew just how they would behave and just how he would behave and just how the new baby would behave. It was all as clear to them as the drive on Paris was to the Teutons. But two things went wrong: Alfred engaged a special to race home and the Italian woman changed her mind about giving up the infant!

While Jimmy was still vainly trying to persuade the superintendent to give up the baby, he was called to the phone. Zoie was talking. "Alfred has phoned from the station," she told him. "He will be here within ten minutes. If you are not here with the baby, I'll tell him you *stole* it!"

"Steal it!" Jimmy muttered to himself. "It's a good idea."

He whisked up the infant, hid it under his overcoat, and rushed out for a taxi.

Zoie was almost on the verge of tears. Aggie tried in vain to comfort her. "Jimmy will get the baby, all right," she said soothingly. "I know Jimmy."

There came a violent clanging of the bell, twice repeated.

Zoie screamed. "It's Alfred. I know his ring. Now what shall we do?"

The door opened, and Alfred came in on the run. He glanced about the room, took in its atmosphere with deep satisfaction, and, stepping to Zoie's bedside, gathered her in his arms.

"My darling! My darling!"

"Oh, Alfred!" she exclaimed. "This is worth it all—this getting you back again. You do love me still, don't you, dear?"

"More than ever, sweetheart. But how is the baby?"

Aggie broke in: "The baby is fine, Alfred; but Jimmy has taken him out ——"

"Out where? At this time of night?" cried the indignant father.

"Don't be angry, dear," said Zoie. "Babies must have plenty of air, you know. Now run along and shave; you look like a tramp. We'll call you when Jimmy arrives."

With much misgiving he retired. They could hear him whistling in the next room. After what seemed an eternity to the two girls, Jimmy arrived—and the precious bundle was in his arms. He dropped the baby in the crib and mopped his brow. "Ye gods! What a business!" he said. "I'm a kidnaper now. There's the infant I stole."

The whistling in the next room stopped. Alfred's voice came to them: "What's all the row?" He poked his head in the doorway. He saw Jimmy. He saw the little stranger. With a yelp of joy he leaped to the crib and lifted the baby in his arms.

"My 'ittle tootsie-wootsie!" he crooned. "Did 'is big bad mans take ums out into the cold?" He turned on Jimmy. "You big boob, don't you know the night air is bad for children?"

Jimmy tried to back out of the room, but Aggie held on to him for dear life. The baby began to cry. Alfred carried it to Zoie. That amiable "mother" turned her face to the wall. "Everything will be 'baby' now!" she wailed.

Alfred laughed happily. "Nonsense! I've got two people to love now; that's all," he said, and bounced his new heir up and down till the cries were hushed and the baby was gurgling with delight.

"Some kid, Jimmy; eh, what?" he chuckled. There was more of it—much more. But Aggie asserted her authority. "Let me have the baby now, Alfred. We had to discharge the nurse, and I'm in charge. Go and finish your shaving, sir."

Once more he retired. The phone rang. It was the superintendent of the home. He reported that Jimmy Jinks had taken the baby without the mother's permission, and that the police would be on his trail if it wasn't returned.

"My husband hasn't come in yet," Aggie replied. "When he comes, I'll see that he goes back with the baby."

Jimmy listened to the brief conversation and wondered what was coming next. The door opened, and Maggie O'Flarety, the washwoman's daughter, came in with a basket.

"Mother says she's sorry the wash is late this time," she said, "but there's been twins at our house."

"Twins!" Joyously the word leaped from the lips of the two women. Here was a loophole. It was up to Jimmy to go and borrow one of the twins, substitute it for the Italian woman's child, and return that lusty infant.

Jimmy knew better than to rebel, and, armed with a note from Aggie, inclosing a bill, he started off with Maggie to carry out instructions.

Mrs. O'Flarety was willing to "loan the baby for a day or two;" further than that she could not say till consulting her husband. That was enough for Jimmy, and he caught a twin in his arms and hastened back.

He whistled a warning from the sidewalk, and saw the shade go up—this was to be the signal that the coast was clear. He bounded up the stairs, evading the elevator and hall boy.

The coast had been clear when Jimmy whistled, but Alfred had the luck to return to the room at the moment Jimmy entered with the new baby in his arms.

"What's this?" demanded Alfred.

Zoie murmured from the bedclothes. "That's *the other one,* dear."

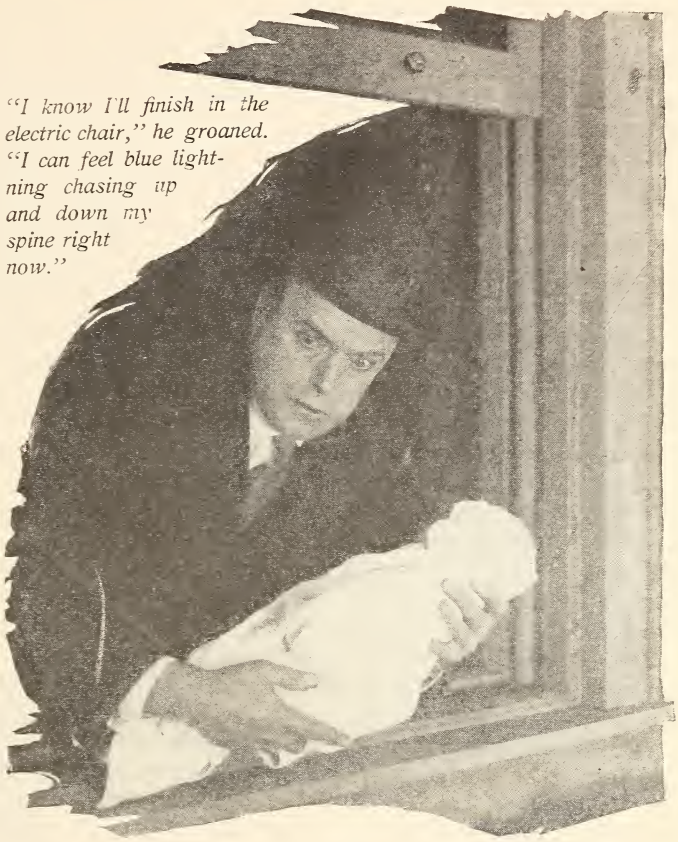
It took a minute for the truth to come home to Alfred. Then he caught Jimmy and the washwoman's child in a bear hug. "Oh, was ever such a happy man!" he chanted; and, with a baby on each arm, he circled the room, occasionally pausing to kiss his almost frantic wife.

It was a busy night for the phone. It rang again. The hall boy reported that a woman was in the hall, and declared she would wait there till her baby was returned.

Alfred heard part of the talk, and looked puzzled. Zoie explained that it was the nurse they had discharged. "She is crazy," she added. "Thinks the baby—the first one—is her own."

"How ridiculous!" said Alfred. "I'll go down and talk to her."

"No," said Aggie. "Jimmy will go." She drew her spouse aside. "We've got to get that other twin, Jimmy," she whispered.



"I know I'll finish in the electric chair," he groaned. "I can feel blue lightning chasing up and down my spine right now."

"You get it; I'm through," he replied positively.

Aggie flounced out in disgust. Fate played into the hands of the conspirators. Alfred determined to go round to the police station and have his friend Detective Donahue watch the house. While he was gone, Aggie returned with the other twin. She put it in the crib, and gave the Italian woman's baby to Jimmy, bidding him take it to its mother.

"Honestly, I'd be afraid to face that frenzied mother," he whined. Then a bright thought struck him. "I'll go down the fire escape, and leave the kid at the back door, and you can phone the woman to get it."

Alfred's voice was heard on the landing. In terror, Aggie pushed her spouse into the bathroom, and watched while he climbed out of the window onto the fire escape. "I know I'll finish in the electric chair," he groaned. "I can feel blue lightning chasing up and down my spine right now."

Alfred came in, smiling. "Police are on the lookout," he reported.

There was a crash in the adjoining room, and Jimmy, with clothes torn, stumbled in.

"Worse than a mad dog that woman is, and I didn't dare face her,' he began. Then his eyes fell on Alfred, and his jaw dropped open.

"Whose child is that?" Alfred demanded.

"It's yours, dear," Zoie answered softly from the bed. "We thought we would break it gently——"

"You don't mean it—you don't mean it!" cried the delirious father, and, snatching the baby from Jimmy, and filling his arms with the other two, he did a war dance on the carpet.

Upon this pleasant scene came a madwoman and a madman—the Italian mother and the Irish father. Alfred dropped the babies in the crib and stood guard over them while he glared at the intruders.

"Kidnapers—that's what yez are, eh?" thundered O'Flarety, brushing Alfred out of his path and with unerring eye selecting his twins from the trio in the crib. "These are my two spalpeens, and I'm goin' to kape them."

The Italian woman could find no English words to express herself, and she rent the air with native denunciations as she gathered up the remaining child.

Zoie fainted. An officer panted in. "I have reserves, sir. Shall I arrest the bunch?" he asked.

Alfred was bending over Zoie, making frantic efforts to revive her. At last she opened her eyes. "My darling, the excitement has upset you," he murmured. "But come, dear; assure these people that they have made a mistake."

Instead of replying, she clasped her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Do you love me, sweetheart?"

"Of course I do, dear; but——"

"In spite of everything?"

"In spite of everything. But, dear, please speak to these people. These are our very own babies, aren't they?"

"Ask Jimmy," she answered.

He broke away from her clinging arms and looked despairingly at Jimmy.

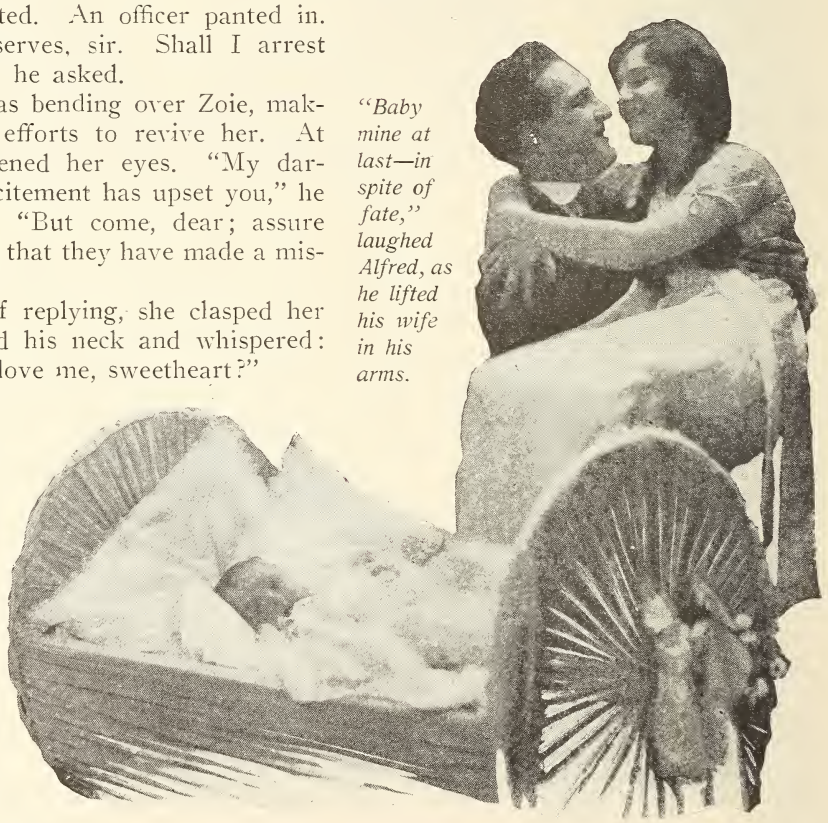
"The farce has gone far enough," said Jimmy. "To be candid with you, Alfred, *you are not a father.*"

With a groan Alfred went back to Zoie. "These children——" he began.

"I borrowed them," admitted Zoie. "I had to do it to get you back. Oh, if it hadn't been for Jimmy and his horrid old luncheon——"

"You lunched with Jimmy!" screamed Aggie. Jimmy dived under a table.

Alfred nodded dumbly to the policeman to remove O'Flarety and the Italian woman and the babies. Then he sat down limply on the edge of the bed.



"Baby mine at last—in spite of fate," laughed Alfred, as he lifted his wife in his arms.

Zoie's arms stole round him. "You remember, dear, you wouldn't listen when I wanted to tell you the real truth. But now——"

"Go on, Zoie; I can bear anything now."

She made her confession—made it so well and so contritely that Alfred forgave her, and they began life anew, with a better understanding of one another. A year later Zoie had the satisfaction of presenting him a man child about whose parentage there was no doubt. "Baby mine at last—in spite of fate," laughed Alfred joyously, as he lifted his wife in his arms and stood looking down at his first-born.

Cast of "Baby Mine"

Written by Will H. Johnston from the Goldwyn picture play by Margaret Mayo

Zoie Hardy..... .....Madge Kennedy
Aggie Darling.....Kathryn Adams
Jimmy Jinks.....John Cumberland
Alfred Hardy.....Frank Morgan

WHY IS IT?

WHY is it that we humble folk
Are forced to slave and scrub,
And lose our health and beauty in
The race for clothes and grub?

Why is it when our purses sag
And we've spent our last cent
For Johnny's shoes and Willie's sox,
The landlord wants the rent?
The mortgage on the chicken house
We raised to save our lives
Is just foreclosed the very day
We're beaten by our wives?

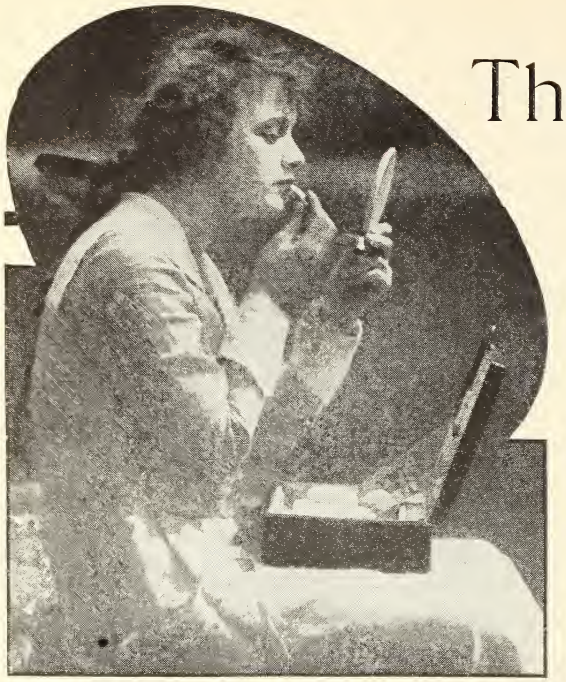
Why is it that we're branded just
Because we wear a scowl,
And they refer to temper if
We raise the slightest growl?

While famous prima donna maids
Who warble opera air
Becomes upset and fussy if
A stage hand has red hair?

She keeps the people waiting in
The footlights' vacant gleams;
But madame says she veel not zing!
And stamps her foot and screams:
"Hees hair! Zat red! It scorch my zoul!
I can't zing after zat!"
And madame gets her money—but
She leaves the people flat!

What? Lose her job? Well, hardly!
Does the impresario gent
Denounce her for her temper? No;
It's just her temperament.

BERT O'LACCI.

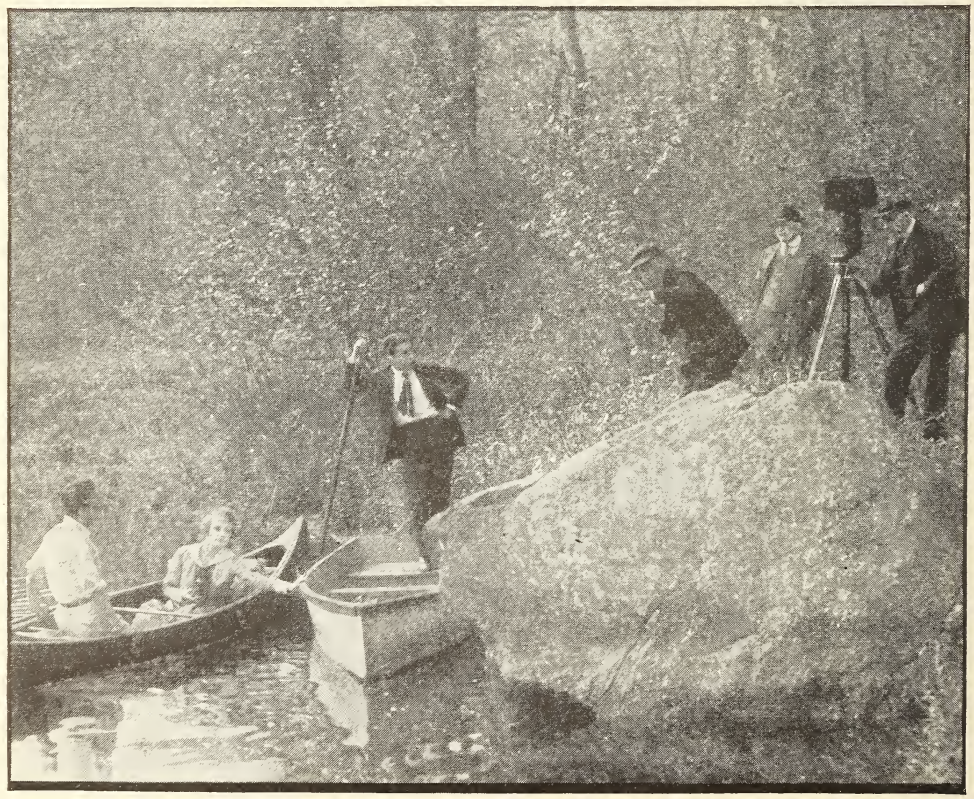


The Premium

By Warren Reed

ABOUT four years ago there was a real, grown-up actress who had a regular job and a younger sister. The job was over in Flatbush, in the Vitagraph picture factory, and, by that same token, Little Sister was usually discoverable somewhere in that same vicinity. The grown-up actress, at this stage in our romance from real life, was of the mature age of seventeen

Above, Constance Talmadge lip-sticking the lily. Below, Charles Giblyn directing Tom Moore and Miss Talmadge. Myron Selznick is holding down the tide with an oar.



for Patient Playing

The curious story of how Constance Talmadge got herself made into a star.

The most recent portrait photograph of Constance Talmadge, who is filmdom's newest star.

Below, a group of those who make the films. In front, in white trousers, is Tom Moore. He is speaking to Constance, at whose left is Director Giblyn. Mrs. Talmadge is directly behind her daughter.

sprightly summers, and Little Sister was fourteen. Well, you know how it is yourself—if you see any one around often enough, at last he or she seems like one of the family. So Little Sister kept playin' around, until one day she kind of happened to get in front of the camera when it was working, and right then she won a job of her own.

Just when Little Sister was getting along fine, and began to dream of a regular salary, Grown-up Sister was engaged by the Fine Arts Company, and went to the coast. As mother insisted upon going along, there was nothing for Little Sister to do but sigh, and pack along. So she began playin' around the Fine Arts studio, and in the course of time it all happened over again, only more so.

D. W. Griffith was making "Intolerance." He wanted a young girl for the part of the peppery young person from the mountains—the untamed little, human lioness, who could drive a chariot like Ben-Hur himself. It called for youth, brains, physical endurance, a sense of humor, beauty—but most of all—*pep*. With that uncanny precision which Griffith always exhibits in nominating unknowns for important rôles, the great director remembered Little Sister, whom he had seen playin' around the lot. So Little Sister was one of the brightest spots in "Intolerance."

With this introduction, Fine Arts decided Little Sister might be worth cultivating, and, in a more or less listless manner, provided her with two scenarios in which she was featured; and again she began to dream of a regular engagement with a regular salary.

But just then Grown-up Sister heard another call across the continent. She was to be one of the big stars in the newly formed Selznick organization; and, as mother was going also, Little Sister sighed again, and gave up her dream. So they all came East, and Little Sister, now almost eighteen years old, and a young lady in her own right, began to think she was getting too big just to play around where Grown-up Sister was working. But she did, anyhow, and first thing you know, bing! bang!—it happened all over again.

To reduce the tale to its essential minimum, Lewis J. Selznick decided to add another Talmadge to his family of stars, and, under the direction of Charles Giblyn, Miss Constance—Little Sister of Miss Norma—was recently announced to the public in flaring electrics, broad twenty-four sheets and newspaper advertisements as the newest star in the cinema constellations.

Already a curious fact has come to light, through the moving and still photographs which have been made of Constance Talmadge at the Selznick studio—that occasionally she looks more like Norma than Norma looks like herself. This leads to a charming possibility: Why should not Mr. Selznick release a picture, merely announcing that the star is one of the Talmadges, and letting the public guess which it is?

THE STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY

HIS faltering way revealed this jay
Was quite inebriated.
With withering flowers he'd waited hours,
Till time seemed antedated.
No star in sight. He, all that night,
Outside a movie waited.

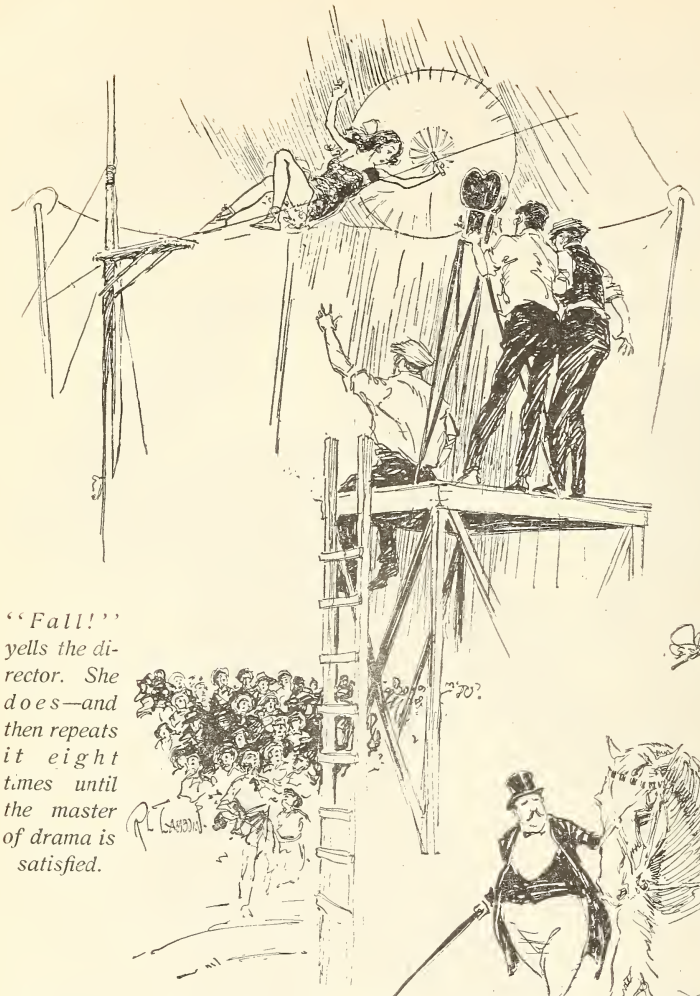
M. C. NEWMAN.

Some Terpsichorean Slang

SLANG, maintains Wallace Reid, of Lasky, is applicable to art and dancing, as well as to language. Art—the terpsichorean art especially—must be interpreted, and when it is interpreted with liberties it is slang. The Hawaiian hula, claims Wally, is the most vernacular form of dancing. In case his far-fetched philosophy be not understood, Wally illustrates to Margaret Loomis, the straw-clad beauty below. She knew that what he did wasn't dancing, and might be anything. At any rate, it looked like slang.

A Circus

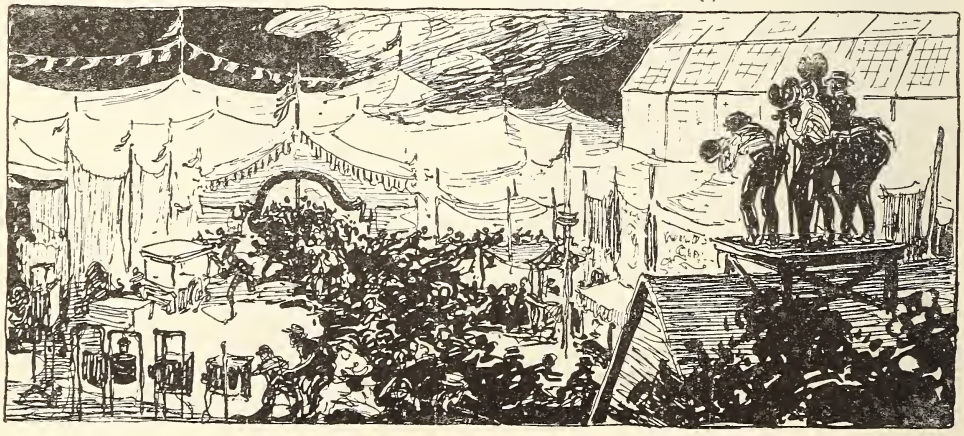
By R. L. Lambdin



Riding bareback may be easy for the circus girl who gets $18.00 per, but for a dainty star—well, its the hardest work she ever did for her several thousand a week.

"Fall!" yells the director. She does—and then repeats it eight times until the master of drama is satisfied.

An impression of the gigantic stampede scene when the big tent burns, being "shot" by the cameras in the dead of night.

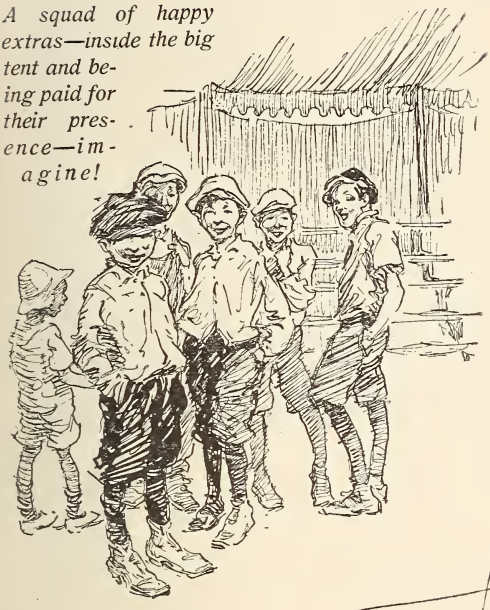


In Celluloid

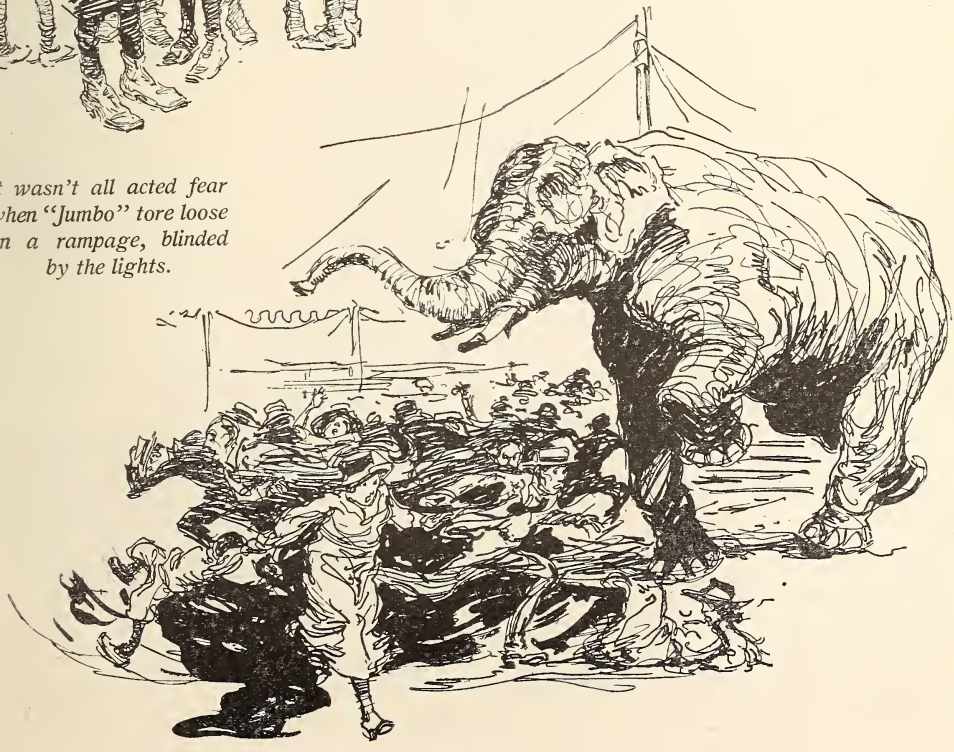
Some pen impressions of the studio-made circus at the Goldwyn plant.

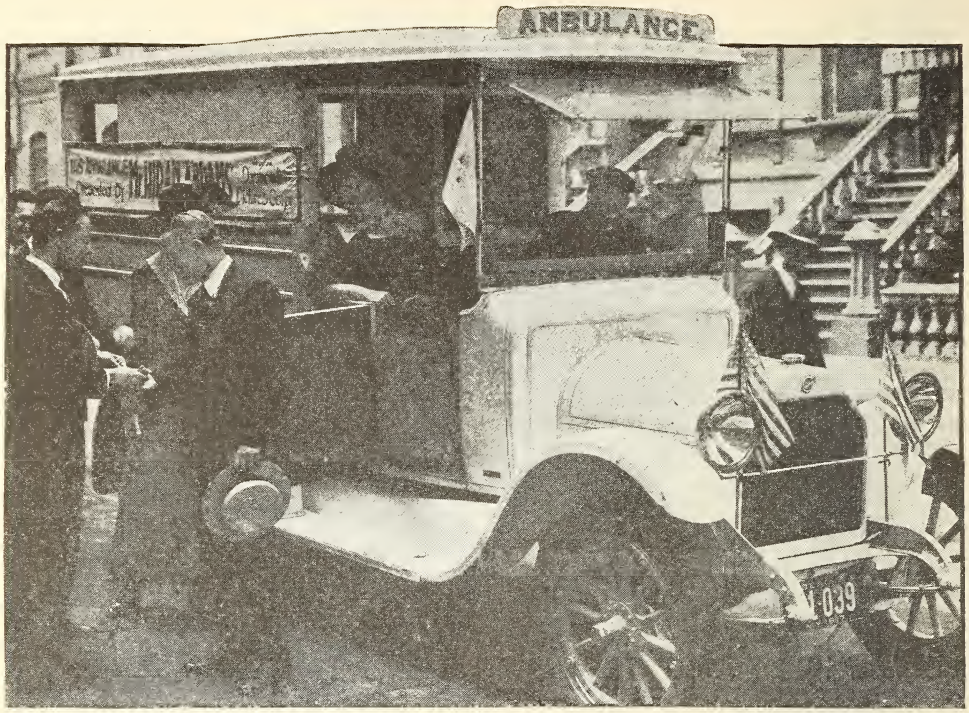
The professional circus folk—except for the hardened clown—and the reporters, all had to wear dark glasses between scenes when the glaring lights blazed for the camera.

A squad of happy extras—inside the big tent and being paid for their presence—imagine!



It wasn't all acted fear when "Jumbo" tore loose on a rampage, blinded by the lights.





An Ambulance to the Front

Famous comedian dedicates it to relief work in Russia.

By Howard Mann

GEORGE M. COHAN, the Artcraft film star, has not become such a confirmed exponent of the silent drama that he cannot still speak with the same facility that made him famous in Broadway productions. Furthermore, when it comes to any kind of patriotic service the popular comedian can always be counted upon to do his share.

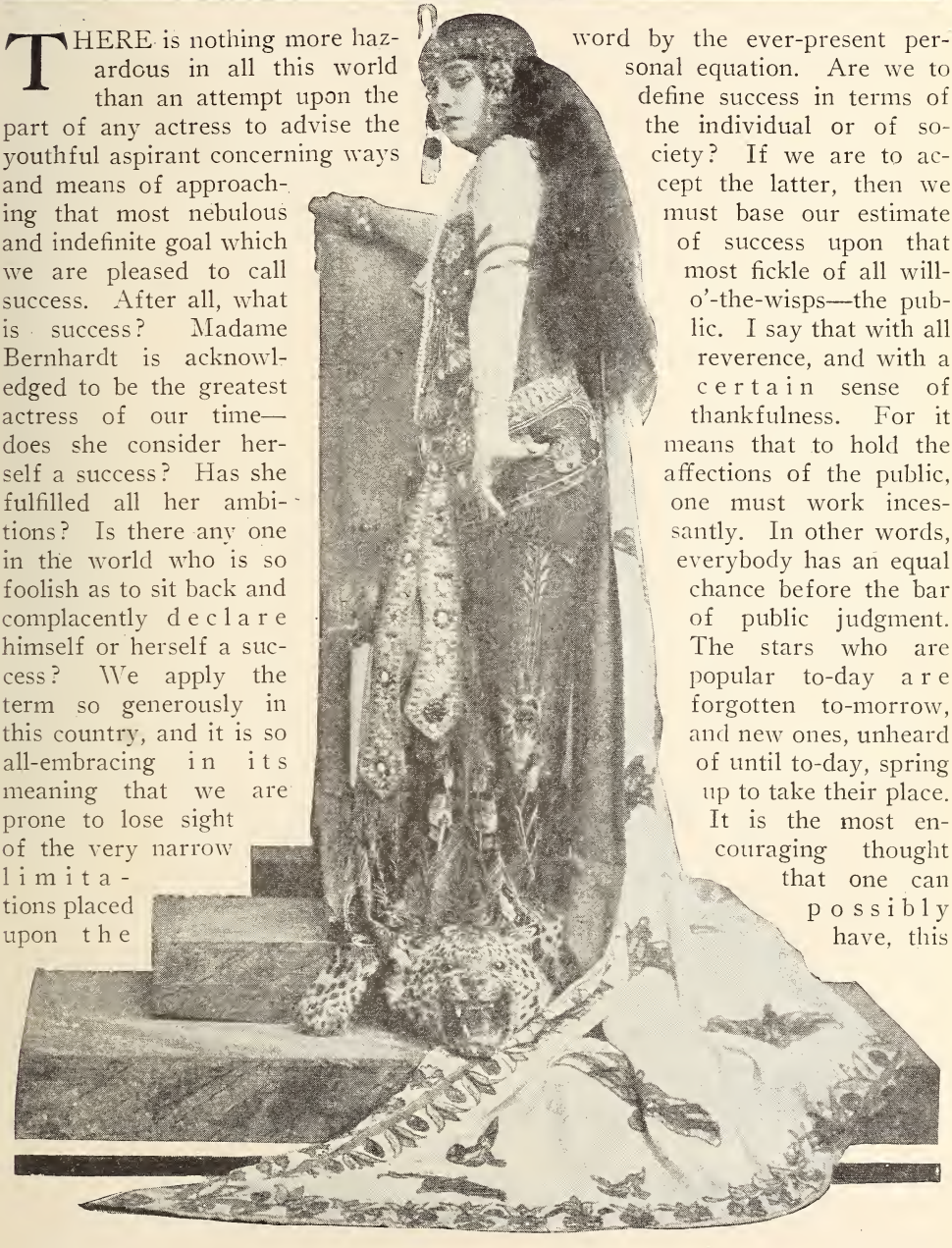
In the picture above he is shown as the presentation speaker at a very interesting ceremony. The ambulance is being formally given to the American Ambulance of Russia, it being the beneficent donation of Hiram Abrams, president of the Paramount Pictures Corporation. In the absence of Mr. Abrams the actor-author-producer was called upon to present the machine, and it is being accepted by Miss Elsa Maxwell, representing the ambulance organization.

The car was built especially for Red Cross service in Russia, and is handsomely equipped in every way. Promptly upon its being completed, the ambulance was driven to the Fifty-sixth Street film studio, in New York, where Mr. Cohan was engaged in playing before the camera, and the machine was turned over to Miss Maxwell with due ceremonies. It was shipped to Russia immediately.

Acting for the Screen

A famous actress reveals some of the mysteries of make-up and playing for the motion-picture camera.

By Pauline Frederick



THERE is nothing more hazardous in all this world than an attempt upon the part of any actress to advise the youthful aspirant concerning ways and means of approaching that most nebulous and indefinite goal which we are pleased to call success. After all, what is success? Madame Bernhardt is acknowledged to be the greatest actress of our time—does she consider herself a success? Has she fulfilled all her ambitions? Is there any one in the world who is so foolish as to sit back and complacently declare himself or herself a success? We apply the term so generously in this country, and it is so all-embracing in its meaning that we are prone to lose sight of the very narrow limitations placed upon the word by the ever-present personal equation. Are we to define success in terms of the individual or of society? If we are to accept the latter, then we must base our estimate of success upon that most fickle of all will-o'-the-wisps—the public. I say that with all reverence, and with a certain sense of thankfulness. For it means that to hold the affections of the public, one must work incessantly. In other words, everybody has an equal chance before the bar of public judgment. The stars who are popular to-day are forgotten to-morrow, and new ones, unheard of until to-day, spring up to take their place. It is the most encouraging thought that one can possibly have, this

realization that there is always room at the top for those who have ability.

That, however, does not mean that the climb to the top is easy, and that it is not always a question of ability rather than experience. This sounds almost heretical, I know, but it is not, if I may be permitted to qualify and explain it. What I mean is simply this: If there is no latent ability, and no native genius for the work of acting, then no amount of experience and training will ever bring the candidate for honors above the level of the common herd. The dramatic spark must be there, or all the study and work in the world will avail nothing.

There are hundreds of girls who are attracted to the stage or to the studio simply by the prospect of pretty clothes, popular adoration, and the pleasure which they feel from being in the public eye. As a matter of fact, I have never known a really great actor or actress who did not detest the sensation of being continually a subject of popular interest. They all sincerely wish that they could get away on some desert island, where nobody ever heard of them, and where they were permitted to live their own lives in the way that pleased them. Not that they do not appreciate the fact that they owe everything to that very same public and to its interest in them, but the trouble is that they cannot help but feel that most of the attenion which they receive in this manner is purely idle curiosity.

The girl whose head is, figuratively speaking, full of clothes will never have room for brains in the same head, and without brains she is doomed to failure as an actress. She will have no more magnetism upon the stage or the screen than a trained seal going through its appointed tasks at the bidding of a director.

I have used the word ability as the key to success. That is a rather broad term, which it were best, perhaps, to explain in a little more detail. I am assuming, of course, that the aspirant for honors is sincere in his or her purpose. Without sincerity there can be no success. There comes to mind a little girl who pleaded and begged for a chance at the Famous Players studio until Manager Kaufman assigned her a small part in recognition of her apparent eagerness and her desire to learn.

When she discovered that she was to play one of the factory hands in a scene, she refused to do so. She did not like the clothes, and the idea of playing a factory hand was repellent to her! She was the type of earnest young lady who had to be a star or nothing at all. There are many of them who suffer from the same complaint. The fortunate part of it is that they soon reveal themselves, and the studio doors are automatically closed against them. The sooner this occurs the better for all concerned.

The term ability must of necessity include brains and a desire to apply them. Nobody was a great actor or actress by the mere wishing to be so, or because of the fact that a welling genius made them so irresistibly great that they simply walked from private life directly into international stardom. It is only done in fiction, and the man who writes such a story ought to pay the penalty for his deed by being forced to pay the salaries of the empty-headed girls who storm the stage door and the studio entrance as a result of the "inspirations" received from such stupid tales.

Ability, then, means the possession of brains, a willingness to work unceasingly in the face of all sorts of discouragements, and a wholesome respect for the greatness of the art which one has espoused.

I have been asked to discuss the subject of make-up and clothes. They are both important considerations, but their significance must not be overestimated.

since they are merely corollaries to the one great requirement which I have been discussing. So far as that is concerned, neither make-up nor clothes will interest readers of the opposite sex as much as it will those of my own, therefore the class is dismissed for the men.

Make-up is, of course, a matter of personal study, and it is impossible to more than suggest general principles or trains of thought to those who contemplate a career upon the stage or upon the screen. I do not know how common the knowledge is, but it is nevertheless a fact that no face is absolutely perfect—that is to say, that every face has some irregularity of features. This may not be apparent at first glance—in fact, it may be so slight as to defy recognition even after searching examination of the features. Sometimes a careful and impersonal study will reveal the defects, but if you fail to find them by any other method, there is always one last resort—go to any good photographer and have a photograph of yourself printed without retouching. You will then find that possibly one cheek bone is a little higher than the other, or that the eyes are not set evenly in the head.

Miss Pauline Frederick at the make-up table in her dressing room.

Since all photography is a matter of lights and shades, and we are dealing primarily with the screen, it is therefore possible by the use of various shades of make-up to correct to a large degree the various irregularities of features, if they are carefully studied and properly understood. Study the lights and shades of the more perfect feature, and experiment until you are able to so build the tones of your features as to give an expression of absolute regularity. It is a matter of common knowledge that many leading men of somewhat advancing years resort to the make-up box to rid themselves of an unfortunate second or supplementary chin. Even broken noses can be quite effectively "set" by skillful use of grease paint.

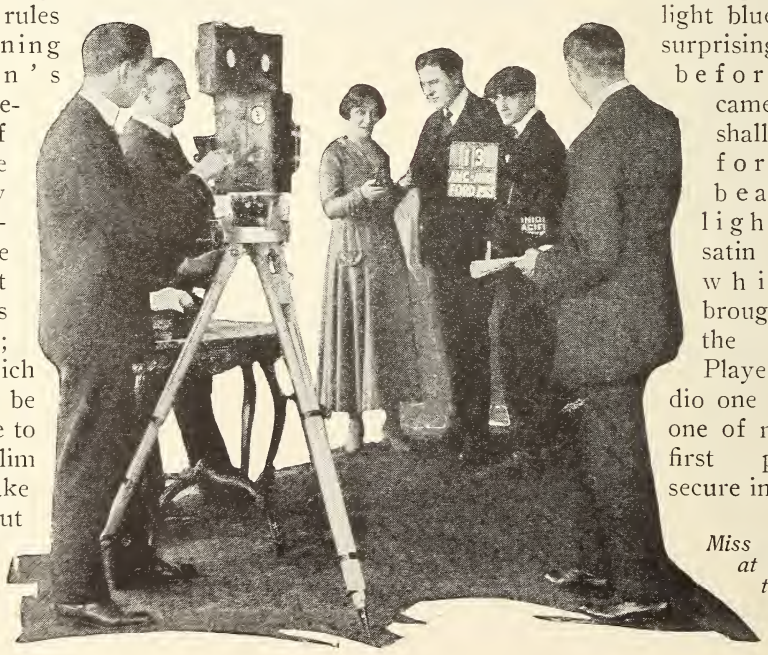
Of course, there are one or two generalities in make-up which can be mentioned here, but which, as a matter of fact, are probably known to those who are suffering from photoplayitis. Of course, rouge cannot be used on the cheeks by any motion-picture star, as the red photographs a deathly black upon the screen. In making up for the

stage, however, an actress with a long, thin face applies the rouge only to the upper part of the face in order to make the face look broader. Somewhat the same effect can be gained on the screen by the use of the darker tones of grease paint and the lightening of the lower half of the face. The broad, round basket-of-chips type of face is elongated for the stage by bringing the rouge lower down and by touching up the chin. Here again, in the case of the motion-picture actress, the darker shades of make-up can be made to replace the stage player's rouge when applied in a similar manner.

There are a thousand and one little ways in which the features can be improved if one will take the time and has the patience to experiment. There is nothing, however, which is more fatal to an actress' appearance than hasty and careless make-up, for the camera is absolutely pitiless in exposing such peccadillos.

In the matter of clothes we again encounter the personal equation, since it is manifestly impossible to prescribe general rules concerning women's apparel because of the wide diversity of architecture prevalent among us humans; rules which would be applicable to Miss Slim would make Miss Stout look like a cartoon, and the reverse is equally and painfully true. In order to dress properly for the screen one must really have an understanding of the photographic values of the various colors and shades. This is of the utmost importance, because many of the lighter shades are extremely treacherous if they are not properly understood. I have seen dresses that were absolutely beautiful in the blending of shades in the trimmings, and yet when they were photographed upon the screen they have been absolutely hideous because of the fact that colors which blend perfectly in real life come out as violently contrasting blacks and whites upon the screen. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of big women, as it only emphasizes their large proportions—a thing to be avoided unless one wishes to look like a character in a slapstick comedy.

Yellow is a particularly tricky color. A real yellow or a brown will photograph dead black, and yet some of the mildest shades, as they tone down, will unexpectedly pass into the white category. Violet, lavender, light green, and light blue all do surprising things before the camera. I shall never forget a beautiful light-blue satin dress which I brought to the Famous Players studio one day for one of my very first pictures, secure in the be-



Miss Frederick at work in the studio.

lief that I had a gown which would be very attractive. When the tests were run it was nothing in the world but a white dress.

Of course, stout people should avoid the plaid as a plague; in fact, any horizontal stripes will only accentuate rotundity. The perpendicular stripes, unless carried to an excessive width, always relieve the sensibilities of the fleshily overburdened. On the other hand, a girl who is constructed on Gothic lines should court the plaid and abhor the stripe.

So many dresses are absolutely made or ruined by the trimmings. This is a matter which should be left to the highly trained modiste when an actress is having a gown prepared for society rôles. Speaking of society—there seems to be a prevalent disease among inexperienced actresses which forces them to link society and jewels in their minds. They appear to have worked out a mysterious code by which they can express degrees of social rank by the area of jewelry which they display. Inasmuch as it is manifestly impossible for even the most highly successful actresses to possess great quantities of really beautiful gems, the alleged jewels which are worn by newcomers to the screen must of necessity be of the cheapest and therefore most ornate variety. Not only is it in extremely bad taste to wear imitation jewels, but any one who have ever seen a society woman who really amounts to anything knows that she is not addicted to the wearing of quarts of blazing diadems. She may wear one or two exquisite ornaments, but she never endeavors to rival the electric signs on Broadway.

Hats will prove a great trial to the amateur. Having been taught to believe that if she is extremely good looking she can afford to wear a small hat, which will give her features full play, and that if she is less fortunately endowed it is best to wear a rather large hat, which will accentuate her better features and soften those which are less desirable, she will immediately run foul of the laws of shadows when she steps before the camera. The big hat is usually an anathema in the motion-picture studio. This is due to the shadows which it casts upon the face, frequently entirely destroying the expression which the wearer of the hat is endeavoring to register upon the screen. Of course, the ingenious use of lights in the studio can largely overcome this difficulty, but unfortunately it is generally necessary that the hat also be worn in exterior scenes. This is where the difficulties arise, because despite his almost omnipotent power, even a motion-picture director cannot force the sun to cast its rays under the remotest corners of the actress' hat.

The neck is frequently a stumbling block to complete success in make-up for two or three reasons. In the first place, prevailing fashions to the contrary notwithstanding, the attenuated, turkey-gobbler type of neck should never be left alone in its glory. It should always be swathed in some sort of covering, however filmy. It is only a plump, well-rounded neck that can stand the glare of the artificial lights. As a matter of fact, an uncovered throat is a dangerous thing, no matter how pretty it may be, for the play of the shadows upon the throat during the course of any emotional acting is something which only the most beautiful woman can contemplate with equanimity.

If this were the only difficulty offered by the human neck, it would perhaps be a small one, but there is still more food for serious thought concerning this very important member. Either through carelessness or ignorance, a great many actors and actresses fail to carry their make-up beyond their chins, with the result that perfectly delightful white-skinned faces are frequently im-

planted upon hideous black necks. Verily, this is something to be avoided.

Another instance of carelessness in make-up is offered to the hands. In almost every production that one sees upon the screen there will be some actor or actress who will lift a grimy hand to an irreproachably white face. I do not know why it is that so little attention is paid to this subject of making up the hands—I only know that such is the case. It is utterly inconsistent and extremely foolish for players to devote hours to the making up of their faces and then permit their hands to go absolutely unattended. Of course, I realize the difficulties involved, because the face may not be touched after it has once been made up, and it is a physical impossibility to avoid using the hands; but it seems to me that it is very worth while for one to touch up one's hands every time one is called before the camera. It only takes an instant to do this, and it frequently marks the dividing line between the sublime and ridiculous.

Miss Frederick illustrates the difficulty of acting with a large hat and avoiding shadows.

There is one great fallacy which I should like to do my small part in contradicting right here and now, and that is the belief that cheap and shoddy apparel "looks just as good" on the screen. This is absolutely untrue, and the sooner candidates for photo-play honors will convince themselves of that fact, the more speedy will be their arrival at their goals. The very quality of cloth and the material which goes into the suit or a dress are apparent to the most unobserving person in the audience. Just as the camera seeks out every little fault, so does it emphasize the quality of the materials themselves. This fact militates both ways, as those who have had experience upon the screen will readily realize. A girl who is playing the rôle of a wealthy person on the screen cannot make that character convincing by the wildest stretches of the imagination if the clothes which she is wearing are made of cheap material and have been made by unskilled modistes. By the same token, I have seen actors fail in their endeavors to play tough or poverty-stricken characters because of the fact that they have taken handsomely tailored suits and sprinkled a little dust upon them. If the tough man or the poor man does happen to come into possession of clothes which have been well tailored, the tailoring has been for some one else, and not for him, so that he will have well-tailored clothes which do not fit him, or he will have cheap

and shabby garments which are more or less approximate in lines. I am happy to say that the old custom of having screen tramps array themselves in immaculate patent-leather shoes has now become a thing of the past. For some mysterious reason the motion-picture actor of a few years ago seemed to think that the camera never reached below the knees, and that if he had on a sufficiently tough make-up and impoverished-looking apparel he could wear the best shoes in his possession with impunity. Fortunately, the screen tramp of to-day is as impecunious in his pedal extremities as he is in other respects.

Of course, it is not to be expected that very many girls will be called upon to play tramps, but that subject suggests character work in general, and I want to leave one thought with you concerning this very important feature of the player's career. To my mind it is a lamentable error for any player to permit an opportunity to interpret a character rôle escape. The idea that an ingénue should be an ingénue all her life just because she has curly blond ringlets or is diminutive in stature is, it seems to me, a great mistake. It is only by the playing of varied types of characters that we learn to understand and appreciate the real art of acting. It is for this reason that the demise of the stock company—or at least its partial demise—through the advent of the motion picture is in some respects lamentable.

The training which actors and actresses receive in playing different rôles is invaluable to them in their later stage and screen careers. I have always tried to practice what I preach in this respect, and so far have played a number of distinctly "character" rôles. The old scrubwoman in "The Love that Lives" is perhaps the widest departure from the accepted type of "stellar rôle," and there was the white-haired countess in "The Moment Before," and the double rôle in "The Spider." As a matter of fact, *Zaza, Bella Donna,* and *Sapho* were far removed from the ordinary type of what we, in the profession, are pleased to term a "straight lead."

If you are pretty and blond, do not be afraid to paint a few wrinkles on your face, and play a real character rôle, for it may offer you the chance for which you have been seeking—of showing your real histrionic ability. And do not forget that every character part that you play will strengthen and clarify your understanding of the next rôle which you are asked to interpret.

IN 1967

WITH shining eyes the old man said: "My boy, you should have seen
'The Phantom's' second episode; a wild giraffe he rode.
I tell you, boy, that was *some* show,
By that was many years ago."
"'The Phantom's' great," the boy agreed; "the best thing on the screen;
But get your hat and let us see his thousandth episode!"

MATTHEW ALLISON.

Some Filmy Fancies

By Robert V. Carr

LINES TO A CERTAIN KIND OF A "HAM."

I WOULD know you anywhere
By your wealth of rampant hair,
By the way you work your tonsils when you talk;
By your breath, I must confess,
And your glad and noisy dress,
By the way you spring your ankles when you walk.

I would know you by the bull
That you're always sure to pull,
Of the offers of the managers and such;
Of the things you used to be
In the fall of ninety-three;
I would recognize your quick and subtle "touch."

I would know you as the guy
Who white-slaved the pronoun "I,"
And I'd listen while you kept on getting worse;
Then I'd leap into the air,
And I'd leave you lying there,
Till some kindly, thoughtful person called the hearse.

THE REAL VAMP.

When she springs that baby talk,
And that childish, draggy walk,
When she starts to call you "Da-da" off the bat;
Grab your megaphone, old bo,
And let the whole world know
That you're not exactly pos'tive where you're at.

Those straight vamps, let me insist,
With the Theda twine and twist,
To the post are tightly tied by gooie girls;
For, believe me, I have seen
More than one mowp bruise his bean,
When some chicken called him "Da-da" thro' her curls.

Let me whisper, never let
Baby stare stick on your set,
For she'll put her "sweet director" on the blink;
Every close-up will she grab,
And his watch and chain she'll nab,
And she'll lead him like a goat is led to drink.

There's no harm in wicked vamps,
With their Cleopatra lamps,
Their incense and their cigarettes and all;
But side-step those lispy girls
With their mary-janes and curls,
Else pick you out a spot on which to fall.

"Drate big mans so strong and fine,"
Is a sample of their line,
And the cue for every wise bird to take wing;
Stick around, they'll make you meek,
Pet your ego till it's weak,
And add one jazz director to the string.

Very Good, Miss Eddy!

Which merely means that the director is praising Helen Jerome Eddy for her work in another character rôle.

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

Helen Jerome Eddy, who is a better Italian than any other young American lady at the Morosco studio.

HELEN JEROME EDDY, ever since she saw her first moving picture, aspired to be a scenario writer—and now look at her! She is nothing more than the cleverest young character actor the Morosco Company ever had, and doesn't have to worry about meals nor ideas like a regular scenario writer should.

When Helen was four years old, her parents lived in New York, and evidently received a booklet from the Chamber of Commerce, or a souvenir post card from Los Angeles, for they promptly packed up and moved out here, and little Miss Helen was sent to school. She went to see moving pictures, and decided that her place in life was as a writer of scenarios, and she promptly took her little pen in hand and set about to be a big noise in the preparation of the silent drama; but, as fast as she would send scenarios to the different studios around Los Angeles, so fast would these scenarios come back. So finally, being in San Diego, she decided to beard the lion in its very den, and with a scenario clasped firmly in her right hand, and with eighteen years of confidence behind her, Miss Helen called upon Captain Melville, head of the Lubin studio.

Occasionally she is allowed to represent her own nationality.

The captain regretted that he could not use the scenario, but asked the writer if she wouldn't like to be an actress. This had never occurred to Miss Eddy, but she said that she would, so she was cast to play the ingénue in a production entitled "As the Twig Is Bent."

As she went wandering around the lot, Miss Helen ran into a big, broad-shouldered young man who was suffering from a severe attack of stage fright. This young chap was Jack Holt, present leading man with the Lasky Company. Jack confessed to Helen that it was his first experience in pictures, and while he felt all right on the speaking stage, he was a little afraid of the cold muzzle of the camera. However, the two youngsters got through the picture without being seriously damaged by the director.

Miss Eddy liked herself so well as an ingénue that she stayed at the Lubin plant for nearly six months, and then returned to Los Angeles. She showed up at the Morosco studio one day when her type was needed, and, lo and behold! before many weeks she was a regular member of the stock company. She made her first appearance with Dustin Farnum in "The Gentleman from Indiana," and later in "The Tongues of Men."

Helen Jerome Eddy, as she appears without grease paint.

About this time George Beban came out to the Morosco studio to produce "Pasquale," one of his clever Italian characterizations. It was suggested that Miss Eddy play the rôle of his leading woman. Mr. Beban promptly threw up his hands in holy horror, saying it would be impossible. However, Miss Eddy was sent to her dressing room to make up, and when she appeared as an Italian girl, Mr. Beban greeted her with shouts of approval. Since then Miss Eddy has been a wop.

Helen's tresses were black and long,

Miss Eddy playing the part of a young Italian mother in support of George Beban.

hanging nearly to her waist, and could not be dressed in the true Italian manner; consequently, without the knowledge of her parents, and with the assistance of a barber, she bobbed her hair in the interest of art, and she has not been as popular around her home since.

She appeared with George Beban in "His Sweetheart," "The Marcellini Millions," and "The Cook of Cañon Camp" —always as an Italian. In "The Wax Model," however, she had an opportunity to wash off the brown paint from her face, and appeared as a young American girl in love with the artist. She also had an opportunity to be a regular society girl in "As Men Love," but this was only when Beban was not using her in a picture, for now he swears by Helen, and will have no other.

Miss Eddy is not yet well enough acquainted with the stage to be superstitious; consequently when every one in the company, including Mr. Beban, refused to break a mirror in "The Cook of Cañon Camp," Miss Eddy stepped forward and shattered it, thereby precipitating upon herself seven years of bad luck.

Mr. Beban and Miss Eddy always go on shopping tours together, and side by side purchase their wardrobe. The big stores along Los Angeles' Broadway never have an opportunity to boast of costuming these two artists; in fact, this credit belongs to the stores of the Volunteers of America and the Salvation Army, for there are purchased the Italian wardrobes of the two.

How Much for a Shine? Next!

IN this photograph we behold the vivacious Vivian Martin busy polishing the shoes of fortunate and famous William C. De Mille. At the word "Next!" how many thousand admirers would scramble to the throne Mr. De Mille is holding? Vivian could no doubt make a success of this occupation if she took it up seriously; but we think she would have to work on the no-tip basis. Very few of us would care to pay ten cents for a shine and slip the beautiful bootblack enough to pay her what she draws per minute in pictures.

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen, that are of interest to everyone.

Pictures in the War

THE importance of the motion picture has suddenly assumed gigantic proportions in the eyes of the countries at war. Previous to the war it was an amusement. Now it is a necessity. In the training camp it is one of the foremost factors in war education. In the war zone it is the greatest element of relaxation. Advices from abroad say that men returning from the fire of the first-line trench are rushed into motion-picture shows as fast as they come in, regardless of whether or not they are in need of physical nourishment.

Their mental state is the first thing considered, and the motion picture has been adjudged the best doctor for these nerve-shattered men, weakened to mere human likenesses by the heavy fire. Generosity and charity have placed many magazines, books, and newspapers within the reach of the soldiers at the front, but they lack the lively interest and fun inspired by the screen. A letter recently received by PICTURE-PLAY from a Canadian soldier in France states that at the picture show the night before the men fairly rocked in laughter at a slapstick comedy, several of them almost falling off of the benches.

This probably is more fun than the average picturegoer gets out of a comic film, but that only better illustrates the value of the moving picture at the front. What other form of pastime could give these men so much entertainment, the thing they need most to keep them in good condition? They find the picture a Godsend. All of them, no matter what their country, can absorb and understand the story of the moving picture. It speaks a universal language.

In many other ways is the film making itself indispensable to the nations at war. President Wilson has said that had he suitable motion pictures to circulate in certain neutral countries, the propaganda work of Germany would be nullified. Recruiting has been stimulated throughout the country by the use of specially prepared pictures and trailers on the regular dramatic releases. The Red Cross has appointed a committee to confer with representatives of the motion-picture industry to the end of obtaining their coöperation in raising funds, claiming it to be one of the greatest aids they could secure. In the warring forces abroad a certain number of men are detailed to take motion pictures of maneuvers, trench work, charges, and various other operations, just as others are standard bearers or machine-gun men. Some of these pictures are developed and shown to the officers the next day, as they reveal things to be avoided in the future. Certain parts of these pictures will be exhibited generally, but most of them will be filed away as a confidential history of the war.

A Comedian and a Million Dollars

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has signed a contract in which his salary is mentioned as being one million seventy-five thousand dollars a year. The contract outlines several years' work, but if it is only in effect one year, the pay check is large enough to arouse two gulps and a gasp in the man of ordinary income. About three years ago Chaplin was receiving about five hundred dollars a week from Keystone. Essanay paid him a little over twice that amount, and he began to be known as expensive.

Then John R. Freuler signed him up for a year's services at six hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and brought much criticism on his head thereby. It was generally admitted that Chaplin was a drawing card, but six hundred and seventy thousand dollars was said to be a figure far in excess of his earning power. Mr. Freuler, with Chaplin's help, proved that it was not. The famous comedian was a profitable investment to Mutual by something above one million dollars. Moving-picture stars' salaries are generally referred to with equal notes of awe and sarcasm, because they contain the president's salary from one to ten times. We will not attempt to explain the president's salary or position. This was done by the first Congress, and has passed muster ever since.

The stars' amazing salary and importance are a mushroom growth of the past few years, and is strictly traceable to their earning capacity. The company that claims its stars are getting more than they are worth admits that it is playing a losing game. The First National Exhibitors' Circuit, which has just employed Chaplin, has not done so because they like him or feel sorry for him. They have done it because they believe that by proper manipulation of his pictures they can turn his services to their gain.

The remarkable expansion of stars' salaries during the past few years is a splendid indication of the substantial development of motion-picture patronage. A few years ago photo-play stars paid five hundred dollars a week were few and noted. Now five hundred dollars is not an unusual salary for a number of people, and still the business can stand the drain. When this becomes a real burden high salaries mean financial suicide, but until then a star's worth is correctly gauged by his earning capacity.

Some Important Producing Changes

FACTORS in the picture business and rivers have some resemblance, inasmuch as both are known to change their channels, but right there the parallel finds its finis. When a river changes its course, people marvel and talk and reflect seriously upon the great power of the unknown. It is an event, and causes patriarchs to recede into the past and mull over the circumstances connected with the last similar aquatic performance.

But changes in our industrial world are not marked by either the rarity or solemnity which surrounds the temperamental activities of rivers. The streams of talent and production which empty into the film market move their channels almost constantly, and awaken but small interest. Which only goes to prove that the much-tabooed assertion that the motion-picture industry is still a youth is nevertheless true.

This tremendous commercial body is ever shifting, groping, experimenting,

but always settling, and always pointing to improvement. Because of the fluctuating quality of its product, the quick change of values in its personnel, and the high speed which is its natural gait, the film business will never reach an entirely quiet, bed-rock foundation, unless it filters into a general rut, but it is hurrying on its way to the ultimate in betterment.

The most significant change of recent days is that of Thomas H. Ince and Mack Sennett, who have moved from Triangle to Paramount. Both of these men are pioneers in pictures. They constitute a part of the central body responsible for the advancements and improvements which have resulted in the present form of photo-play comedy and drama. Mack Sennett created Keystone comedies. His work was patterned after many times, but never duplicated. Directors making excellent comedies under Sennett's supervision could not make them away from the Keystone lot. They resembled Sennett's work, but they lacked his scintillating twang, and were more or less flat.

The story of Thomas Ince has been told too often to add anything to it here. From a primitive start he developed one of the greatest organizations and plants in the moving-picture world. As a producing unit he stood in the first rank in the industry, and had very little company. It is remarkable that two men, Ince and Sennett, should in themselves combine practically all of the necessary elements for a big film-manufacturing organization. But they do. With Ince to supply the drama, society, comic, Western, and otherwise, and Sennett to furnish the comedies, a well-balanced program may be maintained.

Paramount has effected an arrangement with Ince and Sennett, and we look for continued good work from them. They have given much to pictures, and mean a great deal to the industry.

The Stolen Scenario Question

PEOPLE connected with the moving-picture business constantly meet outsiders who believe that they have good film stories in their heads, but are afraid to put them on paper and submit them to companies for acceptance for fear their ideas will be stolen and their scripts returned. Somewhere in the dark past there is, no doubt, a reason for this fear. It is too definite in its form to have developed out of thin air. But, also, it is too highly developed and too rabid to apply in the present day.

Producers are not devoting their institutions and thoughts to staging plays which cost them nothing, nor are scenario departments organized groups of story bandits. Reliable companies would not for a minute tolerate the practices which are bringing so much mental woe to amateur writers, especially when they are paying high salaries to their staffs to secure original plots.

It is possible that unstable, cheap film companies, generally known as "fly-by-nights," will lift a part or the whole of a submitted story, but this action is not so much a blot upon the motion-picture industry as it is evidence here of a deplorable condition existing in some degree in every other business. Don't class a lion with a jackal because their haunts may be the same, and, on the other hand, don't expect a glittering, weak sister in the world of film companies to measure up to the high moral and financial virtues of a tried and proved concern.

If you patronize a poor restaurant, you must expect to watch your hat and

coat. You can't watch your stories after submitting them, so pick your prospective buyers carefully. Send your scenarios to established companies, concerns of good standing and trade-mark reputation, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the treatment received will be wholly satisfactory.

The Handsome Hero Passes

SILHOUETTED on the horizon, alone, bleak, and slowly but steadily losing its hold on existence and fading into a misty absence, is a figure we once knew well. Its presence was felt in theaters, written of in magazines and papers, and spoken of by enthusiasts. But the day for the post-mortem is close. Even at its great distance, small and insignificant though the figure is, we can see that it is straining to hang on, to hide its haggard lines and the scars of battle, and to appear once more as a short four or five years ago we viewed it at close range, dignified, nonchalant, important, even haughty.

The chivalrous gentleman who grows dimmer, even as we watch him, is none other than Stock Type, the actor who got by in the old days because he had a winsome curl, and the girls were said to be crazy about him. Slipping and sinking, he struggles to a press agent, but the tonic administered by this able doctor does not fit the disease. A diagnosis of his case is readily given. He simply isn't there in a profession which demands real histrionic ability. When the motion-picture business swaddled in its long clothes, Stock Type gave up his stock-company contract or title of town devil, as the case may be, and offered his services to the flickering films. He was accepted, of course. In fact, he was irresistible with that way of his and those clothes.

During his first two or three years he was a knockout. His photographs got boudoir locations, and the same girls wrote him long letters about nothing, and grew thin if he didn't answer within a reasonable time. He was voted most popular man at the firemen's strawberry festival, and, in short, seemed to have no end of a future if he could only preserve that wavy hair and keep his youth.

But a dark horse got into the race, somehow, and battled his way to a place in the front rank. His fight was so sincere and effective that he spread scenes of carnage all about him. The people in time knew him for Ability, became accustomed to looking for him, and finally insisted upon his presence.

We see poor old Stock Type depart with many regrets. In the pioneer days and some following he furnished us with many romantic scenes and daring exploits, and we liked him. But Ability is incessant in his courtship of our movie money. He is not always good looking, like Doug Fairbanks or Wally Reid. Sometimes he is just a plain, regular fellow, like Bill Hart, or probably withou physical charm, like Tully Marshall, who can't deny that he doesn't have to make up much to look tired out. He may be a towering big fellow, like Bill Russell, whom you would rather see fight than wear evening clothes, a country swain like Charlie Ray, or a slick city chap like Bob Warwick. But always he has ability. The title says he is interpreting some part, and when he appears on the screen he convinces you that he is what he is only pretending to be.

Stock Type of the fading horizon is not the one man he appears to be. There are a number of people who should answer to the name, and they have nice, curly hair, charming ways of making love, and set smiles, but they are not actors, and they are going. Ability has hung up his hat in the studio for good.

The Beautiful Bloomer Brigade

The latest styles for ladies are different from the earlier ones —they are designed for use.

Patriotism, toil, and style have combined to make efficiency. The picture actresses, who usually watch with eagerness for announcements from Paris, and are loyal followers of fashion, have turned leaders in latest patterns. Norma Talmadge is pictured on this page as the first of the bloomer brigade. She is mowing the grass at her summer home and learning to take the man's place.

Studio Times in Rimes

By Paul H. Dowling

An Actor's Lament

LOTS of film stars are touring
On trips quite alluring—
Yes, all of the big stars but us;
While they make commotion
From ocean to ocean
We're riding the Hollywood bus.

Do Your Summer Vamping Early

WHEN the vampires are vamping
And heroes decamping
The thermometer rises apace;
When sirens are smiling
And eyes are beguiling
In June this is too hot a place.

Darwin Was Right

WHEN a noted comedian
Or i' faith a tragedian
Does something entirely new;
It is quite true, but saddening—
Yes, verily, maddening—
To see others attempting it, too.

Salaries for Shrapnel

WHEN we heard of the money
Men were paid to be funny,
We believed it, but wished to be shown;
But if you're from Missouri
We'd submit to the jury
Names of stars on the Liberty Loan.

The Early Bird Shoots the Set

WITH splendor and glamour
For a spectacle drammer—
The director all ready to do it;
The set was completed
But his plans were defeated.
The comics had beaten him to it.

Thoughts from the Extra Bench

WHEN we see her rehearsing
Her film rôle of nursing,
"Our Sweetheart" we've come to adore;
If the nurses in France
Do as much to entrance
We'll leave right away for the war.

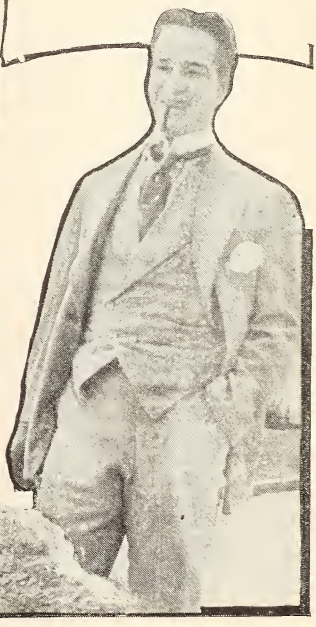
What's Happening

Snappy snapshots of famous picture people taken when they are not appearing on the celluloid circuit.

Judging from the lack of action in Bessie Love's swing, we should say that her score probably is in complete accord with her name.

The fair Yvette fortunately does all her dancing for the films. We dare not imagine what would happen should this dainty danseuse appear on a breezy mountain peak without a screen.

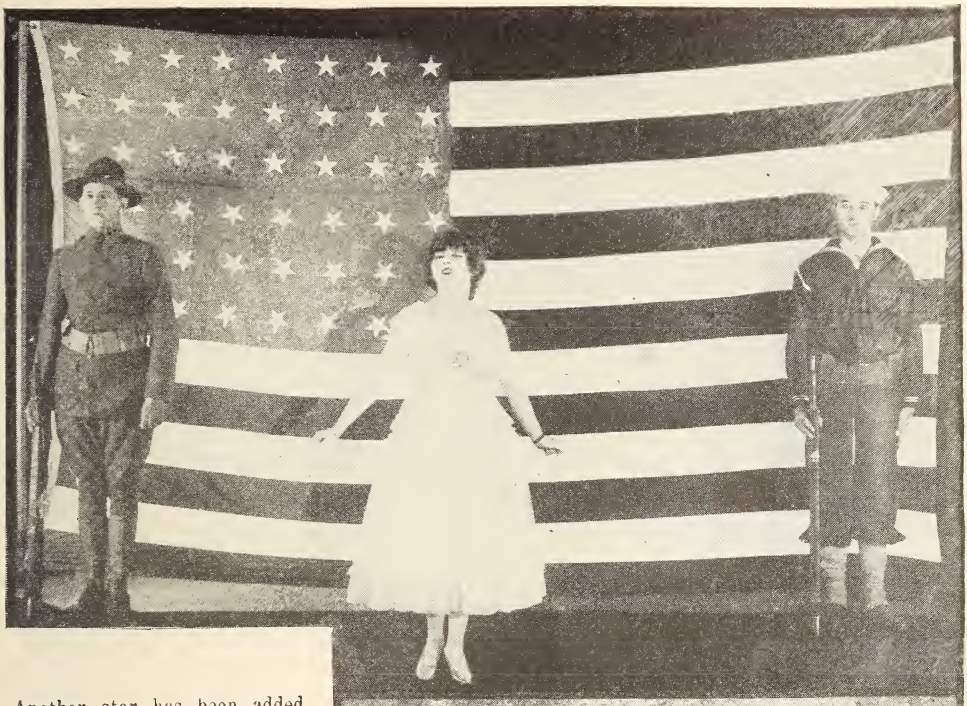
Big Bill Russell, who is not at the moment engaged in the delightful business of assassination. He smiles because he has just noticed what's next to him on this page.



It is difficult to understand why the Marsh family, Mae, Marguerite, and Betty, should do their reading in a crowd and before a camera. They are explaining to Betty what every young movie actress should know.

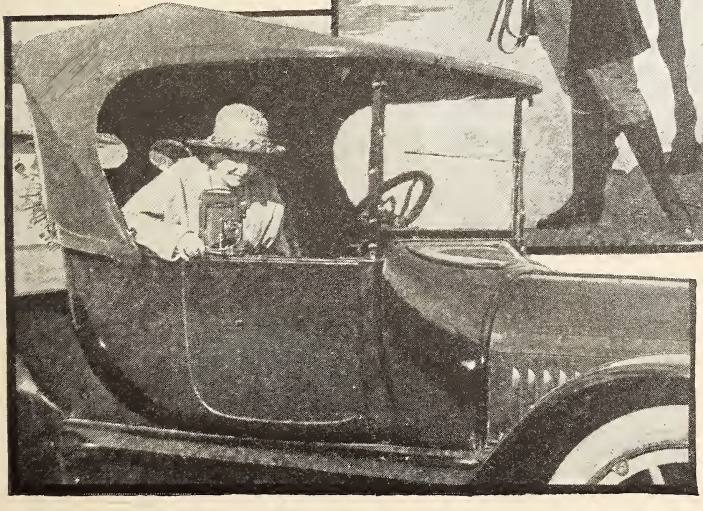
Francelia Billington, also reading. Really, the standard of education in this profession is very high and frequent. You find very few actresses who cannot read when a camera happens to be in the immediate vicinity.

The man whose hand is in his own pocket is not in the moving-picture business. He is William Goodrich Morse, son of the inventor, who is a guest at Universal City. His other arm is around Lena Baskette, Pavlowa's protégée.

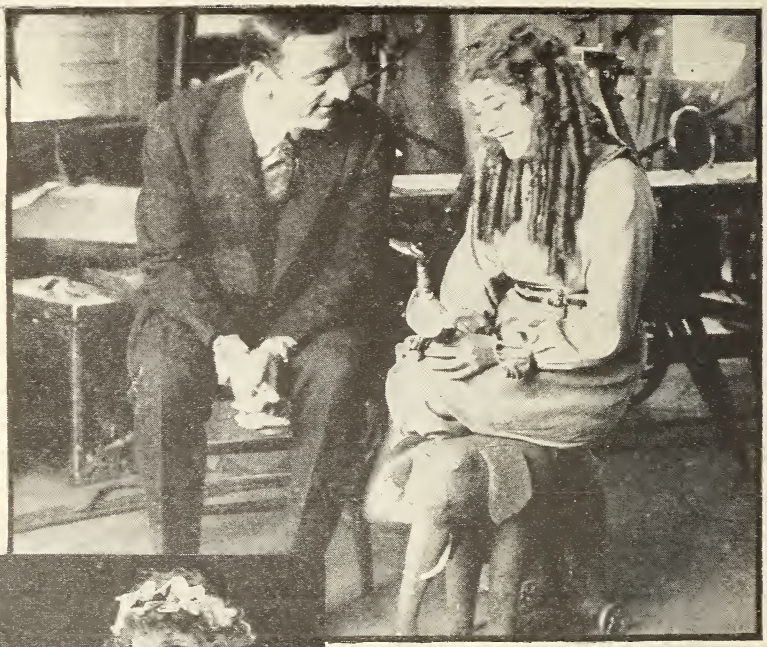


Another star has been added to the flag—Ann Pennington. Ann is the figure in the middle.

Dorothy Phillips is another of those actresses who think it is necessary to be taken with an animal in order to get into these pages. The figure is a fine one, slender and straight legs, and shapely—the best horse in fact we've ever seen.



The goddess *ex-machina* is Vivian Reed, who is taking a moving picture. It is a snapshot of one of her fellow workers paying his tailor. That's why it's moving.



Every once in a while you read in the papers about a man who laughed so hard at a joke that he burst a blood vessel. They never tell what the joke is though, that could make a man do that. Wonder what confidential little joke there is between Director Maurice Tourneur and Mary Pickford.

Vivian Martin engaged in culinary duties. Don't know exactly what she is doing, but it reminds us of "Why men leave home!"—to go to a restaurant.

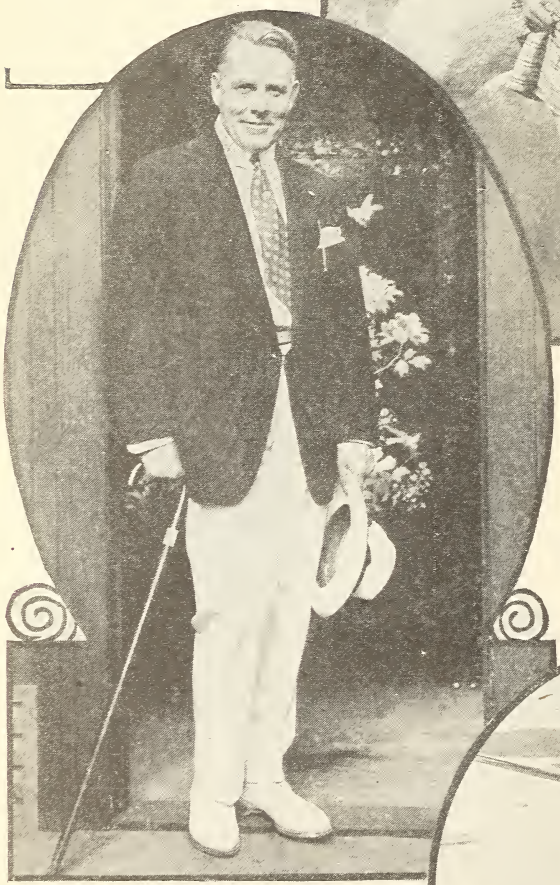
"Can you play the piano, Dot Kelly?" "I don't know; maybe I can. I never tried!" She's about to try. Duck fellers!

Theodore Roberts is interested in Kathlyn Williams; Kathlyn is interested in Director George Melford, and George is interested in the script, which is well written and sustains the interest throughout.

Franklyn Farnum should have known better than to smoke a cigar that was intended to be used in the pictures. It must be what Irvin Cobb once called "a cooking cigar, not a smoking cigar."

Dorothy Dalton in a field of other daisies. Dorothy is the daisy with the black eyes.

Ruth Clifford, who is neither bow-legged nor knock-kneed, and appears to be proud of it. This might look a little unnecessary, when you consider the depth of the water, but who are we, to look a gift —or—limb in the feet.



Harry Morey, who has nothing to smile about. At any rate, we wouldn't if we were getting a double chin.

Reading from left to right, William Farnum, who is dressed for a cruise —on the sea of publicity.

Charles Gunn teaching his old dog new tricks—a difficult one. The trick is to try and get a coin out of an actor's hand. Heretofore this has been considered impossible.

Elsie Ferguson may be able to play the piano, and she may not, but the fact that she has posed with one doesn't necessarily prove it to us. However, it pleases Elsie and doesn't hurt the piano.

Billie Burke's dog doesn't recognize her—neither did we, at first. It almost amounts to a disguise when she wears anything but pajamas; at least, when having her picture taken.

Louise Glaum, vampire, who sinks men without warning. She is shown here practicing her trade—she practices vampiring for two hours every day, between lemonades.

And whom have we here? Ah, who should it be but Doug Fairbanks, caught in a restful—for him—moment.

Left to right—Jesse L. Lasky and Frank Mooser, on their recent New-York-to-California-by—auto trip. They tell us that one of the most popular things in California is the train to New York.

Screen Gossip

A hundred reels of the happenings in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

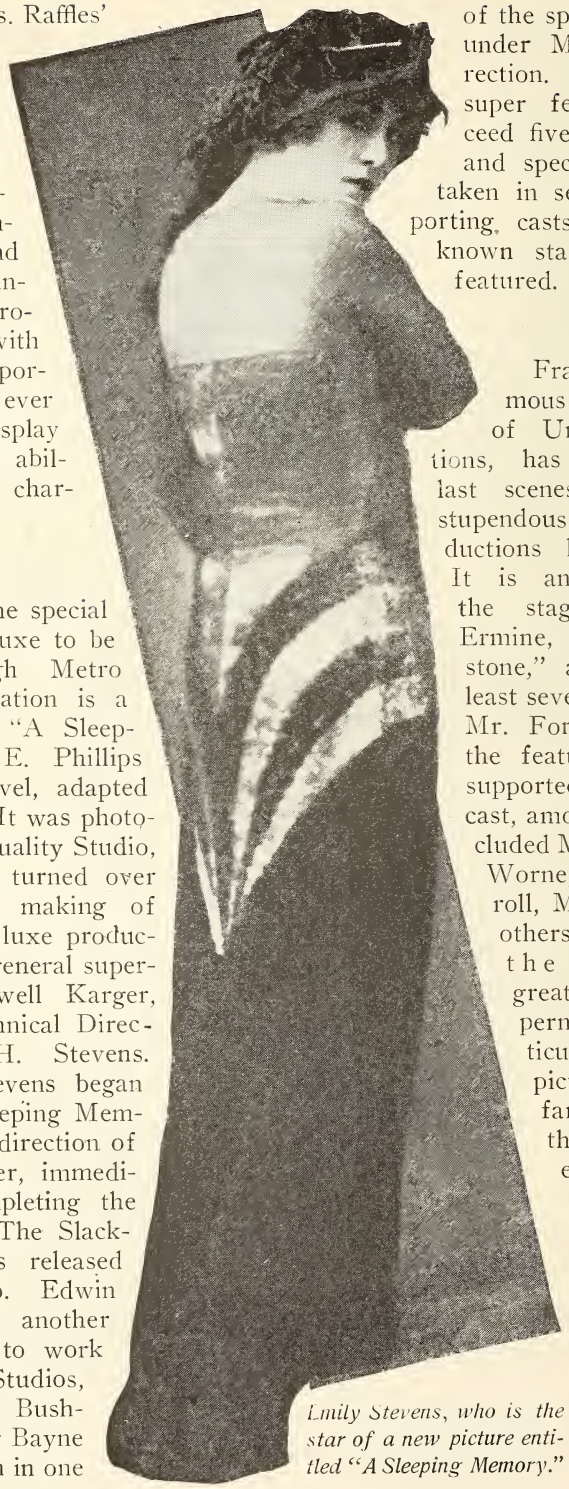
By Neil G. Caward

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, world-famous comedian, has signed a contract to produce eight pictures a year for the First National Exhibitors Circuit, an organization made up of a number of the leading exhibitors of the United States, who either buy outright or have made to order for them a series of big productions which they first exhibit and then sublease to other exhibitors not in their organization. Upon signing the contract, which calls for a payment of one million dollars, Chaplin was given a bonus of seventy-five thousand dollars, thus making a total of one million seventy-five thousand dollars for the year's work. Unquestionably this is the highest salary ever paid to any actor in the history of the world. Under his Mutual contract, Chaplin received six hundred and seventy thousand dollars for twelve pictures, and not many weeks ago was offered one million dollars if he would resign with Mutual for twelve more pictures; but he turned down the proposition to accept the better one outlined above. It is declared Mr. Chaplin will have absolutely free rein as to the production of his pictures, and they are to be released in any length that Chaplin himself deems suitable. Before beginning work on his new series Chaplin is enjoying a month's vacation following the completion of his twelfth and last Mutual two-reeler.

Charlie Chaplin and John Freuler, president of Mutual, who was his employer before the new contract was signed.

Last month this department chronicled the fact that Julian Eltinge, famous female impersonator, had been signed by the Famous Players-Lasky Company, but at that time little could be told about the vehicle in which Mr. Eltinge would make his picture début. Gelett Burgess and Carolyn Wells, famous writer of mystery tales, collaborated on

the story of "Mrs. Raffles' Career," which is the title chosen for Mr. Eltinge's first Paramount picture. It is a combination of comedy, mystery, and thrills, and unquestionably provides Eltinge with the greatest opportunity he has ever had for the display of his amazing abilities in feminine characterization.



Emily Stevens, who is the star of a new picture entitled "A Sleeping Memory."

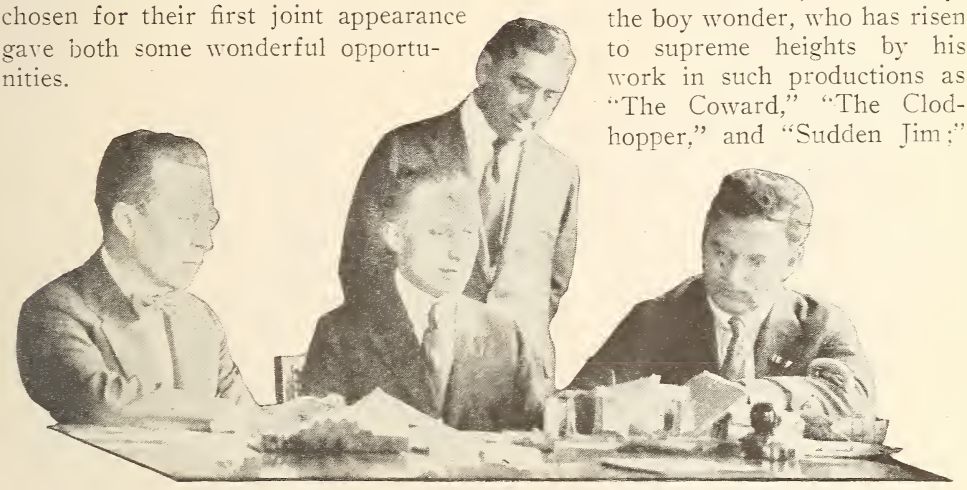
The first of the special productions de luxe to be released through Metro Pictures Corporation is a picturization of "A Sleeping Memory," E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, adapted for the screen. It was photographed at the Quality Studio, which has been turned over entirely to the making of Metro super de luxe productions under the general supervision of Maxwell Karger, assisted by Technical Director William H. Stevens. Miss Emily Stevens began work on "A Sleeping Memory," under the direction of George D. Baker, immediately upon completing the last scenes of "The Slacker," which was released some weeks ago. Edwin Carewe will be another Metro director to work in the Quality Studios, and Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne may soon be seen in one of the special productions under Mr. Carewe's direction. All of the Metro super features will exceed five reels in length, and special care will be taken in selecting the supporting casts for the well-known stars who will be featured.

Francis Ford, famous star and director of Universal productions, has completed the last scenes of the most stupendous feature productions he ever staged. It is an adaptation of the stage play, "John Ermine, of the Yellowstone," and will run at least seven reels in length. Mr. Ford himself plays the featured lead, being supported by an all-star cast, among whom are included Mae Gaston, Duke Worne, William Carroll, Mark Fenton, and others. A number of the scenes require great masses of supernumeraries, particularly those depicting Indian warfare, in which some thousand or more extras are shown.

"Charity Castle," the newest Mary Miles Minter offering, is the first Minter - Mutual subject to be made un-

der the direction of Lloyd Ingraham, former Triangle producer. Director James Kirkwood, who previously has been in charge of the Minter pictures, completed his tenth Minter subject in "Melissa of the Hills," released in July, and left at once for the East, where he has a most attractive offer. Alan Forrest plays the leading rôle opposite Mary of the M's, and the vehicle chosen for their first joint appearance gave both some wonderful opportunities.

Thomas H. Ince and Mack Sennett, both formerly of Triangle, have cast their lots with Paramount, and in future we photo-play fans will be seeing the productions of these two master directors with a new label on them. Mr. Ince, in signing with Paramount, expects to offer several of his former stars. Among them can be mentioned William S. Hart, world's greatest delineator of Western rôles; Charles Ray, the boy wonder, who has risen to supreme heights by his work in such productions as "The Coward," "The Clodhopper," and "Sudden Jim;"



Walter E. Green, Adolph Zukor, Hiram Abrams, and Thomas H. Ince signing the contract that places Ince on the Paramount banner.

Helen Holmes, she of the daring deeds and the hairbreadth escapes from death, is at it again; in other words, she has started work on her fourth serial film—"The Lost Express." The story of the new picture, which will be fifteen chapters in length, is a mystery of the most astounding sort, having to do with the complete disappearance of a long express train. The train starts from one station, and fails to arrive at another eight miles away. Where it went to and why is not revealed until the very last chapter, and Helen and her fellow players are working tooth and nail to discover what happened to it. J. P. McGowan again directs, and most of the cast who appeared in "The Railroad Raiders" are in evidence.

and Enid Bennett, the little Australian girl who popped into the limelight almost overnight, and to-day is regarded as one of the best screen personalities in all the cinema world.

Mr. Ince is hard at work in California in his new studios, and probably before many more weeks have passed you will be seeing the first of his productions under the Paramount banner. It is stipulated that the first pictures Mr. Ince himself directs will be released as Artcraft, which means they will be grouped with those of Mary Pickford, George M. Cohan, Geraldine Farrar, Elsie Ferguson, Douglas Fairbanks, and those made by Cecil B. De Mille and David W. Griffith. Those made under Mr. Ince's supervision, but

actually staged by other directors, will be released as ordinary Paramount subjects.

As for Mr. Sennett, he, too, is busily engaged at new studios in California, and his comedies, while no longer known as Keystones, that name being retained by Triangle, will probably have the true Mack Sennett punch to them, and be distributed along with those of Roscoe Arbuckle and other Paramount comedians. They will be two reels in length, and released every other week to begin at first.

Douglas Fairbanks, Eileen Percy, and Director John Emerson, the original Artcraft-Fairbanks trio. Doug has just engaged two additional directors.

Douglas Fairbanks, who is already famous for his pep and ginger, is about to establish some new records in that line, apparently, for Doug is no longer contented with a single director. They can't make pictures fast enough to keep up with him, so he has devised a scheme by which he will be ordered about by two directors—when one can't use him the other will get busy, and vice versa—but Doug himself will go on forever. John W. McDermott and Joseph Henaberry are the two directors who will superintend the Fairbanks vehicles, and both will take their orders direct from John Emerson, who has produced most of the Fairbanks successes. Incidently Douglas has selected his permanent leading woman, after quite a number of experiments, and dainty Eileen Percy is the lucky girl. She has been engaged to play all feminine leads opposite the athletic star.

September 9th is the big day. It's then that Goldwyn Films, the newest of big film-manufacturing and distributing concerns, makes its bow on the screen. You know all the Goldwyn stars and their directors so well that they will seem like old friends right from the start. "Polly of the Circus," Margaret Mayo's famous play that has toured the country, is the first release. Mae Marsh is the star, and of course she is cast in the rôle of *Polly*. The second Goldwyn will feature Madge Kennedy, and "Baby Mine," another famous Margaret Mayo play, is the subject. Millions have laughed over this comedy drama, and in its film form

probably still other millions will roar just as heartily. September 23d is the release date of the second subject. Maxine Elliott, her first time in pictures, is the fact you will keep in mind when watching on October 7th for "Fighting Odds," the third Goldwyn, from the pens of Roi Cooper Megrue and Irvin S. Cobb. This is a film version of "Under Sentence," which was staged as a play on Broadway. On October 21st, Jane Cowl, celebrated emotional star of the speaking stage, appears as the featured player in "The Spreading Dawn."

Lois Weber has completed the first Lois Weber Production—the first of the pictures to be released by her own company. "The Whim" is its title, and it is an adaptation of a short story of that title which appeared in a national magazine. The feminine lead is enacted by Mildred Harris, who was with the Ince and the Fine Arts Companies, while opposite her appears Kenneth Harlan, who also appeared in Triangle plays. Other well-known people in the cast are Alfred Allen, who was *Hell Morgan;* Gertrude Aster, Ethel Weber, a sister of the directress; Adele Farrington, and Teresa Young, a new "find" of the coast studios.

Margery Wilson, who as a leading woman has won a tremendous following all over the country, has just signed a new three-year contract with Triangle, and under the terms of it will be starred in the future, instead of merely "supporting" some good-looking hero. The hero will in future have to play second fiddle to the magnetic Margery. Every dyed-in-the-wool fan instantly recalls her clever work in such pictures as "Wolf Lowry" and "The Desert Man," in which she supported Bill Hart; "The Last of the Ingrahams," where she played opposite Bill Desmond; "The Clodhopper," as an opposite of Charles Ray; and "The Mother Instinct," in which she assisted Enid Bennett. From now on, though, Margery will probably twinkle brighter than ever.

The world's first famous fat man—John Bunny—is coming back. Interest on the part of the public has been so great in the Bunny pictures that the Vitagraph

Margery Wilson, who has just been made a star by Triangle. She has signed a three-year contract.

Arline Pretty, who is now a Pathé star.

Company is reissuing a lot of the old successes in which Bunny rose to fame. They include all of those pictures that instantly set the average fan off on a line of conversation that usually begins: "Yes, and do you remember the one in which Bunny——" and so on. Rest assured that particular one is among the list scheduled for reissue. Still other famous Vitagraphers will live again on the screen, for ever and ever so many of the pictures that built Vitagraph's reputation are going to be shown again.

Crane Wilbur is to be the hero of an entire new series of Art Drama releases. The popular Horsley star has already finished such productions as "The Eye of Envy," "The Third Generation," and "Unto the End," all of which are highly dramatic, and is now working on a group of Western subjects. Mr. Wilbur will live forever in the hearts of the fans on the success he made opposite Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline." He is a typical matinée idol, and in the old days at the Lubin plant proved time and again that his ripping good looks alone could save many a frowsy plot. On the speaking stage he once supported Mrs. Fiske.

Arline Pretty, who used to play opposite King Baggot, and who numbers her friends by the thousand, is now a Pathé star, having been recently engaged to play a principal rôle in the new serial, "The Hidden Hand," from the pens of Arthur B. Reeve and Charles A. Logue. This unusual production will feature four stars. Besides Miss Pretty, Doris Kenyon, Sheldon Lewis, and Mahlon Hamilton will be featured in the film. Miss Pretty will be instantly remembered from Vitagraph's "The Secret Kingdom." Miss Kenyon has been starred in numerous feature productions, Mr. Lewis was in the "Exploits of Elaine" and "The Iron Claw," and Mr. Hamilton has been appearing with Olga Petrova.

In these strenuous war times the film folks are doing all that they can be expected to and a little bit more. There is hardly an actor or actress of note who has not only appeared at countless Red Cross benefits, but also contributed liberally from his own pockets, besides buying vast quantities of Liberty Bonds. And as regards the conscription law, the male players from studios all over the country who had to register under the law would form an army almost by themselves. Take just the Pacific coast studios, for example. Just to mention a few of the celebrities whose names went onto registration cards one could list Charlie Chaplin, Charles Ray, Charles Gunn, Roy Neill, Victor Schertzinger, Lambert Hilyer, Frank Borzage, Robert McKim, Crane Wilbur, Neal Burns, Horace and Allen Davey, Eddie Lyons, Lee Moran, Alfred Allen, Leo Pearson, E. J. Clawson, Emory Johnson, Beverly Griffith, Neal

Hart, Allen Holubar, George Walsh, Hank Mann, R. A. Walsh, Bernard McConville, C. M. and S. A. Franklyn, Wallace Reid, Marshall Neilan, Harry Ham, James Harrison, Carlyle Robinson, Ray Gamble, Al Santell, Lloyd V. Hamilton, Alfred Vosburg, Harold Lockwood, J. Warren Kerrigan, Kenneth O'Hara, and a host of others. Gosh, but won't the kaiser beat it back for Berlin when some of those lads get on his trail! You have yourself probably seen at least a dozen of 'em whip a whole mob of desperadoes who opposed them, and come out without a scratch, so you can imagine what will happen to Wilhelm Hohenzollern when the whole bunch attacks at once. But we'll hope they won't be called upon to go, for surely the screen will lose half its charm when their familiar features are missing from the sheet.

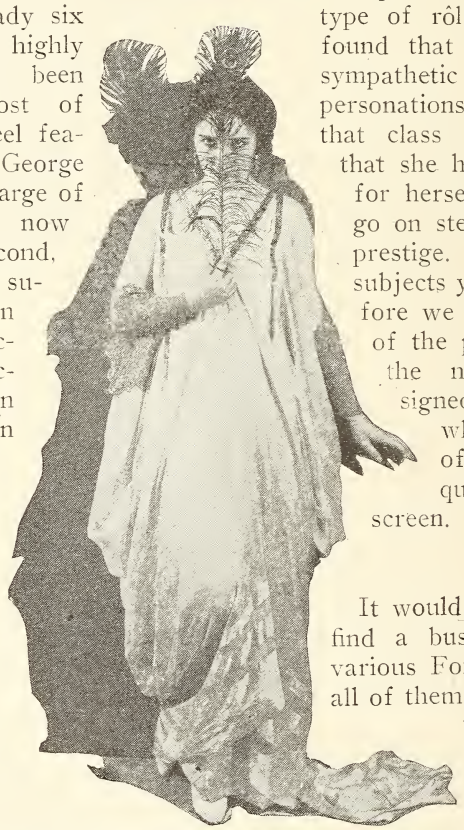
When you view the work of Daniel Leighton, one of the minor rôles in the current Universal serial, "The Gray Ghost," you will be witnessing the last bit of playing of this talented son of the noted Irish actor, Horace Leighton. While making up in his dressing room at Universal City for one of the last scenes in the serial, Mr. Leighton dropped dead from heart failure. As his part was all but completed, a substitute had to assume the rôle in only two or three of the very last scenes.

Earle Williams, popular Vitagraph star, will be strongly featured early this fall in a multiple-reel feature based on Robert W. Chambers' story, "Who Goes There?" which is expected to equal any previous Vitagraph offering from both the standpoint of story and star, but also as an example of care and accuracy in production. W. P. S. Earle, who directed "Within the Law" for Vitagraph, will swing the megaphone and be responsible for the entire supervision of the production.

Lina Cavalier, grand opera singer, who will play for Paramount.

Paramount keeps right on adding to its big list of world-renowned stars. Lina Cavalieri, the international grand-opera star, is the latest celebrity to sign a Famous Players-Lasky contract, and her first Paramount picture will be released some time in September. Her beauty has been the source of almost endless newspaper and magazine comment for the past few years, and she is popular not only all over America, but all over the world. Originally a dancing girl in Rome, her beauty and grace won her a post in the ballet at the Royal Opera House, and, by command of the King of Italy, placed under the tutelage of Lombardi, the peer of all Italian vocal instructors. She won instant fame in Milan, Naples, Genoa, and Florence. After a season in Petrograd she sang in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and a season with the Chicago Opera Company.

Speaking of Vitagraph calls to mind the fact that Edith Storey, who has been a Vitagraph luminary for so long that she seems part and parcel of the Vitagraph trade-mark, is no longer a twinkler with that organization, but will in future shine only through Metro pictures. The Metro people have been begging Miss Storey to join their camp for nearly two years, and at last she has consented. Already six widely different and highly unusual plays have been chosen for her—most of them will be seven-reel features—and Director George D. Baker will have charge of the first production, now under way. The second, it is expected, will be supervised by Edwin Carewe, and other successful Metro directors will direct her in still later offerings in the series. In speaking of her new connection, Miss Storey said: "Words cannot express my pleasure at having the greatest opportunity of my life come to me at a time when I feel that the best part of my work is ahead of me. The vehicles so far chosen for me are the highest in character, and I think my work for Metro will be the best of my entire career."



Edith Storey, formerly of Vitagraph, who is now appearing in Metro pictures.

June Elvidge, a World-Brady leading woman, who has been steadily growing in popular favor, has signed a long-term contract by which she is raised to stellar heights, and will in future be featured in advertising and on the screen as the star of World-Brady attractions. Her rise has been phenomenal, for it was only a few months ago that she was at the Winter Garden understudying Jose Collins, and now she is drawing a stupendous weekly salary, and being exploited all over the country. Her early picture appearances made it appear that she would take permanently to the vampire type of rôle, but it was soon found that she was fitted for sympathetic and emotional impersonations, and now it is in that class of characterizations that she has won new laurels for herself, and bids fair to go on steadily increasing her prestige. There are several subjects yet to be released before we will have a glimpse of the pictures begun since the new contract was signed, but in the meanwhile we can be sure of enjoying her work quite regularly on the screen.

It would be hard, indeed, to find a busier place than the various Fox studios make, for all of them are going night and day creating celluloid dramas of one kind and another, and the fall months will be marked by the release of an extraordinary lot of subjects. First of all comes the announcement that Annette Kellermann, who scored so heavily in "A Daughter of the Gods," will soon begin a new subsea picture written by George Bronson Howard. Director John G. Adolphi is to have charge of the production, and many scenes will be taken at the bottom of the ocean by means of a patented

submarine apparatus. Mr. Fox is to have assistance from the Smithsonian Institute, of Washington, and the British Museum, as well as the coöperation of the United States fisheries commission, in the filming of this forthcoming spectacle.

Next, perhaps, in importance to the Kellermann announcement comes the disclosure that a whole series of child's fairy tales have been filmed in lavish fashion, this work being undertaken at the suggestion of women's clubs, editors, and educators, all of whom felt motion pictures could do much to aid in the education and welfare of the youngsters. The first of the Fox kiddie pictures is "Jack and the Beanstalk," which will have a Broadway run this fall, and prove it has plenty to interest the grown-ups as well as the kids. "Alladin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Treasure Island," and "Babes in the Woods" are some of the other kid pictures you may expect to see in this series.

William Farnum has completed "The Conqueror," a multiple-reel feature based on the life of Sam Houston, and will also be seen in "When a Man Sees Red," by Larry Evans, and "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor. Theda Bara is surprising even her most ardent admirers by her work in "Cleopatra." and Dustin Farnum is staging "The Scarlet Pimpernel," by Baroness D'Orcy, "Durand of the Bad Lands," by Maibelle Hikes Justice, and "North of Fifty-Three," by Bertrand Sinclair. With all these doings, and a lot more that we haven't space here to tell you about, you can readily understand that there is plenty to look forward to if you undertake to see only the Fox offerings.

All of us hugely enjoyed Constance Talmadge's first Selznick's Picture, but few of us realize that it broke a few records in the way of rapid production. Director Giblyn finished the last scene and began cutting the picture exactly four weeks to a day after Miss Talmadge signed her contract, and yet every detail is perfect. Virginia Terhune van der Water is responsible for the story, and the film is marked by some unusually novel effects.

Lillian Walker's first picture as a star of the Ogden Pictures Corporation of Ogden, Utah, is finished. "The Lust of the Ages" is the title under which it will be released, and some one hundred thousand dollars was expended in making the eight reels. Miss Walker is given some real opportunities to display her dramatic talent, and you will behold some most unusual backgrounds, many of the scenes having been shot in the Wasatch Mountain country around Ogden and Salt Lake.

Many new faces will be found among the players now enacting Vitagraphs at the big Brooklyn plant of that company. Edward Earle, whom you have seen with Metro, Frohman, Famous Players, Pathé, and Edison, is now a Vitagrapher, having been engaged to play leads opposite Betty Howe, a former Vitagrapher who has just returned to the fold. Arthur Donaldson has been selected as their chief support, and Wesley Ruggles, who has been directing Bobby Connelly, will have charge of the new Earle-Howe Company, which is hard at work on a Blue Ribbon feature which bears the title "For France." Mildred Manning and Wallace MacDonald are another couple who will be new to Vitagraph fans. MacDonald you will recall from seeing him in "Purity," with Audry Munson, and "Youth's Endearing Charm," with Mary Miles Minter, both of which pictures were made at the American Studios. The first Manning-MacDonald picture is "The Princess of Park Row," which is directed by Ashley Miller.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture-playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By Clarence J. Caine

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts. Six cents in stamps will bring you our market booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

STUDY AND APPLICATION.

SOME months ago we were approached by a friend, a librarian, who had met with quite a little success in the field of general literature. She had taken up scenario writing, but seemed unable to understand the work or get a foothold in it. Knowing it was not lack of ability or mentality that kept her in the dark, we questioned her regarding what study and work she had done in the scenario field.

"I have read all your articles carefully every month," she said, "and I have worked out a sample scenario from the one you gave. So I feel I should understand all of that. I haven't tried out any big ideas, but rather worked with simple ones when trying to produce my scenarios. Somehow I simply couldn't do it. All the excellent advice you gave, and which I appreciated as I read it, left me. I was utterly helpless, and my effort was indeed feeble when I looked it over each time."

This statement explained her trouble. She did too much studying before she applied anything that was suggested. That is wrong, and little is ever accomplished in that manner. What she should have done was take one thing which she considered would be of benefit to her and put it into practice. Let it become subconscious, and then it will always be at the edge of the brain when it is needed. With one thing mastered, take another and treat it the same way. Take only that which you feel will benefit you personally and leave the rest of the advice for others—but with everything you decide to put into your brain, be sure you keep it well before you in practice until you can truthfully say, "This one thing I know."

Do not think that by working at one hint and leaving unnoticed another that you consider equally necessary, that you are doing things wrong. In school a child learns to add two and two first, but it does not follow that within the same study period, or even within the same month, he must learn the truths of subtraction or multiplication. Still all are as vitally important to him in the end. It requires time, and time is the thing that is also required in mastering scenario writing.

We have known of several cases where young writers have bought textbooks or followed our department religiously, making notes and giving their entire time to what they called "preparatory study." It was really an attempt at just that, but they lacked the very thing that is most necessary in study—practical application of every point learned. The result in all these cases is always the same; when they come to actually write they find they have put so much in their mind regarding the right way of getting at a scenario and turning it out that they cannot re-

call anything that will help them. Therefore they go to their notes, but these only prove more confusing. The would-be writer begins to realize that all his trouble has been in vain.

Start with plot practice when you enter the game, and when you can write a sufficiently good story, submit it. Then a careful and farseeing study of this department month by month should bring to you more bits of information which will enable you to better your work. Take these, one at a time, and add them to your growing store of knowledge. Your subconscious mind continually keeps these on hand ready to supply to your brain at an instant's call.

DON'T BORE ONE EDITOR.

The average free-lance writer, after having served a year or two in the harness, has a number of scenarios constantly going the rounds—the numbers differ from two or three to twenty-five or more, according to the particular writer's industry and luck. Now this average free lance is experienced and knows most of the ways to please and displease the editors, and yet he is often guilty of getting himself very much "in wrong" in editorial offices simply because of carelessness in sending out his work.

Still speaking of the average free lance, he usually has a record book of some kind or a file, by which he can tell where his scenarios are. These records are usually under the title of the play. A file under the title of the companies, telling how many plays are with each now, and how many bad ones have been rejected recently, is seldom used. Therefore it often happens that just because he has too many scenarios going the rounds to remember just how many and what kind he has sent to the So-and-so Company during the past month, the average free lance tries them with a doubtful specimen just because they haven't rejected it, and because they make similar plays occasionally. He doesn't realize he may be injuring his future chances.

But there is another side to the story—the editor. He gets one poor piece of work after another from the same writer. Bored editors and sales never go together! Thus it should behoove the average free lance and the beginner who may soon be called such to have two files—his story file and his company file. Safety first!

BEGINNERS AND SCENE ACTION.

Countless young writers having their first experience in turning out a full, working script find great difficulty in visualizing scene action. If the study of films on the screen, scene by scene as they unfold, and of a sample scenario, is properly carried out, the beginner should not experience this trouble. Nevertheless, any number of them do. Unless the correct conception of this phase of the silent art is gained, the scene action is likely to present itself to the mind as a sort of Chinese puzzle.

There really is nothing which should baffle the young writer if he keeps his head and remembers what he has learned.

Let us suppose that the young writer has a plot—for exhibition purposes we will use an idea so trite as to be easily understandable—in which there is a woman, her husband, and another man. As the story runs, the other man comes into the happy home and sets his eyes upon the wife. At first she resists, but after the husband's neglect of her for business, she slowly turns toward the other man. Then the story works out to the climax—whatever it may be. We will concern ourselves with only so much of it.

Having this plot all worked out, the writer wishes to write a working script, but immediately gets "stuck." He

doesn't know how to get over all his ideas in such sparklike sections as scenes are. Here is where he must do his clear thinking. The thing to get in mind is the audience. It knows nothing at all about your story. Therefore the first thing it must be made acquainted with is the general atmosphere and the characters. This will require introductory scenes with some subtitles to explain names and relationships. In this same introduction the happy home and also the foreboding evil in the presence of the villain is impressed on the audience. The next group of scenes would advance this thought, showing the attempts of the villain to lure the wife, her devotion to her husband, and her scorn of the would-be suitor. Also the husband's devotion to his work and neglect of the wife would be shown by some incident.

A jump in time would probably occur here, and in the meantime a subtitle would have to explain that conditions were continually the same. Then come the set of scenes showing more strongly than ever the husband's neglect, the villain's persistency, and at last the wife's yielding. Incidents for these would have to be worked out, and they would practically write themselves into scenes. For instance—suppose the husband and wife were to go to a reception, and he comes home from work filled with plans for a big deal. He says he cannot go. Angry, she goes alone, while he remains at home with some men who have come to the house to confer on the deal. At the reception she meets the villain. They sit out one dance, and it is then she yields to him. You can easily see how that is almost in scene-action form, without detail, just as it is written here.

As we said, the rest of the story may work out as it will. All the scene action would be the same, anyway, as far as its being arranged and formed by the writer is concerned. Therefore, we will not consider it further.

The first outline of the story above tells what happened. In writing the scene action you show not only what happened, but how it came about. This requires the invention of incidents to effectively convey to the mind of others exactly how the characters feel. The more simple and true to life these incidents are the more effective the finished play will be.

Many say, "But I cannot write out all that stuff in action; I will have to use a lot of subtitles, too." That is foolish, as almost every one learns when he actually gets to writing. It will be found that these descriptive titles are needed in certain places to introduce characters, to denote lapse of time, to put over vital speeches, to focus the dramatic on a certain event, and to serve a few other necessary purposes. Otherwise you will never think of them when working out the scene action if your mind is working the right way. We advise writers to use subtitles wherever they believe them necessary in writing the script, and then to go over it with merciless criticism and cut out all that appear to be superfluous. It's good training!

Scene action is the planned-out detail of action which conveys the dramatic story to the audience's mind. Suggestion plays a most vital part in scene action. Each bit of dramatic work which advances the story should be taken separately when the writer starts his working script. Thus, by seeing that each dramatic bit in itself gets across, the author may be sure that the whole will get across. And there is no difficulty in getting started. Merely show everything clearly from introduction to closing scene, and it will be as easy to start as to finish.

THE BEGINNER'S HOODOO.

In a recent issue of *The Editor,* an article appeared entitled "The Young Writer and the Hackneyed Plot." It was written by Glenwood Clark, and is

filled with truths which, though often published before in this department, are ever new. It seems that the time-worn plot is the hoodoo of every young author—more so than any other single thing, and it therefore deserves much attention. Following is Mr. Clark's article:

"Leslie Quirk says that novelty of plot is likely to account for the acceptance of a beginning writer's first story. This is interesting and true. But what of the many stories written before the writer has any notion of novelty as a plot requisite? Those who have much to do with the beginning author's manuscripts have noted his persistent use of the hackneyed plot, the old situation and the stock character. Seldom does the new scribbler select a novel plot that will win an acceptance.

"The beginner seems irresistibly impelled to choose an old plot. He is not aware that the plot he so laboriously works out is too aged to bear the weight of a pleasing story. The tendency of authors at the commencement of their careers to use worn-out foundations for stories is well-nigh universal. The cause is not hard to find.

"A chief reason for the young fictionist's use of the hackneyed plot is his lack of mental development. When the hopeful writer begins composition he is immature, crude. He sees men and things only as others have already seen them. His mind, insufficiently cultivated by reading, observation, and meditation, has not had time to develop power enough to see the old situations in fresh light. He must assimilate the ideas already used by his literary predecessors before he can bring forward new thoughts and visions of his own. The old theme seems charmingly fresh to him, engages his pen and makes him fondly imagine he has found the one new plot under the sun. The youthful writer must learn to study situations and events until he can see in them possibilities not seen by others. And he begins his study by recounting the stories and themes familiar to all readers. By persistent effort he gradually develops away from the trite and grows in creative ability. This growth takes time. The production of hackneyed plots marks a stage in his growth in authorship.

"The limited number of plot situations is another cause for the literary youngster's employment of the much-used and ill-used plot. The great verities of our common human nature are fixed and limited. All the possible plot situations have been used times without number by literary artists. The young writer, being new to the game, falls upon a theme worn to rags, and sadly wonders why his manuscripts return again home. He lacks the insight necessary to present the time-honored events in a new manner. He must learn by experience, long observation, and unremitting study how to treat the old themes from a novel angle, and in fresh garb and manner. The power to see the worn situation with new vision and the ability to create the original twist will come with persistent effort and study. The analysis, study, and writing of the trite story foundations help to give this power and ability.

"The young writer may consciously select a threadbare plot for treatment, but this is seldom. Usually he has not the faintest idea that his plot is old. He is aggrieved if you tell him it is not shining with newness. Still a deliberate choice of aged plot is not unknown. The young fictionist, in treating themes not new, may use them for practice, as did Stevenson. He is willing to experiment with literary form and method. He is willing to learn the mechanics of writing, and to acquire the technique. Let no one despise such practice—remember the adage.

"If a beginning writer, and the plots you produce are trite, be not discour-

aged. Keep an open eye, study faithfully, and write and write and write until you know how to make plots. Keep at it until you have mastered all the curves and hidden nooks of the common plots. In time you will be able to bring forth new story foundations that have the original twist beloved of editors."

BALANCE.

Among experienced writers, as well as among beginners, there is found a common weakness to slight certain parts of a story just to drive home with double force some other part. This invariably leads to a poor script and often to rejection. Where such a scenario is bought a staff man has to go over it to supply material for the weak spots and make the whole balance.

The greatest danger of overlooking balance in the dramatic construction of a scenario comes from having an exceptionally new, big, or brilliant idea to work from. Maybe the idea will be regarding a novel and strong plot structure. In that case the chances are that the writer will neglect his characters or the minor action; if the big idea centers around a character or characters, the plot and action are liable to suffer; and so on.

We have known writers who conquered their lack of balance by forcing themselves to lay away every "burning" idea they had and which they feared would blind them to the other dramatic values of the story. Every one cannot do that, however, so the mind must be called upon for severe concentration in many cases. In such cases the "big idea" must be made small in the mind's eye—so small that it takes its place naturally with the other dramatic elements. Then the material for use must be selected. When it comes to the actual developing of the plot, however, your "big idea" is the thing to play up to. But with the proper preparation you will play up to it with the proper dramatic balance, and the scenario will be many, many per cent stronger.

WAR AND SCENARIOS.

It is natural that every man and woman should wonder what individual effect the war will have upon him or her. Many enlist or serve their country in some other way, so their futures are not in doubt. But it is the great army of "stay-at-homes" who wonder if they can continue earning their living as before.

In the scenario-writing field there is little to worry over. The war will naturally cause economy in many ways, but still people must be amused. Therefore they turn to the cheapest amusement—motion pictures. This will mean a steady call for scenarios, and, if anything, the market should better. Many writers, both staff and free-lance, will doubtless serve their country's colors. Their places must be filled during their absence. At the war's end the film business will naturally expand, and there will be room for even more recruits.

NEAR THE EDGE.

Many current attractions—some of the greatest money-makers put on the market this year, in fact—contain themes or action which border so very closely on all that is frowned upon by the censor that one wonders how they ever managed to reach the public screen. While the subjects do not parade anything indiscreet or immoral, they get around it so cleverly by suggestion that no one can mistake the purpose.

Naturally young writers, seeing so many successful films based on or incorporating such material, will begin to think that this is the stuff to write in order to sell. It is not! If you will note, such productions are always handled by individuals on State's rights, and the story is "doped out" to be a

commercial asset in just this single particular. The regular companies want clean scenarios all the time, and it is these companies which constitute the market to which the free-lance writer should seek to sell.

SCENARIOS AND SHORT STORIES.

We fear that it is all too often that a young writer with lots of ambition enters the field of fiction with a rush and attempts to do both short stories and scenarios simultaneously before he has mastered the rudiments of either. Maybe some succeed; we have not heard of any, but we admit there may be some. But as a rule the ambitious beginner is soon reduced to a rather bewildered, would-be writer with no clear idea of what he is trying to do. Then maybe, if he is lucky, he meets some one who explains to him that things are not done that way, and that if he has ambitions in both arts, he should master them one by one.

It cannot be denied that there is much in common between short stories and scenarios. But the same is true regarding scenarios and the novel, and as well as the stage play. A short scenario may be much like a short story. A long scenario is more like a novel. But there is a fundamental difference to be considered. The scenario is merely a set of directions for actors to follow in making a play; a short story is the completed product as it goes to the public. Again, the scenario must tell its story without conversation, and consequently needs more action. The short story does not need so much plot action, for the clever use of words in describing the action, the settings, description, characters, et cetera, cover up the shortage of happenings. Then the dialogue can always be relied on to do much for the short story. These are but a few of the vital differences between the two forms. There are many more which are of less importance, but, nevertheless, must be mastered by one who would learn the art.

If any of our readers who are just starting scenario work feel they wish also to write short stories, we would advise them to overcome the desire for a while. If this cannot be done, then it would be best to give up scenario work until the other form has been conquered. Confusion is sure to result from a study of the two at once. The writer's mind will confuse a short story selected for study and practice with a photo play selected for the same purpose, and nothing is gained in either field. Do one thing at a time, and do it well!

OUR LOGIC.

A Southern writer recently wrote us that he admired the logic contained in this department. Many things, he said, which we had written, even apart from scenario work, but containing encouragement or advice, had struck him just right. By practicing them he had profited greatly. He also said that our logic reminded him of Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed," and he felt that we could do no greater service to our readers than advise them to read and study this work.

Now, while we do not fully agree with all the logic in "The Light That Failed," we must admit that, as a young writer, it helped us, and we know it has helped others. The characters are artists rather than writers, but the spirit is the same. The story is that of wholehearted people with ambition and determination. They struggle to realize their ambitions, and the disposition the author makes of the various characters is sure to give all who read the book something to think over. Failure and success are shown in their true colors, and the views expressed by the principals in their speeches are held by almost every writer who is an artist at heart.

DISCOVERING SOMETHING NEW.

Miss Grace Kingsley, writing for the Los Angeles *Times,* recently turned out an article which was very much to the point. She puts her finger on a spot which is little developed in the film world, but which should yield a rich harvest for some time to come if used judiciously. It looks as though it's up to the writers and the producers to wake up. Following are Miss Kingsley's remarks:

"Picture-producing companies are constantly complaining of lack of good stories, and authorities of high standard have declared that there are only about twenty plots in the world. Or is it only ten?

"Anyhow, when you think of studios turning out a dozen photo dramas a week, you certainly wonder if they don't have to run them backward sometimes, or at least let the hero stand on his head.

"Lasky, Universal, Triangle, and some others, however, have, at times, seen the light. What if there are only ten or twenty plots in the world which, with variations, may be extended to fifty, there are hundreds of different conditions under which people in this big, wide world live, and the incidental interest and atmosphere make for infinite variety.

"Two of the best examples which come to mind at this time are Lasky pictures, both starring Blanche Sweet. One was named 'The Evil Eye,' and had to do with the struggles of a young woman physician who sought to improve the living conditions of a band of Mexican workers in California fields. It had nothing of the pedantic about it; it was merely tremendously, humanly interesting, this fight of enlightened, sympathetic intelligence against darkness and prejudice. Of course, there was a love story, too, but the vital thing was the young woman's battle against ignorance. It was done in illuminating fashion.

"The other picture, the name of which I forget, had to do with treatment of convicts employed in the turpentine camps, and the story was even more deeply dramatic.

"Several Bluebird and Vitagraph productions have of late pointed in the same direction, which, it seems to us, is the real future of motion pictures."

WHEN IS A PROFESSIONAL?

Along about the end of the first year of writing, as a rule, the man who has been fairly successful in disposing of a few of his first efforts begins to believe that he can progress no further until he has become a "professional." To the mind of the young writer at this point a "professional" is a gentleman who does nothing but turn out scripts for a living and ride around in automachines. That is a very nice vision, but——

Previously we have advised young writers to wait until they have a certain income assured through close connections before "throwing up the job." Your fellow workers and friends may think more of you as a professional writer than as a clerk, but how about the cold, hard cash that will come in monthly? The foremost writers of the day have all held steady positions while working up, and many of the leading free lances to-day hold regular, daily positions of some kind.

Now let us get back to the professional. He is a writer pure and simple. You know him as a scenario writer in your field. A friend of yours who writes short stories may know him as a short-story writer. The publishers know him as a novelist; and so on. As we said before, he is a writer! He has long training and a most active mind.

Now many will say, "But how about the professional scenario writer?" That

opens up a new field. There are numerous men on the studio staffs, but their work is mostly adaptation. A few companies hire writers to turn out original work exclusively, and not a few scribblers free-lance entirely, though this number is not as large as it should be. But these men write absolutely sure-fire stuff. They have years of training behind them, and their product can always be depended upon by the producers. This is the field toward which the Simon-pure photo-playwright should work. But remember that a professional is not made overnight, and these men transformed themselves from amateurs simply by doing what every other aspiring writer is doing to-day—hammering the barred doors until they open.

ANSWERS TO READERS.

J. E. H.—The only value that a sample scenario has is to illustrate to the student the correct form of a scenario as regards the arrangement of scenes, subtitles, and other matter. The stories contained in them are often poor. Regardless of this fact, however, they have been issued by some company already, and the plot, therefore, should not greatly interest the student, unless for some certain bit of plot study. The number of scenes in a five-reeler cannot be measured. They may run from one to two hundred. As a rule, the scenes are longer than in the old short-length films because the dramatic action is slower.

E. A. S.—You are quite right in your "howl" about the relative positions of actors and writers in films. However, the fact that unearthly salaries to stars are running their business has dawned upon the producers. Also the fact that a story will put a film over with an audience much quicker than a star will—a few superstar attractions excluded. Therefore, there is nothing for the writer to do but wait for the day of his reward, which is very close at hand.

J. S.—Chaplin makes up most of his material as he produces it, with the help of a couple of "idea men." There is no market there. You have the right idea—the vital thing for a new writer to remember is to get a new idea and apply plenty of "sticktoitiveness." Success cannot help but come to such a combination.

J. B. W.—The title of a scenario is often a matter of inspiration. Again, it is a matter of hard work. Often the play is written from the title, and again, a finished play may remain at home for days, or even weeks, because of the lack of a suitable name. We believe most titles come during the conception, evolution, or actual writing of a play. Then it always seems just the right thing and gives the author no further trouble.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

The United States Motion Picture Corporation, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, offers a prize of five dollars per word for the best single-comedy idea expressed in fifty words. Other offerings which prove available will be paid for at regular rates. No closing date for the contest was announced.

The Fox Film Corporation, Los Angeles, California, offers a broad market for five-reel plays. Comedy, drama, and comedy-drama are in demand in this length. They also use two-reel slap-stick material or suggestions for such. Theda Bara, George Walsh, Dustin Farnum, and Florence Brockwell are the dramatic stars at the West-coast studios.

During the present rather unsettled condition of the industry, writers should be careful where their scenarios are sent. We try to give only reliable companies here, and if this department and the market booklet are used judiciously, a large market of "safe" concerns will be found for every variety of material.

Conscription à lá Carte

What America's future soldiers, who are now screen heroes, will choose to do when they are called.

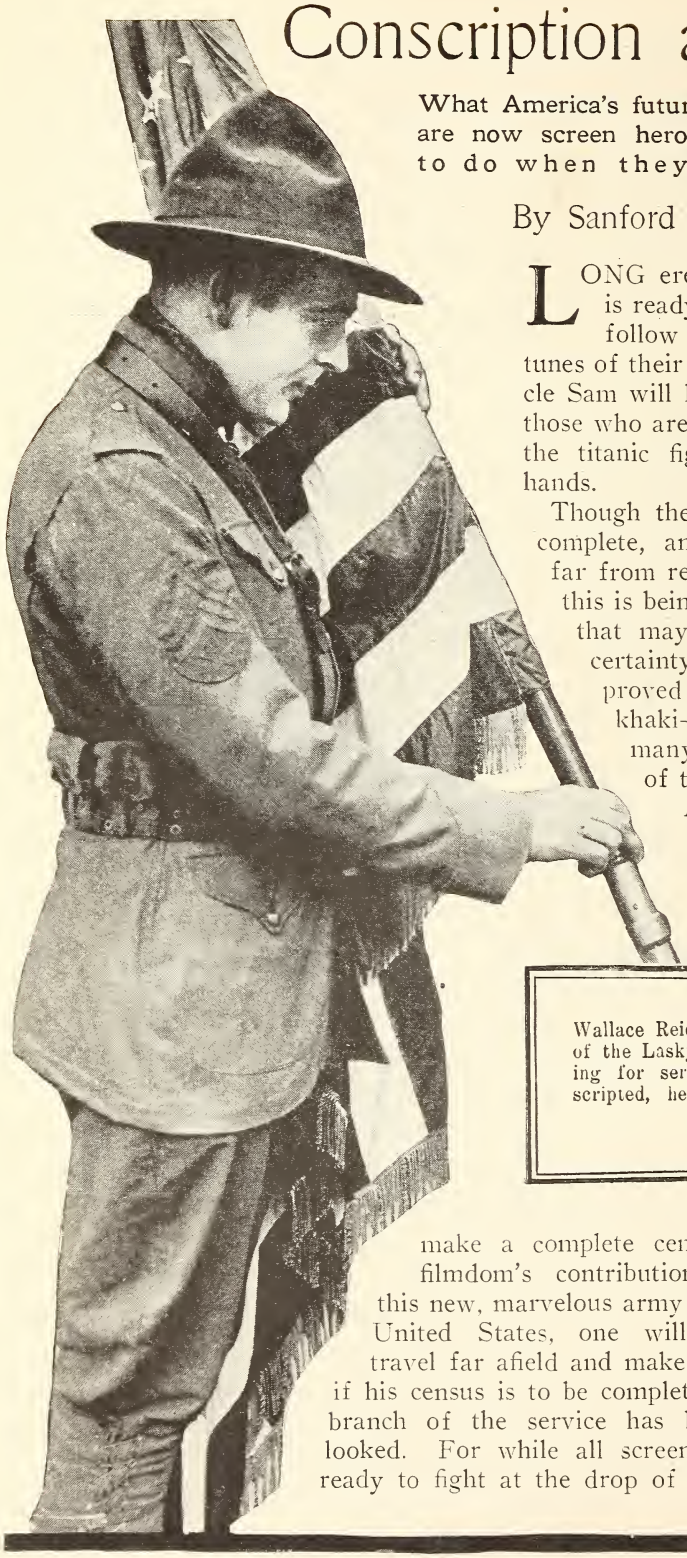
By Sanford Stanton

LONG ere this gets into type and is ready to be read by those who follow the fortunes and misfortunes of their favored screen stars, Uncle Sam will have sent out his call for those who are to be the first enlisted in the titanic fight he now has on his hands.

Though the records will still be incomplete, and the conscription rolls far from ready for publication when this is being read, there is one thing that may be asserted with every certainty of its being eventually proved a fact—the ranks of the khaki-clad warriors will contain many a recruit from the land of the film and the studio.

And none will be prouder or happier that they are there than the very recruits themselves.

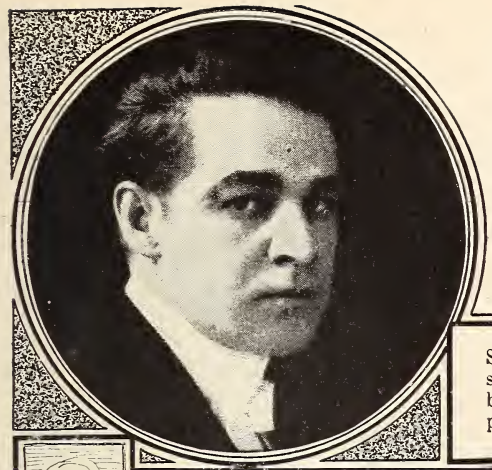
But if one is to make a complete census filmdom's contribution to this new, marvelous army of the United States, one will needs travel far afield and make certain, if his census is to be complete, that no branch of the service has been overlooked. For while all screenland seems ready to fight at the drop of the hat, not



Wallace Reid, who, as color sergeant of the Lasky Home Guard, is preparing for service, says, that if conscripted, he will choose fighting in the trenches.

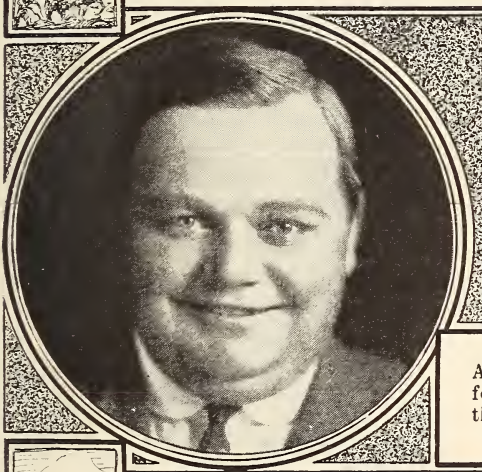
will be enlisted at once in the aviation corps. Both screen favorites have made many flights as passengers, and in odd moments each has sought to gain a little practical knowledge of the operation of a flying machine.

In almost identical words the two men describe their sensations when



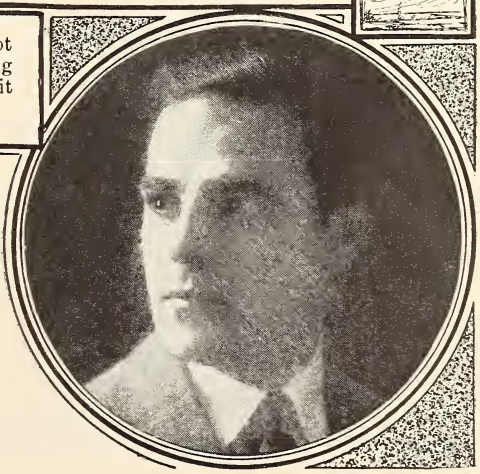
Smiling George Walsh, below, considers the infantry as "the body and bone of the army" and declares that his preference is service in the trenches.

William Russell is just past conscription age, but is "doing his bit" by making his ranch work for the government.



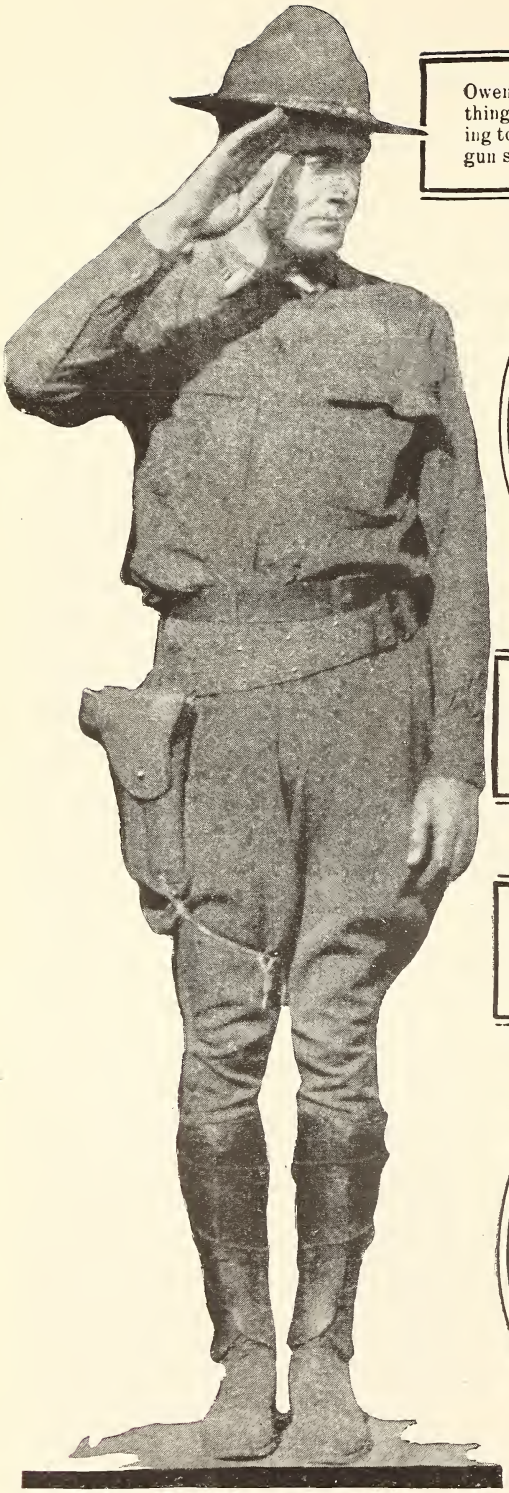
Antonio Moreno, below, will cast his fortunes of war, if he is called, with the "eye of the army" in the sky.

Roscoe Arbuckle, though he cannot even be serious when considering being shot, will do a good round bit toward helping fill the navy.

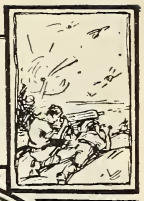


all screenland is of one mind as to just how they will choose to do their battling.

For instance, there are Antonio Moreno and Edward Earle. Are they ready—nay, anxious—to give their services to the country which has given them so much? They most certainly are, but if both can have their way they

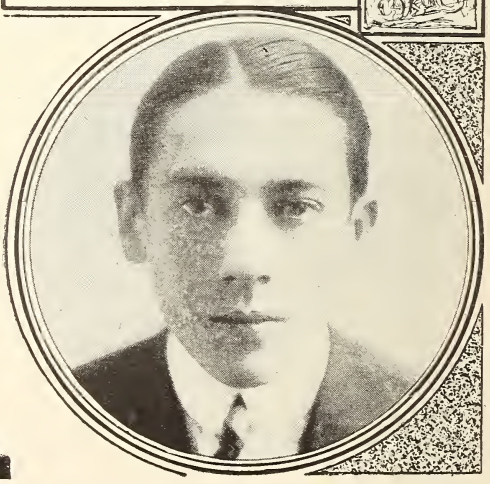


Owen Moore, at the right, never did anything that he did not do well, from marrying to acting, and so chooses the machine-gun squad as the most effective service.



Edward Earle, above, has made many flights in aëroplanes, and so will pick the flying corps for service when he is called to the colors.

Since Jack Pickford cannot ride in an auto in the war—except in an ambulance—he wants to do next best and carry dispatches by motor cycle.



making their first flights. "Trouble slipped away with the earth which dropped from beneath us," they both declared. "And," they continued, "the sensation was one of wonderful exhilaration, and the single regret connected with the entire experience was when we realized our pilot was returning to earth."

Isn't one almost justified as describing both Moreno and Earle as men born to fly?

Of course, it would be hard to expect "Fatty" Arbuckle to be serious, even in the face of a decidedly rosy prospect of being called on to make himself ready to start for the trenches in a few days' time. But in the face of his good-natured answers to the question as to what he would prefer to do for his Uncle Sam when the time came was discernible a note of seriousness that promises ill for those of our enemies whose misfortune it might be to come in contact with the jovial comedian.

Just to joke a minute with Fatty, though, he insisted that if given his choice of what branch of the service he would seek to enroll in, considerations of "safety first" would prompt him to seek the navy, where, if worse came to worse, he at least could not sink. Or, to continue the fun for a moment, that service being closed to him, then he would choose the aviation corps, where, at least, were he to be shot down, he might reasonably expect to crush a whole regiment in his fall. And lastly, if taken prisoner, he would do everything in his power to make the whole German army laugh itself to death.

Should Uncle Sam feel the need of calling on the services of one of its allies who has been here so long now that movie fans have come to think of him as being quite one of their own, he will find Sessue Hayakawa just as anxious to fight for him as he would for his own mikado. Only Sessue isn't at all sure that Uncle Sam will have him at all. Back in Japan he went to the naval academy, and would undoubtedly be in the Japanese navy at the present moment had it not been for an accident suffered during a high-diving contest which resulted in a slight impairment of his hearing. If Uncle Sam will only waive that trifling fault, Sessue will welcome the chance to take his place as a jolly jack-tar, and a good one he believes he would make, too.

Wallace Reid—he whom his friends and admirers delight best to speak of as "Wally," is made of the stuff that has always kept the Stars and Stripes moving forward. Out at the studio in California he has been one of the most enthusiastic members of a military company which has drilled religiously since the first hint of trouble for our country came seeping in over the cables.

"When they want me," said Wally, "I'll be ready, and into the trenches I'll go. I've always thought of the infantry as the backbone of the army, and with the infantry in the trenches I'll fight when the time comes to go."

If the need arise—and it will, undoubtedly thousands of times over—where the services of a man who can and dares to rush with the speed of the wind across country, carrying dispatches to an outpost where telegraphic communication has not been established, are required, among the first to volunteer will be Jack Pickford. When the conscription officer picks the number that belongs to Jack, and he is asked to step forward to enroll in the ranks, Jack won't wait to step; he'll just hop astride his motor cycle, open the throttle wide, and dash in. And, if he has his way, he will ride that very same cycle, or one like it, right through the war. "That's what I know how to do best, and that's what I'd like best to do," is the way Jack puts it. And the chances are Uncle Sam will be quite willing for Jack to do as he wishes.

If this great war was only like all the other wars of which Owen Moore has delighted to read, there would be no doubt as to just what he would best like to do when the time comes for him to go. "Nothing but the cavalry would really suit me," said Owen. "I love horses—think I know a great deal about them, and would rather go through the war astride one than any other way I know. But this isn't a war for horses, and I suppose I will have to give up all thought of being assigned to a cavalry regiment. As a second choice I think I'd like to operate a machine gun. Nothing in the history of the war thus far has thrilled me quite so much as the brief descriptions that have come out of 'No Man's Land,' and tell of single-handed encounters between a single machine-gun operator and perhaps an entire squad of the enemy."

Side by side, perhaps, in the trenches with Wally Reid will be George Walsh, for George is another man who looks on the infantry as the real body and bone of the army, and a part of it he wants best of all to be.

And last, but by no means least, there is William—or "Billy," if you will—Russell, who is past the conscription age, but has started already to "do his bit" out on his farm near Fresna by putting his every acre to the best of use, and has added fifteen per cent of his salary for the maintenance of a recruiting station and hospital base in southern California. Incidentally, should there come a second call, which might easily include Billy, he's ready —only too ready, as a matter of fact, and if he can do just exactly as he wishes he will be enrolled in the marines, the branch of the service, you know, whose slogan is, "First to fight!"

"Ready! Camera! Shoot!" has a familiar ring to the ears of many of Uncle Sam's newest soldiers.

"Ready! Aim! Shoot!" will soon be just as familiar, and will be obeyed every bit as promptly.

SCREEN OPPORTUNITY CONTEST

Winners prepare to leave for New York—and Opportunity!

THE casting of the winners of the Picture-Play Screen Opportunity Contest for their parts in Mutual Film Corporation productions is now being completed. When the selection is finally decided upon, the "dawning stars" will probably be brought to New York in contingents of three or four to each picture. This arrangement was made in order to afford each one a real opportunity in a promising part—an impossibility were all twelve to appear in the same play. In the next issue we hope to be able to announce that the first group is at work under the Cooper Hewitt's.

The problem of casting these newcomers for their parts is one to which the directors are devoting the greatest care; for proper casting means half the battle. The rôles assigned will bring the player into a prominence second only to the leads, and it is important that he be fitted to perform the part. Since this is an "opportunity" contest, we are determined to give the winners an opportunity worthy of the name.

Preparations for their reception are already under way at the studio, and great is the anticipation among the player folk at the prospect of welcoming the novices into the fold.

In the next issue we hope to be able to print a layout of the cast for the first picture in costume, together with snapshots of what is going on around the studio.

Down to Earth

The tale of a wholesome and vivacious young man who undertook to cure a sanitarium full of people whose only happiness was in being miserable. And his sweetheart was among them.

By Lyon Mearson

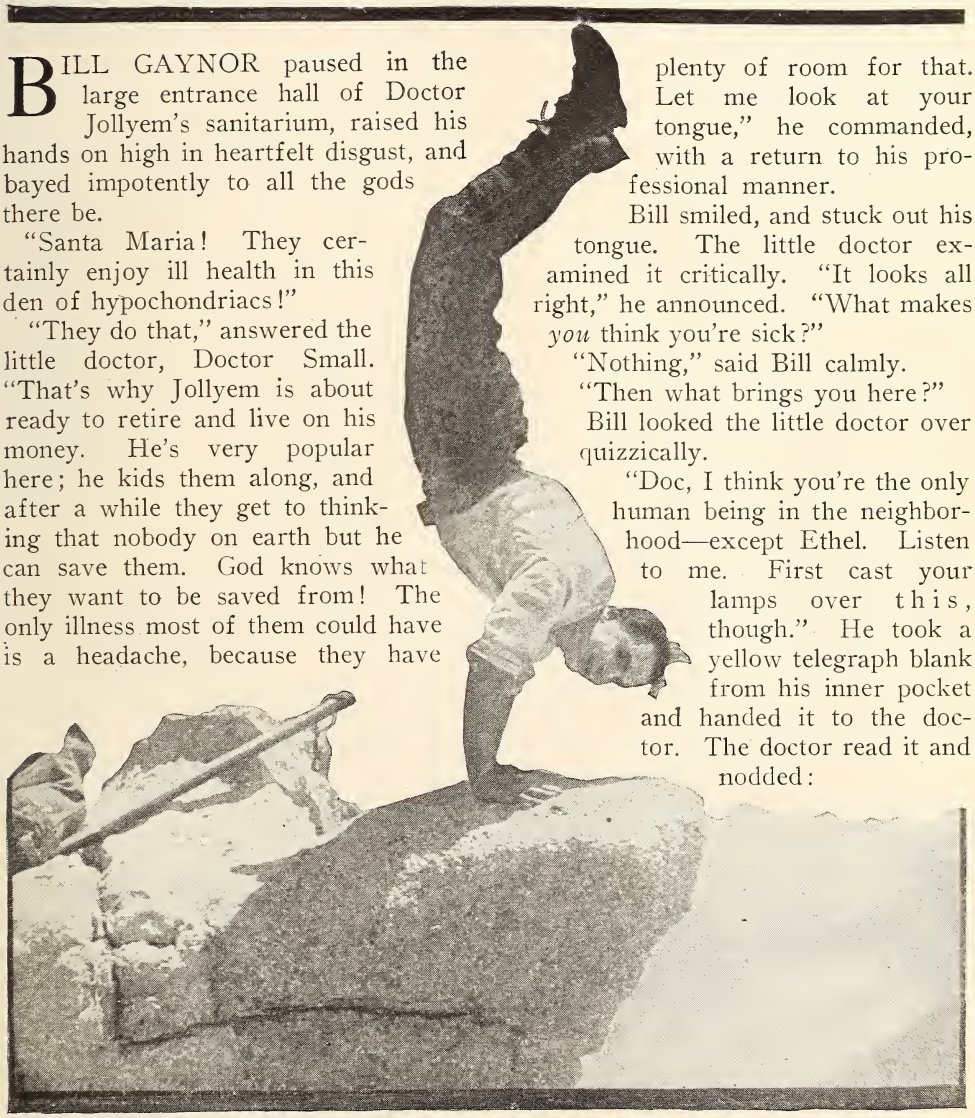
From the Artcraft picture of the same title by Anita Loos.

Featuring DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. EILEEN PERCY is the leading lady.

BILL GAYNOR paused in the large entrance hall of Doctor Jollyem's sanitarium, raised his hands on high in heartfelt disgust, and bayed impotently to all the gods there be.

"Santa Maria! They certainly enjoy ill health in this den of hypochondriacs!"

"They do that," answered the little doctor, Doctor Small. "That's why Jollyem is about ready to retire and live on his money. He's very popular here; he kids them along, and after a while they get to thinking that nobody on earth but he can save them. God knows what they want to be saved from! The only illness most of them could have is a headache, because they have plenty of room for that. Let me look at your tongue," he commanded, with a return to his professional manner.



Bill smiled, and stuck out his tongue. The little doctor examined it critically. "It looks all right," he announced. "What makes *you* think you're sick?"

"Nothing," said Bill calmly.

"Then what brings you here?"

Bill looked the little doctor over quizzically.

"Doc, I think you're the only human being in the neighborhood—except Ethel. Listen to me. First cast your lamps over this, though." He took a yellow telegraph blank from his inner pocket and handed it to the doctor. The doctor read it and nodded:

Bill Gaynor, *New York.*

Ethel is at Doctor Jollyem's Sanitarium, down in Florida. Health broken down with society stuff. Charley is there, too. Why don't you come down and take her away from that boob? Dick Stanton.

The little doctor nodded again. "I see," he murmured. "I see. She won't come, though?"

"No," said Bill lugubriously. "I used to have a chance with her, but she likes the society whirl and I am strong for the great outdoors, and she's been afraid to take a chance with me. What's Charley doing here?"

"Oh, just hanging around. He's the only one here who doesn't think there is something the matter with his inner works. He's going to marry Ethel, you know."

"Not if I see him first," insisted Bill. The little doctor took out his watch.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said. "It's eleven o'clock. I have to telephone to Mrs. Fuller Jermes' insides to see what's the matter with her to-day. See you later." With a nod and a twinkle he was gone. Bill stared after him dubiously.

"Would you mind looking at my tongue, young man?" He turned to face Mr. Carter, a spare, white-haired man, who held out his tongue.

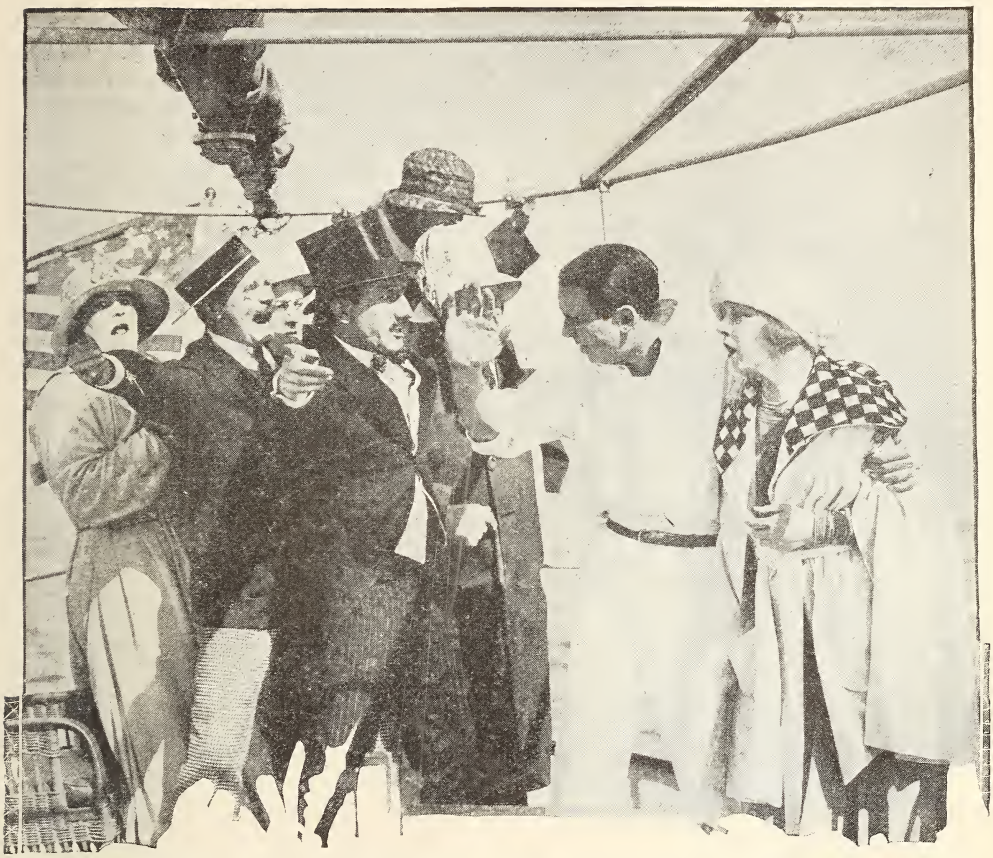
"Why should I?" inquired Bill, turning again to his left as a series of hollow groans struck upon his ears. It was Mr. A. D. Dyspeptic, clad in a bath robe of the most expensive pattern, with his expensive hand on his expansive stomach and an expression of intense internal agony on his face.

"Is oo got a pain in oo's 'ittle tummy?" inquired Bill solicitously.

"Not yet," answered the ancient hypochondriac, "but I will at a quarter after eleven. It always catches me then." He pressed his hand to his stomach again. "Oh—oh—oh!"

Bill glanced from one to the other. Carter had taken out a little hand mir-

Carter had taken out a little hand mirror, and was engaged in an exhaustive and introspective examination of his tongue.



"What's the matter? Can we pull through? What shall we do?" The questions were fired at Bill from all sides. He was busy calming Ethel.

ror, and was engaged in an exhaustive and introspective examination of his tongue. Dyspeptic was doing his groaning early.

Bill threw back his head and laughed loud and long. They noticed him not at all. With a bound, he seized his hat and was off—away from the house where every breath that was unaccompanied by a groan seemed a sacrilege, and every laugh seemed a sneer in the face of eternity.

II.

Two days later, having departed with no word to any one of his mysterious errand, he was back, the lithe, graceful lines of his white yacht nicely silhouetted against the clear blue waters of the bay.

A short but fruitful interview with Doctor Jollyem, who was willing to retire, followed, and then another interview with the little doctor. The three of them appeared later in the dining room, where all the patients were forgathered at their midday meal.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Doctor Jollyem, "if you will kindly give me your attention for a moment, I have news of importance for you." The assembled company looked up at him in expectation.

"Oh, my stomach!" groaned Dyspetic, from force of habit, putting his hand on that maligned organ.

"Let me introduce to you Mr. William Gaynor, ladies and gentlemen, who is now the owner of this sanitarium, this place where you have sought health and——"

"And where Doctor Jollyem has found wealth," put in Bill *sotto voce*. The doctor turned on him with dignity, but refrained from answering.

"There is, however, ladies and gentlemen, news of even more importance this day. I regret to inform you that there is smallpox in the house." He paused impressively, and a startled look came into the faces of some of those present. Into the face of Mrs. Fuller Jermes, however, came a gleam of almost delighted anticipation.

"That is the only disease I have never had," she murmured hopefully. Charley Gerrard went white to the roots of his tiny, anæmic mustache, and looked suggestively at the door. Mrs. Phattson Oiles and Mr. Coffin groaned in sympathetic unison, and Carter and Jimmy—Mr. Jordon Jimmy—rolled their eyes in added woe. Ethel alone sat silent and immovable, seemingly turned to stone.

Carter broke the silence at last.

"What shall we do?" he moaned. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"Mr. Gaynor has kindly offered," went on Jollyem in answer, "to take all of you for a short cruise on his yacht for a few days, until the building is thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. I would strongly recommend that you fall in with that suggestion. It appears to me to be the most feasible and sensible under the circumstances. The cruise will do all of you much good, and, professionally, I advise it."

Through the black night rose the wild cry upon the sea air:

"To the boat! To the boats! We are sinking!"

Blinking from their enforced awakening, with the terror of the night alarms ringing in their ears, the passengers of the *Phœbe* tumbled out on the deck. A rocket sizzled its scarlet way into the heavens from the after deck. With their faces tense and drawn, Bill and the little doctor stood by the wheel. Bill stood with a handful of rockets, watching the beautiful light curve of the one he had just set off. They were surrounded by passengers in an instant.

"What's the matter? Can we pull through? What shall we do?" The questions were fired at Bill from all sides. He was busy calming Ethel.

"Grab whatever clothes you can—if you care for such things—and get into the boats!" Bill shouted at them. He touched his cigar lighter to another rocket, which described its sparkling parabola into the heavens. "We can't last fifteen minutes. Hurry!"

They scurried to their staterooms, and in less than five minutes the boat put off from the sinking vessel.

"Row!" shouted Bill to Carter, Jimmy, Dyspeptic, and Coffin, into whose hands he had pressed oars. "Row for your life!" With a concerted groan they bent to the oars, and the boatload of hypochondriacs moved forward into the dawn, which was already beginning to tinge the salty air.

The sun poked its red head over the horizon at the east in the full effulgence of its glory when their boat grated on the sandy bottom that surrounded a wooded little strip of land; the invalids limped out on the beach.

"I know this place," announced Bill. "It's an island."

"An island?" they echoed back, looking at him helplessly.

"Yes, an island," smiled Bill. "We'll have to stay here until we are rescued—if we don't die of starvation first," he announced. A chorus of groans greeted him. Bill looked around at the semicircle as they sat there on the sand, surrounded by the suit cases and boxes that they had landed from the long-

boat. In all phases of despair and helpless inertia they sat there, gazing into the face of the morning hopelessly.

"Fine bunch of deadheads," he murmured to the little doctor.

"They won't be deadheads by the time we get through with them," whispered Doctor Small in reply.

Ethel was morosely silent as she sat apart with Charley, her fiancé, who had marine glasses to his eyes. A grotesque figure he looked as he sat there. His silk hat, which was the only hat he had had presence of mind enough to save, wiggled perilously on his head as he peered in every direction. Suddenly he arose with a shout that commanded the attention of all those present.

"The *Phœbe!*" he shouted. "She's putting out to sea!"

"Indeed," remarked Bill pleasantly. "There doesn't seem to be anything the matter with her now. I think——"

"You think?" queried Bill calmly. "What with?"

"I think this is a plot," he shouted wildly. "A plot to get us all here and hold us for ransom." He leaped up and confronted Bill menacingly. "How is it that the *Phœbe* can go out to sea

With their faces tense, Bill and the doctor stood by the wheel. Bill, with a handful of rockets, watched the light curve of the one he had just set off.

now? This is your doing, isn't it?" he demanded.

The party surrounded Bill and the little doctor, puzzled questions in their eyes. Bill stepped back and faced them.

"Sister Charlie is correct, ladies and gentlemen," he said quietly. "This is my doing, as he so aptly puts it, and it is a plot for ransom. The ransom is health. As I am the owner of the sanitarium, you are all in my hands for treatment. I have decided to bring you back to health despite yourself. What you need, instead of the medicines and coddling you have been getting, is outdoor life and hard work and——"

"Work!" echoed the invalids. "Good Lord!"

"Yes, work, and you're going to get it right here. You can't get off this island until I get ready—until the *Phœbe,* which has its orders, comes back. Until that time, if you want to eat, you will work and exercise under my directions. No work, no food. That is final."

A murmur of indignation greeted him. Ethel stepped forward.

"But this is outrageous, Bill Gaynor," she said, her eyes flashing, and a chorus of approval backed her up. "You cannot act in such a high-handed manner in these days. You cannot keep us here against our will."

"I can't!" said Bill. "Well, how are you going to get away? Come on, doc," he called to the little doctor, "let's find something to eat." They went out into the woods. The rest of the company sat morosely on the sands, indignantly and futilely silent.

Two hours later the nostrils of Mrs. Phattson Oiles widened, and she sniffed the fine morning air.

"I smell food," she announced. It was, indeed, the smell of broiling food, wafted to them from over the small divide that led to the woods. Mrs. Oiles arose to investigate, and found Bill and the little doctor engaged in the delightful task of broiling a luscious-looking fish and plenty of mushrooms over a sizzling fire.

"Hello," said Bill, looking up. "Want some?" The spirit of camaraderie was in his words as he spoke, but there was a queer look in his eyes as he gazed at her. She lifted her large head haughtily and walked away.

During the course of his breakfast the invalids sat there, hungry, and yet too proud to accept anything from Bill.

At lunchtime, the delightful odor of broiling things came to them again. This time Mrs. Oiles could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Gaynor," she said to Bill, "I will be glad to pay for some food."

Bill looked up at her pleasantly. "Mrs. Oiles," he answered courteously, "the only currency I recognize is health. You are too fat." He looked at her accusingly. She looked angry, but she was hungry and so held her tongue.

"In order to reduce you must take proper exercise. Consider the humble and lowly snake," he went on oratorically, with a light wave of his hand. "Did you ever see a fat snake? No!" he answered the question himself. She looked at him questioningly. He went on:

"You must wriggle on the ground like a snake for fifteen minutes; then I'll give you your breakfast."

She gazed at him in amazed indignation. "Never!" she managed to ejaculate.

"Very well," said Bill peacefully, inserting a large, delicious chunk of fish in his mouth, "then you'll never eat." He went on calmly with his eating, as did the doctor. She turned to go, but the smell was too much for her will power.

"For fifteen minutes, did you say?" she inquired waveringly, and was lost. He smiled at her engagingly.

"If you want to eat," Bill said laughingly, but with seriousness, "you will work and exercise. No work, no food. That is final."

"Yes," he replied. "There is a nice soft spot." He waved with his hand at a soft bed of grass under a shady tree. With a despairing groan, but with a glittering and covetous eye on the fish, she went there, eased herself onto the ground, and wriggled like a snake.

Within fifteen minutes Bill had the whole camp, with the exception of Ethel and Charley, who still held sullenly out, doing some exercise or work. Some did calisthenics, some climbed trees, and some were put, under the direction of the doctor, at work throwing together a lean-to, wherein the ladies might sleep at night.

Some distance away Ethel and Charlie sat alone, having promised each other that they would not give in.

"Wait here a moment, Ethel," said Charlie. "I'll scout around and see if I can dig up something to eat." Prompted by the reminders of his empty stomach, Charlie set out for the crest of a hill that lay two hundred yards to the north.

Arrived at the crest, he started to go down on the other side.

"Gr-r-r-r!" came to his ears from a small clearing to the left. Charlie looked up, startled. A bloodcurdling sight met his eyes. A huge savage, black, villainous, and bloodthirsty in mien, and a giant in size, was advancing on him menacingly, and in his powerful right hand there reposed a ponderous mace, which he swung gently to and fro.

With a squeal of terror, Charlie took to his heels. Horror in his face, with his small, set eyes almost popping from his head, he related the encounter to Ethel.

"I'm going to give in, Ethel," he announced when he had finished. "I know when I've had enough."

She looked at him with contempt written in her face. "Don't be a quit-

ter, Charlie," she said, but even as she spoke she knew there was no hope. He shook his head.

"It's no use, Ethel. He's got the goods on us." He started in the direction of Bill's camp. A little later, realizing that it was useless to attempt to hold out alone, she followed.

Charlie was already at work on the lean-to. She approached Bill.

"What do you want me to do, Bill?" she asked.

He looked at her softly, and a curious film came into his eyes. "Nothing—except eat," he answered. "You're not strong enough to work."

"Everybody else is working—and so will I," she announced. "What shall I do?"

"You can clean the clam shells—I mean the dishes—when you get through eating." The dishes were large clam shells which had been found on the beach. He sat down beside her at the fire, and helped her to a large and delicious portion of fish—and watched her eat hungrily.

"Ethel," he said after a while, when she was through and they had risen, "you're not really going to marry this tango lizard——"

She flashed back at him angrily. "Whoever I marry, Bill Gaynor, it won't be a roughneck like you," she said.

III.

The spirits of the party picked up surprisingly after the meal, however, and they were in a semblance of good humor for the rest of the afternoon. The lean-to had been finished, and, with a piece of a sail in front doing duty as a door, the women of the party slept soundly that night, while the men slept under the stars.

The work was divided the next day—some fished, some gathered brushwood, some exercised in other ways; all did something. In the course of the next few days a feeling of comradeship sprang up between all of them. They went at their work more willingly, and the gleam of health crept into their eyes and the ruddy glow into their cheeks.

Ethel unbent largely from her aloof attitude. She and Bill went for walks into the cool, shady woods, and the old spirit of friendship was revived with the two. The long hours of the afternoon were often spent by them lying by some woodland pool under the crystal sky. They had been sweethearts long before Charlie appeared on the scene, and the feel of the thing was coming back to them.

As for the others in the camp, Mrs. Phattson Oiles, in the course of two months, had reduced to a mere hundred and seventy pounds, Mrs. Fuller Jermes never happened to think of another disease which she might enjoy, Mr. Dyspeptic ate heartily without feeling any of the real or imaginary after effects to which he had been so prone, and the others all enjoyed an equally good state of health.

They were a large, happy picnic party now, who enjoyed each other's company and the outdoor life they were leading, and their meals were banquets of good cheer, healthy food, and laughter, that prime tonic for the nerves and for the digestion. Bill and the little doctor rested in joy under the trees and laughed for hours at the exercises of the party.

Charlie alone was disaffected. He saw Ethel slipping away from him and from her old habits of thought gradually, and he did his work sullenly and morosely, plotting always a way of escape. One day his chance came.

Silently, with an expertness born of his outdoor life for the last two months, he crept up the hill where the wild man held sway. From the shadow of the trees he saw him—stretched out on the

Bill and the little doctor rested in joy under the trees and laughed for hours at the exercises of the party.

ground and snoring for all the world to hear. His mace lay at his side. Quietly Charlie crept past him, and gazed down into the valley.

The sight that met his eyes caused him to gasp. There, below him in the valley, was a thriving, busy city. He looked intently, and made out landmarks that he knew here and there.

"Palm Beach, by all that's holy!" he ejaculated. He saw it all now. It had all been a hoax, and the desert island was not and never had been an island. They had all along been within two miles of Palm Beach!

"No, I think not, Bill," Ethel was saying in the seclusion of the little woodland spot where they had halted. "I like you—very much—and I like the outdoor life—very much—but if the chance came to go back to the old round of teas and balls and dinners and theater parties—why, I'm afraid I would want to go back. It's in the blood, you know, Bill," she finished regretfully. "You could never stand that kind of life; you were mad for the great outdoors."

"But there is a little chance for me, Ethel——" he started.

"Say, you people," broke in Charlie from a few yards away, where he had halted, "come on over; I want to show you something." They arose and followed him to the crest of the hill, past the sleeping "wild man," and to the spot from where Charlie had seen the city.

"I see you discovered Palm Beach," remarked Bill quietly. "Well, I suppose it had to be after a while," he sighed, "but we've had an awful good time here."

He looked at Ethel, and she nodded her head, strangely silent, now that the time for parting seemed to be at hand.

"Let's go down to the hotel, and see if we can get some new clothes and some regular food," said Charlie. Ethel looked at Bill, but he kept silent, resolved to have no voice in her decision. A little piqued by his seeming aloofness, she nodded.

Together she and Charlie made their way down to the bustling town of Palm Beach. Bill eyed her retreating back sadly. She looked back for an instant.

"Oh, Bill," she shouted, "I'll be at the Palm Beach Hotel to-night."

She was at the Palm Beach Hotel that night. They met a party of their friends there—the dancing, drinking kind; the women too old for their age, and smoking with a too evident enjoyment of doing something naughty.

There was a party in their honor, but Ethel felt impelled to leave early. Strangely enough, it seemed to her, these people bored and nauseated her. She had thought they were her kind, but they were not. She longed for the clean, manly strength of Bill, but did not know it.

She withdrew to her room and tried to sleep, but it was no use. The stuffy bedroom seemed to stifle her, the walls seemed to bind up her soul; she could not breathe. For two months she had slept under the stars, in the clean, fresh, God-given air of the woods, and the air in the bedroom seemed to overwhelm her very being.

Unable to bear it any longer, she slipped on a heavy coat and went down on the lawn to get some air. She looked up at the sky and breathed deeply. She looked down—and a shy, glad feeling came into the heart of her as she made out the dim outlines of the figure that approached.

"Bill!" she called. "Oh, Bill!" In a moment she was in his arms, yielding herself to his caress.

"Bill," she murmured, "take me away from all this—back to the camp on the island."

He grinned. "You bet I will," he said. "Come on." They went on in silence, her hand on his great arm, thrilling to his touch.

"Do you think you can stand the outdoor life, sweet?" he murmured to her. "With me?" he added.

"Oh, Bill," she whispered softly, "I couldn't stand any other."

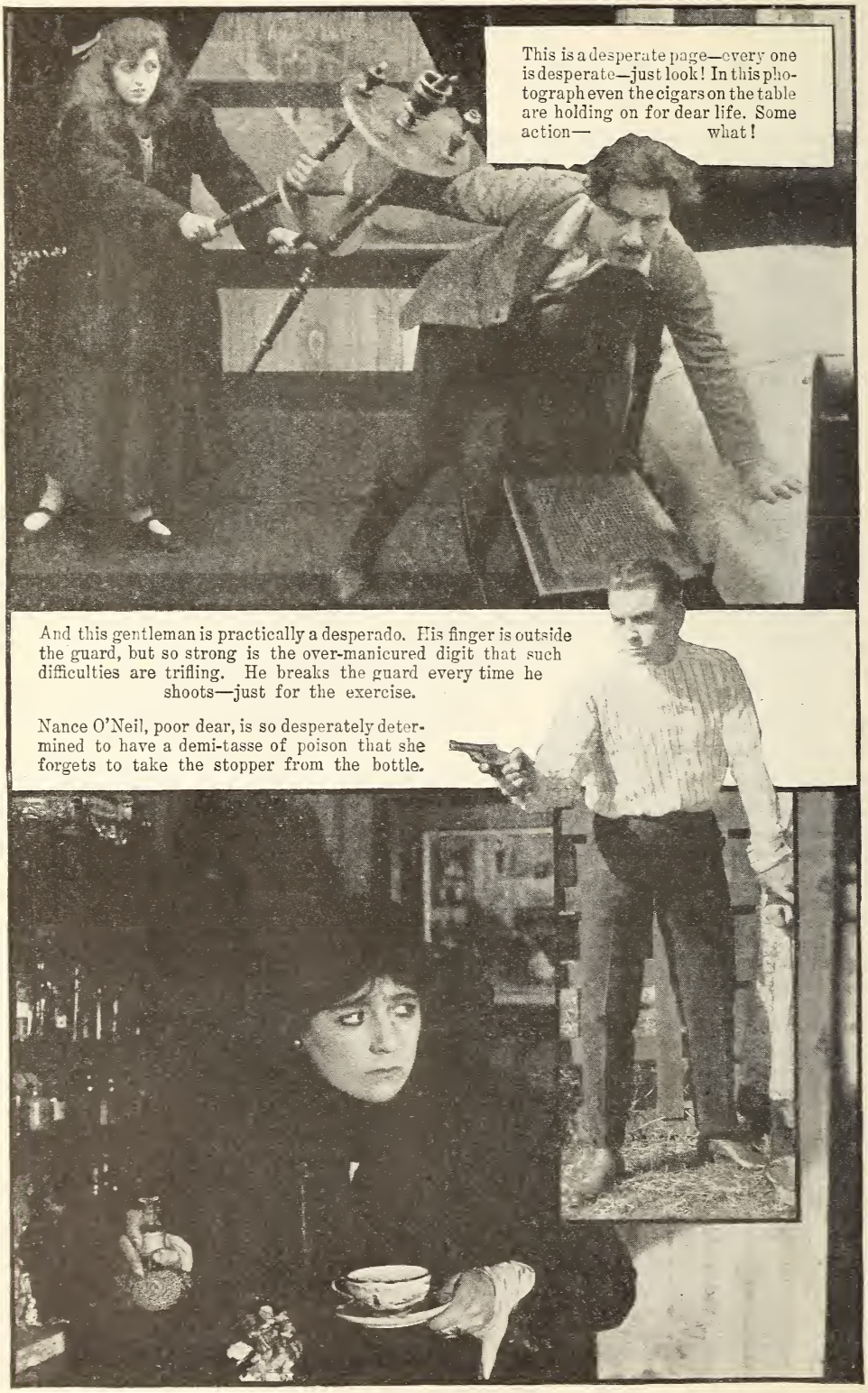
"I see you've discovered Palm Beach," said Bill quietly. "Well, I suppose it had to be after a while, but we've had an awful good time."

The Uncomplimentary Department

Photographs culled from our monthly mail which inspire us to caustic comment. How do you feel about it?

A thrilling scene in the Alaska mine fields, wherein the hero (or is it the villain?) wears suede-top button shoes and the victim protects his sleek pompadour in the presence of death. One glance at Jack Dalton leaning across the table is sufficient.

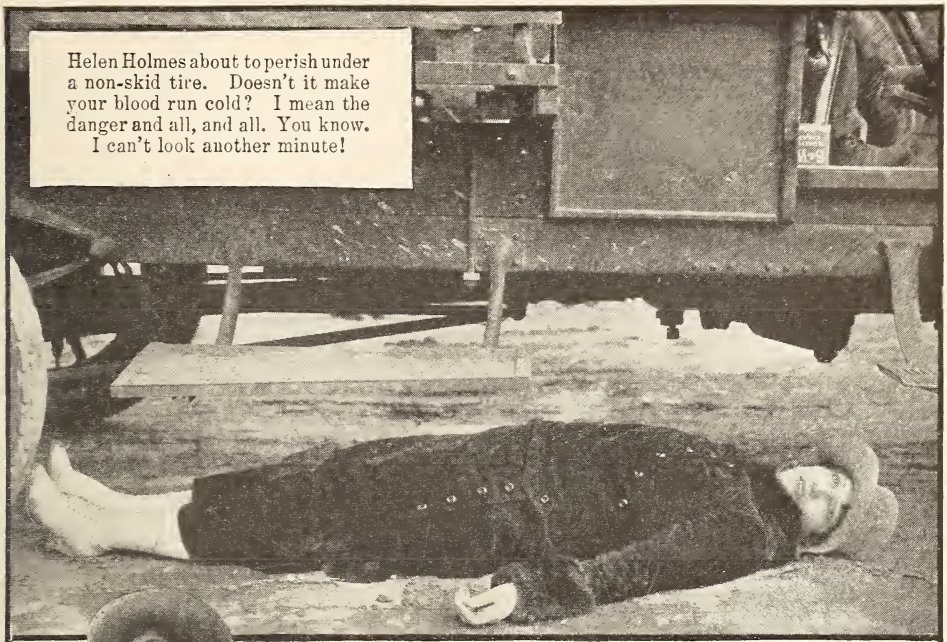
See! The poor chap is so hungry, so thirsty, and so ravenous for a smoke, that he hashes the three and takes them all together. But why, pray, doesn't he smile? Cheer up, you poor ingrate!



This is a desperate page—every one is desperate—just look! In this photograph even the cigars on the table are holding on for dear life. Some action— what!

And this gentleman is practically a desperado. His finger is outside the guard, but so strong is the over-manicured digit that such difficulties are trifling. He breaks the guard every time he shoots—just for the exercise.

Nance O'Neil, poor dear, is so desperately determined to have a demi-tasse of poison that she forgets to take the stopper from the bottle.



Helen Holmes about to perish under a non-skid tire. Doesn't it make your blood run cold? I mean the danger and all, and all. You know. I can't look another minute!

Miss Virginia Pearson giving us a demonstration of back-hand work with a rake. And she told us once that she simply adored living on the farm!

It is hardly possible that our friend Pauline could be responsible for both the chair and the hat, so we quote Mr. Tennyson: "Hers not to reason why .... Some one has blundered." Who?

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

P. A. G. C.—How did you like the Ince picture, "Civilization?" I thought that was a mighty fine production. Hershall Mayall was the *king,* Enid Markey was the *girl of the people,* and Howard Hickman was *Count Ferdinand.* George Fisher was the *Christus.* If you can give me the name of the company that produced the picture you mention, I may be able to help you out. Violet Mersereau gets all of her mail at the Universal studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. You ought to have a lot more questions to ask now that you have been put at the head of the Oracle department.

Somewhere in Springfield, Illinois.—No, Violet Mersereau did not marry the winner of the Universal's "Handsome Man Contest." It was announced that she would, but something must have gone wrong. You can write to Bess Meredyth in care of the Triangle studios, Yonkers, New York. What is so mysterious about you?

Pearl W.—The vaccination mark you speak of should not prevent you from acting before a camera, as the mark can be entirely covered up by the application of grease paint. The Picture-Play Screen Opportunity Contest has closed now, however.

Donna S. and Olive N.—As long as my readers don't know who I be, they can imagine whatever they like, can't they? If I should disclose my identity, I might spoil the illusion some of them have formed about me, and that wouldn't do at all. Some may have pictured me an old, jolly boy of about seventy. Others may have thought that I was a dashing grass widow or sweet sixteen, and still some others might have gone to all the trouble of picturing me as a man of twenty or thirty. No, Marion and Madeline Fairbanks are not related to Douglas Fairbanks. Vernon Steele played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Silks and Satins." She was born on Washington's Birthday, in the year of 1887; so you can sit right down and figure out for yourself how old she is. Far be it from me to tell a woman's age. Address June Caprice in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks smiles into his letter box every morning at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Blanche Sweet will get any mail sent to her at the same address. Olga Petrova's address is the same in every respect. Theda Bara receives her mail in Hollywood, too, but at the Fox Film Corporation, on Western Avenue, where she is working on a big, spectacular feature, "Cleopatra," at the present time. Anita Stewart is still with the Vitagraph Company, and can be reached in care of their place at East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Raymond Q., from Porto Rico.—Louise Huff should be addressed in care of the Morosco studios, Los Angeles, California. Mary Pickford gets all of her mail at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Pearl White can be reached by mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. See

the answer above this one for the address of Theda Bara. Lillian Walker is not with the Vitagraph Company. She left that concern several months ago to appear in features for the Ogden Pictures Corporation. She will get any mail sent to her in care of this concern at Ogden, Utah. Yes, I am sure that Theda Bara will send you one of her photographs if you write to her for one. Write soon again, and let me know all the film news.

Luana.—Address Antonio Moreno in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Ralph Kellard had the leading rôle opposite Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army." You can reach him at the same address as Antonio Moreno. It was "Pearl of the Army," and not "Pearl of the Navy." Kellard had the rôle of *T. O. Adams* that you mention, so I know you must mean the Pathé serial.

Kia Ora, New Zealand.—We have quite a few readers in New Zealand, so I take great pleasure in welcoming you into the realm of the Oracle. There are hundreds of picture companies in the U. S. A. They spring up overnight, and some of them die in the same time. Mary Maurice has been in pictures for a good many years. Jewel Carmen had the leading feminine rôle opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Manhattan Madness." Jewel Carmen has gone to New York to support William Farnum in all of his Fox productions now. She is a decidedly attractive young lady. You should have been over here, to enter the Screen Opportunity Contest this magazine has been conducting. Max Linder has made three comedies for the Essanay Company since coming to America, but is at present on the sick list, suffering from the effects of wounds he received on the battlefields of France. The three pictures were, "Max Comes Across," "Max Wants a Divorce," and "Max in a Taxi." It is understood that he will continue his screen work for the Essanay as soon as he regains his health.

M. H. F.—You will get a letter to Mary MacLaren by addressing it to her in care of the Horsley studios, Los Angeles, California. I am sure that she would appreciate the trouble that you go to in order to get to a theater to see one of her pictures showing. She will most likely answer a letter from you, and be glad of the chance to thank you for your troubles and interest in her work.

E. Frances.—She has blond hair and blue eyes. I will speak to the editor about the photographs of May Allison and Harold Lockwood. They are not playing together any more. Harold is being starred alone by the Yorke-Metro Company. His latest was "The Haunted Pajamas." Anna Little is playing opposite him in his present pictures. May Allison was born in Atlanta, Georgia. Mary Miles Minter gives her birthplace and date of birth as Shreveport, Louisiana, April 1, 1902. Her mail always reaches her at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, and has golden hair and blue eyes. Certainly you may write again. I am always glad to hear from my readers, and always answer their questions to the best of my ability, providing they are not against the rules. I see that you asked one question that is barred by these rules, but next time you will know better.

Harold McA.—Beverly Bayne was born in 1895. You can address her in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Mary Miles Minter gets all of her mail at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Just Little Wee Marjorie.—Back again, I see. My, but you are getting to be one of my best little customers. Mabel Trunelle has been playing with the Edison Company for a good many years. You can address her in care of the Edison Company, Orange, New Jersey. Beverly Bayne has brown hair and brown eyes. "The Immigrant" is Charlie Chaplin's latest picture. He is at work now on one for the Mutual, which will complete his contract with this concern for twelve pictures. Charles Chaplin was born in 1889, in Paris, France. Stuart Holmes has light-brown hair and dark eyes. Yes, he is indeed a very good villain, but has done several features for the Fox Company in which he was not bad at all.

Katherine K.—You can obtain a photograph of Harold Lockwood by writing to him in care of the Yorke-Metro studio, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Better inclose a quarter, to cover the cost of the mailing and the photo, as they cost an actor just twenty-six cents to send to every admirer. You can figure out for yourself how soon they would go broke if they sent them all away for nothing.

John Curly.—It was William Russell that had the leading rôle in the American Film Company's feature, "The Twinkler." It was produced at the company's studios in Santa Barbara, and released on the Mutual program.

Reader Dora S. MacI.—Yes, the Picture-Play has published a story about Valeska Suratt, with her picture on the cover, as well. Address Olga Petrova in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Valeska Suratt gets all her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Julia B.—Address Earle Foxe in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and he will be sure to receive it. You evidently have chosen Earle as your favorite actor.

New Film Fan.—Twenty-five cents is the common charge for an autographed photo of one of the stars. You see, it costs them twenty-six cents to send one to you, so they lose one cent each at that.

Frances Stevens Mother.—I thought the photographs were real cute, and have forwarded them on to Charlie Chaplin, as you requested in your letter. The movie ball must have been quite an affair in Kansas City. That wrist-watch joke was very good. You didn't have many questions to ask on your first attempt. You will have to do much better than this when you write to me again.

Elva 16.—No, I don't write answers for any other magazine than Picture-Play. Good heavens! where would you think I got the time to take on any more than I have now? Certainly I'll answer your letters in the Oracle column just as often as you care to write them. Anita is a very attractive little actress indeed, and has a host of followers. Fannie Ward is forty-two. She told me so herself. You should see Charlie Chaplin in some of his latest pictures, such as "Easy Street," "The Cure," and "The Immigrant." I am sure that you would enjoy these pictures very much indeed. They are far better than anything he has ever done before. It was S. Rankin Drew that played with Anita Stewart in "The Girl Philippa," and not Earle Williams. Fa-rar is correct.

Michigan.—Your letter was very interesting, and I enjoyed reading it very much, especially that clipping about the judge. The Famous Players give pretty quick action on their scenarios. From ten to thirty days is about the time they require to give their scripts careful attention. Any questions that you want answered regarding scenarios should be addressed to the Picture-Play scenario department. They will be only too glad to give you any advice they can. You know that old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Why don't you try another fling at it. Just work on it in your spare time, and take the greatest care in thinking up the plot. It can always be improved; so just see how many times you can better it, and I wouldn't be surprised if you found that you had turned out a winner. Scenario writing takes a great deal of thought. Anything won't get over with a company these days, like it used to.

Corporal Harrie J. R.—Sorry to have been so long in answering your letter, corporal, but it was way down in the last of the pile, and so it had to wait its turn. I answer all questions in the Picture Oracle in the order in which they are received, so hurry your next letter in a little earlier, so your reply will be more prompt. Mrs. Vernon Castle gets all of her mail in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Mollie King's address is the very same . Olga Olonova will get a letter addressed to her in care of the Erbograph Company, One Hundred and Forty-seventh Street, New York City. Theda Bara is now on the Pacific coast, at the William Fox studios, doing a big film spectacle of Cleopatra's life. It will probably be released in a couple of months. They are using thousand of people in making the scenes, and going to all kinds of expenses to reproduce sphinxes and pyramids on the desert sands. You can reach her by letter in care of the Fox studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Your favorites will all send photographs.

F. A.—Thanks very much for your kind letter. I am glad to see that this department helps you in your work. How is everything with the Cleveland Exchange? Pauline Frederick and Marguerite Clark both receive their mail at the same address, which is in care of the Famous Players Film Company, 128 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks is now staging his Artcraft features at the Lasky coast studios, under the direction of John Emerson. Anita Loos is still writing his stories for him, and doing it very well, too, as usual. The postman delivers his mail at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Mae Marsh gets all her correspondence from film fans at Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. See the above answer for the address of your other favorite, Mollie King.

Dimples and Blue Eyes.—The fellow in the answer above yours required the address of Douglas Fairbanks, and I gave it to him, so you will find it in his reply. Douglas is a mighty fine fellow, and every bit as popular off the screen as he is on. He was born in Denver, in 1883. Theda Bara is twenty-seven years old. What do you mean as dear off as on? Few women can see anything very dear about a vampire. Theda is a fine girl, just the same. Her latest picture is "Cleopatra," and, from what I hear and see, she ought to be very good in it, indeed. Address Crane Wilbur in care of the Horsley studios, Los Angeles, California. Warren Kerrigan should be addressed at Gower Street, Hollywood, California, and the letter will be delivered to his house. Francis X. Bushman receives his weekly stack of letters at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Clara Kimball Young has severed her con-

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nections with Selznick, and will produce her own photo plays in the future. A letter addressed to her at Fort Lee, New Jersey, will reach her all right. Mary Pickford is now in California, working for the Artcraft, and all mail sent to her at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will reach her all right. Brother Jack Pickford is in California, too, but should be addressed at the Morosco studios, Los Angeles, California. Alice Joyce is still with the Vitagraph Company, and collects her daily mail at the studio, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Frank hasn't a sister that I know of. Certainly I would like to see them.

K. C. Jones.—Don't you know that matrimonial questions are against the rules of the Oracle department, K. C.? In your next letter you must look out for this, so I can answer all your questions. Look at the rules of the department at the head of the Oracle before you write. Milton Sills receives his mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Mrs. Castle's address is the same.

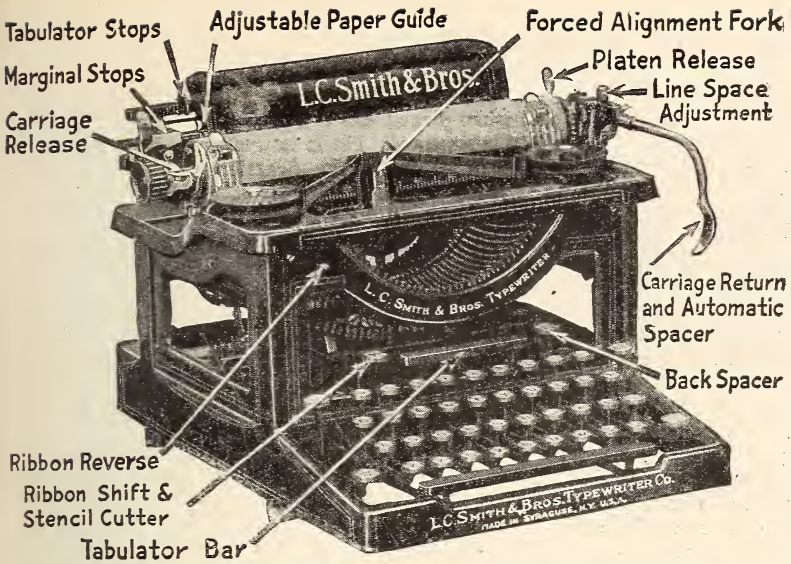
Arthur.—Write to William S. Hart in care of the Thomas H. Ince studios, Los Angeles, California, for a photograph. Antonio Moreno is not with the Vitagraph any longer. You should write to him in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, for one of his photographs. William Farnum is in the East, and not at the Fox coast studios now. Address him in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. "Cabiria" was produced in Italy. No, Neal Hart is not any relative of William S. Hart. I don't remember any film by that name. I wonder how it was ever overlooked? It seems that they have used every other name but the one you mention in the production of film plays. Cheer up, they will probably hit upon it before very long. Tell me what company produced the Chaplin imitating film you speak of, and I may be able to tell you who his imitator is. Charlie has a good many imitators, but they are always handicapped, as any imitator is, and that is by comparison. Even if one were better, the fact that he was copying some one else would detract from his own merits. The public likes to see an actor with originality. The one that has to depend on other people's work to furnish a base for his own stuff generally comes off on the wrong end, in the public's eye at least.

Peggy and Betty, Jr.—Antrim Short was the young boy in the Universal feature, "The Flirt," in which Marie Walcamp was starred. This picture was taken over a year ago. Charlie Chaplin gets his mail every day at the Lone Star studio, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Antrim can be reached in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. You were wrong in your guesses about my name, so you can about figure out for yourself whether I am man, woman, or child. You know what a long list of masculine names you mentioned. Slang is no criterion. The best of people are using it this year, my dears. I am afraid that you will have to do some more guessing before you discover the secret. No one has found it out yet, and I have been an Oracle for, lo, these many years!

I. B.—No, Tom Chatterton is not dead by a long shot. Tom just seems to like ranching better than picture making, so he has retired to his ranch outside of Santa Barbara. The natives of this town get a peek at Tom every once in a while when he comes in to pay them a visit. The open-air life is just the thing for him, as it suits him to the proverbial T; and, although the screen is losing a most capable actor by his retirement, Tom seems most enjoyably happy. As that is what we should all try our best to be, he has probably done the right thing, after all. William Russell lives in Santa Barbara. Juanita Hansen does all her living in Hollywood, California. Your Lockwood question was against the rules, I am sorry to say. You should read the heading of the Oracle before you write.

A. R.—There are quite a few young directors in the motion-picture game now, and some very capable ones, too, despite their age. Most of them are in comedies. Jack White and Dick Jones, of the Sunshine-Fox Comedy Company, are about as young as they make them. Jack is nineteen and Dick twenty-three. It is merely a matter of personal opinion whom the fans think to be the nearest favorite to Mary Pickford. I am afraid it would take a popularity contest to decide that. Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin seem to be running about neck and neck now, with Douglas a little bit the better in the long run as far as popularity is concerned. You can't compare their acting qualities, as they are of entirely different types. It would be the same as comparing Mary Pickford and Valeska Suratt. There is very little professional jealousy evidenced in the motion-picture business. Of course it exists in some cases, which is "only human nature, after all," but there is less of it than in the legitimate by a good deal.

Daniel F. C.—I will take up the matter of the cover you mention at my first opportunity. Yes, I admire the acting of Gladys Brockwell very much indeed. Louise Glaum was certainly very attractive in "The Sweetheart of the



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Doomed." Better write again, and make your letter a little longer.

HOPE.—Here you are. I was looking for a letter from you. I don't remember the stamp. Sorry that you were disappointed, but I know that you have forgiven me by this time, have you not? It all depends on the order in which your letter is received. Keep them coming right along, and then you will always be sure of a place in the sun. Wheeler Oakman is playing in a feature at the Fox Western Avenue studios in Hollywood, California, now. He should be seen very shortly in "Mickey," that long-waited-for Mabel Normand play. I think Olive, Jr., moved. I am sure that you must have seen Charlie Ray in "The Pinch Hitter" by this time. Let me know what you thought of this play. He is still with Ince. Yes, of course a whole lot of the picture fans ask the same questions over and over again, but what difference does that make? They have to be answered again, because they probably did not see them when they were printed for some one else in the Oracle department. Your typewriter must have had a night off, as it seems to be running into itself.

JESSIE F.—Evidently you did not read over the rules of the Oracle department very carefully when you wrote your questions. Nearly all of them cannot be answered, for they are against the aforesaid rules, which are held to strictly. Read them over carefully before you write again, so that I will be able to answer them all. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston in 1887. Marguerite Clark was born thirty-one years ago. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889. Fannie Ward is now forty-two years old. She was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on November 23, 1875. Tom Chatterton is now on his ranch, near Santa Barbara, California. Mary Miles Minter is fifteen years old. Norma Talmadge is twenty. Eddie Lyons first saw the light of day in Beardstown. He was born in 1886.

F. O.—Chester Barnett was the young man that played the part of *Billy* in "Trilby" with Clara Kimball Young.

A PORTO RICO FAN.—It is a very clever trick of photography to make an actor playing a dual rôles shake hands with himself. It is done by double exposure. The scenes are taken at different times. The shadow was made by a strong glare thrown from a bank of lights to one side. The monster was made at the studio. You mean the "Crimson Stain." Yes, Olga Olonova is a Russian. The scenes are all written in the scenario together with the business. The director just stages what is written, putting in some ideas of his own. Yes, the screen players speak real lines while making a photo play. George Fisher played the *Christus* in Thomas H. Ince's "Civilization." He is now playing opposite Mary Miles Minter at the American studios, in Santa Barbara, California. What difference does the age make, as long as they can deliver? Francesca Bertini is certainly a very clever emotional actress. I think very well of all of them. No, I am sorry to say that I don't speak Spanish. I would like very much to learn, but never could find the time.

R. P. F.—You will find Douglas Fairbanks on the coast when you arrive at Los Angeles in August. Doug seems to have adopted Hollywood as his permanent address. Mae Marsh is the young lady's screen name. Loveridge is her right name. Address her in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. I am sure that she will be very glad to hear from you, and will write you a few lines in return. She was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. "The Birth of a Nation" is probably her most popular screen work.

HENRY O.—In starting to make out a cast for an all-star production, you undertake an impossible job, because of the numerous parts you would have to create. In other words, it couldn't be done. You couldn't put on a picture with the large cast of stars that you mention, and have them all do something big. The audience would just about get interested in a character, when he would vanish from the screen, to make room for another. Of course, it would be very nice to see a picture with nothing but stars in it, but some of them would have to suffer, so that the parts of the others could stand out. You certainly have picked some big winners in your cast, and even a master director and camera man. The cast, of course, is a matter of opinion. You will find out, if you inquire among your friends, that they would each one have some new player to add, or maybe some one to eliminate.

MARJORIE EVENS 15.—You can get a photograph of Charles Ray by writing to him in care of the Thomas H. Ince studios, Los Angeles, California, and inclosing a quarter to cover the cost of the photo and mailing. Bessie Love should be addressed at the Triangle studios, Culver City, California, to obtain one of her photographs. Marguerite Clark is thirty-one.

FRANCES I. E.—Of course it was you that I meant in the answers. You are all wrong, however, about asking no questions that hinge on matrimony. You did. I see that you have asked some again, after saying you didn't. What about the Creighton Hale question? And the Earle Foxe one, too? Naughty! naughty! Frances, you must be more careful in future, so

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I can answer all of your questions. Niles Welch is the gentleman that played opposite Marguerite Clark. Robert Harron is playing opposite Mae Marsh once more at the Goldwyn studios in New York City. Olive, Jr., used to live in Baltimore. I don't know where she is now, because she has not written for a good long time. Maybe I knew what it was to be a schoolgirl, and maybe I didn't. I might have been a little schoolboy.

An Admirer of Desmond.—William Desmond is still playing in pictures. He is with the Triangle Film Corporation, and a letter addressed to him in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, Culver City, California, will be sure to reach him. He has not played for any other film company but the Triangle. He certainly is a very good-looking chap, and quite an actor with it all.

Love.—You say that you couldn't keep a secret, so why should I tell you mine? I think that I will heed your warning, and keep my identity still shrouded in mystery. You must have been in a very great hurry this time, because you forgot to ask any questions. None of your drawings resembled me in the least; so now you are just as much in the dark as you ever were, aren't you? I have always maintained that the best way to solve a problem is to let it alone.

I. O. U.—Jewel Carmen is the young lady to whom you refer as leading lady to Douglas Fairbanks in "American Aristocracy" and "Manhattan Madness." Your last questions were answered in the magazine. It is always quicker to answer through the columns rather than by mail. The Picture-Play questions are all answered first, and the ones requiring an answer by mail have to wait till that is over. Address Jewel Carmen in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. She is now leading woman for William Farnum again. Yes, I think that Marguerite Clark might answer if you wrote to her. Why not send her a letter, and find out for yourself? She always answers mine. Harry Hilliard's address is the same as that of Jewel Carmen. John Bowers is the youthful gentleman that played opposite little Mary Pickford in her "Hulda from Holland" play. I thought that he was very good in the part, too; didn't you? This was one of Mary's Famous Players productions. Her pictures are being released on the Artcraft program now. Don't forget to have your questions answered through the Oracle columns next time. How is every little thing in Marshall?

Pickford Admirer.—Address Mary Pickford in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. She was born in Toronto, Canada, on April 8, 1893, so you can figure out from this what her exact age is. Mary Miles Minter is with the American Film Company, at Santa Barbara, California, and not the Universal. Can't answer your question about Maurice Costello, as it is against the rules of the Oracle. Read them over carefully before you write again. Of course first offenders are always excused.

J. L. F., N. J.—Mary Miles Minter told me that she was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on the first day of April, in the year of nineteen hundred and two, and if any one should know when and where she was born, Mary Miles Minter should.

A Charlie Ray Worshiper.—A good many people liked "The Clodhopper" better than anything Charlie has done, but then there are just as many people probably who think his "Pinch Hitter" heads them all. These two dramas of country life are much on the same order in some respects, so it is hard to choose between them. Personally I liked the "Clodhopper" best, though I must admit that "The Pinch Hitter" ran a very close race. No, the same girl did not play with him in both of these pictures. Margery Wilson supported him in "The Clodhopper," while Sylvia Bremer played opposite in "The Pinch Hitter." Charlie is only twenty-five years old. He weighs about one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His eyes are brown, and not blue. He is just six feet tall. My, but you want to know a lot about one person! He never was in West Hampton. Yes, he was on the stage before entering pictures. You can reach him by letter in care of the Thomas H. Ince studios, Los Angeles, California. Yes, I am sure he would be glad to send such an ardent admirer one of his autographed photos.

Lillie.—You can't fool me. I know that you have written before, because I recognized your handwriting. Jane Novak is taking a little vacation at present, but a letter addressed to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, will be sure to reach her very quickly. I haven't heard from you for quite a while. Where have you been keeping yourself lately?

Bashful Blue Eyes.—Your other letters have all been answered. Did you overlook them? Yes, Charlie Ray is being starred. Henry Kolker is an American. A man is never referred to as pretty. It is always handsome, or sometimes distinguished, don't you know. Who was the actor you have reference to? All right, I won't scold you this time.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Gish Girl, Indianapolis.—You certainly have received a bunch of stars' photos since you wrote to me last. Evidently you have done some corresponding in that short time, and have reaped big results, too. Address Mollie King in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. June Caprice will get a letter if you write to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 128 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Montagu Love's address is World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. No, Baby Marie Osborne (Little Mary Sunshine) is not an orphan, by any means. She gets a big salary, and has a papa and mamma to enjoy it with her. I shall speak to the editor regarding the photos you mention for the magazine. Doesn't the name Montagu sound English enough for you? Mae Marsh is now appearing regularly in feature productions for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

M. L. M.—A copy of Picture-Play's market booklet is being sent you under separate cover. Address Clarence J. Caine of this magazine regarding any questions you may have relating to scenarios. It takes all my time getting answers to the other inquiries.

Movie Fan.—Not all the stars on the screen are small as you state. It is about fifty-fifty. An actress will look large or small, depending on the height of the other players appearing in the picture with her. If they are about her own size, she will appear larger, but if they are much taller, she will look like a wee, little thing. The director picks his cast according to the size he may want his star to appear. Oh, it's a great life if you don't weaken! Were you thinking of joining the screen, to give it another girl of the taller type?

Anita Stewart and Earle Williams Admirer.—No, Earle Williams and Anita Stewart did not play in the feature you mention together. Earle did, but Anita didn't. I should say not. Every one is privileged to likes and dislikes. Vitagraph has announced that Anita and Earle are to play together again, but so far I have not seen any releases announced or started in which they are costarring. Maybe the working of two stars in one picture doesn't work out very well. Tom Forman is still with the Lasky Company. Fannie Ward and Jack Dean have left the employ of the Lasky Company. They have not yet announced their future plans. They may retire or go back on the stage again. Your letter was very nice, indeed, even if it was censored by the Canadian government.

J. B.—I am afraid that an artificial eye would keep one from movie acting, unless it was for a certain type. The camera is the most cruel instrument on earth when it comes to picking flaws.

Titian Blonde.—Alice Brady and Jack Sherrill played the principal rôles in "Then I'll Come

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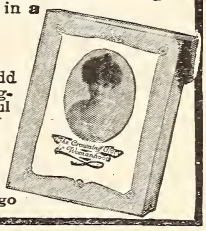

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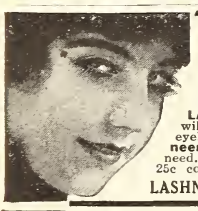

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Back to You." Harold Lockwood, May Allison, and Lester Cuneo had the important parts in "Big Tremaine." Florence Turner and Larry Trimble were responsible for "Far from the Maddening Crowd," while Mary Miles Minter starred in "Dulcie's Adventure."

ORACLE'S ADMIRER, THE GENUINE ARTICLE.—Yes, I was beginning to wonder what had happened to you when two weeks rolled by without a letter from you. You are always so prompt with your questions. Lucille Pietz has not been in the movies very long. May Cloy is back on the stage again with the Kolb & Dill "High Cost of Loving" show. She appeared with them in several pictures at the American Film Company studios in Santa Barbara, but, upon the completion of their contract, she left them to join their show, and is meeting with great success. Margaret Gale is not playing at present in the movies. Tom Mix was featured in Selig's "The Heart of Texas Ryan." Bessie Eyton was the heroine. Some little heroine, too, our friend Bessie makes. I know a lot of people who would be willing to pay regular money to have Bessie play heroine to them in a picture. The girl you mention was engaged for the one picture only with Fox—the William Farnum feature, "The Price of Silence," in which she was seen as a one-armed factory worker. Blanche Sweet left the Lasky Company some time ago. Sorry, but it's against the rules, and rules are rules, you know. If I made an exception in your case, I would have to do the same thing for all the others, and that would soon put an end to the much abused rulings. Nazimova has just announced a new contract with Metro. When that somebody from Texas flies over the PICTURE-PLAY building, be sure that he keeps on flying. Our roof is none too strong now, and aëroplane motors are not raindrops. Dear boy? Yes? No?

MARIE. O. K.—You caught yourself just in time not to ask a question against the rules, didn't you? Yes, I think that Wallace Reid would send you a picture of himself. You can address him in care of the Lasky Film Company, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. This is where Wally earns his daily bread and Saturday-night coffee. I don't think you asked many questions at all. You should see some of the letters that I get, with a bunch of questions that would stagger old man Wisdom himself. The more the merrier, however.

HOPE.—Yes, I liked "Kick In" very much indeed. By the way, "The Lamb" was the first picture that Douglas Fairbanks appeared in. This was followed by "Double Trouble." "The Habit of Happiness" came after these. Yes, I think that three comedies in a row is a little too much. No one enjoys a good comedy better than I do, either. Yes, you are right about Margery Wilson in "The Last of the Ingrams." Florence Reed played in "New York." Forrest Winant was the *son,* and Fanny Marinoff

was the *bad woman.* My correspondence certainly has increased. I am wondering if I am ever going to be able to catch up with it. I think you have done very well in the last few issues. I notice that you have several answers in each. Yes, Edison is responsible for the movies.

RAGAMUFFIN.—What makes you think I'm getting tired of your letters? I am only too glad to hear from all my old friends. I should say that your Hula Hula Club did do some work to win that contest for Grace Cunard. Your members secured two-thirds of her total vote. Grace has left the Universal now. Francis Ford is still with that concern. Of course you can write a letter and yet not ask any questions. We did have an article about Grace Cunard recently. The typewriting is all right. It is much quicker to read than handwriting; that is why I like it.

C. W. G.—Do not address William S. Hart in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, because he has left that concern and gone, with Thomas H. Ince to produce features for the Artcraft. You can reach him by letter at the Rex Arms Apartments, Los Angeles, California. There will be one more picture of his released by Triangle after "Wolf Lowry."

A. T.—There is only one name for them, and that is character parts. You may play all types of characters, but, nevertheless, they are character rôles and nothing else. There is no other way of describing them.

OLIVE S.—S. Rankin Drew has joined the ambulance corps, as a driver. A letter addressed to him, in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, will be sure to reach him. Of course, he isn't bow-legged. Yes, Rankin is a mighty fine little fellow to talk to. He is the son of Sidney Drew, the Metro comedian, and a very popular youngster, too. Address Mrs. Vernon Castle in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Mrs. Castle is also very pleasant to talk to.

CANUCK.—Address June Caprice in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, and ask her for one of her photographs. You had better inclose a two-bit piece to make sure, as photographs cost a whole lot of money these days.

Y-O-U—Yes, up until the time Chaplin signed his new contract, Douglas Fairbanks had him beaten in the salary line. They are now getting the very same amounts for each picture that they turn out. If Fairbanks turns them out faster than Chaplin, he will make more money than the famous comedian, and vice versa. George Beranger was the man you are thinking of. Yes, he certainly does look a whole lot like Henry Walthall, who played *Poe* in "The Raven." Yes, I thought the "Bitter Truth" was very good, and enjoyed Virginia Pearson's work in it immensely. We have a large number of

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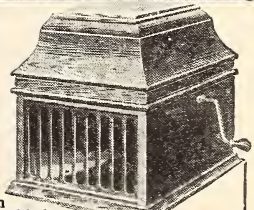

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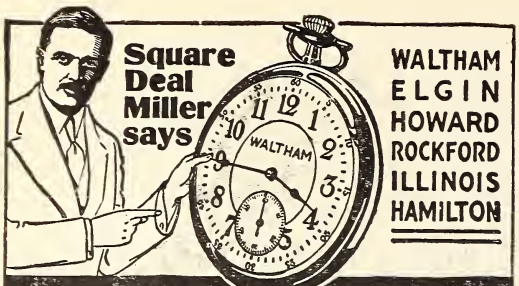

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Canadian readers, so it was only fair that they be allowed to enter the Screen Opportunity Contest as well as our readers in the States. Charles Chaplin was born in France, but has lived the greater part of his life in England, where he learned his profession. No trouble at all, I assure you. I am always glad to hear from you. It's not imposing at all.

ALIAS (X. Q.'s MYVER BOSITY).—Sheldon Lewis is still very much alive, and doing his screen dirty work in the same old way as ever. John Barrymore hasn't done a picture in a mighty long time. He has been devoting all his time to the stage lately, and letting his brother Lionel look after the picture work of the family. Also his sister Ethel. Charlie Chaplin can be reached at the Lone Star studio, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Mark hasn't had anything filmed as yet, with the exception of "Jim Bludso." Eric Campbell confines himself to playing in Chaplin's comedies solely. Syd Chaplin hasn't been on the screen for a long, long time. He is Charlie's business manager, and this keeps him so busy that he never gets a chance to don the grease paint any more.

M. B. H.—You should have joined the Screen Opportunity Contest if you are desirous of becoming a movie star. Too late now, you know. Grace Cunard answers all her letters herself. Jack Kerrigan is back on the coast once more, and working hard on his first picture for the Paralta program, "A Man's Man." Oscar Apfel is directing him.

E. H.—Address June Caprice in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. She sends photographs of herself to her admirers, but inclose a quarter with your request to cover the cost of the photo and mailing. There is no more American Beauty studio. The Beauty brand has long been discontinued. It was started by Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard at the American studios in Santa Barbara, California. The studios are still running in full blast, but they are producing big features for the Mutual program.

RALPH D.—Yes, William Farnum played both parts in Fox's "A Tale of Two Cities." It was done by means of double exposure. Yes, this trick of the camera has been used many times before. King Baggot once played nine parts in one film. Mary Pickford is twenty-four years old. Jane is but six. I have turned your letter over to the circulation department, and they will send you the February issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

T. S.—We had pictures of Grace Cunard and Joe Moore in the August PICTURE-PLAY. Didn't you see them in the article, "Famous Families of Filmdom," by Ray Ralston? Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Helen Holmes first saw the light of day in Chicago, Illinois. Louise Huff, the Morosco star, was born and raised in Columbus, Georgia, which accounts for her Southern accent. Ruth Roland is a native

daughter, coming into this world in San Francisco, California, at an early age.

H. S. M. Polly Perkins and Her Pals.—Loneliness must be an awful thing, but you should be like I am. Have so much work to do that you never get any time to be lonely or anything else. Was some one kidding you about William Farnum? You can address him in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Theda Bara's address is in care of the William Fox studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Mary Pickford gets all her mail now at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. That title of yours has all the ear marks of being mysterious. If it was H. M. S., I would be able to make it out in a jiffy.

Pretty Baby, Washington, D. C.—Yes, we printed the story of "The Love Mask." Paul Willis appeared last with Harold Lockwood in "The Haunted Pajamas." Dorothy Davenport was born in Boston in 1895. Haven't heard from Olive, Junior, for a long time. I'll tell Cleo, however, that you are a great little movie fan. Then Hope has become quite as regular as any of them. She is a great little picture fan herself.

Kissme.—Of course we think that Picture-Play is getting better each month, but nevertheless it makes us feel very nice, indeed, to have our readers think so, too. You are not very far from the top this time, and there is no telling but that you may occupy that position again. It all depends on the way your letter is received. If I open it first, it goes on the top. First come, first served, is the way things are conducted by the Oracle. Where did you see those initials you speak about?

Dorothy S.—You are right about May Allison in all of your guesses. She has a mother, blue eyes, and curly hair. Write to Marguerite Clark in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Marguerite is a very sweet little girl, and will probably answer your letter the first chance she gets. There are many times when an actor or actress will get out of photographs. Just think, they send hundreds and hundreds out every week, and I know for a fact that they run out of photos every once in a while, and then their admirers have to wait until they can find the time to have some new ones taken. You should write again for the photos that you didn't get because they were out of them.

Theda's Admirer.—Theda Bara was born on July 20, 1890, which makes her just twenty-seven years old. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and has dark-brown hair and eyes.

Coletta K.—Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, just twenty-five years ago. Beverly Bayne was born in Minneapolis in 1895.

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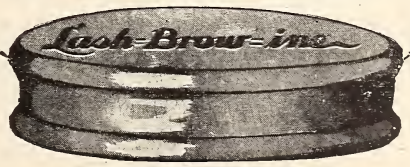

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in the same year as Beverly Bayne. Mary Miles Minter gives her birthplace as Shreveport, Louisiana, and the date of her birth as April 1, 1902.

CLYDE FROM PITTSBURGH.—Your puzzle was very clever, indeed. Lou-Tellegen, Blanche Sweet, Edith Storey, Alan Hale, King Baggot, Earle Williams, Virginia Pearson, Frank Keenan, True Boardman, Lillian Walker, Jackie Saunders, Valli Valli, Peggy Hyland, Ruth Stonehouse, Charles Ray, Fannie Ward, Francis Bushman, Pearl White, John Barrymore, J. P. McGowan, William Hart, Ella Hall, Owen More, Warner Oland, Little Mary Sunshine, Violet Mersereau, Grace Valentine, Thomas Holding, Myrtle Stedman, E. H. Sothern, Helen Holmes, Mary Pickford, Fred Mitchell, Gail Kane, Margarita Fischer, Bessie Eyton, Doris Pawn, Eddie Lyons, Pauline Frederick, Mabel Trunnelle, Florence Turner, Wheeler Oakman, Mary Garden, Ora Carew, Mary Fuller, Vivian Martin, Constance Talmadge, June Caprice, Lucille Stewart, Jewel Hunt, Huntley Gordon, Ormi Hawley, Carlyle Blackwell, Muriel Ostriche, Mae Marsh, Dustin Farnum, Sidney Drew, Hazel Dawn, Barry O'Neil, Leah Baird, Louise Lovely, and Douglas Fairbanks are the stars' names I got out of your puzzle.

EDITH.—Jean Southern had gone back on the stage again the last I heard of her. I'll speak to the editor about a picture of her in the gallery. Arthur Johnson was a great favorite with a lot of fans. He was one of the very first actors in the game. Griffith discovered him while walking down Broadway, one day, looking for some one to play in a Biograph picture. Arthur wasn't working at the time, and accepted the engagement. Am glad to see that you read the rules carefully before you wrote. So few of my readers do on their first letter, and some of them even forget long after that.

MARION.—Write to Harold Lockwood in care of the Yorke Film Company, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. I am sure that he will send you one of his photographs. Ralph Kellard and Grace Darmond will get any letters that you may write to them in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Jack Kerrigan is working for his own company now.

GLORIA CLARK.—The twelve winners in the PICTURE-PLAY Screen Opportunity Contest were announced in the September issue. That's all right, don't worry about asking questions. The more you ask the better I'll like it, just so they are not against the rules. Have you decided upon a screen career as your only ambition?

MRS. H. D., AKRON.—Your idea isn't a bad one at all. I shall take it up with the editor the first chance I have. Yes, I agree with you that some of the actors and actresses are criticized too severely at times. Criticism is only one person's opinion. One may dislike a pic-

ture and the star's work, while it may please another person immensely. It is merely a matter of your own viewpoint.

Miss Canada.—Alma Reubens was the girl that played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Americano." She certainly was an ideal type for the play. Address her in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, Culver City, California. Pens are certainly very troublesome things sometimes when you want to write a letter in a hurry. Cheer up. The next time you write you can have a better one. I made it all out with no trouble at all, so what is the difference?

Bill Hart Admirer.—Yes, Frank Keenan is a very good actor indeed. He is one of the recruits from the legitimate, and has returned to the stage again, where he is appearing in a new play, written for him, called "The Pawn." Lester Cuneo was the villain in the Metro production of "The Promise," with Harold Lockwood and May Allison. May Allison is not playing with Harold Lockwood any more. The Metro Company is featuring Harold alone now, while it is announced that May Allison will soon be featured by herself also.

De V. J.—You probably wrote to the players you mentioned at the wrong address, and have not received their photographs for that reason. Write to them again, and explain matters. Address Wallace Reid in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Warren Kerrigan will get any mail sent to him in care of the Clune studios, Los Angeles, California, while Harold Lockwood receives his daily supply of mail at the Yorke-Metro studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California.

Prudence.—Wally Reid is a very jolly fellow, indeed, off the screen. So you are a little jealous of Olive, Jr.? Never mind, you and she are not the only ones that admire him. You have thousands and thousands more to be jealous of at that rate. Address David Powell in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Charles Josephus Williams.—Here are your little questions all answered right here. Was kind of swamped by so many letters of late, and I have been rather late getting around to everybody because my space allotment would be used up in no time. You win your two-bit bet. Hart never played with Miller in "The Great Divide." Henry Walthall did, however. "The Squaw Man," "The Barrier," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" were three of Hart's gratest stage successes. Mary Pickford is twenty-four years of age. I also liked "Blood Will Tell." Hobart Henley was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on November 23, 1887. Kerrigan, Griffith, and Henley all came from Louisville. For its size it has produced more picture stars than any other city. Write to Antonio Moreno in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Antonio is a Spaniard,

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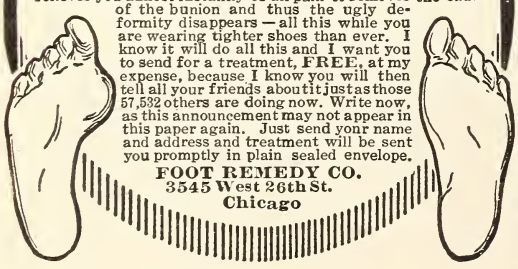

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and was born in Madrid, on September 26, 1886. Yes, there is a girl in pictures by the name of Olga Olinova. She played the vampire in the "Crimson Stain" serial with Ethel Grandin and Maurice Costello. Everybody's doing it. There were fifty thousand in the Screen Opportunity Contest. It was some honor for the twelve winning people with a large field like that to best. You have the right idea about your photos.

IMOGENE E. S.—Mildred Harris is now working in a picture that is being directed by Lois Webber and Phillips Smalley. You can reach her by letter in care of the Smalley studios, Los Angeles, California.

KOPPER KID.—You can secure an autographed photo of June Caprice by writing to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is at the head of his own company now. His pictures are being released through the Artcraft. You can reach him by mail at the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. "Cleopatra" is the latest Theda Bara "vamp" picture. It will soon be released now, and should prove a very interesting film. No. "Even as You and I" and "A Fool There Was" are two entirely different films. One was made by Fox and the other by Universal. Ben Wilson has the leading rôle in the latter picture. Theda Bara and Edward Jose played the leads in the former. You just think you know whether I am male or female. One guess.

MARIE K.—You can obtain a photograph of your favorite, Wallace Reid, by writing to him in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

THOMAS P. K.—I don't know of any actors with the kind of hair you mention. If you have decided to go before the camera to make your living, why didn't you enter the PICTURE-PLAY'S Screen Opportunity Contest? You had just as good a chance as any one else. Something else may turn up for you later.

JAPANESE ADMIRER OF WALLY.—Of course I think that Wallace Reid is handsome. Most every one that sees him on the screen will admit this fact. I like Wally's acting, too. He is at work on a new picture at the Lasky studios, but the name of it has not been announced. It seems that they are going to get a new name, other than the one on the original script, before it is released.

C. H. C.—William S. Hart was brought up on a ranch. He was born in Newburgh, New York, but his folks moved him out West when he was a tiny thing, and he was brought up in the atmosphere that he now portrays for the screen. Roscoe Arbuckle is appearing regularly in comedies for the Paramount program. "The Butcher Boy," "A Reckless Romeo," and "The Rough House" are his three latest pictures. They are all

full of laughs. Charlie Chaplin is thirty years old. Yes, he played the drunk in "A Night in an English Music Hall." You're entirely welcome. Call again.

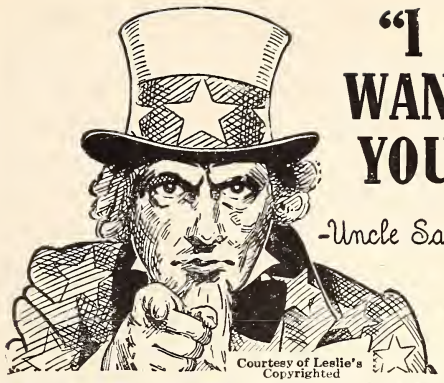
DUNCAN A.—Charles Ray is twenty-five years old. Yes, he is to-day one of the most popular stars in the game. He has gone with Thomas H. Ince's new company, and will be starred by him in plays written especially for him by well-known authors. He was very good in "The Honorable Algy." You must read the rules, as most of the questions that you asked are barred. I enjoyed "Miss George Washington" immensely.

MISS TOMMY ATKINS.—Address Vivian Martin in care of the Morosco studios, Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Vernon has appeared in two features since she finished "Patria." They were released on the Pathé program. Francis X. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Virginia, on June 10, 1885. Beverly Bayne was born in 1895. Minneapolis was the town that gave her birth. "Poppy" is one of the latest Norma Talmadge plays. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis on April 15, 1892. Jack Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1896. Now that you have started, you must come often.

DISAPPOINTED.—Don't know why you didn't hear from Harold Lockwood, unless your letter went astray. Are you sure that you addressed him correctly? Your envelope should have read: Harold Lockwood, Yorke-Metro studio, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. No, Warren Kerrigan has finished his tour of the States and is back in California now, working on photo plays once more. His latest is called "A Man's Man," and will be released soon by the Paralta Plays, Incorporated. Yes, Irving Cummings answers letters from his admirers. It keeps him mighty busy, too, to keep up with the great correspondence that he receives daily. Thank you very much, indeed, for your praise of PICTURE-PLAY. I can assure you that it is greatly appreciated. The editor always likes to hear from people regarding the magazine. It is being published to please our readers, and we like to know that it is carrying out it's purpose so well.

FUZZY, OF BALTIMORE.—Yes, I think that Anita Stewart would send you one of her pictures. Write to her in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896.

L. W. H., APOLLO CLUB, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.—Yes, it is Ralph Kellard. Quite a lengthy title you have. It takes up almost as much room as your questions. Address Ann Pennington in care of the Famous Players Film Corporation, New York City. Hobart Henley was in "The Sign of the Poppy," and not Hobart Bosworth. You have your names mixed, that's all. Yes, lots of the film stars write to their admirers. Of course the players like to hear from the fans.



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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

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KATHARINE.—Yes, Sessue Hayakawa has a car. He was born in the Land of the Rising Sun, at Tokyo, on June 10, 1889. He went to college in Japan and also to the University of Chicago. He was on the stage for six years in Japan before he came to America. He is five feet seven and one-half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. He has black hair and eyes, and a letter addressed to him, in care of the Lasky studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will reach him all right. Now, is there anything left that I can answer about him for you? His home hasn't any name that I know of. It is situated in Hollywood, on El Centro Avenue, and is a beauty. You are thinking of Irving Cummings, in "The Diamond from the Sky." Irving Cummings, William Russell, George Periolat, Lottie Pickford, and Charlotte Burton had the leading rôles in this serial, which was produced by the American Film Company for the Mutual program. Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 12, 1887. He is five feet eleven and three-quarter inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, on September 6, 1888. He has a birth certificate which reads thusly, with this name, Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno. He came to the United States at the age of fourteen. You can reach him in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Harold Lockwood gets all of his mail at the Yorke-Metro studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Address David Powell in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. It is pronounced May-lon. Webster Campbell is with the Essanay Film Company, in Chicago. The address is 1333 Argyle Street. Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England, on November 15, 1885. He is six feet tall, has brown hair, blue eyes, and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. You can address him in care of Universal City, California. You certainly did want to know quite a bit. Come again soon, and stay a little longer.

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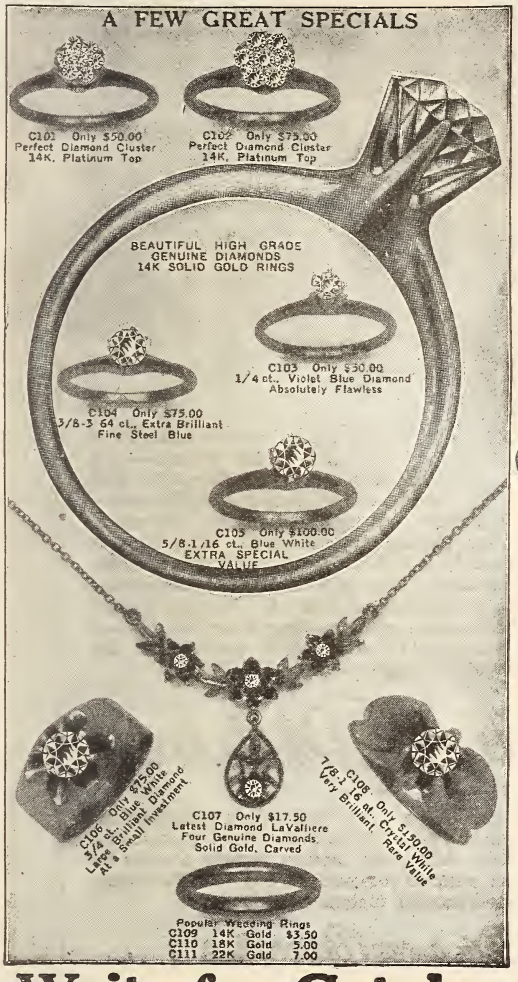

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From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E. o

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have Ed. ?

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus ? will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end; thus ? and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *O* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m*, which is made of **7** strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus ?, and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle **O,** and you will have ? **(medo), which is Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

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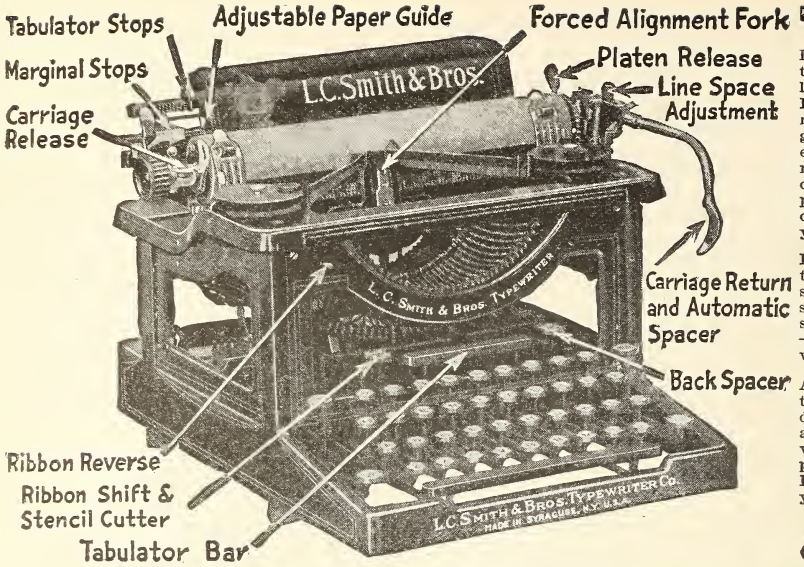

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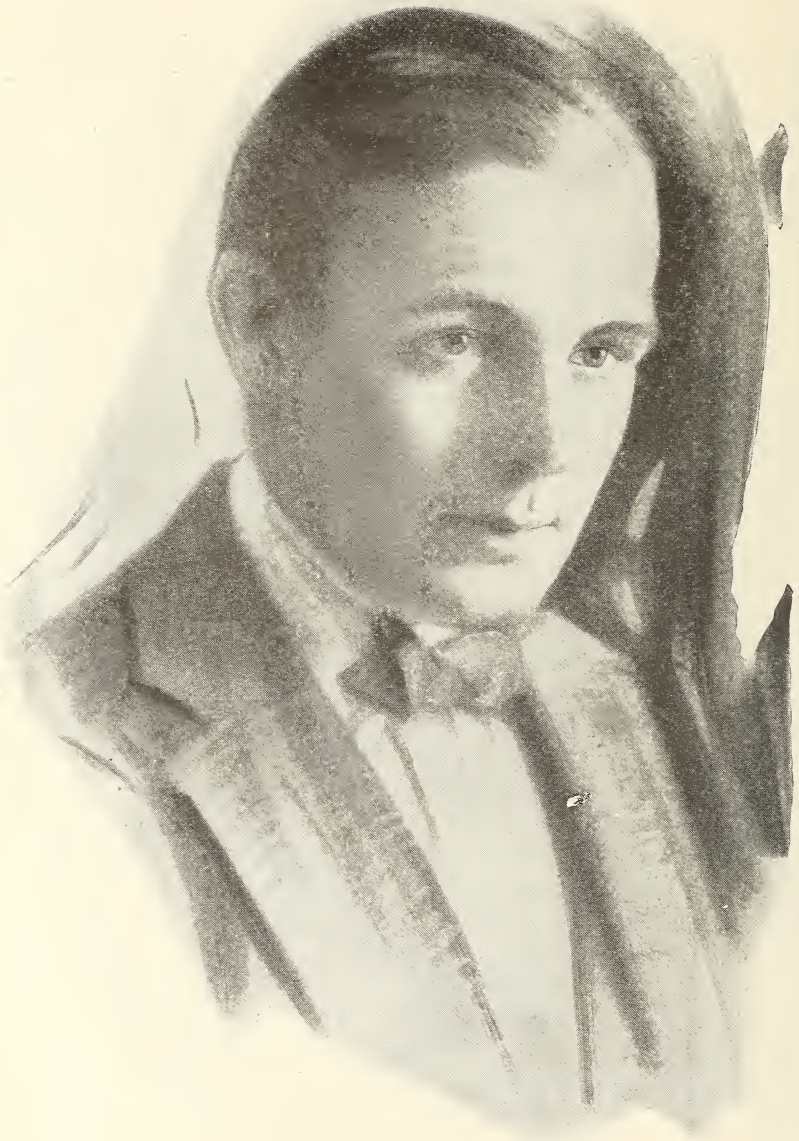
OCT -4 1917

Favorite Picture Players

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

is a daughter of Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer, and a granddaughter of Oscar Hammerstein. Her first experience on the stage was five years ago, when she took a small part in her father's production of "High Jinks." Later she appeared in "The Trap." Her first screen engagement was with World, after which she played in four pictures for the Robert Warwick Pictures Corporation. She is now being starred by the Advance Company.



WALLACE REID

is a son of Hal Reid, the noted writer of melodrama, and was raised in an atmosphere associated with things theatrical. Born in St. Louis, twenty-four years ago, he came to New York, at the age of ten, and in 1909 went West again to Wyoming. His stage début occurred at the age of four, when he took the part of a little girl in "Slaves of Gold." At one time he was cub reporter on the old New York *Star,* and then turned to vaudeville. His first engagement for pictures was with Selig. Lasky is his company now. Reid married Dorothy Davenport three years ago.

ENID BENNETT

who began her professional career as an actress in Australia, came to the screen by a lucky coincidence. She had come to New York to take a part in a modern miracle play, and Tom Ince happened in on a visit from California and was struck by her wistful charm. When Tom Ince is struck by wistful or any other sort of charm it usually means that things begin to happen. What did happen was a contract with Triangle Kay-Bee to play the lead in "Princess of the Dark."

NAN CHRISTY

like her father before her, worked on a daily newspaper before she adopted the theatrical profession. After her father's death, she was adopted by Mrs. Will McConnell, wife of the late theatrical wit and manager. Miss Christy's screen début was with Keystone in the Fred Mace company. Later she played with Balboa, American, and Horsley's. She was associated for a time with the late Captain Bonavita in animal pictures, and has played the lead in such successes as "The Love Liar," "Unlucky Jim," and "The Single Code."

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

started as a chorus man in "The Broken Idol." The manager was impressed with the young man's ability, and the opportunity that followed led to a position in musical comedy. After a series of engagements in vaudeville and stock he joined Rex under the direction of Edwin S. Porter, who afterward was his director at Famous Players. Lockwood has at different times played with Selig, Nestor, Bronco, Kay-Bee, and American, and is now leading man for the Metro studio at Hollywood, Calif.

REGINALD BARKER

staged his first play at sixteen as manager of his own stock company. The prodigy was born and educated in Scotland, whence the "b-r-r-r" that many a young and timid extra believes to mean a growl. Mr. Barker has directed such stars as Henry Miller, Olga Nethersole, Emily Stevens, Robert Hilliard, and Walker Whiteside, and a few of his pictures are "The Coward," "The Conqueror," "The Golden Claw," "Shell 43," "Jim Grimsby's Boy," and "The Criminal."

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

was educated for the opera, and her mother was strongly opposed to her preference for the stage. Her first engagement was with William Morris in "When We Were Twenty-One," and she later played Maxine Elliott's part as heroine when the show went on tour. After other engagements she received a message from D. W. Griffith which, much against her will, led to her début on the screen. Then she joined the Selig Company and became famous for her animal pictures. Morosco is her latest affiliation.

JEAN DUMAR

came to New York from the little town of Pittsfield, Mass., armed with determination and courage—also with a pair of very appealing brown eyes and a pretty face. She took all these weapons with her to the Vitagraph studio and captured a job—and that's how it happened. In her comparatively short career she has played with Vitagraph, Reliance, Famous Players, and Edison. Miss Dumar registers on the screen with astonishing fidelity.

ANITA STEWART

has been with Vitagraph ever since her first appearance on the screen, which was back in the days when Griffith was directing the rival Biograph Company. She started young, however, very young, for even now she has had only twenty-one birthdays. Her home is "Brightwaters," at Bay Shore, L. I. The list of Miss Stewart's successes is too long to record, but some of them are "A Million Bid," "My Lady's Slipper," "The Daring of Diana," "The Girl Philippa," and "The Goddess" series.

JEWEL CARMEN

was sipping soda at a Los Angeles fountain one day when an old gentleman at a neighboring table passed over his card. "Would you like to play in motion pictures?" said a message inscribed thereon, and on the other side she read the name of Gaston Melies, one of the pioneer producers of America. She did—and you know the rest. Fame shone on her brightest when she went to play opposite Fairbanks, and now she is with Fox supporting William Farnum. She was born in Danville, Kentucky, in 1897.

JULIA SANDERSON

began her stage career as a child playing in a Philadelphia stock company of which her father, Albert Sackett, was stage manager. A New York producer was so impressed by her versatility that he brought her to the Casino for "Winsome Winnie," and her metropolitan performance established her reputation. She played in London under the management of George Edwards, and on her return played in several of Charles Frohman's offerings. "The Girl from Utah" was probably her greatest success. Until recently, when she consented to make a picture "The Runaway," for the Empire All Star Corporation, she had rejected all offers for the screen.

THOMAS MEIGHAN

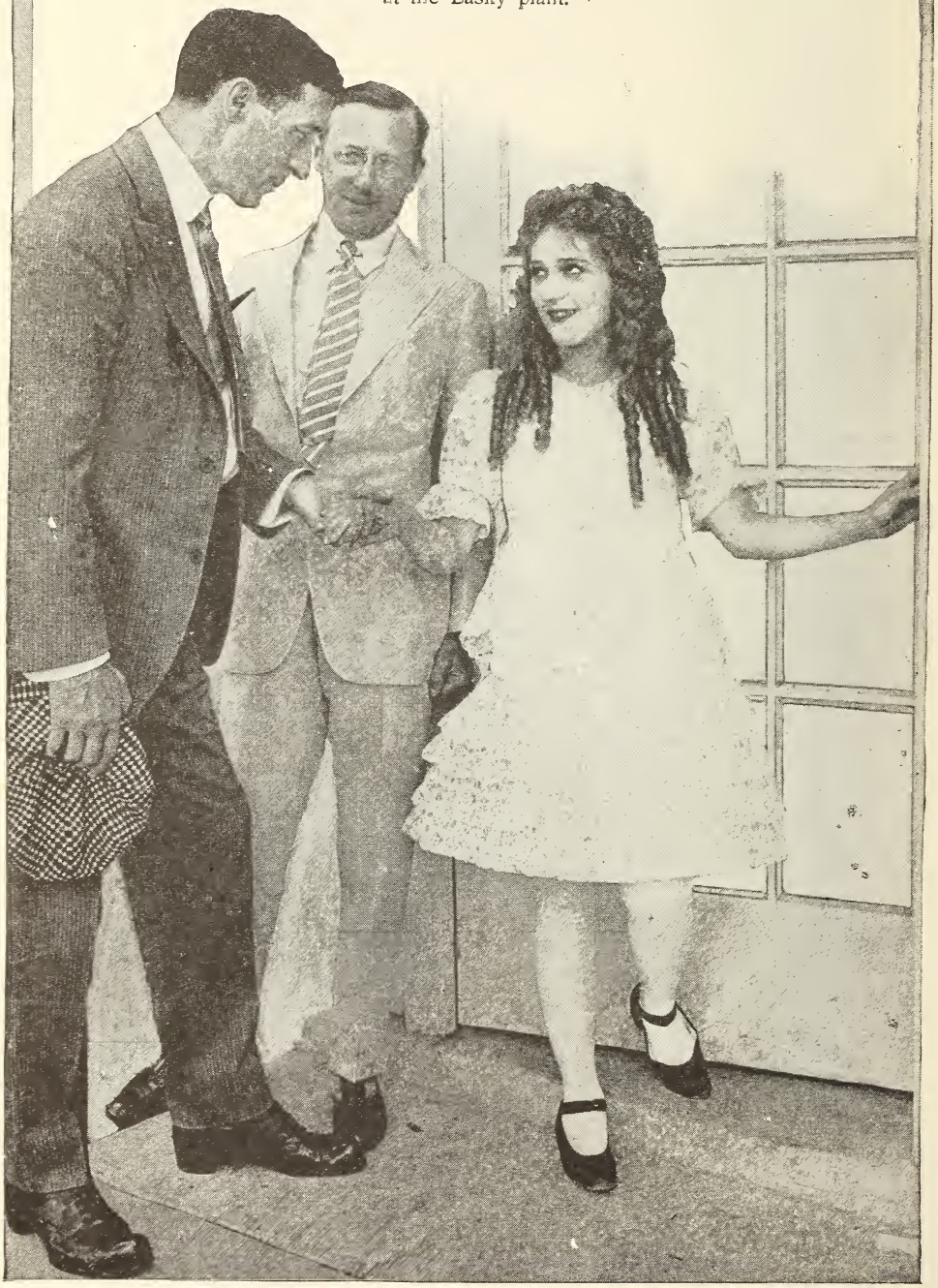
like so many other popular screen players, came to the studio with his reputation already established on the legitimate stage, having been associated with such celebrities as William Collier and David Warfield as well as taking leading rôles himself. Meighan's first and only company to date is Lasky. He has appeared as leading man for Laura Hope Crews, Charlotte Walker, Edna Goodrich, Blanche Sweet, Pauline Frederick, and Marguerite Clark.

JUANITA HANSEN

is a lucky star who thanks her lucky stars that she walked into a Keystone studio on a sight-seeing visit just as the director was looking for well-dressed extras to give atmosphere to a society story. She did so well it was only a short time before S. S. Hutchinson noticed her work and engaged her for "The Secret of the Submarine," through which medium she became a star. Miss Hansen, whose home is Los Angeles, has since played with Favorite Players, Fine Arts, and Fox, and is now back on the Keystone lot.

Have a Hart, Jesse!

According to our notions, one shakes hands with the right and holds hands with the left—nearest the heart, don't you know, as the summer-resort humorist says. Go to it, Bill! We might add that this is supposed to be the fatal moment when Little Mary and Jesse L. Lasky led Wm. S. Hart into the inner sanctum at the Lasky plant.



Fighting Odds

By Irvin S. Cobb

AND

Roi Cooper Megrue

FICTIONIZED BY WILL H. JOHNSTON

JEWETT was the only man who demurred—Jewett, the meekest of the quintet of bankers who had gathered around the big table to discuss John W. Blake's scheme of amassing several million dollars at the expense of a young automobile manufacturer, James Copley, of Detroit, who had shocked business men by treating his employees as if they were his partners.

The five men at the table were jugglers of millions—John W. Blake the dominating figure of the group. He was a man of fifty, clean shaven, with thick lips and straggling hair and a stubborn chin. He spoke with a rumble, the tone held in the back of his throat, and looked like a political boss of the old school. He was a financial boss of the new school. A sensational magazine had referred to him as an "unmaker of men." John W. Blake was by no means offended. Instead, he was flattered. He had a settled conviction that when he decreed that a thing should be done, it *was* done.

"Some day, perhaps," she answered softly.

Usually his mastery was acknowledged; and when Jewett, a thin, nervous little man, ventured to demur from the proposal, John W. Blake's pale eyes narrowed and his big, booming voice rumbled out: "What's that, Jewett? You object? Repeat your objection."

Jewett coughed in his embarrassment. "I only wanted to say," he explained, "that this young man Copley, of Detroit, has given the business world something new in his treatment of his employees; and I—I don't like the idea of making him the goat."

"You don't, eh?" sneered Blake. "You seem to forget that if I pulled up the curtain of *your* life, Jewett, and let the public see the part you played in a little deal some fifteen years ago there——"

"Don't—don't!" said Jewett, frightened.

Blake turned to the others. "My friend Jewett agrees with my proposal to launch Amalgamated Motors on the unsuspecting public, using James Copley as tool. You're with me, aren't you, Jewett?"

"Yes." It was hardly more than a whisper from the little man.

"And you, Pratt?"

Pratt, big-bodied, gross, sparing of speech, grunted: "Huh-huh!"

"And you, Lawrence-Jones?"

The hyphenated gentleman had a glistening bald head and a fine, benevolent face. He might have been a Sunday-school superintendent. "Whatever you say, of course, Mr. Blake," he said suavely. "Your astuteness is unfailing. But I trust you will be merciful to the young man in Detroit."

"Mr. Strauss, we come to you." Blake looked at the fifth man at the table.

Strauss had a cultivated look of ferocity. His mustaches pointed heavenward. The magnitude of the enterprise, however, and the risks involved set his lips to trembling and put a craven expression on his warlike face. "I—I suppose I am with you," he said hesitantly.

"Yes or no?" demanded Blake.

"Well—yes."

"Good. Now clear out, all of you, while I send a love letter to Copley, the president-elect of Amalgamated Motors, the hundred-million-dollar corporation that's going to put every other venture of ours into the shade."

Next morning James Copley, of Detroit, received a letter that surprised and delighted him. It was from the great New York financier, the maker and unmaker of men. It read as follows:

DEAR MR. COPLEY: My associates and I want you with us. You are the logical man for the presidency of Amalgamated Motors. Can you come to New York and meet me at eleven a. m. Thursday? Bring figures of business for year. JOHN W. BLAKE.

With the buoyancy of youth Jimmie Copley carried home the letter from the great man and spread it out on the writing table in his wife's room.

"What do you think of this, little woman?" he asked, sitting down at the desk and drawing his finger slowly along the typewritten lines.

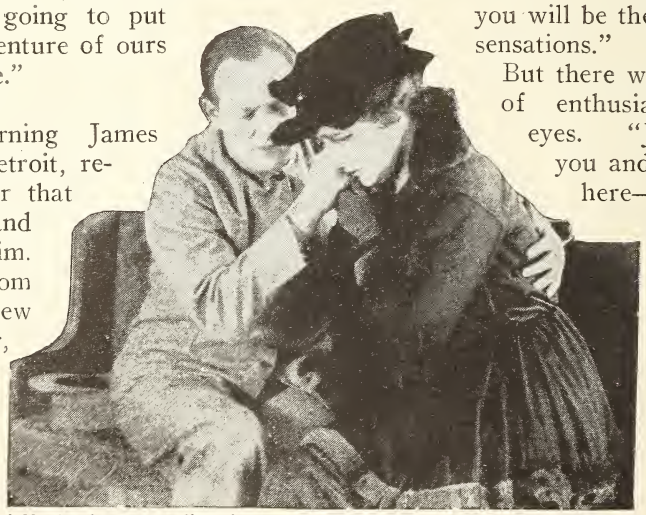
Mrs. Copley clasped her hands over his shoulder and read the note. She was a superbly beautiful woman. A month before, at a masquerade ball given to the employees, she had appeared as *Cleopatra,* and if the original Cleopatra had been anything like as beautiful as the reporters declared Mrs. Copley looked in her Egyptian robes, there was ample excuse for Mark Antony falling in love with her.

A little frown gathered on her brow as she read. "I'd leave Big Business alone if I were you, Jimmie," she said. "You'll get your fingers burned."

He caught her hands and laughed. "Nonsense, dearie, this is my chance. We'll go to New York, and you will be the sensation of sensations."

But there was no sparkle of enthusiasm in her eyes. "Jimmie boy, you and I are happy here—the men are wonderfully happy. Why change?"

"Oh, come, this isn't playing up to your *Cleopatra* rôle," he said,



"You're innocent, Jimmie, and I'm going to prove it," she told him.

"You wouldn't understand," Blake said. "I mean a fighter in finance." "But I'd like to understand," she insisted.

"That was only playing, Jimmie," she said, with no answering smile. "Now I am in deadly earnest, and I am not *Cleopatra*—just your wife."

"And the sweetest, dearest woman in the world," he broke in. "Without your encouragement and help I would have been a failure, and I need your help now that I have the chance to embark in bigger business."

"Jimmie, won't you trust a woman's intuitions?" she asked wistfully.

"Intuitions don't count when compared with the certain knowledge of John W. Blake," he answered.

At the appointed hour Copley appeared at Blake's office and was cordially received.

"You brought a statement of your yearly output and receipts?" asked the promoter.

"Not only a statement, but the ledger, showing the actual figures," answered Copley.

"Good," said Blake; and, after a careful scrutiny of the statement: "Your business is in excellent shape apparently. The incorporation of the Copley works is one million dollars, the shares being held by yourself and your employees?"

Copley nodded and flushed. "I venture to think I have brought the profit-sharing scheme to a very high point of success."

"One million dollars," mused Blake, eying the other sharply. "What do you say if we enter the Copley works in Amalgamated Motors for twenty million?"

Copley looked shocked. "No—no," he stammered. "I don't care to do anything illegal, Mr. Blake."

He rose, but Blake pushed him back into his chair again.

"I was only testing you. That's the answer I expected to get from you, but I wanted to be sure. We will take your statement as it lies. Now, if you will

go through the formality of transferring your stock to me, I will summon the other directors—six of us in all. We will launch Amalgamated Motors."

The directors were summoned and the preliminaries proceeded with. Jimmie Copley was a bit overawed by the great financial geniuses, who, with one exception, exhibited a certain condescension toward him. This one exception was Jewett, and Copley took a liking to the little man from the start.

"I'd leave Big Business alone if I were you, Jimmie," she said. "You'll get your fingers burned."

Within a month John W. Blake's fine hand began to show in his masterly manipulation of the hundred-million-dollar fraud. The stock climbed by leaps and bounds, and then, through a series of inspired rumors which Blake's agents managed to get into print, it began to tumble. The slump was not rapid enough for Blake, and, to hasten the falling process, he began a campaign of disaffection among the workers at the Copley factory. To the superintendent he sent the following wire:

Cut all salaries one-third. Discontinue bonus system. JAMES COPLEY.

The superintendent brought the telegram to Mrs. Copley.

"Perhaps you know about this," he said apologetically. "But it is so surprising an order from Mr. Copley that I thought you ought to verify it."

Mrs. Copley read the telegram and her beautiful eyes opened wide. "Jimmie must be crazy!" she cried.

She called her husband on the long-distance telephone, and Copley denied indignantly that he had sent the wire. "Pay no regard to it," he added. "There must be some mistake."

Mrs. Copley turned from the phone.

"I hope Wall Street doesn't injure Mr. Copley's high ideals," said the superintendent. He spoke with a sincerity that startled the young wife.

"Oh, I hope not—I hope not," she said quickly. "Mr. Copley tells me he didn't send the wire; but the question is, who did?" Then suddenly: "I am going to New York to-night. I am afraid Jimmie needs me."

After the phone call from his wife, Copley hurried to John W. with his story. "Somebody is trying to queer our game, Mr. Blake!" he exclaimed.

"My wife has just phoned me from Detroit that a wire has been received there, signed with my name, ordering all salaries to be cut one-third."

"Yes, I sent that telegram," rumbled Mr. Blake.

Jimmie Copley stared. "You—you sent it!" he choked out the words.

"I've just told you. See here, Copley. You've got to realize that this is Big Business you are playing with, and in myself you see what some spiteful magazines consider the most successful and, I may add, the best-hated exponent of the game. I'll be candid with you: I'm out to make money for myself—and my associates. To the devil with the rest—the dear, gullible public! You agreed to let me plan the campaign. This is part of it—this cut in the salaries of your men. You signed over your stock to me, you remember—which gave me full authority. I signed that telegram—merely to save you the trouble."

Copley laughed harshly. "I'm afraid I am too—too honest for this game," he said, with a little catch in his throat.

"You should have thought about that sooner!" snapped Mr. Blake. "Let me tell you that war and Big Business are very much alike. They take no account of the humanities; they are both autocratically managed if they are to be successful, and sentiment is an impossibility. You'll remember that when I pull my next surprise."

When Copley had gone, Blake sent for his lawyer. "Darnton, it's about time to work up a dissolution suit against Amalgamated Motors, and drive the bottom out of the stock and squeeze out the little holders. Have you seen to the matter of the substituted ledger?"

Darnton, who was a tall, lantern-jawed man with iron-gray hair, nodded. "O. K.," he said. "Any time you want to, you can jail Copley."

"Where are the ledgers?"

"At my office," answered Darnton. "The copyist has done excellent work, and faked up the figures so that——"

"Don't go into details," rumbled Blake. "When I say a thing is to be done, that's the end of it. It is done, and I don't want to bother myself with particulars. Bring the original ledger to me at my house and I'll lock it in my private vault. Then start the district attorney on the trail of Copley. When the attorney asks for the ledger, I'll have you produce the fake one. Is that straight?"

"Perfectly."

Mrs. Copley was with her husband when the blow fell. She had come to New York to beg him to give up his connection with Blake. "He isn't honest I tell you, Jimmie," she insisted. "He'll use you as he has used other men."

"Maybe if I stick I can put a little honesty into Big Business," said Jimmie wearily.

But Jimmie found himself shut out from the conferences of the others who controlled Amalgamated Motors. Finally he was summoned to the district attorney's office, and there confronted with the astounding fact that he had been guilty of making a false statement regarding the financial standing of the Copley works.

"Impossible!" he cried. "That statement of mine can be verified by the ledger which I left with Mr. Blake."

The ledger was produced—the fake one which John W. Blake had had ordered prepared. It looked familiar; the figures were apparently in the same hand, that he recognized, and yet there was the appalling truth that the totals did not tally. His statement was out of the way by fully half a million dollars.

Copley wiped the sweat from his brow. "I don't understand it," he said.

Blake, who was present at the in-

formal examination, rumbled out his astonishment and regret. "I'd have staked my honor on his honesty!" he exclaimed.

"Which isn't a very high stake," said the attorney bitingly. "There's much of a hypocrite about you, Blake, and we'll get you some day. I don't know how guilty this young man is, but I'm certain you are more deserving of a jail term than he is."

Blake laughed. "You government attorneys are all down on us poor Big Business men," he wailed.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders and turned to Copley. "Well, are you going to confess?" he asked. "Or are you going to plead 'not guilty' and fight?"

"Take my tip and 'fess up," advised John W. Blake, laying a sympathetic hand on Jimmie Copley's shoulder. "You'll get off with a light sentence; otherwise they'll send you up for fifteen years."

"All right, I'll swallow the dose; I'm the goat," said Jimmie, utterly dispirited.

The prosecuting attorney was by no means sure that Copley was guilty, but the plea of guilty was accepted, and Jimmie was sentenced to prison for one year.

Mrs. Copley tried, by daily visits to the jail, to bring him cheer. "You're innocent, Jimmie, and I'm going to prove it," she told him.

But that was easier said than done. Jimmie had hinted that Jewett had been his friend, and might aid. Jewett, approached by Mrs. Copley, gave her his heartfelt sympathy, but further than that he could not or would not go.

The nervous little man's wife—an attractive woman of middle age, with far more character in her face than was apparent in Jewett's—broke in to ask: "Do you believe that Mr. Copley is innocent?"

Jewett glanced about him. "Don't ask me, dear," he pleaded. "One may have his thoughts, but it is risky to express them."

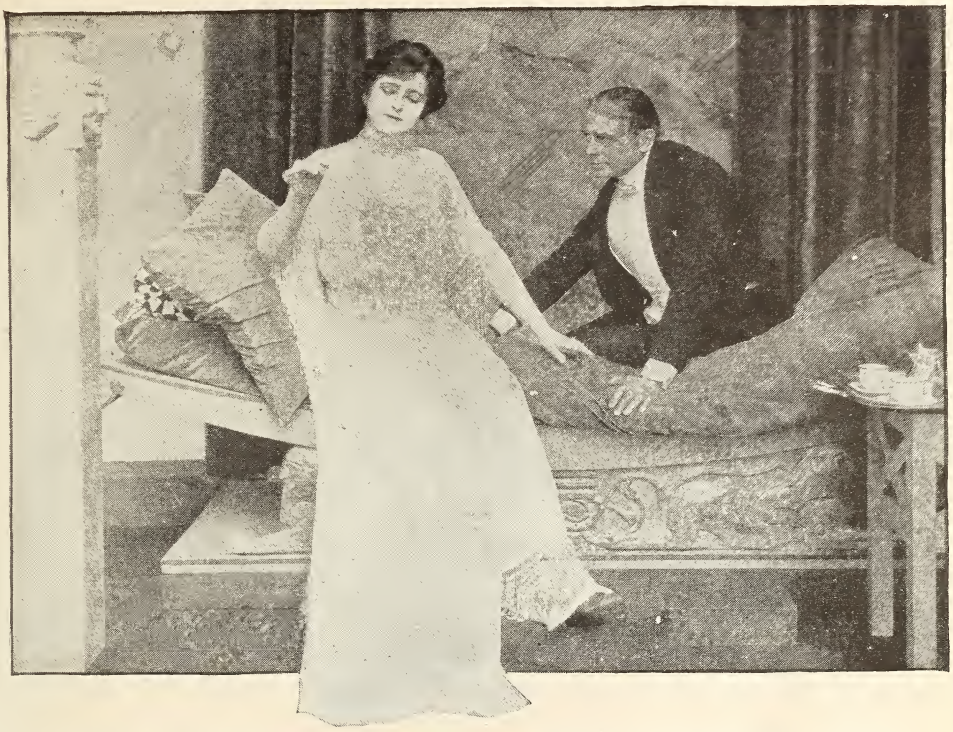
"Bah!" His wife tossed her pretty head. "Blake seems to have you all scared." A pause. Then suddenly she looked appraisingly at Mrs. Copley and her eyes sparkled.

"Mr. John W. Blake has never married, I believe, but that doesn't prove he is insensible to the charms of women. No male prosecutor has been able to put one over on our friend Blake, but I'm thinking that a woman can sometimes win where a man has failed. "My dear"—she put her arm around Mrs. Copley's waist—"have you the courage to play the siren?"

"Anything—anything, if it will save Jimmie from that horrible jail," said the distraught girl.

"Well, listen: Mr. Jewett has told me that Blake has a private safe at his home, where he keeps important documents. I have a hunch that the ledger which your husband brought with him from Detroit reposes in that safe. It will be your job to make him tell you the combination. You can do it if any woman can. You are as beautiful as—as Cleopatra."

"Cleopatra!" murmured Jimmie's wife. Her thoughts went back to the masquerade given at the Copley works at Detroit. What agony had been crowded into the weeks since then! Agony not only for Jimmie and her, but for the thousands at the factory whose wages had been cut in half and who were now out on strike. The Copley stock which they owned had become almost worthless; pounded down by the diabolism of John W. Blake—who, by the way, had seen to it that his henchmen bought for his account the workmen's shares at the lowest figure, for Blake had planned a rehabilitation and knew there was big money in it for him the moment he chose to settle dif-



"Glorious woman!" Blake exclaimed, as he leaned over the barge couch. "I wish I could bind you to me with that rope of pearls."

ferences with the workers. Blake had fought men—and always successfully. But now a woman, gloriously beautiful, came into the arena. She was introduced to him by Mrs. Jewett as the Countess de Gish, of Posaltania, a young widow, whom Mrs. Jewett had met on one of her European tours.

Mrs. Copley, in the rôle of the Countess de Gish, smiled at the banker—and he was lost. He planned motor trips for her, sent her exquisite flowers, even forgot business in the new fascination. "I have met all sorts of women, but never one that I could compare with you," he told her one day in a restaurant.

"Ah, Mr. Blake, you flatter like an Irishman," she said.

"An Irishman; that's it!" he roared. "Yes, I guess there must be some Irish in me. I've been a fighter all my life."

"A fighter?"

"Yes. You wouldn't understand. I mean a fighter in finance."

"But I'd like to understand," she insisted.

"Then come down to my office some day and see how I make fifty dollars grow where only one grew before," he said insinuatingly.

She flushed as his hand covered hers.

"Do you know, you remind me of Cleopatra," he went on.

Cleopatra again! Would the memory of the old days never fade?

But his eyes were closed in happy reverie and he did not see her look of anguish. "I know what I'll do," he rumbled. "I'll rent an apartment for you and I'll have an Oriental furnisher add a Cleopatra couch to the attractions. Then maybe you'll let me come and see you. Is it a bargain?"

"It's a bargain," she answered softly. "But remember, ours must be a purely platonic friendship."

It took all her fortitude to go through with the part she was playing, but she told herself that it was for Jimmie's sake. "Lend me the wiles of Cleopatra to crush this man," she prayed. "It is for Jimmie."

The next night he took her to a theater, and, as he left her at the door of her hotel, he whispered: "Don't forget you are going to be Cleopatra in a day or two. I'll let you know the moment the apartment is ready for you. Keep it in mind is all I ask."

"How can I forget?" she answered roguishly. "How can I ever forget so charming and brilliant a man?"

The Countess de Gish took up her quarters in the new apartment, and, with her maid's assistance, once more assumed the rôle of *Cleopatra.*

"Glorious woman!" Blake exclaimed, as he leaned over the barge couch. "I pay homage to the most beautiful queen that ever lived. Let your slave present this to his divinity."

"This" was a rope of pearls that must have cost a fortune.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she murmured, lifted out of herself by the loveliness of the pearls.

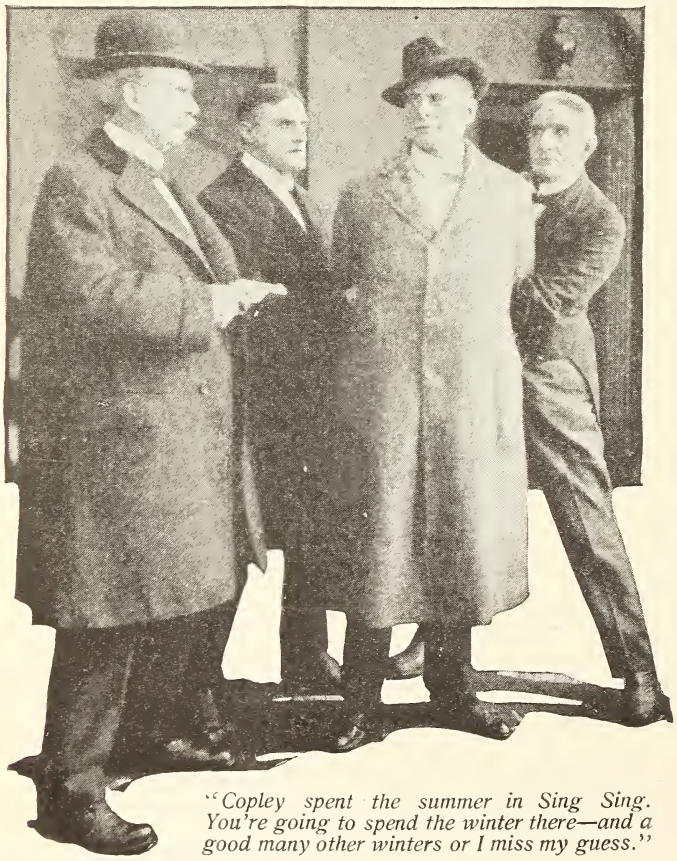
"I wish I could bind you to me with this rope," he said.

"Remember—platonic friendship," she said, smiling.

"Ah, dear lady," he murmured, his eyes glowing, "may it not be that some day the whim will move you to drop the cold friendship of Plato?"

"Some day—perhaps," she answered softly. She gave him a white hand and he pressed his lips into the palm. "And when that day comes," he pleaded, "when the whim moves you, you will let me know."

"It is a promise," she said.



"Copley spent the summer in Sing Sing. You're going to spend the winter there—and a good many other winters or I miss my guess."

Mrs. Jewett decided that the prosecuting attorney must be brought into their confidence "in order to land the big fish properly," as she expressed it. The attorney listened to her story and grew enthusiastic. "I'll get Blake's butler spirited away and have one of my own men take his place," he said. "I'll

phone you when the stage is set, and let you know what night to send Mrs. Copley to Blake's home."

Within a week the attorney had completed his plans, and at nine o'clock one evening Mr. Blake's new butler announced that the Countess de Gish had called.

Blake ran out like a delighted schoolboy. "So the whim has moved you, my Cleopatra!" he cried, holding out his hands in greeting.

"I—I thought I would come and see the lion in his den," she said.

"And thrice welcome you are," he said. "Come in. Come in—to my inner sanctum." Then, to the new butler: "I will see no one to-night."

He led her to his "sanctum," and Mrs. Copley's eyes glowed as she caught sight of a big safe. "Ah," she cried, "so this is where you keep your millions!"

He laughed. "No. That is only where I keep the broken eggshells."

"You clever man!" she said, patting his cheek.

By one of those queer jests of fate, the superintendent of the Copley works took it into his head to come to New York and demand an interview with Blake, the big power behind Amalgamated Motors. His coming played into the hands of the plotters who were bent on trapping the financial boss. When he appeared at Blake's home, the new butler led him to the sanctum.

"I have come to demand the truth ——" the superintendent began. And then he stopped as his gaze fell on the woman. "Good Lord, Mrs. Copley! You here! So this is the way you are helping your husband in his troubles!"

"Stop! stop!" she cried. But the superintendent clapped his hat on his head and stamped out.

Blake closed the door behind him and laughed cruelly. "Mrs. Copley, eh?" he said. "The wife of the man I sent to jail!"

Mrs. Copley stood, panting, clutching the back of a chair.

"Well, what have you to say?" he went on. "I'm waiting. What's your game?"

"I came here to get from your safe the evidence of my husband's innocence," she said bravely.

"Excellent!" he cackled. He turned the combination of the safe and swung open the big door. Reaching in, he pulled out the ledger and a bundle of papers. "There's your evidence, my dear. Now get in there and you'll find some other documents." Before she could realize his intent, he caught her in his arms and thrust her into the safe, shutting and locking the great door upon her.

Then calmly sitting down at the telephone table, he called his lawyer. "There is a woman in my vault," he said. "Let her out to-morrow morning, at eleven. Combination is in Emerson's 'Essays'—fly leaf. I am going to Canada to-night."

He called his butler—the new man whom the attorney had provided, and who was apparently a model servant.

"Pack my bag," he directed, "and put this ledger and papers in it. I am going away at once."

"Not at once," said the model butler, and, clasping Blake's hands behind his back, he handcuffed him. "You are under arrest."

Leaving Blake dumfounded, the butler sprang to the copy of Emerson on the table and reading the numbers on the fly leaf, twirled the combination on the big safe and swung open the door.

The prosecuting attorney and Mr. Jewett entered by a rear door.

"I've got you at last, John Blake," said the lawyer. "Copley spent the summer in Sing Sing. You're going to spend the winter there, and a good many other winters, or I miss my guess

about the effect of the evidence of your guilt in that safe."

"I was a fool, dear," said Jimmie to his wife when, his innocence proved, he took up the task of putting the Copley factory on its feet again. "I should have put my trust in woman's intuition. You told me I would get my fingers burned by Big Business. I did."

"Hush, sweetheart," she said, kissing him. "Jimmie boy, the curtain is down on our yesterdays. We have today and the glorious to-morrows in which to be happy."

Cast of "Fighting Odds"

Fictionized by Will H. Johnston from the Goldwyn Picture-play of the same title by Irvin S. Cobb and Roi Cooper Megrue

Mrs. Copley.....Maxine Elliott
James Copley.....Henry Clive
John Blake.....Charles Dalton
Egan.....George Odell

THE MOVIE LIBERTINE

WE'RE asked to shed our scalding brine
Because the pretty shopgirls pine
For lovely duds
And tubs of suds
And millionaires with whom to dine.

A cheerful idiot am I
And one who doesn't like to cry,
But willing still
My tears to spill,
O'er homeless, loveless ones to sigh.

But Elsie, selfish, weak, and mean,
With mother, lover, home serene,
Dislikes her job.
She sues the sob,
And treads the "primrose" in a dream.

I'll shed no tears o'er Elsie's fate.
O'er villain's guile, no teeth I'll grate,
For never once
Did this fair dunce,
With those who trusted her, shoot straight.

She double crossed on every hand,
When just a nickel's worth of sand
Would end her woes
And point her nose
Toward job and home at her command.

They *can* come back if they've the grit
To choose the right and stick to it.
If they have pep,
One downward step
Just ope's their eyes and makes them quit.

B. KING.

Uncle Sam's fighting photographer filming our first activity in the great war. At the left of the movie camera, in officer's uniform, is Lieutenant Charles P. Cushing, of Picture-Play Magazine's staff.

Making American History

The official camera man risks his life that the future may see—not read—the nation's history.

By Charles Carter

THE United States Marine Corps is making an historical record in motion pictures of the part our "soldiers of the sea" are playing in the world war. They began the record by filming the departure of Colonel Doyen's regiment of the "first to fight," when the regiment embarked for France.

The photograph reproduced above was snapped at an Atlantic seaport, when the marines' official camera man, Quartermaster Sergeant Leon H. Caverly, was filming a scene as a marine transport was being loaded with supplies. The pictures of the departure, recently shown in news movie releases all over the country, were prints from an historical record of the corps.

Sergeant Caverly and his assistant, Private Lester Woodward, embarked for France with the first contingent, and there will make pictures of the marines in camp and on the firing line. Sergeant Caverly was enlisted at the outbreak of the war. Formerly he had been a camera man for the *Mutual Weekly* in South America, and was one of the cinema operators who took the Annette Kellermann production, "The Daughter of the Gods."

An idea of the great danger connected with the new profession of official camera man at the front can be obtained from the records of the French. Of those who have been filming the war with the French armies during the war, twenty per cent have been killed or wounded.

Gambling

By Lucy Carroll

They went to Atlantic City recently, they did—and the wild waves are still chattering about it.

ONE of the first important things that Beverly Bayne ever did—outside of being born, of course, and similar trifles—was to accept a bet. No, not over a green-covered poker table, nor about the run of "them hawses." It was whether or not an inexperienced girl, with nothing but beauty, can play a lead in the movies. That was—oh, "yahs and yahs ago"—all of five, which is almost a lifetime in the movies.

She was eighteen years old, and had just won a medal for oratory in high school. She had also played the leading part in an amateur theatrical affair for charity, which netted thirteen dollars and forty cents. In other words, it was a most successful affair.

Then came the bet. Beverly spoke slightingly of the then "more-to-be-pitied-than-scorned" movies. Some of her friends retorted with a bet that she could not go to the Essanay studio, in Chicago, and play any part except an "extra." With her cus-

Beverly looks better in riding togs

for Fame

What looks like a poor bet sometimes turns out a winner—it did for Beverly.

tomary high spirits, she accepted the bet, donned her prettiest velvet coat suit, ordered out papa's limousine, and departed for the studio.

When she entered the outer office, it was with so much surplus dignity and hauteur that for the first (and, no doubt, the last) time in the history

Than the honorable Francis himself.

Miss Bayne and Helen Dunbar of Essanay waiting for their ship to come in at Battery Park.

of filmdom, an office boy was sufficiently cowed to carry her immediately to the director.

She was beautiful, smartly dressed, and—as previously mentioned—carried excess baggage in the way of hauteur that almost succeeded in impressing the director—which is an even more wonderful feat than cowing an office boy. The director needed a girl who could furnish an acceptable background for the clear-cut profile of one F. X. Bushman, who was then a climber on the lower rungs of fame.

Well, Beverly was engaged, and her first part was the lead in "The Loan Shark." After all, the joke was on her betting friends, for she fell so much in love with the new

work that she calmly signed a year's contract with Essanay, and after that two more. Then Metro called Mr. Bushman, and when he refused to be separated from his perfectly satisfactory leading lady, both of them joined the Metro Company. They have been there ever since. And they've just signed another two years' contract with the same company.

The off-stage part of this story comes in here—while Miss Bayne was on a vacation, "down to Atlantic Beach," as I once heard a stout and wealthy brewer's wife phrase it. It was a Metro vacation, pure and simple, for, besides Miss Bayne, the party consisted of Beverly's mother, Miss Helen Dunbar, Mr. Bushman, his faithful valet, Jim; his two trainers, and one or two others.

Two or three times I caught Miss Bayne, very early in the morning, going swimming in a one-piece suit. But by the time the beach was all filled up with just people, her suit became a very decorous model—another complaint the world has against just people, who clutter up the atmosphere something terrible.

Anyway, off stage, she is fond of

dogs, children, people, reading, china and oil painting, collecting fine old bits of linen and china, music (the piano kind), her apartment in New York, her work in the movies, and occasional new gowns. Not to mention Francis X.

Furnishing more gossip for the untamed ripples down at Jacksonville, Florida.

Her best parts have been *Princess Yetive* in "Graustark," *Yolanda in* "The Crimson Wing," the *Girl* in "The Great Secret," and the dual rôle in "Pennington's Choice." The rôle in which she is best liked is that of Beverly Bayne, in real life.

She was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, which was very kind of her, since Minneapolis has so few things to gain it fame. She was educated in Minneapolis, Philadelphia, and Chicago—which either means that she imbibed all the education each place could give her, and then passed on to another—or else that neither pleased her until she reached Chicago. However that may be, she's here because she's here, and right glad should all of us be—since, in the words of a particularly atrocious subtitle in one of the worst of the usual so-called five-reel features, "This sad, old, bad old world has so little to make it happy that we have not the right to deprive it of a single, solitary scrap of sunshine."

Which is a corking reason for Metro's having signed up Miss Bayne for two more years!

And that's what came of taking a sporting chance. If Beverly rises as high and as far in the next two years as she did in the last, they will have to measure her stellar height with a telescope.

Preserving Him in Oil

By J. B. Waye

A NEW fad at the Lasky studio is portrait painting. Stiles Dickinson, the well-known California painter, is responsible for this state of affairs. He has received commissions from the Lasky Company which will keep him busy for several months. Mr. Dickinson painted a portrait of Geraldine Farrar which was used in "Joan the Woman," and this proved so successful that Wallace Reid decided to have his classic features preserved in oil.

Then came the deluge! Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Vivian Martin, Julian Eltinge, and Jeanie MacPherson are all waiting impatiently for Mr. Dickinson to flick the last daub of paint in Wally's right eye and pronounce him done. Meanwhile Wally takes things easy, and tries to persuade the artist to show him how it is done.

A Conference on Clothes

In which Mrs. Vernon Castle holds sway as a pictorial mannikin.

By Tarleton Winchester

Mrs. Vernon Castle, who is said to be the best-dressed woman on the screen, in some of her own creations which are setting the styles.

SOME folks—even mere men—rule fashions by creating them; others—women exclusively—by wearing them. And in this latter class there is no more brilliant example than the slip of a girl whose slender shoulders bear the responsibility for the national dance craze—Mrs. Vernon Castle. For, while Mrs. Castle herself designs every costume she wears, yet it is in the wearing, and the manner thereof, that she preëminently excels.

And the reason? It is simple—but let the lady speak to you in her own words. Says Mrs. Castle:

"The woman who wants to be well dressed, and this is the natural desire of every woman, must first of

all learn to be honest with herself. She must see herself as she is, and not as she would like to be. If she is short and broad, she must not imagine herself tall and thin, and vice versa. If she is angular and broad, she must not believe herself plump and rounded. And then, having seen herself honestly, as in a looking-glass, she should dress in a manner suitable to her own peculiar style.

"Take the French women, for instance. They do not hesitate to admit their faults in face or figure, and this frank study of themselves leads them to the adoption of those patterns, fabrics, and adornments which lend distinction, individuality, and style to their appearance.

"Go into a Parisian restaurant. You will never see, as in America, women of every height, weight, age, and individuality all wearing clothes cut after the same design. American women are what one might call vogue crazy. They see a model, run across some particular style in a magazine worn by somebody or other, and are not happy until they get one like it. How much more sensible it would be to choose a style suitable to one's own self. Surely it is more comfortable and self-satisfying to be distinctive, individual, representative of your-

self than to be merely one in a crowd, like a paper doll in a long row cut from one folded sheet. Regardless of patterns or fabric, the well-dressed woman is the woman whose gowns, suited to the occasion, best express herself.

"Many are the fights I have with my dressmakers. 'Why,' they say scornfully, 'that was the style a dozen years ago!' But what do I care about a dozen years ago, or a hundred years ago? It is beautiful, I love it, and it becomes me; therefore I keep it and wear it if it is a thousand years old."

She's Poorer But Wiser

THIS popular little player, Marjory Daw, who gained international fame as the protégée of Geraldine Farrar when the diva made her motion-picture début at the Lasky studio, has been absent from the studio for many months, devoting her time to her studies. Of course, she drew no salary during this recess, but she stored away some wisdom —and that only proves she was wise in the first place!

She returned to the screen, however, in support of Sessue Hayakawa in a recent Paramount picture. Miss Farrar also returned to the Lasky studio recently.

Filming the Impossible

By Charles W. Gieger

NO, this photograph was not taken with a lop-sided camera. Neither did the art department blunder. We intended it to look this way. For here is the key to one of the greatest puzzles of the screen. It shows a wall built at an angle of forty-five degrees. When the camera is placed on the ground and pointed at a corresponding angle, the result is a highly convincing picture of a real house. And yet, with the aid of this trick, an actor can walk straight up to the third-story window, slide down, turn somersaults, toss little children to bearded villains, or do any number of sensational stunts that appear to violate every principle of the well-known law of gravity. If Mr. Newton had performed his famous experiment here the apple would have fallen from the pole, not to the ground, but through the window. A small child may crawl from the garden up the wall to the roof without the least danger, but such a performance, when thrown on the screen, mystifies thousands. The man on the wall is standing in his natural position; in the circle he has his feet on a level with his head.

This is only one of many ingenious devices which help to make impossible scenes possible. For, unlike the human eye, the lens sees only what it is intended to see.

Seven Keys to Baldpate

Baldpate Inn was the quietest spot in the world —but every one wants to go to the quietest spot, and that's why things happened there.

By Robert Foster

WHATEVER it may have been in summer, Baldpate Inn in winter was the lonesomest spot on earth. That is why George Washington Magee chose it. He was the most successful novelist in the country—master of the kind of novels that are sold by the pound in the department stores. He sneered at the sensational stuff, but he wrote it, and it paid him well.

"Some day," he had said to his friend Hall Bentley, in the club on Forty-fourth Street, "I'll tear myself loose from the busy haunts of men and women and write a worth-while book. If I don't, I'll lose my self-respect. Imagine what my publisher has to say about my latest brain child: 'The best fall book ever produced by Magee.' They'll follow that with: 'Magee's spring offering——' Makes you feel like a literary dressmaker!"

Hall Bentley laughed. He was a round, rosy man, and he beamed good-naturedly upon the tall, eager-eyed young fellow whose name was known wherever the American language was spoken. "Have your jest, George, old boy; I know you. Set you down fifty minutes from Broadway and you'd vegetate; you'd dry up; you couldn't write a line. You need the White Light atmosphere."

"Try me!" shouted George. "Find me a place where I'll be alone—all alone —and I'll write an epoch-making novel, and do it in twenty-four hours."

"Done! It's a bet!" cried Bentley. "I'll give you a key to Baldpate Inn. I'm the owner. It's gay in summer. In winter it's deader than Greenland. Not a soul there at this season of the year —except maybe old Peter the Hermit, who's a harmless nut. Otherwise——"

"You mean it!" exclaimed George joyously, and he wrung his friend's hand with enthusiasm. "Gimme the key!"

Thus it happened that George Washington Magee turned his back on the white lights, and, with his typewriter and a bag of provisions, set out for Baldpate, to create, in twenty-four hours, his masterpiece.

The huge inn was untenanted, forbidding, icy. George arrived at five o'clock on a dark December evening. He let himself into the hall and lit one of the forty candles he had bought in the village, two miles removed. In the ghostly glow of the guttering candle he stood in the wide hall, peering about him—at the clerk's desk, the empty pigeonholes for letters behind it, the telephone switchboard, the big safe, the wall benches, the covered chairs.

The place was reminiscent of gay scenes, but George was not sorrowed by the present emptiness of the wide reception hall. Instead, he chuckled. "When I am far away!" he sang blithely.

He had procured wood, and soon had a fire blazing in one of the rooms on the second floor. This was the atmosphere he had long craved: absolute quiet, absolute freedom from annoyances small and great——

A voice broke in on the stillness—

a man's voice, petulant, gruff. George wondered if he was a victim of hallucination. But the voice persisted. He could hear something of the conversation:

"And I'm telling you this place gives me the jimjams. No, I won't stay. Eh? All right, for one night only, but see that he gets here, or I'll keep the dough myself——"

This was not the language of spooks. It was the jargon of a certain group in New York. The word "dough" suggested politics. George Washington Magee was indignant. Some one else had broken in on his privacy. He went to the landing and looked down. A lighted candle was stuck on top of the safe, the door of which was open. There was a man at the telephone switchboard.

George glided around a corner of the safe, and pointing a forefinger at the girl, said melodramatically: "You thief . . . . . I've got you!"

George descended the stairs and started to say something. The man heard only the first word. He interrupted with a burst of profanity, made a leap for the safe, flung a package inside, slammed the door, and twirled the combination. Then, jerking out a revolver, he swung on George.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded.

For a minute, looking into the barrel of the pistol, George was frightened, badly frightened. Then a bland smile overspread his features. "I've written this situation over and over again," he told himself. It occurred to him to attempt the usual follow on.

"My friend over there will tell you," he said carelessly.

The stranger turned his head—and George had him. He made a dive for the pistol, jerked it out of the fellow's hand, and leveled it at him.

"Put up your hands—quick!" he roared, exactly as he had made many a hero roar in his books. "Got anything to say before I kick you out?" he asked.

"See here," said the man, with his arms in the air, "this is high-handed stuff. I've got a right to be here. I have a key to Baldpate Inn."

"Two keys to Baldpate!" muttered George.

"I'm John Bland," continued the other. "John Bland, of Reuton; personal friend of Jim Cargan, mayor. You'll hear from Mayor Cargan if you try any rough stuff."

"Don't care if you were a friend of Teddy Roosevelt's!" snapped George. "I came here to be alone, and I'm going to be alone. It would be a shame to turn you out in the snow, so I'll be merciful. Get in there!" He pointed to a small cardroom at the side of the hall.

The man demurred, but George, a

candle in one hand, the pistol in the other, backed the fellow into the room, shut and locked the door, and left John Bland to his ruminations.

The young novelist returned to his typewriter. More correctly, he started on the return journey; but passing room No. 17, a door was opened and a girl, close muffled in furs, confronted him. George gasped.

"What are you doing here?" she asked coolly.

"I have a key——" George began.

"So have I," she countered.

"Three keys to Baldpate!" George mentally tabulated.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Name of Magee," he answered. "I'm a supplier of spring and fall best sellers. I came here to write."

She shrugged. Very pretty shoulders she had to shrug, George concluded, as he appraised her in the flare of the candle. Also very pretty eyes—blue, he decided. Her hair, what he could see of it straying under her hat, was fair—sunny, he called it. Her face was fair, too—wondrous fair, he would have phrased it. Altogether a very beautiful holder of the third key to Baldpate. She had shrugged, and the shrug meant disbelief.

"At any rate, perhaps you will tell me whether you are for us or against us," she continued.

George looked blank. "I don't understand," he said.

"Never mind," she answered. "This is a game of deceit all around. If you are a writer, I am an actress. Name of Mary Norton. Never heard of me? Never seen the white lights, I guess."

George gasped again.

Came a new voice, from the interior of the room: "Shut the door, Mary! The air of the corridor is freezing." Another woman loomed behind the golden girl, an older woman, whose face in the candlelight looked cubistically angular; a not unbeautiful woman, but with too pointed a nose, too pronounced a chin, with cold eyes and quite evidently a cold heart.

George assisted in the operation, but somehow, instead of his fingers closing over the glass, they closed over the small hand of Miss Norton.

"Let me present Mr. Magee, dear, *a teller of tales,*" said Mary Norton; and George, noting the smile on the lovely lips, knew there was a double meaning in her words. "Mr. Magee, Mrs. Rhodes; fiancée of Mayor Cargan."

George bowed. "That's the second time I've heard Mayor Cargan's name to-night," he said.

"You'll hear it a good many times if you stay here long enough," remarked Miss Norton, and she retired with Mrs. Rhodes.

George wandered into his room, and, unable to collect his thoughts, wandered out again. Gone was the atmosphere he had hoped to find in Baldpate; gone the repose——

Upon his startled senses came a sound like the closing of a door—not the door of room 17, where the two ladies were closeted, but a door on the floor below; the entrance door of the inn, George decided, puzzled. He stood still and listened. Dead silence, then a light footfall and a rapid, faint tattoo of steel on steel, like a small wheel turning on cogs.

He crept to the head of the stairs and looked down. The reception hall should have been dark. Instead, a candle was throwing its beams about the place.

"John Bland must have got out," George speculated. He went down the stairs softly. A girl was fumbling at the safe, a young girl, evidently laboring under great excitement. George approached unnoticed, glided around the corner of the safe, and, pointing a finger at the girl, said melodramatically: "You thief—I've got you!"

The girl collapsed—sank down to the floor in a faint. George stared at her bewilderedly. He had not meant to frighten the intruder to this extent. He was nonplused. Mechanically he ran to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Miss Norton—oh, Miss Norton!" And when he heard the door of No. 17 open, he shouted: "If you have any water in your room, bring a glass—quick! There's a girl fainted here."

He went back to the girl, and chafed her hands. A few minutes later he was joined by Mary Norton and Mrs. Rhodes. "She was trying to break into the safe, and I stopped her," George explained. "My unexpected appearance on the scene shocked her into unconsciousness."

Miss Norton put the glass of water to the girl's lips. George assisted in the operation, but somehow, instead of his fingers closing over the glass, they closed over the small hand of Miss Norton. An electric shock went through him. His brain was awhirl with the thrilling thought that he had fallen in love with a girl at first sight—he who had created beautiful women by the score and turned aside from flesh-and-blood beauties who had smiled on him. Now——

Miss Norton's cheeks were flushed as she gently released his hand and gave up the glass to Mrs. Rhodes. "You did the right

Then George flung himself into the fray. It was a battle royal.

thing, Mr. Magee," she said to him softly.

The girl who had fainted opened her eyes and looked bewilderedly about her.

"Where is Max?" she asked.

"You mean Lou Max—Mayor Cargan's shadow?" said Miss Norton quickly, while George swerved from the overpowering thought of love to wonder what on earth was happening in Baldpate Inn.

He broke in suddenly: "I'm all befogged. I'm only a simple writer of stories. When it comes to the real thing, I'm at sea. What the deuce is going on here? Who is Lou Max?" Then, without waiting for answer, he bent over the girl. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" he asked.

"I'm Myra Thornhill, a very good friend of Mayor Cargan," came the soft answer. "I—I have a right to be here. I was told to come. Max gave me a key——"

"Good Lord!" groaned George. "Four keys to Baldpate! And I thought I had the only one!"

"Poor Mr. Magee!" said Miss Norton sympathetically, and she drew him aside, leaving Mrs. Rhodes to minister to Myra Thornhill. "I'm sorry we've all broken in on your privacy; but please, please stay with the game—for my sake."

"Till death," answered George, out of the fullness of his heart.

"Listen," she went on. "I don't know how much you know, or how little, but I am here to get two hundred thousand dollars, which I have reason to believe is in that safe."

George blinked. Speech was impossible for him. Astonishment held him silent.

"Several people are trying to get that two hundred thousand. This girl Myra Thornhill is one. There will be others. But, believe me, I have the best right to it. Will you try to get it for me?"

The soft voice besought him; the beautiful blue eyes made their own irresistible appeal. "I'd do anything for you," he said impulsively; "anything in the wide world. I love you." He had not meant to say it. He had intended to get to the bottom of the whole mystery by a pertinent series of questions. Instead, all mysteries faded to insignificance before the staggering fact that he loved her. He reached for her hand.

Mrs. Rhodes coughed. "If you two people are quite finished talking," she said bitingly, "I suggest we retire. This lady assures me that she is capable of looking after herself now and will remain here, in the reception hall. That being the case, Mary, I think we may go to our room."

Mary whispered "Remember!" and dutifully joined the older woman. They vanished up the stairs. George would have followed, but the girl who had fainted ran to him and caught his sleeve. "I am in dreadful straits, sir," she said plaintively. "It is a life-and-death matter. I don't know who you are, but you have an honest face. I cannot tell you my whole story, but there is money in that safe—two hundred thousand dollars—which belongs to me. Will you help me get it?"

Five minutes ago George would have answered "Yes" unhesitatingly. But now he was in a quandary. He had promised to get the money for Miss Norton——

It was too great a problem for the weaver of fiction problems. He temporized.

"I'm afraid the money will have to stay in the safe," he said; "it's locked, and I don't know the combination. It was open when I came here, but a man named Bland threw a package inside and shut the door and locked it."

"Bland—John Bland? You've seen him? He's been here? I knew it!" cried the girl. Then: "Where is he?"

"In that room." George pointed to

"I beg the ladies not to be afraid," said the Hermit. "I am merely a professional ghost—one of the attractions of Baldpate Inn during the summer."

the cardroom. "He threatened me with a pistol. I turned the weapon on himself and locked him in there. He's the quietest captive I've ever known. Hasn't made a sound since I——"

"Hush!" The girl put her finger on his lips. "There they are now!" She pulled him into the deep shadow of the stairs.

"Who is it?" he asked. "What do you mean? Who is it?"

"Mayor Cargan. He's fumbling at the door. He has a key."

"Five keys to Baldpate!" sighed George Washington Magee.

The door opened and three men came in—one of them a big man with a beard; close beside him was a thin, hawk-eyed fellow; the third was the man who had been locked in the cardroom.

"Mayor Cargan; his shadow, Lou Max; and John Bland," elucidated Myra Thornhill, in a whisper.

"I thought you'd never come," Bland was saying. "An idiot who's taken up winter quarters here got my goat, and I threw the boodle into the safe and twirled the combination. I ought to have shot him on sight. He chased me into a little room, and it took me a whale of a time to get out through the barred window. I've been waiting for you for——"

"Stow that!" snarled the mayor. "What's the safe combination?"

"I don't know," answered Bland sheepishly.

"The devil!"

Lou Max, the mayor's shadow, projected himself into the candlelight. "I always carry 'soup' with me for emergencies," he said oilily. "Nitroglycerin laughs at bolts and bars."

"It's the only way." Bland took up his monologue. "I'd have had the money lying here for you on the table if——"

George felt a tug on his arm. His head was drawn down, and Myra whispered into his ear: "They're going to blow open the safe. There's a window right back of the stairs. Sneak out and get around to the front door. When the mayor comes out, jump on him and grab the package."

George was no longer responsible for his actions. He had lost the capacity for initiative. The doings of this night had climaxed in something approaching a brain storm for him. Obediently, he crept toward the window. Behind him there was a muffled explosion. It deadened the sound of the opening of the window. He jumped out and made his way to the entrance.

Before he reached it, the door was opened, and the mayor, tucking a package inside his coat, came out; Max, the shadow, close behind him. George was preparing to hurl himself on his victim when another figure darted out from the other side of the veranda and catapulted into Lou Max, who sat down, groaning, in the snow. Then the attacker turned on Mayor Cargan.

It was a battle royal, but Cargan was no match for the stranger. He toppled and fell, the stranger on top of him. A gasp from the mayor and a big grunt of satisfaction from the unknown as he took the precious package from the prostrate mayor.

Then George went into action. Simultaneously Bland, who, puzzled, had been staring from the doorway, flung himself into the fray.

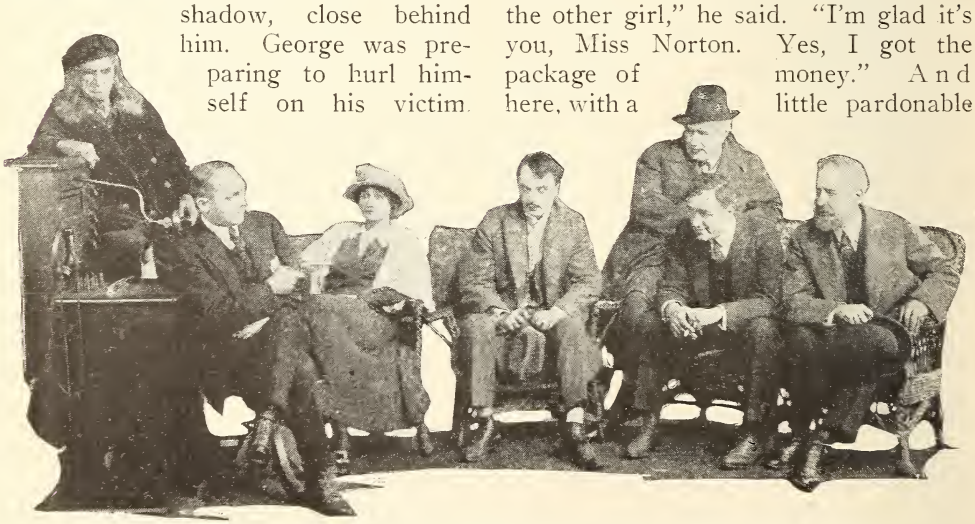
George Washington Magee got there first, grabbed the package, and, without waiting to see how the conflict would end, sprang into the hall, slammed the door, locked it, and bolted upstairs.

He reached his room and sat down to try and collect his senses. His head throbbed. The tangled scheme of things was past his power to straighten out.

"Did you get it?" A soft voice broke in on his cogitations.

Mary Norton was in the doorway, Mrs. Rhodes behind her.

George looked up and smiled pathetically. "I thought at first it was—the other girl," he said. "I'm glad it's you, Miss Norton. Yes, I got the package of money." And here, with a little pardonable



Then followed a silence that was painful to all but the novelist and the Hermit.

"She had a package of bills in her hand," he announced, "thousand-dollar bills, as I'm a sinner. I confiscated them, and——"

bravado, he added: "Anything that George W. Magee says he'll do, he does. The package is here, but another man came near to getting away with it."

"You mean the mayor?"

"I mean an unknown, who attacked the mayor on the threshold of the inn—a tall man with a wealth of muscle, I should judge. I had a brief bout with him myself."

"That must be Thomas Haydan," said Miss Norton promptly. "The millionaire railroad man."

"And he, too, has a key?" George ventured wearily.

The girl nodded and smiled. "Probably."

George counted on his fingers: "One, two, three, four, five—six keys to Baldpate! Are there any more to come?"

A scream came from Mrs. Rhodes. "A ghost!" she gasped. Her trembling finger was pointing down the corridor.

George stowed the package of bills under the wood at the fireplace, and, gripping his pistol, he sprang into the hall. A white-robed figure, stately of carriage, was approaching—a ghost carrying a lantern!

"Put away the violent weapon, sir," said the ghost. "I am Peter the Hermit. You may have heard of me?"

"A friend at last!" cried George. "Yes, yes; Hall Bentley, who owns the inn, told me about you. But how did you get in?"

"I came in by the window on the present occasion——"

"Thank God for that!" breathed George. "I'm glad to find one person who hasn't a key to——"

"But sometimes," added the Hermit,

"I use the front door. You see, I have a key."

George groaned. *"Seven keys to Baldpate!* Oh, boy!! And Bentley told me there was only one!!! What's the use? When is the next train for New York? I'll go back where it's *quiet."*

Mary and Mrs. Rhodes, gathering courage, drew near and stood clutching the novelist's arms.

"I beg the ladies not to be afraid," said the Hermit. "I am merely a professional ghost—one of the attractions of Baldpate Inn during the summer and a very good friend of Hall Bentley, the proprietor. Sometimes a ghost, sometimes a hermit—but I need not weary you. There are strange doings here. Do you care to tell me the truth about them? I may be able to help."

"I am a newspaper woman," confessed Miss Norton frankly.

"But you said you were an actress!" interrupted George.

"That was when I thought deception was wiser than candor. I wasn't sure of you then. I am on the trail of graft. This may enlighten you, Mr. Magee, as well as our friend the ghost. Thomas Haydan, the railroad man, needed a franchise. The mayor of Reuton, Jim Cargan, was to put it through for him in consideration of a bribe of two hundred thousand dollars. John Bland—Haydan's man—was to bring the money here. Mayor Cargan was to call for it. All very simple. I got wind of it. I came here to catch them with the goods. Mr. Magee was the first to interfere with the scheme—unconsciously, I believe. He is a novelist. He came upon Bland, and Bland got rattled and threw the money in the safe and locked it. Mayor Cargan and his shadow, Lou Max, arrived for the money, and they had to blow the safe to get it. A girl called Thornhill came also—a friend of Max—and was trying to work the combination when Mr. Magee interfered. Finally, when the mayor was leaving with the money, Thomas Haydan came on the scene. He probably learned that, although the mayor had pulled the wires, the franchise would not be granted. Haydan is a millionaire, but there was no reason why he should lose two hundred thousand and get nothing in exchange. He grabbed the boodle from the mayor, and would have skipped, but Mr. Magee triumphed over all of them and has the package of bills here."

"Then my advice," said the Hermit, "is to lose no time in getting the money to the newspaper office, making your exit by the window through which I entered. It leads onto a rear veranda, and has stairways to the roadway."

George dug up the package from beneath the firewood. "Take it," he said. "I would have given it to you, Miss Norton, even without your explanation, for I love——" He stopped, blushed, and stammered. "This is not the time or the place for me to say more. Promise me that you will let me come and see you."

Mary Norton gave him her hand and told him the name of her newspaper. "I will look for you—George," she said, with a dazzling smile and tucked away the bundle of bills.

With the white-robed Hermit, she

Cast of "Seven Keys to Baldpate"

Written from the Artcraft picture-play of the same title by George M. Cohan

George Washington McGee, George M. Cohan
Mary Norton ..... Anna Q. Nilsson
Mary Thornhill ..... Elda Furry
Mrs. Rhodes ..... Corene Uzzell
Major Cargan ..... Joseph Smiley
Lou Max ..... Armand Cortez
Peter the Hermit ..... Eric Hudson

passed down the corridor. Dead silence reigned for as long as sixty seconds. Then a tumult broke out in the reception room below. There was the sound of angry voices, recriminations. Blows were struck, chairs toppled over.

Wondering when he would get started on his book, George Washington Magee moved to the head of the stairs and went down to the riotous group.

Bland made a jump for him, and the others followed his lead. He fought with hands and head and feet. It was worse than any football game George had ever taken part in. He was getting the worst of it and felt that only a miracle could save him.

The miracle happened. As he spread-eagled across the telephone switchboard, a pistol was slipped into his hand. The Hermit, now minus his ghostly draperies, had crept in behind the board and come to the aid of the hard-pressed novelist in the nick of time.

"Hands up or I'll blow the bunch of you into kingdom come!" yelled George; and to make good his threat, he pumped a bullet into the door of the cardroom.

Several pairs of hands went into the air.

"Come out, Peter!" he called.

The Hermit, a sufficiently terrifying figure with his shaggy beard and matted hair and piercing eyes, stepped forward.

"Set out seats for the visitors if you will," George went on. He was enjoying himself now. When the Hermit obeyed, "Sit down!" commanded the master of ceremonies. "You, Miss Thornhill, and you, Mayor Cargan, and the rest of you. You are in for a long wait. Miss Mary Norton, a newspaper reporter, is on the way to her office with the boodle and as fine a story as ever stirred a populace. If one of you makes a move before she telephones her safe arrival, I'll blow his head off!"

There followed a silence that was painful to all but the novelist and the Hermit. Presently the grafters, one after the other, broke out into curses. They lashed each other with words that stung. Haydan called Bland a sublime fool, and the latter retorted in kind. Cargan accused Max of having double-crossed him for the sake of Myra, with whom he was in love; and Myra smilingly admitted that she had meant to triple cross Max. It was a very spirited rataplan of words, and George reveled in it.

The entrance door swung open and a gaunt man in police uniform entered. "You're all under arrest!" he announced, and flourished a big pistol. "I am the chief of police, and this here borough is goin' to be peaceful or I'll know the reason why. I heard a shot, and I'm here with my men to investigate. We came upon a crazy woman, runnin' as if the devil himself was after her. She had a package of bills in her hand—thousand-dollar bills, as I'm a sinner! I confiscated them, and——"

"Mary!" exclaimed the distraught George. "What have you done with her?"

The gaunt chief of police answered coolly: "If that was 'Mary,' she's in the hands of the prison matron temporarily. By and by we'll give her the third degree and get to the bottom of whatever's been goin' on in this here inn. There was another woman—sitting, weeping, by the gate. Said she was a newspaper reporter or suthin', and began a cock-and-bull story about the first woman having stolen the bundle of bills from her. But I didn't believe her——"

"You idiot! She was telling you the truth!" roared George, and he dashed out, leaving the gangling policeman so astounded and so hurt in his dignity as to be incapable of speech or action.

Out through the snow, down the path to the gate, George stumbled. He caught Mary in his arms. "It's all right, little girl," he said. "I know what's happened. Mrs. Rhodes followed you and stole the money from you. But you'll have your epochal story. The grafters are in the care of the biggest policeman I've ever seen, and he has the boodle. So everything is all right. You're not hurt, are you?"

"No—not hurt, George," she answered. "Just—just happy. And I begin to—to like you."

"My darling!" George Washington Magee wrote, and under it the soulful words *"The End,"* and tore the last sheet from his typewriter—the last page of the novel he had agreed to write in twenty-four hours. He was alone in his room in Baldpate, but the creatures of his imagination seemed so real that he would scarcely have been surprised if they had walked in. He looked at his watch—five minutes to twelve!

"I've won the bet," he chuckled; "I wonder if there is such a place as Reuton and if his honor the mayor will sue me for libel!"

WHY?

IF you want to make a name in this motion-picture game,
Why not make it like a white man, on the square?
What's the use to swell all up like a milk-inflated pup?
Why not play it on the level, plain, and fair?

Why this everlasting bull, and this sly and secret pull?
Why this trimming of a friend to save yourself?
Why this strut and posing junk, and this "temper'mental" bunk,
Why this servile, spineless slobber for some pelf?

Why, in this enlightened time, loose the spirit of the mime,
The scented goop enslaved in ancient Rome?
With his hair done in a curl, vain as any silly girl,
And nothing but an "I" within his dome.

Why these underhanded tricks, gab and gossip, politics,
This quawking like some self-contented duck?
Don't you know that those on top fall the hardest when they flop,
And a hog is always fattest 'fore it's stuck?

Why a frown for those who speak honest words without a squeak?
Why for liars and their ilk a welcome smile?
Why not put a square-toed stop to this use of mental hop,
And just be kind and honest and worth while?

ROBERT V. CARR.

This Star Was Not a Comet

IN this is Ethel Clayton different: She was neither "discovered" and "pushed" into success by some benevolent director nor was she "pulled" into screen popularity from the stage. Both the pull and the push were furnished by Ethel herself.

When the motion picture was still a babe in arms, Miss Clayton left a comparatively mediocre position in the legitimate to take a still more mediocre one in a Chicago studio. Success did not find her as it did some others. She had to work for it, fight for it, study for it.

At Lubin's, things were a little better. She continued to work and study, and gradually rose from obscurity to be featured in sixteen of Lubin's most pretentious productions. The real success, however, came when she recently joined World. As a star, she was a long time dawning, but she has risen just the same.

Kid and Kidder

NOT a very dignified title, but who could be dignified in the presence of Toto, the famous Hippodrome clown? Toto is a screen player now, and New York has lost one of its most popular fun-makers. Here are Toto and Baby Marie Osborne at a charity bazaar in Los Angeles. The recipe for an affair of this kind, by the way, is quite simple. All that is necessary is the presence of a few stars, advertised in advance, and the good people of the city keep the ticket window jingling all day.

Baby Marie is one of the sensations of the coast. It was only about six months ago, while still with Balboa, that she began to be featured. Since joining Horsley, she has become a real star and is rising rapidly.

Their Happy Autumns

The popularity of an actor is said to last but little longer than his youth. Here are many, considerably later along—and still going strong.

By Lillian May

THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year" may apply to the autumn of the year, but it doesn't apply any more to the autumn of life. In all walks of life it has been discovered that the seasoned

Charles Kent, "The Dean of the Screen," in the act of fathering a film family of six children.

Mary Maurice, of Vitagraph, who is known as the greatest mother of the screen.

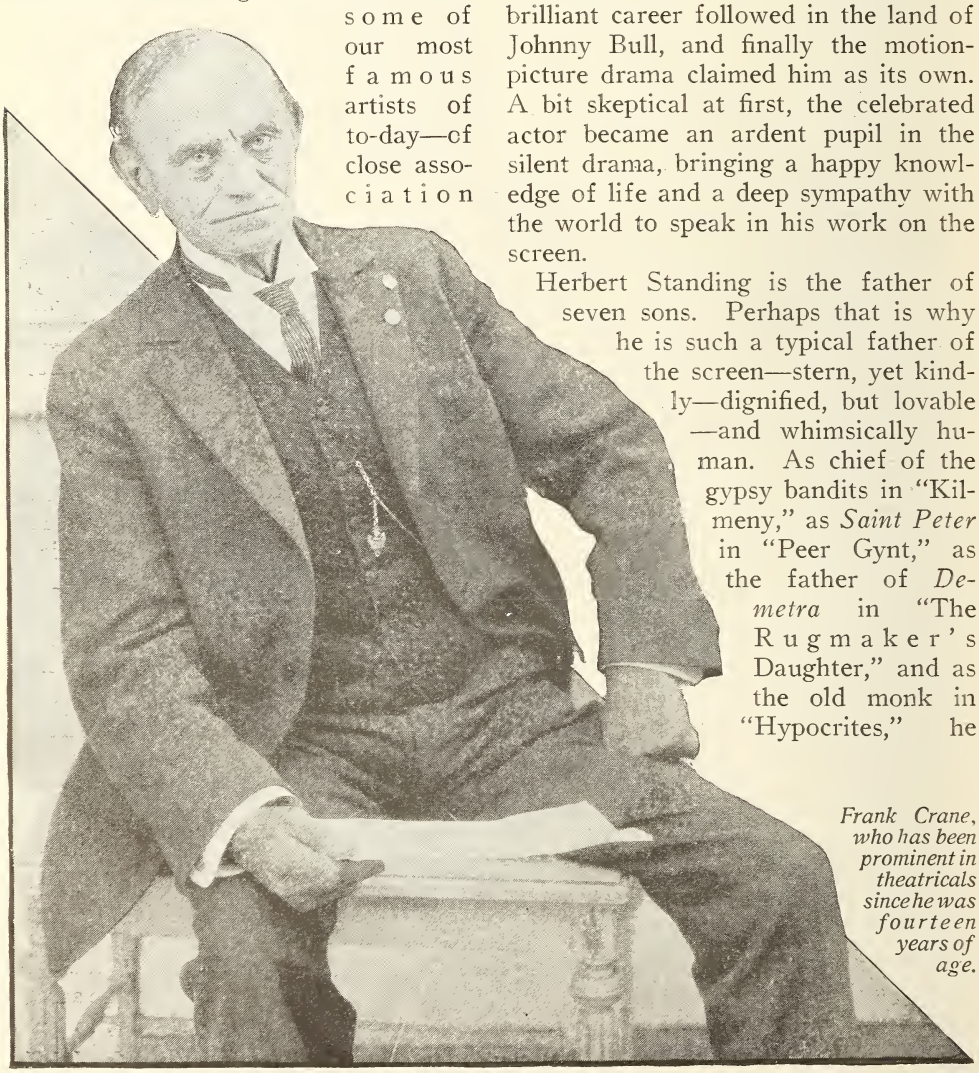
experience of age is worth quite as much as the vim and vigor of youth. In the theatrical profession this is especially true, and in the great, silent drama age has found its rightful place—a place secure and strong. In almost any picture show you will find them—these delightfully versatile ones of the screen who not only por-

tray gray grandfathers and venerable judges, trembling old mothers and stately dowagers, but who artistically portray life as it is in character parts.

And where do they come from? Straight from the speaking stage, of course—the stars of yesterday—some with reluctance and skepticism, others with eager willingness to answer the call of the movies. Tender memories come with them, of the stock companies of the older days in which many of them had their first "start," and from whose hard-working ranks have come some of our most famous artists of to-day—of close association with well-known stars—of heartbreaking failures, the first success—and of the voice of ambition pursuing and guiding them on through the years. And now they are winning fresh laurels and the hearts of the great film-loving public as well with their old art in new guise, but as potent to move as ever.

Is there a dashing hero of the screen who appeals to us as does fine old Herbert Standing? A veritable veteran of the stage is he, having begun his career forty-nine years ago in London. A brilliant career followed in the land of Johnny Bull, and finally the motion-picture drama claimed him as its own. A bit skeptical at first, the celebrated actor became an ardent pupil in the silent drama, bringing a happy knowledge of life and a deep sympathy with the world to speak in his work on the screen.

Herbert Standing is the father of seven sons. Perhaps that is why he is such a typical father of the screen—stern, yet kindly—dignified, but lovable—and whimsically human. As chief of the gypsy bandits in "Kilmeny," as *Saint Peter* in "Peer Gynt," as the father of *Demetra* in "The Rugmaker's Daughter," and as the old monk in "Hypocrites," he



Frank Crane, who has been prominent in theatricals since he was fourteen years of age.

played widely differing rôles, but his unusual versatility combined with his strong personality has demonstrated more than ever before that he is a true artist.

"Where is Mr. Kent?" cry the Vitagraph kiddies. "We want him to tell us stories till time for the next scene to start." And Charles Kent, in a quiet corner of the "Big V" Studio, with the children about him, is quite in his element—happy and content. So quiet and retiring is he, it is hard to imagine him as having spent the greater part of his life before the public as an actor. E. L. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, and Mary Anderson are names to conjure with, but Charles Kent has appeared with all of them. And there is no more gallant figure in film land to-day than this old-time cavalier, the "Dean of the Screen," whose every movement breathes gentle dignity. And in private life he is just as gracious and distinguished in his manner as he is on the screen.

A grand old man of the screen is Russel Bassett. In his long career he has seen history made, both on and off the stage. In "Such a Little Queen," in "Hulda of Holland," with Mary Pickford, and as the crabbed old uncle in "Broadway Jones," he is sharing honors with the talented ones of the screen. Aside from his work in pictures he leads a quiet, studious life. He also loves life in the open, and is a fresh-air fiend, which no doubt accounts for his astonishing vitality and youthful vigor—for after fifty years on the stage and six years in pictures he has all the enthusiasm for his profession that he had when as a boy of seventeen he tremblingly waited for his cue to make the first entrance into his land of dreams—the stage.

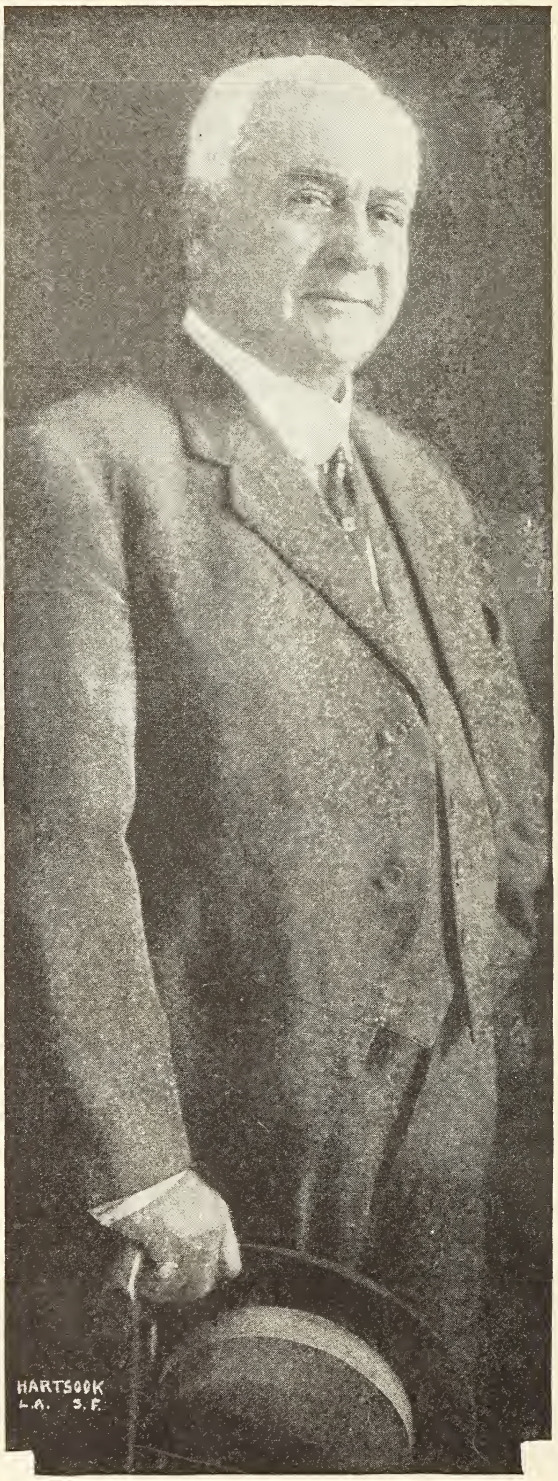
And who doesn't love handsome, happy-go-lucky Frank Losee on the screen? When he was under the man-

Ada Gilman, who made her debut in 1869, acquired in 1917 the famous Fairbank's smile.

agement of David Belasco it was said that his voice was the best thing about him. Shakespeare was considered his forte in those days, but after years of work on the legitimate stage he is achieving artistic triumphs in the silent drama.

"I can get along without the voice," he says, "and I can be a hero, or I can play 'good' parts; but what I like is character parts—that is my forte; hence the world writes me down as a villain, for the director always says: 'Let Frank do it.'"

When Frank Crane was a boy he wanted to be an actor, a doctor, and a soldier. He didn't spend any time making up his mind which he was going to be—he just went ahead and was "all of them things." At the age of fourteen he was playing with traveling companies. He deserted his first love for a while and studied medicine, but when the Civil War broke out he enlisted and fought under his father, Colonel Crane.

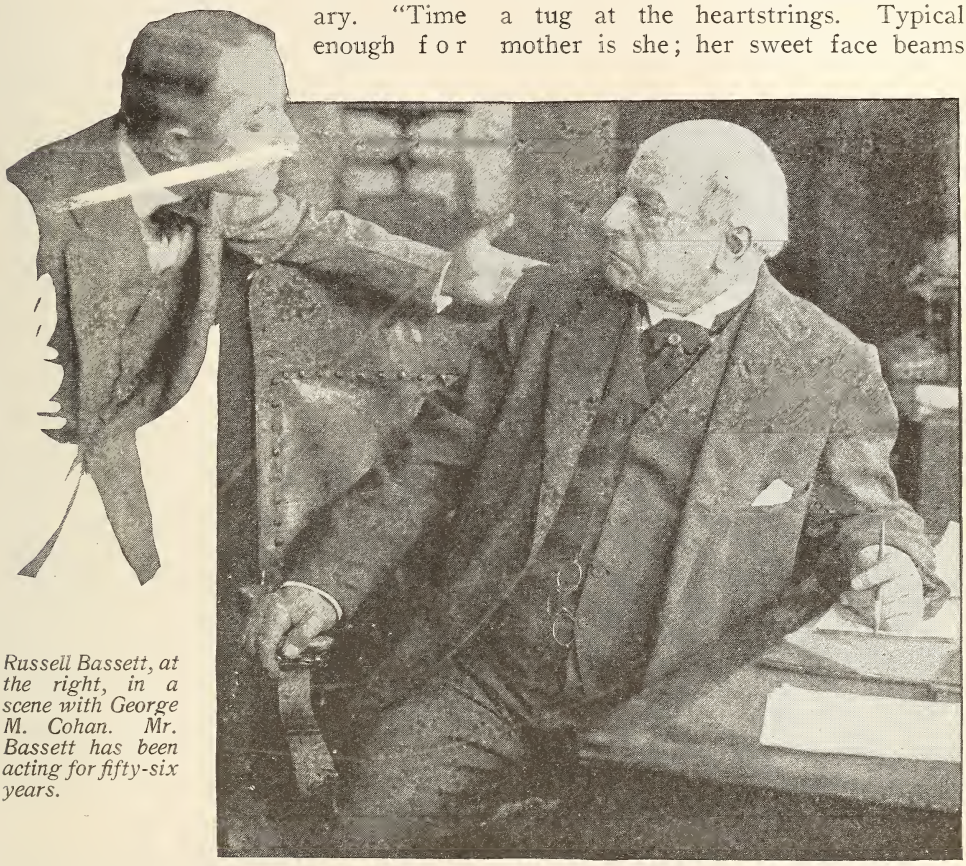


After the war he graduated in medicine, but the lure of the stage still gripped him, and he divided his time between the stage and his professional office. He has stood back of the footlights on many a first night sharing honors with Booth, Barrett, and other artists, and he has played every theater between Harlem Lane and the Battery.

In Metro pictures during the past five years he has played many father and character

Herbert Standing, the father of seven sons, who is to-day one of the screen's best character players.

parts, and so wonderful is his versatility he can make up and appear as a youth of twenty-five. Last year he stayed out of pictures long enough to assume active management of a big reunion of Grand Army veterans. Rest is not in his dictionary. "Time enough for that when I'm too old to work," says this veteran of stage and screen land.



Russell Bassett, at the right, in a scene with George M. Cohan. Mr. Bassett has been acting for fifty-six years.

Another grand old man of the stage is Leonard Grover, who is more than eighty years old. He brought German opera to this country, making it fashionable, and was a writer of plays as well as a manager and impresario. As actor-manager many years ago Mr. Grover was a close friend of Abraham Lincoln, who often attended his theater in Washington. In the all-star production of "Romeo and Juliet," Leonard Grover was "an old man of the Capulet family," and his son, Leonard, junior, played *Uncle Capulet.*

We love the pretty girls of the screen, with their curls and bangles and adorable ways, but when Mother Mary Maurice appears on the stage there is a tug at the heartstrings. Typical mother is she; her sweet face beams with tenderness and ethereal beauty, reflecting the pure simplicity of her mind and soul, and as she is on the screen she is in real life. She is "mother" to everybody at the big Vitagraph Studio, and she probably numbers more friends among picturedom patrons than any other screen actress in the world. Long and varied has been her career on the stage and in the silent drama, but her creed has always been the same: "To be good and to do good, and to help others to be and do the

same. If more members of the human family adopted this formula for sane living, what a wonderful place this world would be!"

At Universal City the services of Nanine Wright are always in demand by the directors, and Mother Wright is always in demand by the younger people for advice, companionship for idle hours, and as "first aid" if any one becomes suddenly ill. The sweet-faced, sunshiny mother lady is the pride and delight of all the boys and girls of the film capital, and she is the friend of every one from the peanut vender to the most famous Universal star. Her life has been full of tragedy and deep sorrow, but she never complains, and declares that she lives only to bring as much sunshine as possible into the lives of those about her.

Other typical mothers of the screen are Ada Gilman, Maggie Breyer, and Alice Gale. Veteran theatergoers will remember the famous Boston Museum Stock Company in which Ada Gilman made her début in 1869. Only three of the players are living; two have retired, but Ada Gilman, with the vitality of a girl of twenty, is still in the profession. She was leading woman with Lawrence Barrett for three years, and has been with "headliners" the greater part of her life. Now she is "mothering" the artists of the screen, and makes us laugh, weep, or thrill at will. It is a coincidence that twelve years ago she played an important part in "Frenzied Finance," in which Douglas Fairbanks was a "star" for the first time. Now, in the first picture produced by his own company—that delightful comedy "In Again, Out Again"—she is with him again as the burglar's mother.

"Some think I have discovered the secret of perennial youth," said the old-young woman of stage and screenland, Maggie Breyer, who is known to theatergoers everywhere as *Aunt Tildy* in "The Old Homestead," and who is well known for her work in 'The Sunbeam," and other screen successes. "There is no secret about it. I have always taken good care of myself, have always been enthusiastic about my work since I made my first appearance, and have never missed a season. Time only intensifies in us a more perfect youth. The world is progressing—time is improving it; so it improves us, too, don't you see? I have been fifty years in professional life, and expect to end my days in harness.

"Yes, I have a hobby aside from my work. It is my grandson!" Perhaps that is why she is such a perfect "Granny" in Metro pictures.

Alice Gale began her theatrical career in Philadelphia (her home town) thirty years ago, and her career in opera, stock, and the drama has been both notable and honorable. Filmland claims her now, and as the "Mother" in Fox features her personality is like a summer day with a clear sky overhead. It beams forth a love and sympathy that holds our closest interest.

And so we leave them in their happy autumns, lingering over and perfecting their ripened art in this—the golden time of their lives.

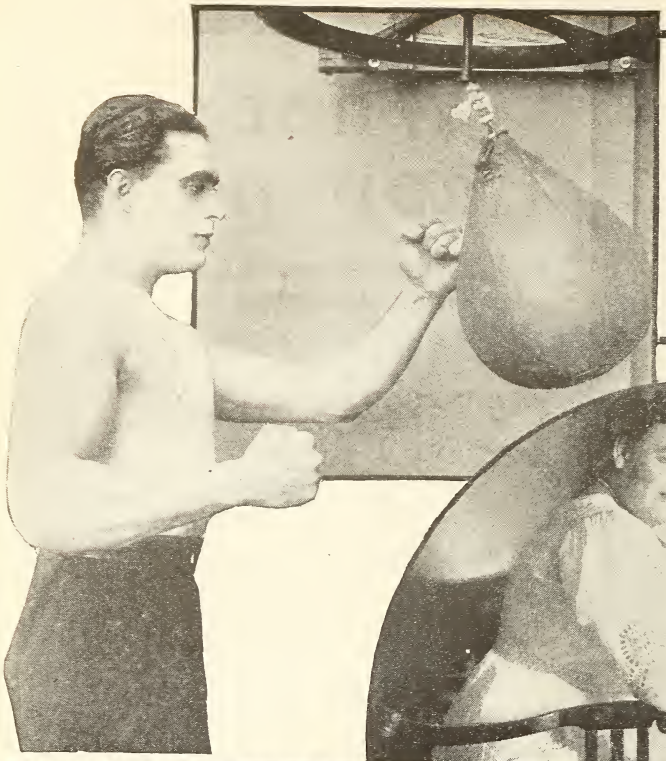
The fall is but the folding of His hand,
Anon with fuller glories to expand.

What's Happening

Snappy snapshots of famous people taken through the keyhole of the door to their private lives.

Mary McAllister and Bobo, her dog, going fifty-fifty on the cream. When Mary gets older the gay old dogs will buy ice cream—and things—for her.

Viola Dana gets away with this because she's good looking—not because we are convinced she can play the durn instrument.



George Walsh training for his next bout with Old King Kamera, in which he will have to box six reels with a vampire.

A group picture of Marie Dressler, who also has a wallop in either mitt.

Gladys Brockwell returning the balls her opponent has slammed into the net, having looked too long into Gladys' eyes. It was a love game.

Bill Russell and the turkey are conferring on the near approach of a certain November holiday. The bird is a "conscientious objector," and is strong for "peace without victory."

Our grocer delivered this on our doorstep. You see, his sign reads, "Families Supplied," and we asked for a wife and a couple of kids. We don't know which of these Louise Fazenda is.

Pauline Frederick engaged in light domestic athletics. Reminds us of the time we walked into a restaurant and asked for the proprietor. "He's out to lunch," we were told. You don't see a man in this picture, do you?

Naomi Childers, who thinks there must be something the matter with her digestion, as she experiences a strange loss of appetite after eating a hearty meal.

Douglas Fairbanks and a real squaw, who is democratic and doesn't mind whom she poses with. Fairbanks is on the left.

Bill Farnum explaining that two can live as cheaply as one. That may be all right for Bill, but for us—how the deuce can *one* live nowadays.

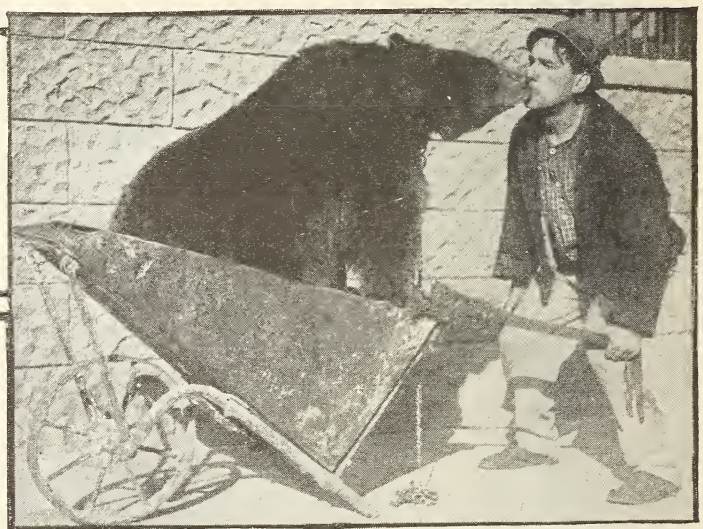
Dorothy Gish has dropped a hammer on her toes in order to drive in the nails. There! We knew that some day we would have an opportunity to work off that pun.

Bobby Connolly, who broke his arm in a picture. Two to one he is using the property telephone, the wires of which extend no farther than under the table.

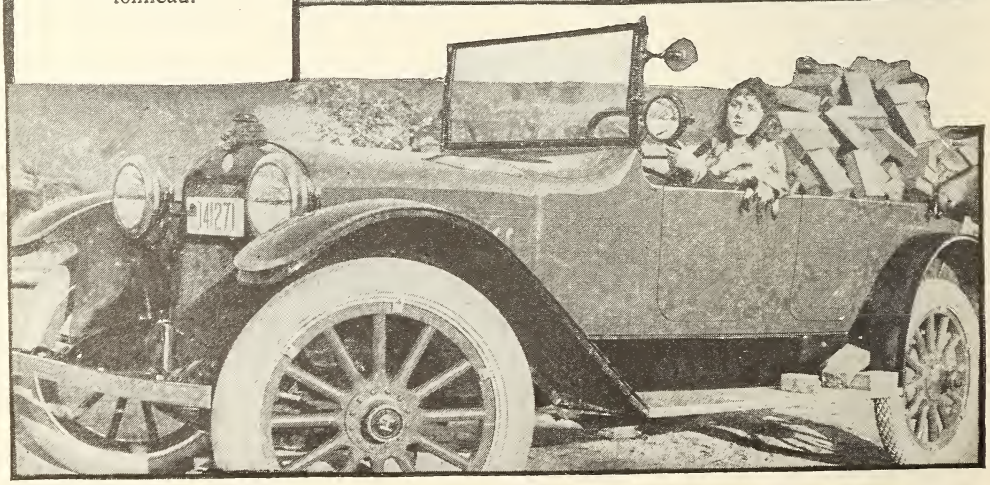
Charlotte Burton smiles because she knows your eyes are not fixed on her face. We don't blame you. Being a connoisseur in such things, we are, like you, admiring Charlotte's beautiful flowers.

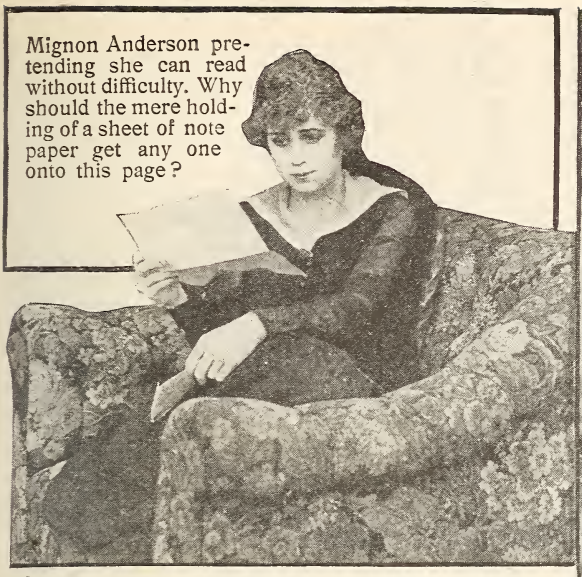
Hazel Daly is getting much more sport out of this than the duck—or is it a goose?—is getting. Maybe he knows where he's going. That's more than we human's do.

George Beban bussing his pet bear. With so many men away at the front, you'd imagine that the bear was sort of unnecessary, wouldn't you, girls?

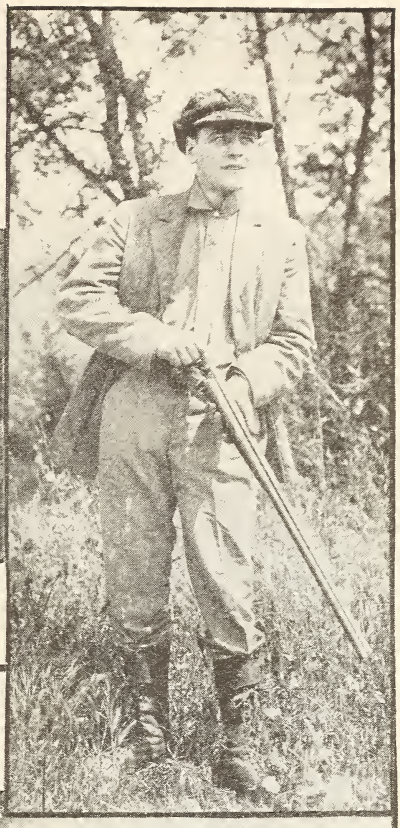


Mary Anderson figures that she might meet a director on the way—that's the reason for the Irish confetti in the tonneau.





Mignon Anderson pretending she can read without difficulty. Why should the mere holding of a sheet of note paper get any one onto this page?



Note the happiness registered on the face of Webster Campbell. He has just bagged a scenario writer and a tax collector, and he sees a press agent approaching. He intends to make it three in a row.

Chaplin explaining to Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist, that his favorite is the custard pie. Chaplin is on the left.

All present-day idols have feet of clay, but that's all right when said tootsies are as pulchritudinous as those of Marie Doro.

A pretty canny statesman is Chauncey Depew, below, who refused to pose with Theda Bara unless his wife was in the picture. Chauncey is known as a diplomat and humorist.

The Youngest Villain

By Howard Mann

IF you want to be villainous, there are two ingredients to the recipe—a pair of mustachios, which should be twisted at brief intervals, and the habit of tensing the finger muscles. Given these essentials and a costume for the part, almost any one can look as desperate as Desmond. All, of course, in celluloid.

Any one? Yes, any one. Even little girls just nine years old, for instance. And Violet Radcliffe, the evil Prince Rudolpho in "Jack and the Beanstalk," not only looks like a villain, but plays the part as if she were a pupil of Dalton himself.

Violet has the distinction of being the youngest villain in the world. True to her rôle, she is a faithful admirer of the great villains of history (blame this on the press agent), and is particularly fond of the bloody pirates who roamed the Spanish Main. In her doublet and hose, together with the inevitable mustachios, never would you recognize her as the smiling little girl with bobbed hair who goes to work at the Fox studio in California every day. Violet's mother and father were players before her, and she made her stage début at the age of eleven days in "Quo Vadis"—never knowing whether she was applauded or not. At the age of three she appeared in "Human Hearts," which she played for two seasons.

"It's not a bit of fun," says Violet, "to be a villain."

Little Violet Radcliffe—aged nine—who is the screen's newest and youngest desperado.

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen, that are of interest to everyone.

The Scandal-mongers

ONE of the greatest compliments paid the motion picture is the volley of criticism to which it is periodically subjected. Only big men and prominent institutions receive this much general attention. The bad impressions sometimes last, however, with people who would rearrange their opinions were avenues of information open to them. The most popular subjects for scandal among the outsiders are the immoral conditions existing in motion-picture studios and the irregular life of the players engaged in the business.

The industry is not lily-pure in the actions of its personnel any more than is the business office, department store, residence community, or, in fact, any gathering of human beings. The motion picture interests more people than any other form of entertainment or recreation. It is natural, therefore, that an unusual amount of publicity and comment are centered about the private life of its members. John Brown, of Hubville, can be shot at ten times without the incident arousing any interest beyond his circle of intimate friends and relatives. But three hours after a stone is thrown through a limousine window at a noted financier or statesman, the story appears in papers throughout the country, flanked by numerous conjectures as to when such criminal action will cease.

The motion-picture business is not honeycombed with immorality, as it is sometimes given blame for being. It is fairly pure when the amount of temptation thrust upon it is considered. Films fell heir to much of the charm for girls that lingered about the footlights. Pretty, fluffy, regardless creatures crowd the studios daily, seeking entrée to picture work, openly declaring that no sacrifice is too great to equalize their getting a chance. What their mothers think they are doing at the time is a question, but they are certainly not smitten with bashfulness in their efforts to satisfy their craving for prominence. Motion-picture work is hard, serious labor, and not a round of pink teas and magazine publicity; and for the most part the people engaged in the business are earnest and conscientious in their efforts to turn out good productions and make money. The lives of most of the stars in pictures are very different from the views that reign in back-stairs gossip. The percentage of film people among frequenters of jazz-band cafés and hotel dance parlors does not nearly hold up its end against the competition of brokers, salesmen, merchants, housewives, débutantes, and stenographers. But when they do appear, they are recognized; whereas the tired business man and his companion carry no significance to the casual observer. If

people would judge those who go to the studios rather than those who are in them, they would find that their scandal had little to do with the picture business.

The Best for the Public

THE "Open Market" is the Frankenstein of the motion-picture industry. It is a creation resulting from years of contributions from all of the elements in the business. Some have aided in its formation directly, and others have helped it along by adding to the situation which makes it necessary. Little by little it has been built up, until finally radical announcements have given it life. It is a home product, belongs to all parts of the business, and in some degree affects all sections of it.

We have discussed this open-booking development before in these columns, but it is worthy of serious thought and frequent discussion. It is a big revolutionary step. The companies gave way before it, one after another. In the bare outline, open booking means that the theaters rent film over a counter, as they would buy any merchandise, picking out the product they want and paying for it in proportion to its worth.

Getting deeper into the scheme reveals conditions that modify this procedure somewhat. But the big thought behind it all is that the pictures must stand or fall upon their individual merits. The exhibitors will not have to rent five or six weak sisters on a program in order to obtain two or three good pictures. All of which means competition, a healthy condition in any business—if underselling does not transpose "the survival of the fittest" to "the survival of the cheapest." This system of selling causes a poor picture to stand out on the books in dollars and cents like an illuminated sign. It also affords a good view of a star's drawing power. Possibly we will see some changes in the present constellation.

The much-heralded Open Market is now getting its stride. This film Frankenstein is still wabbly, a little flustered in its thought and action, but gradually adapting itself to the environment. It is a logical development in the business, and it is bound to find its level in due course of time.

The Drama Destroyer

MANUFACTURERS and directors ought to be protected in some way against the film-cutting ambitions of some exhibitors. When a picture is turned out of a studio as complete, it bears the approval of the studio manager, director, cutter, titler, laboratory, and sales department. It represents the sanction of specialists. Yet exhibitors have been known to get pictures which have been studied, tested, worried over, and changed about in the studio workshop, and, with one slash, they have discounted these efforts by putting the finale first, cutting out certain scenes, or switching others around to fit their own visualization of the story.

The result of this is that some directors have come to count the film cutting of the exhibitor as an obstacle, in a class with rain, accidents, and other stumblingblocks in production. If a theater manager does not like the continuity

in a picture, he should not book it. But if he does contract to run the picture, he ought to show it as he received it. A librarian would be encroaching, to say the least, were he to rewrite a part of an author's story before lending the book to the public. An exhibitor does practically the same thing when, after renting a film, he attempts to improve upon it before showing it to his patrons.

He is not taking much of a chance on a picture's having fulfilled its possibilities if he leaves it as it came from its producers. The director, scenario writer, camera man, and others who help to build a picture may not know much about running a theater, but they have given much time and study to making pictures, and their knowledge and experience should receive some consideration, especially when the film carries their names. The percentage of exhibitors who carry on this film-cutting practice is, of good fortune, comparatively small. They do not do it with malicious intent, of course, but their misdirected efforts spoil many films for the enthusiast who enjoys a picture which has in it true artistic workmanship.

The Seriousness of Comedies

THE hardest thing in pictures are comedies. They are hard to write, hard to produce, and hard to get over. Dramas have a sliding scale of quality, but comedies are measured by just two standards: They are either good or bad. If their humor is just the least bit off, it falls flat. It has been proven by harsh experience that five-reel comedies are failures. Once in a while one will take, but it is a rare event. The outsider has difficulty in realizing what a serious business making comedies is. A good two-reel farce comedy represents about as much expense, energy, and time as a five-reel feature.

In making the latter, from eight to fifteen thousand feet of film is generally the amount photographed. A two-reel slapstick comedy can consume twenty thousand feet of film in the making without difficulty. The real problem in their manufacture, however, is keeping them fresh and active. Tripping over a rug is not of necessity funny, but it can be. The difference is what puts gray hairs in the directors' heads. Sennett, Chaplin, and Arbuckle are probably the hardest-working producers in the business. They will take five hundred or a thousand feet of film, develop it, view it in the studio projection room, and then throw it away because it misses fire. It fails to bring about that comedy short circuit which flares up in laughter. The situation or trick may be all right on paper, but for some intangible reason it is not funny on the screen, and it must be rewritten or done over.

Thus is the comedy company's life fraught with worries. Directors are almost driven to distraction trying to think up new stunts, or gags, as they are known in the theatrical world. One of the foremost comedy producers, Roscoe Arbuckle, flatly refuses to try to make a release date. When a picture satisfies him, and passes a trial test on an unsuspecting audience, it is completed, but not until then. Should the comedy fail to get over on its try-out, it is put before the camera again, and revamped and brightened up until it is satisfactory.

Moral: When you see a comedy that makes you laugh and laugh again, you know that you have picked fruit from the hardest-working branch of the motion-picture business.

The "Dramatic School" Fraud

WHILE with the Vitagraph Company, Andre Roosevelt, a production expert, refused to accept any graduates of the so-called schools of motion-picture acting. His action is worth considering. Most of these schools are fakes. There are a few exceptions—schools conducted in a sincere effort to teach the art of acting for the screen to candidates who show aptitude for such work. The majority of these schools, however, perform no greater service than feeding the vanity or ambition of their pupils. They are patronized for the most part by young girls and boys and others who are old enough to know better, who think that they are predestined for a place in the motion-picture firmament.

The authorities at the school immediately accomplish the impossible, and in convincing speech discover latent talent in the candidates. Bills trail along with the weekly renewal of this keen observation, and in time the stargazer learns that he or she is an accomplished screen artist, and has a strip of test film and other credentials to prove it. Then comes cruel disillusion at some studio. The person is or is not the type the casting director wants, motion-picture-school experience regardless. The credentials and film education do not figure in the matter. The teaching part of the average course is a farce. What the schools really accept money for is their kind toleration of the hobby of their pupils.

The place to learn motion-picture acting and make-up is in the studio. Because the supply of talent far exceeds the demand, it is often difficult to get a start in pictures. But when the opportunity for entrée comes, it is not due to the person's former experience in a school of picture acting. Personality, type, or ability are the things that count.

Censuring the Censor

ARBITRARY censorship recently geared itself to the *n*th degree when the Chicago group, under the lordly but inconsistent leadership of Major Funkhouser, denied exhibition rights to the Mary Pickford picture, "The Little American." The reason given was that certain parts of its war action might offend "our German friends." In justice to the members of this board it must be said that the well-known major was the prime mover and practically the sole objector in this illustrious piece of work. On no less authority than our president we have it that America has no German friends. We have many American friends of German birth or German parentage, but in the present crisis they are just plain Americans, and good ones, too. Films treating on American patriotism and its possible effect upon the situation abroad do not offend them, for they are with us in this struggle for democracy.

The only people who can be an excuse for the Chicago censors' action in this case are those listed by the department of justice as "alien enemies." It is odd that a self-constituted board, pledged to judge pictures from a moral viewpoint, should take upon their shoulders the responsibilities of the secret service. How well they carried them is best illustrated by the fact that the picture was indorsed and exhibited in Chicago, in spite of their ruling.

The subject of censorship has ever been a sore thumb in the eyes of mov-

ing-picture people. The irritation is confined to them because narrow-minded intolerance has been eliminated from other lines of industry, leaving the moving picture the one big solace for meddling egotists, and an ever-ready victim for job-seeking and constituent-saving politicians. When sanctimonious idlers decide that their mental superiority needs demonstration, they seem to turn to censoring the motion picture. Officeholders with supporters to place find the censor board an easy outlet for their troubles. When will the people and the press of this country rise up against this evil and force it to the discard, where lie the other enemies of freedom, shaken off by America in its rise to unrestricted democracy?

Pleasing the Public

MANY theater managers, in arranging their programs and in booking their pictures, are inclined to act according to their own likes and dislikes. This is wrong, and good showmen would not do it. But there are a number of exhibitors who do not realize that people go to the theaters to see the kind of pictures that they like—rather than to tolerate any old kind that he cares to show. A theater owner should key his house and entertainment to the desires of his patrons. And in most cases the majority of patronage is feminine. Women constitute the strongest and most important element in the ultimate consumers of motion pictures to-day.

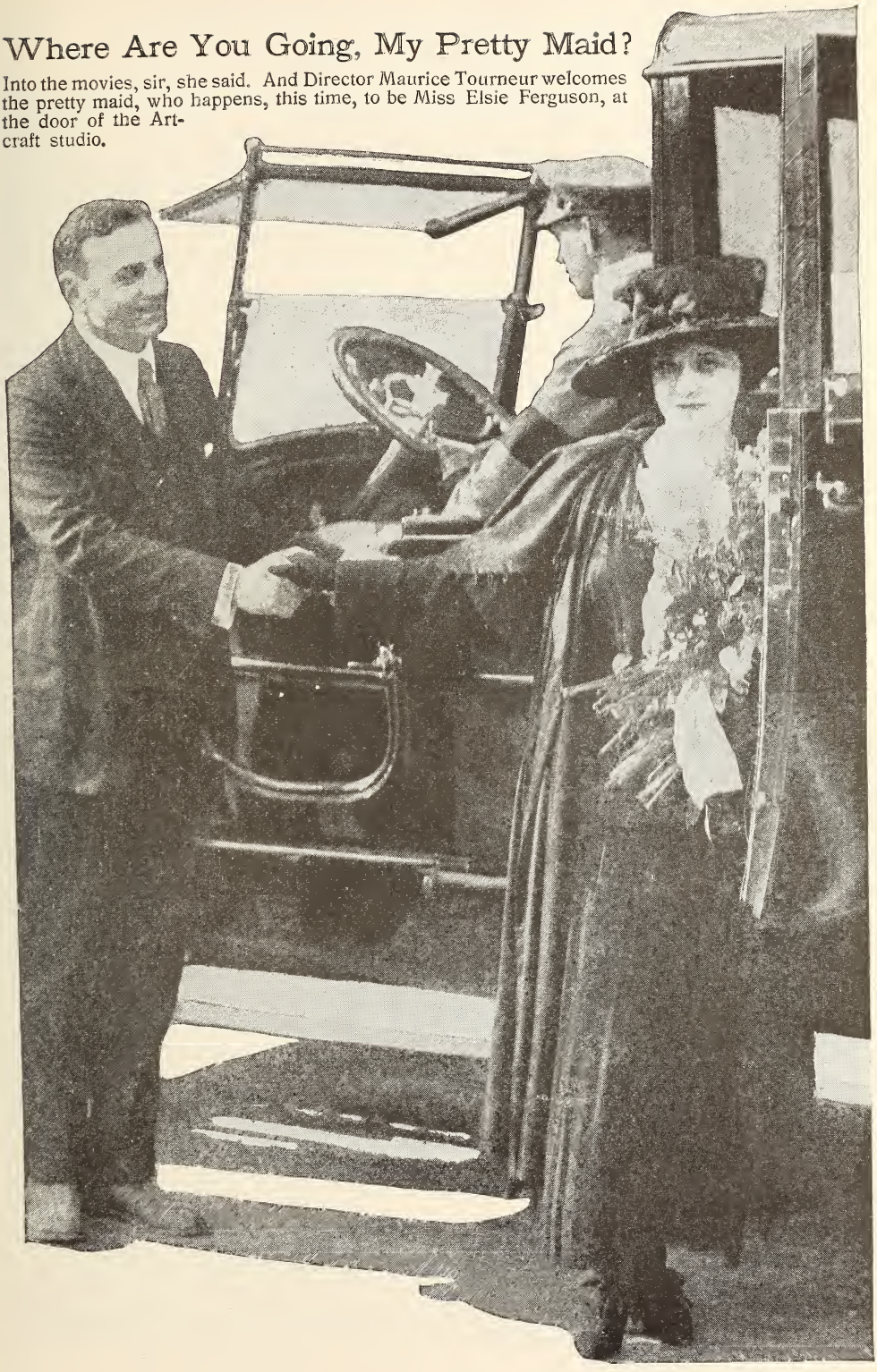
They can make or break the career of the so-called neighborhood house, which is the keystone of the film industry. In the small towns, where the commercial sentiment is confined to a small area and is easily felt, an exhibitor must have the good will of the women's clubs, societies, or fraternal organizations in order to survive. In the larger towns, where there are ten or more theaters, the managers are not generally in direct touch with their patrons, but they must nevertheless be careful that their pictures do not offend the women. They may not be served with a writ of indignation should the subjects be objectionable, but patronage would fall to the point of ruin.

By banding together, women can bring about almost any condition they desire in their local theater. We recently had a demonstration of this in a small town in New Jersey. Originally it contained two theaters, but the picture-going population was not large enough to make the competition pay for one man, so he gave up the fight. Then the other exhibitor, thinking his monopoly relieved him of further responsibility regarding his show, installed a cheaper film service, and in time virtually fought his patrons away by running pictures that were an insult to intelligence and obnoxious in their subject matter. The women of the town tabooed the theater, and in time the owner had to sell out. His successor analyzed his problem, called on the women's clubs, declared his intention of running only such pictures as were fit to be seen by them and their children, and finally regained their confidence and good will. But it was hard work.

Theater owners will do well to think first of their patrons in booking their pictures. This influence held by women is too great to be humbled by useless exercise; but, when used in a good cause, it can do much toward bringing about a healthier development in the manufacturing and exhibiting ends of the motion-picture business.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

Into the movies, sir, she said. And Director Maurice Tourneur welcomes the pretty maid, who happens, this time, to be Miss Elsie Ferguson, at the door of the Art-craft studio.



Uncle Sam's Most Versatile Nephew

By Gridley Smith

Douglas Fairbanks, motorist. The attachment on the side is to give the car injections of stimulant.

ACTOR, athlete, photographer, president of a business organization, mountain climber, hunter, author, motorist, cowboy, explorer, and humorist—these are the accomplishments, vocations, avocations, and titles of Douglas Fairbanks, the most versatile nephew of Uncle Sam. Proficient in each calling, the energetic Douglas has distinguished himself in many different ways since first he saw the light of day thirty-four years ago.

As an actor, his achievements are too

Above, he is engaged in the business of exploring.

Mr. Fairbanks, film president.

William S. Hart, left, and Thomas H. Ince, right, cannot prove Doug is not an athlete.

He is also a photographer and snaps Miss Eileen Percy, because, he says, the success of pictures, like that of kings, depends upon the subjects.

And, what seems unimaginable, he writes philosophy between comedy.

well known, both in theatricals and motion pictures, to need repetition here. In the field of athletics he has won numerous medals. On the screen the result of his athletic activities is often evidenced in surprising feats of agility and strength.

The philosophic and humorous writings of Douglas Fairbanks have attracted wide attention, and various photo plays in which he has appeared are from his pen. "Down to Earth," his newest Artcraft picture, is his own story, and presents the typical Fairbanks philosophy and humor. President of the Douglas Fairbanks Film Company, he has proved himself a capable business executive and an appreciative employer.

Photography has always been one of Douglas' pet hobbies, and his den contains many artistic accomplishments in this line. Hunting big game, exploring wild regions, and mountain climbing have all been practiced by the famous film actor on many occasions.

And Doug might well be our best cow-puncher if the salary were raised a few million.

As a mountain climber, as well as an actor, he reaches the summit.

Petrova and the Tiger

In which the "Tiger Woman"—met face to face—turns out to be quite human.

By Charles Phelps Cushing

IF we could wait an hour or two, the press agent would be back——

"No," we insisted firmly, "we can *not* wait!"

As a matter of fact, we were suffused with an unholy joy. We were like war correspondents seizing upon a choice opportunity to outwit the censor. None of your personally conducted interviews this time! Here was our chance, at last, to write an "inside story."

Our host, a solemn young man with deep-set eyes, was nervous. He seemed to scent peril in the situation.

"You m-m-must keep your hats off!"

That was fair enough. Off they came. Thereupon it was dramatically disclosed that my camera man had flaming red hair. Our host seemed horrified.

"Madame Petrova has red hair, too," he mumbled feebly.

"Will she mind?" I pleaded.

"N-n-no. Maybe not."

Then he noticed a pipe in my hand.

"For the love o' Mike!" he gasped. "Keep that pipe out of sight!"

I obediently knocked out the ashes. In gentle reproof I told him that I hadn't meant to smoke a pipe during the interview, anyway—this both in deference to etiquette and to the Fort Lee, New Jersey, fire laws. Apparently he didn't believe me. If he did, there was nothing in his deep-set eyes to indicate it. He sighed. Then, in

And how could Mme. Olga Petrova—or any one else—set in such surroundings and supported by peacocks, appear merely ordinary in her pictures?

grim resignation, he led us out into the studio.

"Madame Petrova will see you in a few moments in her dressing room," he recited. "Wait here, please."

The Peerless studio at Fort Lee is as huge as the horticultural building of a world's fair, and sometimes as luxuriantly colorful. To-day the greater part of the acreage under the lofty glass roof was being transformed into a Belascolike vision of ancient Egypt. A desert sky, the pyramids, palm trees, a temple, a street in Cairo, an oasis. Amid such hubbub a mob scene was being filmed. Soldiers in gaudy raiment, Nubian slaves with no raiment to speak of; possibly a dusky-skinned czar was being dethroned and a provisional government set up. Such is history!

How far the movies have progressed toward realism—and at what a cost in cash! For example, what theater man would dare——

Two gorgeous peacocks came strolling out into a temple courtyard, and I gave a start. What theater man would dare, indeed? Peacocks never appear on the legitimate stage. A superstition possibly as old as the pyramids forbids. Peacocks before the footlights are as sure to bring bad luck to a show as the fatal blunder of whistling in a dressing room.

The serious young man was back, announcing that Madame Petrova would be pleased to see us at once. We dogged the young man down a corridor, up a flight of stairs, and into Olga Petrova's dressing room. There, our host, after a stammered introduction, turned and fled.

By this time we were getting a little nervous ourselves.

Petrova's good, firm handclasps eased the tension immediately. And when she smiled at Bricktop's flaming hair, instead of stamping her feet in a rage, we began to feel optimistic. That hair had worried us. We kept thinking about the story of the two men who stuttered. Each thought the other was making fun of him, and a battle ensued. Suppose Petrova should suspect that Bricktop's thatch was a wig—a piece of mockery!

Well, now we could settle down to business.

"Here's our idea," I began: "Usually an interviewer sets the pace himself, turns the talk into channels of his own choosing. I'm not going to do that. I'm going to leave it all to you. This is to be an interview as *you* like it. I want to know what you yourself are like, and I want *you* to do all the talking. Now, what kind of interview do you like?"

Madame Petrova, costumed as an Egyptian queen, thoughtfully straightened the golden, basketlike crown that held a black wig down over her reddish hair.

"The kind of interview I like," she said, "is a sensible one. As for what I myself am like—I am like you, a writer." She was speaking slowly, seriously. Then she smiled. "You need not look so surprised. I have been a writer for as long as I can remember. I have tried my pen at a little of everything, but what I like best and what I think I do best is in the vein of tales of satire. In England I made a living that way for a while. It didn't pay in cash as well as acting, but I am sure the reward was greater. The arts, you know, are self-expression. Writing is the form of expression that, somehow, gives me the deepest satisfaction."

She smiled again, an odd smile, half serious.

"As a little girl, I had read Darwin before I was twelve, and I doted on Max Nordau. For practice, I used to attempt essays. You'll laugh, but I used to ask myself, 'Now, if I were

Darwin, what would Darwin say about this?'

"Yes, I am still a writer. In the past year we have produced four or five of my scenarios, and I'm working now on some short stories, satire in fiction. And, who knows? I may yet have to write a play. I'm reading bushels of plays all the time, but I can't find what I want."

With her hands and shoulders she "registered" resignation.

We were coming to realize that to see Petrova only on the stage or on a picture screen is to know very little about her. Perhaps she guessed what was in our minds, for presently she made a wry face and remarked:

"Not long ago a magazine reported me as saying, 'A tiger is nothing to me!'" She shuddered. "Imagine it! As if I weren't quite human."

We had another half an hour in the den of the Tiger Woman, and the talk there was of books, art, the stage, and filmdom. Unmercifully Petrova flayed the average film's weak points. One of these, as everybody knows, is the story. Millions for settings and millions for players, but pennies for a plot. Petrova declares, and I think she means it, that in the future she won't play at all unless she can find plots that are worth while.

When the interview was at an end, and we went down again to the studio to watch Petrova at work, we were conscious of a decided change of heart toward her. We had come to realize that there was much more than physical beauty and emotionalism behind her acting; that her mind was as quick and clever as her hands.

The serious-faced young man approached us again, and we told him that the thing that impressed us most about Petrova was not her widely advertised tigerishness so much as her unadvertised intellect.

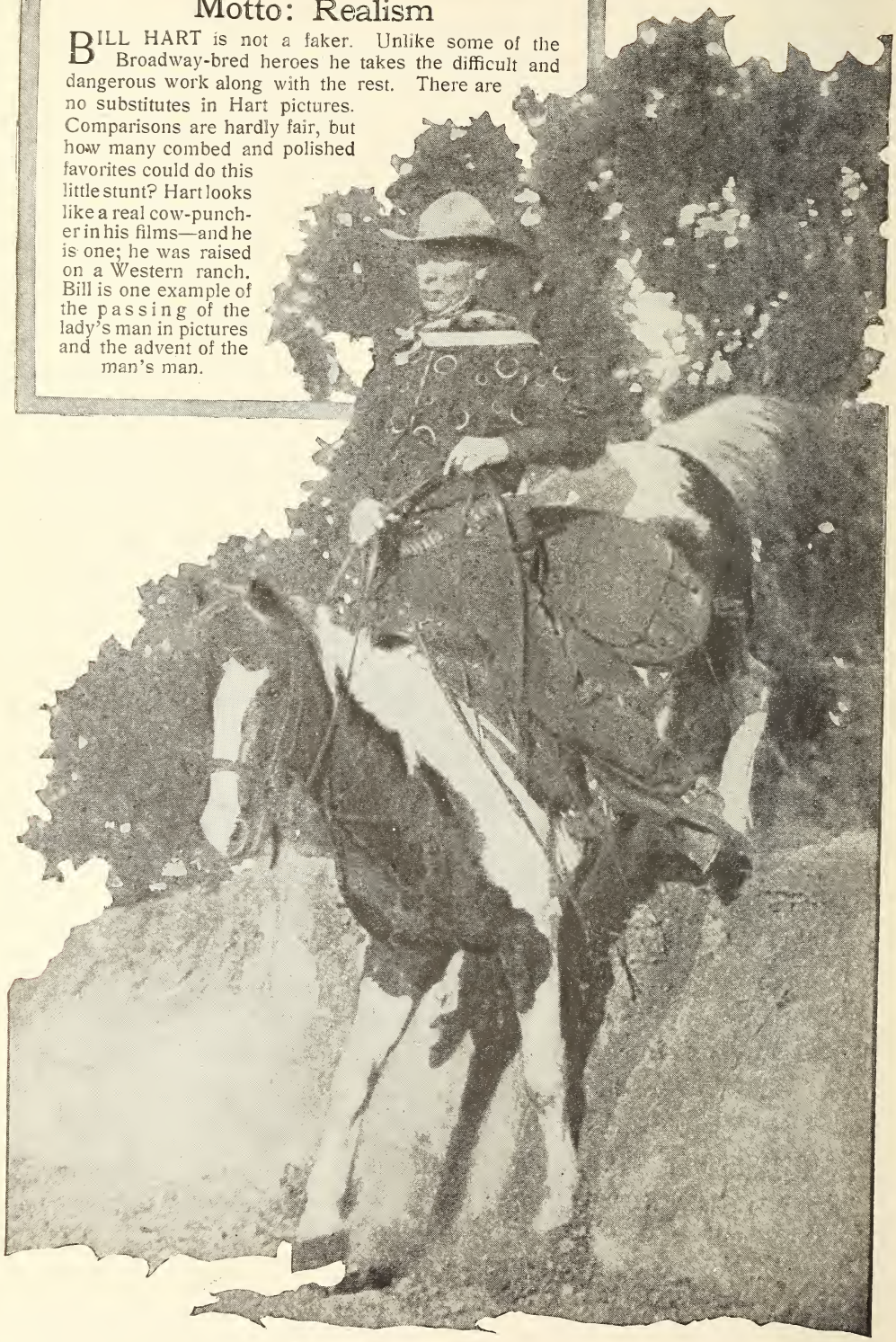
"Intellect!" he whispered. "Man alive! I should say so! She's the best business head in the movies."

In another moment we had forgotten that side of the situation. Petrova was acting in the rôle of an Egyptian queen. And queen she was, every inch and fiber. We wouldn't have dared to speak to her even when she nodded recognition to us at the end of a filming. Every hat was off, every voice hushed. When Maurice Tourneur, directing, sounded his police whistle, a bead rolling across the floor sounded like a ball in a bowling alley. If a tiger had happened in just then, he doubtless would have been as much awed as the rest of us. He might even have slunk away with his tail between his legs. Who knows?

The press agent got back to the studio just as we were starting home. We assured him there wasn't a *thing* he could do for us, and hurried away before he could ask us any questions.

Motto: Realism

BILL HART is not a faker. Unlike some of the Broadway-bred heroes he takes the difficult and dangerous work along with the rest. There are no substitutes in Hart pictures. Comparisons are hardly fair, but how many combed and polished favorites could do this little stunt? Hart looks like a real cow-puncher in his films—and he is one; he was raised on a Western ranch. Bill is one example of the passing of the lady's man in pictures and the advent of the man's man.



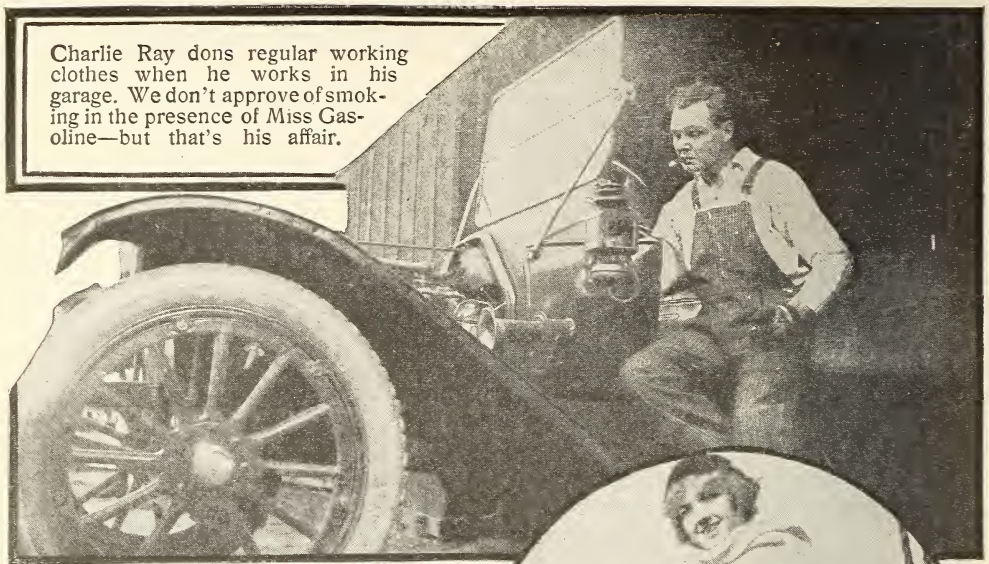
As Their Families See Them

Have you ever wondered how your favorites look when they really are "at home" or on pleasure bent? Well, here they are.

Dorothy Dalton was going to keep chickens back of the wire fence. But, being a woman, she changed her mind. The chicken yard has become a garden.

William Farnum telling "the missus" what he knows about roses and things.

Charlie Ray dons regular working clothes when he works in his garage. We don't approve of smoking in the presence of Miss Gasoline—but that's his affair.



When Mary Miles Minter goes aboating she must have her trusty towel—in case she falls overboard, of course, and gets her feet wet.

Anita Stewart, returning from a call at the home of the man who has set more tongues wagging than any one in America. His name—sh!—is Dunbar Adams, the chewing gum king.

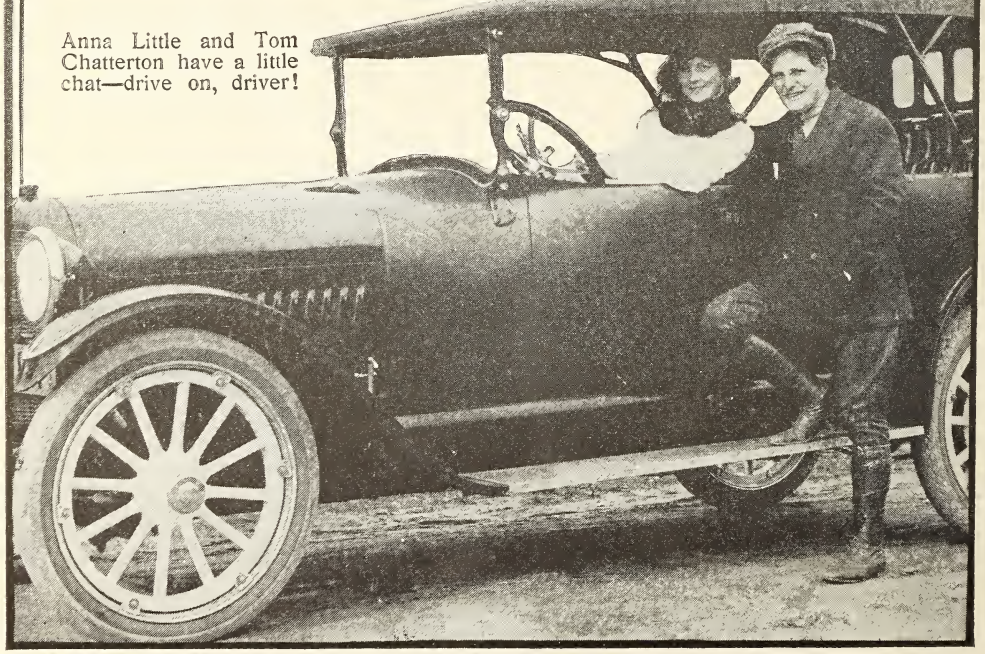
Snapped on the porch of the Moore cottage on Long Island. Piratical idea: Suppose this were a parrot—which of little Alice's fingers would he prefer for breakfast?

Geraldine Farrar tucks a flower in "Lou's" buttonhole every morning. Oh my, yes! We understand that the lady has developed a sudden passion for American beauties.

This is a picture of "Bullets," the Vitagraph star. His favorite pet is Mary Anderson.

Winifred Kingston doesn't impress us heavily as an expert gardener, but—happy thought!—maybe she's an amateur. Very simple, as it were.

Anna Little and Tom Chatterton have a little chat—drive on, driver!

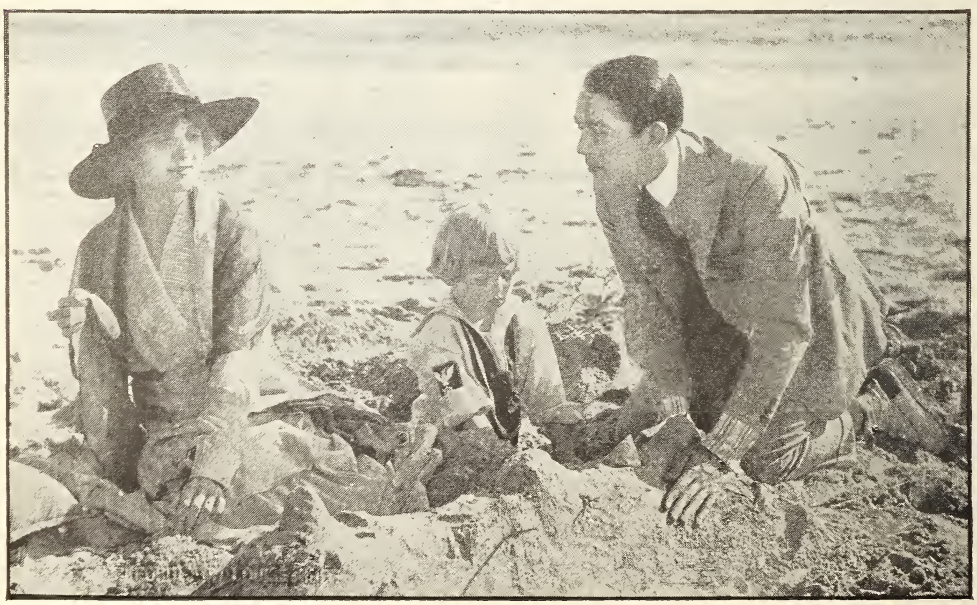


Elliott Dexter smokes in the house. That's one of the advantages of having a sensible wife. How many young ladies are like Marie Doro? Too few, at any rate.
"What does one say when a gentleman sends one candy?" puzzles little Madge Evans, age five.
© HARTSOOK

Youth Will

By Warren Reed

IN the early days of the motion picture it was by no means uncommon for a youthful and inexperienced star to career into the celluloid heavens over night. As a general rule these meteoric phenomena were the result of some deed of daring before the camera in which the player risked his or her neck for success. There is scarcely a trace of these players now. To-day the most conspicuous places are held by stars who have received a thorough training on the stage before they came upon the screen. Every rule, however, must have its notable exception. While the wiseacres have been nodding their heads profoundly, and proclaiming the fact that there is no room on the screen for a player who has not graduated with a robe of star dust from the stage, two youthful players have been quietly slipping up from behind and stabbing these profound conclusions in their broad and glittering backs. They are Jack Pickford and Louise Huff, whose individual popularity has been happily enhanced by their appearance upon the screen as costars in a number of recent Paramount pictures.



Be Served

These two youthful celebrities of celluloid are flaring exceptions to the law of screen astronomy.

While neither Miss Huff nor Jack Pickford is totally without stage experience, it is equally true that neither was ever ranked as a stage star prior to appearance on the screen. Miss Huff had toured the South with a road company, and had been a member of several stock companies in the principal cities, but that was the extent of her experience, which began immediately after she left school.

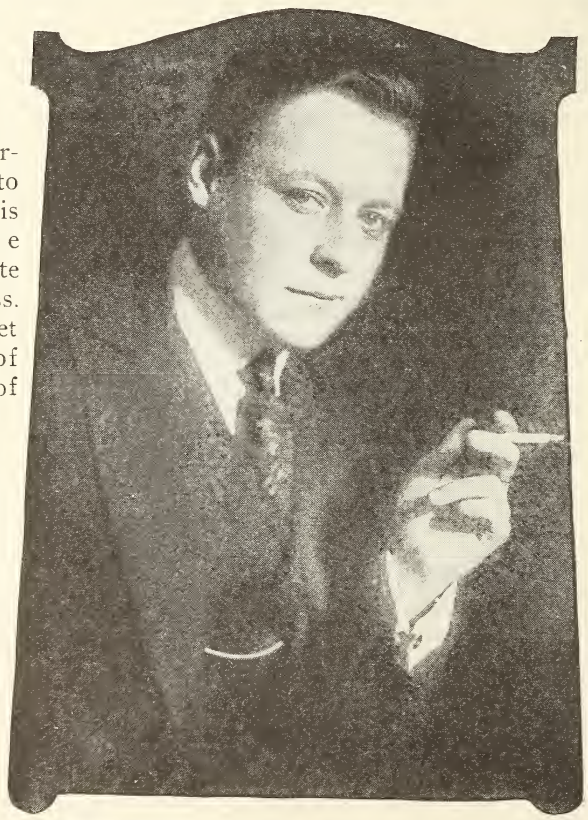
Jack Pickford had had even less experience, his stage activities being largely confined to playing child parts in a Toronto theater, where he and his sister Mary were first introduced to the world of mimic. It was inevitable that Jack should be regarded as "Mary Pickford's brother," which placed his light beneath a bushel. He did, however, succeed in becoming a star in his own right. He returned to Paramount pictures, with which he had parted company, and was costarred with Louise Huff—a combination which has proved successful for a year. Youth will be served.

How to Be a Successful Screen Player

A famous star reveals some of the secrets of success.

By Harold Lockwood

HAVING achieved a meager success as a screen actor, and realizing that through what I have been able to accomplish I can by no means point out a sure road to fame and wealth in the motion pictures, I naturally feel some hesitancy in giving serious advice to those who would reach the top of the ladder. Perhaps all that I shall say could be summed up in two small words of tremendous importance: *be natural.* All of my advice could be narrowed down to that, because it is absolutely the primary requisite to screen success. If I can set down a few of the difficulties of being natural in all parts and try to show how this quality may be acquired, perhaps I shall have done something to set a few right in their first steps on a long and difficult road.



Harold Lockwood, famous screen player and author of this article.

So much has been said and written in articles on how to get in that anything along this line would be mere repetition. However, we might state that unless one has influence in getting his first job he will have to make up his mind to take anything which offers and make the best of it.

In advising people who desire to enter motion pictures, I try to emphasize the necessity for displaying one's own naturalness and personality and forgetting that one is an actor all the time. Unless the amateur is a genius, he'd better not act, but be natural. Dramatic training will not help him. The newcomer must trust to his own personality to get it over. A man or woman should have a certain physical attraction and natural personality to be successful on the screen. Dramatic ability is usually not especially desired; it is the new

and refreshing in personal appeal or attractiveness which the producers try to find and exploit. The majority of people who want to get into the pictures base their desires on the big-salary lure, but they seldom stop to think that there are a very few stars who are really getting the big money out of the business. It is a notorious fact concerning picture people—once they are stars—that the money comes easily and goes in the same way. The life of popularity of a film star is short at best, and the actors had better put their money in the bank while they are getting it. Some day—all too soon—they will be out of the public eye forever.

"I try to act naturally and throw myself into the rôles I am playing."

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

MANY young people, having seen great actors and actresses on the stage and screen, have become stage-struck or screen-struck, and, imagining they can act, have become given to striking dramatic poses and affecting a dramatic intonation of voice and of gesture. But if one would be a success on the screen, this is all wrong. What can we learn from the success of Mary Pickford, the screen's first big star? She began as just "Little Mary Pickford," working for five dollars a day—not acting intensely and dramatically, but merely displaying her winning personality in the pictures. Miss Pickford is still the same charming "Little Mary," and is still famous because she still portrays that natural charm of personality which is the greatest element in screen success. We might go on and mention a number of these stars who must attribute their success to the same characteristics, and if we will make a list of all the young stars who are holding their popularity from day to day, we will realize that they remain in the public eye because their acting is natural rather than dramatic. A dramatic school or a school of screen acting can be of no possible benefit to an amateur who desires success on the screen. Better than that is to get one's first job and learn by experience.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING NATURAL.

THE important thing, once one has secured an initial job, is to study the part, no matter how small it is, and throw one's natural self into it. Whatever you do, do not try to act. A motion picture is a story of life—not a story of fiction. The actor in each part must know the story and know how a certain set of circumstances work out. Then he must try to imagine how he would conduct himself under those circumstances, and act accordingly. Personally, I realize that I cannot act in the dramatic sense of the word, so I merely act naturally and try to throw myself into the rôle as if each given set of circumstances were happening to me.

Of course, in the majority of rôles the actor is up against the proposition

of being natural under unnatural conditions. The thing for him to do is to make a study of the means of acquiring naturalness in the particular rôles. For instance, I might mention a few plays in which I have appeared and show how this works out. In "Pidgin Island" my rôle was that of a secret-service man who did not appear in his official capacity, but who was continually alert to circumstances which were in the scope of his activities. Now, I have never been a secret-service man and never expect to be one, yet all the time this picture was under production I practically had to live the part. In "The Promise," the story was that of a boy who bore a grudge against a bulldozing ruffian. He nursed the grudge in a quiet manner, and when the opportunity for him to act displayed itself, instead of going at the ruffian like a madman, fiercely and dramatically, the boy talked to the ruffian in quiet tones, declared he was going to lick him, and then started a real fight. He fought a real battle to the best of his ability. I might add here that in all of our fights the heavy man (Lester Cuneo) and I have fought as realistically as possible with the least punishment. This is well in keeping with the striving for naturalness. Rarely can two men of equal size and strength battle without receiving certain minor injuries at least, and in our last picture, "Under Handicap," we staged the first realistic fight of our long experience together, in which neither of us was injured.

Harold Lockwood, in one of his plays.

In the picture "Wildflower," with Marguerite Clark, my rôle was that of a young man with lots of money, a great love for outdoors, thoroughly carefree, and with good habits. I simply played the man naturally, easily imagining myself thoroughly enjoying the luxury of the life which the rôle portrayed. In "The River of Romance" the circumstance was that of a young man, a scion of wealth, who found it necessary to conceal his identity. He acted as a common boatman, piloting the idle rich and accepting tips for his menial services. I saw the funny side of this, imagined the feelings of a man in these circumstances, and had more fun spending hours in starting a cranky old boat than I had had for months before. I think Douglas Fairbanks must see the funny side of all his plays, because he acts so very naturally that he could not do otherwise. In producing "Under Handicap," a story of life on a cattle ranch in Arizona, I camped in a tent, took my meals at a mess table with a bunch of real cowboys, rode in the rodeo outfit, and threw myself into the

spirit of a cow-puncher's life every hour of the day for three weeks until I had so much absorbed the spirit of the story that I had begun to walk with the typical gait of a cow hand.

Several times a day, when I did not have to work before the camera, I was off riding across the hills with the round-up outfit, thoroughly enjoying every minute of the life. Under such circumstances it was a very easy thing to be natural when before the camera.

BE ORIGINAL.

TO be natural is to be original. A screen actor will never get anywhere by imitating the work of another. This might be illustrated by the example of a screen actor whose tremendous popularity has been built up on his ability to do athletic comedies of refined humor, appealing to minds of a high intelligence. After the great success of this actor, we saw two or three other companies putting their stars into athletic and smiling rôles, with the result that the public soon realized that another imitator was in the field. Imitations of this kind can only reflect on the intelligence of the actor who allows himself to be exploited in this manner, and gives more credit to the originator of the idea.

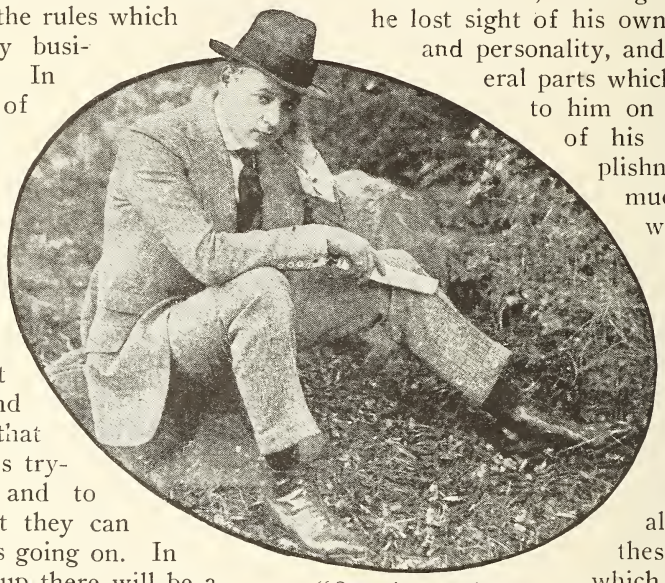
KNOW YOUR LIMITATIONS.

REALIZE your own limitations, and if you cannot do athletic feats do not attempt them, but develop your own originality. After all, it is one's personality which is the biggest factor, and one cannot display his own personality if he is imitating some one else. One cannot follow too closely what people are saying and thinking about him—that is, if he is willing to be guided by what the public thinks. Your pride will often be injured, but it will do you a world of good to get intimate expressions from picture-goers themselves. The mail which a picture player receives is usually from people who like the pictures, although very frequently real criticisms come in this manner. To get a real idea of what the people think about your pictures, visit a picture show and listen to what they say. Very early in my career, when I had just completed a film, I personally thought that the picture was pretty good. I was now willing to admit that I was a real actor. I sat in a picture show when the film was run, and heard three people in a party of four behind me take my pride down the line faster than I could have imagined such a thing could fall. After these people had raked the picture half an hour from stem to stern, the part of me which walked out in the darkness was too small to be noticed. That was a good lesson for the time being, and one which can be learned every now and then.

LEARNING BY EARLY OPPORTUNITIES.

THE beginner in motion pictures still has to be convinced that the business is not a huge joke. Even the smallest part is just as serious as that of the star, if the one who plays it has the serious intention of getting better parts later on. Only by handling every bit with study and care can an amateur film actor secure a bigger rôle. Be thorough. Perhaps you will think the director's idea is all wrong, but if he has given you a good idea of how the bit is to be played, it is up to you to follow out his instructions implicitly and obey orders. But still you can be natural in your own little way. In many pictures a very small bit has stood out nearly as prominently as the leading rôle, and the person who played that bit was remembered in the future. The majority of people make mistakes because they fail to take the first parts seriously enough. This is probably because in the early days of the film business motion pic-

tures as a whole were considered very much lower than other branches of the dramatic profession. At the present time motion pictures are nothing less than a commercial business, subjected to all the rules which apply to any business pursuit. In any group of extra actors there will be found a few who go out of their way to try to find out about the story and the effects that the director is trying to get and to learn all that they can about what is going on. In the same group there will be a bunch of loafers, scoffing at the ambition of the few, and by their actions clearly demonstrating that they will never be anything but extra actors. A beginner can never rise from the extra bench unless he shows that he is willing to do more than merely stand or walk stolidly through his atmospheric scene.



"Sometimes when preparing for a play," says Lockwood, "I go off into the woods with the manuscript and study the rôle until I feel my part."

PREVENTING UP-STAGE FEELINGS.

I HAVE noticed frequently the beginnings of what is known as "up-stage" action in several young people who have had parts in recent pictures. One boy of sixteen was chosen for a good part in a big picture because his type and personality was just the thing for the particular part required. He did not have to act in this picture. All that was required of him was to know the situation, and then be himself when he went before the camera. The boy was a success in the picture because he acted as his natural self. Then came the difficulty. The boy, at first, was slightly afflicted with the sense of his own importance, and later insufferably so. Once he got into this condition, thinking he could act, he lost sight of his own naturalness and personality, and spoiled several parts which were given to him on the strength of his first accomplishment. How much better it would have been had the boy not tried to act, but done the most he could to throw his own personality into all these parts which were given to him! He may yet be a success in motion pictures if he is taken in hand before his own conceit gets the better of him. This should be easy to guard against if the beginner will only realize at the start that no matter how many pictures he plays in he can always develop and learn, because each new rôle gives a new opportunity to develop naturalness in a different way.

KEEPING ALERT BY WATCHING REVIEWS.

IN the same group of extra players whom we mentioned above there will be some who never heard of a motion-picture trade paper and whose only ideas of motion pictures are gained from visiting picture shows. They do not know the names of the big motion-picture organizations, have no idea how pictures are marketed and released, and

have in mind only the small pay check which they will receive from their single day's work. By following the lists of picture releases which all the companies are making, gaining this information through a regular reading of the motion-picture journals, even the most amateurish of extra actors can gain a broad insight into the business as a whole and learn things they never dreamed of about the companies for which they are working.

IMPORTANCE OF STUDYING PARTS.

THE successful actor must live his story between working hours. He must be the truth character until the picture is finished. We cannot emphasize too much the importance of studying the rôle, because, unless the actor knows the character thoroughly, he cannot throw himself into the natural mood which is necessary. In making our pictures, which are mostly adaptations from novels, we have the advantage of being able to read the book as well as the scenario synopsis and finished script. Of course the book is vastly different from the working form of the script, but by reading the book we can get into the spirit of the story and be ready to live the part when the opening scenes are ready for production. This is almost ideal from the actor's standpoint. Those who work with original stories can read them over and over carefully to get the same spirit of the piece. Even the smaller actors in the production, when pictures are being made from novels, magazine stories, or serials, can very often get copies of these stories and learn something about the piece in which they are at work. Then, when they come before the director, they know something of what he is trying to get at, and can help him by starting in with a true understanding of the part. Getting into the spirit of the story is one of the most important essentials in acquiring naturalness, and the statement sometimes made by screen actors that they seldom know what the picture is about until they walk on the stage to appear in it is certainly discreditable to them. It is no wonder that directors of pictures become exasperated and profane when directing action in which the people do not know what he is trying to get at. If all the actors, from the star down to the extras, know what the story is about, a great deal of the director's troubles are eliminated.

Harold Lockwood at home, reading criticisms from the fans.

I like to feel, whenever I am

preparing to portray a character known to the world of fiction readers, that I am collaborating with the author. He has projected his thought into the imagination; it is my province and my great privilege to bring it before the eye. In other words, I crystallize and project his thought, making it a tangible thing. Sometimes, I must confess, I am rather appalled at the responsibility of my task, but there is always a certain wholesomeness about translating thought in terms of action, and the real work before the camera dispels any fears that I may have. Then, too, there is a genuine joy about doing teamwork, about doing the best that is in you, knowing that the other member of the team is putting forth his best efforts as well.

I always have a certain feeling of camaraderie with the unseen author, whose work I am helping to prepare for the screen.

There are players who disregard, to a great extent, the ideas of the author, and practically create new characters of their own. My conscience will not permit me to do that. I look upon the conception of the author as a sacred trust.

LEARNING FROM THE FANS.

THAT the photo-play star should make a thorough and continual study of the viewpoint of the individual motion-picture fan, as well as considering the verdict of the professional review of the pictures, has come to be my belief since I have developed a system of checking up the criticisms of my pictures which come from the individual fans throughout the United States and other countries where my pictures are shown. With this idea in mind, I have made a careful study of the results of my work as it appears to the average patron of the theater, thousands of whom write to the actors, in many cases giving honest criticisms, as well as merely expressing their general admiration or asking for photographs.

Many of these fans write to say that they did not like certain pictures as well as others. Some write honest criticisms of the action, the direction, the photography, and other matters concerning the picture. And all these are valued criticisms because they come straight from the public, which is the ultimate consumer in picture making, and the party to be considered.

WORK AND PLAY TOGETHER.

THE life of a photo player is such a strange mixture of work and play that it is hard to draw the line between the two. At three or four different hours of the day we may be working before the camera, and between times doing any number of different things. Many people who work in a motion-picture studio are impressed at first with the large number of waits and delays which are necessitated before the players can actually work. Learn to enjoy these waits and spend the time in learning. You may have to loaf all day and work half the night, but you will have to learn to mix your work and play so that you will enjoy one just as much as the other. The people of the motion-picture profession are giving an excellent example of getting away from the modern American tendency to rush and drive in all of their work and to overlook the necessity of recreation and mingling work with play.

There is more of the joy of life in my profession than in any other I know. It is very fortunate that I feel this way about it, and I realize that there are probably doctors, lawyers, and ministers who think their business is the best and the happiest. That is the thing—to play and be supremely happy while we work, no matter what we do.

Making a Famous Movie Actress

In which occupation every one seems to work except the actress.

By Charles Gatchell

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on the best and latest pictures, written by America's foremost dramatic authority.

By Alan Dale

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray

(Vitagraph)

IT is twenty-four years since Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's drama "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" loomed upon the theatrical horizon as a particularly daring and distinctly unusual piece of work. Critics were aghast at the audacity of the play, and spectacular indignation reigned. To-day, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is offered to the patrons of the films, and I do not believe that one solitary word of protest will be uttered. We have outgrown the smug Pecksniffianism of two decades ago.

The film interested me tremendously, for purely dramatic reasons. You see, I was "in on" all the riot and rampage of the original production. Possibly I helped it along. At any rate, this picture gave food for thought. It ran reverently along the lines of the famous play, with a few filmistic interpolations —and not too many! Thank goodness the members of the cast were not bundled in and out of motors. There was not *one* automobile during the five reels. A phonograph was introduced into the home of the *First Mrs. Tanqueray,* a lady who did not figure at all in the drama. Pinero's gripping and poignant story, of course, lost a great deal by the silence that enveloped it. *Paula Tanqueray's* splendid speeches were hinted at occasionally, but the wit and humor of the rest could not be guessed at—naturally.

At this time "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" seemed quite a placid little story, and I could not repress a smile as I remembered my own amazement of twenty-four years ago. *Tempora mutantur.* They most certainly do!

The lady with the past, who marries respectably and is later confronted with that iridescent past, will cause no shudder to-day, and picture patrons who read this will marvel that such a play could have caused irate comment.

Sir George Alexander and Miss Hilda Moore played the leading rôles in this photo play, and played them admirably. Sir George displayed methods that are rather new to the films, but the screen treated him badly. He looked too old to suggest the untrammeled sincerity of *Aubrey Tanqueray.* Miss Hilda Moore is a charming actress, who has evidently not as yet acquired the picture habit. The big scene in which she discovers that *Tanqueray's* daughter is about to marry the man who had once been her own lover was "let down." Personally, however, I like this restraint, even in pictures. Miss Moore was at least artistic and "repressed." So were all the actors in this drama.

"Durand of the Bad Lands"

(Fox)

REALLY, Mr. Dustin Farnum owns the most spectacular, picturesque, dramatic, and pyrotechnical teeth I have ever seen. They gleam through the interstices of his dramas; they aid and abet his variegated smiles with charming sympathy; they fill in gaps that the playwright can

scarcely prevent; they would reduce any heroine to a baffled condition of perpetual admiration—in fact, Mr. Farnum's dental perfection is indisputable. Any matinée idol might envy Mr. Farnum his teeth. Any dentist who has cared for them might advantageously make known his identity by advertisement or otherwise. These teeth cannot and shall not be overlooked. They worked full time in "Durand of the Bad Lands," in which the star was one of those nefarious but estimable outlaws who are "wanted" for nearly every crime on the calendar.

He holds up a party of settlers and robs them; he survives a ferocious fight against the Indians; he is as black as black can be, save for his heart, which is golden, and his teeth, which are alabaster. There is a price of two thousand dollars placed upon his head, containing these wonderful teeth, and I do not think the price excessive.

At any rate, in "Durand of the Bad Lands" he is plied with a nice sweetheart named *Molly* and three children whom he has rescued from the Indians. He smiles at *Molly;* he smiles at the children; he smiles at his accusers; always he smiles—and it is very soothing. *Durand* does all sorts of stunts, and does them well. You are even permitted to see him milking the cow and

Dustin Farnum as he appears in his latest picture, "Durand of the Bad Lands."

squirting the milk at the dear little children. Personally—and I emphasize the word—I dislike to watch the milking of cows even under the most favorable circumstances. For some reason or other, it nauseates me. Fortunately, however, I am in the minority,

Olive Thomas and Margaret Thompson in "An Even Break."

and I am sure that Mr. Farnum's many admirers will admit that he does it awfully well.

In "Durand of the Bad Lands" Mr. Farnum was a sort of piratical Chauncey Olcott, but I am glad to say that the films give their stars no opportunity to sing. Olcott sings at his children; Mr. Farnum merely smiled at them, and it was much nicer that way. On the whole, it was a good picture, and I can imagine that Farnum's adherents would appreciate it. He is a picturesque actor with magnetism *and* teeth, and his smile is all-pervading and ever-insistent and comforting.

"An Even Break"

(Triangle)

MISS OLIVE THOMAS is a very pretty girl. Everybody knows that, including Miss Olive Thomas. The films are relentless and disastrously truthful, but Miss Olive Thomas need have no fear of them. They cannot harm her or minimize her personal charms, and that fact is proved in the picture called "An Even Break," in which Miss Thomas is the star.

The story shows how a beautiful little country girl leaves home—as girls will, you know—and goes to the cruel city, where she becomes one of the most popular entertainers on the Great White Way. I say that it shows how she does this, but I am mistaken. It doesn't show us the way at all. Heroines of plays and novels have no trouble acquiring fame, and "get there" without any apparent effort. It is thus in "The Even Break." The lovely *Claire* becomes a cabaret entertainer of first quality before the average person could say "Knife!"

Naturally she is recognized by the "hero," also from the country—from that portion of the country, unnamed, which yields such a large crop of heroes, heroines, and villains. He is "infatuated," and forgets poor *Mary*, the girl he has left behind him. Later poor *Mary* appears in the metropolis, in her toory-rooral garbs, and the plot thickens. It needed thickening!

The incidents of this picture include a strike of workmen in a machine factory, the drugging of the hero by nefarious ones in order to keep him away from the aforesaid factory, and the final intervention of the lovely *Claire*. She pops the hero into an automobile, dashes through the gates of the factory, dares the men to blow them up, and saves the situation. Then she marries the hero, and poor *Mary* "prefers" another. The grapes were sour for poor *Mary*.

Such is the caliber of "An Even Break." Miss Olive Thomas certainly looked extremely sweet, but dramatically she did very little. Her specialty appeared to be gazing into space, and I must say that she gazed charmingly.

Her beautiful eyes must have been responsible for this specialty. The hero was Charles Dunn, who contributed smiles on all occasions. Such a smiler! Miss Margaret Thompson was *Claire's* rival, and here I may as well add that *Claire* had no reason in the world for fearing her.

However, "An Even Break" has average merit.

"A Kiss for Susie"

(Paramount)

THE mere title "A Kiss for Susie" suggests the picture's star. Who can receive a kiss as reluctantly as Miss Vivian Martin? What kissed girl can look as amazed, as surprised, as coy, as bashful, as saccharine, and as fawnlike as Miss Vivian Martin? Who can regard a kiss as so epoch-making, so awe-inspiring, and so "fraught with significance" as Miss Vivian Martin? Answer: nobody.

Some picture heroines are simply made to be kissed, either righteously or wickedly, and at the top of that class Miss Vivian Martin must surely be placed. To see her—in the pictures—is to kiss her. And at first she is shocked at the kiss, and then—her pretty face lights up as she discovers that it is a good thing.

In "A Kiss for Susie" she is the daughter of a bricklayer, and a very good bricklayer, too. The lad who loves her is a very rich lad, as all lads should be, but, alas, are not! In order to win her, he poses as a hodcarrier, certainly an unromantic disguise for a wooer. His mother has social aspirations for him, with Newport as a base of action, but what cares he? He loves the bricklayer's daughter. Is it not simple? It is. It is simple, but sweet.

Later *Susie* gets rich by means of a legacy, and the bricklayer's family moves into opulent quarters. Then you see sweet *Susie* "elegantly" gowned, but no happier. What are mere dollars to sweet *Susie?* The main situation in which *Susie* figures is one of finance. Seeing that dollars mean unhappiness, she plans to induce her father to invest in the stock market and to let him believe that he has lost all. This scheme succeeds in bringing the picture to its ideal end, and *Susie* marries the lad who posed as the hodcarrier.

Miss Vivian Martin worked very hard indeed, and made the most of everything allotted to her. She was sweeter than usual, if that be possible. In one scene she had to get awfully mad, and to see little Vivian flinging

A scene in "A Kiss for Susie" with Vivian Martin and Tom Forman.

the plates from the table and indulging in riotous tantrums was quite worth the price of admission.

Why *do* girls get kissed? Ask Vivian Martin.

"Souls Adrift"

(World)

YOU can always be perfectly certain that when an inventor occurs in novels, dramas, or pictures, he is there to be robbed of his ideas by a money-grubbing millionaire. This is inevitable. The poor inventor gets the worst of the deal, and is

crushed under the iron heel of capital. The hero of "Souls Adrift" was all that and a little more, because he loved the caapitalist's beautiful daughter, *Elma.* When the play opens, they are all on a yacht, and the hero is the second engineer thereof, having sought that position for—r-r-r-revenge!!! When the

"Souls Adrift" is a desert-island play. The above is taken from it, and Ethel Clayton and Milton Sills play the lead.

yacht catches fire, and they all take to the boats, *Elma* and the hero are together with some natives. And later they are alone!

The familiar and always romantic arrangement by which a man and a woman are left to their own resources on the vasty deep is once again portrayed. I am bound to say that it is always fascinating. What reader has not thrilled at such experiences in graphically written stories?

In "Souls Adrift" the incidents attending this wreck are all excellent. Later, the two are cast upon the usual uninhabited island—there must be scores of such islands designed just for dramatic purposes—and, oh, how he loves her! She is, of course, haughty and elegant even on the island, for she has been wrecked in her very best ball gown. It is of black velvet, cut very low, and with shoulder straps. It must have been made of wonderful material —millionaires always buy so well!— for it lasted for ages, and only toward the last did it develop rags and tatters. *Elma* was played by Miss Ethel Clayton, who looks extremely well in evening dress, even on an uninhabited island.

The solitude of the twain is enlivened by a couple of pearl thieves who haunt the island, and these furnish the necessary drama. *Elma's* "honor" is at stake, poor girl, and the hero struggles with the villain. There is a wonderful fight on the top of the hill and down a precipice—really, a particularly amazing fight, and all is well. *Elma* is saved, and is so grateful and appreciative that she permits him to put his lips to hers, as he had always longed to do. And there you are!

The best work in this play was done by Milton Sills—an admirable actor. He has a lean, expressive face, excellent gestures, and unbounded sincerity. Miss Clayton also did some pleasing work, and the others were John Davidson, Frank de Vernon, and Walter James.

The picture had plenty of atmosphere and considerable charm. I have never known the story of a man and a woman on a desert island to fail, and "Souls Adrift" is quite a good story of that class.

"The Food Gamblers"

(Triangle)

EVERYBODY who has writhed at the lofty price of eggs, at the exorbitant charge for onions, and the general obstacles in the way of keeping body and soul together should see "The Food Gamblers," by Robert Shirley. The food gamblers themselves should be positively forced to sit through this drama and take notes of their own iniquities. Of course it would be necessary to catch them first.

The problem is solved by Mr. Robert Shirley, who apparently believes that love is the remedy for food gambling, as it is for other evils. And perhaps he is right. If every food gambler can meet with a charming woman reporter, fall instantly in love with her, dream of her even while he is hustling eggs into cold storage, and be brought by her to see the error of his ways—well, we shall suffer no more from the high cost of living.

In this play, the head of the food gamblers meets lovely *June*—for such is her name—long before he knows who she is, and is deeply impressed. Later, when a metropolitan newspaper is exposing the methods of the speculators, *June* has an assignment to interview the gambler, and he then discovers that the charmer of whom he has dreamed is a newspaper reporter, anxious to show him up to the public.

Need I say that his regeneration starts from that very minute? To be sure it does. It starts and it rushes ahead. The picture is full of thrills and incidents. The fight between the gamblers and the press is shown very vividly, and there is a final scene in the legislature at Albany that Albany itself would marvel at. Further, there is unlimited "pathos" displayed when a starving employee of the gamblers steals a few commodities for his dying child. Also revenge, when this employee seizes the gambler, knocks him senseless, and shuts him up for days in an ice house!

However, his regeneration is complete, and he turns upon his associates and rends them—right in Albany. Never was evildoer so penitent and so thirsty to make amends. Love has conquered even food gambling, and that *must* be the remedy.

Apart from its story, however, "The Food Gamblers" is good propaganda, and is well worth seeing. Its sentiments are excellent and its moral unanswerable. Those who declare that it would be difficult to catch the gamblers, and even more difficult to find nice feminine reporters for them to love, are merely hypercritical.

Miss Elda Millar played *June* extremely well. She is a comely young woman with an admirable stage presence. I may say that I have never met any feminine reporters with such an expensive and varied wardrobe, but that, too, may be set aside as hypercriticism. Wilfred Lucas, as the main gambler, acted with his usual repressed fervor. This picture, as a photo play with a purpose, has the sex films beaten every way.

"Pay Me"

(Universal)

THOSE who crave to see the "human elements" let loose in frantic scrapping matches, ferocious encounters, rough-and-tumble

Dorothy Phillips in the special feature production, "Pay Me."

fights, and all the pugilistic luxuries that "wild, untamed mountain country" affords will find "Pay Me" very much to their liking. A few may miss the screams, shrieks, oaths, anathema, and variegated language that should be the

accompaniment of such scenes, but picture audiences will give their imaginations full scope, and hear, in their minds' ears, what the films cannot supply. The central character of "Pay Me" is an extremely wicked man, who kills his partner's wife and elopes with a girl. The girl takes with her the baby girl of the murdered woman, and then —then—years pass!

Years love to pass in stories of this ilk, don't they? And they do it so well! The notorious gentleman is now the proprietor of the sinister "Nugget Saloon," and the baby of the first part is a charming girl, who believes that he is her father. She is described as a "rare, flowerlike type sometimes found in the great wastes," and she loathes the wicked one. Of course her real father appears in due course, and the identity of the girl is revealed. If the real father had not appeared and the identity of the girl had not been revealed, "Pay Me" would have had no plot. And good, strong plots are so essential to good, strong pictures, these days!

It is a lurid picture, with the "atmosphere" that the films have popularized. Although the story, analyzed, is trite, the treatment is vivid and lively, and there are no dull moments. The "scrapping" episodes are extremely well done, and some of the groupings could not well be improved upon. As an example of effective picture making, "Pay Me" may be instanced strenuously. Miss Dorothy Phillips played the leading rôle, but I consider that the best acting was that contributed by Miss Evelyn Selbie, whose facial expressions and *re*pressions were admirable. The "make-up" of this actress was also exceedingly clever.

Lon Chaney may also be mentioned as contributory to the interest of the film, and the "wild mountain scenery" was capitally shown. We have seen a good deal of that brand of scenery in recent pictures, but "Pay Me" makes a record for itself.

"Whose Baby"

(Keystone-Triangle)

IT was Professor Henri Bergson who devoted a whole volume to the analysis of laughter. According to this worthy gentleman, the "comic" appealed principally to intelligence pure and simple. I thought of that as I tried to coax a wan smile or two at the Keystone affair called "Whose Baby?" Then I gave up the effort. The picture was to me more of a tragedy than a comedy. It seemed sad to realize that such stuff was offered for laughing purposes. It was incoherent, chaotic, and preposterously disagreeable. Its scene, laid in a girls' college, was of course the excuse for the time-honored—or dishonored—introduction of young women in dormitories and pajamas. One of these was a particularly fat maiden, and as chaste enjoyment we were permitted to gaze at her as she slid down the banisters. There was also a manicure. There was a gymnasium. The mixture of these delectable commodities was stirred into what may have been intended as a "plot."

If "Whose Baby?" was designed for "light entertainment," give me something heavy—something that contains at least the substance of humor. I can find no excuse for "low-brow" comedy such as the legitimate stage would reject instantly. It is possible to be funny and intelligent; in fact, it is not possible to be genuinely funny without being intelligent. I dislike fat women as a butt for rough-and-tumble humor.

Much might be excused if all these features were introduced for the sake of a story. There was no story that any sane person could discover. And I am no authority on the matter of insanity.

Immoderate Meekness

By B. King

A GREAT deal too much latitude is given that Beatitude
Which grants a goodly heritage to those it labels "meek."
Directors grab at this excuse and seven reelers they produce
Exploiting the misfortunes of the criminally *weak*.

The lady with the leaky lamps (unhampered by the facial cramps
That mar *our own* effectiveness when *we* give way to grief)
Depicts in close-ups long and wet, with tears as big as tears can get,
The human worm with worminess wormlike beyond belief.

She's trod upon through seven reels. She even seems to search for heels
And beg them to accommodate by twisting as they tread.
She flattens out and with the plea, "I'm helpless, come and step on me"
Bewilders and exasperates the brute to whom she's wed.

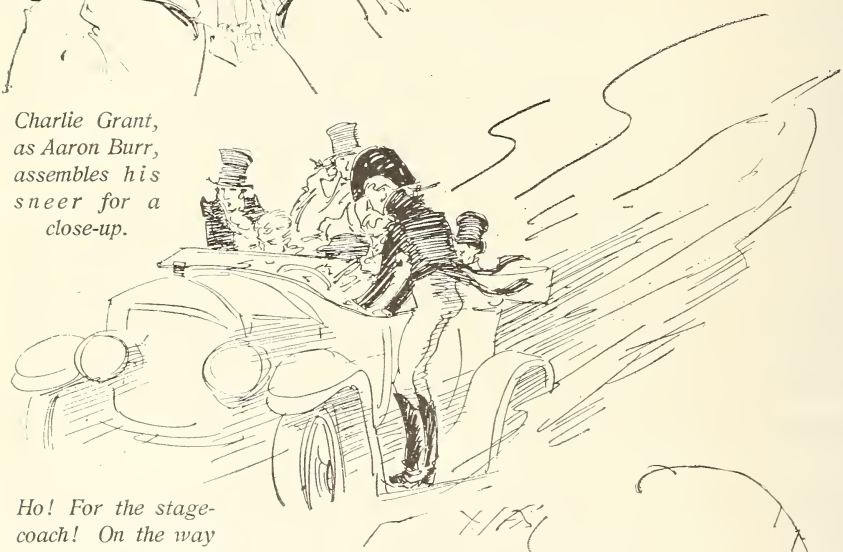
When some fool dons a crimson shirt, or with a flaming sash begirt
Goes forth to parley with a bull we say, "It serves him right."
The human male is much the same, so why should he bear all the blame
And she who waved the crimson flag be pitied for her plight?

Intemperate humility—emotional debauchery
Are not the "meekness" that 'tis said will fall heir to the earth.
Price mark yourself at thirty cents and you must bear the consequence.
The world will take for granted that you know what you are worth.

The Shooting of

By
R. L. Lambdin

Charlie Grant, as Aaron Burr, assembles his sneer for a close-up.

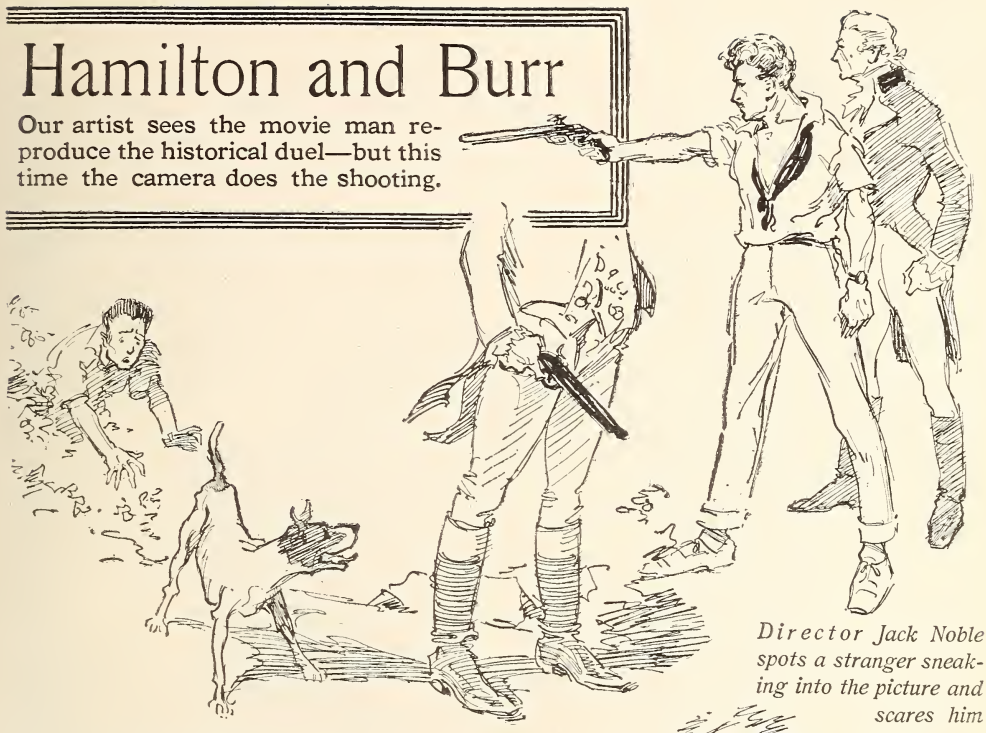


Ho! For the stage-coach! On the way to scene of the duel.

"Is that just part of the play?"

Hamilton and Burr

Our artist sees the movie man reproduce the historical duel—but this time the camera does the shooting.



A native's dog takes sides in the quarrel and almost breaks up a scene.

Director Jack Noble spots a stranger sneaking into the picture and scares him away.

The rendezvous in the Fort Lee woods where comfort and appearances are more important than the dueling weapons.

Screen Gossip

A hundred reels of the happenings in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

CLARENCE J. CAINE

READERS of the scenario department of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, conducted by Clarence J. Caine, will learn with sincere regret of the sudden death of Mr. Caine at his home in California, whither he had gone the middle of last winter in an effort to regain his health. Mr. Caine was born in Milwaukee, and early in life took up a literary career. While conducting a motion-picture department in one of the Milwaukee daily newspapers, he wrote his first scenario, and soon thereafter devoted his whole time to the preparation of film manuscripts. Some time later he moved to Chicago, where he became associate editor of *Motography*, a motion-picture trade journal, and some two years afterward joined the publicity staff of the Selig Polyscope Company. His work here attracted the attention of J. A. Berst, then general manager of the Selig Company, and Mr. Caine was promoted to the important post of film cutter and editor at the Selig factory. While there he "cut," among other productions, the famous Rex Beach picture, "The Ne'er-do-well." After a lapse of time Mr. Caine went to New York as associate editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and began his department on scenario writing, which has aided thousands of amateurs in turning out salable manuscripts. In the trade Mr. Caine was regarded as a leading authority on studio technique, and ranked among the nation's foremost writers of photo plays. Ill health compelled him to give up his associate editorship on this publication, but he continued to write his monthly department and aid his correspondents regularly till the time of his death. Mr. Caine is survived by a widowed mother, to whom we are sure the host of young writers he has helped and encouraged will extend the deepest sympathy.

It will be a difficult task to find a successor of Mr. Caine's caliber, but the department has given such valuable services to PICTURE-PLAY'S readers in the past that no effort will be spared to obtain the ablest man available.

"The Son of His Father" is the first Charlie Ray picture to go into production under Charlie's new affiliation—the Paramount Picture Corporation. It is an adaptation of the Ridgewell Cullom story, and is being staged by Director Victor Schertzinger, who used to superintend Ray's maneuvers on the Inceville lot. William S. Hart has also nearly completed his first Artcraft release, which is one of a type quite different from anything in which this favorite has been seen before. "Fritz," Mr. Hart's pinto pony, will come pretty close to hogging the picture, in the opinion of some, for the pony gets the credit for many of the heroic deeds that take place.

Charles Miller, Triangle director, who has produced any number of splendid photo dramas, his last two having been a Bessie Love subject and "The Flame of the Yukon," starring Dorothy Dalton, has resigned to accept a position as director of Norma Talmadge in Selznick pictures.

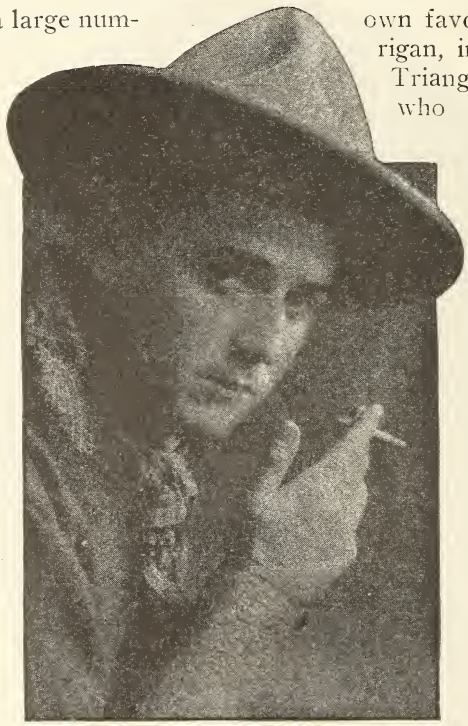
The gigantic Theda Bara picture, "Cleopatra," which required so many weeks to make, bids fair to equal any previous Fox release that has ever been staged. More than five thousand people take part in many of the scenes, and the streets of Alexandria, built on Nigger Slough (the Nile of California), were fairly alive with supernumeraries for many days. The question of transportation and food supplies for such a number of players formed a problem in itself, but one which was satisfactorily solved, and every one got to the "lot" on time, and had plenty to eat while there. All of the buildings shown in this tremendous panorama were built to scale from drawings and illustrations secured from museums in many different cities, and are guaranteed to be historically accurate. The naval battles which form a thrilling portion of the gigantic film offering were staged at Balboa Beach, approximately fifty miles from Los Angeles.

Theda Bara, whose interpretation of "Cleopatra" is sure to prove a sensation.

Speaking of Selznick calls to mind the fact that this organization has recently been reorganized, and Adolph Zukor, of Famous Players-Lasky, is now reported to be "the man behind." Selznick productions will probably be continued, but don't be surprised if you see them advertised and marketed through the Paramount outlets. In this connection mention might be made of the fact that Clara Kimball Young's own productions, now being manufactured by the "C. K. Y. Company," in which Adolph Zukor is interested, will also find an outlet through this channel. Miss Young has completed "The Marionettes" under the direction of one of screendom's foremost producers at the Thanhouser studios in New Rochelle, a part of which were rented for this purpose. Miss Young is under contract to produce eight pictures per year.

Mary Pickford, after a short rest following the completion of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," is now hard at work on "The Little Princess," under the direction of Marshall Neilan.

When the Seventh Regiment of infantry of the California National Guard, now in the Federal service, marches away to battle "somewhere in France," it will carry with it a new silk flag, the gift of the motion-picture colony of Los Angeles. The emblem was presented to Colonel Charles F. Hutchins, commander of the regiment, by Miss Dorothy Phillips, Bluebird star, in the presence of the officers of the regiment and a large number of movie folks, among whom were included directors, actors, and actresses from practically every picture camp in and about the city.



J. Warren Kerrigan has the best rôle of his career in "The Turn of a Card."

Are you a serial fan? If so, the fall season will occupy most of your nights, for a host of serial offerings are now on the screens. Vitagraph is running "The Fighting Trail," starring William Duncan and Carol Holloway—the fiction version of which is now appearing in this magazine; Pathé is putting out "The Seven Pearls," featuring Mollie King and Creighton Hale, and another Pearl White thriller; Paramount is offering "The Twisted Thread," with Kathleen Clifford; Mutual comes to bat with "The Lost Express," Helen Holmes' newest chapter play, which began on September 17th; and Universal has both "The Gray Ghost," with Priscilla Dean and Eddie Polo, and "The Red Ace," with Marie Walcamp, on the screen. In addition to all of these serials, at least three others are now in the making and will soon be ready for release, so it looks like a busy winter with every night occupied with "the next episode."

Frederick Chapin's tale of romance and adventure in the West, "The Turn of a Card," has been selected as the second starring vehicle for your own favorite, J. Warren Kerrigan, in his second Paralta-Triangle play. Those of us who have witnessed his first release, "A Man's Man," based on the story by John Stewart Webster, will find it hard to believe that any other rôle can be found to fit the player's personality more snugly, but the publicity department of Paralta stubbornly insists that Kerrigan, as a young college graduate in "The Turn of a Card," has the best rôle in his entire career to date. Speaking of Paralta-Triangle plays, Bessie Barriscale, who is working on the same lot with Mr. Kerrigan, is well along with her second vehicle. It is a screen version of Harold McGrath's sensational mystery story, "Madame Who?" the scenes of which are laid for the most part in the South during the Civil War.

"The Woman God Forgot" is the title of the next Geraldine Farrar picture—the one upon which the talented opera

star has been at work all summer, and which is to be issued as an Artcraft release. Jeanie Macpherson, who wrote "The Little American" for Mary Pickford, is responsible for the manuscript, and Cecil B. DeMille, who made "Joan the Woman," starring Farrar, is again giving the production his personal supervision. The story is a colorful and powerfully dramatic one of Aztec life, and the historically famous King Montezuma and his splendid court are strongly featured throughout. The technical problems of filming such a story have been many and laborious. For instance, one set alone depicts a tropical jungle containing a lake for waterfowl, the whole being covered and fenced with some ten thousand feet of wire netting to prevent the escape of the animals and birds.

Geraldine Farrar will soon appear in a novel Aztec story.

An issue or two ago this department mentioned the launching of a new film-making enterprise headed by John and Ralph Ince. Since that time the plans of the Ince boys have undergone a number of changes, and the newest announcement is to the effect that Ralph W. Ince is now associated with Arthur Hammerstein and Lee Shubert in a new aggregation of money, brains, and picture-producing aspirations, known as the Advanced Motion Picture Corporation. The title more than faintly hints at the aims of the company. The first production is already completed, and stars Elaine Hammerstein. Its

title is "The Corespondent," and it proves to be a screen adaptation of the drama which played the Booth Theater last season with Irene Fenwick in the part described by the title. Lucille Lee Stewart is the heroine of the second Advanced motion picture, which is "Fate's Honeymoon," based on a popular magazine novel. Many other plays are already tentatively decided upon, among them being "The Battle Cry," made by the Shuberts two seasons ago, and "The Fire in the Forest," which will feature May Thompson, who was the ingénue of "You're In Love," and who is now with "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath." Ralph Ince will have charge of the studio work on all of the pictures, while Lee Shubert and Arthur Hammerstein will look after the business end of the organization.

Nazimova has returned to the screen—and her contract says she will "stay put."

The first of the J. Stuart Blackton productions for release through Paramount is just about ready. Mr. Blackton, upon severing his connection with the Vitagraph organization, entered into an arrangement with Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky, by which he becomes an independent producer for Paramount, and will supply at least four productions per year, all promised to be on a par with such famous pictures as "The Battle Cry of Peace." Mr. Blackton believes that the writings of Sir Gilbert Parker offer a greater opportunity for picturization than almost any other fiction works of the day, through their vital, virile action, their unfailing note of sentiment and mysticism, and, above all, their high quality of that necessary attribute, imagination. The titles and approximate release dates of the Sir Gilbert Parker-J. Stuart Blackton-Paramount pictures will be announced later.

Nazimova is coming back to pictures. We all recall the triumph she scored in "War Brides," the Selznick release made by Herbert Brenon, so we can look forward with pleasure to seeing her again in the silent drama. Metro is the lucky organization to secure her, and the contract she signed calls for her appearance over a long period of time, so it is safe to say she will be seen in many productions. The first three have already been chosen, in fact, and President Rowland, of the Metro concern, announces that Maxwell Karger will personally supervise all the productions in which the famous Russian actress appears.

Fans who have missed Dustin Farnum from the screen thrilled with delight at his recent return as the hero of "The Spy," the multiple-reel Fox feature recently released. "Dusty" scores a notable triumph in his delineation of the rôle assigned him, and we are all now eagerly looking forward to the release of his next Fox production. The forthcoming pictures will offer him unusual opportunities through their

widely divergent character. Baroness D'Orcy's "Scarlet Pimpernel," as every one knows, is a costume play based on the internationally popular novel of the same title. Pimpernel is the name of a wild flower which became the symbol of a band of English aristocrats seeking to restore the French king to his throne after the revolution. Some unusually elaborate stage settings should result, and Mr. Farnum will be given wide play for his histrionic ability. Another Fox feature starring Dustin Farnum will be Maibelle Heikes Justice's "Durand of the Bad Lands," which reverts to the Western type of story in which Farnum first rose to fame. Bertrand Sinclair's "North of Fifty-three," one of the most powerful novels ever printed in the *Popular Magazine,* will be the fourth of the Farnum vehicles, and, as the name indicates, is laid amid the snow and ice of the Far Northwest. Farnum will play the part of a strong backwoods character in this picture.

Mabel Normand is at work on her first release for Goldwyn.

A whole series of Rex Beach stories in films sounds mighty interesting—doesn't it?—especially to all who have seen such corking plays as "The Barrier," "The Spoilers," and "The Ne'er-do-well." Goldwyn Pictures have completed arrangements whereby all future Rex Beach pictures will be released as Goldwyn subjects. The first one is already done, and ready for release. It is "The Auction Block," and was made under the direction of Larry Trimble.

The item above about Goldwyn calls to mind instantly the fact that Mabel Normand, who was threatened for some time with a suit for breach of contract with that organization, has settled all her difficulties, and is hard at work on the first of her Goldwyn releases. The literary work of some of America's foremost authors has been especially secured for Miss Normand, and the inimitable Mabel, who was loved by the whole world for her daring stunts in Keystone comedies, back in the old days of Chaplin, Sennett, and Mace, when all the professional fun makers of the universe seemed concentrated on the Keystone lot, will be afforded opportunities to rise to even newer and greater heights of popularity.

Seena Owen, recently starred in a Triangle production, has joined friend husband, George Walsh, at the Fox plant, and is being starred opposite him in a big production now being completed near Portland, Oregon, where the company was forced to journey to secure the sort of exteriors required by the manuscript. Included in this aggregation are several other players new to the Fox studios, among whom may be mentioned Ed. Burns, well-known cowboy of wild-West circus fame; Ed. Sedgewick, a tiny chap who tips the

scales at around the three-hundred-pound mark; Clyde Hopkins, who played juveniles at the Fine Arts studio, and such finished players as Pomeroy Cannon, Ralph Lewis, and Bert Wagner. Paul Powell is directing.

Dorothy Dalton makes the fourth of the former Ince - Triangle stars who has chosen to sever her connections with the Triangle Culver City plant and rejoin her former director general, Thomas H. Ince, who is now affiliated with Paramount. Ince now has under his banner William S. Hart, Charlie Ray, Enid Bennett, and Dorothy Dalton, valuable assets to Paramount.

Dorothy Dalton is another Triangle player who has followed Ince to Paramount.

Crane Wilbur has a new leading woman in the person of Juanita Hansen, who has been with the American, Universal, and Keystone Companies. Miss Hansen makes her début with the David Horsley Company opposite Mr. Wilbur in one of the dramas he is making for Art Dramas. As most fans will instantly recall, Miss Hansen is a statuesque blonde, who not only photographs extremely well, but possesses real ability in the delineation of difficult rôles. Perhaps her best-remembered part is that of the heroine of the serial "The Secret of the Submarine," released by Mutual. Lorrimer Johnson, is directing Crane Wilbur.

Speaking of Johnsons, did you know that Emory Johnson has announced his engagement to Ella Hall, the winsome little lady who has been starred in innumerable Universal productions ranging all the way from straight Universal subjects of short length to the longer Red Feather, Bluebird, and Butterfly feature productions? Johnson is also a Universalite, and is still appearing in "The Gray Ghost" serial now running at theaters all over the country.

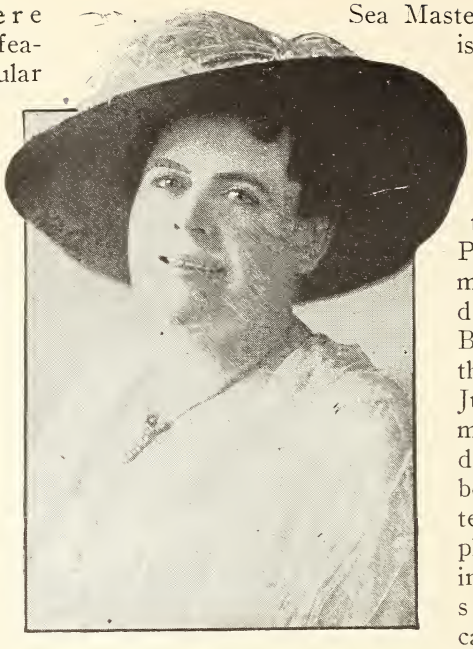
Mae Murray got herself oodles of publicity within the past month or two by her letter of congratulation to Major General Pershing upon his safe arrival in France with the first American fighting contingent. Mae's idea was looked upon with favor by the powers that be, and at least a million signatures were secured before the letter was dropped in the mail. Incidentally, Bluebird Photo Plays copped both Mae and the publicity at about the same time by coaxing her to sign a Bluebird contract calling for her services over a long period of time, and she has already nearly completed her first production under the new affiliation. If it's true that "Bluebirds stand for happiness," then it's sure that they will register doubly strong, now that Mae is to be featured in them.

Have you seen Marguerite Clark as a "Sub-Deb" in "Bab's Burglar?" Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart must have had Marguerite in mind when she wrote the story, for little Miss Clark is the seventeen-year-old schoolgirl to the life, and the way she succeeds in getting rid of her year's allowance of one thousand dollars in a month's time makes a delightfully humorous story. "Bab's Burglar" is the first of a series of five "Bab" stories which have been purchased by Paramount for Miss Clark, and her further adventures are declared to be as amusing as is the first one.

Hughie Mack, the pulchritudinous comedian known to every motion-picture fan for his work in Vitagraph during a long period of time—almost since the formation of the company, in fact—is a Vitagrapher no longer. Hughie and his expansive wardrobe made their way cross country during August, and are now to be found in and about the sacred precincts of the L-Ko studios in

Mae Marray, now a Bluebird star, who conceived the idea of the letter to Pershing.

Los Angeles, where Hughie is now the featured star of the popular comedies released through Universal. With Hughie in "Los" and "Fatty" Arbuckle in New York, the job of balancing the country seems complete—in fact, rumor has it that that was one of the inducements made Hughie to go West—the danger that with both he and Arbuckle on the Eastern edge of the country these United States might tip and slide into the Atlantic.



Marie Dressler is now busy on two-reel comedies for Goldwyn.

Marie Dressler, who has made millions laugh on the speaking stage, and whom every fan will recall in a certain Keystone comedy with Charlie Chaplin, back in the old days when Keystone "had 'em all," is at it again. This time it is under the Goldwyn banner, she having contracted to produce two-reel comedies for release at frequent intervals in connection with the longer subjects starring the other famous Goldwyn favorites. Miss Dressler formed her own company, and the aggregation of talent has been hard at work in the Fort Lee studios controlled by Goldwyn for a month or more. Miss Dressler is one of the distinctive figures of the stage who established for herself an equally important place in filmdom when she undertook work in the silent drama.

William Russell has another one of those red-blooded, crammed-with-action plays in his next release, entitled "The Sea Master." Incidentally, it is clearly perceptible to the naked eye that Bill had the time of his young life romping about the water front of San Pedro during the making of this production. One of Bill's playmates on the American "lot," Juliette Day, she who made her picture début via "The Rainbow Girl" in September, has a picnic playing pirate bold in another five-reeler soon to be issued called "Betty and the Buccaneers." The Santa Barbara studios also have just seen the completion of a Mary Miles Minter picture titled "The Call to Arms," and a Gail Kane multiple reel known as "Southern Pride." So you can readily understand things must have been humming.

Three whole acres of additional ground had to be purchased and added onto the present Metro studio on Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, before Director Fred B. Balshofer could proceed with "Paradise Garden," the production in which Harold Lockwood is now at work. This is an adaptation of George Bibb's novel of the same title and will require at least seven reels to properly present. Close estimates place the cost of filming this sensational story at not less than one hundred thousand dollars, and it is almost certain to be the most elaborate in which Harold Lockwood has ever been starred.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture-playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By Clarence J. Caine

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

PUBLICITY AND SUCCESS.

THE mistaken idea that publicity leads to success seems fixed in the minds of the majority of the struggling amateur writers, and as a result, many of them make themselves look ridiculous in their efforts to secure a place in the limelight. Their efforts are usually restricted to their home town, because they are not important enough nationally to get into a magazine which is circulated throughout the country. The editor of a paper in a small or medium-sized town is always glad to print items of interest about the people of his town, so that getting into print that way is not difficult. The difficulty arises after the person has received the publicity. The town folks look upon him or her as a supernatural being who, knowing how to write, must know all other things. Much is expected of the writer, and if sales are not reported and checks received and cashed at the town bank weekly the writer stands much chance of becoming an object of ridicule. Even if this unfortunate circumstance does not result, no good can come from the local publicity—or from national publicity, either, unless it is the just reward of worth-while work.

Success and publicity go hand in hand to a certain extent. The man who works, drives, grinds, thinks, and forces his way to success and turns out plays which are, in the parlance of the trade, "corkers," gets publicity in full measure. He is hailed as he justly should be, though a few years ago—in fact, two years ago—this was not the case, no matter how clever the writer. This kind of publicity is called legitimate and does much good for a writer. The other kind, gained on any sort of pretext and entirely empty, does the writer harm rather than good.

The logical order of things, as every writer should remember above many other things, is to gain success first and let such publicity as will come later. To reverse this condition is to take chances of spoiling an otherwise promising career in many cases. In your early days be happy if the editors know your name and your work's worth, for this is the first step toward national recognition.

A GOOD START.

One frequently hears it said about writing scripts that "a good start is like coasting downhill to the experienced author." Maybe this is correct, and maybe it isn't, for we will not discuss the matter from the trained writer's point of view at this time, but rather consider the same idea as applied to the beginner working out his scenario plots.

There is nothing that can be of greater value to a new writer when he sits down to work out a plot than to get a good start. In fact, it is everything,

for, if the selection of his main theme is poor, and his chief plot incidents hackneyed, the chances are that all his work of developing and polishing the plot and writing out the working scenario will be done in vain. The importance of exercising one's best judgment and greatest care in beginning the working out of a plot cannot be overestimated.

The new writer, of course, is handicapped by a lack of knowledge of what is old and what is new, but within six months he should know enough about current photo plays to understand what appears new to the public and what appears old. Talks with his friends also will enlighten him on plots they believe have been worked to death. Then it is simply a matter of using one's best judgment and paying the strictest attention to everything which is done. All the concentration and brain power which are exerted in getting a good start to your plot will be repaid many, many times when they turn what might have been a nonseller into a script that is readily accepted.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE CLASSICS.

Not so very long ago we repeated a statement we had made before regarding the value of studying the classics while preparing one's self for a future in the scenario-writing game. About the same time, an Eastern newspaper printed an edittorial about Shakespeare and the movies which dealt very frankly with the subject. One of our readers sent the editorial to us, which we present herewith:

MOVIE MEN BAN SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare's place is in the home on the bookshelf, or on the legitimate stage, if there are still managers intrepid enough to put him there. That the works of the poet are not for moving-picture purposes is the opinion of an overwhelming majority of exhibitors whose views on the subject were sought in a recent poll.

William Fox was the film producer who made the discovery about the movie world's idea of Shakespeare. After he secured the services of Robert B. Mantell as one of the firm stars, he naturally considered having the Shakespearean actor appear in some of his most famous rôles before the camera. But before making any definite arrangements, Mr. Fox fortunately sent a circular letter to the exhibitors throughout the country who saw the Fox pictures on their first run, asking what they thought of the idea.

Of the one hundred and two who answered, seventy-one expressed themselves as opposed to a picture series of Shakespearean plays, while thirty-one were as emphatic in their indorsement. Those who were not in favor of "Macbeth" and "Othello" as movies, took the stand they did, not that they loved Shakespeare less, but that they loved their patrons more. Society dramas of 1915, they said, and not classical costume plays, are what the movie public wants. Shakespeare should be heard and not seen, said others, their ideas being that the beauty of his verse would be lost in a picture version.

"Since you have been good enough to ask an opinion of us of the drawing power of 'Macbeth' and 'Othello,' we will state that, in our opinion, Shakespearean plays will not play with success," was the reply of the general manager of a chain of theaters in Butte, Montana. "We think," he continued, "that it is a matter of theatrical history that Shakespearean tragedies, at the present time, are not popular, and, while we appreciate that Mr. Mantell is a great actor, and a very well-known one, we do not think that even he could make Shakespeare a success in the movies."

The manager of a New York theater expressed himself as follows:

"The public does not pay to go and see Shakespeare, and it is a fact that all of the costume plays on the screen have been the poorest patronized. To my mind, Shakespeare is an author neither to be read nor played, but to be studied, and my personal observation teaches me that but few study Shakespeare. A casual reading of Shakespeare's text is dry and dreary. A study of it can alone bring out its beauty."

The manager of the Keith theaters in Providence and Pawtucket opposed the project on the following ground:

"Regardless of the spectacular, Shakespeare, unless we get the literary side, amounts to little. It is the wonderful speeches, properly rendered, that has made Shakespeare great, not the stage picture nor

the acting, and I don't believe that Shakespeare in motion pictures will ever be popular, for the reason that it cannot be—for obvious reasons—properly done."

The managing director of the Broadway Strand Theater, Detroit, thus voiced his opinion:

"I am very familiar with Robert B. Mantell's Shakespearean career, but I am of the opinion that the public want screen plays of modern times. Where the Shakespearean plays may draw a certain class, I do not believe they will draw to the masses."

Accompanying the editorial was a letter in which our reader-writer expressed some of his views regarding the subject. In part, this read as follows: "Similarly as I, you might ask, 'Are some of our scenarioists modern Shakespeares?' While the noted author's literary magnetism has drawn hundreds to lectures on his works, after they have both seen and read his plays, should not the scenario writer who draws the masses to the theaters be allowed to novelize his works so that he, too, might become more endeared to the public? At the present time, the photo-playwright has no such privilege. In fact, he is often neglected even on the screen. It is very true that not all who write scenarios have the ability to follow the course I have outlined, but there are some who are capable of such work.

"Somewhere in one of your back issues you advocated a study of the classics. Granted that we did this, what consideration or criticism would we receive from the nation-wide enthusiasts? Nevertheless, the encouragement drawn from this editorial is worthy, and I hope that the day will dawn when we will be able to come into our own. But, alas, it seems that the manufacturers continue to ignore us."

We think that the writer has the wrong viewpoint on the whole matter. While his letter suggests that he is a close student of the game, and that he is in no sense a pessimistic "kicker," we believe he has taken the matter too seriously. He feels that because the works of Shakespeare are known wherever the drama is known, that the works of the various photo-playwrights at the head of the list of successful silent dramatists should be known wherever motion pictures are known. He does not stop to realize the vast difference in the age of the old and new arts and the manner in which both are treated. The motion picture is in its infancy—to use a trite term—for it has really just begun its development. We firmly believe that the day will come when from the ranks of the photo-playwrights there will arise a modern Shakespeare who will be honored by future generations just as the famous poet of the past is now.

We all cannot be Shakespeares, and those who wish to be must go into the game determined to sacrifice all for success and then be prepared to withstand the bitter disappointment of failure. Those who feel that the public will never learn to appreciate the work of a photo-dramatist have not sufficient confidence in the work to climb to the top in it, and it is far better if they do not start at all, but rather are content to write now and then when the spirit moves them, or else give it up altogether.

The spirit which makes for success is the fighting one. It is the spirit of the man who works and struggles continually and who fights his way through all difficulties and who eventually reaches the goal for which he strives. We hope that many of our readers belong to this class, and that all are daily working on and on, ever confident that the day is coming when the world will hail them as wizards of their art.

Many may think it is but an idle dream to continue writing scenarios on this basis, but we will mention a few practical things at this point which will do away with this viewpoint. First of all, if you remember the editorial

stated that the old classics were not in great demand. That is true, and it is also a fact that the day is coming, and coming very soon, when the modern adaptation will be a rarity. When this day arrives, the manufacturer and the public will awake to a great fact—that the author of the scenario is entitled to just as much credit as the actor or the director. Then the demand for good writers will be great, and those who fill the requirements will be well rewarded. You may ask why each of you cannot gain success when the call comes, and we can only answer: "That is a matter each and every one has to decide with the future."

A practical example of the fact that it is not an impossibility to gain success as many who are discouraged believe it is, is the case of D. W. Griffith. He had ambitions and dreams, but, what was more, he was determined to reach the top of the ladder and let no obstacle interfere with his determination. His achievements speak for themselves at the present writing. Many others have done it, and all will tell you the same story if they speak straight from the shoulder—that they have themselves to thank for their climb.

We still advocate a study of the classics, and will continue to do so; for they broaden the mind. It may seem a waste of time to one who does not realize its value, or who feels that the study will not be appreciated by those who will pass judgment on the scenarios, but one's work will be certain to improve as he studies the classics, for new ideas will come to him in amazing quantities, and he will have an entirely different viewpoint.

MRS. PARSONS' BOOK.

Louella O. Parsons, formerly editor of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, is the latest to take her pen in hand and produce a book on scenario writing. It is entitled "How to Write for the Movies," and is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. It is about two hundred pages long, and is neatly bound. That its material is of the best can be judged by the fact that Mrs. Parsons was one of the most thoughtful editors in the profession before her retirement.

One of her most pointed chapters is on "Plagiarizing." In it she treats this highly important subject fully, and states the facts as they exist in a clear, concise manner. Following is part of what she says on that particular subject:

"Before we get ready to select our material, it is necessary that we have a clear understanding of what that ugly word, 'plagiarizing,' means.

"The commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' does not seem to have any effect upon some scenario writers. It is just as wicked to steal another person's idea as it is to walk into a department store and take a thousand dollars' worth of lace. The size of the theft does not lessen the crime any more than the kind of robbery can change the name to something less disagreeable.

"If you borrow a plot you have read somewhere without varying it in the least, you are a thief in the fullest sense of the word. Of course, a similarity of ideas is a frequent occurrence. When you stop to think that there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and over fifty companies producing scenarios, some of them turning out six pictures a week, it is not remarkable that occasionally two companies will get similar ideas.

"In explanation of this, a comedy director, who was also a scenario writer, was wont to say that there were only thirteen plots in the world, and I have been told that a well-known authority claims that only seven plots have been born since the creation.

"It is one of the most natural things

in the world that an idea we have read in a magazine or newspaper should suggest a scenario. If we write a photo play taken from an incident we have read about, we are not stealing, but if we take for our own use another man's story, we are plagiarizing.

"Plagiarizing is a nasty little word, and a professional writer would hate to have it applied to him. It means the death knell to the amateur, and is, therefore, to be avoided as carefully as one would the plague. There is such a thing as a writer taking a plot through ignorance of wrongdoing also, but this occurs very infrequently, and should never occur in the case of a writer who truly desires to become a professional, for he or she should study the game before beginning to write."

NOTICING LITTLE THINGS.

The wail of the beginner, and often of the experienced but not yet practical script writer, is: "If I could only live in a more dramatic atmosphere, with more interesting things happening around me, think of how many good stories I would be able to write." That mental attitude is the attitude of the person whose brain, at least the fiction part of it, has not developed to the stage where the power to observe is included among its assets. Also we fear that such a brain possesses very little imaginative powers.

It makes small difference where a person lives or how he lives, there is dramatic atmosphere in every corner of the world; in fact, there is such a wealth of it, and will continue to be such a wealth of it, that it never can be disposed of. Let us say a boy of the late 'teens, who is working in a village grocery store and living with his father, mother, and maybe a couple of other brothers, has an ambition to become a writer. He will probably let out the wail which we have mentioned above, but there really is no reason why he should. Suppose that during a slack afternoon in his store he saw a strange man anxiously walking down Main Street, and looking about as though he was deeply interested in things in general. There is a plot, or, at a least, a hunch for a plot, in that. Let's see how the country boy might work it out.

First of all he might imagine the character of an old colonel, who is trying to interest an interurban railroad in running a line through the city. The colonel could have a daughter, and, of course, there could be a young-man hero—which the clerk could pattern after himself, if he wanted to. The well-dressed gentleman could be made into an excellent villain, who would come to the city and try to buy the the colonel's land—which the railroad would have to purchase in order to pass through the town—at a price much lower than the colonel would get from the railroad. The villain, of course, would know what the colonel did not—that the railroad had desired to come through the town—and would also fall in love with the colonel's daughter. Then the young lad could prove himself a hero by learning in some way of the villain's crookedness, et cetera, exposing him, and saving the colonel from the loss he would have sustained—and winning the girl.

While this is not a brilliant plot, and it would doubtless be sat upon by the editors, if submitted seriously, it nevertheless illustrates just how a little thing could suggest to the boy who believed he had nothing dramatic in his life, something that would be really worth while. Of course, if the power of observation was lacking, and he failed to notice the wiry, suspicious, alert actions of the stranger, he would merely see a man walking down the street. Otherwise the flame of imagination would be kindled, and the working out of a story would follow.

On all sides of us there are things which are so common to us in daily life that we do not notice them, and, if they were called to our attention, we would be as unaware of their structure and composition as we would be of a matter entirely foreign to us. It is the power of observation alone which can make us see such things as can truly be said to be unusual, common, and dramatic. The power of observation can be gained only by long, constant effort. The using of it every day in many ways is the only sure method of gaining it.

SHORT SHOTS.

Be wise and learn the tricks of your trade early. It saves time.

The strongest plot is usually the one that is truest to life.

When the brain doesn't work, lay off five minutes and take a little walk. It helps.

Richard Watson Gilder once said: "What is needed in my business is ideas, allied to a conscience and good taste." Isn't that true of your business?

Do not scatter your scenarios in selling them. Send them out to carefully picked markets.

Woe to the poor writer who fails to profit by experience, no matter what that experience may be.

Great is the demand for scripts, and great is the demand for money—by the writer. Therefore, let us get together.

The author who looks upon scenario writing as a business from the very first, and who realizes he must be a business man as well as an artist is the writer who gets fame, money, and satisfaction from his work.

It is all very well for a beginner to disregard film lore when approaching the art of scenario writing, but once fundamentals of the latter are mastered it will be well for him to learn other things about motion pictures—making, selling, showing, and financing.

THE DIRECTOR SUPREME

ALL the world's a studio, where Life's films are made.
Brilliant stars are many, famous for their art;
Comedy and Tragedy side by side are played,
Extras by the thousand fain would do their part.

Waiting room is crowded. Many turned away—
Working on a war film, around the great reel goes;
"Have no vacancies just now—come some other day."
What's to-morrow's picture? Only One who knows!

Silently He watches, Director of us all,
And we do His bidding from each sun to sun;
"Ready Action! Camera!" daily comes the call!
Then . . . last scene filmed and . . . Finis! Another picture done!
Then, the last scene taken. . . . One more picture done.

RALPH GARNIER COOLE.

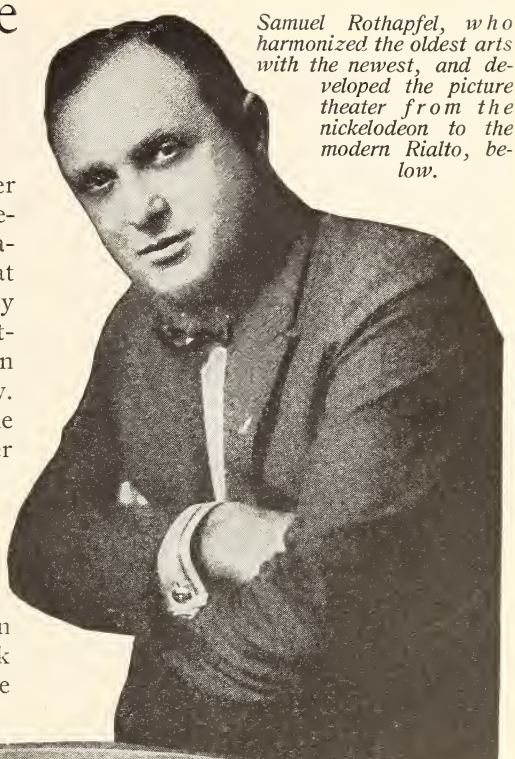
The Art's Temple

And something about the man behind the idea.

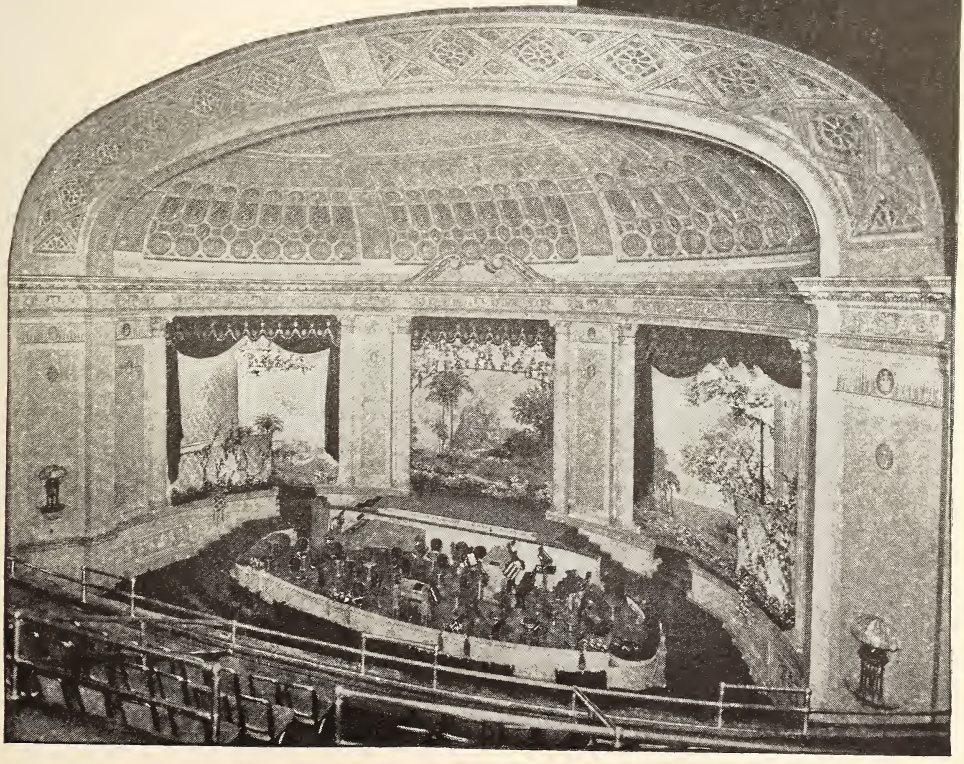
By Donald McAlpin

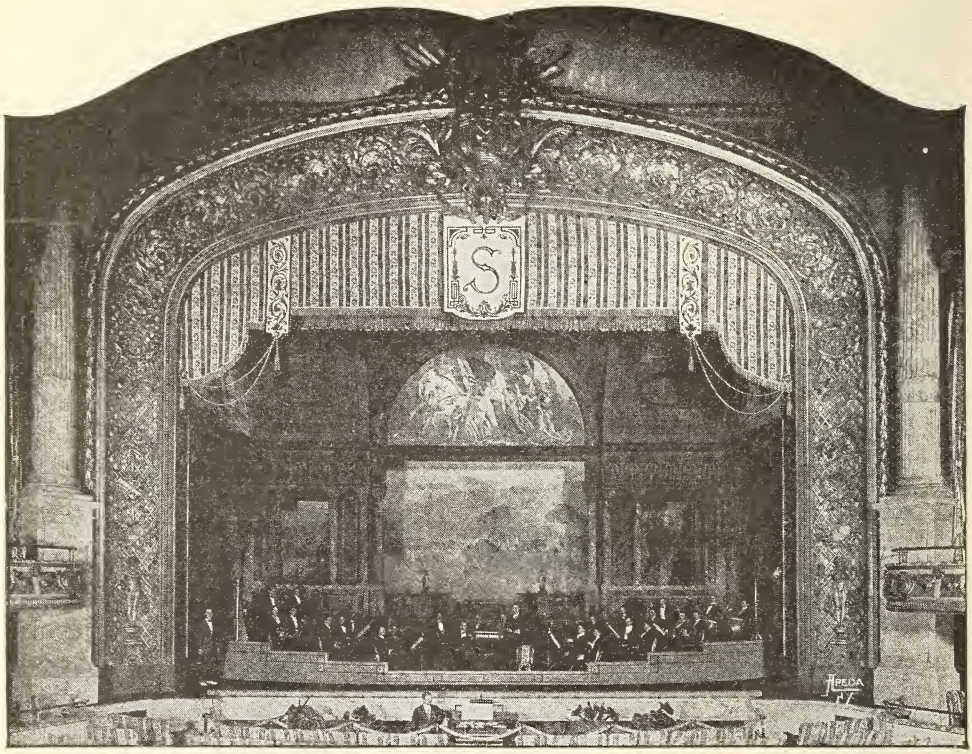
SEVERAL years ago, the manager of a Minneapolis theater presented a picture on the Elizabethan era. In order to make what he considered would be a pleasant day for his audience, he placed a stage setting around the screen, on one side an old English inn, on the other a meadow. The orchestra was ordered to leave the pit and perform on the stage in order to give the effect of being a part of the picture.

The result was not only a well-filled house for three performances and a demand for similar entertainments. A new idea had been born, an idea that was destined to leave its mark in every motion-picture theater in the



Samuel Rothapfel, who harmonized the oldest arts with the newest, and developed the picture theater from the nickelodeon to the modern Rialto, below.





Orchestra and screen of the New York Strand, the scene of Rothapfel's first Broadway success.

world. That manager was S. L. Rothapfel, now in charge of the Rialto Theater in New York. His idea, conceived in the Middle West, has been brought East and given a cornerstone in two most magnificent playhouses for pictures in America, the Strand and the Rialto. The former was his first house, and his ideas still control its management.

The Rialto is located at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, in the heart of the theatrical section.

This "temple of pictures and allied arts," as it is styled, was opened fifteen months ago. Since that opening day it has been constantly in the spotlight. The idea of combining music and colors to fit the pictures caught and enthused many managers at once, and now the day of appropriate musical interpretation may be said to have really arrived.

The manager of the Rialto was besieged with letters and calls from all over the country as soon as the theater started. Foreign newspapers commented favorably upon it all through that summer of 1916. And the idea grew.

On July 4th last, Mr. Rothapfel opened the Strand Theater in New Orleans for Manager Nonelins, of the Sanger Company. This is now the most magnificent theater in the South, and represents the last of three calls that the enterprising Rialto manager has answered in person. The other two resulted in the opening of the Stillman Theater in Cleveland, and the Circle Theater in Indianapolis.

One foreign paper has declared that the new movement "will convert the motion-picture theater into a beautiful drawing-room." Others say that it is "the latest word in balanced entertain-

ment." And why not? The effect is restful, soothing, and at the same time educational to both ear and eye. It is entertaining and instructive because it is based on good plays, standard symphony music, and balanced color interpretations.

When Manager Rothapfel had his Minneapolis orchestra placed on the stage, in close harmony with the picture, he revolutionized theatrical architecture. To-day the "pit" is fast disappearing. Especially on the Pacific coast, managers have taken up the movement and built new houses on the Rialto pattern. Even in the little "one-day" theaters, where the time-honored four-piece orchestra still holds sway, effort is successfully made to interpret the pictures in music. And thus the idea has reached every picture house.

From the exterior the theater is more attractive than that of any legitimate playhouse in New York. In the entrance there is a tastefully decorated foyer and comfortable mezzanine. The latter boasts of writing desks, drinking water, and even lounges. Here, as in the auditorium itself, the decoration is pleasing to the eye, with elegant workmanship, not too full of unnecessary detail.

There are no useless boxes, the best seats being in the one balcony. The screen is set in the rear of a half dome and colonnade just above the forty-piece orchestra. The curtains between the pillars of the colonnade, and the walls and ceiling of the auditorium, are finished in shades that blend and change as the different lights are cast upon them by lamps hidden from the audience.

There is no stage. The orchestra takes up most of the space behind the lines where the footlights are found in regular theaters. There is a small platform by the stately colonnade, just underneath the screen, which accommodates the soloists and speakers that are always found on a Rialto "movie" program. At the sides of the "stage space" the curtains of the colonnade are raised during the performance and electrical scenic effects shown.

Most of the large film corporations carry their own musicians on their pay rolls, who either write or adapt incidental music to each production. When the film is sent to the theater, the conductor of the orchestra receives a cue sheet as a guide to the music. In some cases, as at the Rialto, the musicians arrange their own music.

The color scheme either blends with the picture or musical number, or exposes hues and tints that tone down the black and white of the screen. The flaming shield in the ceiling, which turns to a red and gold when the stirring strains of the "Soldiers' Chorus" are-played, can also become a soft purple or blue during a rendition of the "Angelus," or a weird, glistening gray when Gregg's "Elves" prepare to revel the night hours away.

There will be many great dramas and musical works written in the near future, for America is to have a "literature and arts of its own." Certainly there must be appropriate places where the public can see and hear them. What of the immense supply of standard ancient works? The Americans are not worshipers of the past; they will pick only the gems of that past, study and profit by them, and then march on, witnessing plays and scenes dealing with modern questions. The Arts Temple has superseded the ancient and honorable amphitheater!

Ann Turns Two Pennies

WHEN the Tired Business Man wearily tells you that he is working night and day, you generally take the remark with a grain of saline seasoning. However, if little Ann Pennington should ever tell you that story, you need not even blink an understanding eyelid, for it is gospel truth! A cross-section of her daily life would make the activities of the great generals at the front sound like a picnic.

For in addition to being a motion-picture star, Miss Pennington flits before the footlights in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic" with an aplomb and abandon that have made her famous even before she joined the Famous Players. Dancing at night in the "Frolic" and acting before the camera for Paramount Pictures are two separate and distinct occupations either of which would look like a man-sized job to the average person. But despite her diminutive stature, little Ann Pennington fills both jobs and seems to thrive on work. Incidentally, of course, she draws two salaries.

There are three sides to the life of Miss Pennington, and two of them reward her with cash. She is the petite ingénue; the feature of the Midnight Frolic; and (in the quadrangle) the outdoor girl.

But even Ann, the indefatigable, sighs for a respite at times, and she hikes through the Long Island fields in boy-scout costume.

The Fighting Trail

Written from the thirty-two reel Vitagraph serial motion picture of the same title by Cyrus Townsend Brady and J. Stewart Blackton.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Balterman, a financial power, is the head of a corporation of influential New Yorkers who control a new invention—the greatest explosive yet discovered. One of the main ingredients of this explosive is noxite, a rare mineral. All the noxite mines known have been exhausted or cut off from reach by the war, except one controlled by a young but enterprising American, John Gwyn. Balterman agrees to pay Gwyn a bonus of two million dollars and the market price for all the noxite he can supply. Gwyn sets out for the mine, which is located in the town of Lost Mine, near Barstow, in southern California. He is followed by Karl von Bleck, head of an international spy system connected with the intelligence department of the Central Powers. Von Bleck's aim is to keep the Balterman organization from procuring the noxite, so that it cannot supply the United States with the explosive. In Lost Mine Gwyn meets Don Carlos Ybarra, owner of the mine, and falls in love with his supposed daughter, Nan. Yaqui Joe, an old Indian, is also a member of the Ybarra household. He has been a servant for Don Carlos for many years. At night Von Bleck, with two half-breed outlaws, Pomona Rawls and "Shoestring" Brant, whose aid he has enlisted, attempt to take possession of some cases of noxite which are stored in a cave near the cabin. Ybarra, however, gets them safely into the house through an underground passage which leads from the kitchen to the cave. A fight ensues, and Ybarra is fatally wounded. Von Bleck and his men rummage through a chest and take out some papers. Yaqui Joe finds, in a double side of the chest, other papers like those taken by Von Bleck. He gives them to Ybarra. Von Bleck and his men flee, and Yaqui Joe goes to follow them. Gwyn and Nan, leaning over Ybarra, hear his astounding last words: "Nan, I am not your father. Read this. It will explain." Ybarra pushes the yellow papers into her hand and falls backward, dead.

CHATER VI.

NAN and Gwyn gazed at each other for a moment with a look filled half with uncomprehensive mystery, half with amazement. Ybarra's parting confession had so shocked and astounded her that she could find no words to voice her feelings. Gwyn, in the short time that he had known her, had naturally enough not learned the secrets of her heart. Moreover, the tense excitement had remained at such a high pitch ever since he had met her that he had not been able to study the girl. He could see, of course, that the revelation made by Ybarra as he was dying had thoroughly upset Nan, but, as he had not learned exactly in what light she had looked upon her supposed father, he deemed it wisest not to speak until he knew her sentiments. The two looked down again at the manuscript before them. Gwyn held in his hand the second envelope, while they read:

DEARLY BELOVED NAN: You will not read this until I have passed beyond either your blame or your approval. Although, as you will find, I am not your father, I have tried to take his place, for I loved you as my own, both for my own sake and because I loved your mother.

I swear to you on the honor of the De Cordobas—for that is my name by birth—that I shall set nothing down but the truth. Read what follows, and pass upon it with your own judgment. Your mother, before you, has forgiven me. I pray God you shall do likewise.

Years ago the death of my father placed me in possession of vast estates in Chihuahua, in Mexico. The main estate was comprised chiefly of farm land from which I derived a large income. Among my most devoted servants was one whom you know, an Indian—Yaqui Joe. He was at that time, and afterward, a most loyal associate.

While I was living on my estate there came to me one day an American, a Southerner, named George Wythe, who was seeking investment. He bore a letter from a friend of mine, asking me to advise him. With him was only one person, his daughter Frances, a very beautiful girl of twenty years. Should you be curious as to her features, you have but to look in the mirror. Upon my invitation, Wythe and his daughter decided to remain at my home until they should be ready to return to the States. I was enthralled by the beauty and charm of Wythe's daughter.

My devotion grew each time I spoke with her, until I admitted that I loved her and was joyous when she told me that the love was returned.

At about this time a New York friend of mine, James Lawton, came on a visit. He was a rather wild youth whom I had not seen for some years, and was on a visit to Mexico. He decided also to stay with me. It was but a very short time before he let it be openly known that he, too, was in love with Frances. I paid little attention, however, feeling sure that my suit was safe.

One evening, about a month after Lawton's arrival, he learned that Wythe's passion was gambling, and engaged him in a game of cards, at high stakes. I merely watched; I never gambled. The game was long and disastrous to Wythe. He lost all of the money which he had brought with him to invest. Frances was worried, and begged me to stop the game, but I was the host and could merely suggest. My suggestions gained me but insults from both players. Both Frances and I left the room.

When I returned, some time later, I was astounded. The words that reached my ears, as I entered the room, struck as a mighty blow. I could scarcely believe they were true. Wythe was desperate. He had lost everything. Years of saving, hope of investment and a bright future, prospects of comfort in late years—all had vanished in a single evening. The crafty Lawton had made a daring proposition. He had offered to stake all that he had won—the thousands that had belonged to Wythe and that meant almost life itself to him—against permission to wed his daughter. The Southerner was indignant. He was insulted, as, indeed, he had a right to be. But Lawton was clever, and he was smooth. He convinced Wythe that he loved his daughter and wished to marry her for that reason alone. I entered the room just in time to hear my friend say: "All that I have won against your daughter in marriage—and on one cast of the dice!" I held up my hand. "Just a moment, gentlemen," I said. "If your daughter is for sale, Mr. Wythe, I shall buy her." Lawton sneered. Wythe reddened. To a gentleman of his bearing the situation was past embarrassment. It would have appeared most utterly absurd had it not been so treacherously serious. It took fifteen minutes for them to attempt an explanation to me. I demanded, as host, to be permitted to play with them. They could not refuse. Lawton counted what he had won, and I put up an equal amount. Wythe squirmed like a dying snake as he looked at the money and thought of his stake. We played—one cast of the dice for each man. Lawton won!

The scene that followed was one to shudder at. In a civilized country, at a rich estate, it seemed too ridiculous for belief. Yet it was true, and its absurdity made it the more sorrowful. Lawton, having won everything, made an offer. To this day I do not know whether it was a selfish or generous motive that incited it. He said he would return his monetary winnings if Wythe would induce Frances to consent to marry him. We all left the room.

Frances was on the veranda, crying. I was the first to reach her, but I said nothing of the game. When I attempted to approach her, however, she spurned me. I learned later that she had heard my offer to "buy" her, and had not waited for the explanation. I naturally was despicable in her eyes.

Wythe took her upstairs and pleaded with her. He told her that it was his desire that she agree to marry Lawton in order that a vast sum of money which he had lost gambling would be returned. If she refused, he said, they would both be driven to poverty and their lives ruined. She refused at first, but he pleaded and begged until she agreed. He did not tell her that she as well as money had been gambled for. He was too proud for that.

Frances was married to Lawton and shortly afterward Wythe died. I gave Lawton a half interest in my estate in order to keep them near me, for my love for his wife was still existent. Some time later I decided to investigate some land grants in California which had been left to me, but which I had never investigated. I confided in Lawton that there was a tradition in my family that there was a valuable mine on the property. We left the estate in the care of Yaqui Joe and set out for California. By means of some old maps and papers we located an old noxite mine which had been lost for one hundred and fifty years. We drew a chart showing the location of the mine, and divided it into two parts, each useless without the other. We each took one part. Then I returned to my home to raise money for the reopening of the mine, while Lawton remained to attend to the preliminary details. I left with him all the money I had with me, to cover the first expense of the undertaking.

When I returned I brought Joe with me. He confided, on the way, that Frances cried continually with Lawton. She did not love him. Upon arriving again at Lost Mine, I learned that Lawton had taken no steps. He confessed that he had lost all the money

gambling. I was disgusted with him, and insisted that we return to Chihuahua. I refused to let him drink, on the way, and he became enraged. Then he told me that Frances would have nothing to do with me because, I quote his own words: "I told her you offered to buy her because you didn't care to marry her—and she believed me." His statement infuriated me. My Spanish blood, cooled through generations, was suddenly boiling within me. It was a matter of honor. I challenged him to a duel with knives, and we fought, I know not how long, on the brink of a precipice. We struggled like maniacs; I do not remember all, but I do know that I was suddenly horrified as I realized that we were hurtling through space. We had rolled over the edge and were falling into the valley below! Lawton was killed by that fall. Through some miracle—nothing short of a miracle—I was saved. Joe revived me from unconsciousness, and that night we buried Lawton within a few feet of the scene of the struggle. Just as we finished covering over the body, Joe heard something moving in the bushes behind us. He hurried to the spot, and found nothing. A moment later we were startled by the sound of hoof beats going down the trail. I was haunted by the thought that perhaps some one had seen us, but in time managed to drive it from my mind. When we reached home Frances asked for her husband. I could not tell her the truth, but, when I was not near, Joe told her all. He also told her the reason, which vindicated me in her eyes and brought me back her respect. She understood, thank God; and she forgave me! That night you were born, and your mother died. With her last words she begged me to care for you and bring you up to be happy.

"James Lawton, a rather wild youth whom I had not seen in years, came to visit me. He, too, fell in love with Frances."

Very soon after your mother's death I received a visit from two men whom I had never known. They were a degraded-looking pair, their attire rough, and their faces scarred from a hard life in the hills. They spoke well, however, which surprised me; they must have been fairly well educated, and, I judged, had sunk to degradation in their early manhood. Their origin was unmistakable; both were unfathered half-breeds, the offspring of those unions made when the pioneers invaded the West in their first search for gold. Their names you have heard since. They were Brant and Rawls. They were the men who had seen us bury Lawton, and, as a reward had been offered by the authorities for the conviction of the murderer, they claimed blackmail, which I was forced to pay. They continued their demands for money until I could meet them no longer, and fled secretly to this little abode in the hills, bringing only you and Joe with me. We dug the shaft which leads to the mine, and developed it only enough to yield a living. It is as rich to-day as if it had never been touched. And it is yours when you read this, for I shall have passed away. One-half of the chart is in an envelope that lies near this. The other half, which we took from Lawton's body, is in the main part of the chest. Together they will serve to locate the mine. Alone, neither can help. But Yaqui Joe can also take you there. He is the only one alive, after I pass away, who knows the location. That is all.

Your mother knew this story up to the point of her death. She forgave me. Can you, Nan, dear daughter of my heart, if not of my body? I ask you, Nan, though I can never hear your answer. I may only live and die in hope.

Don Carlos Ybarra de Cordoba.

Gwyn looked up from the manuscript

"The game was long and disastrous to Wythe. Frances was worried and begged that he stop playing."

as he finished reading. He saw that Nan's eyes were filled with tears, but she brushed them away and forced a smile. Gwyn gazed at her, almost mechanically opening the other envelope as he did so. From it he drew a folded sheet of paper as old and yellow and brittle from age as the envelope which had inclosed it. Carefully, so as not to tear it, he unfolded the sheet, until there lay spread open on his lap the chart. All of the lines and writing that seemed to lead to one side stopped abruptly as they came to the edge of the paper. It was plain that, as Don Carlos had stated in his letter, it was but a half of the map.

"This is what they wanted," Gwyn said thoughtfully. "It is the chart. They must have learned of its existence in some way."

"Yes," replied Nan, "and they must have gotten the other half. Do you remember when Joe ran to the chest after they had left, he shouted: 'They got it, but not all?' He meant the chart. They got a half. This is the rest. He went out to find their trail. He should be back by now. Do you suppose that anything could have happened to him? If they ever get him and make him tell——" Her face grew suddenly pale at the thought of what they would do to the Indian. She could not finish the sentence. Her voice dwindled down until it was almost inaudible. Gwyn was suddenly aroused.

"Lord!" he gasped. "Do you suppose they could have caught him? Nan, girl, you don't know what it means to me to have this information kept a secret. To me alone it means two million dollars and more in cold cash. And that is as nothing to what it means to the nation. You don't know—and if you did know you couldn't understand, because your mind isn't broad enough, and neither is mine—the part

that this little piece of ground tucked away in this secluded part of the Sierras can play in our great war with the Central Powers! This little battle which we are waging with those three outlaws—this insignificant little scrimmage that cost Don Carlos' life—is greater, mightier, and more important by a hundred times than a dozen Battles of the Somme! This chart—that mine—Von Bleck, they may win or lose a country. I am going myself to get that chart! We can't trust Joe or any one else to such a task!"

Gwyn rushed from the room and out through the door. Nan stood, as if dazed. The dawn was beginning to cast a thin, gray light in the sky, and shone as a mist through the tops of the trees. Around the hut, and in the thick stretch of trees, it still was dark. As Gwyn threw himself upon a horse, ready saddled, and prepared to ride out to the trail, Nan rushed from the hacienda and mounted another. They did not speak a word, but clattered off toward the trail at top speed. Even the horses under them seemed impressed with the weighty importance of their sudden journey. Gwyn and Nan, at least, understood the gravity of their mission. They knew that no matter what happened, even if it meant death for some one, almost for any one, Von Bleck and his associates must not receive the information upon which value, either in lives or in dollars, could not be placed.

CHAPTER VII.

Dusk was beginning to unfold its thin, blue veil over the solemn peaks of the Sierras. The shadowy outlines of the treetops stretching hazily away over the mountains looked like a thousand tombstones in the growing darkness. The thick silence about the little house that had been Don Carlos' home seemed to emphasize the vastness and solitude of the hills. It was just fourteen hours. From the windows of the hacienda the low, flickering, nervous rays of candle light cast their yellow brightness into the darkness. Inside, lounging comfortably in the living room, were three men, conversing seriously in low, scarcely inaudible voices. They were Karl von Bleck, Shoestring Brant, and Pomona Rawls. Von Bleck was leaning forward in his chair, a worried, unnatural expression on his countenance. Brant was talking, and, as he spoke, he mopped the perspiration from his forehead with a filthy handkerchief. It was evident that he had entered but a moment before, and his excited tones as words fairly tumbled from his lips denoted that he was reporting news of weighty importance. Brant's eyes were fixed upon Von Bleck.

"After you and Rawls left me on the trail with that crazy Indian Joe tied to the tree, while you two came back to look for the other half of the chart, I tried to make him tell where it was. I half killed him, but he wouldn't say a word. All of a sudden I heard a shot. The bullet from it missed me, but not by much. I looked around, and across the trail were the New Yorker and the girl. They were riding toward me as fast as they could. When they got around to me I fired, but missed. The Easterner closed in on me, and we fought. Did we fight—God, look at me!"

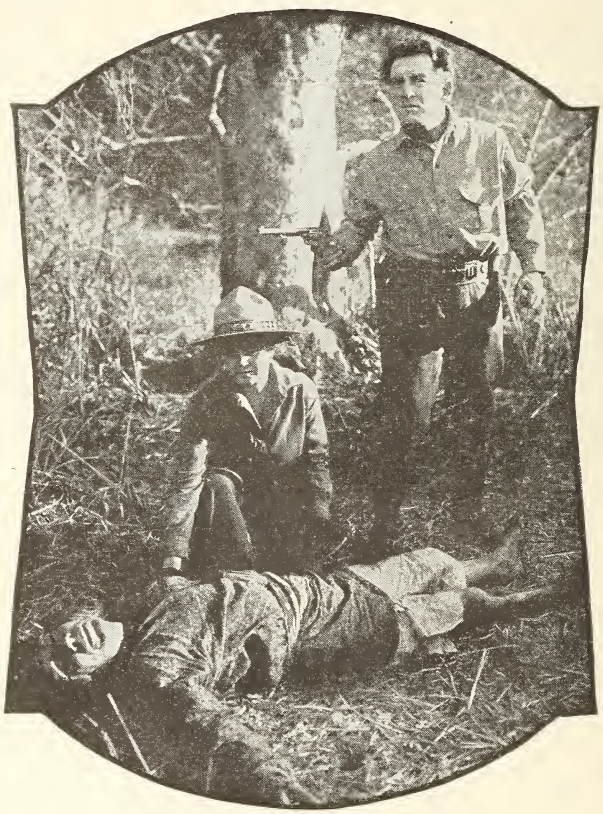
"Where's the Indian now?" Von Bleck demanded.

"Well," continued Brant, "after we'd been tearing each other for——"

"Where's the Indian?" Von Bleck fairly shouted. "I don't care a hang how long you fought, I want to know where the Indian is. We didn't find the chart here, and he knows where it is. That's all I care about. Where is he?"

"He's dead!" Brant muttered curtly. "I was going to tell you that, when I

shot at Gwyn, after he cut Joe loose, the Indian ran in front and got the lead. He fell dead at my feet. I didn't want to shoot him, he was too valuable, but I couldn't help it. Then I ran for my horse and beat it here. I don't know what happened to Gwyn and the girl. I could see them, as I rode around the other side of the cañon, and they were burying the Indian under some stones in a crevice in the rocks. I don't doubt but they'll come here as soon as they can. If they have the other half of the chart, they want our half as much as we want theirs. Yaqui Joe didn't have time to tell them where the mine was, if he knew, before he died, I know that much."



"When I shot at Gwyn," Brant muttered, "the Indian ran in front and got the lead. I didn't want to shoot him—he was too valuable—but I couldn't help it."

Von Bleck sat mutely in his chair. He said not a word while Brant made the explanation, but his heavy brows were drawn close together in a frown that signified that he was anything but pleased. This sort of combat was in accordance with neither his custom nor his liking. Within twenty-four hours he seen two men killed in an effort to accomplish something which still remained undone. All had been for the reason that he desired a certain scrap of paper. And it had not been obtained. He could not even tell positively, even now that two lives had been sacrificed, where that paper was or in whose possession. It was preposterous. Also it was outrageous—a reflection upon his reputation. A hundred times before had he sought papers—important papers; papers that might have changed history had he not secured them. Always he had accomplished his aim; but never had so much as a drop of blood been lost. Von Bleck, master spy that he was, had been in the habit of fighting with his brains, not his fists, and this sudden turn of events made his mind stagger. He glared for a moment at Brant, then at Rawls. Their immobile features, their glowering, conscienceless faces made him shudder. Yet he needed these men, and he was fighting in their territory. He would have to fight in their way, with their weapons.

Suddenly, as Von Bleck was peering through the half light at his two companions the three men started to

their feet with a jump. Outside, in the distance, could be plainly heard hoofbeats of two horses. They were approaching the hut at a gallop, but they were still perhaps a quarter of a mile away. Von Bleck and Brant looked at each other; in the minds of all was a single thought, Gwyn and Nan were returning, possibly with assistance, to get the chart. It was impossible to tell, from the sound of the approaching horses, how many of them there were. The three in the cabin knew that they would be caught if they did not act immediately. They would have to think quick, and move quicker. Brant was the first to awaken to the situation. He ran into the kitchen and returned a moment later with a can of kerosene oil. Von Bleck watched him almost with dread as he poured the fluid over the floor and furniture, and then went into an adjoining room to which the body of Cordoba had been removed, to sprinkle the oil about in there. His motive was obvious—he intended to burn the hacienda to the ground. Although Von Bleck and Rawls knew this much, they did not read all of Brant's dastardly thoughts. When he had poured the kerosene profusely about and emptied the can, he lit it with a candle which had been serving as an illumination. Then, with a wave of his hand, he motioned toward the kitchen. Von Bleck and Rawls followed him out.

The hoofbeats by this time had grown louder and more distinct. Just as Brant drew the bolt of the door that separated the living room from the kitchen, they stopped suddenly. In another moment the living-room door swung open and Gwyn rushed in, closely followed by Nan. They were alone. A glance at the flames, which were now leaping high, and the odor of the kerosene revealed the truth to them immediately. Gwyn, shouting over his shoulder to Nan, rushed toward the door. He turned the knob and pulled. Then, his face ghastly white in the light of the flickering fire, he turned to Nan.

"It's locked!" he exclaimed, his voice choking, as if he feared to utter the words. "They have been here and started the fire—and they have locked us in. It's a trick. We can't get out!"

Gwyn's words were the truth. Von Bleck, Rawls, and Brant had bolted the kitchen door after they had gone through it. They had run outside by the rear entrance as Nan and Gwyn had entered, and locked the door through which they had come from the outside. The windows of the hacienda were barred with stout iron embedded in the sill. This had been a precaution taken by Cordoba when he had flown to the house from Chihuahua. Nan and Gwyn were prisoners in the burning building. Already the heavy smoke caused by the burning oil was filling the little living room. They could feel it filling their throats and lungs. Suddenly Nan was racing frantically about the room, beating the flames with a rug, and while Gwyn was vainly attempting to bend the window bars apart, the leering, hard countenance of Von Bleck stared at him from the outside. In the rakish glare of the fire as it shone through the panes, it looked hideous. Von Bleck broke the glass with his fist.

"You might as well give in," he announced coldly. "You can't get out until the side burns away, and you'll suffocate before then. All we want is the chart—the half you have—and we'll open the door and be your friends. What do you say?"

"All I can say," replied Gwyn, "is that if you want this map you'd better find a more practical way to obtain it. It is in my pocket, and it will stay there—if it burns. And then it will be more impossible for you to get it then than it

He had tried to sleep on a cot in the corner of the filthy room, but slumber would not come to rest his conscience.

ever was." He turned and left the window.

Von Bleck's face remained at the window for perhaps a minute longer, and then disappeared. The agent of the Central Powers realized that what Gwyn had said was true. If he burned to death in the flames, the chart would burn as well, and finding the lost mine would then be a hopeless task. He turned to his companions to voice his fears, and found them worrying over the fact that Nan might be wrenched from their clutches by the blaze.

Meanwhile, Nan had thought of a plan. Taking Gwyn by the arm and glancing out of the window to assure herself that Von Bleck or his companions were not watching, she led him to the trapdoor through which Cordoba had brought the cases of noxite from the cave. With nervous haste, made even quicker by the fact that the room was filled with smoke, almost to the point of suffocation, they opened the door in the floor. Gwyn helped Nan through the opening, and then lowered himself from view, closing the door after him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Von Bleck raised his head from his hands and gazed meditatively through the open door. For hours, it seemed, he had been sitting before the hard board table in the mountain abode of Brant and Pomona Rawls, with his head resting in his open palm. He had been staring blankly at the rough wood that served as a table top, and his fingers had drummed nervously against his forehead. Before him stood a half-empty whisky bottle and a small glass. His brow was wrinkled in a frown and damp with perspiration. Plainly it was a case of conscience, though Von Bleck would never have admitted it even to himself. He could not have denied, however, that the reason he had not been able to sleep the previous night, and also the cause of his refusal to accompany his two colleagues when they

had left early to try to find, with the meager aid of their half of the chart, the noxite mine, was that he was battling with himself over the supposed death of Nan and Gwyn.

He had tried to sleep on a cot in the corner of the filthy room, but slumber would not come to rest his conscience. Finally he had risen and gone to the table, after Rawls and Brant had left.

Now, as he raised his head and a breath of cool air swept through the door, he braced himself. He arose, brushed back his ruffled black hair, and strode out to the trail. He would walk, he decided, until he threw, by main force, the haunting thoughts of Nan and Gwyn from his mind.

For nearly half an hour he wandered aimlessly down the trail, without raising his eyes. Suddenly he started at the sound of a voice. He looked up and glared with an expression mingled with fear and astonishment. Not fifteen feet away, seated upon two horses, were the two he had thought dead—burned to death in the hacienda of Don Carlos de Cordoba! His first impulse was to turn and run, but the futility of that occurred to him almost as quickly as the thought. He forced a smile and regained his bearing. In a moment he was again the cool, calculating, wary Von Bleck that had borne successfully the responsibility of the Central Powers upon his shoulders.

Gwyn dismounted and approached him.

"I'll trouble you to come with me," he said calmly. "I could cause your immediate arrest and conviction on the charge of attempted murder, but I have better use for you."

Von Bleck made no reply. He turned and followed quietly as Gwyn again mounted and rode slowly along the trail in the direction from which he had just come. Nan walked her horse behind, so that the agent of the Central Powers was between her and Gwyn.

For several minutes they traveled thus, until Gwyn finally drew to a halt beside a clearing. A barn, dilapidated and dirty, stood a few feet in from the road. Into this Gwyn led Nan and Von Bleck. There were no signs of life about the place, and an old box, standing on end, was its only furnishing. Gwyn moved it to the side of a post that ran to the roof and motioned to Von Bleck to sit on it. Then, without speaking a word, he proceeded to tie his captive to the post with a rope he had taken from his saddle. Then, with the muzzle of his revolver, he made a tourniquet of a piece of the rope and drew it tighter and tighter about Von Bleck's head until the latter winced with pain.

"There will be no bushbeating," announced Gwyn firmly. "Tell me where the other half of the chart is. You are a sensible enough person, Von Bleck, to know when you are beaten. You have the country and the law against you. You can't go on acting like a cheap outlaw and keep on getting away with it. The cards are against you, and you might as well give in. Where is the other part of the map?"

Von Bleck did realize that he was beaten. There was no alternative. If he refused to speak, Gwyn could and probably would cause his immediate arrest.

"Pomona Rawls has it," he said slowly. "He will be at the hotel in Lost Mine some time to-day. I was to meet him there."

Gwyn smiled as Von Bleck spoke. He could see from the defeated look upon the Central Powers' agent's face that he was telling the truth. Taking the coveted half of the chart which he held from his pocket, he gave it to Nan with his revolver.

"I am going back to Lost Mine to get the rest of it," he said. "I'll leave this with you. I might get into a fight and lose it. I don't think you'll have

any trouble with our friend here, so just keep him covered with the gun until I get back." He went out, mounted his horse, and rode toward the town.

As soon as the clatter of hoofs died to silence in the distance, Von Bleck began to plead with Nan. He complained of a stinging pain in his arm, and induced her to look at his hand. The sight of it made her shudder. It was wet with blood that had been flowing from the bullet wound made by Yaqui Joe in the fight at the hacienda. At first Nan refused to listen to his pleading, but finally, giving way to her sympathies, she loosed the rope that bound the wounded arm. Von Bleck, as she did so, reeled backward against the post in apparent exhaustion. Nan watched him for a moment to see if he would recover, but when he did not, she became frightened and rushed out for some water, which she obtained in a gourd that lay beside a well but a few feet from the barn.

Gwyn, with the muzzle of his revolver, made a tourniquet of a piece of rope and drew it tighter and tighter about Von Bleck's head.

She placed the gourd to Von Bleck's lips, and he sipped from it. Nan watched him with sympathy, though she knew in her heart that he did not deserve it. Suddenly, with such rapidity that she was taken absolutely by surprise, Von Bleck jumped from his seat and snatched the revolver from her hand. He had worked his hand loose after Nan had slackened the rope that bound it, and untied his bonds. Leveling the gun at her, he demanded, in tones that made her wonder how she could have held any sympathy for him at all:

"Now that we have changed our positions, I'll ask you, my dear girl, just as I was asked, will you be so kind as to turn over the *other* half of the chart? I would not care to take any bold steps, but I might remind you, you are holding something which would warrant my risking almost anything to obtain."

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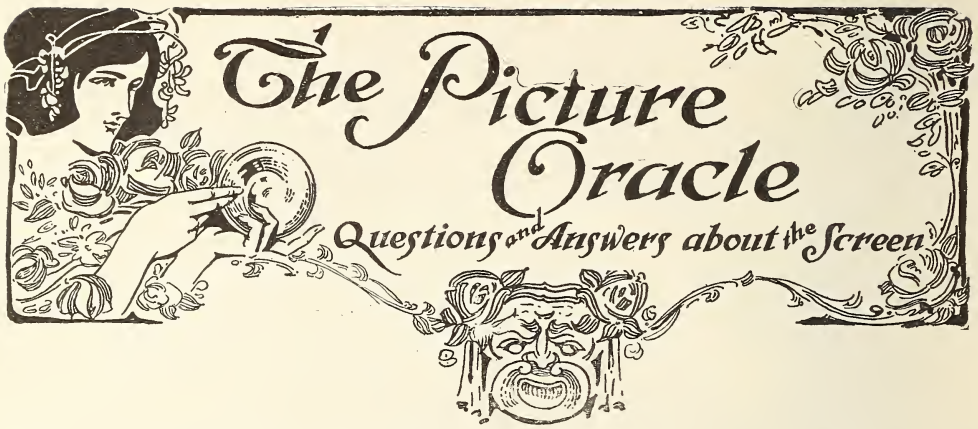

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

SUNSHINE.—You landed right at the top of the Oracle Department with your first letter. Some have written steadily for several months, but their letters did not arrive in the right place to be put at the head of the list. I don't know of any book published that gives the poses you require. You might try any book store. They ought to be able to supply you with what you want from some other artist, if not Pavlowa.

A. F. W.—Glad to hear that you like the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE so well. It shows us that we are accomplishing our aim—to give the picture fans a book they will enjoy reading each month. Address Grace Cunard, Francis Ford, Marie Walcamp, and Eddie Polo at Universal City, California. Pearl White will get any mail sent to her at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

L. W. J.—I don't get you at all about that Charles Ray matter. It is hard to say just how I became an Oracle. I have followed the picture game since it first became a recognized form of amusement, so I guess I just dropped in to Oracleing. The editor asked me if I would do it, and I said that I would, and have been doing it ever since. I don't think that I can explain it any better than this.

R. R. A.—Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks receive about the same salary now for their screen work. Charlie used to be way ahead of the procession until Douglas came along. William S. Hart and Mary Pickford are close seconds. There used to be a time when Mary Pickford got the only really big salary, but times are always changing.

RUTH D.—The Artcraft Pictures Corporation handles the features of Mary Pickford. Their address is 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. They also handle Douglas Fairbanks and Geraldine Farrar. Billie Burke's features are released by the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Mutual Film Corporation, Consumer's Building, Chicago, Illinois, handles all the Mary Miles Minter features, while Clara Kimball Young is attending personally now to her own features. Yes, the twenty-five cents is customary. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Geraldine Farrar get all their mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Mary Miles Minter finds her mail box full each morning at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California; and Billie Burke gets hers at the Paramount address; while Clara Kimball Young greets the post man at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York.

KATHERINE MOSHER.—Katherine Lee is older than her sister Jane. Marin Sais is the young lady's real name. Yes, I have a very nice picture of Jackie Saunders. Florence Lawrence has retired from the screen for good, it seems. Alan and Creighton Hale are no relation to each other. Your Chaplin, Brady, Pickford, Richardson, and Ethel Clayton matrimonial questions are all against the rules, I am sorry to say. Fannie Ward is forty-two, and not forty-eight. Dick Rosson

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and Helen Rosson are brother and sister. Queenie is a sister, too. Louise Lovely is the only name the young lady uses.

Gpphhil.—It is always best to get your answer through the columns of the Oracle department, instead of by letter, as the questions for the magazine are always answered before the letters are attended to. Charles Ray is twenty-five years old. He lives in Hollywood, California. His next feature will be "His Father's Son," his first feature for Thomas H. Ince's new company. Grace Cunard has returned to the Universal Studios again, after taking a good vacation. This is probably the reason you haven't seen her on the screen lately. William Desmond and Louise Glaum are still with the Triangle Film Corporation. Charles Ray, Enid Bennett, William S. Hart, and Dorothy Dalton left the Triangle to go with Ince when he sold out his interest in that organization. Dorothy Phillips is still with the Universal. Address Margarita Fischer in care of the Pollard Picture Player's Studios, San Diego, California.

J. M. L.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you a complete list of all the film manufacturers.

T. B. H.—Ralph Kellard is the name of the young gentleman that played the rôle of T. O. Adams with Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army." You can address him in care of the Pathé Exchange, No. 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Yes, Jack W. Kerrigan appeared in person at Detroit during his trip through the United States and Canada. Mary Pickford is a Canadian. She was born in Toronto, Canada, twenty-three years ago. She is older than her sister Lottie.

Jessie S. C.—I have turned your letter over to the editor, and he will see that a copy of the Market Booklet is sent to you. A new edition has just come off the press and will be ready for shipment within a few days, so you are just in time for one of the newest ones.

Renee.—You can address both Antonio Moreno and Earle Foxe in care of the Pathé Exchange, No. 25 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York City. Earle is now playing opposite Pearl White in her latest serial, "The Fatal Ring," which is showing already. Yes, it is true that your friend Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain.

Christine C.—I'm sorry, Christine, but I don't think that any company will pay your fare to come to either New York or California to work for them before the camera when you have been on neither the stage nor screen before. J. P. McGowan plays in the films every once in a while. He directs Helen Holmes in all of her picture work. Grace Cunard will receive any letter that you may send to her at Universal City, California. Grace Cunard is her right name. No, I don't think she and Francis Ford are going to appear in any more serials together. You mean "What Happened to Mary," and not "What Became of Mary." It was the first serial ever produced, and featured Mary Fuller. It was made by the Edison Company. No worry for me at all.

Curious.—Henry King is not acting any more, nor is he directing any of the "Little Mary Sunshine" pictures. Henry is now with the American Film Company, where he has abandoned acting to direct Gail Kane.

Earle's Admirer.—Grace Cunard, Mary Pickford, and Alice Joyce are all related to each other. Lillian Walker has been playing with the Ogden Pictures Corporation, in Ogden, Utah. Yes, it was all the young lady's hair in "The Bottle Imp." G. M. Anderson has been directing pictures lately. Maurice Costello has not appeared before the camera since he did the serial, "The Crimson Stain," for the Consolidated Film Corporation.

Justine N.—Have turned your letter over to the editor, and he will see that one of our latest editions of the Market Booklet is sent to you. I am sure that you will find it very valuable.

Eugenie.—Sorry, but we won't be able to give you the address you seek, unless it is all right with the person you mention. I will write and find out about it. If all is well, I shall send you the desired address, and if not I won't. That's fair enough, isn't it.

Anne.—I don't think that you would take up as much space as you imagine you would. Billie Burke is now acting before the camera again, and her features will be released by the Paramount Pictures Corporation. There is really no youngest film player. They have them from a few days old up to eighty-odd years. There is no age limit in the picture business. So you are crazy to be a movie actress, too? You are not the only one. You should have entered the Screen Opportunity Contest, and you might have realized your ambition.

A. I. V.—Harold Lockwood, the Metro star, is just twenty-nine years old. He was born in Brooklyn, New York. Yes, Lockwood will continue to play at the same studio in Hollywood, California, for some time to come, if present plans of the company are carried out. Marguerite Clark's latest picture is "The Amazons."

Miss Henrietta K.—John Bowers played the leading rôle opposite Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland." I doubt if there will be any more

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If name of Course you want is not in this list, write it below.

plays released with Harold Lockwood and May Allison together. They are both starring alone, and with different companies at the present time. You are exactly right about Marguerite Clark's age. Write to Harold Lockwood in care of the Yorke Film Corporation, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California, for one of his pictures. Mary Pickford is twenty-three years old. Your other question regarding her is against the rules of the department.

Tin-Tacks.—Address Valeska Suratt in care of the Fox Film Corporation, No. 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Theda Bara gets all her mail at the William Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Blanche Sweet will get any mail you may send to her in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Max Linder should be addressed at the Essanay Film Company, No. 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois. Blanche Sweet is her right name. Margarita Fischer's snake is a real pet, though, and not as dangerous as you imagine. She has had him for several years, and has lots of fun with him. The Max Linder picture you mention was taken in France. I haven't a cast of characters from it. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks certainly gets a big bank roll every week for his work before the camera, but he earns every cent of it, because he fills the box office all the time, and certainly that is worth some consideration, don't you think?

U. S. Patriot.—George Fischer is with the American Film Company, at Santa Barbara, California. Any mail addressed to him there will be sure to reach him. Actresses use grease paint for make-up before the camera, but could not use the same make-up on the street. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, of English parents. George Fischer has blond hair and brown eyes. It's funny that you like him so well when you haven't even seen him on the screen. You must have fallen in love with his photograph some place, eh?

North Pole.—Herbert Rawlinson has not appeared in a serial for the Universal since he did the famous "Black Box." His latest success for the screen has been the big crook melodrama by George Bronson Howard, "Come Through," which has broken box-office records all over the country. It is one of the best pictures that Herbert Rawlinson has ever done, and has greatly increased his popularity.

L. O. C.—Address Blanche Sweet in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Tom Forman is now in the Coast Artillery, but any mail sent to him in care of the Lasky Studios will be forwarded to him immediately. Mae Murray is now with the Universal, and should be written to at Universal City, California. Jewel Carmen is back in the East, and now gets her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, No. 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Write to Hazel Dawn in care of the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, No. 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Elliott Dexter's address is the same as Blanche Sweet's.

Love.—I'm afraid, Love, that you are a gay little deceiver. I thought you were going to tell me some real news when I read your letter, but at the very end you say that you are so tired that you will have to tell me about it in your next letter. Well, I guess the only thing for me to do in that case is to be so tired that I won't be able to answer this until the next issue, but as I have already answered it, I guess that won't do at all, will it? I suppose that I shall have to be patient and forgiving and await your next. Am I not a good little Oracle?

Manchester Admirer.—Of course I think that Herbert Heyes would be only too glad to hear from a stock admirer of his from Manchester, and would answer your letter. When an actor leaves the legitimate for the screen he doesn't forget his legitimate friends, and is always glad to hear from them. You can reach him by letter at the Fox Film Corporation, No. 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

A. Menn.—That is very hard to say. The only way for a reader to get an answer at the head of the Oracle Department is to have their letter arrive so that it will reach me first when I go to answer the month's questions. You see, this way it is a matter of luck, and every one of my friends has just as much chance of being at the head of the list as any other. Don't you think that this is the only fair way to go about it? Glad to hear that you like the magazine so well, and thanks very much for the kind things you have to say about me. We always like to hear what people think of our magazine.

Little Lady of the Plains.—Oh, everything is coming along quite well in New York. How is everything in Bassano? Am still waiting to hear what kind of a dog that French poodle is. That must have been a very exciting incident, indeed. Sorry, but I can't send you a photo of myself as I haven't any, and even if I did have, the editor wouldn't let me, as he still wants you to read the magazine every month. Address Marie Wayne in care of the Erbograph Company, One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, New York City. The villain was the menace, of course. Address Victor Moore in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, No. 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. No, he is not any relation of the

Nuxated Iron to Make New Age of Beautiful Women and Vigorous Iron Men

Say Physicians—Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Vitality Into the Veins of Men—It Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous "Run-Down" Folks 100 Per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time.

Opinion of Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City

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 people 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. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anæmia. Anæmia means iron deficiency. The skin of anæmic 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, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn-meal, 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. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician, who has studied both in this country and 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 take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or rundown, 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 care worn 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 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. 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 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.

other Moore boys, Owen, Tom, Matt, and Joe. Harold Lockwood is five feet eleven and three-quarter inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, it was very nice of him to send you one of his photographs. If he knew how much you treasured it, I am sure that he would feel well repaid. Write soon again, and let me know of any other doings about the academy, also about the dog.

KITTY.—You are evidently planning doing some heavy correspondence if the number of addresses you want has anything to do with it. Well, I am always willing to help the best I can, so here goes. Write Annette Kellermann in care of the Fox Film Corporation, No. 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Louise Glaum gets all of her mail at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. William Russell receives his letters at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Charles Ray has moved to the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Charles Chaplin always calls for his mail at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California. Jackie Saunders collects her daily missives at the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California. Creighton Hale always finds his at the Pathé Exchange, No. 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Lillian Walker now has her letters delivered to the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. Norma Talmadge gets hers at the Selznick Enterprises, No. 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Alice Joyce should be written to at the Vitagraph Studios, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Vivian Martin's address is the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Mae Murray now receives her mail at Universal City, California. Violet Mersereau still gets her daily notes at the Universal Film Company, No. 1600 Broadway, New York City. Billy Quirk will get any mail sent to him in care of the Screen Club, New York City. Betty Compson is with the Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Wallace Reid has his mail box at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Anna Little will get a letter in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Address Anita Stewart at the Vitagraph. Theda Bara is now on the coast and should be written to at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Louise Huff's address is the same as Vivian Martin. J. Warren Kerrigan is now with Paralta, and his letters are sent to him at the Paralta Plays, Incorporated, Clune Studios, Los Angeles, California. Bessie Love gets her mail at the Triangle Culver City Studios, and Douglas Fairbanks now is working at the Lasky Studios, where Wallace Reid is also. Helen Holmes should be addressed at the Signal Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Earle Foxe is now appearing with Pearl White in "The Fatal Ring" serial. Address him in care of the Pathé Exchange, No. 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Francelia Billington's address is the same as William Russell's. Jewel Carmen now receives her mail at the same address as Annette Kellermann. Alice Howell reads her mail at the L-Ko Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Bryant Washburn and Marguerite Clayton both receive their mail at the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, No. 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois. Jack Pickford is at the Lasky Studios, in Hollywood. Tom Forman has gone to war, but any mail addressed to him at the Lasky Studios will be forwarded to him immediately. Crane Wilbur receives his mail at the David Horsley Studios, Los Angeles, California. Howard Hickman gets his mail at the same place Warren Kerrigan receives his. Louise Fazenda continues to receive mash and other notes at the Mack Sennett Studios, Allesandro Street, Edendale, California. Winifred Westover finds all her letters at the Sunshine Comedies, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Address Dorothy Kelly at the Vitagraph, in Brooklyn. Mary Thurman's address is at Mack Sennett's workshop. Margarita Fischer gets bundles of letters at the Pollard Picture Players Studio, San Diego, California. William Desmond is at the Triangle Culver City plant. Peggy Pearce is with Mack Sennett. Mary Anderson is at the Western Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. Henry King gets his mail where Bill Russell finds his. Mabel Normand is now a Goldwyn star, and receives her mail at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, No. 16 East Forty-second Street, New York City. Mabel Taliaferro receives her notes at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Harold Lockwood greets the postman at the Yorke-Metro Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Mae Marsh should be addressed in care of Goldwyn. Antonio Moreno now gets his mail at the Pathé Exchange. Marshall Neilan at the Lasky plant. Olga Petrova at the Metro Pictures Corporation. Edna Purviance receives quite a bunch of mail at the Lone Star Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Rosemary Theba at the Pathé Exchange. Earle Williams at the Brooklyn Vitagraph. Viola Dana at Metro. June Caprice at Fox Film Corporation, and Margaret Gibson at the Christie Studios. You had better get started early if you expect to write to all of these people. So you don't want to be a movie actress? Well, can it be possible that there is some one who doesn't?

MR. J. V.—Warren Kerrigan will get any letter addressed to him at Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—"God's Country and the Woman" was produced in California by the Vitagraph Company. Rollin S. Sturgeon was the director of the picture. Jane Novak has not been with the Clune Producing Company since they finished "The Eyes of the World," in which she had a very prominent part. Shakespeare plays are very hard, indeed, to burlesque successfully, which is probably the reason they have not been done oftener. Many companies have tried to put them on, but have failed to bring out the intended laughs. Dorothy Gish was very cute, indeed, in "The Little Schoolma'am." They may have some stills from the picture in the magazine. I will ask the editor about it. I enjoyed your letter very much, so you don't have to make your next one any shorter on my account.

CUTIE.—No, H. B. Warner had done some very good screen work prior to his "Wrath" for the "Seven Deadly Sins." He did "The Raiders," "Market of Vain Desire," and "The Beggar of Cawnpore" for the Triangle Film Corporation, as well as "Shell 43," before doing "Wrath." He is now with the Selig Company. You can't very well compare the merits of actors so different in their style as Chaplin and William S. Hart. Yes, Sidney Ayres died several months ago. Warren Kerrigan is now starring in features for the Paralta Plays, Incorporated. "A Man's Man" is the title of his first picture. Double exposure is the way the dream you mention was made. You are all wrong about your William S. Hart discovery. Some one must have been kidding you. The autos smashed up in the films are real ones. Of course, they get them as reasonably as they can, but even then they cost a lot of money. I must admit that I am not very much of a cook. I never get the time to do anything like that. Save your two bits, because I have no photos of myself to send to you. Can't get the time to have them taken. H. B. Warner is of medium complexion. I should hope I know how.

WINSOME WINNIE.—Dorothy Davenport was born in Boston in 1895. Yes, I guess you are pretty lucky. Wally plays a violin very well. "Great Expectations" was taken in New York City just before Jack Pickford came out to the coast to work at the Morosco Studios. You asked several questions that I could not answer because they are against the rules. Look the rules over carefully before you write again, so that next time I will be able to answer them all.

RUTH P.—You can secure a photograph of Clara Kimball Young by writing to her at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York, and inclosing a quarter to cover the cost of the photograph and mailing.

FLORENCE W.—Arline Pretty will get any letter sent to her in care of Artcraft Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

CHAZZIE.—You are wrong about your surmise regarding Charles Ray. He likes to dance, and

Beautiful, Soulful,

Expressive Eyes

are enough to make any woman attractive, be her features ever so irregular. Have you ever noticed how much of the charm of beautiful eyes is due to the eyebrows and lashes?

MADAME CHIC in the Chicago Examiner says:

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You, too, can have luxuriant eyebrows and long, sweeping lashes by applying

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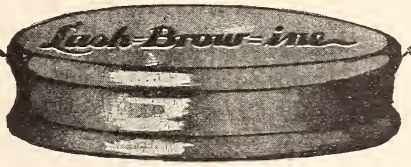

also enjoys motoring about in his big, vermilion Mercer. His hair is naturally curly.

CEEBE.—Earl Metcalfe was last seen on the Mutual program in "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters" series. Address Carlyle Blackwell in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. He was born in Syracuse, New York, and went to Cornell. Yes, Ethel played with Earl in the old Lubin days. Ethel Clayton was born in Champagne, Illinois, on November 8, 1890, which probably accounts for the fact that she is always in good spirits. She is five feet five and one-half inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and has golden red hair and blue eyes. Her address is the same as that of Carlyle Blackwell. Didn't you think they made a very good team?

CHAPLIN FAN.—Charles Chaplin is no longer with Mutual. He has finished his last picture for that concern and gone to work for the Exhibitor's Circuit. He will receive one million and seventy-five thousand dollars for eight two-reel comedies. He will pay the government something like four hundred thousand dollars' income tax this year. His last comedy for the Mutual is a convict story.

O. IMA PHULE.—You can obtain photographs of the three screen artists you mention by writing to them, and inclosing twenty-five cents to cover the cost of the photo and mailing. Violet Mersereau should be addressed in care of the Universal Film Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Antrim Short and Ella Hall will get all mail sent to them at Universal City, California. Theda Bara is still with the Fox Film Corporation. She is now at the Hollywood Studios in California. Mary Pickford is twenty-three years old.

PENSYLVANIA.—Yes, William Sheehan is connected with the Fox Film Corporation. Kay Laurell has never appeared before the camera for a feature film. She is very pretty, indeed, and might make a very fine little picture favorite.

SUNSHINE BILLIE.—Paul Willis is the name of the youngster that played May Allison's brother in "The Promise." He had one of the leading rôles in "The Fall of a Nation." You can reach him by letter at the Yorke Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Harold Lockwood is twenty-nine. Write as often as you like.

MILDRED J.—Send fifteen cents to the circulation manager of PICTURE-PLAY for a copy of the February 15th issue, 1916, which contained the article, "My Strange Life," by Theda Bara. I am sure you will enjoy reading it very much.

ORACLE'S PAL, COUNTY ASYLUM, FARTHEST GONE WARD, MOST HOPELESS CASE.—Pauline and Vera are not working at the present time. "The Amazons" is one of the latest Marguerite Clark productions for the Paramount program. Leah is still with the Vitagraph. I don't know but what you are right about the camera breaking, at that. Who knows?

W. J. EROE.—Your question regarding William Farnum is against the rules of the Oracle Department, so I won't be able to help you in the least. Read over the rules at the head of the department carefully, so you will not ask any questions in the future that I won't be able to answer for you. Sorry, but it can't be helped. Rules are rules, you know.

MABEL O. B.—Like my friend above, your only question about Olga Petrova is against the rules of the department, so I can't answer it for you.

T. H.—The circulation manager is sending you under separate cover a copy of the February 15th issue, 1916, of PICTURE-PLAY, which contained the Theda Bara story of her strange life, written by herself.

BEATRICE HELEN.—Could not make out the name of the girl you wanted to write to. Edna who? Any letter addressed to Ben Wilson at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California, will be sure to reach him. Yes, I think he would answer a letter from you. Write to Charles Chaplin at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California. Billie Rhodes is still with the Christie Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Victoria Forde is now working for the Sunshine Comedy Company, at Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Yes, Violet Mersereau likes to dance. I think Lois would send you one of her photos. Address her in care of Universal City, California. Yes, I have met both Grace Cunard and Violet. No, you did not ask too many questions. You won't think so, either, if you look at the length of the one to Kitty. There is no limit to the number of questions you can ask the Oracle of PICTURE-PLAY.

DAVID A. J.—The price of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE for one year is one dollar and fifty cents. The Scenario Department of this magazine will be only too glad to help you with your writing and give you any advice they can.

CLYDE HEICHELL.—PICTURE-PLAY is publishing just such a book, and will soon make an announcement of it in the magazine. Watch for it, as it is just what you want. Douglas Fairbanks gets about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for every picture he turns out for the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, which is a neat salary, you will admit. Write to Mary Thurman

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

at the Mack Sennett Studios, Allesandro Street, Edendale, California. Yes, Grace has been playing for Pathé. The only way to tell if a person is suited for the screen is to see them on the screen. A person may look like a million dollars on the street, but may photograph like ten cents. The camera is very cruel to some, and very kind to others who don't look so well in real life. No, she did not play in many pictures before joining the Essanay. She was born in your city, all right.

CLEO.—Well, well, if here you are not again! I thought you had lost yourself or something. How is everything in the Catskill Mountains? I haven't been up there for two years. Wish I could get a vacation, so I could run up there again. Charlie Chaplin is no longer with the Mutual. He has finished his contract with that concern and gone in for himself to make pictures for the Exhibitor's Circuit. He is getting one million and seventy-five thousand dollars for a mere eight comedies of two reels each. Charlie hopes some day to make a decent salary; so does the Picture Oracle.

LONESOME.—This is surely a strange coincidence. You inquire about Olive, Jr., and Cleo, and here is an answer to Cleo right above your own! Olive hasn't written to me for several months, but Cleo still remains loyal and faithful. I don't know the age of either, as they have never confided this to me. Yes, that Francis Ford question does break the rules, so I won't be able to answer it for you. I have to work on Sunday and every other day as well, including many nights. There is no rest for either the weary or the Picture Oracle. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford will not appear in any more serials together. They were certainly a very popular team, but the Universal is now featuring them separately. "What Happened to Mary," "Who Will Marry Mary?" "The Perils of Pauline," "The Adventures of Kathlyn," "The Trey o' Hearts," "Lucille Love," "Exploits of Elaine," "The Master Key," "The Black Box," and "Romance of Elaine" were the early serials. Mary Fuller starred in the first two, which comprised the first serial on the market. Pearl White was featured with Crane Wilbur in "The Perils of Pauline," and with Arnold Daly in the "Elaine" serials. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford had the star rôles in "Lucille Love." Kathlyn Williams appeared in "The Adventures of Kathlyn." Cleo Madison and George Larkin were the featured players in "The Trey o' Hearts," which was the most popular Universal serial. Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little costarred in "The Black Box" serial. Of course I think so, but I am glad that some one else feels the same way about it. There are about four hundred picture shows in New York. Quite some number to supply with films, eh? Yes, I think that the favorites you mention will visit your home town some time to address the movie fans there. I'll leave that last question of yours for you to guess.

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Famous "Movie" Star, Says of the Princess Tokio Treatment:
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The Picture Oracle

Doris Hun--k.—Niles Welch is the name of the young man that played the rôle of Claverly Trafton opposite dainty Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," a Famous Players release. You can address him in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dutch Cousins.—Paul Willis is the name of the young man that played the part of May Allison's young brother in the Metro picture, "The Promise." He is about sixteen years old. You can address him in care of the Yorke-Metro Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California.

Thistle.—I am sure that Dustin Farnum would send you one of his photographs. Address him in care of the Fox Film Corporation, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Dustin Farnum is his right name, and he is a brother of William Farnum. Franklyn Farnum, of the Universal, is no relation of William and Dustin. Herbert Rawlinson's address is Universal Studios, Universal City, California. I am sure that he, too, will send you one of his photos. Seena Owen is the name of the young lady that played the rôle of the *Princess Beloved* in D. W. Griffith's spectacle, "Intolerance." Write to her at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California.

Jean H.—Questions are always answered more quickly in the columns of the Oracle than by letter, as the magazine questions are always answered before the personal replies are attended to. No, I am sorry, but I can't send you one of my photographs, as I haven't any to send. Write to Harold Lockwood in care of the Yorke-Metro Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Between seeing all the features and answering questions, you can easily understand that I don't have very much time to myself. Yes, Charles Ray is a mighty fine actor. I don't really think that he wants to play a villainous rôle. He has a type all his own now, and I don't see any reason why he should want to change. Address Charles Ray in care of the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Wallace Reid will get any mail you may send at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

A. L. H.—Yes, the fifteenth installment of the "Shorty Hamilton Series" on the Mutual program was the last one. The girl who played Anita is not with the Mutual any longer. Neither is Shorty.

A. Kidd.—Can't answer most of your questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Roscoe Arbuckle is not dead. In fact, he is very much alive and making comedies for the Paramount program just at present, and in very good health, too. Marguerite Clark is her real name. Helen Holmes is the only name known for that popular star of railroad stories. Her latest serial is the "Lost Express," which is soon to be seen on the Mutual program. Marguerite Clark's latest play is "The Amazons," and a very good one, too. No, William S. Hart is not part Indian. Harold Lockwood is his real name. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada.

R. I. D.—Yes, you have to have either a pass to get inside the studios at Universal City, or else pay twenty-five cents admission. There is a guide there to show you all about the place, where you can watch them making pictures. Marguerite Clark is thirty years old. I can't answer any matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the department. Yes, I think that Mary Miles Minter would answer a letter from an admirer. There are over twenty producing companies in California. Mary Miles Minter tells me that she was born on April 1, 1902, in Shreveport, Louisiana. Write to her in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Address Gladys Hulette at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York.

Herbert Rawlinson Fan.—Herbert Rawlinson has been with the Universal Film Company for several years, and is one of their biggest stars, as well as one of the most popular male stars before the camera to-day. Yes, he played in "Damon and Pythias." He played the rôle of *Pythias*. William Worthington, who later, directed him, played the part of *Damon*. Anna Little played opposite him in the "Black Box" serial. His latest and one of his biggest successes since he has been with the Universal is "Come Through," a tremendous crook drama that was written by George Bronson Howard. Rawlinson takes the part of a gentleman crook who reforms in order to win the love of the girl he has been forced to marry but whom he has never seen before in his life. Swimming is one of his favorite hobbies, and playing the ukulele is his only vice. He is still with the Universal, and a letter addressed to him in care of the Universal Studios, Universal City, California, will be sure to reach him. I am sure that he will be only too glad to send you one of his photos. He sent me one of his latest ones, and it is very fine. Inclose a quarter with your request, as photos cost money.

Altas.—No, I guess there is no use in trying ot find out, because it can't be done. No, Elsie Janis is not playing in pictures now. She has not appeared in a film for some time. Harold Lloyd is *Lonesome Luke*, and Bebe Daniels is the young lady that plays with him. You can

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

address both of them in care of the Rolin Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Ella Hall isn't much larger than Marguerite Clark. What kind of a dog is it, and maybe I can suggest a name for it? I might suggest a name, and it wouldn't be that kind of a dog, so that wouldn't do at all.

MADEMOISELLE.—Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, twenty-five years ago, and has spent most of his life in theatricals. He went to the coast four years ago, after closing with a stock company for the season, and got a job with Thomas H. Ince's company producing two-reel dramas for the Mutual program. He intended to return to the stage when the stock season opened in the fall, but he liked pictures so well that when the time came for him to open with the stock company again he signed a contract with Mr. Ince instead, and has been under his guidance ever since. He recently left the Triangle Film Corporation to be featured in Mr. Ince's new company. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, has dark-brown hair and eyes. He lives in his own home. His car is a five-passenger Mercer of vermilion color. His latest pictures are "The Pinch Hitter," "The Clodhopper," and "Sudden Jim." You can reach him by mail in care of the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. There, I guess you have everything you wanted to know about him in a nutshell.

KISSME.—My, but you're getting to be the regular little customer! Right on time for every issue. I agree with you about PICTURE-PLAY. Of course, I like to receive letters. If I didn't I wouldn't be answering them for a living, would I? What a person doesn't like to do, they can't do very well, can they? No, I am not Gerald C. Duffy. That distinguished person is the editor of PICTURE-PLAY.

POLLY PERKINS.—Glad to hear that you liked them. Why the H. S. M.? Do you feel that way? You can address Valeska Surratt in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks will get any mail sent to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Yes, I thought that William Farnum was very good in the double rôle in "A Tale of Two Cities." Of course, I feel sorry for you, but don't you think that you are still a thousand times better off than some others? Don't forget to waste another stamp soon.

LONGING D. B.—There were fifteen episodes in "The Purple Mask." Arnold Daly is not playing in pictures at the present time. He has been devoting himself to the stage. Theda Bara has just finished a big film spectacle dealing with the life of Cleopatra, which will be known by that name when released.

JOHN S. B.—The Market Booklet is being sent you by the editor as you requested in your letter. Yes, the six cents in stamps was the correct amount.

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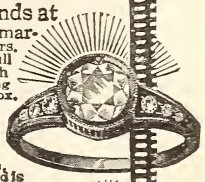

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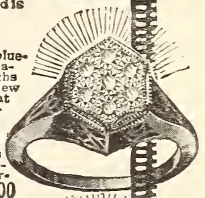

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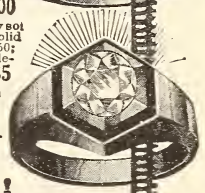

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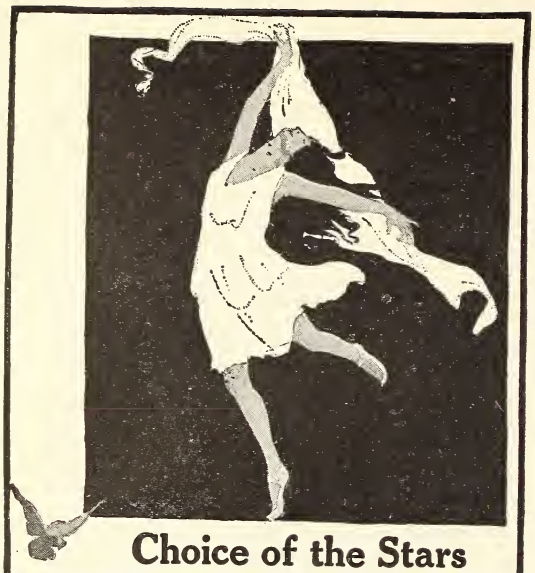

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CAL.—Don't know what Gladden is doing at the present time. He is probably taking a little vacation. He was with the Fine Arts with Norma Talmadge, not the World.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

S. O. S.—I am sure Mary Miles Minter will send you one of her best pictures if you inclose the customary twenty-five cents with your request. Address her in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Pearl White has auburn hair. A letter addressed to her in care of the Pathé Exchange, No. 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, will be sure to reach her.

CHARLES RAY BUG.—So you are crazy about the acting of Charles Ray? So are a great many other people. I agree with you that he is a different type from any other actor on the screen to-day. He started with Thomas H. Ince's Kay-Bee Company about four years ago, and has been under his guidance ever since. When Thomas H. Ince left the Triangle Studios to form his own company, Charlie went with him, and will be seen in features on the Paramount program in the future. The first picture that brought him into stardom was "The Coward." He lives in his own home in Los Angeles, California. Yes, he belongs to the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He is working now on "His Father's Son," which is scheduled for early release on the Paramount program. "Sudden Jim" is his latest picture. "The Pinch Hitter" was the first picture he made since the beginning of the year, and was followed by "The Millionaire Vagrant," "The Clodhopper," and "Sudden Jim." I think that "The Clodhopper" was his best picture, too. Address him in care of the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. I am sure that he would be only too glad to hear from such an ardent admirer as yourself, and gladly send you one of his photos.

CILLY AWS.—Frank Keenan and Thelma Salter were starred in the Ince production of "The Grab." Thomas Dixon produced "The Fall of a Nation." He was the author of the Griffith spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation." Yes, Willard Mack has left the pictures for the time being. A number of his plays and scenarios are being produced in the films, however, so his presence in the silent drama is still felt. Enid Markey has left the Kay-Bee Company. Douglas Fairbanks has had Constance Talmadge, Alma Reubens, Arline Pretty, and Eileen Percy as his leading ladies since he appeared in "Manhattan Madness" with Jewel Carmen. Doug seems to like a new face opposite him in every picture, or else he is trying them all out. Maybe he wants to see how many leading ladies he can have before he quits the films. Sort of a record or something. Some people liked the Fox production of "Romeo and Juliet" better, and some liked the Metro feature of that name the better.

Y-O-U.—So you didn't think so much of the fight between House Peters and William S. Hart in "Between Men?" Sorry I can't help you out very much on that other matter, but the parts of the pictures are not very distinct. Number two is William S. Hart, six is Theda Bara, and three looks like June Caprice. Your Anita Stewart should be Pauline Frederick.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

PAULINE.—Of course, Anita Stewart has a press agent. They all do. Who else would send out their forthcoming pictures, and all that? If they didn't, the film public would hear less about them, and that wouldn't do at all. Your suggestion is a very good one, but the editor is the place for it. I would write it to him in full if I were you. Blanche Sweet is five feet five inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds.

DOROTHY WILSON, CANADA.—I haven't a motor car myself. I do all my exercising on the subway, elevated, and street cars. Write to Marguerite Clark, in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City, for one of her pictures. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Washington's Birthday, 1887. She is four feet ten inches tall, and weighs ninety pounds.

ALICE SCHNBERT.—Don't know of any gentleman by the name you mention playing in pictures. He may be working extra at some of the companies, but not on the regular stock list, as I keep track of them all. Sorry I can't help you out on this.

PAT MCGUIRE.—Yes, I remember giving such an answer. It was in the Theda Bara version of "Carmen" that this took place. The fellow doubled for Herbert Heyes, and took the jump off the cliff into the water on horseback. He broke both of his legs in the fall, but the horse wasn't hurt at all.

LILLIAN DEL T.—Niles Welch played the leading rôle opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." You can reach him by mail in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City.

STELLA G.—You can reach Alice Brady by letter at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Alice must be quite a favorite of yours, judging from the way you write. She is a favorite with a great many other movie fans, too.

C. B.—Yes, I think that Monroe Salisbury did some very remarkable work in the Clune production, "The Eyes of the World." Paul Willis was also very good in "The Fall of a Nation." Yes, it is pretty hard on the screen villain. He is seldom popular with the fans. They seem to think that all the screen folk are just the same off as they are on. Address Mae Marsh in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 16 East Forty-second Street, New York City. Stuart Holmes is still with the Fox Company. You can reach him by letter in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. He is no relation to Helen Holmes, the Mutual star. Frances Nelson is still appearing in features for the World Film Corporation.

FLOYD N.—Address Gladys Hulette in care of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, New York. Charles Chaplin will get all mail sent to him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los

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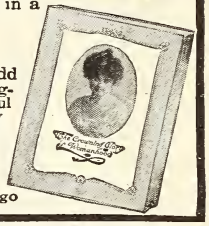

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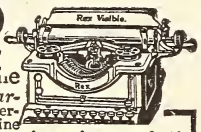

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Chicago, New York, San Francisco

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Angeles, California. Billie Ritchie gets his morning mail at the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, Western Avenue, Fox Studios, Hollywood, California. Mary Pickford is twenty-three. Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran will get their letters at Universal City, California. Address Rosemary Theby in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Billy B.—You certainly have a very changeable nature, haven't you, to feel so many different ways on one subject? Make-ups are very curious. They will look very well under certain lights, and then under others, or in the sunlight, they may look very bad. It takes a lot of study before a person can figure out the make-up problem satisfactorily. From your description you probably mean the story of "The Lorelei," which was done about the time you mention. It was something on the same principle.

C. P. T.—The Scenario Department looks after all the questions pertaining to scenarios for this magazine. Write to them regarding your scenario, and they will be able to advise you. If I am not mistaken, I think the story was taken from a book or play.

Jackie.—Yes, Grace Cunard is just as good looking off the screen as she is on. Viola Dana is with the Metro Pictures Corporation. Grace Cunard is working at the Universal once more. I like Grace very much, indeed. She is a very nice young lady, and is always doing her best to help any one in trouble. Margarita Fischer was certainly wonderful in "Miss Jackie of the Navy." I enjoyed that picture more than any I have seen in a long time, with the exception of "The Clodhopper," with Charles Ray. We have had that interview with Grace, and a dandy, too, telling all about her. All right, Miss Hula Hula, you get a wiggle on, and write again soon. Where did you get the name Hula Hula for your club?

Louise L. Z.—Earle Williams is still with the Vitagraph Company. You can reach him by mail in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Your other question about him is against the rules of the department, so I won't be able to answer it.

Sallie Sue.—Jack Sherrill and Fatty Heirs are still playing in pictures. I get a glimpse of Fatty every once in a while. Yes, Bill Hart answers his mail. Address Alice Brady in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Maude M.—By the time you are twenty-one you may have an entirely new idea, and not want to be a motion-picture actress at all.

Margaret Schemm.—You should have addressed Creighton Hale in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Maybe you had better write to him again to make sure. Address Miss Clara Kimball Young in care of the Thanhouser Studios, New

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Rochelle, New York. She is working up there now at the head of her own company. Yes, the hero is most always the mysterious person. It is either the hero or the villain. So you want me to tell Olive, Jr., that you don't like Wallace Reid? I can't very well, because she hasn't written for a long, long time. If she ever does again I'll tell her for you.

LOVE.—You and your chum must have had some glorious time in Springfield. Has she got over it yet? It certainly must be a lot of fun to go into a big city for a day or two when you live in a small town, but when you live in the city for a long time it gets sort of monotonous.

K. G. G.—Address William Davidson in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City.

BOBBIE, JR.—Marguerite Clark is thirty years old. She is just four feet ten inches tall, and weighs ninety pounds. Dorothy Gish and Marguerite Clark are their real names. Are you sure you wrote to her at the correct address?

G. F. S.—Jack Warren Kerrigan has finished his tour of the States and Canada, and is back in pictures again. He has already finished one picture, "A Man's Man," which will be released by the Paralta Company shortly. Jack is one of the most popular male stars to-day, and I have had numerous inquiries as to when he would return to the screen again. He just had to make that trip through the various States, and meet his admirers face to face, as they had been begging him to do for several years. No, he didn't meet with any accident. You were misinformed there. He is working for his own company, but the pictures will be released on the Paralta program.

O. I. C.—You can get a picture of Doris Grey by writing to her in care of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, New York. She certainly screens very well, indeed. Doris is her right name. She is appearing in new pictures regularly.

HERBERT RAWLINSON FAN.—You are right about Herbert Rawlinson in all your guesses except one. He is still with the Universal Film Company. His latest feature made quite a sensation, and is doing Herb a world of good. He is one of the most popular little actors we have, and "Come Through," the spectacular drama of crook life in which he is being seen at the present time, has helped to make him a greater favorite than before. He has a most pleasing personality, and is a big box-office winner. Yes, he is quite some swimmer, and has won several medals of which he is justly proud. He is an all-around athlete, and a fine fellow to know. You can reach him in care of Universal City, California.

LILLIAN M.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will tell you where to send any photo plays you have written. All questions pertaining to scenarios should be addressed to the

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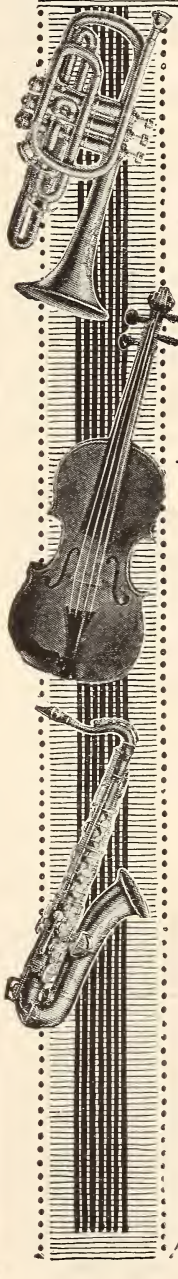

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Scenario Department of this magazine. They will be only too glad to give you any advice they can in regard to your stories. They are experts in this line, and have been employed by PICTURE-PLAY to give its readers the benefit of long experience.

L. W. H., WATERBURY CENTER.—Eugene O'Brien is certainly a good-looking chap. *Variety* is published in New York City. It is a weekly theatrical journal, and costs ten cents. Of course, the players read the letters sent them by their admirers. They enjoy them, as it keeps them in touch with the public's opinion. Sylvia Bremer was *Abbie* in "The Pinch Hitter," supporting Charles Ray. John Emerson is Douglas Fairbanks' director. He played the leading rôle in the Fine Arts-Triangle production, "The Flying Torpedo." William S. Hart played in a film called "The Patriot," not the "Lone Patriot." Lillian Gish hasn't been before the camera for some time. She is now with D. W. Griffith in England. Stanhope Wheatcroft is the young gentleman's name that you marked with a cross on the herald.

BESSIE BARRISCALE ADMIRER.—Bessie Barriscale is now working for the Paralta Plays, Incorporated, making features at the Clune Studios in Los Angeles, California. Her pictures will continue to be released by the Triangle Film Corporation, however. There has been no word as to what Blanche Sweet is going to do. The late Barriscale films are " Bawbs of the Blue Ridge," "Hater of Men," and "The Snarl." I think the articles you mentioned were greatly exaggerated. The managers wouldn't pay the salaries to the stars if the stars did not draw the big money into the theater box offices.

W. H. W.—Ask the editor about the covers you mention. He attends to all that part of it. Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh are both working for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Mabel recently finished a big feature called "Mickey," which is scheduled for release at an early date. Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin are different types of comedians, so cannot be compared very easily. Yes, I have been in the movies.

ANXIOUS—WAITING.—Theda Bara is the only name that young lady uses. Tom Forman has left with the Seventeenth Coast Artillery, but a letter addressed to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will be forwarded to him. It is hard to describe any distinguishing marks between Dorothy and Lillian Gish. They look a great deal alike, except that Dorothy is younger. Address Robert Warwick and Doris Kenyon in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Valeska Surratt may be written to at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks receives his daily mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Theda Bara collects hers at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue,

Hollywood, California. It is customary to send a quarter with each request, because the stars have to pay for the photographs themselves, and they cost about twenty-six cents, including postage.

Art Busche.—Yours was a very interesting letter, but as you did not ask any questions, I'm afraid that I can't answer anything for you this time. I am sure that I would pick civil engineering if I could.

E. F. M.—Marguerite Clark's latest picture is "The Amazons," and a very good one, too. Lou-Tellegen is now directing at the Lasky Studios. Douglas Fairbanks is now appearing in "Down to Earth," which is one of the cleverest little pictures that the famous Doug has ever done. Address Marguerite Clark in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Both Douglas Fairbanks and Lou-Tellegen get their mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

R. D.—Valeska Surratt is with the Fox Film Corporation. She will get any mail sent to her at 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Harold Lockwood works at the Yorke Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California, and a letter addressed to him there will be sure to reach him.

Movie Bug.—The judges of the Screen Opportunity Contest did not answer any letters of contestants while the contest was going on. It has been finished now, and the winners have all been announced.

M. C. A.—I am sure that Marguerite Clark would send you one of her photographs. "The Amazons" is her latest picture. Address her in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. J. W. Johnstone played opposite her in "Helene of the North." "Not My Sister" was released in 1916. Bessie Barriscale had the star part in it, and William Desmond supported her. Yes, I get several letters every week from different movie fans in Milwaukee. Most critics like Theda's vamping better than any other siren in the orchestra of the luring. No, Mary Pickford did not have anything to do with the making of "Broadway Jones." Sorry that I could not put your answer at the head of the Oracle, as you desired, but your letter did not arrive in the right position. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Raye S. Nelson.—Bebe Daniels, of the Rolin Company, is just seventeen years old. You can reach her in care of the Rolin Film Company, Los Angeles, California. You have quite a collection of favorites, haven't you? Ralph Kellard is thirty years old. Annette Kellermann played in "A Daughter of the Gods," as well as "Neptune's Daughter." She was with the Hippodrome show in New York until it closed for the summer season. Blanche Sweet is very atractive. Lloyd V. Hamilton is "Ham's" real name, and Albert Edward Duncan is "Bud's" correct name. They are not playing together any longer. Ham-

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

ilton is being featured in Henry Lehrman's Sunshine Comedies, which are released on the Fox program. Bud, as yet, has not announced any new affiliation, although he has had several very attractive offers.

BETTY BRINK.—I haven't become tired of answering questions yet. Ainta Stewart will get a letter at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Sixteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Dorothy Phillips, Ella Hall, and Louise Lovely all get their mail at Universal City, California. Ruth Stonehouse is now with the Triangle Film Corporation at Culver City, California. You can address a letter to her there. Lillian Walker is with the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. Write to the circulation department of PICTURE-PLAY regarding back numbers of this magazine.

SNITZER.—Address Mrs. Vernon Castle in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Yes, she reads her own mail. Her eyesight was very good the last time I saw her. Harold Lockwood also reads his own letters. He will get any mail sent to him in care of the Yorke Film Company, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Of course, you may write again. Am always glad to receive letters from new readers. The more the merrier, you know.

O. IMA PHULE.—Welcome back again, Ima! Charles Chaplin was born in France of English parents. Lionel Barrymore appears in features for the Metro Pictures Corporation, and is a very good actor, too. He is a brother of Ethel and John Barrymore. Douglas Fairbanks' son is seven years old.

A CALIFORNIA MISS.—You are right about "Wildfire." It was a misprint. Harold Lockwood played the leading rôle opposite Marguerite Clark in this feature. Charles Clary always plays the villain, probably because he acts those parts so well in the films. Of course, every one knows that Charlie isn't a villain at heart, for he is a nice fellow when you know him. Harold Lockwood's latest picture is "The Hidden Spring." He is now working on "Paradise Garden." Marguerite Clark's latest feature is "The Amazons." Jack Pickford is just a young lad of twenty-one summers. His latest feature for the Morosco Company is "The Varmint," which was directed by William D. Taylor. Yes, Dorothy Davenport has played with Wallace Reid in Lasky productions. They used to play together at the Universal several years ago.

ELIZABETH C.—There is no set time about sending in your application for a position with a motion-picture-producing company. Any time will do. If you have had the right experience they will consider them at once, providing they have a vacancy.

W. A. A.—They get the photography of the blood in circulation by photographing through a microscope. It is a very hard and tiresome

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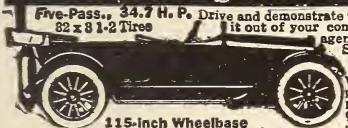

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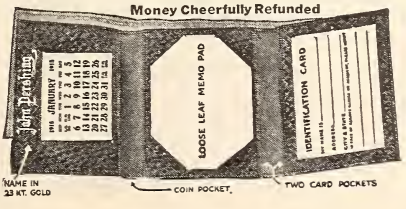

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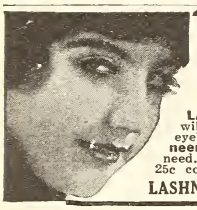

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

process, but nevertheless very interesting on the screen. I am sure that the majority of people enjoy bits of science such as this in the films. It is nice to have something different once in a while.

GRACE CUNARD ADMIRER.—Are you sure that you addressed Grace Cunard at the right place? She is usually very prompt in answering her mail. Write to her again, and say that you have written twice before, and I am sure that you will hear from her. Address her at Universal City, California.

DUD.—You have seen nearly all of the Pearl White serials, I notice. You must be a very steady customer of your local picture house. Regular "first-nighter," eh? Pearl White was born in 1889. Address Crane Wilbur in care of the David Horsley Studios, Los Angeles, California. Pearl White and Creighton Hale both get their mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. She is now appearing in a new serial, "The Fatal Ring."

JUNE E. B.—You are right about Clara Kimball Young starring in "The Price She Paid." It was originally announced that Norma Talmadge would do the story for Selznick, but plans were later shifted, and Clara Kimball Young substituted. There is not the slightest doubt that no one could make a success of the stage if he detested it.

L. M. C.—I quite agree with you about the general trend of the photo plays, and think that there should be less morbid features, as people get enough sorrow and cares in their everyday life. What they need is something refreshing, that will take their mind off their troubles for a while at least. I think, however, that the producers are coming to realize this more and more each day, and feel sure that there will be less of this type of photo plays in the near future. They go by what the exhibitors tell them the patrons of their theaters want, so it is bound to come down to that sooner or later.

DOT D.—Joyce Fair is not playing in pictures at the present time. She made quite a hit in the stage play, "The Dummy." Her last screen work was done with the Essanay Film Company. She is a very clever little actress, and I for one enjoyed her picture work immensely. Yes, your address wlil reach Jack Sherrill, all right. Sorry, but I never heard of your friend Lillian.

M. R. F.—Of course, good looks have a great deal to do with a person's success before the camera, when it is coupled with the ability to act. The Screen Opportunity Contest is over now, and the names and photographs of the winners have been published in the magazine, and they have also been notified by mail, so you no doubt know your fate by this time. Muriel Ostriche has been appearing in pictures right along. Yes, you will come across people off the screen who are the very image of actors and actresses, and yet no relation at all.

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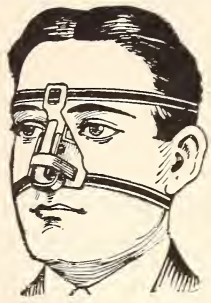

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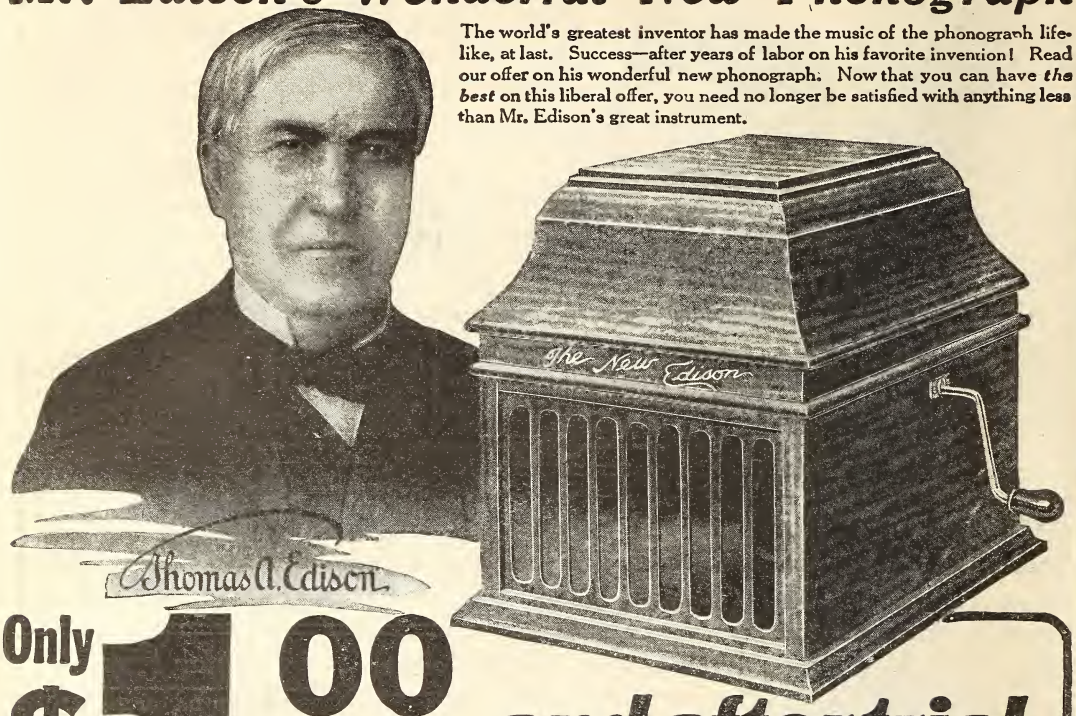

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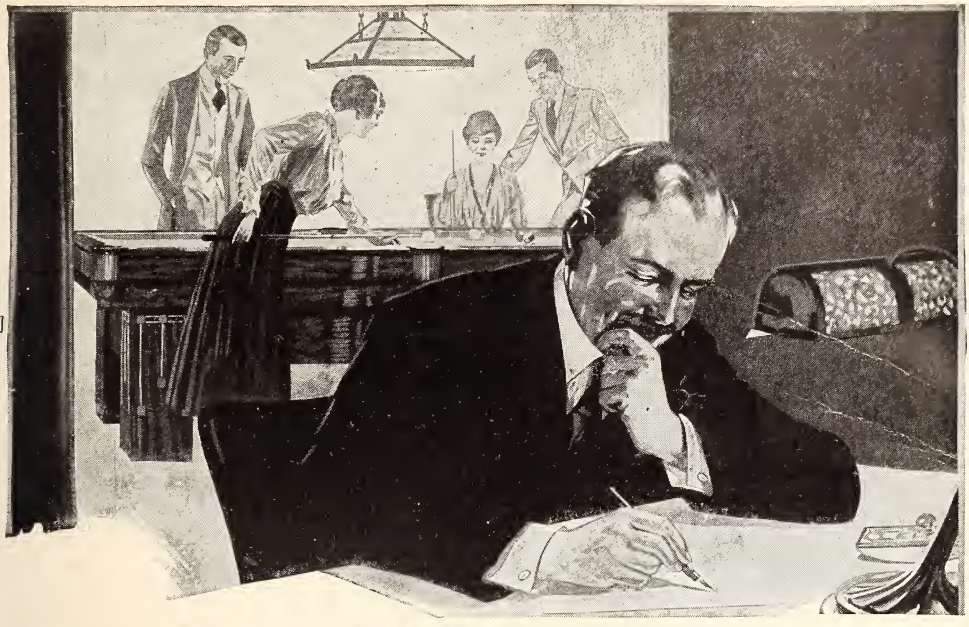

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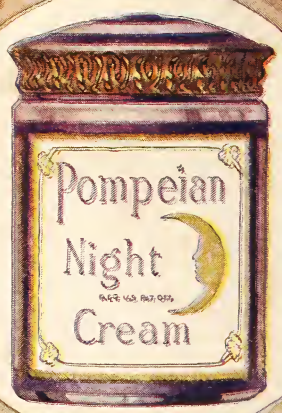

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Alan Dale Review

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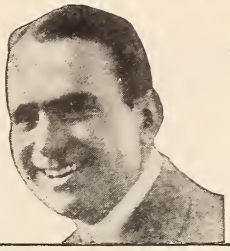

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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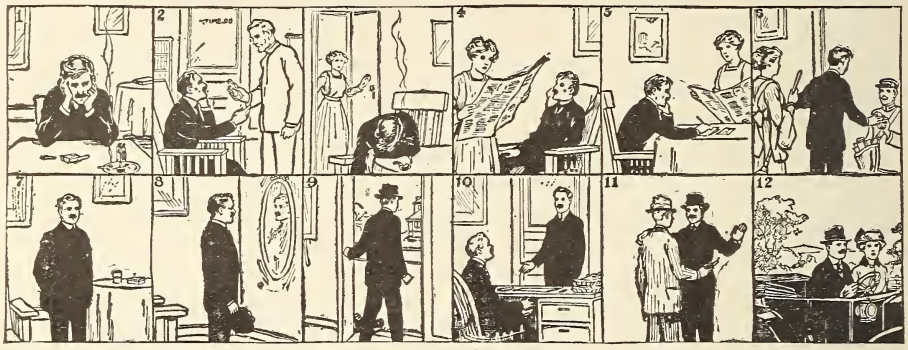

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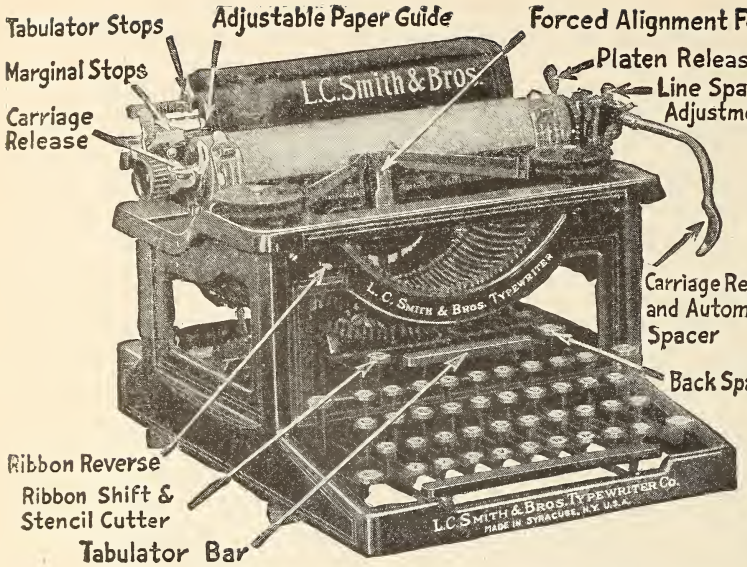

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OCT 27 1917

Favorite Picture Players

MOLLIE KING

comes of a family born and bred in the atmosphere of the theater. Her brother Charlie is a member of the well-known team of Brice and King, and her sister Nellie is also in vaudeville. Mollie herself made her first appearance on the stage at the age of eight months. Her first important part was that of a bright youngster in "Her Own Way," with Maxine Elliott. She was then seven years old. Before joining Pathé Miss King was starred in several World productions. She is an "original" New Yorker, and was born April 18, 1898.

MABEL NORMAND

was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and started her meteoric career with Vitagraph. After this she played with Biograph, and when Mack Sennett started his Keystone Company she was the first to sign a contract with the new concern. For the last year or so Mabel has been working on three stories known as "Mickey," "Mickey Gets Ready," and "Pat," but none has yet been released. Mabel is now with Goldwyn, and her first picture will be "Joan of Flatbush."

MARC MacDERMOTT

was one of the first actors of the legitimate stage to enter the field of motion pictures. He has been working before the camera continuously for more than eight years. Born in England, he was taken to Australia at the age of four. He made his first stage appearance in Sydney with George Rignold, and after seven years with this company was leading man for five years with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. He spent six years in Edison films, but is now a Vitagraph star.

EARLE WILLIAMS

was born and raised in California. After a two years' engagement in vaudeville he decided he had missed his calling and became a phonograph salesman. One summer while on a vacation, however, he visited the Vitagraph studio, and was so impressed that he gave up his position to be an actor again. After only four months in minor characters he was given a star part. For the next two years he was costarred with Anita Stewart, and since then has been a star in his own name. "My Official Wife" and "The Juggernaut" are among his successes.

VIRGINIA PEARSON

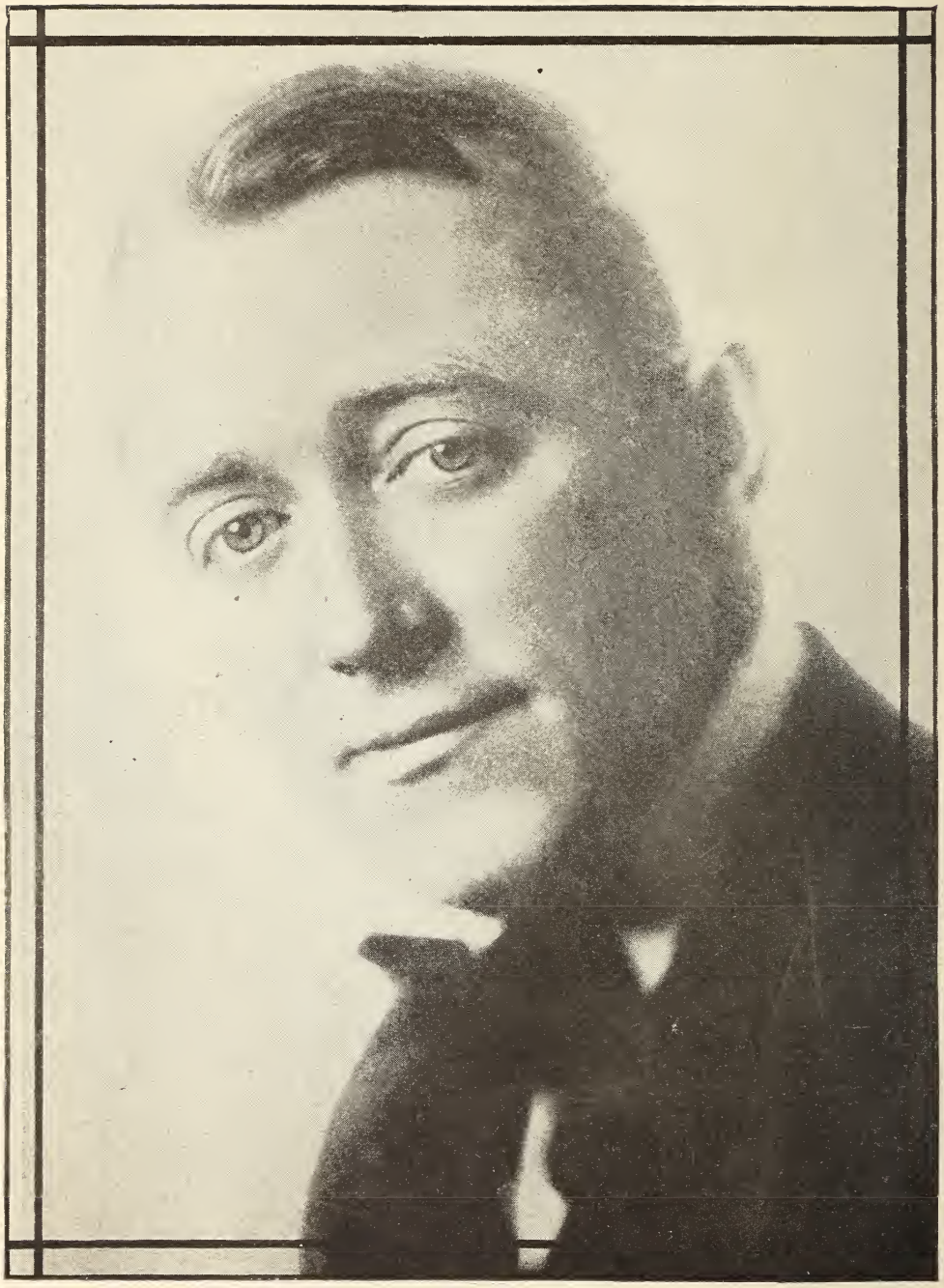
was born in Louisville, Kentucky, March 7, 1888. While still in high school she did cartoons and fashion vignettes for a local newspaper. Her interest switched later, however, to the stage. After two years in minor parts, she was cast for the vampire in "A Fool There Was," with Robert Hilliard, which brought instant recognition. In 1910 she joined Vitagraph for her first studio engagement. Then she went to Famous Players, afterward to Vitagraph again, and finally to Fox, where she has just completed her eleventh feature. She is the wife of Sheldon Lewis.

MAE MURRAY

first gained the attention of the public eye by her dancing in vaudeville. After attaining fame in this line, she became one of the leading figures in Ziegfeld's Follies. While she was still dancing in the Follies, Mr. Lasky engaged her for pictures and immediately made her a star. Miss Murray played under the Lasky banner for about two years, and when her director, Robert Leonard, went to the Bluebird Company Miss Murray also signed a contract with it.

WILLIAM CHRISTY CABANNE

was born in St. Louis twenty-nine years ago. He spent three years in the navy, then traveled extensively in South America, Japan, and China. In 1908 he obtained his first stage position, with Laura Nelson Hall. In 1911 he left the stage to play leading rôles with the old Biograph, and subsequently, with Majestic. After this he was director for Fine Arts, and following this became Griffith's assistant with Triangle. Mr. Cabanne is now with Metro, his latest releases being "The Slacker" and "Draft 258." He was drafted himself, but was rejected on physical grounds.



GEORGE M. COHAN

George M. Cohan's career started at an early age when he toured the New England States with his father, mother, and sister. Succeeding seasons found him in vaudeville; "Peck's Bad Boy," in the title rôle; stock, and in musical comedy with Weber and Fields. Numerous engagements followed. He has written any number of songs and plays. "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" is said to have earned more than a million dollars. He recently entered pictures to play the title rôle in his plays, "Broadway Jones," and "Seven Keys to Baldpate," for Artcraft

ANNA Q. NILSSON

was born at Yspad, Sweden, and started her stage career in that country. She came to America in 1907, and played before the footlights until 1911, when she joined the Kalem Company. Here she played leads with Guy Coombs and then became affiliated respectively with the Fox and Pathé-Arrow concerns. Miss Nilsson last appeared in an Artcraft picture, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," with George M. Cohan.

IDA PARDEE

is one of the screen's most impressive and fascinating players, and her acting is unusual in that she is seldom cast for any but the rôle of a society woman. Her *distingue* bearing, snow-white hair, and smashing good looks have won her renown in plays of the fashionably wealthy. She was born in Rochester, N. Y., and educated abroad. Her first appearance was in support of the Drews in their Metro comedies, and, later she joined Ivan films.

WALLY VAN

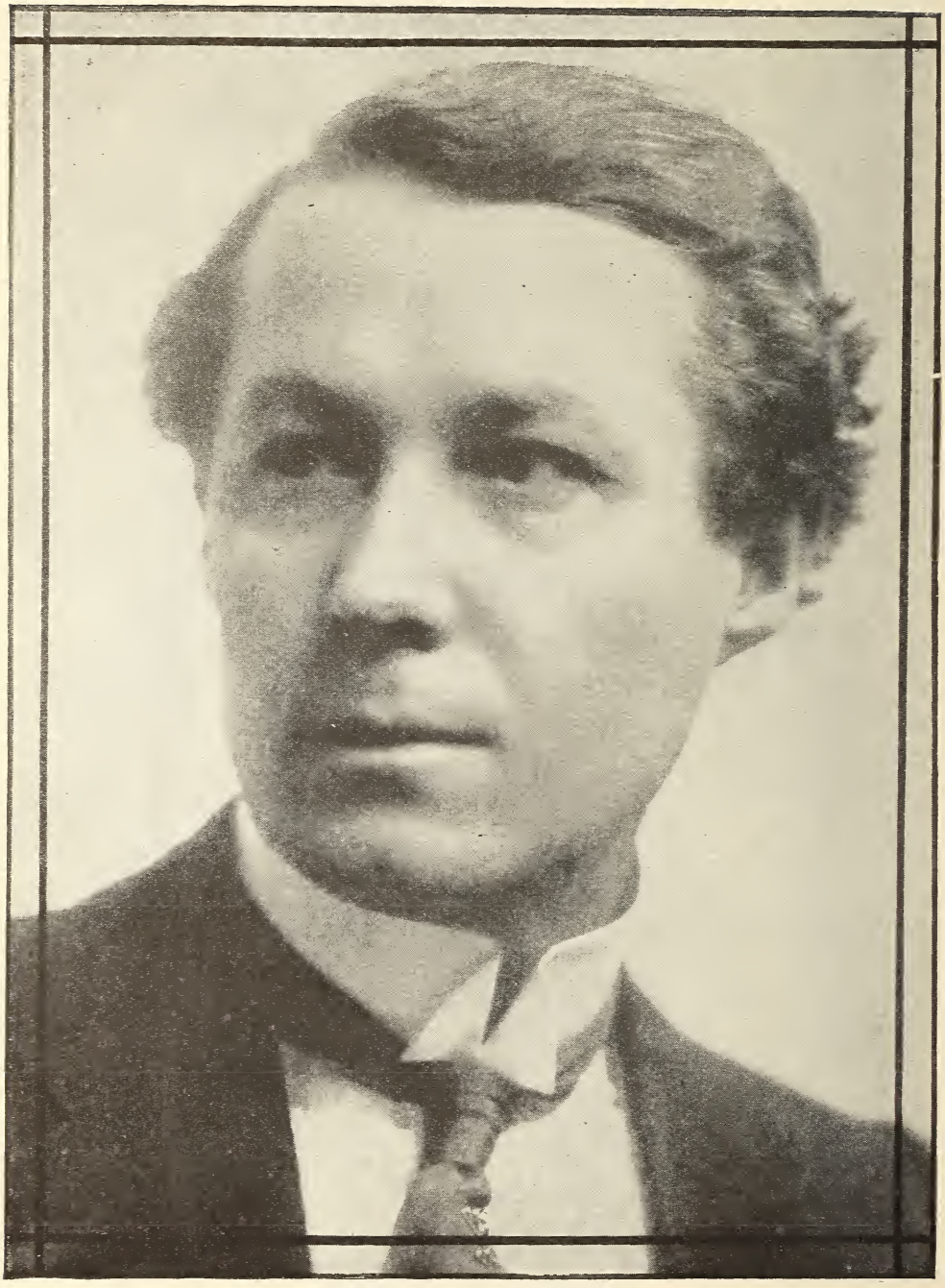
is one of those few players who have been in pictures since their first rise to popularity. Six years ago, when Vivagraph began to issue films with John Bunny and Lillian Walker, Wally was a construction engineer for a Brooklyn railway system. He met J. Stuart Blackton in the Knickerbocker Club one evening, and a short time later appeared opposite Miss Walker in Vitagraph pictures, as "Cutey." He has recently started his own company, of which he is author, director, star and manager. Wally Van was born at New Hyde Park, New York.

MARY FULLER

was an experienced actress when the first real photo play ever made was produced in the old Biograph studio. In the company with her at this time were Mary Pickford, Tom Moore, and the rest of the now famous original Griffith cast. Miss Fuller, switching to Edison, then had the distinction of starring in the first big serial in the history of the industry, "What Happened to Mary," and also in the first multiple-reel productions. She was with Universal for several years, and has recently signed with Lasky.

GEORGE WALSH

gained collegiate fame at Fordham and Georgetown for his athletic ability. He played football, baseball, basket ball, hockey, and cricket, sprinted a bit, and was stroke of his crew, but aside from this he took little interest in athletics. When he left college, he joined the Brooklyn team in the National League, and was stroke on the New York Athletic Club crew. He entered pictures under Griffith, and about two years ago went with Fox under the direction of his brother, R. A. Walsh. From small parts he rose to popularity in a surprisingly short time.



HENRY B. WALTHALL

was born on a cotton plantation in Shelby County, Alabama, and was educated at home by a private tutor. At the out break of the Spanish-American War he joined the army. A year after the death of his mother, who had opposed his theatrical ambitions, he came to New York. He rose rapidly, playing many engagements in stock, and for four years was with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin. He entered pictures under the direction of David Griffith. This connection was broken and renewed on several different occasions. He recently left Essanay to go with Paralta.

MARIAN SWAYNE

was born in Philadelphia twenty-one years ago and educated at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Her stage career began early in vaudeville and stock, where she gained her first prominence. She played for the screen two years with Blache and Gaumont and then returned to the stage, where she won new laurels. Since then she has worked in several pictures by various concerns, the latest being "The Adventurer," produced by Art Dramas.

A Picture That Needs No Caption

But which, nevertheless, does require a cast. We state, therefore, for your information, that the director is Donald Crisp and his independent ward is George Beban.

A French village now being constructed in Westchester County, New York, for a Selznick war picture featuring Rita Jolivet. When the rest of the picture is complete the village will be burned by the retreating Germans. This street is an exact reproduction of the original in France.

The Mighty Mammon

A dissertation on the power—and the lack of it—of the great god of money in the domain of the motion picture.

By Prescott Lecky

BACK in the days when letterhead dates were printed 190—, they put on a split-reel comedy in the old Biograph Studio under the title, "One Round O'Brien." There was only five hundred feet of it, and with the crude production methods then in vogue the cost was next to nothing—not more than seven hundred dollars at the outside. The studio in which the interiors were produced was little more than a barn. The sets were simple to the point of amateurishness. None of the players could be dignified with the title of "star."

Yet this slight bit of nonsense was relatively the greatest money-maker ever screened. In proportion to its cost it has made more than the greatest features—including even "The Birth of a Nation." Every year it travels on a national circuit; annually it appears in one of the great theaters of Broadway. Apparently without any particular reason, it lives on and on.

Every one has seen this picture. The plot turns on a pair of seedy bums who organize a prize-fight competition. It is staged in a small theater, with a canvas curtain hung at one side of the ring. One man stands behind the curtain with a mallet; the other—the challenger—clinches with each opponent and shoves him against the curtain. A blow from the mallet knocks him out. The dénouement is a reversal of the same process, when a wise guy in the audience comes up and pushes the

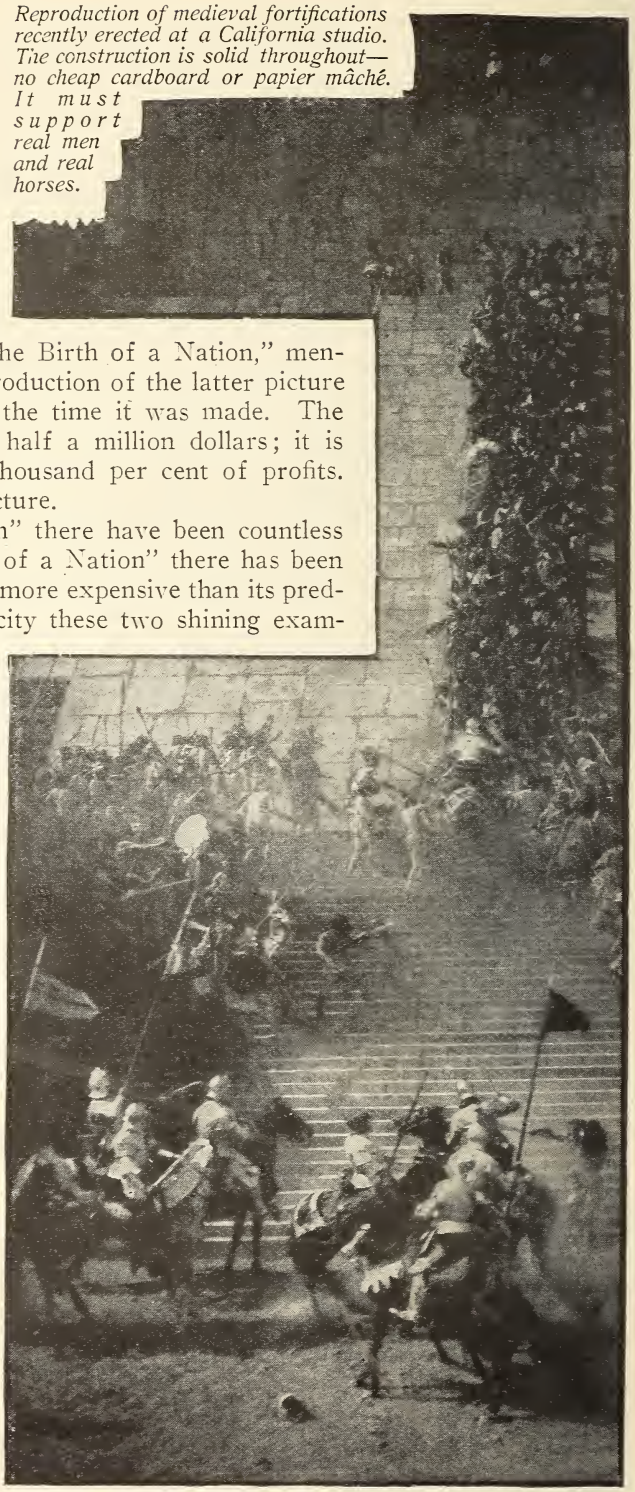
champion into his own trap. Here is a picture whose success no one can explain. If any man knew the reason and was able to apply the same principles to other productions, his fortune would swell to many millions.

But "One Round O'Brien" was one of the great prodigies of the motion-picture industry. The other was "The Birth of a Nation," mentioned above. The cost of production of the latter picture overtopped all precedents at the time it was made. The actual expense was close to half a million dollars; it is reported to have cleared a thousand per cent of profits. It is the one "high-water" picture.

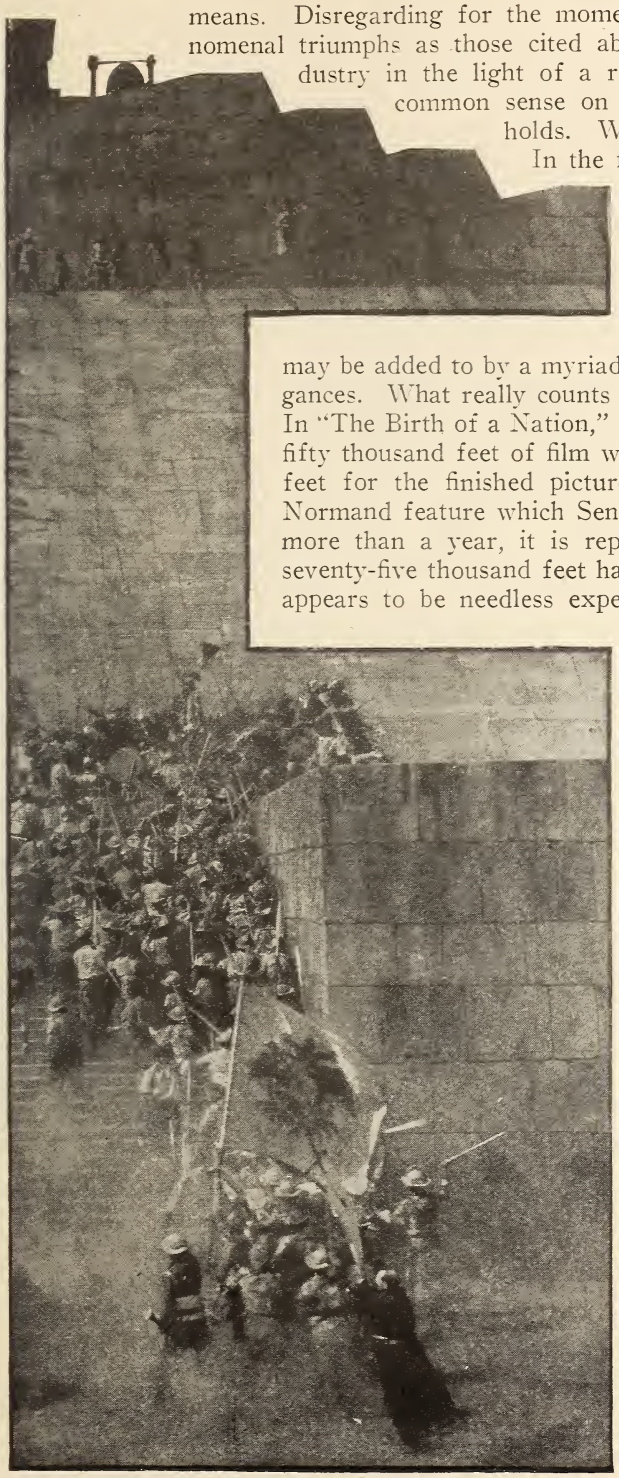
Since "One Round O'Brien" there have been countless comedies. Since "The Birth of a Nation" there has been spectacle after spectacle, each more expensive than its predecessor—but in earning capacity these two shining examples of success have never found a rival.

Obviously money explains neither of these superlative money-makers, though in the latter case, to be sure, it was of course an important item. Yet the impression is abroad to-day that the sine qua non of achievement in the business of making pictures is capital. When a new company is formed, the first question one hears goes straight to this point: "How much money have they got to spend?" After that burning issue is settled, the discussion loses suspense. Such matters as stars, directors, and general organization, to say nothing of copyrights and scenario writers to insure suitable stories, may await a calmer moment. Money is paramount.

Which brings us naturally and pleasantly to the question of what money really



Reproduction of medieval fortifications recently erected at a California studio. The construction is solid throughout—no cheap cardboard or papier mâché. It must support real men and real horses.



means. Disregarding for the moment the thought of such phenomenal triumphs as those cited above, and considering the industry in the light of a routine business, let us focus common sense on the subject and see what it holds. What can money do?

In the first place, it must be obvious that the mere spending of money in itself means very little. There is always a certain amount of waste, through experimenting, retakes, and so on, and this may be added to by a myriad of inefficiencies and extravagances. What really counts is the effective use of money. In "The Birth of a Nation," for instance, one hundred and fifty thousand feet of film were made to get ten thousand feet for the finished picture. In "Mickey," the Mabel Normand feature which Sennett has been working on for more than a year, it is reported that two hundred and seventy-five thousand feet have been taken. Here is what appears to be needless expense—but, after all, we must wait for the final figures. "Mickey" may be a world-beater.

Universal is said to allow only seven thousand five hundred dollars for a five-reel picture, which is produced, on the average, in less than two weeks; whereas Ince spends something like twenty-five thousand dollars for a feature of the same length, and consumes more than a month in making every play. "The Hater of Men," with Bessie Barriscale, was made in twenty-six days, but this is his low record. Ince pictures bring top prices, yet, on the other hand, Universal figures that it can sell several times as many prints to cheaper theaters and make an even better percentage of profit.

For answer to this problem I called on three men—a director, a scenario editor, and a producer. The first

was Chester Withey, director for Goldwyn and formerly an associate of D. W. Griffith. Mr. Withey has spent money himself and watched others spend it.

"What," I asked, "can money do?"

I had been watching Withey conducting a rehearsal—and incidentally I had been observing as fine a demonstration of directorial patience as you would find in a month's journey. An "extra" ("they told me he was an actor," said Withey) took a prominent part in this particular scene, and his performance was about as forceful and convincing as that of a dead man. But the director lost neither his poise nor his temper. By sheer force of personality and suggestion, with a word of encouragement here and a nod of sympathetic understanding at particularly awkward blunders, he perspired and persevered until finally the scene was done. Through it all he wore a smile that seemed to say: "Well, I'll do the best I can, and it's only thirty minutes to lunch time, anyway." This was the smile he turned to my inquiry.

"Ask me something difficult, will you?" he protested. "And let me say right now, before I forget it, that most people never dream how many things money can't do." And then he told me the story of "One Round O'Brien."

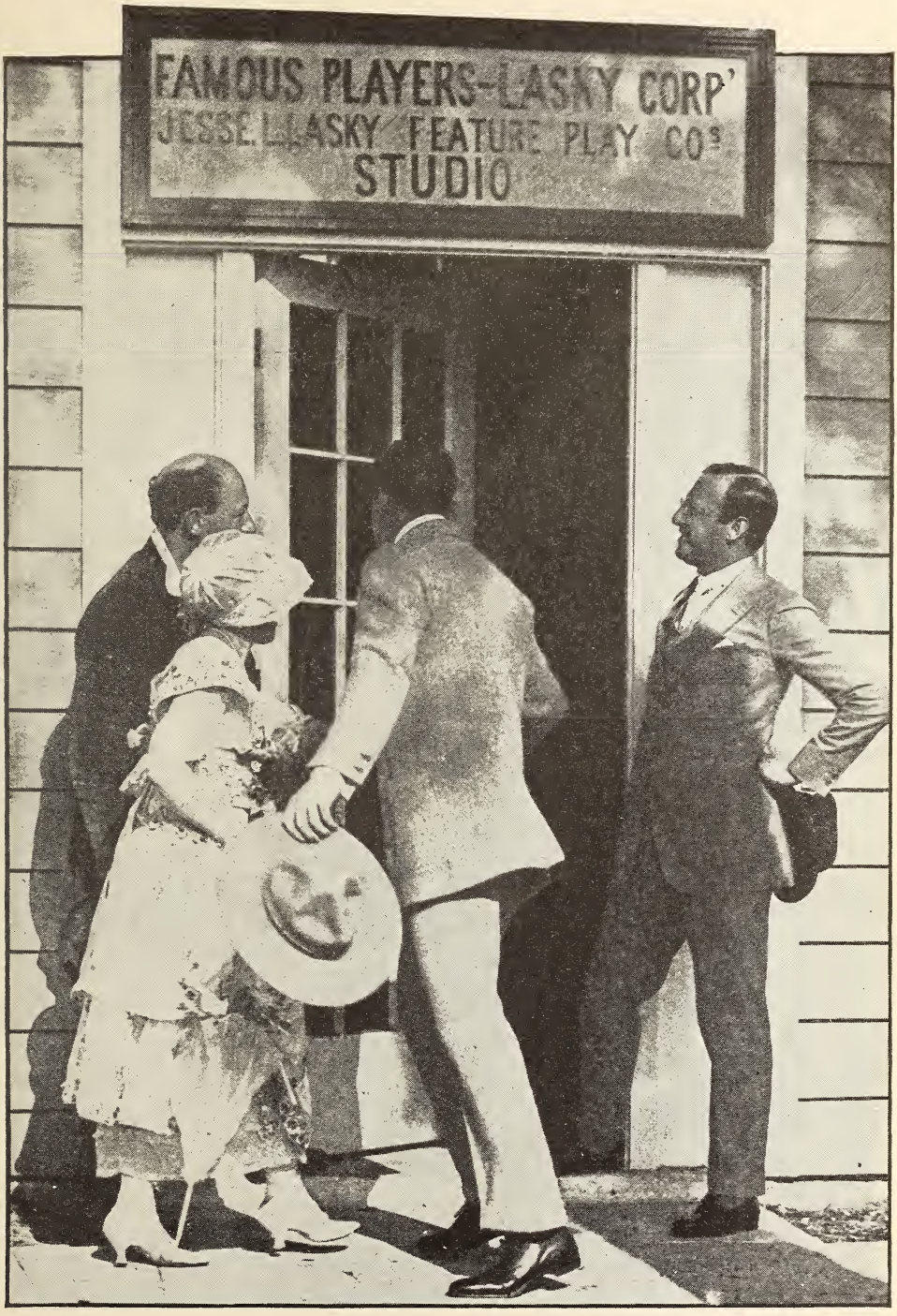
"When I talk about money," he cautioned, "I mean, of course, more money than the other fellow. Now, what has money to do with the success of 'One Round O'Brien?' Nothing. And there are things like that happening every day. One of the best directors in America started on the coast a few years ago with only four thousand dollars. He made more money in proportion than any one I know of. Yet this same man, who made the greatest profits with little money, to-day is making very little with all the money he wants. And so it goes.

"There are two sides to the picture business—production and marketing. The first half is a mental process. There are no rules which one can learn to insure success. The main problems lie not in the realm of finance, but in the realm of psychology. Money can't tell you what the public wants. It can hire the brains to help you find out, and the talent, but that's about all. Not that I object to an unlimited expense account —not at all.

"In the first place, money can buy the best stories. The company that treats the author fairly and pays him the worth of his work is bound to get the first choice. In fact, I believe that this is the one branch of pictures that does require more spending—constructive spending. I am convinced that the time is not far off when promising amateurs will be brought to the studios for intensive training. It would be a profitable experiment. Even the regular staff writers in many cases are underpaid to-day. Is it just a coincidence that the companies who pay best for stories are turning out the best pictures?

"Another thing that money can do is hire the right sort of players. I do not mean only the stars. As a rule the producer knows in advance the box-office value of a prominent player, and can estimate the approximate return. The star is also familiar with these figures, and the salary is fixed accordingly, no matter whose contract he signs. In other words, this is not only an irreducible expense, but entails little risk. With the minor players, however, the problem is quite different. Suppose we need a lady's maid. Shall we take an extra at five dollars a day, or a more experienced actress at ten or fifteen dollars? There might be a dozen such parts, insignificant in themselves, but important in their assembled effect. Money can do it right. And the same is true of sets.

"But perhaps the most important, as well as the most expensive, element of



Jesse L. Lasky on a recent trip of inspection at the company studio in California. Cecil B. DeMille, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks act as a reception committee.

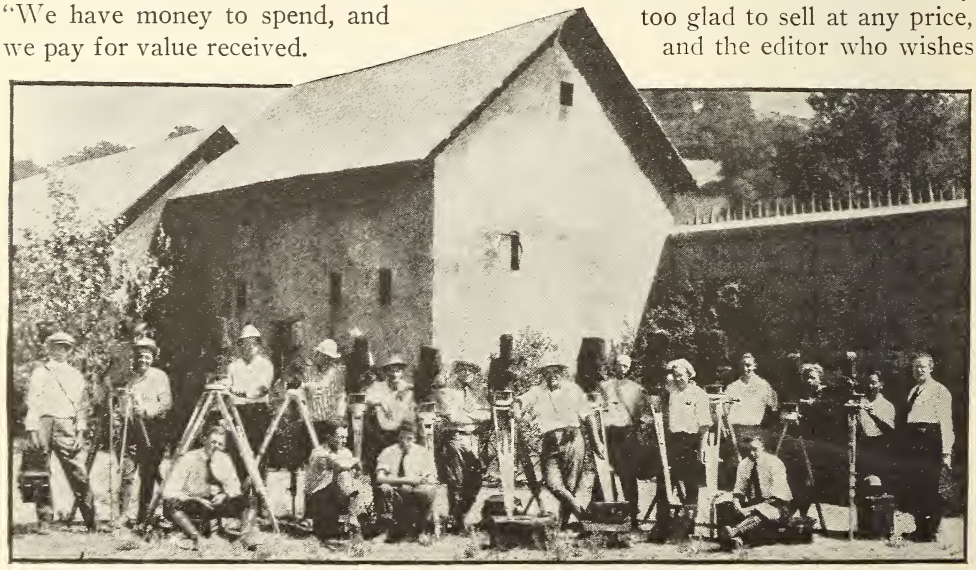
all is time. Time is cash in pictures. Every day has its pay roll, its studio rent, its overhead expense. But 'art is long,' as the poet says. The best pictures require study and imagination. It is a work of creation. Retakes also may be advisable. And so it is that time means as much as everything else together, and money alone can buy it!"

Robert MacAlarney, scenario editor of Famous Players-Lasky, was formerly city editor of the New York *Tribune*, and for several years has been a professor in the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia. No man in pictures—or out of them either, for that matter—has a higher reputation for integrity and fairness. Rumor has it that Mr. Lasky, in picking a man for this all-important position, sought a man whose character and ability, proven in straight journalism, would command the confidence of authors and public alike. Such a man is Robert MacAlarney.

"We try to run this department on the same lines as any good magazine or newspaper office is run," he told me. "We have money to spend, and we pay for value received. If we want a story, we believe it is the best business, as well as moral, policy to pay the author for the merit of his work, and I am sure that no one could accuse us of haggling over prices. Magazines and newspapers have always worked that way, and it seems to me that the scenario department of a motion-picture company should consider itself in the same class."

In justice to Mr. MacAlarney, it must be added that this is not intended to reflect on methods elsewhere. "I speak for the Famous Players-Lasky Company only," said he, "for I know absolutely nothing about other concerns. But I presume every company has the same idea." Which incidental presumption may or may not be true. The black sheep, if black sheep there be, are paying the price already through the lack of good stories and through popular suspicion. At the very least, it may be said that it takes real money to keep up the standard.

"The value of money in a scenario department applies chiefly to experienced authors," Mr. MacAlarney continued. "The amateur is only too glad to sell at any price, and the editor who wishes



A battery of Lasky camera men. These men alone represent an expense of more than $100,000 a year.

Robert MacAlarney, scenario editor of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, who spends more money for scenarios than any other man in the world.

to take advantage of him can do so. This is fatal to reputation, bad for the business as a whole, and poor practice in the long run, but in any case the finnacial outlay is relatively small.

"In dealing with well-known writers, however, the situation is entirely different. When the photo-play rights of a popular book or play are put on sale, the highest bid wins. The same holds true of original stories written only for the screen. These men are accustomed to good prices willingly paid, and have no patience with the editor who shows a disposition to bargain and quibble. They are perfectly just in this. There is no reason why a picture company should not pay as well and even better than a first-class magazine."

On the desk, as he spoke, were proofs of two new novels not yet on the market.

"In looking for the best stories," he continued, "we investigate every possible field. Our staff of readers are men of ability and insight. We have to pay well to keep them. Thus money enables us to experiment and explore. If a promising original comes in, we help the author with criticism and advice. If a good story appears in an obscure magazine, we hear of it immediately. Publishers send us advance proofs. The better all these details are attended to, the greater the expense. More money means consistently good stories every week, and that is enough for anybody!"

Jesse L. Lasky, president of the Lasky Feature Play Company, came to the picture industry with a large and varied experience in vaudeville—and vaudeville is the school supreme for teaching what the public wants. It may be said without question that Mr. Lasky has almost a passion for better pictures; a passion that his associates more than once have had to restrain. He believes that the best is cheapest in the long run, and he generally gets what he wants. The result is that the Lasky organization is probably the best in the business.

"When you ask me to talk about money," he said, "I hardly know where to start. The motion-picture business

has changed a great deal in the last few years. Money is so necessary that we almost take it for granted. When we speak of a fish we assume him to be in water, his natural state. Well, the picture business is like the fish. If it lacked money it would die.

"Good pictures are a finished work of art, like a piece of tapestry or a great cathedral. Nobody dreams of the infinite detail, the study and expense and labor and organization that unite to give the public an hour of amusement and pleasure. Simple in itself, it was born of complexity. And the better the picture, as a rule, the greater the detail and effort behind it.

"Putting it broadly, money can buy three things—men, material, and time. And there is no way to get any one of these without paying for it..

"The pay roll is, of course, the largest item, but it is also the most elastic one. We can reduce it at will by employing less-competent people. That is where money counts most of all—we don't have to reduce it. A classification of the pay roll on the producing end is something like this: Directors, stars, camera men, scenario writers, research men, studio employees, and 'extras.' The latter is important in the spectacular feature only, but it must be apparent that the first five classes at least offer a tremendous range of choice. We might replace a thousand-dollar director with a two-hundred-dollar substitute, or a two-hundred-dollar camera expert with a good photographer at seventy-five dollars. Even with the extras, when putting on a battle scene or other mob spectacle, we might manage with one thousand men in place of the two thousand we actually employ. But this is not the way to make good pictures.

"The same is true, to some extent, of 'props' and other material elements—studio, exterior rentals, and so on. A Greek temple, for instance, especially the interiors, might be built and decorated by ordinary 'prop' men, on the one hand, or by trained artists on the other. The settings may be a cheap imitation or a true reproduction; they may be 'passable,' or correct to the last detail. The difference in cost mounts high in the thousands.

"As for time—nobody but a man in practical touch with pictures realizes how vital is this problem. It touches every branch. Consider the simple item of rehearsals. In scenes where only a few characters appear, the action must be perfect. The director must experiment with the arrangement of the room, moving the players to gain the most effective impression as a whole and bring out the individual possibilities. Each scene is a separate problem. The characters must be coached in every detail. Time? A good director could make only one scene a day and still see room for improvement. Without money, such concentration is out of the question.

"In mob scenes, the difficulties multiply a hundredfold. An army of trained extras must be taught and drilled for their parts. Masses of men must move in harmony. Just as a general needs time to organize his fighting forces, so, too, the director and his lieutenants must adjust a myriad details and coördinate many separate elements. And the pay roll and board bill runs merrily on."

"Then money," I said, "just about tells the whole story, doesn't it? Any intelligent person with sufficient funds ought to be able to make pictures that are both good and profitable. He can employ the right people, buy appropriate sets and adequate studios, and stretch the time limit. Not so mysterious, after all, I should say."

He smiled at my deliberate bluntness, and I could see that he was about to answer in the negative. But it was some moments before he replied.

"No," he began finally, "it's deeper

than that." Then, swinging around in his chair, he faced me earnestly.

"Listen, and I'll tell you the simple truth. If I were out of this concern, no matter how much money I had, it would take me a long time to decide whether I would start a competing studio. I don't believe Jesse L. Lasky could beat the Lasky Company!

"That's exactly how I feel, and I'll tell you why. We have something here that money cannot duplicate, and that is organization. It is the result of years of constructive effort. Such an organization has to be built from the bottom up, with every part working in unison with the rest. It is the achievement not of one man, but of many. I might hire other men, possibly better men, and establish similar departments; but if they didn't know how to cooperate, it would be wasted effort.

"It is more than a system, for we work with ideas. Our problem is not merely to make pictures, nor to make artistic or beautiful pictures. It is to make successful pictures; in other words, to give the public what the public wants.

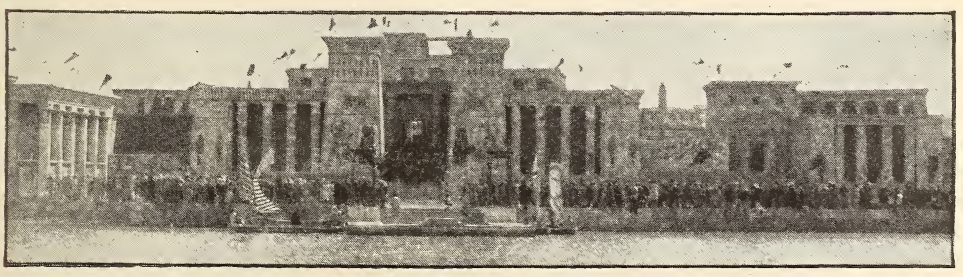
"Every company, therefore, must have a policy. Somebody must decide what the organization is to work for. Through experience or intuition or what not he must recognize the larger aspects of the business. Then his purpose or idea or diagnosis, or whatever you choose to call it, must be studied and developed by every department.

"Several years ago, for instance, I became convinced that artistic photography, especially lighting effects, was appreciated more than we had ever realized. Orders were then sent out to pay more attention to this special feature. Each department had something to contribute. In the scenario department, light effects were considered in perparing the detailed continuities; the studio managers ordered more lights; camera men made experiments; art experts studied the contrast of shadows; and directors kept their eyes open for opportunities on all sides. To-day I believe each of our studios has at least three or four times more lights than the average.

"Giving the public what it wants does not mean following the popular fashion, which is soon out of date. But any company that fails to gauge correctly the taste and appreciation of the average audience is bound to fail—and money cannot save it."

"Thank you, Mr. Lasky," said I, taking my hat. "I understand perfectly. Money means everything—and nothing!"

"Right!" he laughed, and we shook hands as though we had discovered some monumental joke.



A mammoth set for the Fox production of "Cleopatra," starring Theda Bara. Note the many details of construction and the mob—at $5 a man a day.

A Tailor-Made Star

June Caprice still attends boarding school—but she isn't training for a future.

By Marion Spitzer

June Caprice is one of the few celluloid satellites who can be seen at the wheel of her car unescorted—and there is no reason for it.

IN reply to the appreciative gentleman who inquired: "What is so rare as a day in June?" I made the reply: "A day *with* June." And, to avoid confusion, I elucidate—June Caprice. I know, for I have enjoyed both.

About eighteen months ago June was just an ordinary schoolgirl who lived in Boston, and suffered scolding with her companions for slipping away from class occasionally and attending the movies. Now, the strict teacher who administered those scoldings attends them herself, and is one of June's best customers. What happened in the past eighteen months is history in the land of films. But to make the story complete, it is necessary to go back a little in dates, and start at the beginning.

On November 19, 1899, June Caprice was born at Arlington, Massachusetts. Her family later moved to Boston, and she was, in time, sent to grammar school there. Finishing this course, she entered high school,

and then a conservatory of music. There was very little unusual about June up to this time, except that she had scarcely ever been out of the boundaries of her native State, and she regarded New York entirely upon its reputation, as a brilliant, dazzling city, swirling in giddiness, where business was but a heavy black veil spread over in the day to hide until nightfall the chattering, clanging, chattering mass of carefree pleasure seekers—where work was merely a necessity in order to meet the financial demands of amusement. New York suggested to her what the name Monte Carlo signifies to the average young man. To be associated with it was her most obscure thought. The nearest she would ever come to it, she considered, was when she played for a short time in a sketch with Andrew Mack, in Boston.

This brings us up to a year and a half ago. At just about this time, in New York, William Fox, one of the mighty film magnates, decided that it was necessary for him to visit

June goes fishing, and can be a perfect dairymaid which shows that the city means a business rather than a living to her.

Boston on business. He packed up, took the train, transacted the business, and was about to return to the metropolis when he met June Caprice. She impressed him. Her sunny disposition and the lack of all affectation attracted him. She seemed an almost perfect ingénue. So, after thinking things over, he offered to bring her back to New York with him and place her in one picture which would give her every opportunity to "make good." Miss Caprice jubilantly accepted the "dream offer," as she expressed it, and came to the city. And then things started.

Mr. Fox gave orders to his publicity and advertising departments to spread the country with notices about June Caprice. "I'm going to do something new," he told them. "I'm going to make a tailor-made star. She's going to have all the press-agenting we can give her. She's going to be the star of the first picture she ever acts in. If she makes good she'll be famous in six months. If she doesn't we haven't lost anything. It will be up to her."

The best report as to what June did is a review of the last year and a half. She is just completing her tenth feature for the Fox Company. She is famous in practically every city and town in the United States. And she is a real star—tailor-made, but self-maintained.

Just at present Miss Caprice is finishing a Dutch picture called "Every Girl's Dream," in which a lamb figures rather prominently. Lambs, however, have a habit of growing up in a considerably shorter time that humans, and this picture was started quite a while ago. The result is funny. What was, at the start of the filming, a tiny sympathy-inspiring lambkin is now a great, bleating sheep, very unruly, and exceedingly difficult to get along with. We can only hope that none of the late scenes were not taken first, as is frequently the case, for even the most careless movie fan cannot fail to observe that a sheep which grows into a lamb, instead of acting according to the usual process, is, so to speak, a nature faker.

When June was at school in Boston, not so very long ago, she idolized Mary Pickford, on the screen. Of course, like most Boston parents, June's progenitors did not approve of "movies" for their impressionable and roguish offspring. So, one fine day, when she saw the alluring advertisements of Mary Pickford in "White Roses," she and a chum decided that school could go hang for the day. As they entered the theater they overheard the ticket seller comment to the doorman upon the striking resemblance the "little girl," meaning June, of course, bore to the heroine of "White Roses."

The youngsters were thrilled to the bone by this greatest of all compliments, and even to this day, Miss Caprice declares there is nothing which pleases her so much as having somebody liken her to the incomparable Mary. There is no question, either, that the resemblance is marked. Suffice to say that the forthcoming spanking was that day fully compensated beforehand.

Miss Caprice still goes to school. In fact, instead of mingling in the theatrical life, or the brilliant buoyancy of Broadway, she makes her home at a quiet boarding school on West Seventy-second Street, in New York City. Between pictures she invariably takes the train to Boston and spends a week or more with her parents.

But June's school life is different now from what it was eighteen months ago. She is schooling for an education, but not for a vocation, as most people do. Her studies are more to learn what she has missed in the past than what she can gain in the future. And what else can she do? She is eighteen, going to school, but famous and earning more money than two average men.

Jane Cowl rehearsing her cast for the stage play, "Daybreak," after she has finished a full day's work at the Goldwyn studio.

This Is the Life—Sometimes

An exposure showing what the screen actresses' supposed "cinch existence" really consists of.

By Sanford Stanton

GEE, Genevieve, who'd you think I seen last night?" asked Beatrice, the pretty little blonde who worked at the handkerchief counter of the five-and-ten.

"Dunno. Who did you?" asked her friend, whose duty it was to dispense tin dishware to those in need of such articles. "The kaiser?"

"Lucky for him I didn't," replied her friend. "But no kiddin', who'd you think?"

"Dunno. Who?" answered the dark-haired Genevieve, pausing the meanwhile in the act of wrapping up a tin dish a waiting customer had just purchased.

"Norma Talmadge," said Beatrice impressively; "was so close to her I could 'a' touched her with my hand!"

"For g-a-w-d's sake!" said Genevieve, the dish falling to the floor with a clatter the meanwhile. "You didn't really, did you?" she added in a doubtful tone, stooping to recover the errant dish.

"Honest to g-a-w-d, I did!" replied Beatrice. "And she looked just too grand for anything. I was going down the street with Jimmie—you know Jim, don't you; he's got lovely eyes, don't you think? Well, Jimmie was going to take me to see 'Her Only Son' in five parts over at the Regent, and just as we were opposite the autymobeel entrance to the Astor who should step out of a great big grand touring car but Norma! My, but she's beautiful, ain't she?

"And don't them movie actresses and people have a swell time? Just ride around in big cars and live in swell

places and wear diamonds, and—gee, wish I could get in the movies! I would, too, only my mother says I can't. But it's some swell life they lead, take it from me. And what a cinch they have!"

And just about then trade began to get so busy that Genevieve and Beatrice had to defer their conversation for a time, which gives us a chance to agree and disagree—mostly the latter.

Marjorie Rambeau in her dressing room at the studio. Miss Rambeau left the camera at five o'clock, had supper, and rushed to the theater at seven for her stage performance.

The life of a movie star isn't just exactly what the Genevieves and Beatrices think it is. Of course, there's a bit of play in it, for all work and no play not only makes Jack a dull boy, but it also makes Norma and Douglas and Clara and Mary and all the others not anywhere near as good picture stars as they otherwise would be. But it's mostly work—especially for those who have been drafted, as so many have recently, from the world of the spoken drama to the ranks of the film artists. For them it's—but just to record chronologically the events of a single day in the life of any one of

many will give a far better idea of just how far wrong our Genevieve really was.

For instance, there is Jane Cowl. Without any exact knoweldge of the subject, it is a pretty safe guess that our Genevieve and our Beatrice have pinned up somewhere in their rooms at home pictures they have cut out of this or that magazine of the beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired star who made us weep with her in "Within the Law" and "Common Clay," who made us love her last year in "Lilac Time," and who will soon be weaving her spell around the hearts of movie fans the world over when her pictures come from the Goldwyn studios, where she is now hard at work.

Of course, if Miss Cowl was perfectly satisfied just to be one of the most popular actresses, either on the spoken stage or the screen, life for her might be something like our Genevieve imagines it to be—but she isn't. Years ago she made up her mind that some day she would write plays herself. And she has. "Lilac Time" was written by her in collaboration with Jane Murfin, and now there is a second play called "Daybreak" that the two women have written which is likely to prove even more popular than the first. All of which brings us down to recounting an average day in the life of one of those children of fortune so envied by all the little Genevieves and Beatrices in the world.

Miss Cowl lives out in Great Neck, Long Island. Promptly at six o'clock each morning the alarm clock, a tiptoeing maid, or some such disturber of tired folks' slumber, rouses Miss Cowl from hers; and no matter how tired she may be, she just has to make a determined rush for her tub, and, later, her breakfast, for at seven sharp her machine, engine running and, like as not, horn tooting, rolls up to the front door. 'Tis well the car is never late, for its fair owner is due at the studio at eight on the minute, and Fort Lee and the Goldwyn studio is a good thirty miles away.

At the studio, an inexorable director, barring the few minutes allowed her for lunch, bosses this person, of all persons to be envied, around until six o'clock at least, and sometimes hours later. If he is a perfectly nice director and calls it a day at six o'clock, Miss Cowl just doesn't know what to do with herself, for she has two whole hours to eat dinner in and otherwise fool around before she is due at the theater where first the company rehearsing in her new play meets each night at eight o'clock for rehearsals and where later on another company which is to go on tour with Miss Cowl in another season of "Lilac Time" has been reassembled.

Occasionally, when everything goes along smoothly, there isn't another thing to be done that day at midnight, and then all Miss Cowl has to do is to climb into her car and dash back out to Great Neck to sleep a bit before starting to do it all over again the next day.

And my, oh, my, but Genevieve does envy her! And here's a little secret—many's a night when our little Genevieve is dreaming away in her soft bed of the days when she is going to be a great star, that very same star is envying her and all the other little Genevieves and Beatrices.

Don't think for a minute that Miss Cowl is just a single exception to the rule. She's more like the rule—the exceptions are the ones Genevieve had in mind.

Maybe the very night she saw Norma was one of the nights when the last scenes in "Poppy" were being filmed over at the big studio in West Forty-sixth Street. Like as not, Norma had been there from eight o'clock that morning and had just rushed back to her hotel for a bite to eat before going

back and working until three, four, yes, perhaps six o'clock the next morning, because Norma and Mary and Anita and all the girls Genevieve is so jealous of do that exact thing very, very often.

Nor is it hard at all to think of scores who have done just exactly the same as Miss Cowl—"doubling in brass" the actor folk call it.

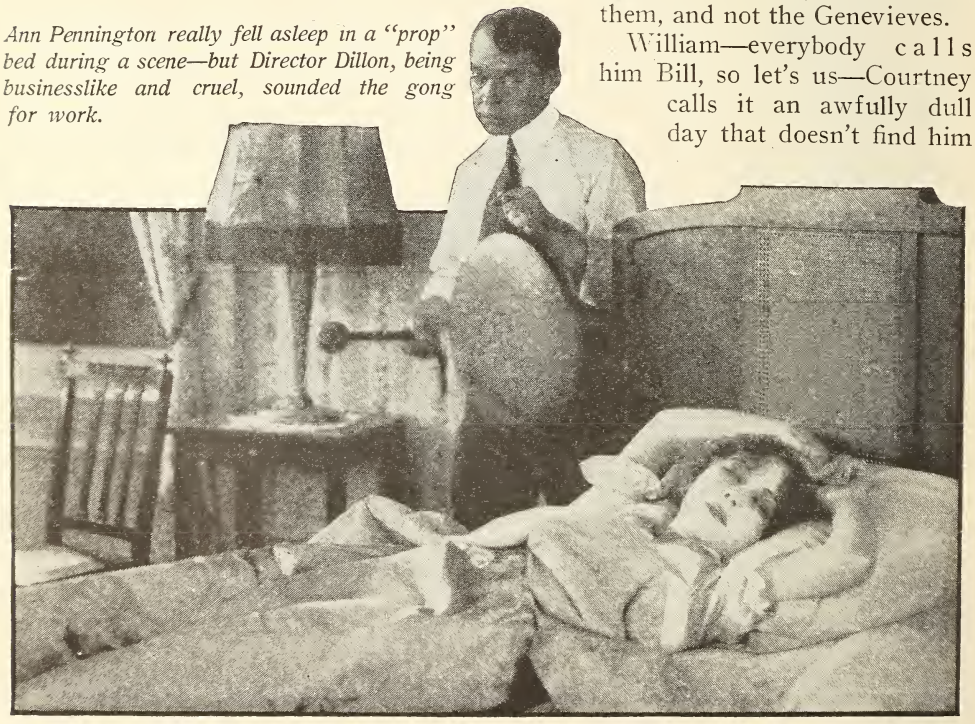
There is Marjorie Rambeau, for instance. Nearly all of the time she was so busy last season appearing in "Cheating Cheaters," she was appearing in pictures at the same time. In fact, when she signed her last movie contract she had to specify in it that on Wednesdays and Saturdays she should not be asked to go to the studio except in the morning because in the afternoon she had to play in matinées.

And little Ann Pennnigton—dainty heroine of "Susie Snowdrop" to screen fans, and the cutest little dancer in the Ziegfeld shows to theatergoers. If anything, she went Miss Cowl one better, for all the time she was appearing in the Ziegfeld Follies at matinées and evening performances and dancing in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic after the regular theater show, she was working in pictures, too.

Maybe if Beatrice's Jimmy saved his money for a couple of weeks and took her to see the Follies, as is quite likely he has done, she watched little Ann skipping about the stage, and envied her, just as she did Norma; but hours after Genevieve had tumbled off to bed, little Miss Pennington was still at work; and a full hour, at least, before Genevieve's alarm clock dared so much as make a sound, little Ann was up and dressed, and, like as not, on her way to the studio for a long, hard day's work.

Don't think, you who haven't already stopped reading this, that all the hard-working people in the world are the women of the stage and screen, though; for there are many of the menfolk, too, who "double in brass," only it's the Jimmies who may have envied them, and not the Genevieves.

William—everybody calls him Bill, so let's us—Courtney calls it an awfully dull day that doesn't find him



Ann Pennington really fell asleep in a "prop" bed during a scene—but Director Dillon, being businesslike and cruel, sounded the gong for work.

putting in thirteen or fourteen hours of good stiff work, and many times it runs well over that. Do you remember how gallant and handsome he appeared in "Under Fire," and what an attractive rogue he was all last year in "Pals First?" Well, all the time he was playing in those two plays he was working away in pictures, taking just enough time away from the two things to eat and sleep. And all the while Jimmy was imagining Bill out on some golf course or flying around the country at the wheel of a big car, Bill was either saying, "Yes, sir," "Yes, sir," as some director explained what he wanted done; or else he was striding back and forth before the footlights, making thousands glad they had chosen that particular show for that particular evening.

Donald Brian is another of the hard workers. All through the fall and winter he "doubles in brass," and even in the summer he comes near doing it, because each summer he is busy getting ready for the following season's new show while he is at work on films at the same time.

One might go on indefinitely if one really wanted to disillusionize all the Genevieves and Beatrices and Jimmies in the world, for there is no end of names to record of those who would never make good union folks—that is, if they joined a union that insisted on eight hours being long enough for a day's work.

But let's let the youngsters keep a few of their ideals. Doug Fairbanks once took a whole week off to go fishing. And when he got back home he found so many telegrams from his director and his manager and the president of his company, asking him where in the name of goodness he'd been hiding, that it took him three weeks to make his peace with all of them.

And just to make Genevieve feel better the next time the store manager scolds her for coming to work five minutes late, here's a little secret that Violet herself laughs about now, but didn't when it happened:

One night she had gone to a dance, and somehow the pesky alarm clock didn't go off, so she overslept a little bit and never got to the studio 'way over in Fort Lee until half past eight. When she came rushing into the studio, all out of breath and anxious to apologize to every one, all the director said was: "That will do, Miss Mersereau; we've decided to change the story a little, so long as you can't get here on time in the morning. I don't think we'll need you in the picture any more." Of course, Violet had a contract, but a scolding is a scolding.

Still, it's the life—if you're a little Genevieve or a Jimmy and just read and hear about it.

ALL I CAN DO

THE bugle blows. I hear it,
And do my best to show
The proper martial spirit.
No further can I go.

Withhold, I beg, your strictures,
Though mine's the slacker's way.
I'm acting for the pictures
In a military play.

TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY.

Bessie hasn't adopted the trite old claim that she "designs her own costumes." She doesn't. But she handles a needle as Willie Hoppe does a billiard cue.

Sweet Eighteen and Never Been Hissed

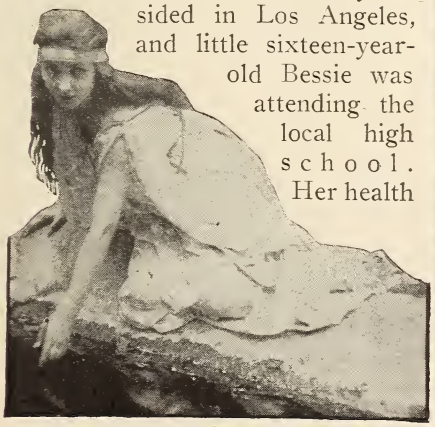
By William Prescott

THE first half of an interview with an especially bright light of the screen world is not infrequently devoted in toto to the thrilling story of her career. Indeed, it would appear that actors, like lovers, are almost universally obsessed with what Booth

Tarkington—bless his observant soul!—calls the "autobiographical impulse." It was therefore something of a revelation to the writer of these caustic lines to discover a variant from the normal—let it pass—species. Can you imagine an actress who takes it for granted that other people are as important as she? I wouldn't expect this of you, anyway; there are limits even to imagination. But come with me and meet Miss Bessie Love. Here at least is a regular girl.

Bessie had nothing to say. Of Griffith, of Hart, of pictures in general, she could out-talk a phonograph, but of herself—she could think of nothing interesting, as she explained. Her friends, however, were as voluble as Bessie was silent. So I have part of the story, after all.

Bessie is all of the things that the press agents tell about their various stars, and none of the things that they don't tell. In fact, when Bessie leaves the studio she ceases to be a star altogether. Listen, for instance, to the story—the real story—of her first adventure in the movies. Everything she does is characteristic of an unspoiled schoolgirl in her teens, and this is no exception.



The Love family resided in Los Angeles, and little sixteen-year-old Bessie was attending the local high school. Her health

was poor, and her father, who is a physician, decided that she should spend more time in the open and give up work in the classroom entirely. It was Mrs. Love that thought first of the movies.

"But listen, Bessie," she told her enthusiastic daughter, who thought a picture studio was a sort of earthly heaven, "you can be a motion-picture actress if you want to, but you must get in D. W. Griffith's company or none at all."

And so, a few weeks later, we find Bessie and one of her school chums stepping from the trolley at the entrance of the Fine Arts Triangle Studio. Forthwith began an excited discussion as to which should commit the "sin"—said sin being the telling of a white lie, and said lie being the statement that they had made an engagement with Mr. Griffith by telephone in advance.

"Oh, well," exclaimed Bessie finally, "I'll do it!" And she walked up to the gatekeeper and

Before scenes, between scenes, after scenes, the resonant "plink-plunk" of Bessie's guitar is a familiar sound in the Triangle studio at Los Angeles.

gravely declared: "We have an appointment with Mr. Griffith." Once inside they made their way timidly along like a pair of frightened rabbits.

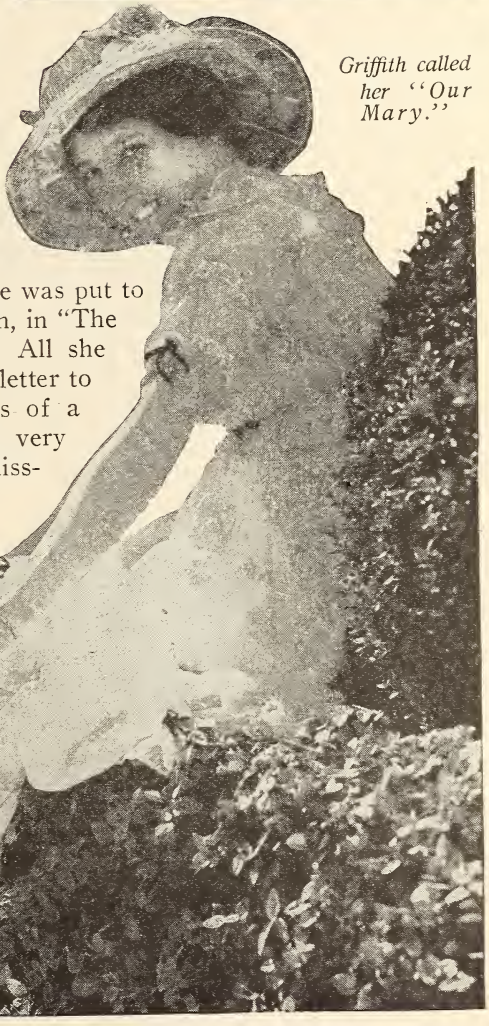
Now, it so happened that Mr. Griffith himself was standing near the gate, and saw the whole of this incident. It was evident that "the kid could act." Smiling to himself, he entered his office by a rear door just in time to hear his associate, Frank Woods, inform the youngsters that there must be some mistake.

"Let them come in," said Griffith. Then: "What's your name, little girl?"

"Juanita Hort—horton," stammered Bessie, which is her real name.

"Good! Now, tell me everything you have to say."

As a result of this interview, to shorten the story, Bessie was engaged immediately. She was not to report, however, until the close of the term at school a week later, when she received her diploma.



Griffith called her "Our Mary."

When Bessie returned to the studio she was put to work under the direction of John O'Brien, in "The Flying Torpedo," with John Emerson. All she had to do was dash on as a maid, hand a letter to *Spottiswoode Aitken,* and tell the news of a murder. But even this she performed very poorly indeed. There was talk of dismissing her.

But once more the "master mind" came to the rescue. There was no private rehearsal of the novice. Griffith simply said:

"You are a terrible Swede. You find that your employer has been murdered. Your eyes are popping, your mouth is agape, and you rush to his friend with the news. Remember there must be plenty of pep in your actions. Let's see—you'd better say: 'By Yiminy, he yumped to hell!'"

"You want me to say that!" the little girl gasped in wonder, as she looked into the eyes of the director.

Griffith smiled and nodded. Then he added:

"Some of the players cuss like troopers, especially during moments of strong excitement. Use those funny words with all the force you have in you. They will give your face and mouth the expression."

From the family album—age, nine years.

The scene began.

"Go on!" ordered Griffith, and she dashed into the set. Like the sharp staccato reports of a Gatling gun in action came the words from Bessie's quivering lips:

"By Yiminy, he yumped to hell!"

She had worked herself into a frenzy of excitement to which the spoken words furnished a most amusing anti-climax. A gale of mirth swept over the company.

"Our Mary!" enthusiastically shouted Griffith, giving her a new name on the spur of the moment. "That's fine—great! Wonderful!"

Later that day Mr. Griffith was asked why he called Miss Love "Our Mary."

"Because," he replied, "she is more like Mary Pickford than any other actress I have seen. She is a real 'comer.' Watch her."

As a result of this demonstration, "The Flying Torpedo" was rewritten, with little Bessie, in the character of a Swedish servant with a fondness for reading Ibsen's erotic love stories, in the leading feminine rôle. It is ancient history now how Bessie "ran away" with that picture. It established her as a star, and she has been featured as such ever since.

Griffith's prediction was justified. In the last two years she has played opposite some of the leading actors of the screen.

And through it all Bessie has remained just a natural little girl. A guitar is her constant companion, and as final proof of her sincerity she does not have to be "begged" before she will play. At home she is the same—the sort of girl one speaks of as "the daughter of the house."

Showers of Bessies we need!

The Conqueror

A thrilling tale of the frontier days based on the life of Sam Houston.

By Robert Foster

THE lady in the chaise was dainty as a piece of Dresden china. She wore ringlets and a poke bonnet and a crinoline—for this was in the year 1811. An old darky dozed on the driver's seat and let the horse make its own pace. On the sidewalk a young man, wide of shoulder, bronzed of face, clad in fringed buckskin coat and trousers, stared at the girl in the chaise, his soul in his eyes.

Up till this moment Sam Houston would have been the first to scoff at the notion of love at first sight. He had made his habitat with the Indians for three years and had acquired a serenity that belied his youth. But now, coming back to Tennessee, the sight of this beautiful girl set his heart pounding.

She was lazily dangling a glove over the edge of the vehicle and sweeping Sam with apparently disinterested glance. The glove dropped and Sam darted to recover it—but if he had been near enough he would have heard the lady order the darky to drive home with all speed. Result: when he picked the glove out of the dust of the roadway, the chaise was careering up the street as if bent on a life-and-death mission.

Sam stood in the hot sunshine with the glove in his hand, hesitant. "Who was the lady in the chaise?" he asked of the idlers.

"Miss Eliza Allen, daughter of Judge Allen," they told him.

He nodded and stolidly took his way

up the hill toward the mansion pointed out to him as the residence of the Allens. He rang the bell.

"This glove," he said to the fat colored mammy who opened the door. "It was dropped by Miss Eliza Allen. Give it to her and say I'd like to have speech with her if but for a moment."

The old slave waddled off, and Sam waited.

It was a new prank played by Eliza, daughter of Judge Allen. She had not been oblivious of the ardent gaze of the young man with face bronzed like an Indian's. It was with studied carelessness that she had dropped the glove. There lay in the back of her mind the thought that he would keep the dainty thing, treasure it, perhaps build a romance around it. Well, why not? If it gave the poor fellow any joy, she could easily spare a glove. Thus thinking, she had watched from the corner of her eye while Sam pounced on the glove; and then, satisfied, had promptly roused the old darky and bidden him drive homeward at top speed.

But from a window of the mansion she was dismayed to see the broad-shouldered young man swinging up the hill with the long lope of a redskin. The stupid fellow had come to return the glove—possibly hoping for an interview! This was much further than she intended the prank to go; and when the colored mammy brought Sam's message and the returned glove, the girl tossed her ringlets and said stiffly:

"Tell the gentleman I thank him, but I am constrainedly unable to see him."

The old mammy tried to reproduce the language of her young mistress, and Sam was dumfounded when he was told: "Young missa done say she am 'bliged to yo', but till yo' become a constable she kain't see yo'."

Sam Houston went off, dazed, but determined. 'If she says I'm to become constable, then constable I'll be."

He was only eighteen, but he looked much older. Born in the comparative quiet of a Virginia home, he had chafed at inactivity, and, in his fifteenth year, had run away, crossing the Tennessee River and making his home with the Cherokee Indians. Old Chief Oo-loo-tee-kah had adopted him, and Sam was given the status of the chief's son; he shared the red man's wigwam and was treated with respect and affection by the tribe. With his native shrewdness he was able to save the old chief much trouble from the crafty white men who posed as government agents and were then swindling the Indians out of their land in spite of appropriations given by Congress. Those were years of delight for him, and he would probably have thrown in his lot with the Indians permanently but for a summons home.

Old Jumbo, a venerable negro who had a partiality for a big sunshade and a patient donkey, brought him the message.

"Ol' massa he done send me to bring yo' back," he began. Then, without waiting for Sam's retort, he demanded: "Whaffo yo' done run away, boy?" Jumbo was a privileged slave and felt that he had the right to be stern with Sam. "What yo' doin' wid dese yere no-'count red debbils?"

Sam grinned. "I'm shore glad to see you, Jumbo," he said, "but I'm not going back."

"Yaas, yo' is," insisted Jumbo. "Dis yere foolishness goin' ter stop right yere. Ol' massa's on his dyin' bed, an'——"

"What's that? Is my father sick?"

"More'n sick, boy. He's dyin', I tell yo'. Dat's why he send me for yo'. He'd die happier ef he saw yo' afore he goes."

Sam was silent for a moment. He had always had a deep affection for his father, and this news stunned him.

"I had no thought of him being

"Why don't you go to school, you big dunce?"

sick," he said, his voice choking in spite of the Indian stoicism that had become second nature with him. "I'll come back; of course I'll come."

He went to say good-by to Chief Oo-loo-tee-kah. "I must return to the land of my fathers," he explained.

The old chief embraced him. "Farewell, my son," said the Indian chief. "Great Spirit tell me you become conqueror among your people. It is well. Friend of the Cherokees, may you always remain our friend."

Sam had hurried back with Jumbo —barely in time to see his father before he died. And now he was in a Tennessee town, where the Houston estate was being straightened out. The matter of the straightening out was not difficult. The place was mortgaged to the last stick, and Sam's share of what was left amounted to the fractional sum of eight shillings.

It was on the day when he was apprised of his small inheritance that he found my lady's glove. The garbled words of the old colored mammy spurred him to action.

He knew nothing of the duties of constable, but he found, by a little judicious questioning, that almost anybody could get the job if he put up enough money for votes. Eight shillings would not go very far, but Sam had brought some pelts from the Cherokee country, and with the proceeds from these he bought his way into public favor and was elected con-

stable. Promptly he sent word to Miss Allen that he had obeyed her commands.

Eliza smiled at Sam's innocence and determined to carry the joke one step further. The brief note she sent him —a note that he treasured all his life— had these words:

Why not sheriff? ELIZA ALLEN.

"I know," he said to her. "White man—strong—big. We find him."

"Sheriff I will be," Sam mused.

Fate played into his hands. A supposed jewelry salesman approached the cashier of the bank with a handful of his wares and suggested that the cashier's wife might appreciate a little present. The cashier was interested, and inspected the collection—whereupon the salesman whipped out a pistol, ordered the cashier to hand over a bundle of bank notes, and made his escape with the booty.

Sam Houston, with the cunning of an Indian, tracked the thief, captured him, and brought him back with the bundle of bank notes. He was promptly appointed sheriff; the town needed a man of his talents.

With the new dignity thrust upon him, Sam realized that his education had been neglected. He had run away from home before he had learned much of the three R's. Once, when drawing water from a well, he remembered being chided by two girls for his uncouthness.

"Why don't you go to school, you big dunce?" they demanded.

He saw now the need for education, and set himself with praiseworthy zeal to acquire it. He made rapid progress with his books and began the study of law. The spirit of the conqueror inspired him to go forward in the face of sneers, pitying smiles, and malicious comments.

Judge Allen's daughter found herself interested in him in spite of herself, and she called at his office to congratulate him and wish him success. That brief interview was a red-letter day in his life, and set him dreaming.

But if Sam Houston had hopes of some day winning the haughty young lady, he was not alone in the hope. There was a certain Sidney Stokes, of Georgia, a gentleman of independent means, who had laid siege to the heart of Eliza. He had the entrée to her father's home and was permitted to

drive with her—an honor that Sam would have given his right hand to achieve. But he bided his time. He knew he was no match for the elegant gentleman from Georgia. After a year or two, perhaps—who knew?"

His law studies ended, he hung out his shingle and conducted one or two cases that gained him a State-wide reputation. In time he became district attorney, and he felt that now, with an assured income, he had the right to offer his love to Eliza.

She listened patiently to his plea, but her hoop skirt covered most of the sofa and she made no attempt to make room for the lover.

"When you become governor—perhaps," she told him.

Sam was in the thick of the next election campaign. He had himself nominated for governor, and by a narrow margin succeeded in his latest ambition: he became governor of Tennessee.

Then he interviewed Judge Allen. "I have long loved your daughter," he said. "From the first moment I saw her I loved her. She has been my inspiration ever since. It was for her that I became constable, sheriff, district attorney, and finally governor of the State, and I feel I have the right to ask her to marry me. Will you give your consent?"

Judge Allen shook his hand warmly. "Gladly," he said. "There is no man I would rather have as a son-in-law. I have watched your career with interest, and I think my daughter has not been unobservant."

"But there is Mr. Stokes——" began Sam.

A shadow passed over the judge's face. "Yes, I have thought of that. He is not my choice, and I have feared at times that a union between him and Eliza was imminent. You understand, of course, that my daughter's choice shall be my choice. I thank you for coming to see me, and I wish you success. More than that I cannot do."

Eliza received Sam Houston with becoming modesty, and when he told her of his love for her, she gave him her hand.

"Yes, I will marry you, Sam," she said, and added, smiling: "It would be useless for me to attempt to contravert the wishes of a conqueror. Your career has been wonderful."

Sam was no egotist and he was not stirred by her words. He would have given all his success to have had her assurance that she loved him.

It was an elaborate wedding. All the world and his wife were there. Among the guests was the ubiquitous Stokes—a decidedly unwelcome guest so far as Sam Houston's feelings were concerned; but welcomed heartily, even affectionately, by Eliza. They were so much together on that wedding day that Sam could not but overhear the disparaging comments and the pitying glances directed toward himself.

After the ceremony, Sam was utterly neglected by his bride, who found—so it seemed to him—the company of Stokes much more desirable. He bore with this state of things rather than make a scene, but when others began to take notice, his Indian pride burned within him. If this thing was to continue, he did not know how he could keep his position before the world. He imagined himself the laughingstock of society and was sure that his wife loved the man from Georgia.

At last the guests departed, and when Sam and his bride were alone, his first words were not of love, but of reprimand. In blunt fashion he told her that a reformation was desirable, even necessary.

"There are three things that you will do well to bear in mind," he said sternly: "The first is that you are no longer single and must forego the pleasure you seem to find in other

men's society. The second is that you have married Sam Houston, whose training with the Indians has made him resentful of anything savoring of disloyalty. The third is that your husband is the governor of Tennessee, a high office, that demands dignity and decorum not only upon the governor's part but upon the part of the governor's lady."

"The Honorable Samuel is a forceful speaker," she said, the dimples playing about her pretty mouth. "In other circumstances I should be able to admire your rhetoric, but now I must retort that it is an Allen you have married, honorable sir. And who are you—a Houston, a consorter with the red scum of the desert, an upstart—who are you to attempt to dictate the conduct of an Allen?"

There was no bitterness in her tone; the lovely ringlets drooped over a forehead unmarked by lines of annoyance. Her eyes were smiling. She was amused—that was all.

Her attitude exasperated the governor more than an angry outburst. "You do not love me?" he asked.

Wrapped in close embrace they stood while the sounds of battle died out.

"Perhaps—and perhaps not," she answered, bringing the fan to her lips as if to suppress a yawn. "Perhaps I only married a title."

Sam Houston did not understand the subtleties of woman. Eliza was a born aristocrat. She had been taught to conceal rather than reveal her feelings. She was very much in love with the broad-shouldered conqueror she had married, but it would have been bad form to display her affection. Sam himself had learned stoicism from the Indians, and his love-making had not thrilled her. If he and Eliza had been able to break loose from the shackles of birth and training and let their hearts speak, all might have been well; but they were both stubborn, unrelenting.

"I am disappointed," said Sam, a flush on his bronzed cheeks. "I had hoped to find happiness here. I was mistaken. I was wrong to leave the company of the true-hearted Cherokees. If it is in your mind to annul the ties that bind us, the way is open.

I go back to my Indians." Stolidly he left the room.

"Close the door softly, please," she called to him. But there was no need for her request. Sam did not give way to outbursts of passion. There was bitterness in his soul, but with true Indian impassibility he gave no outward indication of the emotions that stormed in his breast. The door clicked softly. He was gone.

Eliza refused to believe he would not return; but as the moments passed and the door remained closed, tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh, my love; my love!" she moaned, and gave way to a tempest of tears.

She did not hear the noise made by the opening of a window. She did not see the dapper figure of Stokes, the elegant, climbing over the sill. The first knowledge of his presence in the room came to her when his hand fell on her shoulder and she stared up at him through tear-blinded eyes.

"Sweet lady," he whispered, "I have seen the other man go. I have known from the first that you had no affection for him. Come with me and let us be happy. I love you."

His arms closed around her. He lifted her face and kissed her passionately.

She broke from him and sprang to her feet. "How dare you?" she cried. "Oh, how dare you——"

"Sweetheart——" he began, and would have taken her in his arms, but she evaded him and ran toward the door. He intercepted her, caught her in a viselike grip, and stopped her cries for help with his kisses.

Judge Allen, comfortably settled in his armchair in his study on the lower floor heard the cries, and in bewilderment ran up the stairs. The appeals for help came from the bridal chamber. He flung himself on the door and burst into the room—to find not Governor Houston, but Stokes, with Eliza in his arms.

With the opening of the door, Stokes, now lost to all sense of caution, whipped out a pistol. "Keep back!" he cried, with blazing eyes. "I love this girl, and neither you nor any other man can take her away from me. Back, I say!"

But Judge Allen had never learned the word "retreat." He advanced, regardless of danger. Stokes' nervous fingers squeezed on the trigger. There was a flash, a report, and Judge Allen fell—shot through the temple.

Stokes stared, horrified at his own act. The weapon fell from his shak-

Winning independence for the Texans.

Sam gazed out across the corpse-strewn convent yard. "It is not the end, but the beginning," he said. "Texas must be free."

ing fingers. The girl hung like a dead weight in his arms; she had fainted. She meant nothing to him now; all he knew was that his own life was in danger. He lowered her to the floor, and, vaulting over the window sill, fled.

Sam Houston, no longer Governor Houston—for he had sent in his resignation—had two stanch friends in the world. One of them was Chief Oo-loo-tee-kah; the other was Jumbo, the white-haired old darky, a slave on his father's plantation, who had been given his freedom and was devotedly attached to Sam, as he had been to his forebears.

When Sam told him of his separation from Eliza, and his determination to rejoin the Cherokees, who were now settled in Arkansas, Jumbo nodded his woolly head and said: "I's gwine along wid yo', boy."

Sam tried to dissuade him, but finally gave way.

The Cherokees welcomed back the ex-governor as a long-lost son. They were a bit suspicious of the old darky with his big sun umbrella and his donkey; but whatever the adopted son of Chief Oo-loo-tee-kah did must be the right thing, and if he had brought a trained elephant into the encampment, they would have accepted the situation with the same stoicism that they exhibited toward Jumbo.

For some time Sam Houston gave his mind to Indian affairs and was instrumental in arranging a number of treaties that were eminently satisfac-

tory. But, restless of mind, he could not long content himself with the comparative inactivity. His soul craved excitement, conflict. "Out there," he said to the chief, "in the Mexican country—in Texas—men live dangerously. It is there I would go."

Once more the good-bys were said, and Sam and Jumbo set out for the danger zone in Texas.

A week after he had left, a party of settlers from Tennessee came up with the Indians. Among them was Eliza, broken-hearted, unable to take up her life again in familiar surroundings after the double blow. Stokes, the man who had robbed her of her father, had disappeared, and rumor had it that he had escaped to Mexico and become leader of a gang of bandits. Her father lay under the sod. Her husband was somewhere out in the wild places. To find him became an obsession with her; to find him and throw herself in the dust at his feet and tell him that she had hidden her true feeling for him, and that in life or death her love was all for him.

Chief Oo-loo-tee-kah recognized her from a miniature that Sam had dropped. "I know," he said to her. "White man—strong—big. He is my adopted son. We find him."

Resting that night at the Indian encampment, Eliza set forth in the morning with a red-skinned guide on the trail of Sam Houston.

That Stokes had joined the Mexican bandits was not mere fiction to account for his non-arrest. It was simple fact. And at the very moment when Houston and Jumbo reached the little town of Bald Hill, Stokes and his Mexicans were menacing it, bent on plunder.

Sam threw himself into the thick of the conflict, unaware that a white man was the leader of the band of cutthroats, and that the white man was Stokes, of Georgia.

He joined the small company of soldiers in throwing up fortifications, and accounted for more than one reckless raider who dared emerge from the clump of woods where the band had mobilized.

At dusk, Stokes flung forward a handful of his men in preliminary attack. It failed, and the Mexicans were driven back, but not before several of the gallant soldiers defending the town had been wounded. Jumbo was sent to the convent in the valley to bring hospital supplies and to give instructions for defense to the sisters.

Here, in the cloistered retreat, with its atmosphere of peace, it was hard to think that a murdering gang of bandits were encamped a bare half mile away. Jumbo warned the sisters of their danger and bade them discontinue ringing the convent bell unless the Mexicans made an attack upon them. If this happened, then they were to toll the bell and the soldiers would come to their aid.

With his supplies, Jumbo climbed into his donkey cart and went back to the hilltop, where Sam and the little garrison were keeping the enemy at bay.

Meanwhile, Eliza, led by her guide, had come up to the convent. Weak and worn, she sought shelter and was cared for by the good sisters.

Cast of "The Conqueror"

Written from the William Fox picture play of the same title by Henry Christeen Warnack

Sam Houston	William Farnum
Eliza Allen	Jewel Carmen
Sidney Stokes	Charles Clary
Judge Allen	Robert Dunbar
Jumbo	J. A. Marcus

But the guide's business was to find Sam Houston; and, seeing the print of enormous feet in the path and recognizing them as Jumbo's, he set off to trail the old darky.

Barely had he come up with him and explained his mission, when the convent bell clanged out its appeal for help.

"Fo' de Lawd!" exclaimed Jumbo. "Dem Mexican debbils hab 'tacked de womenfolks in de convent! Yo' hab yore rifle, Mitsah Redskin. We-all is goin' right back." And with the Indian on the seat beside him, he turned his donkey and drove back at top speed.

On the way they met Sam Houston and a band of Cherokees, who had come in response to a call for assistance that he had sent them. Learning from the Indian that Eliza was at the convent, Sam dashed off with his party and arrived to find that Stokes had already smashed the gates and entered with his rabble.

It was a short but bloody battle that ensued. With white men the Mexicans might have fared better, but with redskins, urged on by Sam to merciless reprisal, their chances of success or escape were reduced to nothing. No prisoners were taken. An attack on a convent was not to be forgiven, even if the beaten marauders offered surrender. To a man they were wiped out.

Stokes, in the forefront of his raiders, had discovered Eliza hiding in the chapel with some of the sisters. Half-crazed with Mexican liquor, he grasped the girl in his arms and laughed horribly. "The devil is good to his own!" he shouted. "I sold my soul to him and he has delivered you into my hands."

"Help! oh, help!" shrieked the girl. "Sam—Sam—help me!"

"Calling for the long-lost husband—that's a rare joke!" cried Stokes. "You chased him away and now you want him! Oh, fie!" But his raillery ceased as a volley of shots sounded in his ears. Oaths and screams followed; bedlam had broken loose in the convent yard. "The soldiers——" he began; then stopped, dismayed as the weird yell of the Indians chilled the blood in his veins. As he stood, uncertain, a man ran into the chapel—a white man, who had heard the cries of Eliza, and, slaying a pair of Mexicans who had dared to intercept him, had dashed to the rescue. Unkempt, with blazing eyes and matted hair, Sam Houston looked like a fiend incarnate as he stood with smoking pistol menacing the group. Stokes shrank from him, made an effort to run, but Sam was on him with a bound and shot him through the heart.

As he stood, panting, over the fallen man, two white hands clung to him. A dearly loved voice was sobbing: "Oh, Sam, the good God must have sent you!"

"Eliza—you here?" he exclaimed incredulously, and he caught her to his breast.

"I came for you, Sam," she whispered, gazing up at him through happy tears. "I had to come—I love you so. It was all a mistake. Sam, dearest, kiss me and tell me——"

He pressed his lips to her hair, her eyes, her mouth. "Tell you that I will love you till death do us part," he finished the sentence.

Wrapped in close embrace they stood while the sounds of battle died out. It was a complete and terrific rout for the marauders, and Sam Houston, knowing that the victory was won, smiled down into the eyes of the wife he thought he had lost forever, and said: "With you, my gentle spur, I will make Texas a free republic and be its first president."

"Always the conqueror," she murmured. "My conqueror and the conqueror of Texas!"

The Indian guide joined them, and Houston placed the girl in the arms of a nun and stepped to the exit.

"What is the word?" he asked.

"All is well," answered the Indian. "No Mexican live. All dead. It is the end."

Sam gazed out across the corpse-strewn convent yard. "It is not the end, but the beginning," he said. "Texas must be free."

A few months later the Texas revolution broke out, and Sam Houston was its leader. History tells of the climax of the struggle at San Jacinto, a small village near Galveston Bay, where Houston defeated the Mexican forces and captured Santa Anna, winning independence for the Texans. In 1836, the man in whom Eliza Allen had inspired the spirit of the conqueror became president of the Texas republic.

Eliza put it in a nutshell when some one asked her to explain the phenomenal rise of her husband.

"It was the will to conquer," said the first lady of Texas.

THE WISE GUY

"THAT man," he said politely, and nodded toward the screen,
"He's really not the hero. Three times this film I've seen.
First off he sure fooled *me,* sir; I'll save you a surprise;
He really is the villain. I thought I'd put you wise.
He's in a foreign service; a snooper, that's his game;
The hero comes in later and gets the little dame,
And shoots the secret agent. He sure deserved to die.
They call him an 'informer.' I call him just plain 'spy.'"

I beckoned an attendant, and whispered in his ear:
"The time is ripe for action; the enemy is near.
Line up your squad of marksmen; this fellow sitting by
I call him an 'informer.' He sure deserves to die.
He's worse than any villain that ever I have seen;
Just stand him up and shoot him, as they do it on the screen."

The folks around applauded. My friend, with many sighs,
Departed, murmuring sadly: "I only put him wise!"

EVERETT LEIGHTON.

Miss Young—Clara's Manager

IN the past, when an actress confided that she was "starting her own company," it merely meant that she had made the acquaintance of some one who was willing to hire a good manager and finance a company bearing the star's name. The actress did the acting, the manager did the managing, and the money did the talking. But now we have the real thing—the lady executive.

Clara Kimball Young—head of two film concerns—holds the platform on all sides. She alone does the managing, the talking and the acting. Miss Young is Clara's manager, paymaster and boss. Of course she has help—any one needs help—and they do the work—but they do it as Clara's index finger indicates. Miss Young, the executive, announces that Clara, the actress, will be starred in C. K. Y. Film Corporation, while she also will be the business head of the new Fun-Art Films Incorporated.

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen, that are of interest to everyone.

Concerning War Pictures

UNLESS the flood of war films abates soon, the shelves of the exchanges will be decorated with rows and rows of rusty reels. The present international strife as a dramatic subject was long ago overplayed. Producers, with few exceptions, allowed themselves to be carried off their feet by the "timely" war feature. For a while these plays met with good demand, but such an appetite is easily satisfied, especially when there are weekly releases playing to it. The people of this country were a long way from the war, even in their closest moments, until the draft was declared and troops began to start for France. Then war in all its horrors took on the color of intimacy, and as a result the film drama hinged on war became a thing unpleasant and undesirable for the hours of recreation.

The news reels supply all the scenes of battle and soldiery necessary. Newspapers, billboards, circulars, and daily conversation keep the subject of war forever before the public mind, and in thousands and thousands of cases its terrible significance is brought home by memories of fathers, husbands, brothers, or friends who have been called to training camps or sent to France. Why add to this strain by depicting stories revolving about the turns and possibilities of war? Countless numbers of the people affected by this sad condition turn to the motion picture in their leisure hours for entertainment. The screen can do a great work, as well as follow the trend of supply and demand, by devoting itself to putting forth comedies and light dramas, pictures which dwell on the humorous and human sides of life. The newspaper and book are called by duty to record the incidents of this war, but the screen's field is not restricted to any certain channel, and at this time it should choose the one leading to mental relief and happiness.

The Broadway-Star Fever

THE Broadway-star epidemic seems to be about over. But at that it has met with more profit than rewards the charm of the ordinary siren. Like most production developments in pictures, the Broadway-star idea was ushered in by one company, and then the fever ran amuck. Within a remarkably short space of time, it seemed that every manufacturer had a string of record-breaking stars in his wake. Nearly every producer was featuring some one or other who had just recently turned Broadway into a middle aisle for the theater in which they had appeared. Price seemed no object—or objection. They were paid fabulous

salaries, and, according to the press stories accompanying the announcements of their engagement, these Broadway thespians were world-beaters.

After reading of the cinema treats forthcoming, an amusement-loving citizen felt that his first real entertainment was still in store for him; that he had thus far missed out on the real joys of existence; but that his desire for dramatic excellence was soon to be fulfilled. After seeing the renowned, though unknown to him, Mr. So-and-so from Broadway, his life would be complete.

The craze was red-hot while it was young. A manufacturer who could not boast of at least one Broadway celebrity felt like a bungling amateur. Then came the period of release for the master work of this formidable array. And shortly afterward came the awakening. Sales and theater reports showed that many stars from Broadway were talented, but also that some were not. It developed that Waterloo, Bangor, Dallas, and Seattle were not in any danger of being laid out with melancholia just because Broadway's pet had not yet appeared on their screens. The film favorites were still drawing crowds, and a number of the stage favorites were climbing to popularity, but many of the famous folks were deadwood, in spite of their Broadway-star title. They represented only so much publicity. As soon as possible these latter were returned to yearning Times Square, and in the meantime the producers paid dearly for their education. The screen has uncovered much ability and adopted more, but the result of the metropolitan-star fever proved that electric-sign advertising on Broadway was not in itself sufficient qualification for moving-picture work.

Objectionable Films

NOT so very long ago, picture lovers were assailed by an army of so-called problem plays. They were objectionable, lewd, immoral, and many other things, and in number amounted to a veritable scourge. Some of these choice offerings tried to get by on sanctimonious names; others on being consecrated to the good work of informing the blissfully innocent on the fine points in life; but they soon became known for the wolves they were, and the box-office receipts at their exhibitions dropped consistently. The reaction was quick and fatal. These pictures of questionable character and risque action were chiefly State's-rights productions; that is, pictures made independently and sold to buyers of outlined territories, in which they had exclusive renting rights.

This system allows a man without establishment or root in the business to jump in, make a picture of shameful and cheap nature, sell it for anything he can and get out, leaving his destructive trail for some one else to worry about. Some of these concerns were fictitious organizations. They had new names, but in fact they were subterfuges through which one or two program manufacturers were selling films which they were afraid to put out over their own trade-mark. They were willing to accept the spoils of the game, but they didn't want the nasty brown taste of the aftermath connected with their reputable brands. After the censors and offending patrons had ceased their indignant cries, the faithless producer sidetracked the drawer corporation through which he had released his orphan films and traveled on serenely.

This latter species of manufacturer of salacious pictures was only flirting with the market, and was in a position to quit any time the tide ebbed; but the independent man was hard hit by protest against his film. When the public refused to further encourage objectionable pictures with its patronage, the cre-

ators of this product found themselves loaded with unsalable territory and a good lesson. May they stand out as monuments for a type of picture which we hope is dead beyond hope of reincarnation!

The Function of Publicity

PUBLICITY is one of the most important and most potential factors in this business. It is a two-edged sword, capable of mowing a path to fame and fortune, or back sweeping opportunity into oblivion. All depends on how this subtle instrument is wielded. A publicity expert is a man of no few accomplishments. He combines the ability to write with psychology, sales persuasion, diplomacy, efficient newspaper distribution, and cold, practical estimates of costs tabulated with value received. Publicity is one of the main pillars of the motion-picture foundation.

It is the constant link between the ultimate consumers and the producers and their players. In itself it has made many stars, but when not tempered with good judgment, publicity can run as wild as an engine without a governor, and do much damage. To this latter capricious conduct certain actors and actresses can trace the obstacles which made difficult their road to stardom. They were not hurt with malicious intent, but the publicity concerning them was not timely and was composed of the wrong elements. For instance, two film girls, to our knowledge, were so publicified and popularized that when their pictures were released after a glorious campaign they could not live up to expectations. As a result, they were labeled disappointments. They had ability, plenty of it, but they had not yet developed into the inimitable wonders that the press stories claimed them to be.

Had the same judges seen their work without first having been impressed with their remarkable talent, they would have proclaimed them very promising and would have watched eagerly for their next pictures. Under the circumstances, the girls were forced to accept the injustice done them and work toward overcoming the high standard which they were expected to reach. Fortunately this sort of thing does not happen often. Publicity more often plays the rôle of builder. It is the artery that feeds life blood into the careers of many of our favorites. It is a valuable ally, feared and loved, and the film business and its stars could not do without it.

Tinhorn Criticism

THE picturegoing public seems to be growing too critical about the technical and mechanical parts of production. This in one sense is a distinct compliment, as it reveals close attention to pictures and actual study of them. But seen from another point of view, this exacting tendency on the part of spectators takes on the appearance of needless faultfinding. There are things to criticize in every picture, and always will be, if a person cares to dig them out; but there should be a limit to the perfection expected, beyond which the trivial errors which are bound to accompany production should meet with kind toleration.

People pay from one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents regularly to see stage plays which have trees painted on the back drop, brooks bubbling along the canvas on the side, and toasts drunk from empty cups, and accept them. They

realize that some things are physically impossible to the stage, while other errors are not detrimental to the story, and there the appetite for realism ends. But when the film producer is caught trying to keep within the bounds of financial reason by staging a Siberian scene in New Jersey, or an Alaskan scene in California, he is generally the target of cynical remarks. Of course, it is not according to Hoyle to stage a summer festival on an ice pond, or to show a man entering a house clad in a dark suit and to flash to him closing the door on the inside decked out in palm beach. Glaring faults in the making of a picture are inexcusable. They are the result of stupidity and neglect.

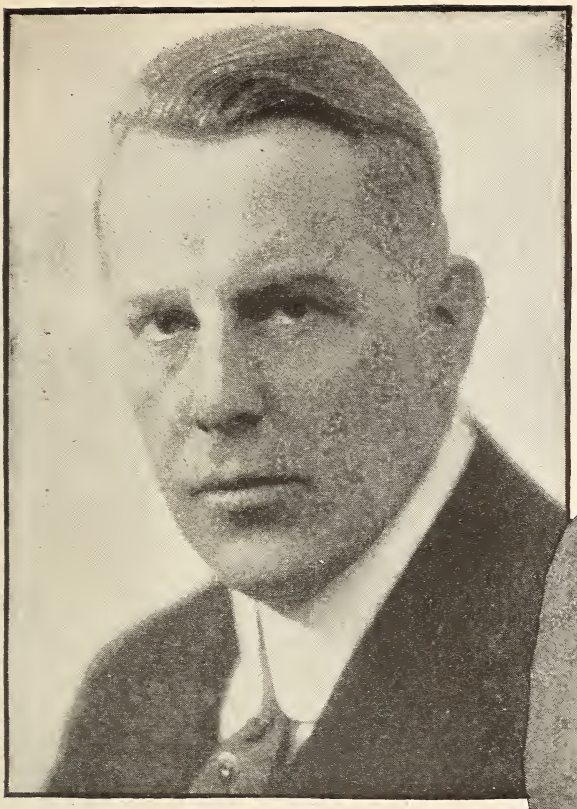
But the overcriticism we have reference to deals with smaller things. We have numerous instances of this failing, but one in particular attracts our attention. This man had seen a picture in which a girl appeared in a group of war brides, and several days later was seen as one of an army of mothers. That he found her in the mob is wonderful, for it was made up of hundreds. He had paid fifteen cents to see the picture, and took exception to this dual rôle of an extra! Three weeks might have separated these scenes in the taking, but he didn't think of that. He had found a mistake and was proud of it. If he had any idea of the thousand and one details that hamper a director and make his life miserable, he would have marveled at the art and accuracy in this picture he was so quick to criticize.

Legal Parasites

EVERY now and then our attention is called to a form of pirateering pursued by certain film companies, and waged with the same pernicious sincerity which marked the operations of the well-known Mr. Kidd. This is the double production of uncopyrighted stories. These unprotected stories are not filmed because the players and directors have nothing else to keep them busy or because the producer's admiration for the author is so deep that he feels called upon to immortalize his creations on the screen. Not by much. With but one exception, these twin releases of the same story were the result of well-laid plans on the part of one of the producers to cut into the market created by the other fellow.

A manufacturer must feel a great disappointment in his commercial brother, as well as a just enmity toward him, when, after advertising for months the production of a celebrated story, he finds that another concern has gotten together a quick production of the same subject, bearing a name similar if not identically the same. His expensive advertising campaign, his sales-promotion plans, and his hard work are taken advantage of by a picture which might just as well have had another story, to be sold in a market of its own. As theaters have an average attendance, so the business as a whole has a certain number of prospective patrons. Each exclusive picture has that many people to cater to. When two filmizations of the same story are put out, the number of prospective consumers for each is cut in half. A man may buy two hats and wear them both in time, but not more than one person in a thousand buys two views of the same drama.

In at least four instances during the past two years have sister productions sprung from ambush just before the release of an advertised film play, pictures shamelessly intended to ride on the band wagon started and maintained by another producer. There is no legal angle to protect the victim of this coup. Only a moral principle is involved, but manufacturers of otherwise good reputations should be above this form of legal theft.



Modest Mr. Morey

A screen phenomenon—the popular star who avoids publicity.

By Mary Porter

ALONG about the time that most screen heroes begin to have young lady interviewers pursuing them, they also begin to have strange hallucinations about their past lives, present glories and future conquests. Strange facts creep up; hitherto unheard-of noble lineages appear upon the scene simultaneously with special publicity managers and other signs of opulence.

Not so with Harry Morey. He is that rare and well-nigh unbelievable creature, a modest movie man, which in itself puts him in the class of world wonders. Then, too, he has other characteristics which make him a unique figure in the world of sham.

While Cuthbert van Frothingham is out having a new marcel wave put into his temperamental hair, let us spend a little while with Harry in his big, belittered dressing room—there's a card table in the center—over at the Vitagraph Studio. Can't see him for long because he doesn't like fuss. Mind if he smokes? No. All right.

Mr. Morey is also a disciple of Nimrod.

In the first place, Mr. Morey's chief consideration is his acting; nothing else. He believes in doing the part in the best way possible, eliminating all striving for personal effect. He is not a matinée idol, and, what is more, he does not want to be one. Although he gets his full quota of letters, the majority are not from infatuated schoolgirls with Souls, nor yet are they from unhappy matrons who are "not misunderstood." They are in the most part from men, expressing sincere admiration for some particular bit of character portrayal.

Oh, is he talking too much? Did not mean to, but he feels so strongly on the subject of sincerity. Take it from Harry, this stuff about being "lost in one's work," or "latent talent miraculously discovered," or being born in the wilds of Afghanistan with a Moslem sheik for a father and a Hawaiian hula dancer for a mother, is mostly *bunk!*

Harry himself is just a plain American, and was born in Charlotte, a little town in southern Michigan of which he is very proud. He was educated at the University of Michigan, along with his two brothers, and then came East. After several years of dramatic work, he joined the Vitagraph Company, and has been with them ever since, now starring in his own pictures. Nothing very startling or hair raising about that—just a record of straight achievement and work done.

There are no pictures extant of "Mr. Morey with his brindle bull, in front of his little twenty-eight-room bungalow on Long Island," or "Mr. Morey and his spineless banana hound, ready for a drive in his million-dollar racing car, affectionately called Little Demon." In fact, there is no bungalow, there are no hounds, and—well, there might be a car, but we do not know. Just figure out anything that the usual successful screen actor generally does, and you will have a pretty safe bet that Harry does not do it.

Harry Morey is a man's man. The rôles he plays are those which appeal to the red-blooded male, which fact immediately assures their success with all real women. The gushing and silly girl type never bothers with Harry, but he has

the admiration of any number of worthwhile people.

His favorite part, and unquestionably the rôle which won the most laurels for him, was that of Joe Garson in "Within the Law." Here, too, is another sign of the unusual straightforwardness of the man. When questioned about his method of attacking the part, he smiled. "No, I didn't study the psychology of the character, and I didn't go to live in the slums, neither did I spend weeks in prison to get the proper atmosphere. When people tell you they do those things, it's usually to make an impression. What I did was to watch Willard Mack, who created the rôle, and try to act as he did—that's all." And he summarily dismissed the subject.

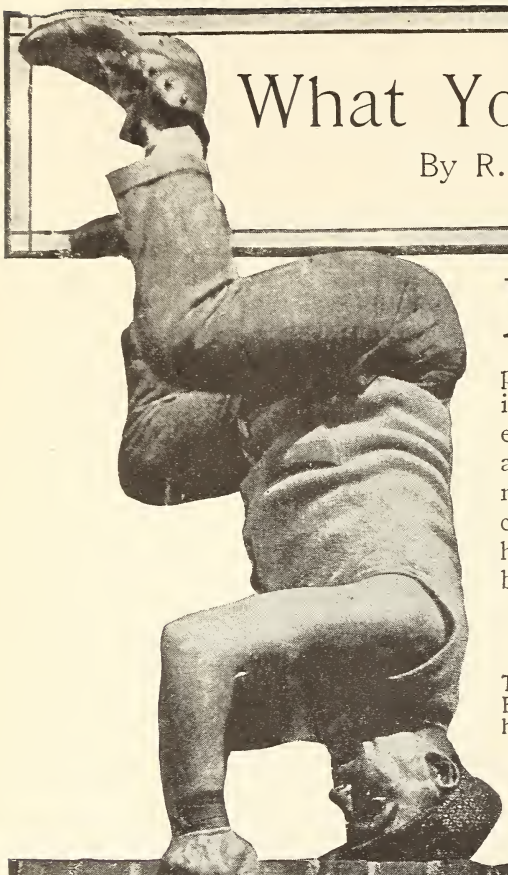
The parting words of this Oliver Cromwell of the films, who, like the famous revolutionist, calls a spade a spade, were: "Say, will you try not to embellish this story too much?"

Mr. Morey receiving final instructions before starting a scene with Alice Joyce.

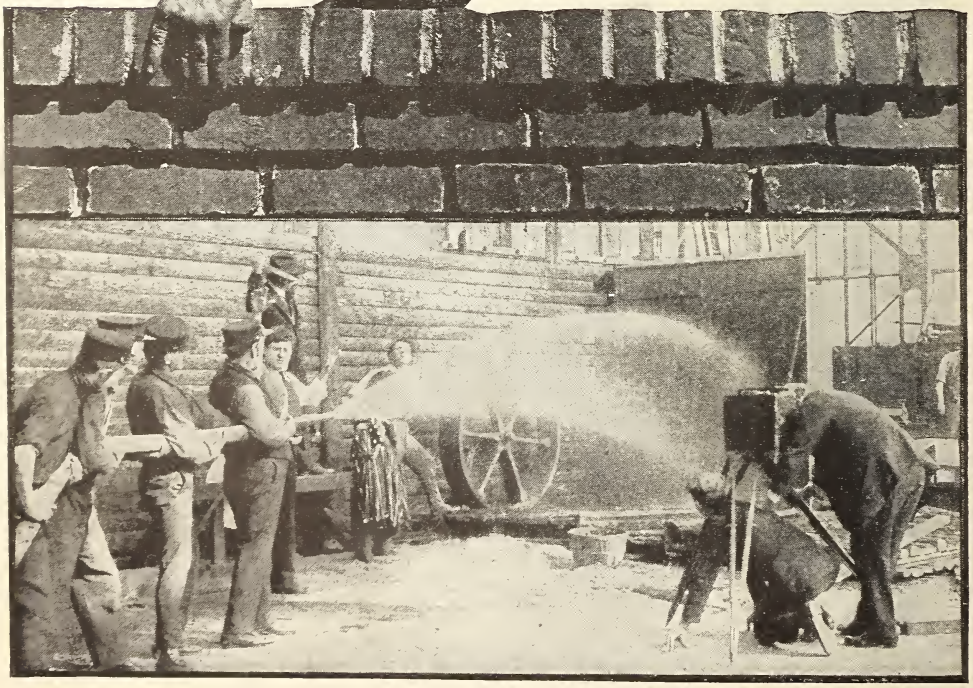
What You Don't See

By R. W. Baremore

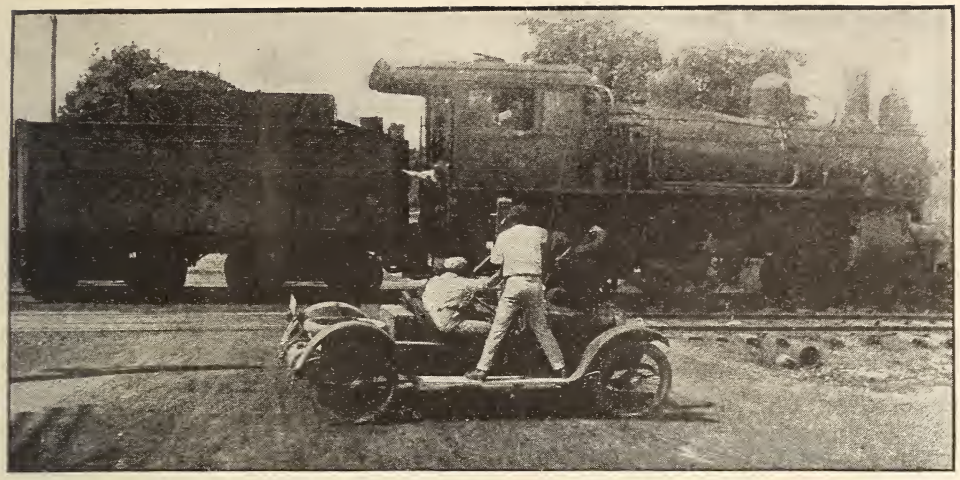
MANY are the devices resorted to by the ingenious director when he tries to make "what the public wants." For the dear old public is not easily fooled. The task is made especially hard by the fact that thrills and grotesque effects are among the most popular features, especially in comedies. Here are some glimpses behind the scenes while such pictures are being made.



This photograph is the work of an ingenious Fox director. The wall is only a few feet high, but so long as the camera is lower the sky is above just the same.



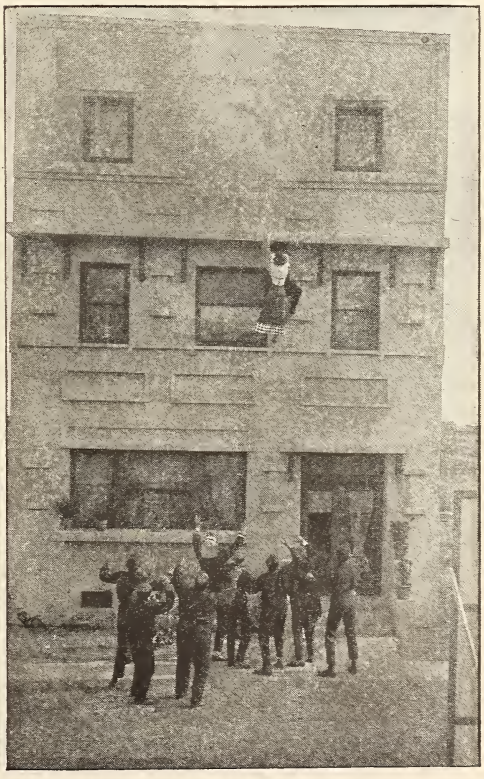
"Rain"—Selig-made.

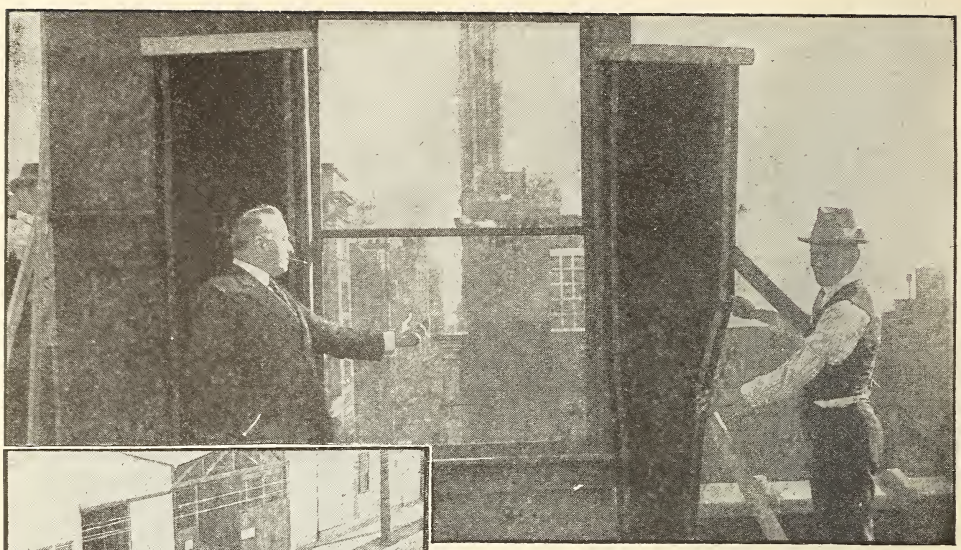


Above, Vitagraph camera men in auto, keeping pace with running locomotive.

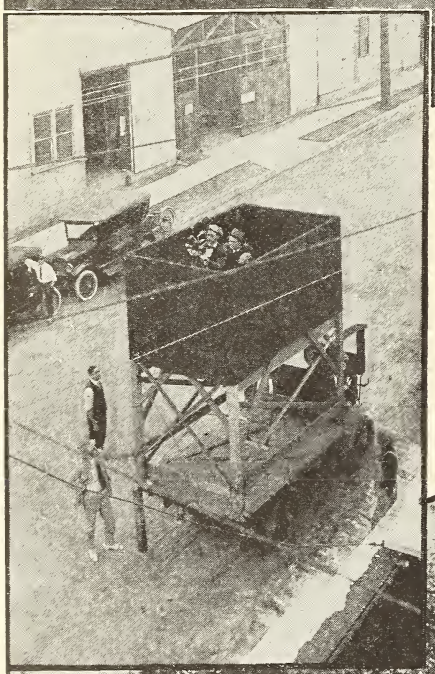
Lower left, scene from a Fox comedy, showing Hank Mann suspended by an invisible wire.

Lower right, Charlie Chaplin rescuing a dummy in a scene from "The Fireman." The house is only a "front."



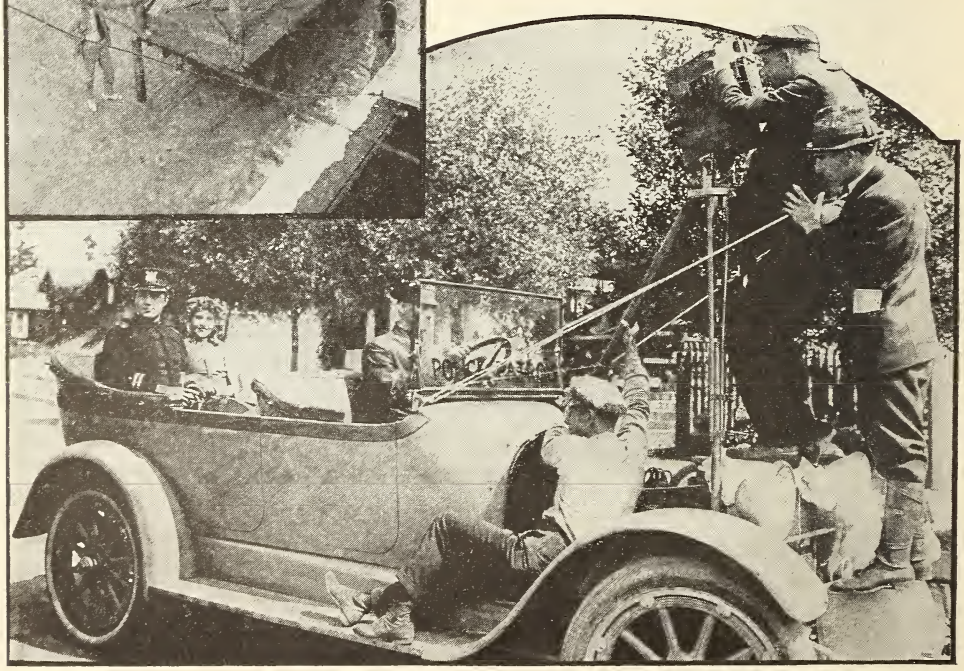


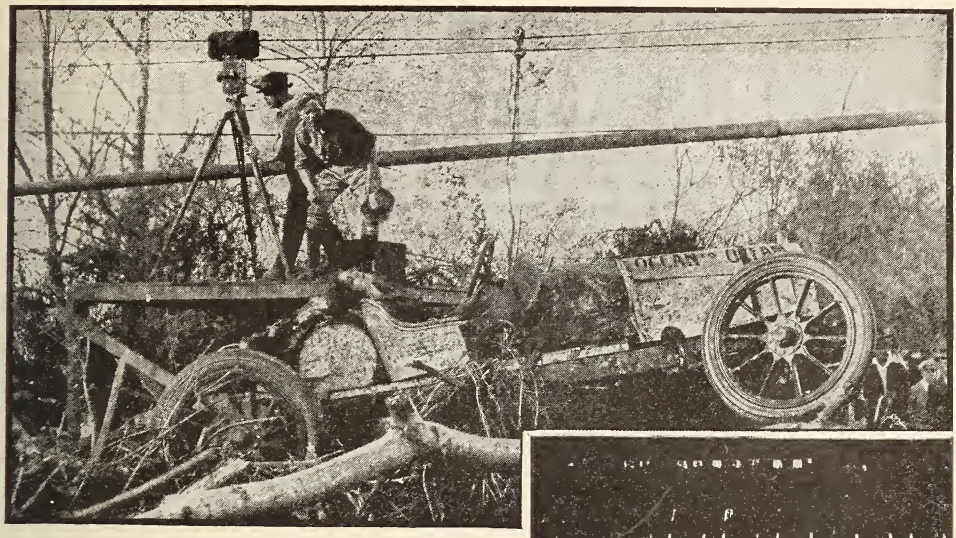
Above, an office scene on the roof of a New York skyscraper.



Left, a camera tower mounted on an automobile for street scenes for Paramount.

Below, camera mounted on hood of car for making close-ups of occupants—Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston during a race.





In a scene like that above, there is usually a dummy in the car during the accident. Then the camera is stopped and the actor substituted.

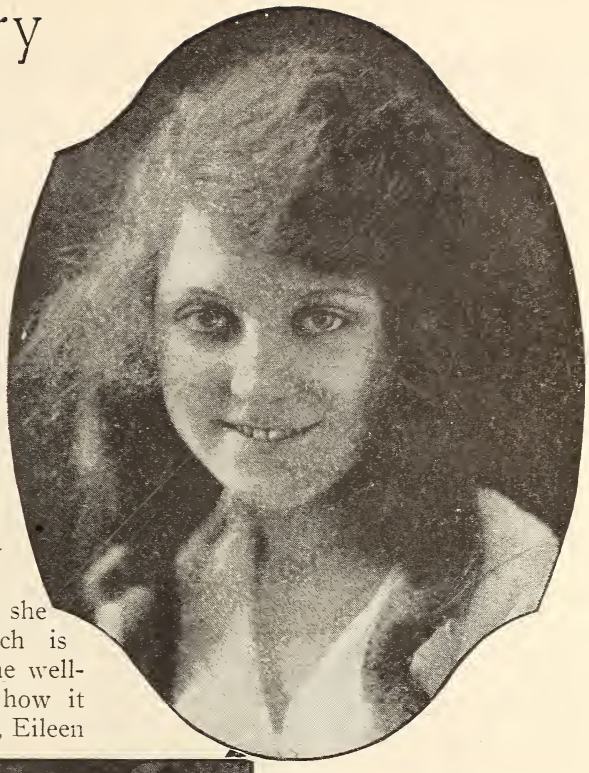
Here (right) is a cabin, apparently on shipboard, set up in the studio. The device in the lower corner is a focusing board. These two scenes were made by Kalem.

Mae Murray, Lasky star, takes refuge from the Indians in the branches of a birch tree. She started to climb, then the camera was stopped, and lo! a ladder!

Little Mary Likes It!

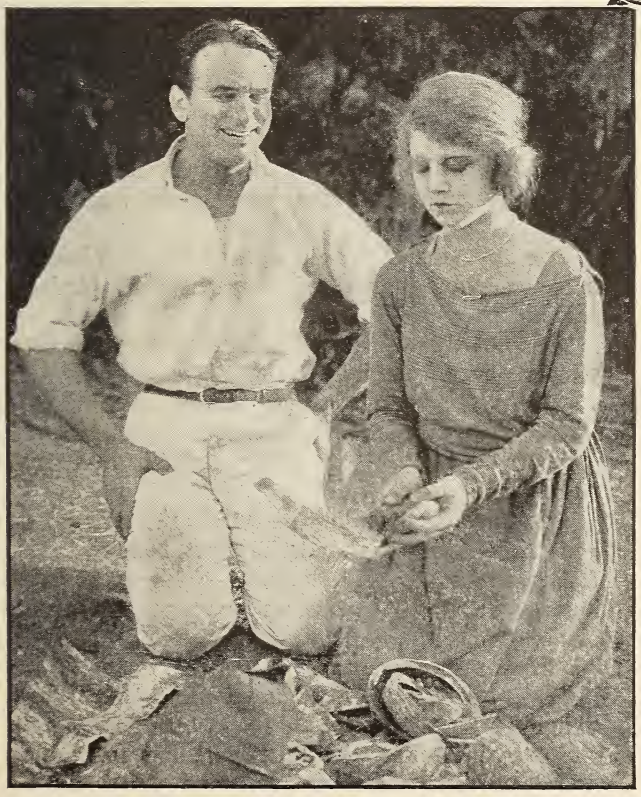
OVER our desk every day pours an almost constant stream of letters that sing one changeless song. It runs like this. "Would so and so like for me to write to her, and would she answer my letter?" This picture is the answer—and Mary Pickford is no exception. They all like it. Every one of them is crazy about it. And "they won't be happy till they get it." It's the only applause they know.

Doug's Century Flower



SINCE the time that Douglas Fairbanks first started out to make old Mother Earth an optimist until he joined the Artcraft Company, he employed the aid of many and different feminine associates. They remained for one picture, and then Doug searched for a new one. He became a sort of celluloid Columbus—he had discovered a new world and was trying to find the proper inhabitants for it. He got them all but the lady—and then he found her.

Her name is Eileen Percy, and she is Doug's century flower—which is something far removed from the well-known century plant. Here's how it happened: About nine years ago, Eileen Percy, a little Irish girl who had spent most of her life in America, started a theatrical career by appearing in Maeterlinck's famous play, "The Bluebird." After this, she scored success in several big productions, and finally found herself dancing in "The Century Girl," at the Century Theater, in New York. This was in the spring of 1917. Doug Fairbanks at this time asked Elsie Janis if she could recommend a good leading woman—or, rather, girl. Miss Janis could, and told him of seventeen-year-old Eileen Percy. So the Century show lost one of its prettiest blossoms and the world and Fairbanks profited.



Colonel Kathleen and Her Fifty-Pound Look

By Jerome Beatty

Kathleen Clifford whose first screen appearance took ten months to prepare.

The girl on the cover, who makes her début in Paramount's first serial.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD sat in her dressing room. (It's a trite way to begin an interview, but what are you going to do when she *did* sit in her dressing room?) She peered intently into her mirror, then turned to the interviewer and smiled happily.

The interviewer perked up and brushed back his hair. Obviously he had inspired that gladsome smile.

"It's not there," she said, looking into the interviewer's eyes. "*Is* it?"

Obviously he was wrong. Things seemed to be sort of mixed up, mysterious, unfathomable.

"You don't see it, do you?" she inquired again. "The fifty-pound look?"

The interviewer admitted he didn't. All he saw were Miss Clifford's big, liquid eyes, her long, silken lashes, her teeth that shone—— He tried to tell her so, but all his efforts at eloquence were mumbled nothings.

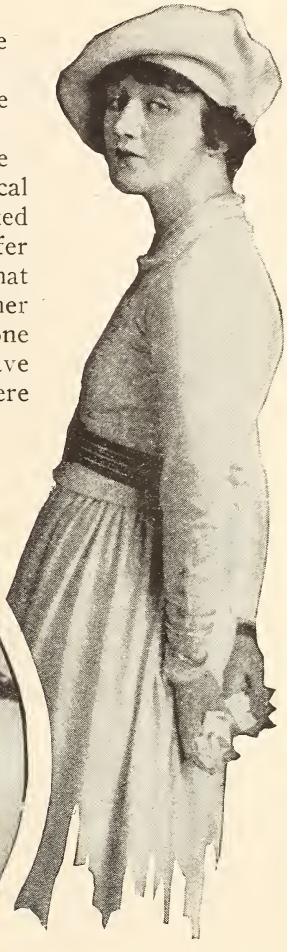
She was serious again.

"Every day since I began working in 'Who Is "Number One?"'—and that was ten months ago," she explained, "I have been watching for the appearance of 'the fifty-pound look.' They all told me I would get it. But I haven't. I still look the

same eighty-five pounds that I always have scaled since goodness knows when."

The interviewer protested that she looked as if she weighed more than eighty-five pounds.

"I really believe I do," she said regretfully. "That's the queer thing about it. I have been in vaudeville and musical comedy for a number of years, and I always have looked as healthy as an 'after-taking' picture. I received an offer to go into motion pictures—to be starred in a serial that was to consume more time in the making than any other serial. I was warned that I would have to do not one neck-risking stunt, but scores of them—and probably have to do each of them over and over again until they were perfect.



"My friends told me that the only perfect stunt was one in which the actor broke a leg or a neck, and they predicted that before I was halfway through, my health and nerves would all be gone and that I'd have what one of my friends called 'a fifty-pound look—like a one-hundred-pound sack of flour half emptied.'"

The horrified interviewer gasped.

"Instead," she exclaimed triumphantly, "I've actually gained; and if I hadn't finished when I did, I don't know how big I might have grown. If you want to gain weight, my theory is, now, risk your life every day. I have climbed into the rigging of ships, I have been dragged aboard a submarine, I have had tunnels cave in on me, I have ridden engine hoods of motors going ninety miles an hour, I have leaped off the tops of high buildings—my directors have tried their best to devise new ways of killing me—and I refuse to lose weight! Eight months of that sort of work, and I still have my health!"

"Who Is 'Number One?'" the Paramount serial

Colonel Kathleen and Her Fifty-Pound Look

Colonel Kathleen of the 180th Overseas Regiment saluting the Stars and Stripes before the studio.

for which Anna Katharine Green wrote the novelization, is Miss Clifford's film début.

She always has been athletic. History tells how she once rode Iron Mask in a real race, but Miss Clifford never mentions it because it sounds like press-agent stuff. Neither does she tell how she acted as a nurse at Ypres in the first months of the war; nor does she mention the fact that she is the only civilian woman in the world who is the honorary colonel of a regiment now fighting in France—the One Hundred and Eightieth Overseas Regiment of Toronto, which so honored her when she organized a benefit performance in Toronto that netted five thousand dollars for the regiment.

Those things you have to learn from lips other than Kathleen Clifford's.

Miss Clifford, whose vaudeville fame nearly equals her prominence on the legitimate stage, is a native of Virginia—Charlottesville, to be explicit—and she got her start on the stage as the result of a conversation with the late Charles Frohman. She was fifteen then, and had the good fortune to be at a dinner given Mr. Frohman.

To him she confided her ambition to go on the stage.

"What can you do?" asked Mr. Frohman.

"Nothing," was the nonchalant reply.

"But surely you can do something—sing, dance, or play the piano? Whatever it is, confide in me."

"Absolutely nothing," said Kathleen.

"Well, then," remarked Mr. Frohman, "you surely ought to try for the stage; you have nothing to unlearn."

Being pretty, petite, and piquant, Miss Clifford was engaged then and there to make her first appearance in "Top o' the World," a Frohman musical production then in preparation. When the "part" was sent to her, Miss Clifford thought it a catalogue and destroyed it.

Another was supplied, and she learned the lines, but could never speak them in answer to the "cues." So it was decided to let her romp through the show at her own sweet will, and when the opening came hers was the biggest name at the top of the list.

And ever since that time, Miss Clifford's career has been one triumph after another. She was starred in "Little Dorrit," with Digby Bell. Then she went into vaudeville. And now, with her début in pictures, she feels that she has "landed."

DOUBLE-BARRELED LOVE

THE Pickfords are quite charming!
In fact, they are unique!
They do no stunts alarming,
And show no morbid streak.
In pictures light and airy
The movie shows they pack;
And all the boys love Mary,
And all the girls love Jack!

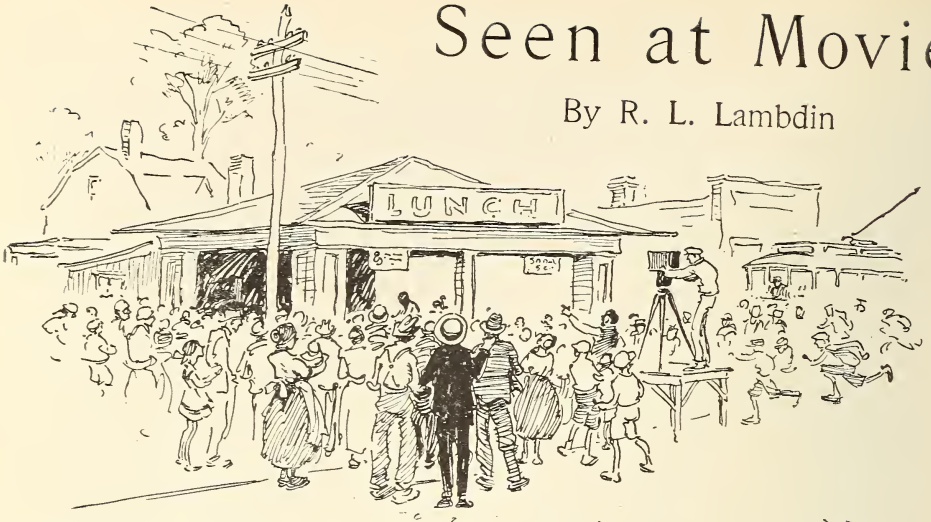
I've sat through many pieces
In which they have been shown;
My wonderment increases
Each time, I frankly own!
In town or on a prairie,
In mansion or in shack,
Why, all the boys love Mary,
And all the girls love Jack!

As artists they are reckoned,
And rightly, I declare;
Oh, fickle fate has beckoned
And set apart this pair!
Who could be so contrary
To hold approval back,
When all the boys love Mary
And all the girls love Jack!

HAROLD SETON.

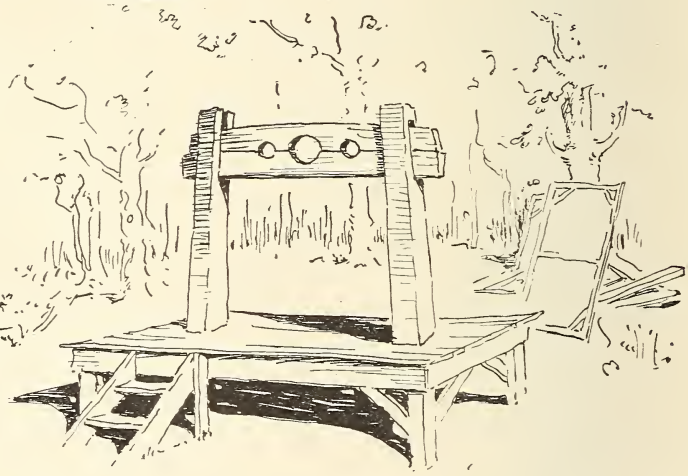
Seen at Movie-

By R. L. Lambdin

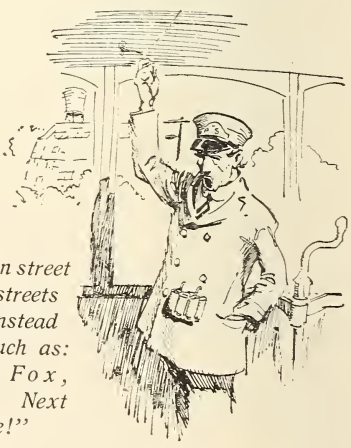


An impersonator of Charlie Chaplin, peacefully eating lunch, causes more of a riot at the Fort than the news of an American victory.

A stroll through the woods on Sunday reveals a stock and pillory—not a relic, but a bit of art by the studio carpenter. The scenery besides the tree completes the story.



Real estate brings almost as much money from rentals to film concerns for scenes as it would from tenants.



Conductors on street cars call the streets by studios instead of names, such as: "Universal, Fox, and World! Next stop Triangle!"

Mad Fort Lee

The lone cowboy on the brink of the Palisades, overlooking the prairie—of New York City.

If you see a pretty woodland nymph in New Jersey, don't get excited—look for the camera.

Picnickers at Fort Lee are liable at any moment to be frightened into hysterics by the sudden appearance of a band of bloodthirsty pirates.

He Loves His Victims

THIS photograph introduces the youngest hero and heroine of filmland—and both in the arms of an ardent admirer. The gigantic individual who seems so gentle yet who would frighten any child more than the "goblins," were it not for his smile, is John Tarver, who soars eight feet and six inches above the ground. He was the giant in Fox's first child picture, "Jack and the Beanstalk," and was most ferocious when he smelled the blood in the scene. However, off the screen he is a second father to the children, and the favorite of Virginia Lee Corbin and Francis Carpenter, whom he is holding on his arms in this picture. Miss Corbin and her juvenile lover will play the leading rôles in many of Fox's future "kiddie" films. It now seems that youngsters as well as grown-ups are to have their favorites on the screen.

If Chance Had Smiled the Other Way

THIS is a funny world! Nothing very original about that remark, but I stand by it. For does any one doubt that hundreds, even thousands, of unknown persons, scattered all the way from tiny villages to crowded towns, from humble working folk to the children of wealth, might —and would—earn success upon the screen if they had the opportunity? That is the secret—opportunity. Somewhere in the life of every star of to-day there was a turn in the road away from obscurity to fame. Each one in his time was smiled upon by chance.

But what if chance had smiled the other way? Their lives would be as commonplace as ours. Some of the occupations for which certain stars might be fitted are here illustrated.

Chaplin might have been—well, you can have one guess.

Crane Wilbur, with his brawny frame and his love of tinkering around the studio, might have been a blacksmith or ironworker.

Helen Holmes admits her preference for the "simple life." Can you think of her as a dairy maid? This picture will help to stimulate your imagination.

If any one ever looked more like a seamstress than Mary Miles Minter we haven't seen her. Lucky Mary!

Here's Billie Rhodes—always up to something different. The worst of it is that she really knows what she's doing. You see, it's her own car.

"Shine 'em up!" Margarita Fischer has tried it—not that she likes it particularly, but who does?

A handsome chauffeur like Bill Russell might have some difficulty at first fighting off extra "fares," but a little axle grease would fix that.

It is by no means inconceivable that Marjorie Rambeau might have settled down to keeping house. Not at all. Many a girl who does every day what Marjorie is doing here could win success if she had a chance to develop her talent.

Jackie Saunders would certainly be found doing something strenuous. Perhaps in warlike times she would take a man's place on the roller.

And we are convinced that many and many a stenographer could follow in the footsteps of Gail Kane (below.)

Marion Davies—Successful Dreamer

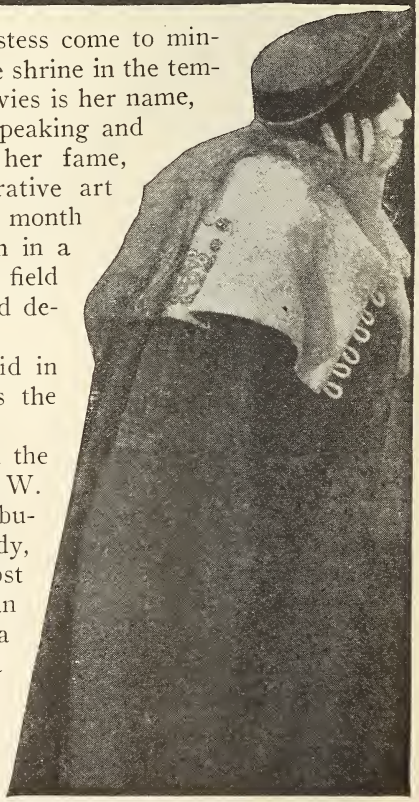
By Roger Packard

THERE'S a new and gorgeous high priestess come to minister to the millions who worship at the shrine in the temple of the motion picture. Marion Davies is her name, and great is her fame in the drama of the speaking and musical-comedy stage. Great also will be her fame, competent critics maintain, in the new narrative art which carries its message to more millions in a month than the most popular of the older arts reach in a year. Miss Davies is hailed as a "find" in the field of the film. A man who has "discovered" and developed more famous beauties says of her:

"Marion Davies looks as Lillian Russell did in her most beautifully ravishing days; she has the personality of Billie Burke."

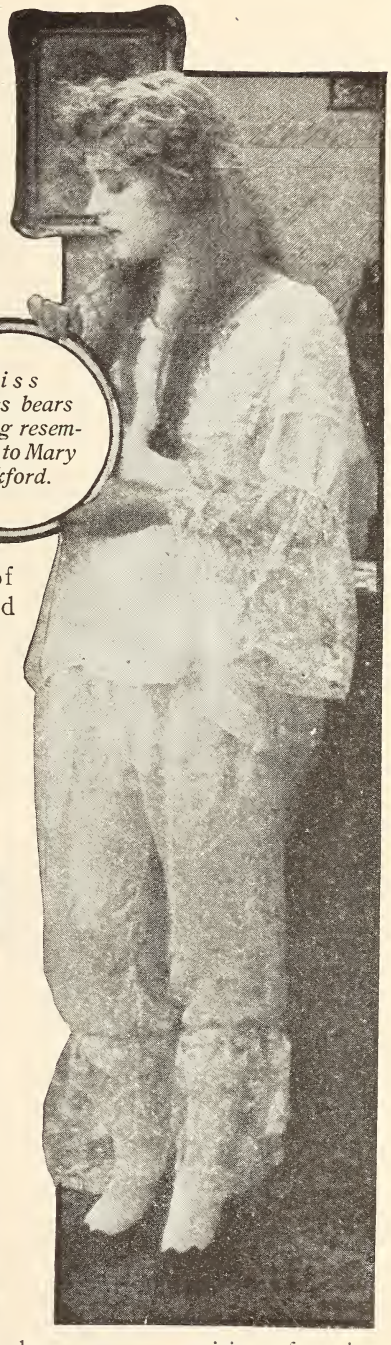
Could anything be more comprehensive than the foregoing statement? It comes from George W. Lederer, famous the world over for his contributions to the real literature of musical comedy, and more recently for his work in the most modern of the arts. This comes from the man who managed them all: Lillian Russell, Edna May, Mabelle Gilman, Paula Edwards, Eva Tanguay, Elsie Ferguson, Madge Lessing, Virginia Earle, Marguerite Clarke, and others too numerous to mention.

Miss Ferguson and Miss Clarke are now in



motion pictures. Miss Clarke, needless to say, is one of the most popular of present-day cinema stars. Miss Ferguson is now in the first few months of the two years that she has bound herself to give to the new art. Both of these stars are Lederer prodigies, having made their first stage appearance in musical comedy, only to reach out into other fields and achieve their greatest successes in the silent drama.

And now comes Marion Davies, graduate of the "Follies," and more recently associated with the polite, intimate style of musical entertainment which has been made popular in New York City's smallest playhouses. After a whole season at the Princess, in "Oh, Boy," Miss Davies was snared by Mr. Lederer. For four years this producer, now a director of the Ardsley Art Film Corporation, has been devoting all his time to the making of motion pictures. For the most part he has used known quantities—for instance, Irene Fenwick, Margaret Wycherly, Frances Nelson, Reine Davies, and a few mere men. But always he has



Miss Davies bears striking resemblance to Mary Pickford.

There would be many restless hearts and movie cameras if the average American girl could look into the mirror and behold as beautiful a vision as does Marion Davies.

been hunting for a new personality that would combine beauty and brains and be susceptible of development, and flexible in conception and action.

It is hard to keep the director within the bounds of reason when he talks of his first "find" in the four years of his motion-picture experience. Of Miss Davies he says, without a moment's hesitation between terms: "She has beauty, poise, repose, and magnetism; she screens perfectly, and she is responsive."

A real "at home" photo of filmdom's newest star.

Added to this combination is the fact that in her début in the cinema Miss Davies contributes the story and portrays the heroine of her own conception. And this conception goes back nearly sixteen years, when the young star was not quite four years old. Born and bred in New York City, she was the granddaughter of Charles Reilly, a leader in politics, and active in the so-called County Democracy which fought Richard Croker, famous Tammany boss. Her father, a well-known lawyer, has held public office, but these are details which Miss Davies does not emphasize, as she desires to carve her own career unaided except by the talents with which she was endowed. But on the dream of a small child is built the promise of a greater career than her ambition ever conceived. In the summer before her fourth birthday little Miss Davies spent several weeks on a farm in New York State. The farm was on the main road, and many a new sensation the little city girl experienced as she watched the passing of the ever-changing panorama of traffic. Now a band of Kickapoo Indians, members of a medicine show, would pass on their way from one place to another with their cure-all remedies. Again a band of gypsies, migrating. Little Marion was warned that these gypsies often picked up little girls along the road and took them to live in a gypsy camp forever and ever, and become the bride of the princeling of the tribe.

Many a child has heard the story; perhaps some of them have had the dramatic dream which Marion Davies had when she was hardly four years old. Surely not many of them have

The "night scenes" in Marion's pictures will be different from those in war films.

lived to dramatize such a dream and portray the heroine which their childish fancy had visualized. But this dream made a tremendous impression on the mind of the child—one that has never vanished, but has lasted through the days in the convent on Long Island, recurred in the stage début with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian, and Joseph Cawthorn at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, was repeated as she romped on the stage of the Globe with Raymond Hitchcock in "Betty," and finally reached white paper during the weeks and months of "Oh, Boy."

Her dream in a scenario, Miss Davies submitted it to Mr. Lederer. He read it and accepted it—on one condition. The author must be the star.

The young beauty protested; the director persisted.

Argument piled upon argument failed to move Miss Davies—that is, at first. But finally, realizing that she was in a strategic position, she began to dictate terms. She specified contract clauses that an established star would hesitate to think about. But she won.

"At first," she says, "I thought screen work would be sort of a vacation. But I found that I had made a mistake. My début is nothing at all like that. My hours have been all hours, except early in July, when it rained so hard that we couldn't work, and every one was happy except the director and the paymaster."

But Marion Davies is satisfied that should she return to the stage, her admirers will see a vastly different and better Marion Davies. She has faced the most ruthless critic of them all, the eye of the camera, and she has been told that in that eye she has not been found wanting.

And she hopes the great throng of motion-picture lovers will like her dream.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture-playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

ANNOUNCEMENT. Watch for this department in the next issue. It will contain information of value to every amateur writer of scenarios. Mr. Wright will furnish first-hand facts gained by long experience in his field, and we feel certain that young writers will thereby gain a new point of view and a more practical attitude toward the fledgling art. As matters stand, we are only beginning to develop the possibilities of the motion picture, and the writer must not try to go too far ahead of the present demand. The successful writer is the practical one.

SING ho, for the new school of motion-picture scenario writers! The genius who causes the staid professor of the Seminary for Motion-Picture-Plot Writers to garb himself in sackcloth and ashes! Verily, the gladsome days of "a complete course of lessons for $25" are no longer with us. The writer of the festive script is wise—in fact, his wisdom passes understanding!

The day of the "script produced as written" has passed. Joshua sounded his trumpet and the sun stood still. Not so in Scenarioland. The trumpets of advertising resounded, but the ambitious writer proceeded, and to-day he writes the synopsis!

No less a scenario writer than Gilson Willets, in an exclusive chat for this department, makes some assertions which may cause a storm of dissension to descend upon his defenseless head. Nevertheless, Mr. Willets' statements are born of long experience in the field of authorship, and especially in evolving plots.

"The day of the detailed motion picture manuscript is waning," said Willets. "More and more the scenario editors are demanding the synopsis, the plain, straightforward brief of a story ranging from five hundred to two thousand words. They don't care for the action by scenes, they don't care for a lot of subtitles scattered here and there and elsewhere throughout the manuscript; what the editors, and the directors long for is a good, breezy, comprehensive synopsis. Not even a cast of characters is necessary.

"I was conversing with a well-known authoress the other day," he continued. "She informed me repeatedly that her film stories always were produced exactly as written, scene by scene, reel by reel. Be it known that there isn't a scenario on earth that appears on the screen just as it was written in manuscript. A hundred details mitigate. The story may originally have been written for seven reels. It may be cut to six, and with that trimming goes many of the author's cherished scenes. Always there are titles that are eliminated and new titles that are introduced. It is necessary. Then the "boss" may decide to make some changes—frequently does, in fact—with the completed production. Espe-

cially is the main title in danger. Then the Boards of Censorship see the picture, and if it is a big feature, some cuts may be expected. How is a motion picture to appear on the screen exactly as written? The answer is, it can't be done!

"Unless an author is working across the table from the director, it is best to write an illuminating synopsis and let it go at that. Nine chances out of ten the director will never read the scenic action, and if he does, he'll change it around to suit himself. The director is all-powerful; he is highly paid; the author is not all-powerful, neither is he —but that's another story!

"Ask any film editor as to whether Jim Jones' script appeared on the screen exactly as written. The film editor will reply in the negative! Write a good, clear synopsis, present all your situations in it, keep it as brief as possible, and collect as much money for it as you would for a detailed script!"

MORE ALONG THE SAME LINE.

This scenario-produced-as-written fallacy has produced some strange results. The writer knows of one author who actually insisted that his script be produced as written, and his insistence was incorporated in the contract. In some way, it escaped the eagle eyes of the power that be, and the picture went on. It was produced as written, and then fashioned to suit in the film editor's department. Thus was the vexatious contract avoided. Another company purchased a feature script from a particularly pestiferous authoress. She couldn't write a working script to save her life, but she was known in the profession as a mistress of plots. That woman could see a plot a mile away, twist it around a little, and, lo and behold, it was something worth while! She, too, insisted that her scenario be produced as written. The company acquiesced. There was nothing else to do —they wanted that plot. The story was produced, and as many of the writer's subtitles used as possible. The authoress was then sent an invitation to visit the concern and help cut and trim her picture! To quote the general manager's letter: "We need your keen insight and talents, and feel the production will not be what it should be unless you are here to help us get it into shape." The lady came, saw the untrimmed negative, was consulted on every little point, and before she knew it, had agreed to radical changes and alterations that had been previously planned. A little diplomacy was all that was necessary. Of course, there are many authors who insist on writing scenarios after the most "approved form." There is no "approved form," however, and these authors would be grieved, indeed, if they could see what is done to their "working script" by the director and his assistants. Be satisfied to supply your plot—don't pretend to be a master of technique.

THE REAL SCENARIO EDITOR.

And now we shall give you a real professional secret. We shall divulge to you the real simon-pure scenario editor. Whisper it not, but the real editor is the director. Let us demonstrate. Jeremiah Potee, of Pleasant Grove, writes a soul-stirring—good expression that for a three-sheet—writes a gripping, soul-stirring scenario and submits it to the Waffle Film Company. It is a five-reel drama of plot and counter plot, and it gets through the "Clearing House," meaning the gentlemanly young person who sorts out the manuscripts and puts a printed rejection slip in most of 'em. This person is paid thirty-five dollars weekly because he is supposed to know what the "boss" hankers for and what the "boss" dislikes. Well and good! He spots Jeremiah Potee's synopsis as something

rather good, and he sends it up to the "boss." Be it known, despite what is said for outside consumption, that the "boss" passes on every big story before it is bought and paid for. Rest assured that no five-reel story is accepted by any responsible concern until the "boss" himself has given the idea consideration. No one reads anything but the synopsis. The story is accepted. Jeremiah is paid his fifty dollars a reel, and the script is handed to a director for production. Does the director carefully read the scenario, jot down all the carefully builded subtitles, the scene plot, et cetera? He does not! He reads the synopsis carefully, perhaps saves the cast of characters, and for the rest—its the filing cabinet for it! Then the director and his assistant proceed to rewrite that story into scenario form, ploting out locations, and so on. Generally, the last is first and the first is last in motion-picture production. Mr. Director sometimes takes the last scenes first, and the opening scenes last of all. It's a mater of convenience. The director has been ordered to make a five-reel drama. Nine times out of ten he turns in sixty-five hundred feet, for most directors waste negative. Those who do not are few and far between. The cutting and trimming department go after the overfootage, subtitles are juggled, and finally the production is tuned down to forty-six hundred feet. The name of Jeremiah Potee goes under the main title as author. Jeremiah recognizes his plot, and that's about all. However, his name is on screen and posters, and frequently he informs his admiring coterie of friends that his stuff "was produced as written—not even a subtitle changed!" But believe us, the director has the final say. He is responsible for the completed production. Suppose he goes to the "boss," as he frequently does, and says:

"I've been ordered to produce this script exactly as written. It can't be done. You want this picture not to exceed thirty thousand dollars in cost. I'll have to change this ending around thus and so, and as for these big sets, I can use this and that instead. I can't do justice to this script as it's handed me, and I won't attempt it in this form!"

Well, what's the answer? The answer is that the director has his way, and always will have his way. Surely there are exceptions! You can count them on the fingers of your two hands!

AS TO FOOTAGE.

Notice how "fast" those five-reelers have been going recently? The word "fast" is a compliment. When a picture is crammed full of action and story, and pleases the studio critics, it is called "fast." Well, some of the producing companies are trimming down their five-reelers to from forty-four to forty-six hundred feet. Ostensibly, the picture runs five thousand feet—but it doesn't. There is an advantage in this method, too. All digressions from the story are necessarily eliminated, and five or six hundred feet of film may be saved on every print. Say seventy-five or a hundred prints of some five-reeler are primarily made for distribution. Just look at the saving in film. And right here is a little "hunch" for the writer of scenarios. If you insist on writing detailed action, be careful not to get too much detail. Just enough and no more is essential when five-reel productions run, say, forty-four hundred feet!

TO THE MAN WHO TRIMS THE PICTURE.

Honor where honor is due, so here's to the individual who cuts and trims the film drama! He is cursed by the author, the director, and every one else, but he is a necessary evil. You see the director, the star, and sometimes the author of a production basking in the spotlight of favorable publicity, but did you ever

read a review in which the film cutter was credited with knowing anything? It is true that some of the cutters have had the name "Film Editor" wished on them in lieu to a raise in salary, but for the most part they are unhonored and unsung. Yet we know of instances where they have saved thousands of dollars for their employers. Director McGish, working on a seven-reel feature picture, turns in eleven thousand feet. In the words of Director McGish, "my picture is ready—subtitles and everything!" The director has permitted his enthusiasm to get away with him, and is four reels over length. The film must be cut and edited, and it must be done quickly. Here is where the film editor makes or unmakes the picture. If he has no sense of the dramatic, if he does not know the story by heart, he is uneducated or illogical, Heaven help the picture. If it is butchered, Director McGish says "butchered" in loud, clarion-like tones. If the picture is made snappier, faster, better in every way, not a cheep out of Director McGish. You'd think he did it!

A New York company wanted to hurry a big feature out to the one-night stands. The "boss" wired West to a certain director to select a big cast and put on a book story. There was no time for the "boss" to slip out there and see what the director was doing. The picture was produced ten thousand feet long. When shown in the private projection room, real tears were almost shed over the result. With a real cast of stars, a real story by a real author, the director had ruined the picture. It could not be released. Fifty thousand dollars gone! But wait—the humble film editor saw the "boss." "Whatcher going to do with that negative?"

"I'm going to burn it," he replied.

"Give me a chance at it, will you?" asked the cutter.

"Do what you please with it," was the reply, and the film editor got busy. With a staff writer assisting, he took out the five thousand feet of continuity and action, renamed the characters, renamed the picture, and invited the "boss" in to see his handiwork. To make a long story short, that five-reeler, torn out of the middle of another story, is popular to this day, and has made good the losses incurred on the original production. So you see the film "butcher" is not always a butcher, and is not without honor in his own bailiwick!

ADAPTING NOVELS FOR THE SCREEN

Every scenario writer of prominence detests the work of adaptation. Handed a novel to adapt for motion-picture purposes, no matter how good the remuneration may be, they heave a sigh of distress. Original work is what they want to do—at least, they all say so. But this is the day of the popular novel. Whether "The Garden of Allah" or "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," some one has to do the screen version.

We conversed recently with the prize adapter of them all—a man who has to his credit the scenarios of perhaps a third of the book successes. Here are some pertinent pointers from his storehouse of experience:

When handed a novel to scenarioize, learn the story by heart. Read the book through carefully at least three times. The story may be familiar to you. You may have read it years ago. No matter, read it again, not once, but several times. After you know the story well, go over it in your mind, taking the action chapter by chapter if possible. You will find that the trained mind retains all the essential action to that story, and forgets the word paintings. When you think you have the action and plot boiled down, put it on paper. Never write a subtitle in your adaptation that cannot be found in the original book. If there is careful research,

sentences can be found here and there in the original text that are fine for necessary subtitles. Subtitles culled from the book also help in retaining the atmosphere. Those who adapt novels for screen plays consider the work very difficult. If the story is not caught and presented clearly and concisely on the screen, it is poor work. Nothing is quite so disappointing as a favorite novel poorly adapted for motion-picture purposes."

WRITING SLAP-STICK COMEDY.

There are only one or two writers of slap-stick comedy in this country today. By that assertion we mean outside writers who evolve the rough-and-tumble stuff. There are many writers of refined comedy, such as the Drews produce, but those who can write a series of knock-down-and-drag-out situations, and sell them, are few and far between. The reason is that the comedy directors, aided and abetted by their players, hit upon an idea and build the funny stuff as they go along. Much of the Charlie Chaplin comedy is "thought up" as the work progresses, and there is no more ready comedy thinker in filmland than Charlie. Mack Sennett generally keeps a lot of things secret within himself until he gets going on one of his famous two-reelers. Both brands of comedy bear the earmarks of the favorite situations of the originators. Chaplin, for instance, is partial to restaurant stuff, while Sennett likes to introduce the bathing girls. The Hoyt comedies, now being released in two reels, only retain the name of the author and a slight flavor of the original Hoyt plot. The situations are planned by Director Richmond and his three stars, much of it being "doped out" as the action progresses. And so there is little chance for the free lance to write slap-stick comedy. There is a lot of trick photography also deemed necessary in many of these productions, and it is to the director and his aids, including the camera man, that one must look for much of the "rough-house" stuff.

THE ART OF SUBTITLING.

Louis Reeves Harrison, in his "Screencraft," says:

"The writer of cramped vocabulary, as well as the one of limited imagination, frequently heads his script with "The." Sometimes it is even doubled, as "The Bandits of the Prairie," when "Prairie Bandits" or "Soldiers of Fortune" would do just as well and sound better. Professionals err occasionally in this respect, but the amateur announces his incompetence at once with his awkward beginning. Carelessness at the outset does not promise infinite pains with the general plan, and failure is cordially invited by the easily satisfied subtitle. In an art of no traditions and few illuminating examples, confusion in the use of subtitles is to be expected. Every man, whether or not he can write a play, can write about it, and he becomes a law unto himself when called upon to direct the visualization of a scenario. A self-appointed editor once sliced about half the subtitles in a carefully composed script, explaining that a customer "up State" said there were too many subtitles in the picture. Their appropriateness was a minor consideration. The man "up State" probably meant that screen announcements of the obvious were unnecessary, and we all agree with him. This does not mean that vigor and vitality or explanatory phrase shall be punished in retaliation, and shot down as a terrifying example. Suppose the action of the day is finished, the lovers have been introduced. Something happens next day and next day. There are periods to be covered without wearisome repetition. A hint is enough.

Time now yields to Youth and Love
And counts its days in briefest hours.

In fact, the poetic title, when appropriate, is more effective than prose. Some of the freshness, inventiveness, and fantastic charm that we enjoy in the printed story is not wholly out of place in subtitling the visualized one."

Some of the above thoughts are well put, particularly those regarding lapses of time where repetition may become monotonous. Waiving, of course, the poor construction of a film play that would countenance such continuity. The writer of this department has composed the subtitles for a large number of film plays, and has made some observations which may be of value to PICTURE PLAY readers. In the first place, fine writing in subtitles should be avoided if possible. The reason is that the attempt at "word painting" frequently detracts from the story. Attempts to be clever—even real cleverness—should be avoided. The reason is that the cleverness of the writer of the subtitles draws attention to that cleverness, leaving the dramatic action nil. Clever subtitles, word pictures, and the rest, are somewhat common, we know. They cater to the egotism of the writer. The subtitle writer who can be clever, but prefers to be clear, concise, *as natural as possible,* the man who tries to have his titles carry the film action, instead of making the film action exploit the titles, this is the writer whose work counts in the end and will continue to count more and more! A little less of the decidedly clever, decidedly egotistical subtitles, and more titles that carry the action and help along the story as unostentatiously as possible. These titles are real art.

THE UNUSUAL ENDING.

The play's the thing, and so is the unusual ending. We know one director who is particularly partial to the reunited young couple walking away from the camera, into the tinted sunset, with the iris slowly closing. He is so partial to this stuff that he overworks it. Then there is the hand clasp, the kiss, the embrace, and the kneeling at the feet of the woman who smooths back the raven locks from the hero's alabaster forehead. We do not believe the scenario writer is altogether to blame for the stereotyped ending so prevalent in the pictures. The director might do well to read the final scene in the submited scenario for a "hunch." We are inclined to blame the director for much of the silly "rot" that is inflicted upon the public, and which mars otherwise worthy picture plays. It would seem that with the play drawing toward a conclusion the director becomes somewhat careless, evidently believing that anything will do for a "happy ending." More originality is needed in film finales. It might be a good suggestion for authors to write a notation: "Please see unusual ending to this plot." That is, of course, if the ending is really and truly unusual, and displays originality. Let us get away from the hand clasps, the lingering kisses, the embraces, and the hand-in-hand stuff toward the sunset, and get into something new and nifty!

SCHOOLS FOR WOULD-BE WRITERS.

Out in Chicago there resides a retired "Professor" of the art of writing movie plots. For several years he operated a motion-picture "University," and did very well. He informed me that he cleared three hundred dollars monthly for a long, long time teaching the scenario idea how to shoot.

"I hold no brief for such schools," said the man in question, a former scenario editor by the way, "but despite the attacks made upon them, I believe they have accomplished more good than harm. In the first place, they foster a sustained interest in the art of writing scenarios; secondly, the instruction given contains beneficial data, for much of it is culled from the scenario-instruc-

tion departments of trade journals and certain text books. I know of some students who have profited by the instruction. However, the good old days are over, and there is little money to be made in the correspondence course field as it is applied to film writing. It is funny, too, for the instruction of today is logically much better than the instruction of three or four years ago."

The writer of this department has waged war on the "schools" ever since he has been active in the journalistic field. However, it is interesting to publish the viewpoint of one long active in correspondence courses.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Why write long epistles to the scenario editor? It counts for nothing. Even the most versatile of the film dramatists have the habit. A writer will turn in a good script. That should be sufficient. But no. Said writer proceeds to write a personal letter either to the editor or to the head of the concern. The head of the concern refers the letter back to the editor, who is immediately prejudiced. No one likes to be ignored—to have some one "go over his head," as it were. One well-known author always inquires as to the health of the general manager of the company. Another tells of the strikingly good merits of his work, as if the script would not show this. Another insists in inclosing a sheet of "suggestions" to the director. This action is not always resented, but it does no good, and may do harm. Stuff like this is as bad as the letters from the beginners who assert that "the money I receive from the inclosed manuscript will be utilized to buy medicine for my aged father." The editor is interested neither in the aged father nor the medicine. His concern is not running a charitable institution. It is sufficient to write your name and street address at the upper left-hand corner of *each page* of your manuscript. If your plot is desired, the editor will write any inquiries he may desire to make. Avoid earning a reputation as a "pest" in any office.

READ THE MOVIE PUBLICATIONS.

If I were a beginner in the art of photo-play writing, I would read every motion-picture publication that I could lay my hands on. A great deal that is beneficial can be gleaned from them all. Those who would write the motion-picture story should be well versed in the details of the art. Not only is it almost essential that one keep up to date in the stories of the films, but it is also important that one be well versed in the activities of the screen stars, their likes and dislikes, and other details of their work.

SEX DRAMA NON EST.

Don't try to write vampire stuff or sex drama. Enjoying a vogue for a time, this sort of stuff is now going surely into the discard. There are one or two actresses, it is true, who have won fame and fortune in the movie vampire line, but their occasional pictures are not greeted with the acclaim that once was theirs. It is a queer thing, but scenario editors will tell you that it is the women who are most inclined to write vampire stories. And the more modestly shrinking the feminine gender, the more daring the written story. Many of the women writers become reckless when putting pen to paper, and put in action that would never get by the censor. It is best to write clean stories, comedies, and dramas that are proper for children to see. There is no place on the screen for suggestive stories, and many of the leading writers refuse to cater to such tastes. Write the stories that are sweet and clean. In so doing, you will be catering to a larger market, and will also be "doing your bit" toward the advancement of the motion-picture art.

WRITING FOR GENERAL MARKET.

If you are an "outside writer," so-called, do not prepare synopses with some certain actor type in view. Try to write the class of plots which will be acceptable to more than one film company. If Charlie Chaplin turns down your slap-stick stuff, or the editor is not inclined to your plot written around the mannerisms of Fairbanks, the script is practically worthless for any other market. The wise method is to write a story that can be utilized generally—a plot with a universal appeal, a drama or a comedy not writen around some particular star, but carrying a story that can be enacted by a number of stars.

THE USUAL TEXT BOOK.

Inexperienced writers of the photoplay lack standard instruction. There are text books to right of them, text books to left of them, text books in front of them—and the majority of said text books would better be put behind them. By actual count, there are three hundred text books already on the market. Perhaps a dozen of these have been compiled by writers or critics known to the art. The others carry names unknown. Most of them include an obsolete "sample scenario," a "glossary," so called, and a lot of sage advice written in glittering generalities. The majority of these text books, pamphlets, et cetera, do more harm than good. If you want the titles of the baker's dozen that are good, drop a line to us, inclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't buy a text book just because it is advertised as such. Investigate the author of the text book first.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

The Selig Polyscope Company, Garland Block, Chicago, Illinois, is not in the market for scenarios at present. William N. Selig, the president, passes on all scripts before they are purchased. This company owns the picture rights to many of the leading novels and short stories, and unless you have a five-reel story of striking originality, submit your stuff elsewhere.

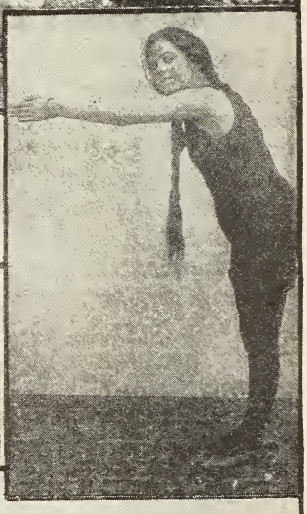
The Keystone Film Company has recently announced that it is not in the open market. The statement has it: "Owing to the peculiar requirements of Keystone comedy, it seems quite impossible to successfully prepare our material unless one is in close personal touch with our comedians, directors, and general method of production."

Persistence figures almost as much as ability in the scenario game. We know of one author who submitted to a certain film company for two years before he won an acceptance. Now that author is the star of that concern's scenario staff. He persisted. He submitted plots year after year, and finally won out. It is a true saying that perseverance conquers all things.

The Lubin Company, Philadelphia, has ceased production, yet some writers still continue to send them stories. This is inexcusable. Subscribe for a motion-picture magazine and read it. Thanhouser, Kleine, Essanay, and Biograph also are not buying scenarios in the open market.

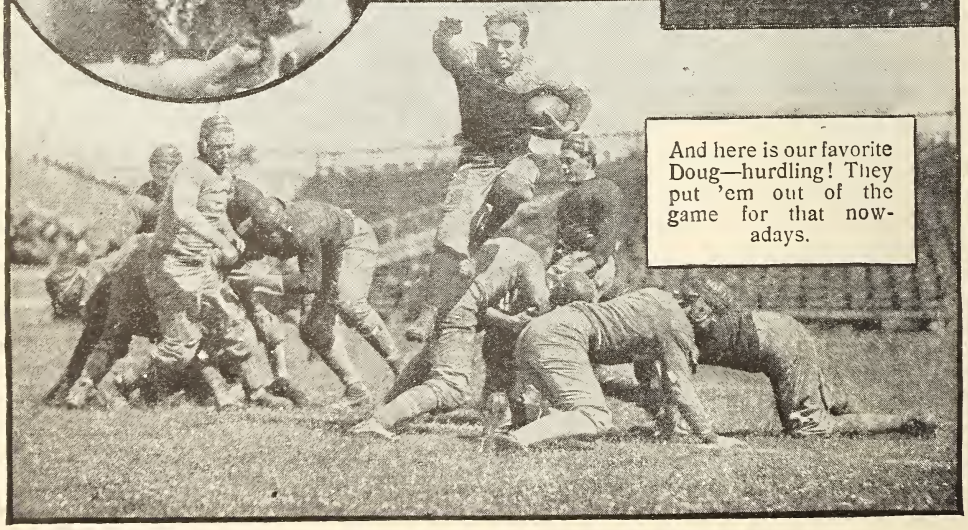
Uncompli-

It is possible, perhaps, that Bessie Love plays the guitar while lying on her elbow—but we suspect the "artistic photographer."



A very, very sad looking bathing picture, evidently snapped in the dining room. Amy Dennis is the victim.

Isn't this "baby vampire" stuff a bit too much of a good thing? Baby Marie Osborne, is too young to be associated with such ideas.



And here is our favorite Doug—hurdling! They put 'em out of the game for that nowadays.

mentary Department

Is Ann Murdock cross-eyed? No. Then why doesn't she look where she's cutting? Ask David Powell.

William Duncan in the "deep-chested young athlete" pose, with "tummy" drawn in. Oh William! why do you do it!

This, we presume, is the photographer-press-agent-Pearl-White idea of a "cute" picture. Saints above!

Peggy Hyland plays croquet, but she lost the book of directions. 'Bout face, Peggy! You're aiming west.

"Jackie Saunders in her boudoir" is what we are supposed to see here. But the dressing table is bare and set in the middle of the room.

Very good, Alice, but—you haven't got the gas turned on! Just thought to remind you, as it were.

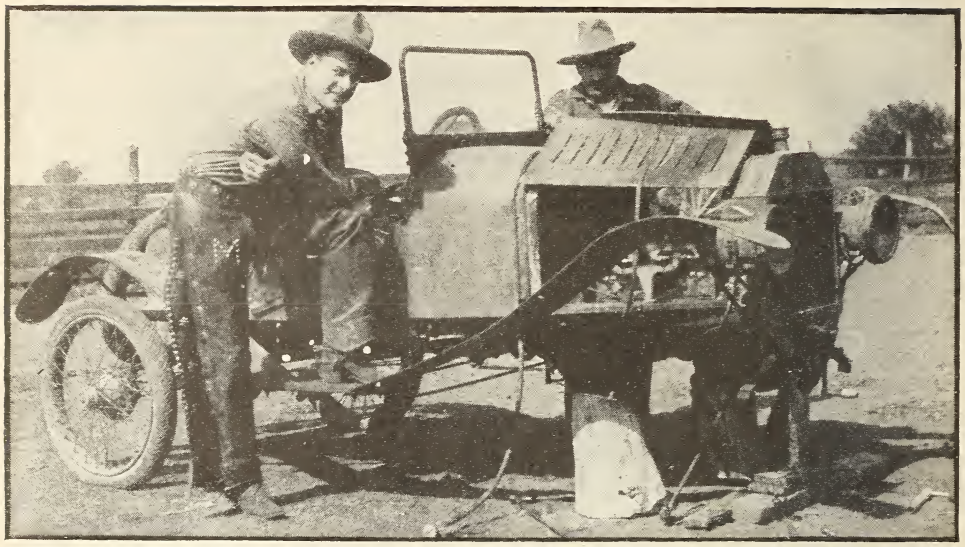
The first scene of "The Ticklish Idol," with Mrs. D. W. Griffith in the star rôle. Does the idol grin? Ah! Watch for the next episode.

"Locating" with Lockwood

Side lights on camp life with the Yorke-Metro players while making a film on an Arizona cattle ranch.

By Paul H. Dowling

TALK about your true Western atmosphere and living the story and getting close to nature and all that stuff! You should have been out in Arizona with Harold Lockwood, Fred Balshofer, Anna Little, "Lovable Villyun" Cuneo, and the rest of the Yorke-Metro outfit when they were making their last picture in those "rough and Western" parts. Why, after we had ridden forty miles in an automobile, and ten or a dozen more on horseback, looking for locations; after we had lived for two weeks on chuck-wagon grub and scenery—well, you know how it is. We were ready to yell for help and a ticket back to the City of the Angels, where were warm shower baths and musical dining rooms and paved roads. We should



This poor defenseless flivver met a gang of Arizona baseball fans going in the opposite direction. The meeting could hardly be called a success. Lockwood and Bill Clifford are playing doctor.

not object, perhaps. Must we not live the rugged life now and then for development of character? All very true, yes. But!

When we arrived in Prescott, Arizona, Lockwood was greeted by a bunch of cowboys who had previously been engaged to ride in the picture. Cuneo, being almost a native son in those parts, then introduced us to Charlie Hooker, the rancher on whose place the picture was to be taken, and preparations for the job began immediately.

We were a weird procession that started out to the ranch a few days later—a rickety-looking chuck wagon, piled up with groceries, blankets, cots, and a thousand and one things which would be required in camp, several automobiles with suit cases, people, and cameras, more clinging to them than riding in them, and a cavalcade of horses and riders which looked more like a troupe from the 101 Show or a Jesse James story than a moving-picture company. We cooked lunch over a fire at the Granite Dells, and then moved on. Any one who thinks Arizona is a flat country should have been out in the hills around Prescott. The driver of one of our cars, at a hazardous grade on a road about six feet wide, from which we looked straight down one million miles, allowed that "the brakes weren't working very well and it mightn't hurt to be ready to jump." How could we jump with six or a dozen suit cases packed around our feet and saddles and things hanging all over the sides of the car? It was out of the question. So we offered up a prayer instead. There was a ball game between two towns going on that afternoon, and all the traffic for a radius of forty miles was going the wrong way. Aside from brushing one of the cars, losing a wheel and a fender, and damaging the axle so it couldn't be fixed, we got along all right. It wasn't half bad.

Most of the tents and stuff had gone on ahead, and we found the property gang at the ranch, setting up the canvas beside a stream which wound down through the valley and was bordered with a pretty bunch of walnut and cot-

tonwood trees. Somebody said it looked like rain, and Lester Cuneo, averring modestly that he had camped before, got into a frenzy of digging trenches around his tent to keep the water out. Within five minutes he had everybody in camp busy with picks and shovels and hatchets, digging trenches, until they were all sweating and blowing like a bunch of Plattsburg rookies. The little trenches looked very pretty around the tents, too; but as for rain, why, they hadn't heard of such a thing for seventeen years in those parts at that time of year.

After dinner we sat about the camp fire. Now, when you get together a bunch of old-time moving-picture people and a few cowboys, rodeo riders, and ranchmen, you may naturally expect some harrowing tales. All were Toreadors on this occasion. Bronc-riding exploits, Pawnee Bill, Miller Brothers, the palmy days of the 101 Show, chicken-pulling contests, snake stories, buffalo riding, bulldogging steers, and other subjects of rodeo days and early motion pictures in the West were topics of the conversation.

After the story contest, we settled down in Bill Clifford's tent for a hand of penny ante. Four sat on a cot; three more sat on a camera case. The banker perched on an empty crate. Those who could not get into the tent peered through the open flap. Now the property department had brought along about a dozen little oil stoves, at which Harold and the others had done a little scoffing during the afternoon. "The very idea," they had remarked, "of going camping with oil stoves! Is this a chafing-dish party, or what?" But about ten o'clock the Arizona wind began to howl, and Bill's stack of chips began to dwindle and Tony's feet began a tattoo against the camera case, and we all swallowed our pride and admitted the advisability of lighting up a couple of the contraptions. After that, we were all unanimous, even Lockwood. We would admit we were tenderfeet and

Charlie Stallings and Lockwood cooking lunch at Granite Dells.

burn the stoves as long as the oil held out.

We tried vainly to inveigle Lockwood into the penny-ante game. I never heard a man sleep as soundly as Harold did from eight o'clock on. The fact is that you could hear him all over the camp, and Lester suggested that the cowboys move the horses farther away for fear that Lockwood's noisy slumber might prevent their sleeping. We solved the difficulty for ourselves very nicely. The nights were cool, anyway, so we put the blankets up around our ears and slept in perfect quietude and peace.

But we are ahead of ourselves. The card game broke up when the owls were hooting, one of the cowboys had taken all the chips, and the cook was snoring in his tent. Everything had settled down quietly and all were apparently asleep when Bainbrdige looked out of his tent and discovered Cuneo and Clifford sneaking around the camp fire with a frying pan. There they were, like a couple of small boys in the jam closet, chuckling to themselves and stealing a midnight lunch. We wouldn't stand for it. It wasn't right for these fellows to be eating at night when we were on daily rations. So we settled the matter by all getting up and having some eggs. We also had a little coffee and canned apricots, and a bottle of olives and ham sandwiches, too, but those were mere trifles and we were sure the cook wouldn't mind.

The next day and the week after that was work, and then more work. We were all over the range, on foot and on horseback and in automobiles, shooting everything from the landscape to Lockwood branding calves. One morning Fred Balshofer saw a few ducks at a little cattle pond on the ranch, and early one afternoon he stopped work to bag them. Fred was very proud of his shooting. We saw him sneaking around the pond on his hands and knees to get a shot from behind a clump of mesquite. He fired and winged the duck. It fell in the pond and began swimming around. Then Balshofer fired some more, banging away shot after shot. But the duck swam on. Enter now

Everything was al fresco, even the "kitchen" and "dining room." Anna Little is the cook, and Lockwood is under orders to cut wood.

This picture was taken after ten days' work. Note the beards and general air of ennui. Around the mess table are Harold Lockwood, Anna Little, William Clifford, Dick Spencer, Jim Epingden, Charlie Stallings, W. H. Bainbridge, Tony Gaudio, Lester Cuneo, and Fred Balshofer.

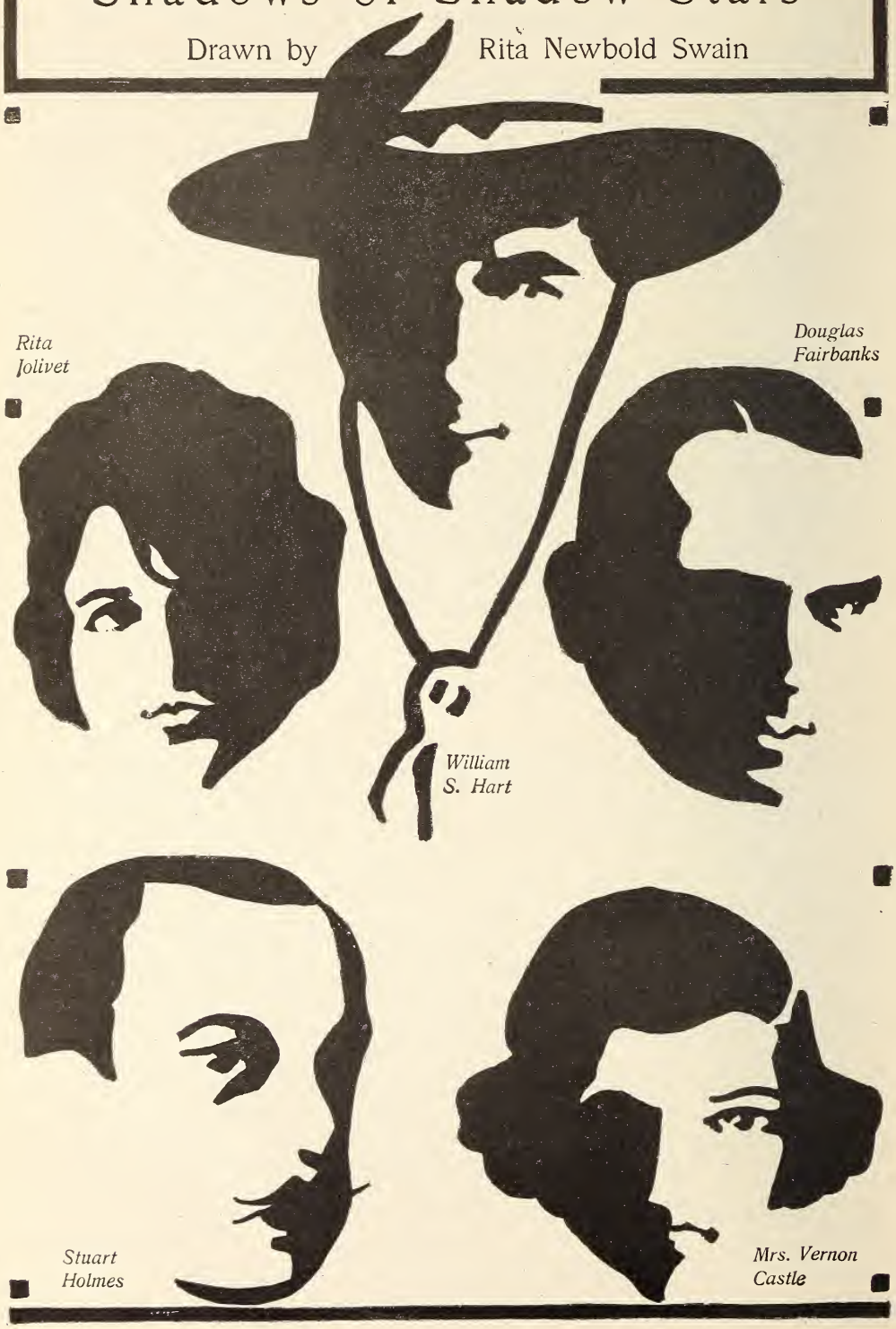
the cowboy. The duck had come within wading distance of the shore and was lodged in a clump of reeds. In rode the fearless puncher and lassooed it. We could understand why Balshofer refused to taste the meat that evening at dinner. His pride was irrevocably injured, not to mention fallen entirely.

Thus the days and the nights passed. We took pictures of a cattle herd in a storm; we rode over the range all day in the boiling sun, fortified at noon only by a light lunch of no butter, we washed our clothes in the stream and stayed in swimming while they dried, we carried cameras and props up hills which the local residents should have called mountains, and we fooled with bucking horses which the cowboys sent in off the range for their secret amusement.

We let our beards grow long and our shoes wear through at the toes from walking in the gravel; we growled at the food and ate it—for the nearest restaurant was forty-five miles away—and we thanked our lucky stars when we got back to Los Angeles and a bathtub.

Shadows of Shadow Stars

Drawn by Rita Newbold Swain



The Bond of Fear

Fictionized from the Triangle Picture Play

By Edith Kennedy

Cal and his companion had come through the storm with their lives—and scarcely anything else.

CAMDEN McCLURE, judge of the circuit court, was thoroughly obsessed with the idea that under no circumstances whatever was there any mitigation for the crime. To him law was law; the penalty prescribed in the code must be carried out in every case, no matter how nor why the crime. He even carried this conviction into his personal life and in the administration of the affairs of his younger brother and ward, John McClure, a rather wild and dissipated young fellow. When the boy explained that he had reached the estate of manhood and should have his allowance increased accordingly, the judge had replied that the law had given him the custody of the younger brother's money and the law had fixed the amount of his allowance, and the law he would uphold.

He stubbornly held to this decision. John was at the end of his rope financially, and in a frenzy of despair implored his brother to forget the law and be a regular man for once, not a code book. Unruffled, the judge only repeated his regard for the law. Maddened by his unfeeling coolness, the hot-headed boy dramatically whipped out a pistol and demanded money. In the struggle that followed, the gun was discharged while in the hand of the judge, who had wrested it from John's grasp, and the boy fell to the floor, apparently lifeless.

And now Camden McClure was no longer the jurist and the lawgiver, but an offender against the law. According to his own code, he could expect no leniency. He was a criminal and would be dealt with accordingly. Afraid to face his fellow jurists, he fled, like a hunted thing, into the night—fled to the great, silent wastes of the West. And there fate was kind to him in delivering him into the hands of Cal Nelson, a true son of the broad prairies and trackless deserts—a man who knew every trail and water hole west of the Rockies. The judge explained that complete quiet and seclusion were necessary to his health, and Cal agreed to guide him into the Bad Lands, and so the two strangely assorted characters started upon their journey.

And as they journeyed, a man lay silent and motionless upon a bed in an isolated cabin on the sun-baked prairie, a single shaft of moonlight illuminating

Judge Camden McClure was thoroughly obsessed with the idea that under no circumstances whatever was there any mitigation for crime.

the pale features, fixed in death. A woman, haggard and wan, though young, crossed to the bedside. On her face was a mingled expression of horror, fear, and loathing. Averting her face, she covered the still form, and, with a half-suppressed shriek, rushed from the cabin out onto the moonlit prairie. Days without water or food followed, and still the woman staggered on as though fleeing a phantom fear. At last, in an almost lifeless condition, she, too, fell into the hands of the big guide, and was made one of the strange little party.

Unaccustomed to the heat and travel, the judge was by this time approaching delirium in his fever, and the big-hearted Cal found his hands more than full with the acquisition of the exhausted woman. "Twenty miles from water," he exclaimed to himself; "a loco tenderfoot and a fainty female! It shore beats hell!" But not for a moment did he flinch at his self-imposed task. Fortunately Mary was soon in normal condition, and finally the little party reached an abandoned cabin where water was plentiful, and together the two nursed the now raving judge.

As the woman sat by his bedside through the long hours of the night, the fever-crazed man babbled into her ears the dread secret that he was trying to hide from the world; and in his silent watch without, Cal heard, too. Finally, with the clearing of the judge's brain, there came to him the fear that he had revealed his secret. Mary confessed that he had. The judge was panic-stricken. He felt that Mary, knowing of his crime, would betray him and force him to pay the penalty. Through the horror at the thought of the crime there came to her a deep pity for the soul-tortured man, and with the hope of lessening his anguish she confessed to him that she, too, bore the brand of Cain; and the silent, faithful Cal, without, wondered as he listened.

The judge felt himself a criminal, ostracized from the rest of the world, and he turned to the woman for solace. She knew his secret and did not con-

demn him; she had the complete understanding of one who had suffered through a like experience. In response to his pleadings, mistaking her pity for love, she promised to become his wife.

She told Cal of her decision, and asked for his congratulations, and not until that moment did she realize the depth of the big fellow's love for her. She had mistaken his constant, silent devotion for the sincere, frank admiration of the man of the West. But now she knew that she had hurt him, and the knowledge strangely hurt her own heart. But it was too late, and in her woman's way she consoled herself with the thought that the other man needed her the more. In his big way Cal agreed, and, hushing the ache in his heart, accompanied them to the nearest town, where the wedding ceremony might be performed.

While Mary was in her room in the hotel, making her simple preparations for the marriage, the judge awaited her in the parlor below, idly looking over a newspaper lying on the table. As he read, he suddenly concentrated his attention upon a news item. It contained a reference to his brother which led the judge to conclude that he had not killed the boy. And now, as if by magic, he was again the stern judge, the sentencer of malefactors, implacable to the offender against the legal code. He was free of crime, free to return to his former life. Ascending to Mary, he calmly and unfeelingly told her of his discovery. Mary was overjoyed to know that his soul was free of the burden. But he added: "I am still a sworn official of the law, bound by an oath to let nothing stand in the way of my administering justice."

The woman was dumfounded. "You mean that you would give me up?" she cried. "That your love is dead because of what I told you? That you would deliver me to punishment? You, who clung to me in anguish at every imaginary threatening hand?" The judge only nodded grimly in response. The woman cried: "You have murdered again—something dearer than life. Go!" He slunk from the room, vainly endeavoring to maintain his dignity in the face of her denunciation.

Outside the hotel, Cal patiently waited. The sun climbed higher. His beloved pony moved restlessly under the heat. Cal led him around the hotel and tied him under the shade of some trees at the rear, and returned to the front in time to hear the sheriff and his posse explaining to the judge that they

Not until that moment did she realize the depth of the big fellow's love for her.

were searching for a woman who had killed her husband. Cal stood rigid.

Again Camden McClure was the judge. The woman was a murderess and should pay for her transgression against the law of God and man; and he, as the guardian of the law, and knowing of her crime, should reveal her guilt. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, "the murderess for whom you are seeking is here in the hotel." Cal heard and stood as one transfixed; then like a rocket he shot around the corner of the hotel as the sheriff, his posse, and the judge entered the hotel. Having no other mode of entrance through the rear, Cal gave a running leap through a window, and, landing on the back stairway, dashed into Mary's room.

"You've got to get away from here!" he cried. "Sheriff's posse downstairs! McClure told everything!" And, disregarding her cry, "Let them come; I won't try to run away. Why should I?" he grabbed her in his arms and started from the room. At the head of the stairs he met the sheriff's men coming up in a fury for Mary, at the direction of the judge. Placing the woman behind him, he seized a chair standing at the door, and, with a mighty blow, felled the first man, who, as he rolled down the stairs, knocked the second man off his feet, and the two lay in a heap at the foot of the stairs, stunned into momentary insensibility. Placing Mary on the window sill, he leaped to the ground past her, ran to his pony, mounted, and as he dashed by the window at full speed he seized her as he rode and shot out toward the desert like a streak of lightning. It was some moments before the sheriff and his men could emerge from the confusion he had left behind him, and Cal and Mary were far out on the desert before they could start in pursuit.

Left alone, the judge turned to the paper to reassure himself of the glad news regarding his brother, only to have the hotel proprietor dash his dreams to the ground by announcing that the paper he held was a year old. Again the fear of the slinking criminal gripped his heart. He was a stricken man. As he sat dejected in his chair, two strange men entered the lobby and asked the proprietor if he knew of a man by the name of Judge McClure thereabouts. The proprietor did not; but the judge, overhearing the conversation, filled with apprehension, slipped quietly out of the hotel, unobserved, and, mounting his horse, again sought the desert, a fugitive. Gaining a trace of him later, the two men followed. The judge saw them behind him in the far distance. Facing him was an impending sand storm. Gripped between the two fears, he

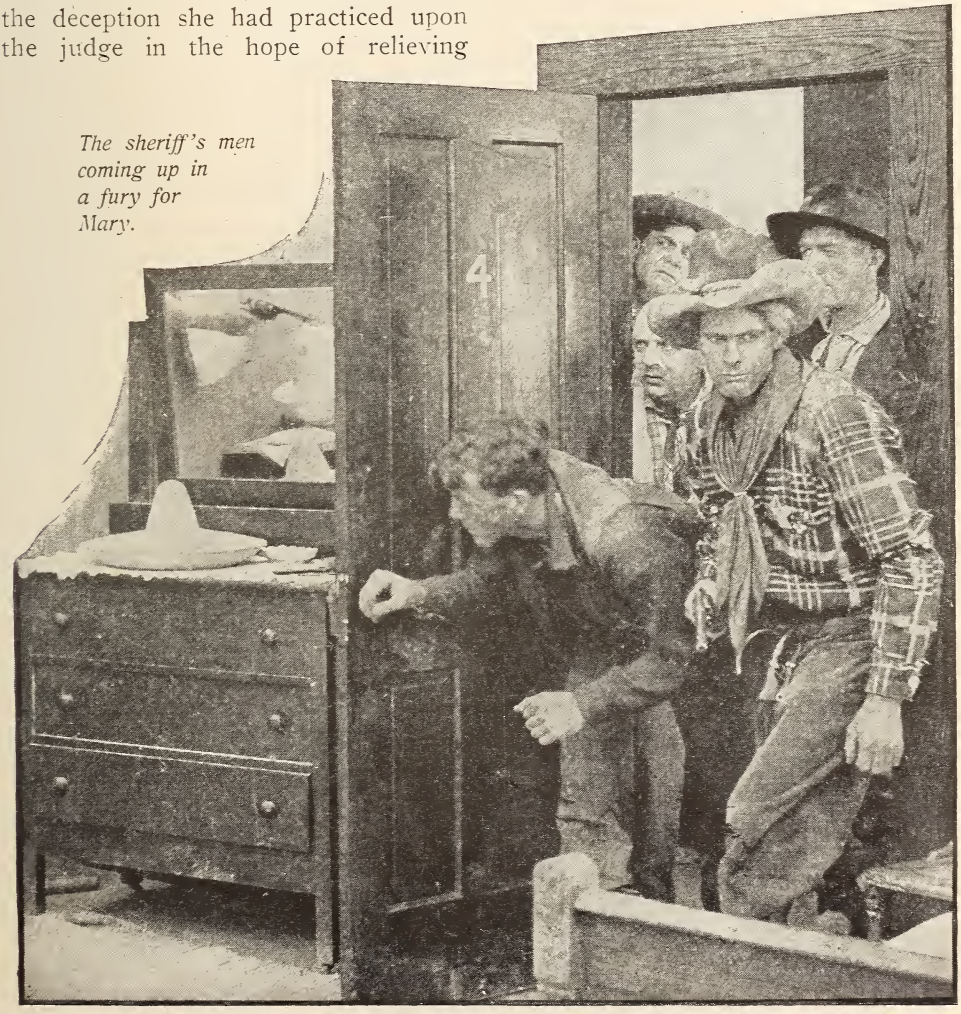
crawled under an embankment, hoping to find safety. As the storm reached the spot in all its fury, the weight of the accumulating sand broke down the embankment and the cringing man was buried alive—past all dangers of this world—an end to all his fears. Fearing to brave the sand storm, the two strangers turned about, agreeing between themselves to wire John McClure that their search for his brother had proved fruitless.

Cal and his companion had come through the storm with their lives—scarcely anything else—and when he would listen to her, she told him of the deception she had practiced upon the judge in the hope of relieving his misery; that she was guilty of no crime. The man from whom she had fled in the desert was her father, a criminal who had been wounded by the officers of the law, and after his death she had fled in terror.

"But how about the sheriff—the one who said he was looking for a woman that killed her husband?" asked Cal.

"He wasn't looking for me," she replied, with a faint smile. "That's why I was willing to stay when you carried me out." Cal listened with a sympathetic heart, and then answered:

"I'm glad. I hated to think that you



The sheriff's men coming up in a fury for Mary.

could have done anything wrong. I wouldn't care a hang, anyway. Couldn't you let me take care of you now?" he added. "I love you a heap."

"I'm afraid, Cal," she gently answered. "My faith in man is gone."

His love was big enough to wish her pleasure rather than his own.

"I reckon if we started now," he said, "we could make the Sanderson stage 'bout sundown."

And so they resumed their journey, but when the stage was reached Mary's faith in at least one man was restored, and, indicating for the stage to proceed without her, she turned to Cal, her hands outstretched, and he realized his reward at last.

HELEN HOLMES—NURSE

THE old-time hero had his day
We worshiped him in book and play.
His lovely features haunt us still and dominate our dreams.
Too beautiful for words was he,
And brave as any man could be—
The limp and helpless maiden was quite safe with him, it seems.

But Helen Holmes has gummed the game
And things will never be the same;
She's handed us a hero of a very different sort.
He needs a nurse and she is it;
Her acrobatics make a hit—
For all the use it is to him, his head might be a wart.

She jerks him off of burning trains,
She yanks him indoors when it rains.
She saves his life in every reel, and does a lot of stunts.
With lip a-dangle stands the dub;
She fights the battles for her cub.
For mobs of roughnecks to subdue the doughty Helen hunts.

The modern woman stands revealed.
The old-time hero's doom is sealed.
There's nothing left for him to do but get himself in dutch.
Then Helen to the rescue flies—
She sails on wires 'cross the skies,
Or grabs a handy engine, which leaps gayly at her touch.

The heroine, invertebrate,
Has been unpopular of late;
But must we, to improve her, rob the hero of his spine?
He hugs her in the final scene—
He's that much gumption in his bean;
But even so, he's not the chap for whom the girlies pine.

B. KING.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on the best and latest pictures, written by America's foremost dramatic authority.

By Alan Dale

"Baby Mine"

(Goldwyn)

HERE, at last, is a genuinely humorous picture that depends not upon slapstick methods or horseplay incidents, but upon really funny situations and a vastly diverting idea. "Baby Mine," in its present form, is as amusing as it was when staged seven

Madge Kennedy in her first Goldwyn picture "Baby Mine."

years ago, and that is saying a great deal. It is a laugh from start to finish, and one of those laughs that you are glad to welcome and need not be at all ashamed of welcoming. When the play was first produced at poor old Daly's Theater, Miss Margaret Mayo acknowledged her indebtedness to the following paragraph that appeared in the New York *Times* of January 29, 1910, dated from Chicago: "There are in Chicago to-day fully three thousand husbands fondling infants that are not their own, but babies adopted by their wives, and the deluded fathers are none the wiser." The truth of that statement need not be questioned to-day. The picture follows the play closely enough, although its story starts earlier. The complications are uproariously droll, though toward the end of the film they seem to repeat themselves slightly. Just the same, anybody who could see "Baby Mine" unsmilingly must possess a disgruntled liver or some equally painful ailment.

Little Miss Madge Kennedy makes her screen début in "Baby Mine," and with complete success. She has mobile features, a smile that lends itself fascinatingly to the screen, and gestures that are significant. Throughout, her work is excellent, and I should say that Miss Kennedy will be a valuable picture acquisition. John Cumberland is quite felicitous, and the other members of the cast are Kathryn Adams, Frank Morgan, Virginia Madigan, Jack Ridgway, Nellie Fillmore, and Sonia Marcelle.

The fantastically delicate idea of "Baby Mine" emerges so saliently in this picture form that the absence of dialogue is positively unmissed. The subtitles, that are not in the least obtrusive, are well done.

To my mind, "Baby Mine" is both a threat and a promise; a menace to those companies—and there are many—where rule-of-thumb methods are supposed to be art, and a revelation of the future of comedy drama on the screen.

"The Eternal Magdalene"

(Goldwyn)

I ADMIT an overwhelming curiosity to see Maxine Elliott in pictures, and a keen satisfaction when I found myself confronted with that event in "The Eternal Magdalene." Further, this picture was directed by Arthur Hopkins, who is an exceedingly interesting personality in the drama. The story seemed to deal with the topic ventilated so widely at the time of the Reverend Doctor Parkhurst's crusade against the "social evil," and it was told by the ever-useful medium of a dream.

A certain potentate in a small town had resolved to drive the women of the "segregated district" from the vicinity, and to arouse the populace to the apparent danger caused by these women by means of an evangelist. Just as the crusade was under way, the potentate learned that his own daughter had compromised herself, and—true to his idea—ordered her out of his house. You could almost imagine him saying, "Henceforth you are no daughter of mine," or words to that effect.

Then the dream, and Miss Maxine Elliott as the Magdalene. The plaintive figure of this Magdalene came to him in his dream and depicted for his benefit the consequences of his agitation against fallen women. There were pictures of a foundling asylum, of the bread line, and of other sorrowful features of daily life.

These incidents were all most effectively portrayed, and there was a picturesque sincerity about the events of the dream that was irresistible. Naturally the dream worked wonders in the potentate's outlook, and he soon saw the error of his ways.

Maxine Elliott was a majestic and an appealing figure, lovely to look at and singularly impressive. In fact, "The Eternal Magdalene" is an extremely impressive picture, and well worth looking

Vivian Martin in a scene from "The Sunset Trail."

at. Its lesson is not dragged in; it is not unduly "preachy," and it has an artistic value that reflects credit upon the direction of Mr. Hopkins. Some of the groupings were particularly excellent. The Bible scenes were played with fitting delicacy and restraint and proved effective.

"The Bond of Fear"

(Triangle)

FEAR is a human obsession that has baffled psychologists from time immemorial. It certainly does some ultracurious stunts in the picture called "The Bond of Fear," by Edith Kennedy, and the fear-riddled one becomes an extremely unsympathetic character.

Imagine, if you can, a judge of the circuit court who, in a fight with his own brother, wounds and apparently kills him, and then instantly runs off and becomes a fugitive. There is court dignity for you! This judge, it appears, has always been an advocate of the theory that the law should be enforced to the last letter, without regard to sentiment.

The fugitive judge meets a woman in

the desert, where he is fugitiving. He is very ill, and, while delirious, babbles his secret to the woman. Later he realizes what he has done. The woman, in order to put him at his ease (!) declares that she, too, has committed murder, having killed her husband. So the two decide to marry—the theory of their decision being unannounced.

And then the story takes a twist that is so ludicrous and so completely contrary to all logic that its melodrama piffles into farce. The judge reads in a newspaper that his brother did not die. Instantly realizing that he is no murderer, he turns upon the woman who had admitted that she was one! Not only does he turn upon her, but he denounces her to the authorities. Could picture motive be more futile?

Dustin Farnum in "North of Fifty-Three."

Again a twist. The judge learns that the newspaper in which he had read the news of his brother was a year old, and that since its publication the brother really had died. The woman confesses that she had only pretended guilt so that the judge should not feel so "alone." And that worthy gentleman fugitives again, is caught in a sand storm, and gathered unto his poppers.

The motive of the picture is so preposterous that its excellent photography is wasted. Melbourne McDowell, who played the judge, was so good that it seemed a pity that his efforts were wasted upon such material.

"The Yankee Way"

(Fox)

WHAT *is* the Yankee way? Usually, in fiction, the Yankee way is fresh, impertinent, spectacular, and eminently successful. Fiction writers love to picture the Yankee youth in conflict with royalty and the conventions of European states. He appears, flouts everybody from kings to courtiers, and generally ends by marrying the beautiful princess in spite of everything and of everybody.

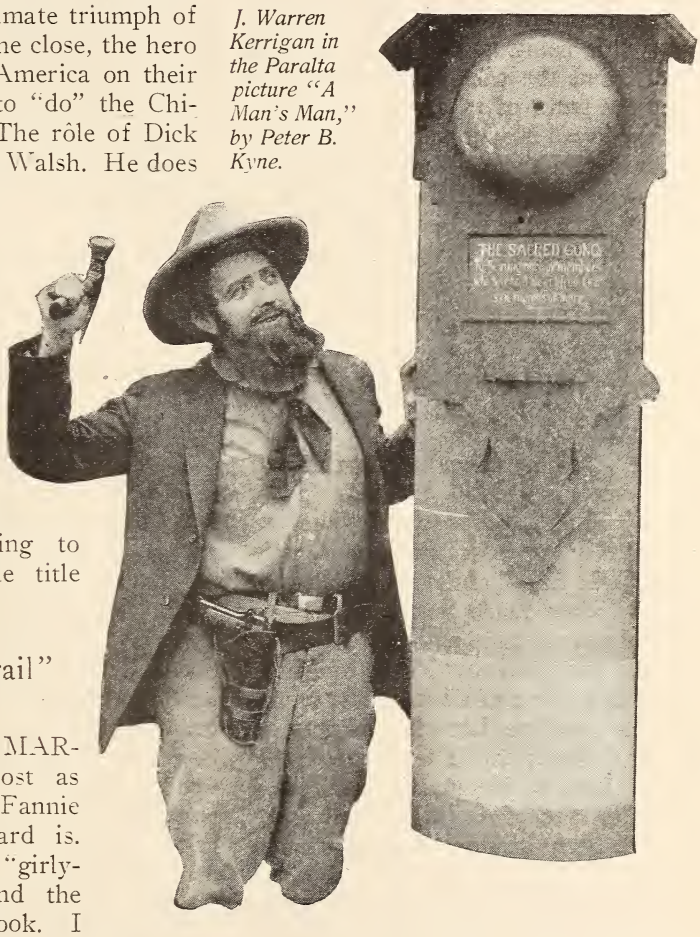
This idea occurs with more or less insistence in "The Yankee Way," a film dedicated to the talents of Mr. George Walsh. The hero goes to a realm entitled Lithunia, a "Balkan kingdom." He has a "cattle concession" to dispose of, and plenty of "pep" with which to dispose of it. Soon he is in the very thick of Balkan court intrigue, with the minister of finance and the Bulgarian ambassador at loggerheads.

The "love interest" is quite remarkable. This hero discovers that the sinuous Princess of Lithunia is none other than a gorgeous brunet whom he has seen in a cabaret in Chicago! Exactly why this blue-blooded lady betook her-

self to Chicago I could not discover, nor could I even imagine any reason. However, that is mere detail. There she was in Chicago, later on shipboard, and finally in all her war paint in Lithunia.

The picture shows a rebellion among the Lithunian peasants, the betrothal of the princess to the "infamous" minister of finance, and the ultimate triumph of the Yankee way. At the close, the hero and the lady sail for America on their honeymoon—perhaps to "do" the Chicago cabarets again. The rôle of Dick Mason fits Mr. George Walsh. He does the "stunts" that his admirers expect of him, and he does them as well as he has ever done them. The princess is little, baby-faced Enid Markey—rather a fascinating little princess. One of the Balkan characters is played by "Count von Hardenburg," according to the program, and the title looks well.

J. Warren Kerrigan in the Paralta picture "A Man's Man," by Peter B. Kyne.



"The Sunset Trail"

(Paramount)

MISS VIVIAN MARTIN is almost as much like Fannie Ward as Fannie Ward is. She has the same "girly-girly" wistfulness, and the identical ingénue outlook. I think I have said before that she is invariably the picture heroine who gets kissed willy-nilly—and usually nilly—before her story has been told. In "Sunset Trail" this happy event does not take place until the very end of the film—as I was about to give it up in despair. Everything comes to the heroine who waits—and also to the critic.

Personally, I never care for stories in which heroines rescue their own mothers, or shield them, or ar 'up against" maternal intrigues. I prefer mothers in their proper place, which is surely not in love episodes. However, I realize that this is perhaps an old-fashioned idea, and I do not insist upon it.

In "Sunset Trail," the heroine's mother runs off with a "wealthy banker"—all bankers being irrevocably wealthy, of course—and while mommer dotes on the banker, the little heroine falls in love with his nephew—a very pleasant arrangement. The mother marries the banker, and, by one of those strangest of picture happenings, the heroine goes to spend a month with

that married mother, with her father's permission. Surely a quaint father!

The innocent maiden then discovers that her mother is unfaithful to the wealthy banker—mother being what they call in the classics a "bad lot." In what is designed as a "tense" situation, she attempts to shield the mother by assuming a certain guilt herself. Fortunately, this being a picture, it all ends happily, and the wicked mommer confesses the truth of it all.

Miss Vivian Martin splashed through all this with her accustomed wiles and winsomenesses. Miss Carmen Phillips, as the erring mother, was as saucy as an erring mother should be—and I don't know how saucy that is. The hero was Harrison Ford, who looked the part.

"North of Fifty-Three"

(Fox)

I CONFESS that the dentifrician smile of Dustin Farnum grows upon one—perhaps not quite as emphatically as it grows upon Dustin himself. It does lighten up the "situations;" it does reach its audience; and it is really a valuable possession.

In the new picture, "North of Fifty-three," it is there in all its glory, working even overtime, but achieving its results satisfactorily. The hero of this picture has a singularly persecuted heroine to love—dear little Hazel Weir. She has been insulted by her sinister employer for the reason that she was his stenographer, and stenographers have simply *got* to be insulted. We expect it of them. They are there to be insulted. They stenograph for insults.

Little Hazel resists these "importunities"—she is a good little stenographer—and then the wicked gentleman takes a fearful vengeance. He makes a will—apparently the minute after she has resisted his kisses—and leaves her five thousand dollars in reparation for any wrong he may have done her. There is the poor girl, branded for life by this atrocity! They all cut her, believing the woist—or is it the worst? She goes to Cariboo Meadows as a school-teacher, and there meets "Roaring Bill" Wagstaff, or, in other words, the smiling Mr. Farnum.

Her melancholy story follows her, and she runs away and refuses to marry Roaring Bill. However, they are married later, and then ensue all sorts of situations bearing upon her fictitious wrongs. "Bill" is a hero throughout, smiling in his reckless, toothy way, and "winning all hearts," including that of Hazel.

It is a picture that Mr. Farnum's many admirers will add to their list, and it is "romantic" enough to do its duty. All those who like this sort of story will like "North of Fifty-three."

"A Man's Man"

(Paralta)

ALL the world loves a lover, and if all the world didn't, it would nevertheless get one—in pictures. In "A Man's Man," written by Peter W. Kyne, the story of a revolution in Central America is told so graphically and with such tremendous photographic interest that the "love story" is really of slight consequence. It is there, however. In fact, it is introduced very early in the picture, when the hero, called John Stuart Webster, meets the conventionally "bee-yoo-ti-ful" girl in a train. His heroics set in immediately, as he rescues the lovely one from the "unwelcome" attentions of a traveling salesman.

Then behold them in Central America, with the hero dallying with a gold mine and at the same time embroiling himself in a singularly picturesque revolution. This hero is J. Warren Kerrigan, whose humorous demeanor is duly accentuated at the expense of the revolution. Mr. Kerrigan is easy, and what

reporters love to call "natural"—which, of course, isn't natural at all. He has a sense of humor, a distinct knack of getting it "over," and that poise which is essential to successful picture heroes.

The scenes of the revolution are a long time coming, but when they do occur they are certainly worth waiting for. The forces of the usurping president and those of the revolutionists are shown in excited conflict, and there is a good deal of excitement and stress in the film.

Mr. Kerrigan has an extremely pleasing girl for his "love" moments in Miss Lois Wilson, who is vivacious and interesting. Kenneth Harlan is another actor who deserves a few words of praise. He is sincere and well versed in picture "tricks," and everything he does registers agreeably.

"A Man's Man" is a very long picture, but I warn you that the best comes last, so that if you are inclined to grow restive you may know that your patience will be rewarded if you exercise it. And don't you think that worth knowing?

"On the Level"

(Paramount)

HAVE you ever noticed that in pictures human derelicts nearly always play the piano and are "talented musicians?" I do not know exactly how to explain this phenomenon, but evidently the lower a chap drops in the social scale, the higher his musical soul leaps. It is a pleasant thought. In the picture called "On the Level," with little Miss Fannie Ward as the star, Joe is a drug fiend, with whiskers and picturesque emaciation, but he plays the piano beautifully and immediately interests Mexicali Mae, who has been carried off by a villain called Pete.

It is all extremely lurid and "atmospheric." As in that good old melodrama, "The Silver King," the human derelict is led to believe that he has killed a man while under the "influence." However, he is cured by the heroine with one of those inevitable heroinic cures, and offers to marry her.

Then dear old "Camille" is vaguely recalled. Joe's haughty mother arrives on the scene and begs the heroine to release her son—and so on. There is the sacrifice so familiar to theatergoers of all brands, and she goes back to her old life. Later, of course, Joe finds her, just as she is about to commit suicide. The heavy villain is there, and there is a handsome tussle, during which a pistol goes off in Pete's pocket and kills him. And theer you are!

Fannie Ward is a wonder. I suppose it is rather ungallant, but every time I see Miss Ward I forget everything—art, picture, story, characters—and gloat over her extraordinary youth. It is almost uncanny. In "On the Level" she doesn't look a day over eighteen. The relentless screen is absolutely routed. Miss Ward does some extremely fine work in this picture, and has made rapid strides to the front. Jack Dean this time plays a character rôle, while the "human derelict" is Harrison Ford. Miss Lottie Pickford has a small rôle and, according to the press agent, 'wears a motor coat of unusual attraction."

"Mountain Dew"

(Triangle)

MOUNTAIN DEW is, of course, moonshine, and some of it is picture shine. This picture tells of the adventures of a magazine writer 'from the North" who wanders into Trigger Creek, in the "bloody Breathrift County" of the Kentucky Cumberlands. There he meets the scheduled heroine "astride a bullock," and is instantly attracted. She looked so fetching, bullock riding! Naturally what happens is that the magazine gen-

tleman is suspected by the moonshiners of being a Federal agent, to hunt them down, and the plot thickens—being a trifle too thin.

Another lovable thing about this heroine is that she does not know how to read or write. She can ride a bullock, but she cannot read. This makes her most desirable. In fiction—or some of it—there is nothing cuter than an illiterate heroine. The hero becomes "school-teacher" in that region, and dear little Roxie his apt pupil. Some of the manuscripts of the magazine writer are discovered, and this seems to point to his guilt as a Federal agent. Thereupon he marries the girl, confesses his trade, and salutes the gibing crowd as a moonshiner and one of the family. It is all very simple, and not particularly gripping, but at least it has "atmosphere."

Marjorie Wilson and Charles Gunn are the central figures, and work assiduously to render these plausible. The name of the magazine to which the hero contributed is left to the imagination.

"The Price of a Good Time"

(Universal)

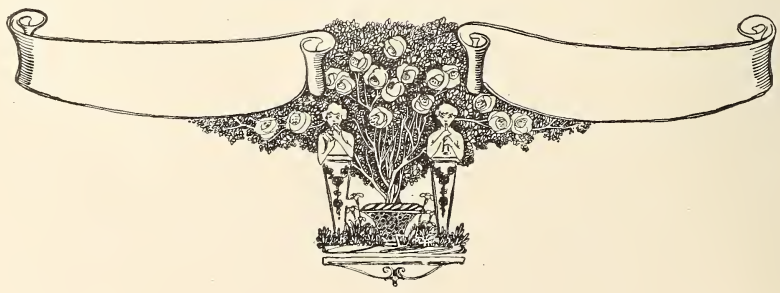
THE price of a good time, according to the picture adapted by Lois Weber from "The Whim" by Marion Orth, was exactly the same as the wages of sin—to wit, death. The little department-store girl, who is toted around town by the usual affluent youth whose intentions, however, are startlingly harmless, falls in love with him, and falls again, later on, under his automobile, thus meeting death.

The strange thing about this picture is that both the youth and the girl are morally immaculate. He is toting her around because he clamors for somebody who could enjoy that sort of thing, while she is merely lending herself to him as a platonic companion. However, as I have made it clear, the price was the same as the wages of sin—rather a pity, too, I think.

The picture gives unbounded opportunity for ornamental incidents. There is a gorgeous banquet scene, given in the affluent one's home for the girl whom his social-climbing mommer wishes him to wed, and there are several capital sketches of alleged "high life."

Just as I flattered myself that at last I had found a picture with an unhappy ending—not that I clamor for woe—behold, at the very close, the society girl who had flouted him and driven him to the unfortunate maiden whose life closed under the automobile's wheels was left with him in the restaurant car of an outgoing train, bound apparently for Chicago—and marriage. This was a happy ending with a vengeance—and also an anticlimax, which is worse.

Kenneth Harlan and Mildred Harris, as the hero and the working girl, were both excellent, and "The Price of a Good Time," in spite of its curiously happy ending, is an interesting and admirably directed picture.



When My Movie Dreams Come True

By Ronald Oliphant

I'LL be a pirate bold, dear,
And sail the Spanish main;
I'll bury chests of gold, dear—
And dig them up again
Years after, when I'm settled down
And my roving days are o'er.
Then I'll build a mansion in the town
And a villa at the shore.
You will not have to sew, dear;
You will not have to scrub;
You will not have to go, dear,
A-shopping for our grub.
You will not have to cook my meals,
My socks—you needn't darn 'em.
I'll love and kiss you through the reels
Of life—just like Bill Farnum.

This and more, my dear, I'll do
When my movie dreams come true.

I'll search the desert sands, dear,
In many a cañon's bed.
I'll fight with Injun bands, dear,
And fill 'em full of lead.
Each gambling hell, saloon, and dive
I'll make a soda fountain;
And every barkeep left alive
Will hide out on the mountain.
On tireless mustang, day by day,
Decked out in spurs and chapps,
Prospecting and prospecting, 'way
From places on the maps,
I'll travel, till I've made a pile
That might be classed as *neat*,
Then, in Will Hart's best lover style,
I'll lay it at your feet.

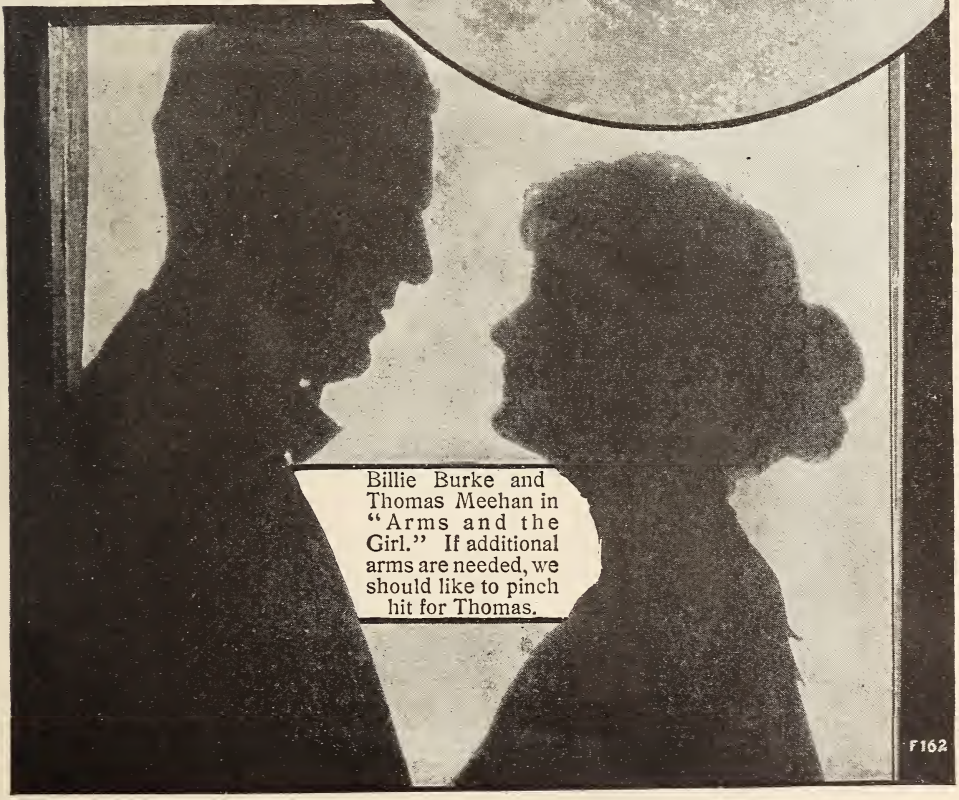
This and more, my dear, I'll do
When my movie dreams come true!

What's Happening

Charles Ray registering grief because Director Victor Schertzinger is refusing to dramatize his trick black and white shoes.

The first movie actor to enlist in the navy is Arthur Albertson. We trust his first release does not occur after his first meal aboard ship.

Mack Swain, who is carrying Gloria Swanson out to where the water is wet. Both are registering horror, possibly because they may ship some water and rust their iron constitutions.



Billie Burke and Thomas Meehan in "Arms and the Girl." If additional arms are needed, we should like to pinch hit for Thomas.

F162

Society note: We are glad to see Olive Thomas' back from Los Angeles. It could be seen from a much greater distance.

William Farnum annoying Mother Earth. It doesn't hurt the weeds and seems to make Bill happy. Wonder how long he held on to that hoe after the camera men went away.

"I promised my mother that liquor would never touch my lips," quoth Chaplin. "Get me a straw?"

George Walsh has just sunk a director without warning. Must be a case of "spurlos ver- senkt."

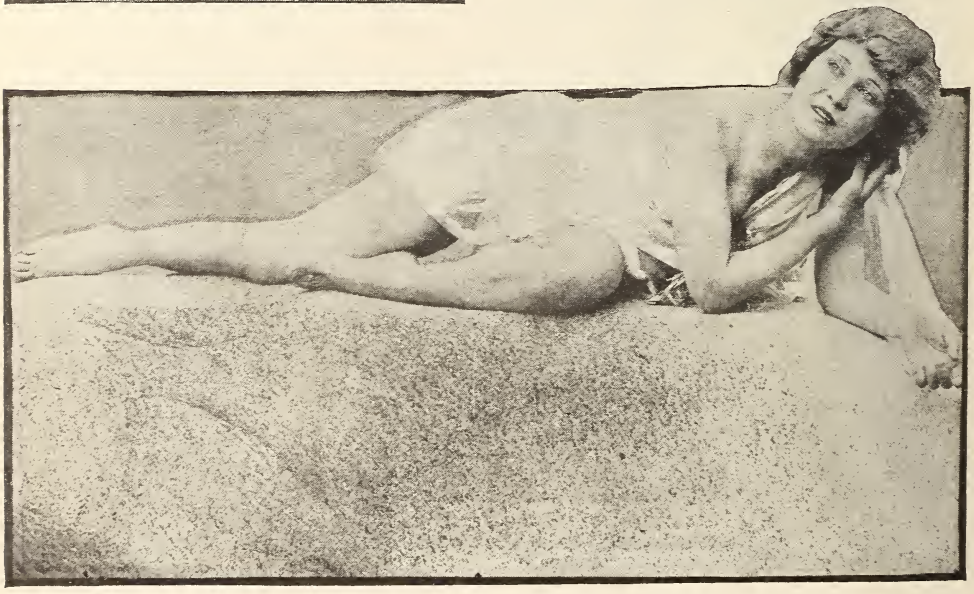
This looks like a horse on Romaine Fielding. He is paying a bet to June Eldridge and Carlyle Blackwell.

Pete Milne, M. H. Lewis, Pete Schmidt, and Wm. S. Hart, on location.

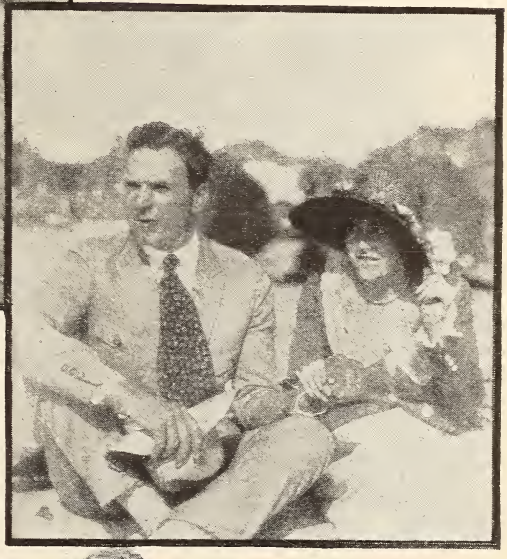
Do you think the soul of a man can transmigrate into the body of a dog? You will notice that Theda Bara has tight hold of the chain on the dog's neck.

Jack Pickford and "Pickles." It must be a male puppy, because his breath seems to be coming in short pants.

Women, nowadays, are very shallow. We male folks can see right through them. The lady is Margaret Gibson.

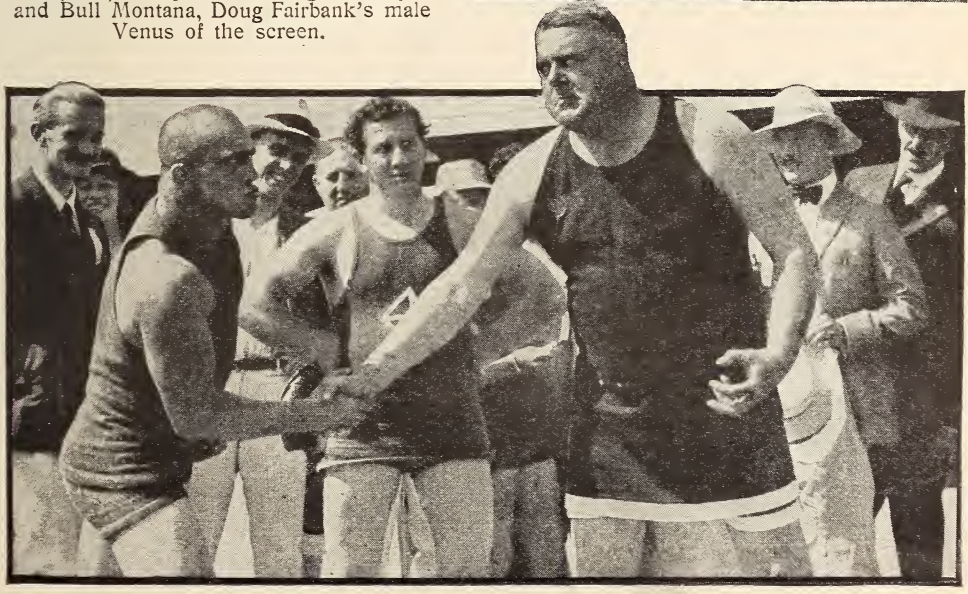


From left to right: F. X. Bushman, one (1) dimple, and Beverly Bayne. They smile because they know they're going to edge in on this page.



Henry King and Ruth Roland playing hearts. Each is holding a *good* hand.

The two gentlemen who are lightly and gayly passing the time of day are Eric Campbell, Chaplin's leading "heavy," and Bull Montana, Doug Fairbank's male Venus of the screen.



The Fighting Trail

Written from the thirty-two reel Vitagraph serial motion picture of the same title by Cyrus Townsend Brady and J. Stewart Blackton.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Balterman, a financial power, is the head of a corporation of influential New Yorkers who control a new invention—the greatest explosive yet discovered. One of the main ingredients of this explosive is noxite, a rare mineral. All the noxite mines known have been exhausted or cut off from reach by the war, except one controlled by a young but enterprising American, John Gwyn. Balterman agrees to pay Gwyn a bonus of two million dollars and the market price for all the noxite he can supply. Gwyn sets out for the mine, which is located in the town of Lost Mine, near Barstow, in southern California. He is followed by Karl von Bleck, head of an international spy system connected with the intelligence department of the Central Powers. Von Bleck's aim is to keep the Balterman organization from procuring the noxite, so that it cannot supply the United States with the explosive. In Lost Mine Gwyn meets Don Carlos Ybarra, owner of the mine, and falls in love with his supposed daughter, Nan. Yaqui Joe, an old Indian, is also a member of the Ybarra household. He has been a servant for Don Carlos for many years. At night Von Bleck, with two half-breed outlaws, Pomona Rawls and "Shoestring" Brant, whose aid he has enlisted, attempt to take possession of some cases of noxite which are stored in a cave near the cabin. Ybarra, however, gets them safely into the house through an underground passage which leads from the kitchen to the cave. A fight ensues, and Ybarra is fatally wounded. Von Bleck and his men rummage through a chest and take out some papers. Yaqui Joe finds, in a double side of the chest, other papers like those taken by Von Bleck. He gives them to Ybarra. Von Bleck and his men flee, and Yaqui Joe goes to follow them. Gwyn and Nan, leaning over Ybarra, hear his astounding last words: "Nan, I am not your father. Read this. It will explain." Ybarra pushes the yellow papers into her hand and falls backward, dead.

Ybarra's letter told a strange story. Nan's mother, an American girl named Frances Wythe, had come to Mexico with her father, and Ybarra, a son of the wealthy family of De Cordoba, had fallen in love with her. Then came another American, James Lawton, a wild youth who encouraged Wythe's old passion for gambling. In a desperate game one night in Ybarra's home, Wythe plunged and fought his luck until every cent was gone. Lawton offered to stake all his winnings on one play; if he lost, the debt would be canceled, if he won he was to have Frances. The cards were dealt and played. Lawton won. As a supreme sacrifice to save her father's name, Frances was married to Lawton, and shortly afterward Wythe died. Lawton proved a cruel husband and a drunkard. Ybarra, still faithful to his love, continued to visit them, and at length confided in Lawton the tradition of a lost noxite mine in California for which they agreed to search. The mine was discovered, and a chart drawn in two parts, each useless without the other. While Ybarra was away, Lawton had gambled and lost all the money they had raised. Ybarra learned that Lawton had also misrepresented him to Frances. A duel with knives was fought on the brink of a precipice, and Lawton was killed. A few days later, Nan was born and Frances died. With both sections of the chart in his possession, Ybarra took the child and fled to the mine to escape Brant and Rawls, who were trying to blackmail him for killing Lawton.

Nan read the letter in amazement. As if to confirm the story, there in their hands is half of the chart to the mine. In a moment they realize that the other half has been taken by Von Bleck, and she and Gwyn start out in pursuit. Von Bleck kills Yaqui Joe, but is finally caught, and Nan is left to guard him while Gwyn looks for Rawls, who has the missing section of the chart. Von Bleck asks for a drink, and when Nan brings it he snatches away her revolver. "Now," he says, "be so kind as to hand over the *other* half of the chart."

CHAPTER IX.

GWYN, as he rode at a rapid gait down the trail, looked back once or twice to assure himself that all was well at the barn. He did not fear leaving Nan alone with Von Bleck, for the prisoner had been securely bound and could scarcely move, he thought, let alone escape. At length a turn in the road hid the barn from view, and Gwyn whipped up his horse and transferred his thoughts to the happy fact that he was on his way to obtain the missing half of the chart

which would spell victory to the undertaking which had brought him to these wilds from the East. Suddenly, as he rounded another turn in the trail, his horse stopped short. Gwyn's hand, almost automatically, reached down to his holster. But a few feet ahead, riding leisurely along the trail, was Pomona Rawls, the man Gwyn was on his way to town to meet—the man, in fact, that Von Bleck had confessed held the other part of the chart to the noxite mine.

Rawls' horse stopped almost as abruptly as had Gwyn's, but its rider was not as alert. When he lifted his eyes to see what had caused the unexpected halt, he found himself looking directly into the business end of Gwyn's revolver. He started, surprised and frightened, and obeyed Gwyn's command to dismount.

"Fortunate meeting, Mr. Rawls," the Easterner said, with a meaning smile. "I was just on my way to see you at your office—the Lost Mine bar—but you have saved me a long ride. I'll just relieve you the weight of your gun and a little scrap of paper that you have, and then we'll drive back to see your partner."

Reluctantly Rawls allowed Gwyn to remove his revolver from his belt, and then from the bosom of his shirt he extracted the half of the chart. Gwyn took it from him, glanced at it to make sure that he had obtained what he desired and not a blank sheet of paper, and put it in his pocket. Then, ordering Rawls to walk ahead, he turned his horse about and drove slowly back toward the barn where he had left Von Bleck and Nan.

When he arrived within about a hundred yards of the barn, Gwyn dismounted and approached the dilapidated structure from the side, keeping Rawls always in front of him, covered with his revolver. A few feet from the door, Gwyn stopped and listened. He could hear the threatening voice of Von Bleck addressing Nan. At first he could not hear what the agent of the Central Powers was saying, and then the words reached his ears plainly. There was a sarcastic sneer in the tone:

"You can tell your friend Mr. Gwyn that I was very sorry I could not wait until he returned, but important business made it imperative for me to leave immediately."

"Fortunately I arrived before you left, so you can negotiate your business with me directly," Gwyn said, as he strode across the threshold and beheld Von Bleck backing slowly toward him while Nan sat helplessly upon the box where the prisoner had been tied. Von Bleck wheeled in astonishment. Gwyn's return was the last thing he had expected. In his hand he held Nan's gun, and he attempted to turn quickly

and fire upon Gwyn, but discovered that upon facing the door he was in a direct line to receive fire from the Easterner's own weapon. He had been covered first, and there was nothing for him to do but meekly surrender. Rawls, standing with a scowl in the doorway, regarded the whole scene in disgust. He seemed ready to pounce upon Von Bleck and thrash him for having told Gwyn that he had the chart. Gwyn obtained the remaining half of the map from Von Bleck without trouble, folded it, and placed it carefully in his pocket with the other, and ordered the Central Powers' representative and Rawls out of the barn.

"The two of you," he said curtly and with a sternness that made both Von Bleck and Rawls heed his words, "had better get on your horses and ride out of town. If you want to be perfectly safe, my advice is that you keep on riding even then."

"Fortunate meeting, Mr. Rawls," the Easterner said with a meaning smile, "I was just on my way to see you at your office—the Lost Mine bar."

Dejectedly, and realizing that they had been defeated, Von Bleck and his confederate mounted and rode down the trail toward the town of Lost Mine. Gwyn and Nan watched them until they had disappeared from view and then turned their attention to the map. The two portions, placed together, made a clear chart of the location of Cordoba's noxite mine. Nan and Gwyn, now that they had procured the chart, decided to find the exact location without further loss of time. Balterman, in New York, Gwyn explained, would soon be requiring more of the noxite to continue the manufacture of the explosive, and, if they did not hurry their operations, the whole nation would suffer. So, replacing the chart in his pocket, Gwyn led the way, and together they rode along the trail to a point where a group of three pine trees, marked on the map, showed they were approaching their destination. But Gwyn, in overcoming Von Bleck and Rawls, had forgotten that there remained another of the out-

law band with which he had to cope. Brant, the third confederate, had remained in the mountains searching for the mine when Rawls had left him to return to the town, where he had intended to meet Von Bleck. Now, as Gwyn and Nan approached, Brant was but a short distance away. He was attracted by the sound of their horses, and saw them coming up the trail. As they halted by the pines to consult the chart, he hid and decided to watch them. The two dismounted, fastened their horses, and commenced the dangerous undertaking of fording the river which separated them from the entrance to the mine. Brant, creeping cautiously behind the underbrush which hid him, followed.

CHAPTER X.

Outside, the limbs of the pines creaked in the mountain wind with a dry, crackling sound. It was very dark and very lonesome in the thickness of the forest, but impenetrable blackness or the solitude of the hills reached neither the eyes nor into the feelings of the little gathering in the brilliantly lighted room of the Lost Mine Hotel. John Gwyn and Nan Lawton were conversing both happily and seriously with a tall, robust individual, a stranger to Gwyn. The stranger, whose features, despite his jovial tones and jocular manner, were firm in their expression of sternness and determination, was William Casey—known to the community as "Bill," a strong, sturdy Irish American, who had come to Lost Mine a few years previous in search of his fortune, and was still searching. Casey was known to Nan as one of the stanchest characters in the vicinity, but one to be feared by any who made himself his enemy. Now, as he was conversing with Gwyn and Nan, he listened attentively to what the young mining engineer from the East was saying.

"We located the mine this afternoon," Gwyn said, and his smile reflected the enthusiasm revealed in his voice. "It is now imperative that I arrange for the immediate development of the mine and the shipment of the noxite to New York. The organization which I am representing is eager that no time be lost, and the days that have been consumed by our strife with the Central Powers in the form of Von Bleck have been precious ones. We must catch up now.

"Mr. Casey, since you are at the head of the vigilance committee hunting down the murderers of Don Carlos and Yaqui Joe, the developments of the future will depend greatly upon you."

"My warrants," replied Casey, "call for only Rawls and Brant. Von Bleck, for some reason beyond my jurisdiction, is not included."

"If you get the men you are after—it's a pity that I didn't hold Rawls when I had him—Von Bleck will be practically helpless to interfere with us," Gwyn said. "As soon as operations are begun, I am going to install you as manager of the mine. Nan tells me that you have had a great deal of experience along these lines, and are just the man I need. I hope that by that time Nan will be my wife. We plan to be married within the next few weeks, you know."

Casey was not surprised at the last statement from Gwyn. Lost Mine had noticed, since the death of Don Carlos, that Nan Lawton and "the young New Yorker," as they termed Gwyn, were more than steadfast friends. Moreover, since Don Carlos had passed away and the hacienda burned, she had neither home nor friends and required a protective shoulder upon which to lean. Casey offered his congratulations in his own rough manner, and assured Gwyn that he would be pleased to accept the offer to act in the capacity of manager of the noxite mine.

"I have wired to New York," Gwyn

continued, "telling them that I intended opening the mine immediately. As soon as the money to carry out my project arrives, I shall erect the most up-to-date mining equipment that can be bought, and shall secure my men from this town. Lost Mine will have the biggest rise it has ever known. Until that time, Mr. Casey, I shall look to you for assistance in planning things. The marriage will not interfere in any way with our schemes. In fact, it will help, as I intend to build a home near the mine so that I shall be around continually.

"There is but one possibility of hindrance. That is that Von Bleck and his men may return to make trouble for us. He is, as you know, representing a country—and the Central Powers are not to be considered lightly. The success of our project means the failure of their aims. Our failure spells their success. So it would seem we had better be on the alert and keep our organization ready for any trouble which might—and probably will—arise."

CHAPTER XI.

During the few months that immediately followed, the little town of Lost Mine enjoyed the greatest boom in its history. It was fairly alive with busy, bustling humanity, hurrying to and fro, each absorbed with his own important mission. The village, from the town proper to the mine, lost as it was amid the wilds of the unsettled and dismal Sierras, resembled a busy ant hill with thousands of scurrying ants, set in the center of an open field. And prosperity came with the new life. The opening of the mine had created a demand for men, and the majority of the town's idle population was employed in the task of taking the noxite from the mine and preparing it for shipment to the East. As a result, the neighborhood was scat-

Von Bleck discovered, upon facing the door, that he was in a direct line to receive fire from the Easterner's weapon. Gwyn obtained the remaining half of the map without trouble.

tered over with little wooden houses, built in the quickest and cheapest manner possible. Gwyn and Nan, who had been married as they had planned, lived in a picturesque cabin but a short distance from the main shaft of the mine. Their wedding had been one of the most important, and surely the gayest, event of the year. Practically the entire town had turned out at the Lost Mine Hotel, and from that time on the young couple had been the most popular folk in town.

Casey, soon after his appointment as the head of the vigilance committee, had taken up his duties with an ardor that was not merely inspired by his desire for work. He had been stimulated by a natural love of a fight, and the problem of ridding Lost Mine of Brandt and Rawls and putting a stop to the outrages caused by Von Bleck offered many opportunities for him to satisfy the love. He had rounded the three men, as well as a goodly number of confederates who had joined them, in a little hut in the mountains, only to lose them again when they escaped by the ruse of swinging to the limb of a tree through a trapdoor in the roof and making their get-away in the dark. Finally, however, Casey's persistent activities and his apparent determination to round up the gang so frightened the fugitives that they had disappeared and evidently had decided that the healthiest thing to do was to attend to their own affairs and allow Gwyn to carry on his plans unmolested. For a time one of Von Bleck's new confederates, Carson by name, and a notorious character by reputation, continued to annoy the young engineer, but he also finally vanished and nothing more was heard from him.

It was over two months now since anything had been heard from Von Bleck or any of his men. Gwyn, Nan, and Casey were standing one day before the main shaft of the mine, watching the operations of the men. All about them things were busy. Ore cars were traveling into and out of the mine. Cars of trains, laden with noxite, were moving along the narrow-gauge railroad which had been built from the mine to the town, and which incidentally had been one of the big improvements which Gwyn had installed in Lost Mine. The development of the place and the increased output of the mine had proved the project much greater than even Gwyn had anticipated. The resources were practically unlimited, and Gwyn's success assured him that the payment of his bonus from Balterman would be forthcoming very shortly if nothing turned up to alter the present prosperous situation.

"It seems," said Gwyn, as he and Casey stood outside the shaft, "that we finally scared Von Bleck away. He hasn't been heard from for nearly nine weeks now, and it looks as though he'll stay among the missing. I have written to the financial powers in New York, and they are mighty well pleased with the outlook. I believe that they will send some one out soon to see how we are getting along."

"Well," replied Casey, "if they do, the report ought to be a humdinger. We sure are progressing—and don't forget this is the only noxite mine that any one knows of. And this would have been drained long ago if anybody except Don Carlos had known where to find it. Hi, there!" he called suddenly to a man operating an ore car which had just come from the entrance of the mine. "Stop your loafing and drive up here. We got no time for vacations between loads. Move up!"

The person to whom this curt order was addressed looked up from his car with a scowl. His unshaven face, covered with a ragged beard of several months' growth, was black with dust. And, though no one knew it, it was so intentionally. As the laborer proceeded to push his car toward the engine boss in obedience of his command, he read

hastily a note that was stretched out on the ore before. It was in such a position behind the pile of ore that it could not be seen by the three who stood talking some distance away. He read:

CARSON: Keep yourself under cover. I need you where you are. Have learned that Gwyn and his wife found the deeds and the old land grant which give them legal possssion of the mine. This had been hidden in the mine by Don Carlos as a precaution should his house be robbed. It must be somewhere in Gwyn's cabin now. Get it! But don't let yourself be seen, as I may need you where you are later. Get the deeds and the grant now. You know what failure means! VON BLECK.

Carson tore the paper into tiny fragments when he had finished reading, and put them into his pocket. He pushed the ore car past Casey and the others just in time to hear Gwyn say to Nan:

"I am terribly busy and want to finish up some things with Casey before it is too late. This is pay night. Do you suppose you could drive one of the engines to town and get the money from the bank? I'll send a man along with you, in case you don't get back until after dark."

"Of course I can go," Nan answered. "I'll start now, and get back as soon as I can."

Gwyn hailed one of the men who was near by and ordered him pull up one of the engines. Carson, who had skulked along slowly so that he could hear what was being said, hurried along with his car to the end of the track, and then disappeared behind some freight cars. Casey and Gwyn walked slowly toward the former's office and left Nan as she was preparing for her departure to town.

CHAPTER XII.

The four men who were seated about the table leaned closer to each other and spoke in low tones. About them, standing in the rear room of Brown's Café, in the center of the town of Lost Mine, were a score or more of the roughest, hardest type of men that had ever been seen in the town. They talked among themselves, glancing frequently at the group about the table, waiting to hear the decision of the conference. Karl von Bleck, Pomona Rawls, and Shoestring Grant were firing questions and statements in subdued voices at another individual, a thin, wiry person, weak of face, almost as weak of body. This fourth man was known to Lost Mine as Sheriff Causley, whose main object in holding the position was to try to assure himself of reëlection at every next election, in order that he might live in comfort for another year. In a sudden spasm of duty, which annoyed him but infrequently, Causley had threatened Von Bleck and his band; but when the agent of the Central Powers gave him to understand that interference would result sadly for him both physically and politically, he had seen things in a different light. Now he was practically another confederate of Von Bleck, who had assured him of monetary and political remuneration.

"Everything is just ripe for our next move—and it'll be our biggest move, too," said Von Bleck. "We have to act quickly and sensibly. The main thing is to get the deeds. I'm pretty sure Carson can take care of that; he might even have them already. Then an attack on the mine. We'll capture that, and with the deeds and Sheriff Causley's legal influence, we can hold it—and I can go back to New York and take things easily. "You boys"—he spoke to the others about the table—"will get your little pieces, and they'll be enough to keep you from worrying for some time to come. Now go to it!"

"Wait here a while, boys," Rawls addressed the crowd of men in the room. "We'll be back to get you soon. Be shinin' up your guns, meanwhile." Then he, accompanied by Brant, Causley, and few of the others, left the room and

piled into the sheriff's automobile which was standing by the door.

Just as the auto filled with men shot away from the curb to go down the road, another car swung around the corner ahead. In it were two occupants, a man and a woman—Nan and the mine employee who had come with her. She caught a fleeting glance of the passing car and recognized the outlaws in it.

"That looks like trouble," she confided to her companion. "Casey was just speaking of them, and thought that her engine where she had left it, clambered in, followed by the man.

Some distance from the terminus of the railroad was a bridge, a wooden structure, which ran several hundred feet above a river whose waters rushed and whirled from the mountains. Before this was reached, when a train was coming from the town and going toward the mine, it was necessary to cross another bridge over a chasm. This latter structure was not straight, but made a turn, as a bow. Where the string of

Their wedding had been one of the most important, and surely the gayest event of the year.

they decided to let us alone. But it looks like business now, and they've got Causley along with them. I wonder what this means."

It was very evident that the unexpected presence of Rawls and the other of Von Bleck's men in Lost Mine alarmed Nan. She speeded up her motor, swung in by the bank, and came out again almost immediately with the money for the pay roll. In another moment she was back in the car and driving at a dangerously rapid rate of speed toward the narrow-gauge railroad which led back to the mine. She found this bow would have been was a wire cable which also bridged the chasm, with the town end lower than that nearest the mine. By means of this, and a basket attached to a rope and pulley, ore had been sent across the chasm by means of the cable ferry before the bridge had been erected. Since then, however, it had not been in use, and the basket was rotten from exposure to the weather.

As Nan, in her engine, approached the chasm bridge, she noticed an automobile that was standing on a road near the trestle. It was Causley's car. She

guessed in a moment that Rawls and his men had headed her off and were about to attack her. She did not know why; perhaps, she thought, for the money she had with her, perhaps to capture her and use her as a sort of modern hostage against Gwyn. A glance at the car and she threw the throttle wide. The engine dashed by the cut upon the bridge just as Rawls, Brandt, Causley, and the others who had left Brown's in the sheriff's car emerged from the bushes, firing a fusillade of shots which they intended would stop Nan's flight. The man in the engine with her opened the coal box to speed the flames as they rode over the river, and almost lost all the fire when many of the burning cinders fell to the bridge. As the engine swept along toward the mine, Nan looked back and could see the bridge over the river beginning to flame. The cinders had set fire to the dry logs that served as ties.

When Nan's engine drew up before the main shaft of the mine, she saw Gwyn and Casey talking excitedly before the superintendent's office. It was evident that something had gone wrong. The engine had scarcely stopped when Nan jumped from it and ran up to the two men.

"Von Bleck!" she cried breathlessly. "He and his gang are on the tracks. They tried to get me. There's something mighty troublesome in the wind, and we'd better do something quick!"

"Von Bleck!" Gwyn echoed, his excitement at even a higher pitch. "You bet he's making trouble! Nan, your deeds to the mine are gone. They've been stolen. I was just in the house, and the safe has been ransacked. Casey, we've got to head them off. We've got to get to town before they do with the deeds and land grant, and keep them from filing them. Nan and I'll get on the engine again and ride back. You stay here, Casey, and guard the mine with your men. It's two to one they'll attack here and try to get possession."

Gwyn lost no time. Casey understood and shouted that he would do his part while Gwyn and Nan went to town. Gwyn ran to the engine, followed by Nan, threw open the throttle, and sped along the rails in the direction of the town of Lost Mine. There was nothing to hinder them until they reached the bridge over the river. This they saw to their horror, as they rounded a curve and came within full view of it, was blazing in flames.

"There's nothing to do, Nan," Gwyn shouted above the din of the groaning wheels on the track. "We've got to take a chance. I'm going to drive over, full speed. Hold, now!"

As he spoke, Gwyn pushed the throttle over to the last notch. The ponderous engine made the bridge creak beneath it as it tore along at full speed. In the center it seemed for a moment as though the whole structure, with the engine, must hurtle down to the river below, but by a miracle the bridge held the weight, and the engine emerged safely from the smoke at the other end of the bridge.

"Thank God, we're safe!" Gwyn said, relieved. "It was one chance in——"

"Look! Look! Stop!" Nan shouted. "The chasm bridge! See? They've blocked the track!"

Gwyn peered ahead through the dark of approaching night. Directly in the center of the track he could see a great, dark form loom up at the end of the chasm bridge nearest him. Von Bleck and his men had piled lumber and stones over the track. It was impossible for him to pass, and, if he attempted to break through the blockade, they would be thrown into the gulley to certain death. There was no alternative; Gwyn shut off the throttle and threw on the brakes with a jam. The wheels scraped, and the engine slowed and finally stopped. It was within but a

few feet of the obstruction. The old cable ferry, which was close enough to be within plain view, was the first thing to attract Gwyn's attention.

"We've got to risk that cable," Gwyn cried to Nan. "If we don't get to town, everything is off. Are you willing to try?"

Nan nodded, and Gwyn grabbed the basket. It was rotten and tore apart at his first pull. Gwyn threw all his weight on the rope. If it was like the basket, there was no hope. But it held! Nan grasped it also near Gwyn's hands, and, as they swung out into space, Von Bleck's men could be heard coming up the road toward the engine.

They stopped for a moment to watch the two gliding along the cable, then ran up to the engine. Von Bleck was at their head. As he approached the steaming engine, the hatch of the water tank in the back of it slowly opened, and the wet, bedraggled figure of Carson emerged. He handed Von Bleck some papers which he held in his hand.

"Here are the deeds," he said. "I got them for you, but now you'll have to beat that guy to town and file 'em."

Von Bleck put the papers in his pocket. By this time his men had cleared the track of the obstructions, and they all boarded the engine and began to run across the trestle.

"You'd better be careful," Carson cautioned. "The water in the tank has run out, and we're liable to explode." The driver, however, did not heed his warning, and drove ahead at full speed.

At the other end of the bridge, Nan and Gwyn had landed safely from their perilous ride across the chasm. They were in a quandary as to how to proceed to town, when Causley's automobile, standing where Nan had seen it on her trip to the mine, met their eyes. They jumped into it, and a thrilling race between the engine and the auto began.

For several miles the race continued, until they arrived at a spot where the road was unusually close to the track. A bullet from the engine had punctured one of Gwyn's tires and thrown the car off balance; but Gwyn, by shooting into the other, had overcome this difficulty. The engine was drawing dangerously close to the auto. Nan looked back and screamed a warning, but Gwyn could do no more. He had already been running the car at its highest speed.

Suddenly, as Gwyn was struggling to urge the motor even faster, Nan shrieked. There was a terrific explosion that shook the ground, and the engine was enveloped in smoke. As Carson had cautioned, the steam in the empty water tank had caused the boiler to blow up, and it seemed, as Nan and Gwyn looked back, as if every one aboard the engine must be killed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

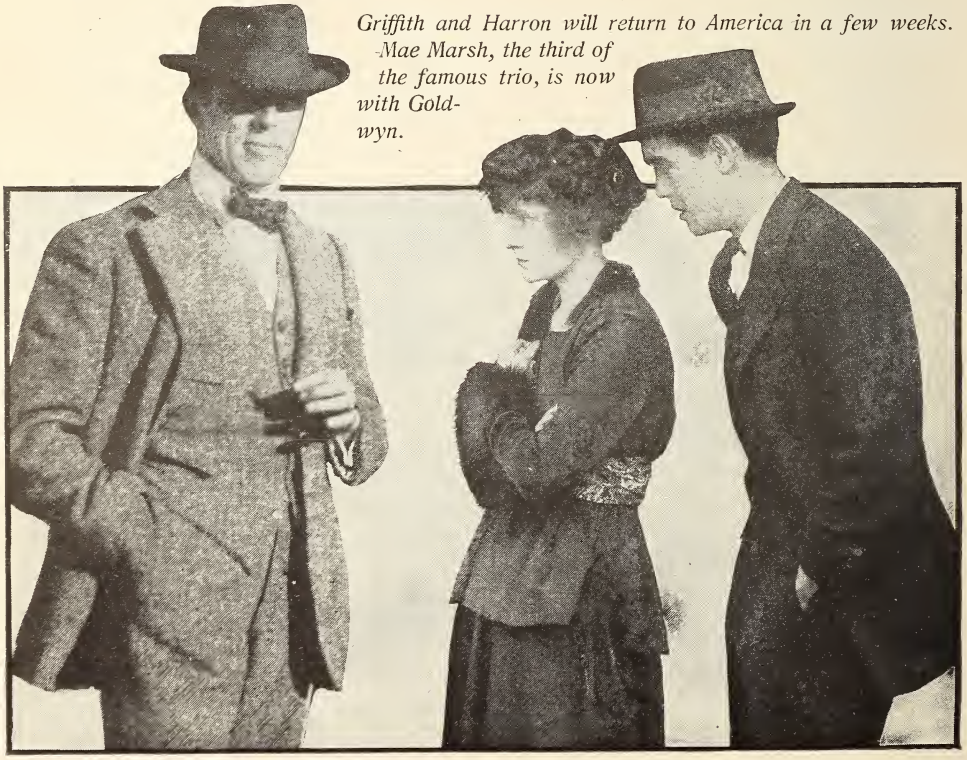
Screen Gossip

A hundred reels of the happenings in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

D. W. GRIFFITH has completed his work abroad, seen "Intolerance" launched successfully in London, and scoring an even greater triumph there than it did in the United States, filmed a number of impressive battle scenes at the French and British front in France, and expects early this winter to put the finishing touches on his next big multiple-reel offering amid the sunshine of California immediately upon his return to America. With his camera man, George Bitzer, and his famous stars—the Gish sisters and Robert Harron—he has been hard at work for weeks in England and France staging such scenes as were obtainable abroad. From what little has been made public about the subject matter of the next Griffith spectacle, there seems every reason to believe that it has a patriotic theme, and will include many battle scenes, but no information is obtainable as to the title under which it will be released, nor as to how long it will run.

Henry Walthall is now the head of his own company. The Henry B. Wal-



Griffith and Harron will return to America in a few weeks. Mae Marsh, the third of the famous trio, is now with Goldwyn.

thall Pictures Corporation came into being early this fall, and the famous *Little Colonel* of "The Birth of a Nation" is back in the sunshine of California at the Paralta Studios, hard at work on the first of a series of highly artistic dramas. By the terms of the contract drawn up between the H. B. Walthall Pictures Corporation and the Paralta Plays, Incorporated, the Walthall productions will be staged in the same studios where Warren Kerrigan and Bessie Barriscale have long been at work, and when completed will be released by the Triangle Distributing Company. Mr. Walthall received a tremendously enthusiastic reception upon his arrival in Los Angeles, for he had been away during the entire period of his Essanay contract, and a most hearty welcome was also extended pretty Mary Charleson, the dainty star who is to play leading feminine rôles in the Walthall vehicles.

Henry B. Walthall now heads his own company.

Production on the second of the Theda Bara superpictures has begun at the Fox West Coast Studios under Director J. Gordon Edwards. Miss Bara's newest play is from the pen of Richard Ordinski, former producer at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and deals with the recent Russian revolution. It bears the tentative title, "The Red Rose," though this will probably be changed ere the picture is released. Czar Nicholas is a conspicuous character in the photo drama, and many of the scenes will be fully as elaborate as those which mark the "Cleopatra" picture last completed.

"The Fighting Trail," Vitagraph's big serial sensation now playing to capacity business at theaters all over the country, and which PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is fictionizing, has proved so great a drawing card that the Vitagraph officials have decided to lengthen it, and accordingly the old cast is again in harness, and hard at work grinding out another ten installments of the serial. The new episodes are expected to be just as punchy as those already released.

Director Francis Ford, of the Universal, is back in the serial game again, and work is well along on a new thriller from the Universal "lot," which at present is known by the title "The Phantom Ship." Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber have the leading rôles, and Kingsley Benedict, Duke Worne, and Elsie van Name are the principal supports.

Fannie Ward and "friend husband," Jack Dean, are now at the Pathé Studios in the East, and in the midst of their first Pathé production, "The Yellow Ticket," which is an adaptation of the famous stage success of the same title. Miss Ward won a prominent place for herself while with the Lasky forces, and her work in "The Cheat," opposite an all-star cast of Lasky principals, is still lingering in the memory of many of the fans.

Due to temporary difficulties over the reproduction rights to the play, "The Marionettes," Clara Kimball Young

Clara Kimball Young's first vehicle with her own company will be "Magda."

has gone ahead with the production of "Magda" as her first vehicle staged by her own company, instead of "The Marionettes," which this department recently stated would be her first offering. In "Magda" Miss Young will be supported by Thomas Holding, leading man for Pauline Frederick in "The

Eternal City," her first Paramount Picture. You will also probably recall Holding as the lead with Jane Gray, in "The Fighting Chance" and "The Great White Trail." Immediately after the completion of "Magda," Miss Young began work on "The Marionettes," all legal difficulties with reference to reproduction rights having been straightened out in the meanwhile. It has already been decided to follow "The Marionettes" with "The Savage Woman," which will probably be staged in Porto Rico, and "The Japanese Nightingale," which will be done in California. Busy times ahead for Clara—eh, what?

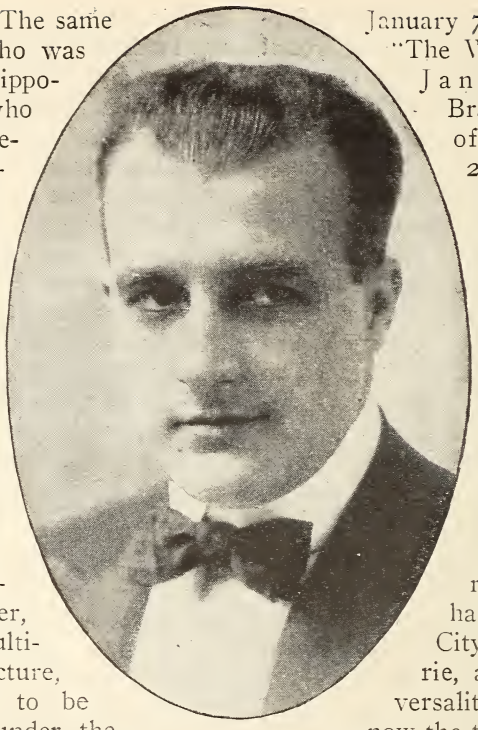
Emile Chautard, famous French director, has ben engaged to direct Lina Cavalieri in her first Paramount Picture, "The Eternal Temptation," which is an adaptation of the story by Manfred de Grisac.

Alice Brady has made her last World-Brady feature. Shaking the dust of the World-Brady Studios from her dainty shoes, she has hied herself away to Albany, New York, and there incorporated herself as "Alice Brady Pictures, Incorporated." Her contract having expired with her dad—William A. Brady, president of World Film—she refused to renew it, and likewise looked askance at the numerous other offers made for her services by the executives of other organizations. Her present plans are to screen eight multiple-reel pictures a year, the first of which is to be a cinema version of one of the most successful plays of the speaking stage—a picture that nearly every producer in America tried to secure for film reproduction. Full arrangements have been made for the distribution of the "Alice Brady Pictures" when completed, but just which one of the exchanges is to handle them is veiled in secrecy as this copy goes to press.

Notables of the speaking stage, the grand opera, and the circus ring have long been inclined to look kindly upon the motion-picture field, but Charlotte is probably the first skater who ever took the plunge from the ice rink into

Alice has made her last World-Brady feature, and recently incorporated herself.

the sizzling studios. The same famous Charlotte who was featured with the Hippodrome show, and who has since filled engagements galore at skating rinks the country over, is now in Chicago, skating at the College Inn afternoons and evenings, and mornings she appears at the Rothacker Studios on Chicago's North Side, where, under the supervision of Director Oscar Eagle, former famous Selig producer, she is enacting a multiple-reel motion picture, the first attraction to be offered the public under the brand of Commonwealth Pictures, a recently formed organization.



Billy Garwood, after a year's absence on the stage, has returned to the screen.

World - Brady announces that it has completed its schedule of releases for months in advance. Just to give you an inkling of what to expect, the productions as now arranged for November, December, and January include: November 5th, Ethel Clayton, in "The Dormant Power;" November 12th, Madge Evans, in "The Little Patriot;" November 19th, Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley, in "The Good-for-Nothing;" November 26th, Kitty Gordon in "Her Hour;" December 3d, June Elvidge and Arthur Ashley, in "A Creole's Revenge;" December 10th, Montagu Love, in "The Beast;" December 17th, Ethel Clayton, in "Easy Money;" December 24th, Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley, in "The Ladder of Fame;" December 31st, Kitty Gordon, in "The Divine Sacrifice;" January 7th, June Elvidge, in "The Way of the Strong;" January 14th, Alice Brady, in "The Spurs of Sybil;" January 21st, Madge Evans, in "True Blue;" and January 28th, Ethel Clayton, in "Stolen Hearts."

Billy Garwood, popular screen idol, is back in the game again, after a year spent on the speaking stage. The same week Garwood returned to his old haunts at Universal City, Murdock McQuarrie, another former Universalite, came back, and now the two of them are hard at work in a powerful drama being staged by Director Allen Holubar, which has to do with heredity. One might almost venture a guess that the casting director chose Garwood and McQuarrie for such rôles because he suspects that the picture game has got into their blood, and they find it impossible to keep away from their former stamping grounds.

Have you seen "Gonda," the latest Triangle to star Belle Bennett? It offers her a wholly different type of rôle to that which she portrayed in "The Bond of Fear," but she made the complete change in her personality almost between ticks of the clock. "Gonda" was originally scheduled as a Louise Glaum vehicle, but Miss Glaum was taken suddenly ill, and Miss Bennett was assigned to the rôle almost before she had time to change her

Belle Bennett made a complete change of personality when she assumed the rôle of "Gonda."

gown. Walter Edwards, the director, was surprised at the ready fashion in which Miss Bennett portrayed the vampire type of rôle, and it may be possible she will continue in that style of productions. In the cast are Jack Livingston and Jack Richardson, besides a number of other old favorites.

If one can judge by the reception given Taylor Holmes in his first two Essanay productions—"Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" and "Fools for Luck," here is a brand-new twinkler of at least a million-candle power. Remembered by all for his successful work in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," on the speaking stage, Taylor Holmes leaped into an overnight hit by his motion-picture stunts. He is possessed of a smile that makes you instantly want to smile, too. He is light on his feet, photographs wonderfully, and practically lives the rôle he is interpreting, so that it is perhaps not to be wondered at he has jumped into the front rank of the screen stars. However, nobody guessed he would score such a tremendous success right from the start. Newspaper critics all over the country are touting him as a second Douglas Fairbanks, and one New York reviewer, after seeing "Fools for Luck," alleged in print that "Taylor Holmes is the foremost comedian of the screen to-day." Anyway, we're all awaiting "Two Bit Seats," the next Taylor Holmes' vehicle, and if he gets over as well in that as in his previous offerings the whole film world will be taking off its hat to him.

Having started on the subject of film brands, perhaps this is a good place to record the inauguration of another new screen name—that of "Select Pictures," which is the trade-mark by which in future will be known what used to be Selznick films. Under the brand of Select we shall behold the Clara Kimball Young pictures, those starring Norma and Constance Talmadge, and those made under the supervision of Herbert Brenon.

Speaking of Essanay stars and plays calls to mind the fact that fans who had grown used to watching for Kleine-Edison-Selig-Essanay features are having to learn their alphabet over again, as "K. E. S. E." no longer will appear on the products of the Essanay, Thomas A. Edison, and Kleine Studios. Of late all features released by those well-known film manufacturers have borne the label "Perfection Pictures," and been proclaimed in advertising far and wide as "The Highest Standard in Motion Pictures," which is quite some slogan, but one the manufacturers allege they are going to live up to exactly.

Perhaps you read in the August issue of *People's Magazine* the Octavus Roy Cohen and J. U. Giesy novel, entitled "The House in the Mist." If so you know it is an out-and-out melodrama of the mystery type, which is laid in the Adirondack Mountains, and later in those of Virginia, these locales being varied by scenes of metropolitan life. Adventure follows adventure, and mystery piles upon mystery—the story ending in a climax that is wholly unexpected. Well, "The House of Mystery" is the first vehicle chosen for Edith Storey, who is now a Metro twinkler, and she seems just the screen divinity fitted for the rôle of *Carma Carmichael,* the heroine of the tale. Bradley Parker is cast as the young man who sets out to rescue *Carma* from her troubles, and in the cast will be found such other players as Harry S. Northrup and Frank Fisher. Tod Browning, who staged "Peggy, the Will-o'-the-Wisp," and "The Jury of Fate," for Metro, is directing Miss Storey.

Another important new addition to the ranks of Metro stars is Camilla Dahlberg, who originated the rôle of *Bianca,* with Leo Ditrichstein, in "The Great Lover," on the legitimate stage, and is now to play the rôle of the woman spy in "Draft 258," Metro's new patriotic photo drama, by William

Christy Cabanne, which is now ready for showing. Miss Dahlberg starred abroad in "Le Main," a pantomime version of "The Dumb Girl of Portici," which we all have seen, with Pavlowa as the star. David Belasco, upon her arrival in America, engaged her to appear in "Years of Discretion." From pantomime to motion-picture work was an easy step, and you probably will recall her playing of leading rôles in such productions as "After Many Days," "The Seven Sisters," "Caprice," and "Tess of the D'Ubervilles."

Mention of the Triangle "lot" calls to mind the fact that a brand-new twinkler is undergoing an initiation into picture work out there just about now. She is Texas Guinan—yes, the same "Texas" you used to enjoy seeing in the annual Winter Garden shows. You probably recall her impersonations of such other stage celebrities as Elsie Janis, Jane Cowl, Laurette Taylor, Eva Tanguay, and others. Her favorite creation, however, was the rôle of *The Merry Widow,* which she played in New York and on tour. Texas became quite an institution, and no Winter Garden entertainment was really complete without her. Now, in Triangle films, she is seeking still other laurels, and if her wonderful ability at mimicry counts for anything she will probably be numbered soon among the top-notchers.

A new twinkler with Triangle—Texas Guinan.

Bar Harbor, Maine, has been hugely enjoying the odd experience of seeing a huge motion-picture spectacle in the making. "Queen of the Sea," the new sub-sea picture in which William Fox is starring Annette Kellermann, has been in course of production in and about Bar Harbor for many weeks, under the direction of Director John G. Adolfi. The story of "Queen of the Sea" is from the pen of George Bronson Howard, who also wrote "A Daughter of the Gods," but the two tales are nothing alike. Bar Harbor, as you know, is the summer home of innumerable millionaires, and for weeks on end the favorite sport of the sons and daughters of wealth has been to motor out to the "location" chosen by Director Adolfi for his work, and there to lounge about on the rocks and watch the players go through their motions. Seats were arranged and sold to spectators at nominal sums, all of the proceeds being donated to the Red Cross, and hundreds of dollars were raised in this manner. Among the spectators were such notables as Ernest Lorillard, head of the house of tobacco fame; Herbert L. Satterlee, Mr. Brun, Danish minister to the United States; Colonel Creighton Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Ogden, and numerous others. As they say in the society columns, "a pleasant time was had by all."

Speaking of Vitagraph, Alice Joyce is now at work on a new Robert W.

Chambers' story, entitled "Anne's Bridge," which Thomas Terris is directing, and Earle Williams, quite recovered from his recent illness, is just finishing "The Grell Mystery," a corking melodrama, supported by an all-star cast, directed by Paul Scardon. Anyhow, Williams and Joyce are names that will stick, so Vitagraph's casts aren't going to seem all new to us.

Madam Petrova, who some weeks ago severed her connection with the Paramount Pictures Corporation, and established herself as the star of her own company, has leased the old Biograph Studio in the East, and surrounded by a coterie of famous players is already hard at work on the first Petrova picture. In her first production Madame Petrova enacts the rôle of a beautiful American girl, daughter of an American ambassador, who carries her American ideals with her to Europe, and emerges victorious from her conflict with European statecraft. Included in the supporting company are Thomas Holding, Robert Broderick, Anders Randolf, Henri Leone, Richard Garrick, and Anita Allen.

Fire fans the country over will find their hearts going pit-a-pat at the announcement that the famous old melodrama, "The Still Alarm," is being done in films by the Selig Polyscope Company, under the direction of Colin Campbell. Tom Santschi, Fritzi Brunette, and Bessie Eyeton have the leads, and the production fairly reeks with the atmosphere of the fire station. It ought to prove a regular "4-11" alarm if in film form it scores even one-half the success it did on the speaking stage, for it toured the country for season after season to tremendous business, and the applause of the "gallery gods" never grew less.

Madame Petrova, who has leased the old Biograph Studio.

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

DOLPHA.—As your letter was the very first one that I opened while answering this month's questions, you are heading the column. So you worked with Travers when you were a tiny tot? Address him in care of the Screen Club, New York City. He has been directing for several years. Travers Vale is his right name. Sometimes "pull" will get you into the movies all right, but you have to show real ability after you have managed to get there in order to remain. Write to Ralph Kellard in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Hazel Dawn is back before the camera again. She has been working for Selznick lately. Any letter addressed to her in care of the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, will be sure to reach her. No, you got through with flying colors on your first offense, not breaking a single rule of the department.

L. W. J.—You didn't have very many questions to ask this time. Did you run out of them, or find all you wanted to know in the other answers? I see by your letter that you read most of the other answers. Clara is about twenty-eight. Yes, it is strange how you will begin to like some one on the screen just because they were born in a certain town, or some such reason. It doesn't take very much these days to get one's self liked or disliked by the movie fans.

LAZY.—Certainly, anything to oblige. Address Jack Pickford in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Vernon Castle gets all of her mail from her admirers at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Jack Mulhall receives all of his at Universal City, California. Mabel Normand is now with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. Ruth Roland will receive any letter you may write to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. The pleasure is all mine, I assure you. Let me hear from you at any time.

FRANK M.—Can't just make out what you mean in your letter. I suppose you have reference to going into pictures. Of course they require experience, or else every one would be doing it. There is no set scale for what the studios pay in weekly salary. It all depends on the person they are paying it to. You would get just what you were worth to the company.

HARRY B. P.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY for a copy of the market booklet. It will give you all the names of the companies you desire, and their addresses.

FLOYD N.—Harold Lloyd is the right name of the young man that takes the character of Lonesome Luke in the Rolin comedies. The iron claw, in the Pathé serial of the same name, was fastened on Sheldon Lewis by a band around his arm. No, it was a double, of course, that made the drop from the burning balloon in the "Shielding Shadow." Marie Walcamp is still with the Universal Company. She has not been working for several weeks, due to a broken bone. Sherman is with the same company. Your poem was very cute indeed. Ah, that would be telling

secrets. Maybe I was, and maybe I wasn't, and maybe I am now, for all you can tell.

Carlyle's Admirer.—Didn't you read the rules at the top of the Oracle Department before you wrote to me? If you had, I know that you wouldn't have asked any matrimonial questions, as they cannot be answered. However, I will forgive you this time, seeing that you have just returned from Europe. How do you suppose I could find you when you didn't even put your name on your letter? That is another one of the rules that you overlooked.

Billie B.—Yes, it is truly a game of chance. You never can tell until the finish. Address Grace Cunard in care of the Universal Film Company, Universal City, California. What was the idea of the mysterious return letter? Did you win or lose your wager?

H. W. L., Rochester, N. Y.—Viola Dana is not the young lady's name. It is Flugrath; but of course the Dana sounds much better for a screen star. She was with the Edison Company for a long time before leaving to star in Metro features. She was on the stage before going into pictures. You can address her in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City.

Hopwood.—I'm sure I don't know what to tell you regarding your aspirations. Pearl White is twenty-seven years old. Creighton Hale played with her in the "Iron Claw." You can address both of them in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Hope.—Your postal was very welcome. Kenwood is quite some town. I spent a month there one Sunday. No, "Mickey" has not been released as yet. There is no telling when it will be, either. Your friend Wheeler is now working for the Universal Company, at Universal City, California. Previous to this he did a picture for Fox after leaving the Mabel Normand Company.

Masai Hibotsuyanagi.—Was delighted indeed to hear from a reader of Picture-Play in far-off Japan. The American photo plays and photo players seem to be very popular over there. Mary MacLaren is with the Horsley Company now since leaving the Universal. Yes, she is quite popular in America. Ella Hall, Myrtle Gongalez, and Violet Mersereau are just as popular over here as they are in Japan. Write to me again, and let me know all the photo-play news in your country.

Fatty.—The drawings you inclosed were very good indeed. Glad you found what you were looking for. Yes, Gladys Brockwell has light hair. Francis X. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Virginia, on January 10, 1885. Beverly Bayne was born ten years later. Anita Stewart has light hair and brown eyes. She is not playing opposite Earle Williams any more. The Vitagraph announced that they would play opposite each other again, but it never materialized. Tom hasn't any brother named Arthur that I know of.

R. J.—We have had a picture of Mary Pickford on our cover already. Did you see the September number?

J. N. L.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine for a copy of the market booklet, which will give you all the names and the addresses of the different film manufacturers. Your plan sounds very interesting, and I think there is a chance that some of the companies might look into the proposition.

Frances S.—You can obtain a picture of Harold Lockwood by writing to him at the Yorke-Metro Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Clara Kimball Young at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York; and Douglas Fairbanks at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Most of the stars charge twenty-five cents for their autographed photo. It costs them twenty-seven cents to send out each one, and if they did it gratis they would soon be going broke.

Viola P.—"Pearl of the Army" was taken in New Jersey, and not Europe, as you imagine. You can address a letter to Pearl White in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Grace Cunard will get any mail you may send to her in care of the Universal Company, Universal City, California.

Winsome Winnie.—Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn in 1896. Blanche Sweet is not working before the camera at the present time. Most of your questions were against the rules of the department, so I could not answer them for you. Read the rules over at the head of the column, and you can figure out which questions they were very easily. May Allison was born in 1895. I'll speak to the editor about the interview you mention.

The Butcher Boy.—Eric Campbell is the name of the big man you mention in the Mutual-Chaplin comedies. "The Price She Paid" was released several months ago. Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin receive about the same salary. Roscoe Arbuckle has been in pictures about four years. The Edison Company has a studio in New Jersey and one in New York City. It is all right to write me at any time you may feel like doing so.

I Want to Know.—You certainly do. Eugene O'Brien was the young man that played with Clara Kimball Young in "The Rise of Susan." You can address him in care of the Lasky Company, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Doug-

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las Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Harold Lockwood has brown hair and blue eyes, and is one-quarter inch 'shigh" of being six feet. He weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Crane Wilbur has brown hair and gray eyes. He is five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. Earle Williams has black hair and blue eyes, weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds, and is five feet eleven inches tall. Theda Bara has dark-brown hair and eyes, is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Ruth Roland is known for her auburn hair and dark-blue eyes. She is five feet six inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. Anita Stewart has light hair and brown eyes. Address Juanita Hansen in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. George Fisher will get any mail sent to him in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. William Desmond gets all his letters at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Alice Joyce should be addressed at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Louise Huff receives all her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Gail Kane's address is the same as that of George Fisher. Bessie Love should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis. Yes, I think Blanche Sweet will send you one of her photos. Did you inclose a quarter with your request? Douglas Fairbanks is also one of my favorites. Yes, I thought Charlie Chaplin was very funny in "The Rink," but I liked his "Easy Street" and "The Cure" even better. I have turned your letter over to the editor, and he will send you the February, 1916, issue of Picture-Play.

I. B. Yours.—Gertrude Robinson is not playing in pictures at the present time. Her last picture work was done for the Gaumont Company. It is hard to say whether Cleo Madison will ever play in another serial or not. At the present moment she is not playing in the films at all. She is heading a stock company at the Wigwam Theater in San Francisco. "A Man's Man" is the latest Warren Kerrigan feature from the Paralta Studios. Lois Wilson is playing opposite him. No, I'll let you in on a little secret: I am not inclined to be stout at all. Can't answer your other Cleo Madison question as it is against the rules. Read them over at the head of the Oracle Department. Yes, I have several readers in South America who write to me.

Silver Spurs.—Yes, I am sure that Earle would be very much pleased to hear all the nice things that you had to say about him. I haven't seen him in quite a while. He weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds. His latest picture is "The Fatal Ring" serial, in which Pearl White is starred. I am very poor at guessing ages from handwriting, so I guess you will have to tell me yourself.

Rose M.—William S. Hart's present address is the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. William S. Hart is his right name. He has a sister. He was on the stage for a good many years before he ever thought of going into pictures. Enid Markey was the girl that played opposite Frank Keenan in "Jim Grimsby's Boy." You can write to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Sweet Sixteen.—Theda Bara is now at the California studios of the William Fox Company, starring in a big film spectacle of the life of "Cleopatra." You can address her at the Fox Film Company, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. I don't think Robert B. Mantell would mind your writing him in the least.

Lockwood-Reid Admirer.—Theda Bara was very good in "Romeo and Juliet." Harry Hilliard is still with the Fox Film Company, playing in June Caprice's pictures. I liked Nazimova very much in "War Brides." Maybe Harold hasn't had time to answer your letter. You know that when you get about one hundred letters a day you could never answer them all at once. Every one that writes to a film star expects an early answer, so you see where the poor actor gets off. It is hard enough for them to see that all receive pictures. The film fans should have some consideration if they do not receive an answer right away, because it can't be done. Just remember that there are about ninety-nine people writing him besides yourself every day that expect to hear by return mail. Sorry, but I can't answer your Lockwood question, as it is against the rules, as you were well aware. If I were to break them for one, I would have to do the same for all, which would not help those sacred rules in the least, would it? I don't know of any other girl of the same name as yourself.

J. L.—"The Curse of Eve," a feature State's rights production, was the last picture that Edward Coxen appeared in. You can address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. I am sure that he will send you one of his photographs if you request it.

Miss Curiosity I Am.—Don't know what has happened to your friend Olga. "The Crimson-stain Mystery" was the last picture that she played in. Dorothy Dalton is the young lady's real name. Yes, she has been on the stage. Creighton Hale is not any relation of Pearl White. I didn't think that his hair always pho-

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

tographed dark. He has light-brown hair. "The Squaw Man's Son" and "The Hostage" are two of the latest Wallace Reid productions from the Lasky Studios, and more are coming all the time. Baby Marie Osborne seems to be more popular with the film fans than little Zoe Rae. David Powell is the young gentleman's name that played the rôle of *David* in "Gloria's Romance." Any old way suits me, just so the rules are observed.

JAY DEE SEE.—Mae Marsh certainly did some very fine work in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance." Sam de Grasse is the name of the man that played opposite Lillian Gish in the play you mention.

ERNIE G.—You can reach Antonio by mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. He is now playing opposite Mrs. Vernon Castle in all her late Pathé releases. I think that he might answer a letter from such a staunch admirer as yourself.

IVAN W. DICKSON.—Jane Novak and Kathleen Kirkham had the rôles of *Sybil* and *Mrs. Traine* in "The Eyes of the World." I don't know what the California Motion Picture Company intends to do about their production of "Faust." Yes, "Feature Movie" has long ceased to live.

PEGGY.—Yes, Grace Cunard's last serial was "The Purple Mask." Jack Ford is a brother of Francis Ford. *Liberty* marries the hero, of course, Mr. Jack Holt. Grace hasn't a double that I know anything about. She has a sister by the name of Mina Cunard. Yes, Mary Miles Minter has a sister.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Lillian Wiggins is playing on the stage in some stock company at the present time. Yes, it was a real football scene in the George Walsh picture. The address of the Clune Producing Company is Los Angeles, California. Write to Jane Novak in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, for her photograph. The Clune Producing Company is releasing "The Eyes of the World."

M. C. A.—Marguerite Clark and Niles Welch had the principal rôles in the Famous Players Production of "The Valentine Girl." Yes, J. Warren Kerrigan was in Milwaukee on the twenty-sixth of April. He is really Irish. Mary Fuller played the rôle of *Mary*. It was released in 1915. Jack Pickford's latest pictures are "Seventeen," "Great Expectations," "Freckles," "The Girl at Home," and "Tom Sawyer," the famous story by Mark Twain that every one has read. Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, Enid Bennett, Dorothy Dalton, Jack Pickford, Louise Huff, Vivian Martin, Kathlyn Williams, Sessue Hayakawa, Marguerite Clark, and Julian Eltinge are all Paramount stars now. What do you mean a movie office? Can't suggest anything to keep you busy if I don't know what you do. Who do you mean by Charles' Double? Pearl White's

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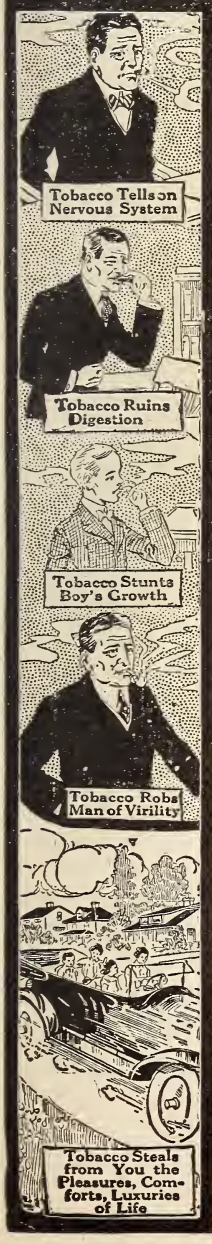

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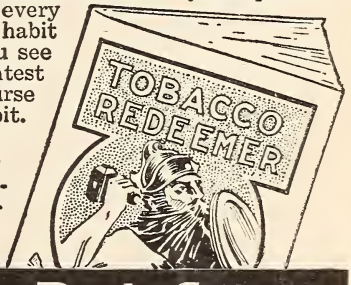

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

latest serial is "The Fatal Ring." Earl Foxe plays opposite her in it. In the "Birth of a Nation," the cast included Henry Walthall, Lillian Gish, Miriam Cooper, Mae Marsh, Bobby Harron, Jenny Lee, Walter Long, Spottiswoode Aitken, Josephine Crowell, and George Berringer.

MARJORIE ERENS 15.—Pauline Frederick was born in 1887. Theda Bara is twenty-six years old. You can reach her by letter at the Fox Film Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Write to Bessie Love in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, for one of her photographs. Corrine Grant is the only name I know for the young lady.

JOYCE.—Those friends who returned from Universal City and gave you all that news about Mary Pickford are entirely wrong. Can't answer your Marguerite Clark question as it is against the rules. Jack Pickford is just twenty-one. Smith is his right name. Will be glad to hear from you when you get to boarding school.

R. S. V. P.—Address Milton Sills in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. He is featured in Fox's big production of "The Honor System."

O. U. C. ME.—Better write to them again, and tell them that you inclosed twenty-five cents, but as yet have not received a photo. A great many letters are lost by the players among the big bundle they receive daily, so yours might have been one of them. Address Pearl White in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Can't give you her residence address.

J. T. W.—You should have sent return postage to the Famous Players Film Company if you expect to have them return your scenario if rejected. You had better write to them about it, and inclose the stamps with your letter for the return of your script, should they find it unavailable. Always write to the Scenario Department of this magazine about your questions dealing with scenarios. They will always be glad to answer your questions. I have all that I can do to handle those asked me about the film plays and players.

SWEETHEART.—I may as well get tired answering questions as anything else I know. There are a lot of my readers who would like to take that same trip, sweetheart; but it wouldn't do them any good. No one around the office, with the exception of the editor, knows who the Oracle is, and he won't tell; so you see your trip would be all in vain. The Fairbanks twins are the young girls that used to play in the Thanhouser pictures. Their names are Marion and Madeline. The ages of the young screen artists are sixteen respectively. Any letter addressed to Earle Williams in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Sixteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, will be sure

to reach him. Grace Cunard is a very lovable young lady indeed. The best way to send a quarter for a photograph is in stamps. At least it is the most convenient, and the players like it just as well that way as in coin. It is Joe Moore, and not Owen, to whom you refer. Yes, I have talked with Grace Cunard a great many times. She's a very nice little lady to talk to, too. Gladys Smith is the correct name of our little Mary Pickford. Yes, it is quite strange that you do not want to become a motion-picture actress. You are one of the very few who don't.

Blue Eyes.—Address your friend Kathryn in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City.

Cleo.—You are still as faithful as ever, I see, and have often wondered how you ever came to escape having a crush on some movie actor. All the others do, so you seem to be out of style. Still, I see you say that Bobby Connelly is quite a favorite of yours, and the funniest part of it is that he isn't married. Of course I broke my own rules; but as Bobby is only about nine, I guess I can be pardoned this once. Your esteemed friend Henry Walthall is not with the Essanay, as you suppose. He is now in California, working each and every day for the Paralta plays. Mary Charleston is still his leading lady. The director intends to get stories written especially for Walthall's character. If he carries out his intentions, we may yet see him in another great play, such as his famous "Avenging Conscience," which D. W. Griffith directed. It is certainly in Walthall to do remarkable work. All that is needed is the right kind of stories and the right director to get the work out of him.

Robert King.—Address Mollie King in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

G. D.—Can't answer your first question regarding Helen Holmes, as it is against the rules of the Oracle. You should have read the rules over carefully before you wrote to me. Helen Holmes is her name off as well as on. She is a Chicago girl. Yes, her hair is naturally curly. I mean to say that her curls are natural.

Ed. S.—Mary Miles Minter will get any letters you may send to her in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. She was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902; so if you are good at arithmetic you can figure out just how old she is to the day. I will speak to the editor about a picture of her on the cover and also a gallery photo.

Lulu.—Picture-Play is not connected in any way with any other motion-picture magazine. Yes, it is usually cheaper to get a magazine by subscribing to it by the year than by buying it every month at the news stand.

C. S. W., Toronto.—He didn't get it from us. Yes, "The Cure" was certainly a very funny

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picture, and one of the best Mutuals that Charlie Chaplin has ever done. J. Warren Kerrigan is working at the Paralta Studio now, which is the old Clune Producing Company's plant, where "Ramona" and "The Eyes of the World" were made.

TUTIE.—No, Theda Bara doesn't wear a heavy black veil, nor does her limousine have heavy black curtains, because I have seen her a number of times in her car and out of it, and I know. So you have decided that you are going to be a nice actress some day? Well, good luck to you. "On Record" was taken in and around the Lasky Studios, in Hollywood, California. Mae Murray has a summer home in Hollywood. "Less Than the Dust" was taken in New York and New Jersey. So was "The Pride of the Clan;" but "The Poor Little Rich Girl" was taken at the Hollywood Lasky Studios. There is no special time to write to get your answers in the Oracle. They are answered in rotation in the order they are received; and are published in this order, as fast as there is room for them in the Oracle columns. If you don't see your answer right away, don't be disheartened, for it will be there sooner or later surely.

MISS VIOLA P.—The pictures of Grace Cunard and Francis Ford that you inclosed in your letter have already been published by us in PICTURE-PLAY. Yes, Grace certainly did put up some very good fights for a woman in "The Purple Mask" serial. I think it was one of her best serials. She wrote the scenario for it all herself, too. What do you think of that?

LAURA.—I turned your letter over to the editor, and he will see that you get a copy of the February 15, 1916, issue of the magazine, which contained the article, "My Strange Life," written by Theda Bara.

VIRGINIA MADGE.—I enjoyed your letter, even if you didn't ask any questions. Six brothers are quite a lot to give to the army, but sacrifices must be made to gain our end, which is right.

DEANIE DEAR.—You certainly did use up a lot of stationery to ask your questions and state your opinions, didn't you? You are quite lucky to have so many pictures from your favorites. Your male list seems a little bit off in comparison with your list of the feminine artists. Charles Ray is a very good actor indeed. You should be proud of that nice letter he sent you. I liked the "Skinner" series that Bryant Washburn did for the Essanay Company. In fact, I thought they were the most delightful pictures I have seen in a mighty long time. Personally I don't care for slapstick comedies. I think they are a bit too old-fashioned, and can see where they are going out of date very quickly. The public wants something better now, and the comedy producers must cater to their tastes and give them a better class of comedies. If you can get enough of your friends to ask the manager of your theater

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

to get all the Mary Miles Minter pictures, I am sure he will be only too glad to book them for you. A manager generally books his program according to the taste of his audience. If they are wild over Charlie Ray or Mary Pickford, he books all their features. Now, if you can convince him that his patrons are dying to see Mary Miles Minter as often as a picture of hers is released, I am sure that you will find him more than willing to book it. Her latest feature for the American Film Company is "Charity Castle." I liked your poem, or lyric, very much indeed. It is quite sentimental, but then we all like to be more or less sentimental at times. I enjoyed your letter, and shall look forward to hearing from you again in the near future.

RITA.—Leonie Flugrath and Shirley Mason are one and the same person. When she first started with Edison she was Leonie Flugrath, but now that she has risen so high in the world she has become Shirley Mason, which is a much better screen name. Of course professional children under the age of sixteen are allowed to assume stage names the same as grown-up artists. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is the latest Mary Pickford vehicle. It was directed by Marshall Neilan. I imagine it would be quite a treat to see Clara Kimball Young and Charles Chaplin playing opposite each other in a comedy. Yes, I have seen all of the McClure "Seven Deadly Sins" series, and have been trying to figure out ever since which of the seven I am afflicted with. Your Cleo Madison question is against the rules, I am sorry to say. I like to answer questions. It keeps me pretty busy at least. I am a very poor judge of ages from handwriting. You are my second reader this month who has asked me to tell her age in this way.

SOUTH BOSTON.—Sorry, but I can't help you out in the least. I don't know of a single motion-picture studio in Boston. It is a big city, and I should think would have a studio of its own, but there seems to be a great many other large cities also without studios. New York City is the nearest place to Boston to find a studio. Right across the Hudson from New York you will find plenty of them, in and around Fort Lee, New Jersey.

M. B. H.—You can address Mrs. Vernon Castle in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Antonio Moreno is now playing opposite her in all of her late releases for Pathé. We cannot give the residence of any of the players.

CHARLES RAY FAN.—Can't give you a brief history of Charlie Ray, as it would take up too much room in the Oracle, and space in the Oracle is selling at a premium right now. We are trying to catch up with the numerous inquiries we already have on hand. Charlie was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, just twenty-five years ago, and did not start on his theatrical career until he was eleven years of age. He has been in

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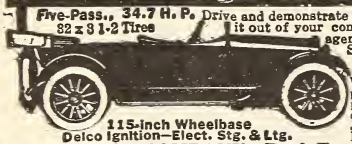

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

motion pictures just four and a half years, and all this time has been spent under the supervision of Thomas H. Ince. Yes, it was "The Coward" that made him a star. He has been featured in Ince productions ever since on the Triangle program, and now that Ince has gone over to Paramount, Charlie has gone with him. "The Pinch Hitter," "The Millionaire Vagrant," "The Clodhopper," and "Sudden Jim" were his last Triangle features. His first feature for the Paramount is "The Son of His Father." He is now doing a story by Rupert Hughes. Victor Schertzinger is the name of his director, and not Raymond West. The last picture West directed with Charlie was "The Wolf Woman." No, Bessie Barriscale is not his leading lady. He has a different one for every picture. Bessie is now being featured by the Paralta Company. Can't answer that last question about Charlie as it is against the rules.

H. E. V.—Don't know where you can apply to be a movie actor, unless it is at one of the studios in person, for extra work, as you have not had any previous experience in the films or the stage. Address Theda Bara and George Walsh in care of the William Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Stuart Holmes should be written to in care of the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Valeska Suratt gets all of her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 128 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

O. L. M. Girl.—Can't answer your first Clara Kimball Young question, as it is against the rules of the department. You should have addressed Clara in care of the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York, where she is now working. Mildred Harriss will get any letter sent to her in care of the Lois Webber Studios, Los Angeles, California. So you expect to be a movie actress some day, and maybe a star? Well, there are a lot of young girls who expect the same thing, and I wish them all the best luck in the world.

Essie Knight Sydney.—So you have just seen D. W. Griffith's big spectacle, "Intolerance?" I agree with you in everything you have to say about this remarkable picture. It certainly made you think very fast to keep up with the story. If you dropped one thread of it, you were lost; but what were we given brains for if we were not supposed to use them once in a while? I also liked the work of Mae Marsh best, and enjoyed Constance Talmadge as the *Mountain Girl.* Riley Hatch is still acting before the camera off and on. He seems to like to rest up between pictures. He is a very good character man, and I have enjoyed his parts immensely, especially his comedy bits.

Ramona Admirer.—Monroe Salisbury is the gentleman that had the rôle of *Allesandro* in "Ramona." I agree with you that it was a very good piece of acting. You are correct about him

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

being the same one that played opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl." He was *Conrad Le Grange* in "The Eyes of the World," and not *Doctor Traine*. Jack McDonald had that part. "Ramona" and "The Eyes of the World" were produced by The Clune Film Producing Company. The Paralta Company is now using their studios, so I couldn't tell you when they will put on another feature. "Ramona" is still playing all over the country, so you shouldn't find it very hard to be able to see this picture again. Miss Gleason had the rôle of *Ramona*.

D. L. A.—I liked Arline Pretty in all of her Vitagraph productions, and in the first Artcraft picture with Douglas Fairbanks, "In Again, Out Again," too. Any letter addressed to her in care of the Artcraft Pictures Corporation will be forwarded to her.

Silver Spurs.—My, but you are getting to be the steady customer. Here I have answered two of your letters in one issue. Why is it a good joke on me? Don't you suppose I know, too, only I am not allowed to tell—see? Yes, the draft measures you mentioned affected the actors as well as any of the others, and several of them were called to Uncle Sam's service. Tom Forman, Ernest Shields, Jay Belasco, Walter Long, Clyde Hopkins, and James Harrison are all now in Uncle Sam's employ from the Pacific coast photo-play colony. Mary Miles Minter is five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. She has golden hair and blue eyes. Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 12, 1887. Wallace Reid first saw the light of day in St. Louis, Missouri, on April 15, 1892. Niles Welch claims Hartford, Connecticut, as his home town, and says that he arrived there the morning of July 29, 1888.

T. Clayton D.—I was merely speaking regarding the proper term, and not about the way I felt toward that pretty matter. A man is never considered pretty, not even by a woman. A woman looks upon a man as being handsome, attractive, good looking, homely, or ugly. Did you ever hear more than one out of ten women look at a man and say, "Isn't he pretty?" I'll bet you never did. A woman may speak of a young boy as being pretty, but not of a man. Of course, being a man yourself, you promptly jumped at conclusions. You certainly have been a "Jack of all trades," haven't you? Am sure I can't tell you why. A great many people were brought up to preach in the pulpit, but have changed their destination to ball player, actor, or some other profession. If it isn't in you, there is no need trying to make a preacher out of anybody. It should come naturally after being cultivated, or else there is no use of trying further. You certainly would lose your head if you bet it against a doughnut that the reason the experienced stars don't tell the newcomers or aspirants that the road to fame is as smooth as glass is because of jealousy. If you visit a

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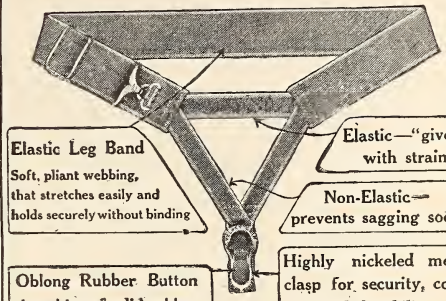

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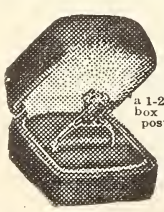

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studio, you will not find this to be the case. Take any newcomer who is trying to get along, and you will find that all the experienced ones around the studio are giving him pointers and trying to help him in every way they can. A star will always help a fellow player to get to the top if he has the ability. I know of cases too numerous to mention where this has been true. They discourage fans who write to them, asking their advice about becoming motion-picture players, because they know that it isn't a hundredth as easy as the fan thinks it is, and because they have seen so many cases of trial and failure, and a great many sad cases, too. These people would have been much better off working in an office than trying to become a movie star. Actors and actresses are only human, as you say, and don't like to see people go through an unnecessary hardship. No, you seem to have the wrong idea about it all, my good friend. The main reason that most of them fail is because they are not "there," and not because they don't have the chance or because they try to be like some one else. They start off always by doing little bits, and the director always lets them show how they would do it, and if he doesn't think they quite get it, he shows them how he wants it to be done. I have watched too many of them at work not to know that they get the chance. Of course, as you have never been near a studio, it is hard for you to understand this point. Thought your letter was going to be the longest I received when I first looked at it, but it was only sixteen pages, and my longest so far has been thirty-two. It was very interesting to have a little debate on these views, however, and I enjoyed it immensely. Write soon again, and good luck.

WHO?—Address Lillian Walker in care of the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. David Powell will get any mail sent to him in care of the World Film Corporation, 128 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Vivian Martin receives all her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Mary MacLaren should be addressed at the Horsley Studios, Los Angeles, California. Address Robert Warwick in care of the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Bessie Barriscale now greets the mail man at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. Howard Hickman is also at the same studio. Ruth Roland should be addressed in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Address Violet Mersereau in care of the Universal Film Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Vivian Reed should be addressed at the Selig Company, Los Angeles, California. Yes, I like Anita Stewart's work very much indeed. I thought she was very good in "The Suspect." You can reach Florence LaBadie at the Thanhouser studios, New Rochelle, New York. Anita was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. Pearl White was born in 1889. Your letter was quite

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

mixed up, and I had a hard time getting the beginning of it separated from the middle and end.

K. M. D., Beloit, Kansas.—Didn't you see your questions answered in the Oracle? I distinctly remember writing them, so I guess you must have come across them by this time. William Russell certainly has a host of friends among the film fans. If he didn't, he wouldn't be starring in features for the American. I haven't noticed that he has been mentioned first in everything. By whom? The "End of the Road" and "The Strength of Donald McKenzie" are pretty old pictures. How is it that you are just getting to see them in your town? May Allison and Harold Lockwood are not playing together any more, and haven't been for several months. Harold is being featured alone by the Yorke-Metro Company. Yes, they are still showing the Triangle feature, "The Pinch Hitter," starring Charles Ray, throughout the country. You have plenty of time to catch the picture yet. I am sure that you will like it. I enjoyed it immensely. Evidently you are getting to be quite a movie fan, judging from the number of plays you see each week. The only way to get the manager of your local theater to book the films you want to see is to ask him to do it. He is running his house for his patrons, and it is up to him to show what they want to see.

Golden Fizz.—Margaret Thompson is no longer playing for Triangle. She has gone over with Thomas H. Ince's Paramount outfit, and will be seen in his productions henceforth. You can address her in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Interested.—You are quite correct, Mary Miles Minter is not the young lady's name. It is Juliet Shelby when she is not working before the camera. She was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902, which makes her just a little over fifteen years old. You can address her in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, so I suppose you would call her an American girl. William Russell hails from California.

Elm City Reader.—Earle Williams is the gentleman that played opposite Edith Storey in "The Christian." The picture was taken several years ago, which accounts for the fact that the clothes they wore are a little out of date to-day. Yes, Edith is still playing in pictures regularly. She ought to have a new release out very shortly.

One That Loves Fair Lillian.—You can address Lillian Walker in care of the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. I think that she will answer your letter, but the only way to find out for sure is to write her and see if she does. You should have read the Oracle rules. I can't answer your last question.

U. S. C. E. 3254.—You can address Doris

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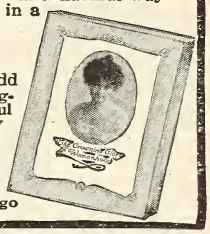

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Kenyon and Muriel Ostriche in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Don't know the address of the French actress you mention. Didn't even know she was in America. Are you sure that she is? Ella Hall gets all of her mail in care of the Universal Film Company, Universal City, California. Mary Pickford will receive any letter that you may send to her in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Anita Stewart still receives her letters from admirers at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteent hStreet and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Charles Chaplin should be addressed in care of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cailfornia. Charlie was born in Paris, France, of English parents, and not in London. He is still making comedies in Los Angeles, California. He recently subscribed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the English war loan and about one hundred thousand in Liberty Bonds. So you like the name of Gladys Smith much better than Mary Pickford? Howard Hickman was *Count Ferdinand,* Enid Markey was his *fiancée,* Hershall Mayall was the *King,* and George Fisher was the *Christus* in Thomas H. Ince's "Civilization." No, I don't think that the picture will be booked very extensively now that the United States has entered the war. For me to name the prettiest and loveliest motion-picture actress is truly an impossible question. If I did name one, it would only be a personal opinion, and then all my other friends would jump on me and declare that I was untrue to them. So you see that you are asking me to wade into water too deep for safety. I hope that you will see what you have asked me to do, and spare me for not trying to answer that question. Thanks very much indeed. You have just been listening to another false report. Roscoe Arbuckle is not dead, but very much alive at the present time making comedies for the Paramount program. If you don't believe it, just go to see him in some of his latest, and you will note that he is cutting up just as merrily as he used to do in the old Keystones. Address Valeska Suratt in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. No, she is not an Australian.

Y. Waiting.—Address Constance Talmadge in care of the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Lockwood and Allison Admirer.—May Allison and Harold Lockwood will not be seen opposite each other in Metro pictures any more. Harold will hereafter be featured in them alone. May is now in the East. She was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1895. Yes, I think that May is very pretty indeed. Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, New York, just twenty-nine years ago. Both Harold and May are real Americans.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

CUNARD TWINS.—Glad to see you back once more. Where have you been keeping yourself all this time? I'll have to write to the artists you mention, and secure their middle names for you.

ORACLE'S PRIDE, EH?—Marguerite Clark receives about a hundred and fifty letters a day from admirers all over the world, asking her to reply to their letters. Now, how do you suppose this young lady can do that? She just answers what she can, and has to let it go at that. I tell you it is pretty bad at times to be so popular. You can't take care of all your friends' correspondence. What difference would it make with you to know whether I was a man or a woman? Write to Carlyle Blackwell in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Ella Hall continues to get all of her mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Freckles are like the seasons, they are coming and going all the time. No one is immune from them. Tom Forman has enlisted in the California Coast Artillery. Any mail sent to him at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, California, will be forwarded to him. The motion-picture game is no different from any other as far as human nature is concerned. You find people in all walks of life "stuck up," as you put it; so naturally you are bound to find some of the same thing in the movie game. I am glad to say that there is not very much of it, however. The majority of film players are certainly a fine lot of people, and very good friends to have. It must be enough, when you haven't any more questions to ask.

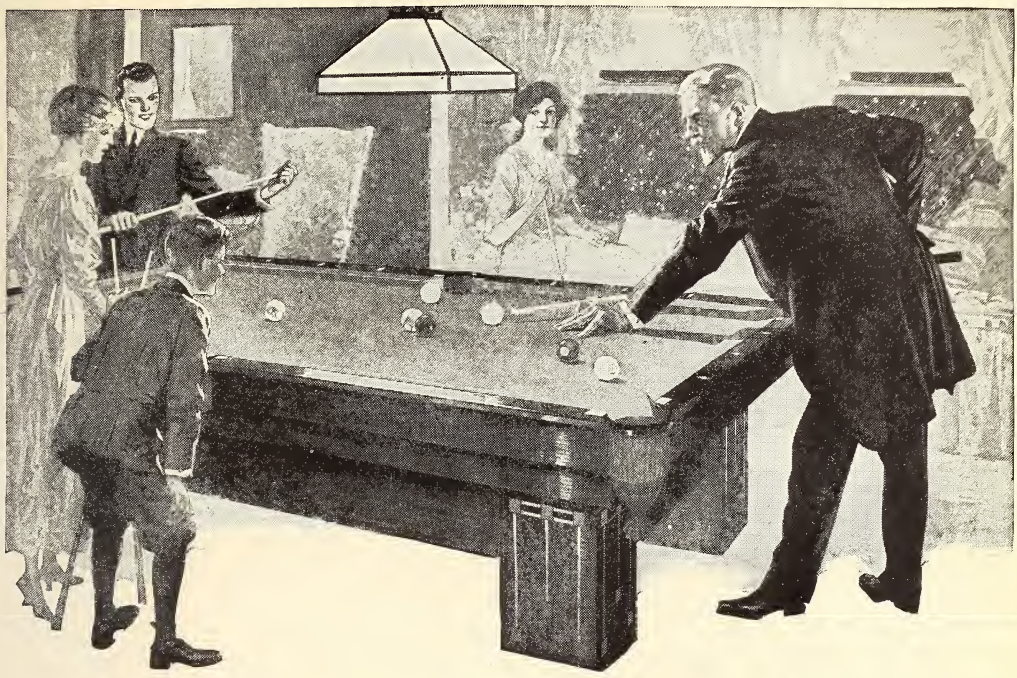
LIONEL R. D.—Theda Bara's latest photo play has not been released yet. It is the life of "Cleopatra," the famous Egyptian "vamp," and should suit the prolific Theda very well indeed, as she is in a class by herself when it comes to "vamping."

TROUBLE.—Juanita Hansen is resting at the present time. She has just finished a picture with Crane Wilbur. You can address her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, I am sure that Billie Burke would send you one of her photographs if you inclosed a quarter with your request to cover the cost of the photo and mailing. Address her in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 85 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Don't think that June Caprice had very much stage experience before entering the films. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. She told me so herself. Tom Meighan will probably play opposite Billie Burke in her next photo play. Marin Sais' wonderful riding certainly had a lot to do with her being featured in the Kalem series; but this was coupled with a pleasant personality and the ability to act as well.

ENGLISH GIRL.—Your friend Ethel Grandin has not appeared on the screen since she did the "Crimson-stain Mystery" serial for the Metro. She was with the Universal and the United Film Service for quite some time before this. I am sure I couldn't tell you whether she will play in pictures again or not, but I sincerely hope so, because Ethel is a mighty popular little lady, and is being missed every day by her many admirers. Of course I wish you luck. You have the right idea about the way to get in the game, at least. The dog looks highly intelligent. You at least know where you can get a hundred dollars for him any time that you want to sell him.

V. R. F.—Yes, all of the players that you name send their photos to their admirers. Better inclose a quarter with your request, to make sure, because photographs cost money, like everything else. It costs the players just twenty-seven cents to send out each photograph they mail to an admirer. Theda Bara will get any mail sent to her in care of the William Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Clara Kimball Young receives all of her mail at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York. Valeska Suratt calls for her bunch of letters at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Marguerite Clark receives hundreds of letters every day at the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Helen Holmes has her own mail box at the Signal Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Lillian Walker can be addressed at the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. Grace Cunard still gets her mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Edith Robert's address is the same as Grace's. Victoria Forde is now with the Sunshine Comedy Company, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, and gets all of her mail there now. No, she is not any relation to Francis Ford.

HENRY O.—What would you like to know about your friend George Webb? Yes, that might be a very good way of advertising the stars. At least, it would be something new and novel. George was born in Indianapolis on October 3, 1887. He was a newspaper man on the Minneapolis *Tribune* for three years before he began his stage career with the Burbank Stock Company in Los Angeles, California. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has dark-brown hair with dark-blue eyes. Is there anything else you would like to know about him? If so, just let me know.



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THE CARAVAN MAN

Ainslee's is the magazine that introduced to American readers the work of William J. Locke, Jeffery Farnol and Leonard Merrick. Some day Ainslee's is going to take just as much pride in having first published the work of E. Goodwin. The December number contained his first novelette, "Such Things As Films Are Made Of." His short novel in the January issue now on sale is even more sprightly and joyous than that one. Read

THE CARAVAN MAN

Incidentally, the price of Ainslee's is now 20 cents. This is partly due to the high cost of paper. Among the writers who make the paper in this month's Ainslee's well worth its high cost are Nina Wilcox Putnam, May Edginton, Eleanor Ferris, Leona Dalrymple (who wrote "The Girl of the Green Van"), George Weston, Richard Le Gallienne, Adele Luehrmann and Alan Dale.

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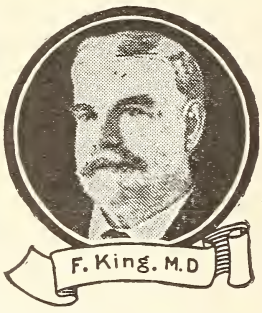
City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron to Make Beautiful, Healthy Women and Strong, Sturdy Men

NOW BEING USED BY OVER THREE MILLION PEOPLE ANNUALLY

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.

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 strong sturdy 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, 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 loss.

Therefore, if you wish to get the most 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 rundown, 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 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 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 entirly 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. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon, 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 everywhere. 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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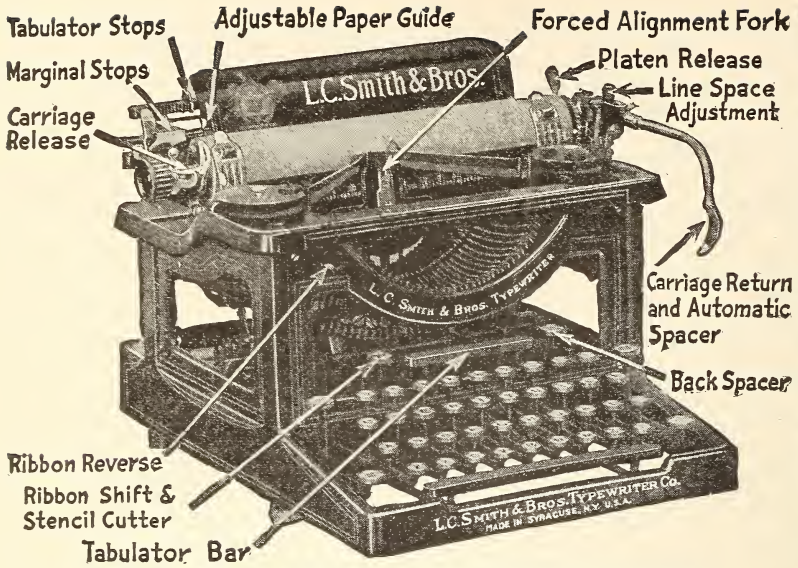

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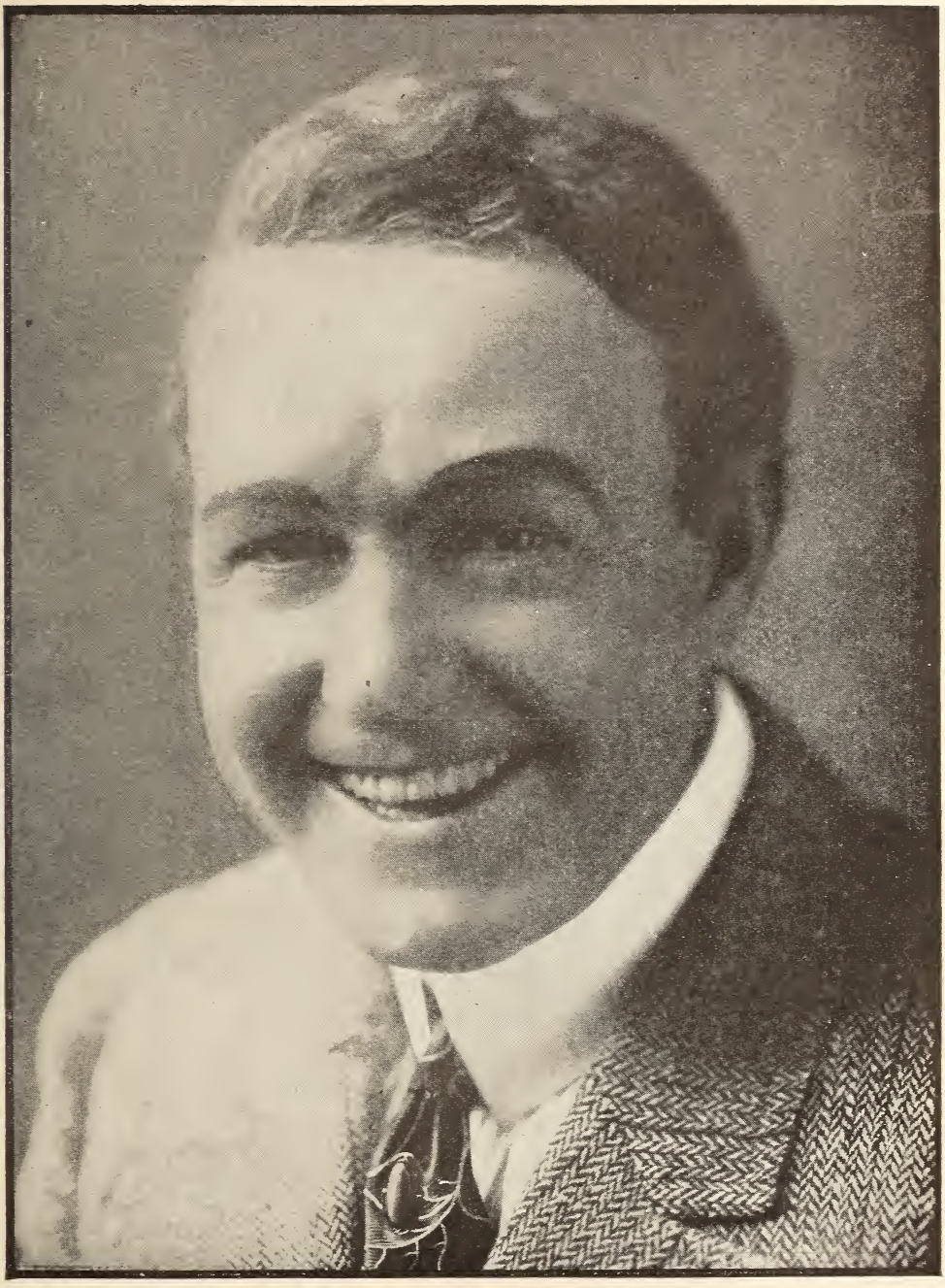
HARRY A. SMITH, 342-231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago

MME. OLGA PETROVA

was born in Warsaw, Poland, and educated in Brussels, Paris, and London. She studied singing, piano, and violin, and then became a journalist in the dramatic department of the London *Times*. Shortly afterward, at the age of twenty, she went on the stage. Then she came to America, and after a short stage career here Popular Plays and Players persuaded her to enter pictures. She was featured by Metro and Lasky, and last August formed her own company.

MARY GARDEN

came from Aberdeen, Scotland, to America, with her parents in 1881, settling in Milwaukee. She began violin lessons at the age of eight, and at fourteen took up public singing in Chicago. Miss Garden went to Paris in 1897, and three years later became a member of the Opera Comique, as understudy to Mlle. Riotton. The star fell ill and Miss Garden became famous overnight. The story of "Thais," one of her operatic triumphs, is the vehicle of her first picture for Goldwyn.



DUSTIN FARNUM

was born and raised in New England. His dramatic career began in school theatricals. The Ethel Tucker Repertoire Company gave him his first engagement, and several years later found him in New York in the title rôle of such productions as "The Squaw Man" and "The Littlest Rebel." Farnum entered motion pictures in the early days with Paramount. His "Gentleman from Indiana" was the first Pallas release. Mr. Farnum is now being featured by Fox.

MABEL TALIAFERRO

was the first legitimate star on the American stage to go into pictures. Abroad she was preceded only by Mme. Bernhardt and the great Coquelin. Her début was in "Cinderella," a Selig three-reel feature. Previous to this she had won national fame on the stage, having been William Collier's leading woman when only fourteen! "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Polly of the Circus" were among her successes. Miss Teliaferro is now with Metro.

RUPERT JULIAN

was born in Manchester, England, and educated at Stanley College, Cambridge. His stage career started immediately, and he was soon playing with such celebrities as Louis Waller, Beerbohm Tree, and George Alexander. After the Boer War, in which he was captured, he played in Australia for seven years with J. C. Williamson, and then came to America. The Smalleys induced him to join Universal. He was with Paramount but returned to Universal, where he will direct and act.

VOLA VALE

has made herself famous twice, once under the name of Vola Smith and again with her present cognomen. As Vola Smith she was featured in Universal pictures under the Red Feather brand and in Vitagraph productions. Then, changing her name with her business affiliation, she played for Balboa, appeared opposite George Beban for Morosco, and worked for some time in Lasky pictures. Miss Vale was in Charles Ray's first Paramount release, and is now with William S. Hart.

BRYANT WASHBURN

is a native of Chicago, where he was born April 28, 1889. His first dollar was earned as a farm hand during vacation. Later he became head usher and then treasurer of the old Chicago Opera House. After this he spent several years playing in stock, and then came to recognition on Broadway. At the advice of Harry McRae Webster he went into pictures with the Essanay Company. Here he stayed for six years until his recent engagement by Pathé. His greatest success has been the "Skinner" series.

TAYLOR HOLMES

makes a secret of his age, but he was born in Chicago somewhere between twenty-five and thirty-five years ago. Mr. Holmes has enjoyed a successful career on the stage already, and his work in his first two pictures give promise of an even more brilliant future in pictures. Half a dozen stories like "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" and "Fools for Luck," say the critics, will make him a rival of Fairbanks.

MARY MILES MINTER

is named for her mother, now Mrs. Charlotte Selby, who has toured the country in support of many noted players. It can safely be said that the little Mutual star was almost raised on the stage, and she took up the profession of her mother as soon as she was able to toddle. Mrs. Selby is now her daughter's business manager. Mary was born on April Fool's Day, 1902.

ANTONIO MORENO

has two middle names also—Garrido Monteaqudo. Spaniard? Surely, edition of 1888. At fourteen he came to New York, and after completing his education at Williston Seminary, Northampton, Massachusetts, took up his career on the stage, where he played with Tyrone Power, Constance Collier, Wilton Lackaye, and others. In 1914 he joined Vitagraph, playing types first, then regular parts, and is now being featured in Pathé plays.

MARY IRENE ANDERSON

was born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 28, 1897. After a year in Erasmus High School she was permitted during vacation to do extra work at the Vitagraph Studio which led to a regular engagement. Her first part was in support of John Bunny. She has appeared in many Vitagraph successes and is now being starred in five-reel productions exclusively. Before her work in pictures Miss Anderson's only public appearance was in Grecian dances.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN

is a native of Kentucky. He was born in Louisville and lived there until his education was completed. His stage experience was marked by such successes as "The Road to Yesterday" and "Brown of Harvard." Kerrigan's long career in pictures began with Essanay. He played leads three years for American, then an engagement with Universal, and recently signed a contract with Paralta. "A Man's Man" is his latest release.

VIVIAN MARTIN

was playing with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the age of six. Later she played the title rôle in the well-known "Peter Pan." Thereafter she appeared in a number of successful plays and finally attracted the attention of the World Company. Then she went to Fox, but her greatest popularity has come since her engagement with Pallas in Paramount pictures. Miss Martin is an expert cook, and some of her recipes have been syndicated.

Geraldine Farrar and Her Family

THE internationally celebrated screen star and opera prima donna, Geraldine Farrar, has at last gathered her family together at Hollywood, California. Below is the entire Farrar circle: Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Farrar, Geraldine's parents, Geraldine Farrar, and her famous husband, Lou-Tellegen.

The Genius Mill

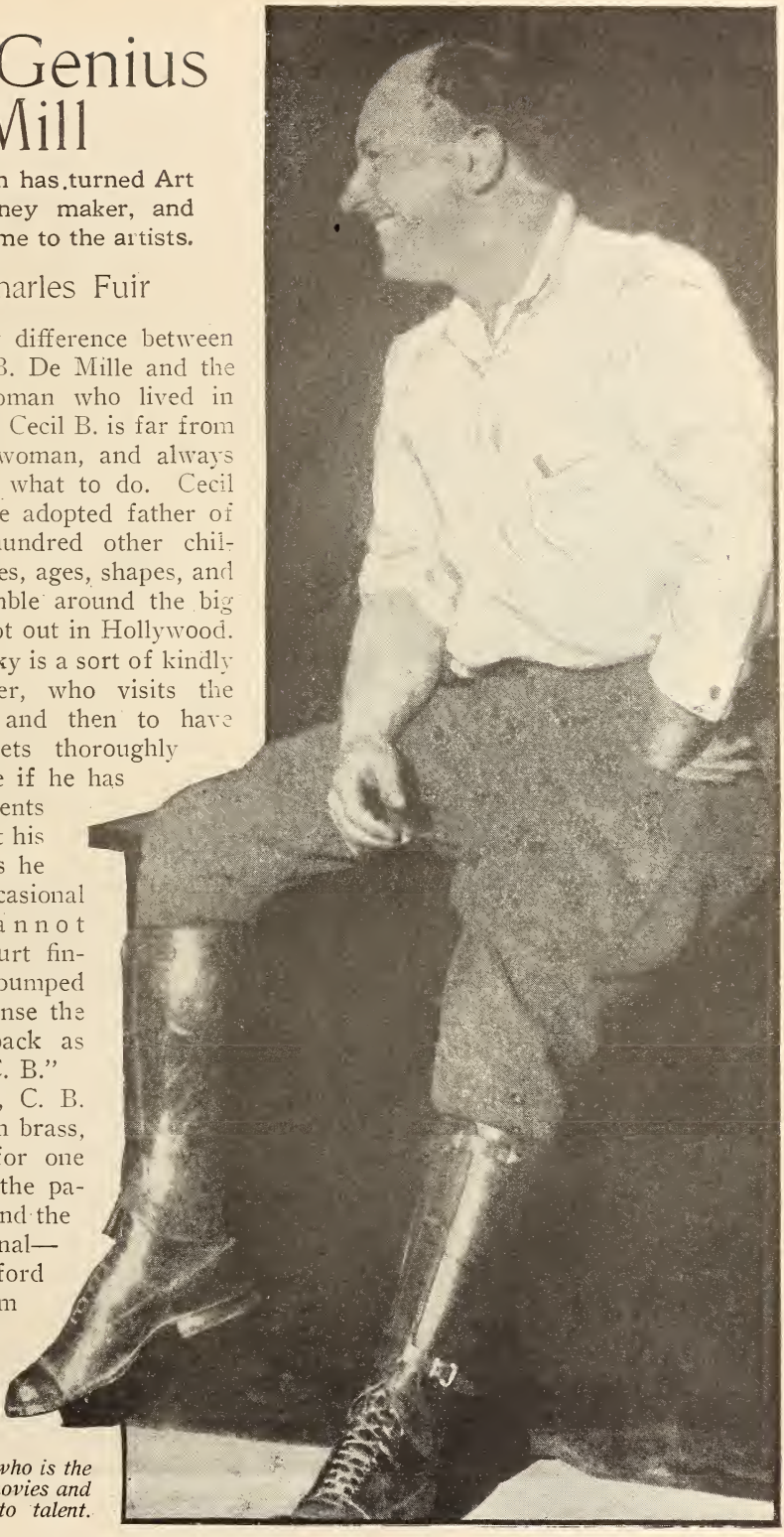
How a man has turned Art into a money maker, and brought fame to the artists.

By Charles Fuir

THE only difference between Cecil B. De Mille and the old woman who lived in the shoe is that Cecil B. is far from being an old woman, and always knows exactly what to do. Cecil De Mille is the adopted father of nearly four hundred other children of all sexes, ages, shapes, and sizes, who ramble around the big Lasky studio lot out in Hollywood.

Jesse L. Lasky is a sort of kindly old grandfather, who visits the children now and then to have his coat pockets thoroughly searched to see if he has any nice presents concealed about his person—but, as he is only an occasional visitor, he cannot bandage the hurt fingers, rub the bumped heads, or dispense the pats on the back as does "Father C. B."

As a parent, C. B. has to double in brass, so to speak, for one moment he is the paternal parent, and the next the maternal—for Mary Pickford may come to him to know what dress to wear — or Geral-



Cecil B. De Mille, who is the Columbus of the movies and training partner to talent.

dine Farrar what ribbon, as often as does Wallace Reid to know what suit, or Theodore Roberts what whiskers.

Outside of writing scenarios, directing productions, looking after his cattle ranch, the big studio, serving as director or a committee member of every scheme started in Hollywood, C. B. has nothing to do but look after, or play with, his children. Some days he has as many as six hours in the twenty-four to frivol away in sleeping or doing something for himself. He probably would take more time for himself if he didn't get so much pleasure out of doing what he does.

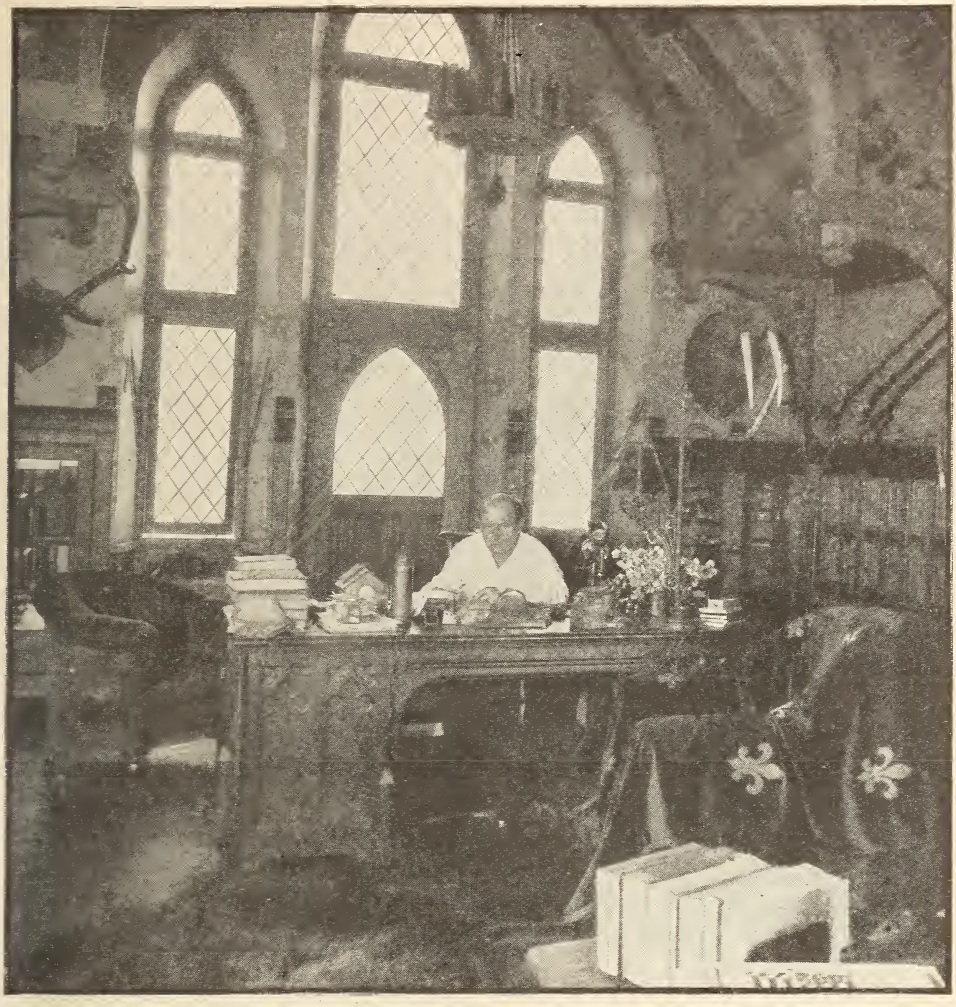
De Mille is in the court of appeals for everything that arises in the lives of his children, whether in or out of the studio. If the third assistant street sweeper in the Lasky Lane feels that he has been wronged by the second assistant, all he has to do is to tell his story to C. B.; both sides are heard, and justice done. If some leading man is permitting feminine adoration to affect his domestic life, the trouble is brought before the "court" and adjusted.

Among three hundred and fifty people of all walks of life, who are thrown together day after day, continual bickerings are bound to arise. Milton E. Hoffman, the studio general manager, acts as big brother to many of these, but there are still many who insist upon sobbing their troubles into the De Mille flannel shirt.

Having been brought up from childhood in the dignified, quiet atmosphere of the theater, Cecil De Mille has transferred this atmosphere to his great studio, and the impression of a visitor within its gates is not that of the hubbub and bedlam of a "movie camp," but the domicile of a coterie of sincere workers who are striving for something worthy.

De Mille considers himself surrounded by co-workers, and not employees. This was illustrated by the message he sent to the studio immediately after the première of his great production, "Joan the Woman," in New

Cecil B. De Mille illustrating the fact that he is Mary Pickford's boss.



Mr. De Mille's office might be either the den of a sportsman or the lounging room of a king.

York City. The telegram was to the organization, and spoke of "our" picture, and told the company how "their" efforts had made it a triumph. There wasn't an "I" in the whole message, and one would think from reading it that De Mille did nothing but sit around while the studio made the picture, when his masterly direction was responsible for the whole thing. This message more than repaid the children for the scoldings they received during the taking of the picture. Father De Mille's rebukes are in the form of biting sarcasm—absolutely free from profanity—couched in the most polite and formal language, and extremely funny to all but those to whom they are addressed. For example, during the filming of the battle scenes of "Joan," one of the fights was not strenuous enough to satisfy him, and De Mille called all of the two thousand extras before him and remarked: "Gentlemen, I have just sent for some cream puffs for you to struggle with so the love feast can be perfect, but while we are waiting, I am going to ask you to do the scene again

so I can fully enjoy your wonderful game of Bean Porridge Hot."

There was not a smile on those two thousand faces. The ranks were formed again—the charge sounded—and they went at it. That night the hospital reported the busiest day of the season. The cream puffs were unnecessary, and the scene is as you see it on the screen—men fighting for their lives and country.

The night with a thousand eyes is a blind man standing on a corner compared with De Mille. He has a million. He sees front, backward, and sideways all at the same time. Let one person in the rear of a surging mob of five hundred people do one wrong thing and it is spotted at once. In the attack of *La Tourelle* in "Joan the Woman," one lone French soldier, far in the distance, was unconsciously chewing gum. After De Mille gave him a few minutes of his sarcasm, the poor fellow tried to crawl under the moat. Five minutes later he gave another man ten dollars extra for a particularly unexpected piece of business.

During the filming of "The Little American," Mary Pickford's recent production under his direction, the ballroom of the torpedoed liner, filled with frantic men and women, was gradually listing and filling with water. The people had to scramble out of the water, up the wet, slippery side of the floor, and to a staircase leading to the deck. De Mille had cautioned them not to laugh, or smile, from nervousness. Miss Pickford was in the foreground, waist-deep in water, and in danger of being struck by the struggling extras, and De Mille's attention was centered on her. Seventy-five feet back, at the foot of the staircase, a girl laughed—and she had her back half turned to the director. C. B. spotted her in a minute and ordered her off the set, and yet apparently he had never taken his eyes from the star.

Father De Mille never asks his family to do the impossible. He insists upon doing that himself, but when he wants anything done, he expects it to be done promptly and without argument—and it is. When he is not actively engaged on a production, the door of his big office is wide open, and any one connected with the studio may see him on any business whatsoever, either company or personal, or he has time for a talk in his ramblings around the huge grounds or in a set as long as he has his hat *on*. When the hat comes *off*—that means work, and he can only be approached on subjects dealing with the matter before him. He unconsciously opens the collar of his soft white shirt and removes his hat before starting to work, and those who know him watch the hat.

The high position De Mille occupies in the world of the silent drama did not come to him through good fortune or as the payment of a gambling debt with old man Fate. It was earned by hard work and experience. Before entering the motion-picture field, he was among the leaders in production on the legitimate stage.

At the Lasky Studio C. B.'s brother, William C. De Mille, occupies a throne beside a typewriter in the scenario department. He is another successful member of the De Mille family.

The father of these two celebrities was a dramatist and a partner in production with David Belasco. When Cecil was still but a boy he received a part on the stage in a Belasco play, and for some time followed the actor's profession. At the age of eighteen he and his brother William wrote their first play, under the direction of their mother, and it proved successful. Thereafter William followed the writing end of the business and turned out many successes, among them "The Return of Peter Grimm," for David Warfield.

Alvin Wykoff, director of photography, Jeannie MacPherson, scenario writer, Mr. De Mille, and Wallace Reid discussing the best way to commit suicide with a six-foot stiletto.

Cecil, however, turned his ambitions toward producing, and in time became stage manager for Belasco. He held this responsible position when Jesse L. Lasky decided to found his organization, and De Mille went West with him to make all preparations. That was about four years ago, and ever since the establishment of the Lasky Company Cecil B. De Mille has had full charge of the producing end. One of his first moves was to affiliate his brother with the company in the scenario department.

There is but one gap in the biography of Mr. De Mille. This is the period when he ran away from home and enlisted in the regular army which served in the Spanish-American War. The spirit of patriotism, which is still blazing within him, was recently illustrated at the studio.

When De Mille saw that the break between his country and the imperial German government was inevitable, he quietly called the male members of the organization together and organized a home-guard company. These he fully equipped with uniforms and the latest modern rifles, and then bought two machine guns for a separate unit. Membership in this is not compulsory, but the training is under the direction of an experienced army officer, and star

Mr. De Mille in action; preparing a scene just before the actual "taking."

and property man sweat side by side throughout the bayonet exercises or skirmish drills. The organization proved extremely valuable to some of the members who later enlisted, as well as to many of the actors who benefited by the work physically.

The home-guard company was equipped mostly out of his own private purse, and the equipment for two hundred men runs into money. The Lasky Company also shouldered some of the burden. This was the first home-guard company formed in the West.

The majority of C. B.'s evenings are devoted to playing with the children. Nearly every week there is the running of some picture at the studio or the Lasky Players—a little company headed by a number of Lasky stars, formerly of the speaking stage—give a playlet or two for the amusement of their fellow players. Quite frequently, when there is some prominent lecturer in Los Angeles, speaking on some topic the studio is interested in, De Mille has him out to the studio at noon, and all the family gathers around to hear him. Picnics and beach parties are common occurrences, and recently a big swimming pool was built in the lot for the exclusive use of the organization during the summer months.

On drill nights, the Lasky band gives a concert to the guard and the members of the Red Cross; so, taking it by and large, there is never a dull moment.

Let Father C. B. get anything from a new pocketknife to a new automobile or mansion, and the whole studio inspects it as eagerly and carefully as though it were their own, and he is as vitally interested in anything the children get from a new dog to a new wife or husband.

Cecil De Mille's work is his play, and he has looked far and clear-eyed into the future of the baby art, and every now and then he will give a peek into the future to the Chapel. The Chapel

is a little collection of his children who stroll over to the studio every Sunday morning to see if it is still there, and sit on the edge of the stage, swing their feet, and talk about everything in general and nothing in particular. C. B. drives down to get his telegrams, and swings heels with the rest.

"I am gradually going to try to get away from so much detail in sets," he remarked one morning. "The photo drama is essentially a pictorial art, and both action and surroundings should be treated for their pictorial values. It is often better to suggest surroundings than show them in their full detail. Backgrounds should be in sympathy with the scenes. I have tried this out, and am going in for it more and more every production. The change has to be made gradually and done in such a way that the public will hardly know it is being done, but the photo drama will never reach its true sphere until it is accomplished. A great deal of this will be done with lighting, and we have already accomplished a great deal in this way."

"Already," he explained at another time, "the photo drama has developed its own signs and symbols as has the opera and the speaking stage, but more must needs be developed, and here is where we need the minds of trained writers, and as soon as some of our famous story-writers get it into their heads that the photo-dramatic writing is not child's play, then we will take a big step forward. Just now they consider it a dumping place for items they cannot sell elsewhere."

Cecil B. De Mille is a great man and a genius. He has done much to put the photo drama on the high plane it occupies to-day, and is constantly pushing it upward. And the success of his efforts proves that not only is he a mighty power in dramatics, but he has also the ability of making others powerful. A glance at the list of celebrities who have reached their greatest heights under him warrants calling the studio which is his domain, and which has been the scene of many a coronation by Fame, the "genius mill."

THE FILM BRIDE

THE happy bride came down the aisle
Upon the bridegroom's arm;
She did not show the slightest sign
Of shyness or alarm.
No rosy blushes tinged her cheek;
No tears shone in her eyes—
All this may seem quite strange to you
But, list!—I'll put you wise!
She'd wedded seven times this year
Her shyness long since flit;
She did not tremble with alarm
'Cause she was used to it!
And as for blushes—Goodness, no!
'Twere something to avoid,
Red blushes register deep black
Upon the celluloid!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.

Venus o' the Valves

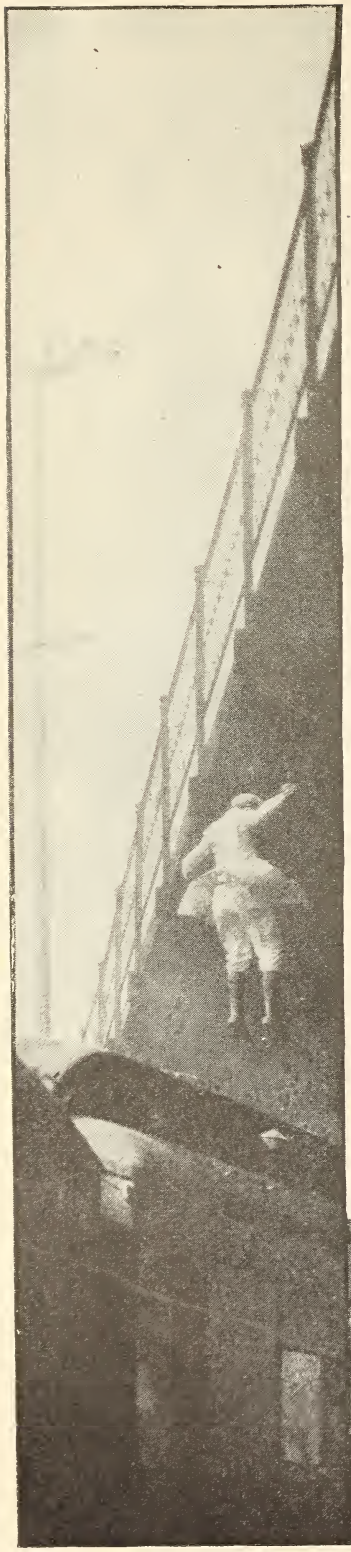
She is a regular vampire in her way, but the only thing she flirts with is Death.

By Roberta Courtland

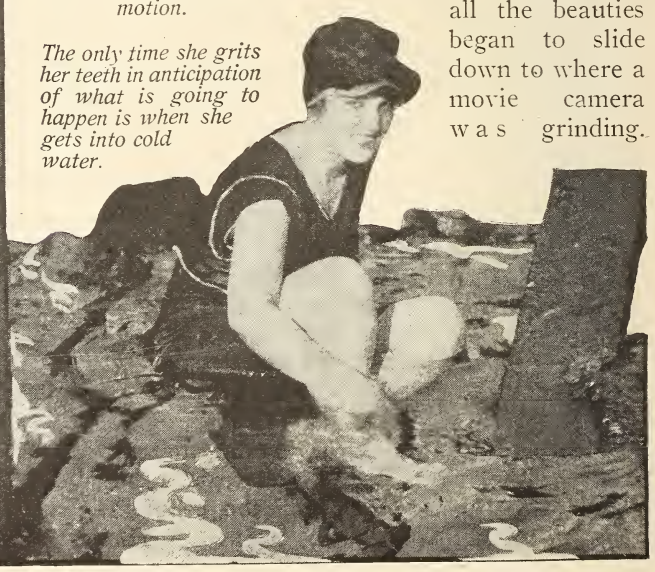
AMONG other things that the movies have done to civilization, they have turned the well-known course of human events butt end to until it might better read "the eventful course of humans." So eventful is it for one girl, that she lives and earns her living merely by risking her life. The more eventful, the more dangerous her daily life, the more famous and more wealthy she becomes. Her name, which no doubt you and every other picture patron are well familiar with, is Helen Holmes.

But Miss Holmes has more claim to fame than merely being fearless. But a few years ago Miss Holmes was known in artistic circles, and pronounced to be something of a Venus. For Helen, in those quiet times before motion-picture prominence, she was engaged in the languid task of being an artist's model.

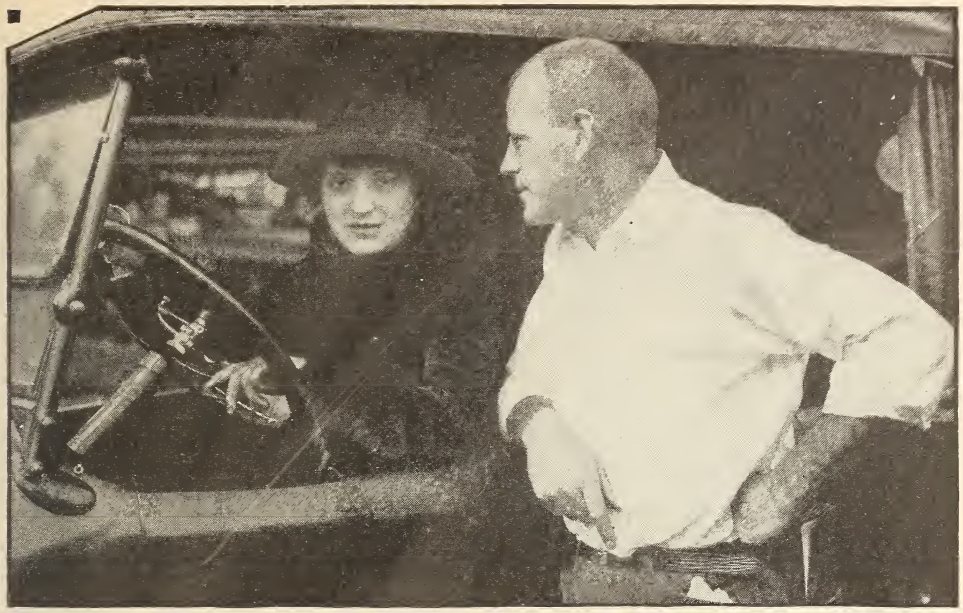
But just as our Venus was getting along in the world of color art, another art, the silent one, undermined things in general. The earth began to flicker and tilt, and all the beauties began to slide down to where a movie camera was grinding.



Helen Holmes, at left, taking advantage of the fact that the camera photographs motion.



The only time she grits her teeth in anticipation of what is going to happen is when she gets into cold water.



Helen Holmes found herself among the host, and, almost before she realized it, was capering around in slapstick comedies for the Keystone Company.

But comedies in those days were no gentle things to act for, and when Miss

Helen Holmes and Mr. Helen Holmes, who is Director J. P. McGowan.

At the right we have an illustration of the fact that is one of our most daring young ladies.

Helen Holmes and J. P. McCowan preparing for a scene in which she dons a diver's suit and goes to her "location" at the bottom of the sea.

Holmes discovered that she was risking injury in her work, she decided that there must be some place where her daring would demand a greater premium. And she decided correctly, for within a very short time the Kalem Company announced the fact that it was releasing a series of real "thrillers," in which Helen Holmes would star. The series was entitled "The Hazards of Helen," and they marked Miss Holmes' first step toward fame. In the character which she created she dauntlessly faced death in every episode. And to-day she remains as daring, with more hair-breadth escapes on her record than she has hairs on her head.

After two years with the Kalem Company, Miss Holmes moved to the Universal with her director, J. P. McGowan, who is also her husband.

Following her engagement with Universal Miss Holmes and Mr. Helen Holmes—who was celebrated as Mr. McGowan, her director—went to the Signal Company, which was formed especially for their use by Mutual. They are still there with their railroad, and, try as he will, Mr. McGowan finds it absolutely impossible to kill his wife by making her go through dangers.

"Now get busy and make a star of her."

Making a Movie Star to Order

The press agent's hardest task is inventing a glorious past for some dub whose present shows him up.

By Sanford Stanton

IT'S a quiet morning in the sanctum of the press agent. There isn't a thing going on except possibly four or five stenographers pounding out copies of the latest story to emanate from the busy little brain of the press agent; two or three office boys piling photographs into envelopes and fighting with each other to see whose turn it is to escape going the rounds of the newspaper offices with the latest thriller; a photographer displaying proofs of pictures he took the day before of the company's "best bet" at her country home, and two telephones giving bad imitations of the Chimes of Normandy.

Suddenly the door opens.

The stenographers pound a bit harder; the office boys cease their quarreling; the photographer grows a bit more loquacious; the telephones continue ad lib.

A presence has arrived. 'Tis none other than the big chief himself. Under his arm he carries half a dozen photographs. In one hand, like as not, are a fistful of newspaper clippings.

Straight over to the press agent's desk he stamps his way. He might be going to do any one of half a dozen things—raise the aforementioned press agent's salary for breaking into the first pages of the papers the day before—

firing the same press agent for not breaking into both the first and second pages—asking him for a cigarette.

As a matter of fact, he does none of those things.

Throwing the photographs and clippings down on the desk, he says, in just about the same tone of voice that other mortals would employ if asking for a match: "There you are, Mac. We've just signed her up for a series of pictures. Now get busy and make a star out of her." The only variation he might introduce would be in the latter part of his speech, and, instead of making known his wishes quite so explicitly, he might say: "Now, get busy and whoop her up! Hop to it!"

Rest assured the press agent understands, no matter what form of expression the wish may take. All in the world that he has to do for the next few days of his dull, drab life is to take those pictures of a half-scared-looking little miss, who ought to be back home playing with dolls, and those newspaper clippings that tell how Jennie Smith was voted the prize beauty of her town, and set all the world to talking about the "marvelous, miraculous, lilylike beauty of the charming Dolorma Doone, who turned down offers of marriage from Percy Frelinghouten, the original Millionaire Kid, and Duke de Ducatless, in order to sign a contract at eight million a year to appear in a new serial picture about to be released by the Bunkem Company." And yet there are those who seem to feel that any and every press agent should be stricken by his conscience each time he shamefacedly accepts his weekly salary from the cashier.

And at that he should. The job's too easy.

Without the slightest intention of giving away any of the secrets of the craft—chiefly because there aren't any—but just to record with more or less accuracy, so far as the chronological order is concerned, the steps the press agent proceeds to take in order to make perfectly certain he will be a welcome visitor at the cashier's window a few weeks hence, follow on.

Scene, North River pier of "An American Port." In the foreground much bewildered, trifle scared young woman.

Ten minutes after the departure of the boss, the interim having been spent in a hasty perusal of the usually utterly blank face that stares out at him from the photographs and the equally unilluminating bits of information contained in the newspaper clippings—all, as he has surmised, from the gal's home

town—he pushes back from the desk, stunned by the enormity of the task that faces him. Then he seeks for inspiration, and finds it—in a cigarette.

Assuming that the hour of the entrance of the white hope of every man jack and woman jackess, for that matter, on the pay roll was ten in the morning, let us chronicle events as follows:

10:10 a. m.—Press agent stunned.

10:15 a. m.—Press agent has an inspiration.

10:20 a. m.—Photographer departs in haste for the Hotel Fitz Carlounce with the following instruction: "Go on up there and get that dame half a dozen times so she looks human. Hey, wait a minute! Here's a dollar. Stop at some junk shop and get the biggest green-stone ring you can for the bone. That's the family emerald the duke gave her when she turned him cold. Get me?"

10:30 a. m.—Fastest stenographer in the office is sitting beside the press agent, fairly burning the lead of a pencil every five minutes as she "takes" the story he is dictating, which gives the family history of Dolorma Doone, the Duke de Ducatless; describes with heartrending pathos the parting scene between the youthful pair and announces the arrival the following day of the latest addition to the ranks of the "silent drama."

11:00 a. m.—Every typewriter in the office is doing its duty getting the yarn ready.

12:00 noon.—Every boy in the office is on his way—each with an armful of the stories. The press agent lights another cigarette and begins to think about getting busy. He does. For results, see next paragraph.

10:00 a. m. of the following day.—Scene, North River pier of "An American Port." In the background, gray-painted liner that has arrived that morning. In the foreground, much bewildered, trifle scared young woman, who only remembers once in a great while to answer when addressed as Miss Doone. No matter; the press agent is able to answer for her. Battery of cameras leveled at the young woman. She smiles—the press agent has told her to. Into a taxicab—whir-r! She's gone. A score or more representatives of the press depart, each their own way, satisfied that they have got a corking good human-interest story.

Noon, same day.—A luncheon has been arranged for the following day, to be given to the members of the Three Arts Club by Miss Dolorma Doone in recognition of her sisterhood with its members, who, like her, have decided to live by art for art's sake.

10:00 a. m., next day.—Piles of papers, each showing a conspicuous hole from which a certain story had been clipped. The press agent smiles. The pickings were very, very good.

Noon, same day.—Two curious members of the club, all the girl employees of the company, and as many supers as were needed to fill up the places around the luncheon tables presided over by Miss Dolorma Doone. Female members of the press conspicuous by their presence. Miss Doone makes a speech. A nice time was had by all. Blong! A flash light has been taken.

10:00 a. m., following day.—Miss Doone sits uncomfortably at wheel of big chief's Rolls-Royce, which she has just "bought" with a small bit of the bonus she received for signing the contract which provided she was to receive eight million dollars a year, and for which she had turned her back at one and the same time on love and the Duke de Ducatless. Company's photographer brought only two dozen plates with him, so the picture-taking is necessarily somewhat limited.

10:00 a. m. of a morning a week hence.—Special interviewers have five minutes with Miss Doone on her first

Female members of the press are conspicuous by their presence—Miss Doone makes a speech.

morning in the studio. "Does she regret having given the cold shoulder to the Duke de Ducatless?" She does not. "Will she ever marry?" She nearly muffs the right answer, for suddenly she happens to think of Charlie Brown, who opens the real-estate office of Brown & Brown back home each morning at eight a. m., but remembers in time. "She may some day, but not until she has fulfilled the mission she feels she has been called upon to discharge in the world of this new and most wonderful art."

10:00 a. m. of a Sunday morning a month hence.—Young girls, many wives, and a few grandmothers read in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers how Dolorma Doone, the most beautiful woman on the screen, would dress on eighteen-ninety a year. Gowns from Poiret—posed exclusively for the Sunday *Blast*.

A month later.—The first picture in which Miss Dolorma Doone, the fascinating young star of the Bunkem Company posed after refusing in marriage the hand of the Duke deDucatless in order to accept a salary of eight million dollars a year from the Bunkem Company, will be shown at a private performance at the Metropolitan Grand Opera House. President Wilson has been invited to attend, but it is feared that he will not be able to do so.

A month later.—It is reported that Miss Dolorma Doone, the beautiful star of the Bunkem Company, is engaged to be married to Bush L. Cash, the youthful head of the powdered-sugar trust. Miss Doone indignantly denies the allegation. Mr. Cash gallantly declines to make a statement, and refers all interviewers to the young lady herself.

A month later.—The marriage of Miss Dolorma Doone, the beautiful star of the Bunkem Company, to Billie Batlin, one of the younger but most promising comedians connected with the Bunkem Company, was solemnized last night at The Little Church Around the Corner.

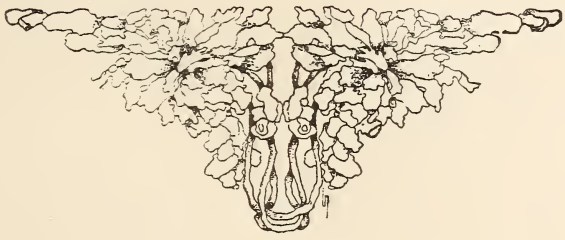
The next day.—The best stenographer in the office is fairly burning the lead off a pencil a minute while the press agent gives her the true story of Dolorma Doone, "The Prize Beauty Who Made Good." It's the best yarn

he ever sent out on her—full of human-interest stuff, you know.

10:00 a. m., the following day.—Piles of newspapers clutter the top of the press agent's desk, each showing a huge space where an hour before had been a printed column or more. The story had landed big; they just "ate it up."

"Heigh, ho, hum!" yawns Mac. "Things getting kinda dull round here. Wonder if the chief's got anything up his sleeve. Let's go."

And he does.



MOVIE-ITIS

WHEN father gets a letter, you should see his eyes agleam,
As nervously he rips the envelope;
It's likely just a circular, but, gee, I'd like to scream
When dad gets tragic o'er an ad for soap!

When brother comes home evenings, he just skates across the floor,
Upsets a chair or two and tips his hat,
Then, like as not, collides with cook, who's coming in the door,
And grins as if we ought to laugh at that!
When sister's beau comes calling, he just grabs her like a bear
And bends her till you'd think he'd break her back,
Then tips her chin and kisses her—and that's a kiss for fair:
The soul-stuff thing, which ain't no gentle smack!

Myself, I'm just a kid, I hadn't ought to criticize—
At that, I guess I follow in their train!
But here's the explanation, and perhaps it's no surprise:
The bunch has got the movies on the brain.

WILLIAM H. LONDON.

Here Are Ladies!

Not every lady can handle these new-fashioned walking sticks as gracefully as Julian Eltinge—despite the fact he is a man. But neither, on the other hand, can any one handle these old-fashioned mopping sticks as daintily as Mary Pickford. If we were looking for contrasts this might serve as two sides to the argument: "Is woman's place in the home?"

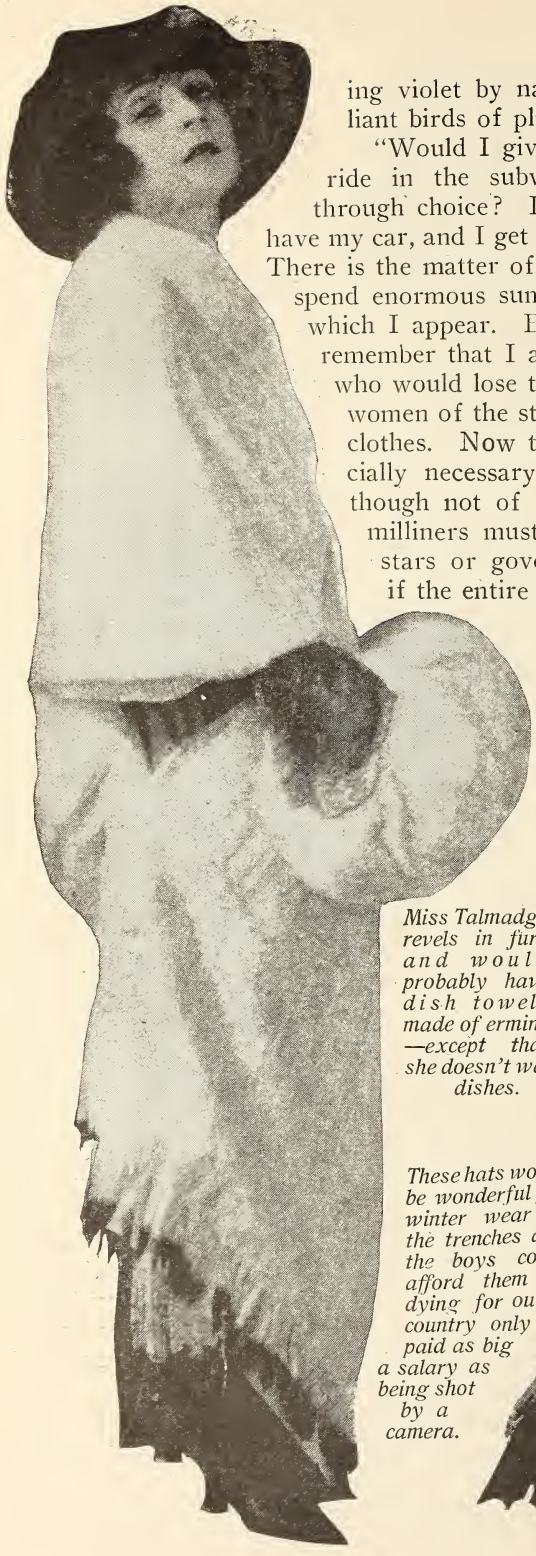
Norma Talmadge in her coronation robe on the throne of fame.

Empress Josephine of the Screen

Here's an actress who boasts, sentiment and publicity notwithstanding, that she prefers gorgeous gowns to gingham aprons and doesn't care who knows it!

By Nellie Revelle

SIMPLICITY may have its virtues, but Norma Talmadge has not discovered them. Indeed, so strong is her preference for regal furs, costly frocks, and grandeur generally that, though barely twenty, Miss Talmadge is already famous in film circles as the Empress Josephine of the Movies. "Why, it would be ridiculous for me to pretend to love gingham frocks and a quiet little home in the country," exclaimed Miss Talmadge, with her customary exuberance of spirits. "And, anyway, why should I try to make believe that I am a retir-



ing violet by nature, when in reality I prefer brilliant birds of plumage?

"Would I give up my luxurious Rolls-Royce, and ride in the subway or the crowded surface cars through choice? I certainly would not. I am glad to have my car, and I get as much enjoyment out of it as I can. There is the matter of my wardrobe, too. It is true that I spend enormous sums in costuming each new picture in which I appear. But every time I plan a new frock I remember that I am giving work to a number of girls who would lose their means of earning a livelihood if women of the stage and society did not buy elaborate clothes. Now that the country is at war it is especially necessary that we spend our money freely, though not of course recklessly. Dressmakers and milliners must earn their living as well as movie stars or government officials, and how can they if the entire feminine population goes in for nun-like garb and severe headgear?

"My pet extravagance? Well, I guess I'll have to admit I have one, and that it is a really, truly ex-

Miss Talmadge revels in furs and would probably have dish towels made of ermine —except that she doesn't wash dishes.

These hats would be wonderful for winter wear in the trenches and the boys could afford them if dying for our country only paid as big a salary as being shot by a camera.

travagance. I'll take you into my confidence. I revel in gorgeous furs. I'd have a fur coat for every day during the winter if I had my way. Of course, I haven't that many, but I am very proud of a beaver sport coat trimmed with seal, which I expect to wear in one of my forthcoming pictures, of a new ermine scarf which is long enough to wind around me two or three times, and of an exquisite set of sables, which are my delight.

"Naturally, I must always have dozens of pairs of gloves and hosiery by the gross, and there are, too, the expensive items of lingerie, veils, perfumes, toilet accessories, and kindred articles.

"Yes, it's luxury. But you must at least give me

These are a few good reasons why Norma Talmadge's milliner and modiste ride to work in automobiles.

The first lucky thing that ever happened to Norma was when she wasn't an Eskimo. Just think how sad she would be if she could only wear an evening gown once in six months!

credit for admitting it and not trying to make you believe I have simple tastes."

Considering all this, can you imagine that Norma once wished to be a gypsy? It is true. If ambitions conceived in childhood had been realized, she would now be a member of one of those unkempt bands which rove about the country and make their living principally by theft and fortune tell-

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen, that are of interest to everyone.

Walthall Returns to the Screen

HENRY WALTHALL has returned to the screen, after an absence, artistically speaking, of nearly two years. His last real success was with the Griffith forces when he appeared in such masterpieces as "Ghosts," "The Avenging Conscience," and "The Birth of a Nation." He has appeared in pictures since that time, but "appeared" in them about defines his connection . The subjects and the manner in which they were handled were not worthy of this superior artist; so we speak with some recklessness but a great deal of truth when we say that the great Henry Walthall has not been in pictures for two years. Mr. Walthall is now at the head of his own company, and we look for great things from him. He is one of the stars in pictures who are known solely for their screen careers. If his ability to pick subjects and handle production are equal to his talent to portray, we will soon see some excellent pictures bearing the Henry Walthall brand.

Directors and Directors

THE director is a factor in pictures whose importance is very often overlooked or forgotten. This is due in most part to the fact that he is the man behind the guns, the commanding general who must necessarily stay behind and direct the movements of his force. A director's connection with a picture is generally stated in one line at the beginning of a film. Yet he is the keystone of the production, the mental unit about which the rest revolves. A picture is very often good in spite of the star or story, but it cannot be good without good work on the director's part. His is the vital contribution to the production. The story furnishes a firm foundation on which to build, and the star is the note of magnetism in it, but both of these ingredients are at the director's mercy.

There are as many ways of directing pictures as there are directors, if one were to go into the details of staging; but, generally classified, they come under two heads—the script director and the director who uses imagination and puts personality into his work. The former's pictures are mechanical in their action. This type of man plies a trade. His pictures are flat and conventional. The latter type of director inspires his productions with feeling and human interest. His characters appear true to life on the screen, and his pictures seem to have that indefinable something which brightens them and makes them different from any other film, although there may be a great similarity in the stories.

The good pictures are made by the directors who experiment, who are not afraid to be original, and whose efforts bring out new touches and new effects in the filmization of stories. They weave into their creations parts of themselves, very much as great painters and authors do. People in the studios familiar with the methods employed by the different directors can very often name the producers of pictures by merely looking at several of the scenes. The ambition of nearly every one who enters a studio is to be able some day to direct. There lies the difficult work. There is little public praise in it, but directing is achievement and is its own reward.

Small-Bore Autocrats

ALMOST every issue of the trade press carries an account of the pernicious activities of one Major Funkhouser, of Chicago, self-confessed superior mind on films which do and do not meet the mental level of the ordinary citizen. When there is no new censorial atrocity to relate, the major's space in the trade papers is taken up with the confusion and excitement still swirling about his last sanctimonious raid. Funkhouser is nearly as much a department in the motion-picture magazines as the review or the projection-machine operators' section.

Why is a commercial menace like this man given the authority which allows him to run amuck every time a picture does not coincide with his own personal idea of what's what? His methods have aroused the antagonism of almost every producer in the business, and his arbitrary decisions are not only sinfully expensive but often unjust as well. This latter statement is backed up by the decisions of the courts and the governor. More than one picture that has met with universal favor in Chicago has been granted exhibition rights over Major Funkhouser's head, and shown there in open contradiction of the value of his rulings.

The Chicago censor board is not the only review body which travels the narrow trail leading to the mental community of "Better Than Thou," although it tries to be the most willful. Pennsylvania and Ohio also listen to the conglomerate objections of either politically appointed or self-constituted censorship bodies. Once in a while they run across pictures that are really offensive, and of course condemn them. But there is no credit due them for such action, as such films would be stopped, anyway, by the police authorities. So, either close at hand or in the long run, these arbitrary censors are superfluous and intolerable. In other words, they are pests, and it is a shame that they should be allowed to threaten and hamper the activities of an industry as great and important as that of the motion picture.

Titles of Reissues

AN avalanche of protest recently descended upon one manufacturer because he had reissued old pictures under new titles. It may be that the producer had no intention of deceiving, but in the general summing up of grievances he was looked upon as a man who had tried to run in a few bluffs among his current releases. He had picked out a number of his past successes, revamped and recut them, replaced the old subtitles with new and better ones, and improved upon the pictures generally. It may be that the new names came as part of the

adornments of reincarnation. However, something in the advertising on the pictures should have indicated that they were reissues. This omission is what made the people angry. They addressed their complaints to the theater owners, who in turn passed them along to the producer.

Those who had seen the pictures before felt that they had been lured into wanton expenditure. But the others were satisfied; which brings us face to face with an important thought in the sales and exhibiting end of the film business—the advisability of putting on the market again pictures which have already gone the rounds. We cannot refrain from saying here that there are some pictures which would much better have never been released at all. The public would have at least been kept in the dark as to their failure.

There are many pictures which were released two or three years ago which would be very good attractions to-day. The life of a film production is much too short when the picture is good. Too much importance is given to the "first run." Regardless of its quality, a five-reel picture is looked upon as more or less of a dead issue after it has been rushed through the first two months' bookings. Then it is seen in the suburban district and small-town theaters, and is known as an old picture. The final solution of this is fewer pictures and longer runs. But in the meantime, while production is geared to high speed, and poor pictures are keeping up with it in a high average, why don't more of the manufacturers reissue their best pictures of the past few years, putting them out under their original titles?

"Direct from Broadway"

AMONG its many possessions, glorious and otherwise, New York has a thoroughfare known as Broadway. It is famous for its electric signs, is populated with theaters, stores, and merrie cafés, and in its Times Square section is the rendezvous at night for the pleasure-seeking and tired business man. But, nevertheless, Broadway is just a street—an avenue of traffic scarred with street-car lines and addicted to taxicabs and accidents like any other street. The importance of Broadway as a criterion and critic on motion pictures is somewhat inflated. Any picture that pretends to be anything unusual yearns for a Broadway career. Many of them realize their ambition.

The result is a series of impressive advertisements, giving the patronage and door receipts at the theater during the picture's exhibition. On the strength and moral effect of these figures the non-New York exhibitor is exhorted to book the production lest the chance of a lifetime slip through his fingers to his competitor in the next block. The picture may be a good one, and the exhibitor may be passing up a good bet in letting it go, but not all of the pictures offered him in these glowing terms can live up to their reputations in his community. In fact, not all of them lived up to their reputations where they come from. Their financial past is somewhat fictitious.

It seems that every time a feature plays at the Broadway, Rialto, or Strand Theaters, address Broadway, New York, it is afterward exploited as the picture which broke all box-office records at these famous motion-picture houses. This continuous slaughter of gate receipts gives one the impression that every time the manager of one of these theaters hangs out the "Doors Open" sign, his place is in danger of immediate demolishment from the crowds that clamor for entrance. Like the boy who cried wolf, the advertisements of pictures which have

been shown on Broadway have overworked the magic word. "Direct from Broadway" and "Broke all records on Broadway" have lost their charm. The out-of-town theater manager doesn't care so much about what a picture did to Broadway. His problem is to suit his own people, and, as we said before, Broadway is just one street in one city.

A Poor Year for Sucker Fishing

THERE are certain errors and misdeeds in the motion-picture business which have to be rectified by the public. One of them is the stockjobber—the man or group of men who organize a company, attach thereto an impressive title and as many liabilities in salaries as it will stand, and then go out after suckers. Their sales talks are attractive, and they just boil up and bubble all over with enthusiasm and future prosperity while in vocal action, but the average capitalist or citizen should not be taken in by such promising conversation. It is possible to make money, and lots of it, in the picture business. It has been done, and will be, to some extent, right along; but this is not good fortune, it is the reward of skillful effort directed by a thorough knowledge of the trade.

Just because some men have acquired millions by the manufacture and sale of motion pictures, it does not follow that anybody can do it. Yet people who should know better have fallen under the charm of sharpers' get-rich-quick stories and have signed their names on the significant dotted line at great expense, considering that they got nothing back but a sheet of stock and experience. Reports told of pictures under way and releases promised, but the only activity that marked the career of many of these floated companies was the filing of bankruptcy claims.

Of course, not all film-company stock is of this derelict variety. Some stock is a very good investment. It is this fact that enabled the city slicker to sell sheets of bond paper at a hundred dollars a square foot to the unsuspecting. Experience like this has made the film-stock sucker an almost extinct game bird. However, when the season was wide open and the fowl easily deceived, the financial sharpshooters certainly went after them. Now the holders of worthless film stock are more careful in their investments. The result is a decided decrease in the number of stockjobbing concerns that attempted to operate during the past year in comparison to those that made their début the year previous.

The Giant that is Dead

WHEN did you last see a Biograph? If your motion-picture interest extends beyond the last few years, this question must awaken old film memories. Should the question be sprung upon a recent picture enthusiast without any preliminary conversation on the subject, the questioned might wonder whether a biograph were an animal or a machine. It seems pitiful that a name which once meant so much should now be so buried in oblivion that it must be identified when mentioned.

In the early days, Biograph was synonymous with motion picture. The American Biograph Company was known all over the country as the producer of pictures, when other brands had to use the word film in order to indicate their association. At that time, Biograph pictures were a veritable magnet to patrons

and a bank book for theater owners. The exhibitor had only to hand out the AB sign to be assured of a capacity attendance. What the picture was about mattered not. The people went to see Biographs. Many of them called motion pictures Biographs, regardless of who made them.

Like the pioneer in any field, all things seem to have emanated from the Biograph Company. To no other concern is there attached the sentiment that reaches back to this firm's old studio. Many of the foremost directors, players, and writers of to-day received their training at the Biograph. Old pictures from this studio have been unearthed and put on the market, offering in one single or two-reeler a cast containing as many as six or seven stars of the present—players whose salaries now aggregate over two million dollars a year. The trouble with Biograph was that it did not keep abreast of the times. When patrons singled out certain actors and actresses as their favorites, the company would not admit that their personalities counted. They would not give out a cast nor allow photographs of their people to be published. The business progressed, but Biograph clung to the past, and, like the proverbial ostrich, kept its head in a hole and ignored facts. We sincerely regret it, for instead of placing flowers on Biograph's grave we should be able to point to it as the early nucleus of the business and the greatest company of to-day.

Exit the Cynical Humorist

FOR a long time after motion pictures became a rival of the speaking stage they were a target for scornful shots from newspaper men. It took a number of years for dramatic editors to receive them in a serious light. They seemed to regard the motion picture as an intruder in a sacred fold. The cartoonists and paragraphers harpooned them at every opportunity, seeming to consider them as legitimate a prey as the unprotected bird is to the youthful possessor of a slingshot. When comedy ideas were scarce they always had the flicker film to fall back on. And they fell back, without rhyme or reason, and generally without malice, but nevertheless with harmful effect.

Now picture plays appear to them in a different light. By conscientious work and wonderful progress, the film has hammered its way into the respect and admiration of the newspapers. There are still a few writers who use pictures as scapegoats, but they are men who would rather be cynical than right. Strangely enough, the New York dailies were the slowest to see the light. There are a number of studios in the city in which they could see pictures made, but they did not avail themselves of the opportunity to learn that the production of motion pictures constituted an industry and not a pastime.

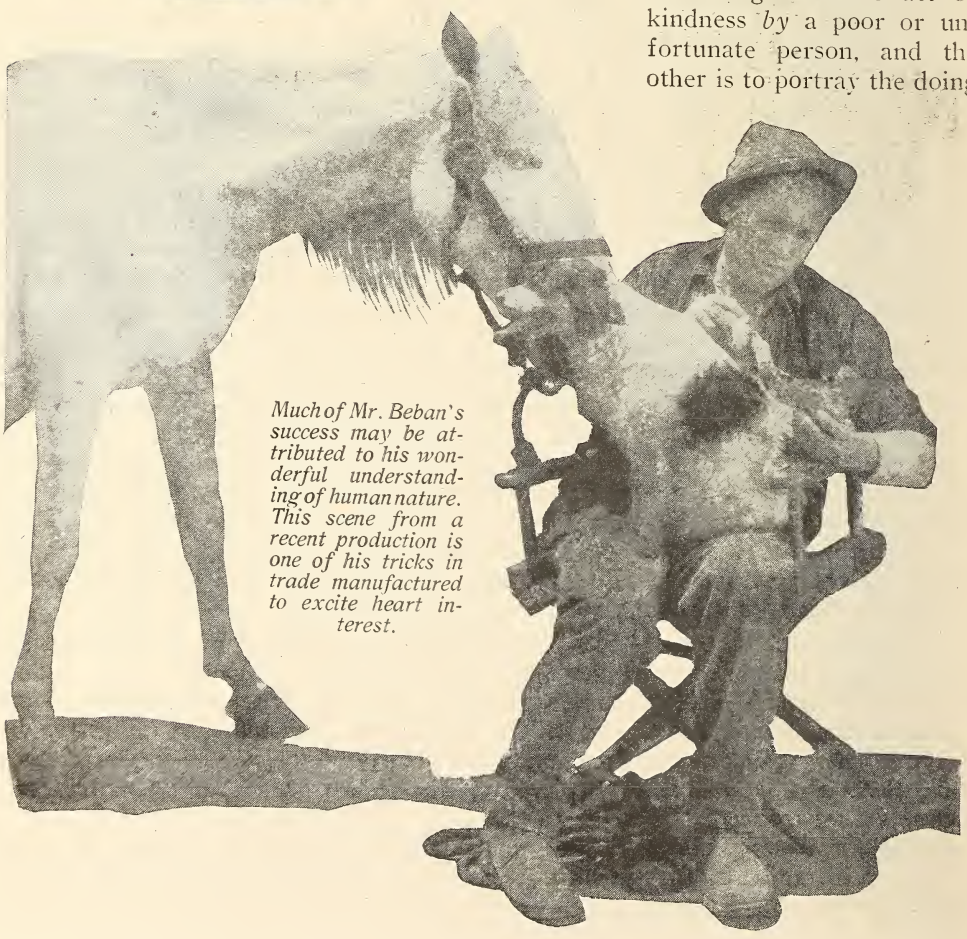
We do not take the stand that columnists are sacrilegious in turning the spotlight of humor upon incidents and conditions in the film business. But we do not see sarcastic discrimination against motion pictures as fairness. More serious than this was the way in which reporters used to place the blame for civil offenses upon "movies," claiming that the offenders received the inspirations for their acts from scenes portrayed on the screen. Pictures themselves won over the newspapers. Most of the former scoffers are now enthusiasts. This development is significant of the great power of the motion picture. It is the greatest invention of the age, and it has won out time and again in the face of discouraging opposition.

Sympathy by Proxy

George Beban reveals some of the ways in which he plays sad or glad music on the heartstrings of his audience.

By Warren Reed

THERE are two sure ways of bringing the lump to the great American throat. There are two sure-fire ways of starting the lachrymose glands to flowing in the eyes of the American audience. One is to portray the doing of some act of kindness *by* a poor or unfortunate person, and the other is to portray the doing



Much of Mr. Beban's success may be attributed to his wonderful understanding of human nature. This scene from a recent production is one of his tricks in trade manufactured to excite heart interest.

of some act of kindness *to* a poor or unfortunate person.

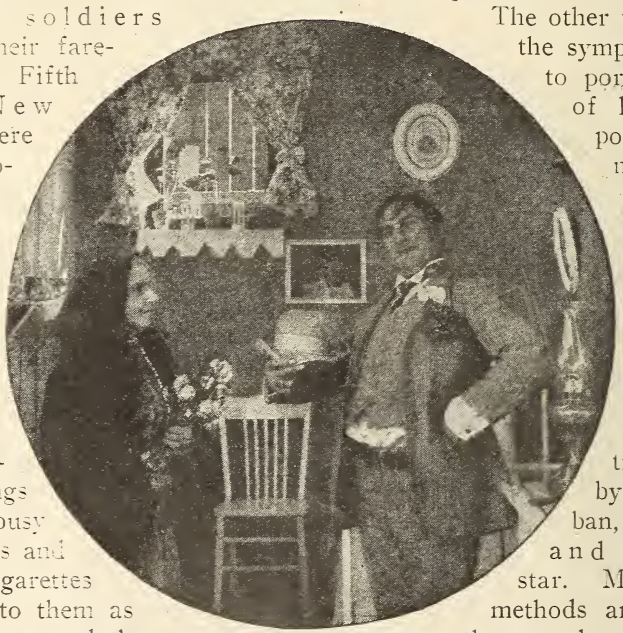
Do you remember the deftest touch of pathos in "The Music Master?" It is at that point in the play when old *Von Barwig* has left the museum where he has played with his fine art so long. There he has had to waste his wonderful talent in surroundings that know only the freaks of nature, and the morbid crowd that comes to see them. And yet, after he

The affectionate grizzly which is osculating with Geo. Beban, above, brought out more heart-throbs than a scenario writer could invent.

Mr. Beban is kind by design. Here he is making the audience love him through his generosity to the child.

has left, there comes a loving cup, a present, tawdry and plated, but shining with the love of human hearts, a gift to the music master from his old friends at the museum. Here is a combination of pathos and humor that can build a lump in any throat, as the scene is played by David Warfield. It is an act of kindness performed *by* poor or unfortunate persons.

When the soldiers marched in their farewell down Fifth Avenue in New York they were cheered and applauded and showered with flowers. From the windows of the mansions of the wealthy, from the offices of the palatial buildings that line the busy street, garlands and candy and cigarettes were thrown to them as they stopped now and then in the march. But what was the incident that hit home to the hardest heart? It occurred way up above the avenue where the soldiers formed their parade. Here only poor people live, folks who know the pinch of poverty, whose stock of worldly possessions can best be expressed by the word "nil." Pushcart peddlers—graybeards who had come out in the morning with full stocks, prepared for a busy day—gave away their fruit! One of them was seen going among the soldiers with his tray. First he distributed all his peaches, then all his apples. At the end he had nothing on his cart and no money in his pocket, but he had an extra store of love in his heart. Icemen whose offices are in the cellars brought forth all their tiny stock to put in the pitchers and buckets that the poor housewives and little children lugged out, just to give the soldiers a cooling drink of water. There is heart interest in those acts of kindness performed *by* poor and unfortunate persons.



Mr. Beban has even followed the beaten path to incite sympathy by the old "mother" route —but he does it much differently from other actors' methods.

The other way to beguile the sympathetic tear is to portray some act of kindness *to* a poor or unfortunate person or thing. This is seen more often on stage and screen, as well as in real life, but nowhere is it more effectively done than by George Beban, filmland's one and only character star. Mr. Beban's methods are simple, but they are by that token the more heart interesting.

"My theory of picture making is this," he says. "I introduce some person or object for which I develop sympathy—something poor or old or in hard luck or helpless. It may be an animal or a human. I make people love this figure, then roll up my sleeves and go in and take its side."

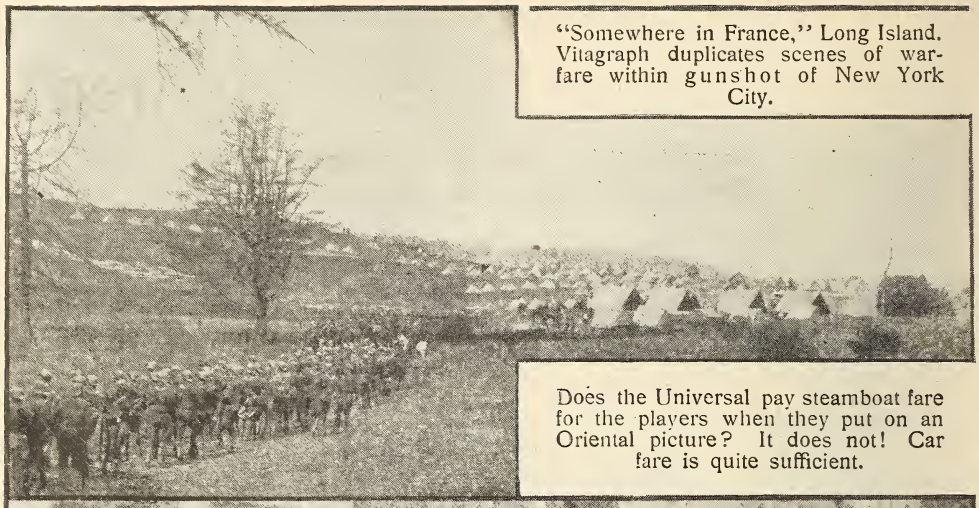
Never does Mr. Beban overstep the bounds of real pathos or humor and get into the realm of mawkish sentiment. There is no bathos to Beban. He strikes the heart every time, and usually by acts of kindness *to* unfortunates. It is sympathy by proxy, but it is heartfelt sympathy just the same.

Taking 'Em Where They Aren't

How foreign scenes are made no farther from home than the studio lot.

By R. W. Baremore

London in Dickens' time as shown in a recent Fannie Ward picture made on the Lasky lot in California.



"Somewhere in France," Long Island. Vitagraph duplicates scenes of warfare within gunshot of New York City.

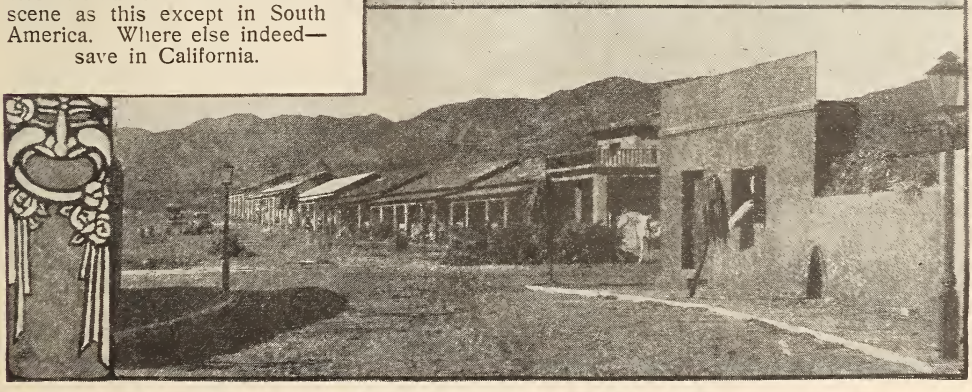
Does the Universal pay steamboat fare for the players when they put on an Oriental picture? It does not! Car fare is quite sufficient.

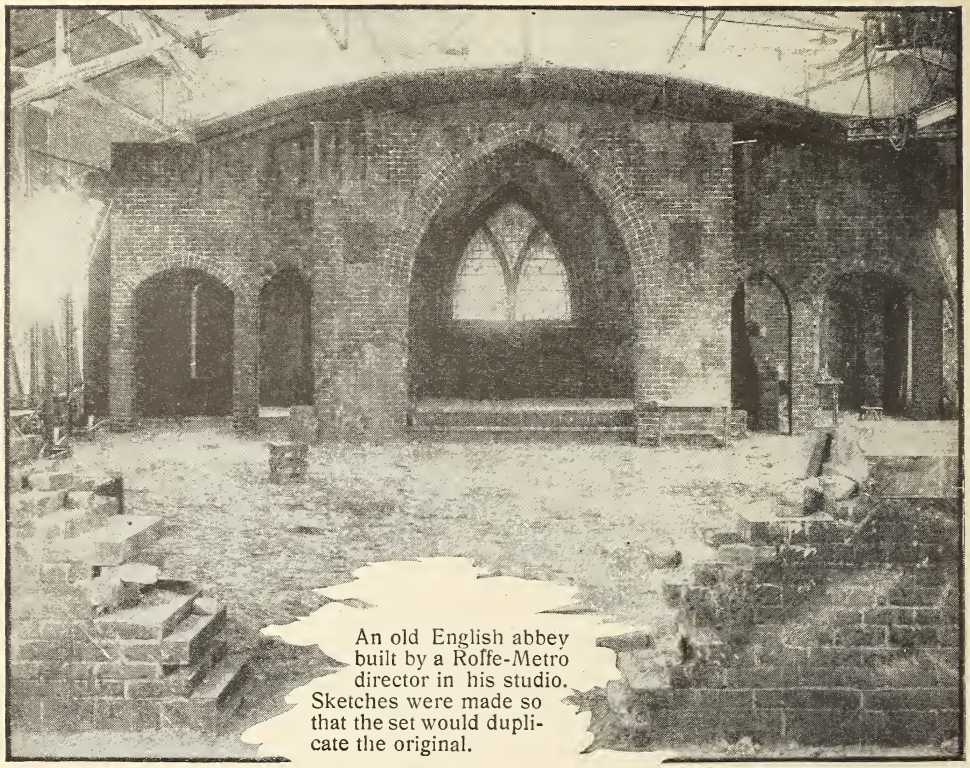
And now we journey to Turkey. The land of harem-scarem. The "tourists" are loafing extras. For, in the yard at the Universal plant, Turkey is just around the corner from China.

Never mind the tents and camels—but when we see the Sphinx and the pyramids we know it must be Egypt. It is, on the Pacific coast. And Cleopatra is Theda Bara.

Who is the little Dutch maiden—the miller's daughter? Sure. Her name is Mary Pickford, and her father's mill overlooks the mighty Pacific.

A palm tree on one corner and a lamp post on the other. Where else would one find such a scene as this except in South America. Where else indeed—save in California.





An old English abbey built by a Roffe-Metro director in his studio. Sketches were made so that the set would duplicate the original.

An Algerian tramway operated by Los Angeles electricity.

Putting Their Heads Together

HERE we have a snapshot of William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks spending a quiet evening beside the fireplace in the latter's California bungalow. Since Mr. Hart joined the Artcraft Company, which is also making Fairbanks pictures, the two celebrities have become pals. Bill seems to be as engrossed in his gambling operations as he would be in his "bad-man" costume. However, it appears that he is afraid Doug might do some athletic stunt with his coin, for the trusty six-shooter is resting handily on the mantel.

The Brightest Spot in the World

By Effie Leese Scott

THE brightest spot in the world, says Thomas Edison—and he ought to know—is Denver's Blazed Trail through Movieland.

The trail is not long, but the reflection of more than half a million candle power gives it such brilliancy that its rays are seen for miles around.

This district is the heart of the city and takes up but three blocks.

Gigantic electric signs herald the names of many favorites. Charlie Chaplin's name is usually done in red; Marguerite Clarke is blazoned in purple; and the name of Mary Pickford stands out brilliantly in letters of gold.

Denver did not know it provided a home for the brightest spot in the world until Thomas A. Edison went down the Trail.

Said Mr. Edison: "So far as I know, this is the best-lighted district in the world. It makes New York's White Way look drab."

The last theater to be placed on the Blazed Trail was opened last spring. Its completion added seventy thousand more candle power to the half million already illuminating the trail.

A Double-Barreled Celebrity

By Ray Ralston

LIVING peacefully in Fort Lee, New Jersey, the parents of Clara Kimball Young cheerfully testify that "Clara was always a good child."

There is no record that she ever "cried for the moon."

And yet Miss Young, among the most popular of screen actresses, and now the active head of two big producing companies in the motion-picture field, finds herself in her present position almost entirely as the result of a queer and unusual business persistency amounting almost to petulance. She just would have her way, and that "her way," as regards motion-picture matters, has been so unprecedented that it took her a long time to convince any person that she was serious in her intentions.

For years the public has known Miss

Young as a winsome and engaging photo-play star, and for years before her appearance on the screen the world had followed with interest her career on the speaking stage. It was not surprising, then, that she encountered some little difficulty in convincing her associates when she insisted upon applying her knowledge in the photo-play-producing field—and applying it personally and in just the way she thought it ought to be applied.

As Miss Young is situated at present, she is not only the star of her own productions, but is personally supervising every detail of their making and distribution. Although under the management of Harry I. Garson, Miss Young is the commanding figure at all conferences which have to do with her photo plays. And just recently the aggressive film star has launched a new producing company, also under her own direction, which will make and market comedies under the name of the Fun-Art Films, Incorporated.

The fascinating Clara started her acquaintance with theatricals at the somewhat early age of three. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Young, were both distinguished players. With Benton Harbor, Michigan, where she was born, as a sort of hub to the wheel of her travels, Clara visited almost every State in the Union while still a youngster. Her real career, however, in her estimation, begins with an engagement with a Chicago stock company. It was in 1913 that she realized the future of motion pictures and joined Vitagraph at one-fourth of her usual salary. She was extensively featured by World and Selznick before her managerial début.

Miss Young is not "running wild with the bit in her teeth." Her associates have implicit faith in her ability. Nor does she think that she "knows it all." For "Magda," her first picture, she engaged the best director available, without regard for expense, and surrounded herself with a strong supporting cast. Plans already made for the operation of the Fun-Art Films, Incorporated, indicate that the same sensible methods will be used.

Of Miss Young's qualifications as a photo-play star little need be said. She is beautiful, but nature has endowed her also with that elusive attribute of "good taste" without which no screen actress can achieve a lasting popularity. Her choice of gowns for the pictures in which she appears is one that always meets with approval. The dignity of her screen representations, no matter what she is called upon to do, is always convincing; and there is never a suggestion of the thing that is low or coarse. Her peculiar qualifications as a combination photo-play star and business woman, however, are things not so well known.

Miss Young is at once a "woman's woman" and a "man's woman." Her success in her chosen profession is directly the result of the interest she has always taken in her work. Because of this interest, Miss Young has never been satisfied merely to accept her salary for appearing before the camera. She has always insisted upon learning at firsthand just how her efforts were received by the general public. To keep in personal touch with her audiences Miss Young has worked more hours outside of the motion-picture studio than she has worked in it, although this outside work has meant the spending of her own money, not the earning of it. There is not a city of consequence in the United States to which she has not journeyed to mingle personally with her public. There are few men commercially interested in the manufacture, distribution, and exhibition of photo plays whom she does not know. And meeting these men, she has made it her business to acquaint herself with their difficulties.

It is upon the foundation builded

through painstaking work of this kind that Miss Young's present position as the only real actress producer in the motion-picture field is being established. She has convinced her associates that her experience and her seriousness of purpose are of value, and the reins of the big business have been placed in her hands. Miss Young lives the picture business because she loves it —and "loves" is used advisedly, for not only is the picture business capable of "loving" Miss Young, but it does! How successfully she will discharge the difficult duties of such a position; how close contact with the business end will affect her artistic viewpoint, are questions that time alone can answer.

Studio Times in Rimes

By Paul H. Dowling

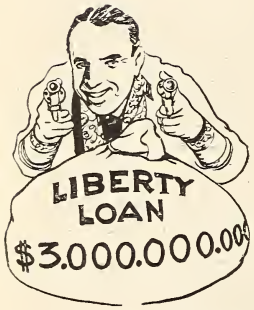
There may be many ructions.

H. C. HOOVER has a note
In which a film producer wrote,
That no real food we should devote
To stage and film productions;
But if the film producer stops
The extra soldiers and the cops
From eating up the movie props—
There may be many ructions.

Mary, Julian, Doug, and Bill,
Who gather millions by their skill,
Have made a picture to instill
A patriotic feeling;
This all-star cast will entertain
For Uncle Sam's new loan campaign,
While younger actors now entrain
For scenes of cannon pealing.

When Theda dons her bathing suit, the facts of history confute.

Mack Sennett's beauties go to swim,
With danger to the life and limb
Of people on the board walk's rim
Who risk collision, staring;
When Theda dons her bathing suit,
And makes her modern Cleo cute,
The facts of history confute—
But we don't waste time caring.



he all-star cast will entertain, for Uncle Sam's new loan campaign.

"Contracts Broken Overnight,"
"Price of Tints Is Out of Sight,"
"Actor Injured in a Fight,"
Headlines show endless trouble;
Some picture men have gone to war—
They've taken hazards times before—
But in a trench it's different, for
There's no chance for a double.

But in a trench it's different, for there's no chance for a double.

"Actress Buys a Rolls Rough Car,"
"Film Star Motors Near and Far,"
"Limousine Wrecked by a Star,"
So say the auto sections;
Unless the press man glibly lied,
The film stars surely are supplied
With many brands of cars to ride,
And must save up collections.

The Comedy Monarch

He started life with a sense of humor and the fact of being a chorus man against him, and to-day he rules the laughs of the world.

By J. B. Waye

Mack Sennett, the King of Comedy.

JUST before the old Biograph Company started to produce its first film dramas, Mack Sennett was a chorus man. He trotted over the boards of New York theaters for a few dollars a week, and spent the evenings in wondering how he could realize his ambitions. And then the Biograph Company started to produce its first picture. Mack Sennett succeeded in becoming connected with the new organization, and began making Keystone comedies. He really made them; he wrote, acted, and directed. From that time on Mack Sennett's career shot ahead like a meteor. He stopped acting entirely and devoted all his time to directing. His comedies were said to be the funniest in the world, and they still are. Sennett grew suddenly famous. He worked for several companies, owned his own, and is now with Paramount. Among others who first reached the pinnacle of fame under Mack Sennett are Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture-playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

DESPITE wars and rumors of wars, the market outlook for the writer of motion-picture plots seems a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The fact is that the supply of good ideas does not equal the demand therefor. We know of several large producing concerns that have adopted a ruling by which their staffs of idea experts must primarily submit *all* scripts first to the home company before endeavoring to dispose of them elsewhere. The genus script writer, be it known, has enjoyed considerable latitude in times past and gone. He has enjoyed the emoluments of a staff salary, and, at the same time, has been submitting his "outside" stuff to others. Now the big companies are demanding that the staff writers submit all of their efforts primarily to the home editors before peddling them. This ruling proves that good ideas are in demand. It proves that the good ideas are so much in demand that the staff writer's output is being guarded.

The synopsis method of writing 'em is also productive. One well-known editor of scenarios, in a chat the other day, remarked: "Since we have offered to pay five hundred dollars for a synopsis that will carry five reels of action, we have received a great many plots from writers evidently new to the field. And some of these ideas are noteworthy, too. Take the young lady of Dallas, Texas, for example. She wrote to me that she had an idea; that she had noticed in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE that synopses were acceptable; should she send it on? I replied in the affirmative. Her plot in synopsis form covered just two pages of manuscript, typewritten. We sent her a check for five hundred dollars. In her acknowledgment, she said: "I have previously refrained from writing for the screen. The reason is that I had gained an idea that the most skillful technique was essential to success. In other words, if I could not submit a 'working scenario' I would be paid little for my effort. Now that I understand that a clearly written synopsis is desired, I feel encouraged to send along my ideas, and you will find that others with the ability to plot will feel likewise."

AS TO PRICES PAID.

We read, a few months ago, that the price for motion-picture plays was decreasing instead of increasing. To quote, "within a short time, with this new synopsis in effect, ten dollars will be the top price." Don't you think that payment ranging from one hundred to five hundred dollars is good remuneration for a page or two of manuscript? Of course, there must be an available idea—an original idea—on said manuscript. But, compared with the prices paid a year or so ago, this is a fortune.

Furthermore, a number of scenario writers are working on royalty contracts. In other words, they have contracts for a certain per cent of the gross receipts of the picture for which they have evolved the plot. We have our doubts as to the royalty plan at present. The returns may not be commensurate. But the signs go to show that nice times have dawned for the screen author, and he is no longer reaping the tares and thistles of disappointment and ill payment.

THE NAMING OF CHARACTERS.

Don't name the Duck De Ignac, who infests the ancestral halls of the Spanish castle, Jackson Jones! Don't do it —have a heart! Make the punishment fit the crime, to quote from Gilbert and Sullivan. Why is it that the ambitious writer persists in misnaming his or her characters? Complaints are frequent and poignant. "For the love o' Pete, look at this!" exclaimed a script reader of our acquaintance recently. We looked. Here was the cast of characters which incited the editor to tear his hair and rage:

Oscar Bushong, Duke of Montmoracy.

Lucinda, his daughter.

Henry Jones, commander of the king's army, et cetera, et cetera.

This is not an exaggeration. The author, casting his characters among European aristocracy, insisted, nevertheless, in giving them true American flavor. The result was laughable. There's everything in naming correctly the characters in your story. Bill Spiffins is not a name to conjure by when the play is cast among the Russian nobility. Neither is Ivan Romanoff applicable when a name is chosen for an American business man. The correct naming of your characters goes for atmosphere, which is something essential to the success of all film dramas.

BREAKFAST FOOD.

Breakfast food, as applied to motion-picture serials, is a hoary-headed joke, perhaps. But on the other hand, if you can write a good movie serial you'll have the wherewithal for breakfast food for some time to come. Any old company will carefully examine any ideas you may have concealed about your person when it comes to motion-picture serials. This fact applies to the producing company that hasn't made a serial in years. Evidently the "boss" is hypnotized by the serial possibilities and is apt to buy. We know of at least two concerns that have purchased serial stories during the past years. The stories were good. Whether they will ever see the screen is another question. In any event, they were purchased and the writers thereof cashed in. The "mystery" series is going out, however, and something new is desirable. The few that have gotten away from mysterious detectives, et cetera, et cetera, have profited. We talked the other day with a man whose business takes him to all the principal cities to interview exhibitors. He said: "The exhibitors are complaining. They tell me they are tired of mysteries, express-train robberies, and the like. They want more love stuff, stuff *not* along the beaten track. A good serial of Western life or of the Far North might prove popular." So here's a good "hunch" for the producers of serials. Get into a new locale, new atmosphere, and please the exhibitors, who naturally cater to the taste of the fans.

SCENARIO COMMITTEES.

The latest in Scriptland is the scenario committee. No longer is the script editor all powerful. Time was when the editor could bundle a script into its return envelope and that was the end. To-day he is aided and abetted by a committee. This policy, formu-

lated by J. A. Berst, vice president of the Pathé Company, is being generally adopted by other concerns with unusual success. The members of the scenario committee usually embrace the scenario editor and the various staff writers. When a likely appearing script is received the editor does not immediately reject or put it up to the "boss," after the method in vogue in the good old days. No, indeed! He summons the members of his committee, and together they go over the scenario or synopsis. Sometimes the offering is unanimously rejected. At other times it receives a unanimous acceptance; there are yet other occasions when the vote is divided. In any event, the author's work receives the best of consideration from a committee composed of experienced readers and writers. The author has no cause for objection, either, for he cannot complain that no serious consideartion is given to his ideas.

AS TO ATMOSPHERE.

Many glaring literary crimes have been committed in the name of atmosphere. When a script carries no story—no punch—just a lot of "comings and goings" and funny-looking "sets," it is supposed to have "atmosphere." When a big, long synopsis about nothing in particular, or a working script filled with pretty subtitles and no action, is submitted to a director and "flivvers," then the author and the others cry to high heaven about "woeful lack of imagination," "inability to read between the lines," et cetera, et cetera. The truth is that a little less atmosphere and more action and story is what is desired in Movieland. The motion-picture play has its limitations. Atmosphere will not screen without a story to carry it. If there is a good story, good action, good plot, the atmosphere will very often take care of itself. If there is no story there cannot be atmosphere. The sooner some authors permit this fact to sink in the better for all concerned. The "little touches" in a film are in the aggregate vital, it is true, but the director of ability will supply the "little touches" himself providing he is given action and punch in the story.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN IN MOVIELAND.

This is the age of the newspaper man in Movieland. It is he that makes the wheels go round. Not only is the newspaper man to be found in the publicity departments of the film companies; he is also honored and sung in the scenario and film-titling departments. What is a film-titling department? Listen! The film-titling department is a separate and distinct office instituted by the enlightened companies who have come to appreciate the value of carefully written and carefully edited captions. Time was when any old title dashed off on the spur of the moment would do. Not so to-day. There is maintained a staff of experts who do nothing but see the pictures, alter, rewrite, and supply subtitles of worth. Many of the title writers are former newspaper men. The real, simon-pure newspaper man who has risen from the ranks knows how to title by hard knocks. He has been compelled to write headlines in which one adjective has served the purpose of a whole paragraph. In other words, he knows the art of "boiling down." He can make words count, and this fits him for a place in the sun as a title writer and editor. These men command large salaries, as they should. It's good stuff, too. The intelligent audience is rarely offended nowadays with an "e" in "judgment," or "thrown" being spelled "throne."

BEWARE THE COSTUME PLAY.

Going to write a costume play? Well, don't do it! The people who buy screen stories seem to possess a deep-seated prejudice against all costume plays. The public wants modern, up-to-date

stuff. Costume plays are a losing proposition all the way from Louis XV to the Spirit of '76. Why the public remains in this frame of mind, and why costume movies as a rule remain unprofitable in spite of occasional exceptions, need not be considered. The fact remains that it is almost a waste of good time to write a period story. Just the same, to our mind, this general opposition to costume stuff should be received with a grain of salt. Looks to us as if some editor became prejudiced against costume plays because one particular production went bad, and announced that he had made a discovery. Then the others did the flock-of-sheep stunt. We are inclined to the thought that one reason why some costume plays have proven failures is poor production. A costume play requires a lot of extra work on the part of the director and his assistants if the dress of the period, the manners, the scenery, the properties, et cetera, are to be correct as to atmosphere and history. Lapses in production may "get by" in modern society drama, but never in a historical drama. There is always some one in the audience who "spots" the blunders and writes in to the "boss" about them. Maybe this is another fact that causes prejudice. But just as the wild-and-woolly Western melodrama came back, there will also be a revival of the costume play. The fans will incline toward it if the production has merit. So, if you have costume stuff, file it away until that halycon time when there will be a demand for the same. That time is not so far off, at that.

THE OLD CREDIT STUFF.

Here it is again—the good old credit line. Came a letter to this department from a well-known authoress about as follows: "I sold the feature in eight reels and embodied in my contract that I be given screen and poster credit. When the contract came back the poster credit line was scratched off, but there wasn't a murmur regarding the rather high royalty I demanded for the story. Can you explain it?" To begin with, the author who has talent enough to write a movie plot worthy of eight reels is certainly entitled to screen and poster credit. We have always held that the author of any plot is entitled to credit. Of course, there is a great difference in the line of exploitation prepared for three or five reelers and for eight reelers. An eight-reel drama is generally sold on the territorial-rights basis, and a line of one, three, six, eight, and twenty-sheet displays are gotten out in addition to slides, heralds, cuts, press sheets, ad cut sheets, lobby display photogarphs, lobby display frames and paintings, et cetera. These all bear the name of the producer, the name of the star, the name of the play—and, pray tell us, why not the name of the author of the play? Some manufacturers will put the author's credit on the screen without a murmur. But when it comes to crediting the author on posters and heralds, in advertisements, et cetera, they will not have it. And it is a mystery why it is so. Frequently the author's name adds class to a picture. There are some scribblers, specializing in photo plays, that are as popular and as well known as writers of books and short stories. The argument is put forth that the writer, if credited on all advertising matter, becomes self-inflated and his or her prices advance. The self-inflation certainly is not so pronounced as in the cases of certain stars, nor are the salary demands so large. Yet where would the star's opportunity be if the writer had not evolved the plot in the development of which the actor makes his impression? Speed the day when there will be no more haggling about author's credit in Filmland. The author is worthy of his hire: he is entitled to credit, and ultimately he will get it!

OUT OF THE BEATEN PATHS.

Get out of the beaten pathways when plotting your dramas. Easier said than done certainly, but it can be accomplished. The deadly triangle, for example, has been a grand old stand-by since pen was first put to paper. The two men and the woman, or the two women and the man, can always he relied on, by some twist or turn, to get the story by. However, there is something new under the sun for the writer of scripts, if he has ears to hear and eyes to see. For example, take the "Skinner's Dress Suit" story. This story first appeared in a widely read weekly magazine, and was founded on the old saying, "Clothes make the man." In brief, the plot had to do with a young fellow who was afraid of the boss—too timid to ask for a raise. Finally his wife induced him to "put up a front," look prosperous, perk up; and the outcome was increased salary and promotion. When that story appeared, thousands read it and propably a baker's dozen appreciated that the yarn was out of the beaten track. The Essanay Company saw the possibilities of the story, filmed it, and the rest is history. There was no triangle, no mysteries, only human nature and human interest. The production has proven one of the most successful of film plays. The public will enjoy a story they understand, action which they perhaps have experienced themselves. Try for the unusual stuff. It is what the producers are crying for.

ACTION AND YET MORE ACTION.

Action, there's the word. The story to-day without it gets nowhere. Go over in your mind the list of book plays that have been filmed as dramas during the past year. With few exceptions, they are works that were brimful of action in book form. Deliver us from "the coming-and-going picture"—meaning the film story in which the characters are always entering or leaving and the real plot does not develop until the final reel. Some of these productions must be blamed upon the manufacturers. They do not like to see a possible five-reel picture cut to two or three reels. A five-reeler is commercially valuable, five times as valuable as a two-reeler. Nevertheless, the time is coming when three reels of "coming and going" and two reels of plot will finally be released as two reels of plot. There are far too many of the other kind of pictures on the market to-day. Forget the "characterization," so-called, and the atmosphere and the "deft touches" and give the market *plots and action.*

INDUSTRIAL PLOTS.

Good market right now for stories of industries. That is, a little plot woven about the merits of laundry machinery compared with the demerits of the washwoman. Or, perhaps, Simpson's Soap is going into the movies. A visit to the soap factory, a weaving in of the soap-making machinery with a thread of a story in which, at the end, baby is seen playing with a large cake of Simpson's. Well, they pay for this stuff. The method now is for an industrial film concern specializing in these stories to engage the services of a writer to "dope out" the scenario. It is the hardest kind of work, and should command the best pay. If you have an opportunity, break into the work. Some writers are especially fitted for it.

THE MARKET BASKET.

The Universal, it is stated, is in the market for good plots of all kinds.

Be sure to inclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope when you submit scripts. Editors are complaining that this little matter is being overlooked. Also type your name and address on the front page of your manuscript, and number the rest. All stories should be typewritten double space.

Scenario Writing From the Director's Viewpoint

By ALLAN DWAN
Director for Douglas Fairbanks

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE offers this month the first of a series of articles on scenario writing which we believe will strike a new level in practical instruction. As every one knows, the real editor, after all is said and done, is the director. It is he that must make the written story into the finished picture; and it is he that has the final say in all practical questions. The editor and the writer on scenario construction fill a necessary place, but when form and theory is done with there are yet other problems unanswered. It is these problems which the director alone can help us solve. Too many young writers have been disappointed through sheer ignorance or mistaken encouragement. We believe that we can serve our readers best not by emphasizing the opportunities and demands of the writing art, nor even by encouraging them to continued efforts along accustomed lines, but by giving them a practical and businesslike acquaintance with the facts.

With this in mind, we have procured the services of Mr. Allan Dwan, director for Douglas Fairbanks, as a regular member of PICTURE-PLAY'S staff. Mr. Dwan's comments, together with those of other directors of his attainments, will appear as a regular department of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

NO one knows just when the art of story-writing came under scientific analysis. Time was, long ago, when authors wrote with an abiding faith in their knowledge of what the public wanted to read, a faith that was shattered again and again until the natural result was an attempt to analyze what made a good story and what didn't. To-day we have as an asset a certain result of this analysis, crude as it is and subject to the unknown foibles of public taste. And in the final analysis, so far as it has taken us, we have at least four things clearly necessary to a good story. They should be the writer's A B C. They are: heart interest, action, suspense, and ultimate justification.

Imagination we must take for granted; without it there is not even a beginning. The other four ingredients are absolutely necessary for every popular story; no one or two or three of them alone will do.

Now, a good reading story is not always a good motion-picture story. Here is another platitude just as well known, but it is by a repetition of platitudes or axioms that help may come to many struggling writers. You learned —in school, or by reading, or by guesswork, or by experience—that fiction is divided, broadly speaking, into two classes—realism and romance. Both classes may contain action; but, speaking broadly again, realism is likely to have much less of it than romance. The breath of fiction romance is action. Character drawing is incidental. The breath of fiction realism is character, minutely described, whether it be the character of an old rocking-chair or the character of a beautiful woman.

Here, then, a paradox sets in. Motion-picture photography is artistic real-

ism, but motion-picture stories demand artistic romance. Character drawing can only be incidental to plot construction in the motion picture. We leave our character drawing to the personality of the players, expressed "on their own" or through the media of the director's ability. But we leave our plot construction, our heart interest, our suspense, and our ultimate justification to the writer, and we are demanding, more and more, that he furnish them to us C. O. D.

Action is the life germ of the picture story. Heart interest is the life nourishment. Suspense is the life stimulant, and ultimate justification is the life joy.

In the early days of writing for the stage, players used to indulge in long "asides," explaining their thoughts and what they contemplated doing. In the silent drama, subtitles answered this purpose, but the writers of the photo drama must now develop their stories so that these screen "asides" are expressed in action just as far as is humanly possible.

When well-known and popular writers first began to be besought for screen stories, they promptly presented the producing companies with their rejected manuscripts, or retired for an hour or two and dashed off a scenario. Now these writers are beginning to appreciate the fact that plays for the screen must be as well and carefully written as plays for the stage, and must be given the same care as to construction, dramatic value, and technique. One author told me recently that he had to work harder for the demands of the screen, as their stories were more exacting than those of many a magazine for which he was constantly writing.

I am frequently asked what is the proper length of the motion picture on the screen. I wish I could tell, but I don't think any one knows. It is quite true that the ordinary first-class story can be told admirably within the space of an hour and fifteen minutes, which is about the average time of a five-reel feature.

But it is perfectly true, too, that many features now told in five reels might be better told in three, or better not told at all. The fact is, however, that all this question of length, footage, time of presentation, et cetera, is wholly dependable upon the very foundation of the dramatic side of motion pictures. That foundation rests simply and wholly in the one word—story. You can take the finest cast of actors that was ever assembled, spend money lavishly on an elaborate production, photograph the entire assemblage exquisitely, and, unless the story you have to tell is a good one, you have a failure on your hands. On the other hand, you can take bad actors, bad production, bad photography, put them in a good story, and wild horses can't drag your audience away until the picture is finished.

It is no easy task for us to find, or for the authors to write, this kind of photo play. The dramatist seems to rely too much upon the spoken title, which is the voice of the actor to him. He has a tendency to sacrifice the thrilling scenes for some well-termed phrase to flash on the screen. Don't spend your whole brain power on titles. Two to one a better title writer will replace your titles for his own after your picture story is accepted.

The novelist seems unable to narrow his actions down to the limitations of the camera. He gives his descriptions and his characters too large a field in which to work. He describes some thrilling incident in such a manner that if it is photographed as written it would be merely a waving of arms to the audience.

The new school of photo-dramatic writers seems to be coming from a younger generation. Newspaper men and women seem to be especially well qualified for this work. The perfect

drama has as yet, however, not been written for the same reason that, as yet, the perfect American drama has not appeared on the stage.

All these things you know, but they are very easy things to forget, especially if the writer is a beginner. Understand fully what is meant by heart interest, action, suspense, and ultimate justification. Many writers don't. And when you understand these four, call up your imagination, forget the subtitles, and tell a *story*. There are not many new plots in the world, but there are infinite variations of the old ones. Avoid conventionality, but don't get too bizarre. You must stick to life, no matter what fateful melodramatic turns your story of life is to take. And you must stick to logic at all hazards. The death of many a play and many a picture is because there has been furnished no answer to the critic's question, "Why did the hero do that?"

That's a good word to bear in mind, that "why." Your every line of action must have a reason, and a reason that satisfies not only you, but every one else, with a curious mind.

Another good word to keep in mind is "struggle." Drama is made up of some struggle or other, either between two inanimate forces, between two characteristics, between two representatives of characteristics, or between two fundamental traits of human nature. While the struggle is on, the story is alive. When the struggle is at its height, the suspense is at its height. When one force or the other is winning, the dénouement is in the offing, and when the struggle is won your ultimate justification must shine forth in all its life joy.

It's a man's size task, this picture-story writing, and there's a man's size reward waiting for the one who is successful at it.

COLOR BLIND

SOME rave about the girls with eyes as blue as summer skies,
And others sing of night-black orbs. The girl that prompts *my* sighs
Has eyes that are bewildering, but whether dark or light
Is far beyond my power to tell. I only know they're *right*.

Some rave about the girl with hair as brown as shadowed streams,
And others sing of golden locks. The girl that haunts *my* dreams
Has little curls that fascinate; but raven-hued or gold
I cannot tell. I only may their loveliness behold.

Some rave about the girl whose dress is one sweet color scheme,
They sing of radiant Afghan skirts and waists that fairly scream.
My girl—you'll say I'm color blind!—the girl I'd like to wed
Has never yet worn pink or mauve or orange, blue, or red.

Unique—of course she is unique, this girl that I adore;
From hat to shoes no color hint, yet at her feet I pour
My heart's complete devotion while she smiles from out the screen,
And I enraptured sit and watch. My girl's a movie queen.

EVERETT LEIGHTON.

Joan of Plattsburg

In which the modern "Maid of Orleans" receives her message in the basement of an orphan asylum.

By Will H. Johnston

LIFE for Joan was just one uninspiring thing after another, with nothing to look forward to but a succession of dreary days, for Joan was fatherless, motherless, and her horizon was bounded by the picket fence around the asylum.

But Joan had imagination and a keen sense of humor; a combination all too manifest in the mischievous pranks she played—pranks that delighted her sad-eyed companions and gave Albrecht Bauer, the superintendent of the institution, more than one bad quarter of an hour.

There was, for instance, the day of the review at the cantonment close by. Joan sneaked off and, perched on the limb of a tree; her soul was thrilled by the music of the band and the flutter of the flag and the tread of marching

feet. It was a big day at the camp. Baron Makarenko, a distinguished foreigner, was present, and declared to a group of reporters that it was the most inspiring scene he had ever gazed upon. So also thought John Greenlaw Ingleton, the old inventor, who had come over from his home at the northern limit of the cantonment to witness the spectacle.

But the man who stirred Joan more than all the rest was a massive, red-faced, frock-coated senator, who thumped the rail of a little platform, and told the men in khaki that they could lick the world.

"The rest of us who must stay at home are going to back you up," he roared, "and I pledge you here that every man, woman, and child is going to do his bit."

Joan's hands came together, leading a burst of applause that made the charter orphan forgetful of her precarious position, and she fell from the tree. Fortunately a lower limb broke her fall, and she toppled to the ground more dismayed than hurt.

It was Captain Lane himself, aided by the distinguished foreign attaché, Baron Makarenko, who picked her up.

"No bones broken, I hope?" said the young captain.

Joan looked up into the kindly blue eyes of Captain Lane.

"No, sir," she managed to gulp out, her face crimsoning; then she squirmed out of his arms and scuttled back to the asylum.

Superintendent Bauer was not in sight. He was frequently invisible in these stirring days. The truth was he gave much less thought to the orphans than he gave to a secret room approached from his study through an innocent-looking grandfather's clock—a room where he had installed a wireless outfit.

Joan, in the absence of Authority, assembled the children, and, arming them with pickets wrested from the fence, put them through a set of maneuvers that would have astonished a drill master.

While the fun was at its height, Albrecht Bauer came on the scene, and Joan's punishment might have been severe had not Captain Lane and his friend the inventor, following the review, strolled in the direction of the orphan asylum, and entered the grounds just as Bauer came up with Joan.

Bauer caught sight of them, and his frown vanished. A mask of pleasure hid his feelings.

"Fine work," said Captain Lane. "I am glad to see this splendid spirit of patriotism."

"Patriotism knows no limits," said Bauer unctuously.

Joan, the charter orphan, trembled. She had gotten into trouble again, and as she felt the gaze of Captain Lane's blue eyes fixed on her she tried to make her tall figure less conspicuous.

But Captain Lane called to her.

"Uncle Sam is proud of you," he said, smiling. "You are a regular little Joan of Arc."

"Please, sir, who was Joan of Arc?" asked the charter orphan.

"Maid of Orleans," he answered. "She was a girl who put on helmet and breastplate, fought in the army, and saved her country. She heard voices in the skies and obeyed the voices."

When Captain Lane and the inventor retired, Albrecht Bauer walked abstractedly to his study. He lifted the telephone and called a number. Then: "That you, Miggs? Get over here right away!"

Ten minutes later a stocky little man, clean shaven, with scars on his face giving it a sinister appearance, sent in his card.

"Show Mr. Miggs in," the superintendent directed, "and see that we are undisturbed."

"What's happened?" asked Miggs, entering the study and looking about him with frightened eyes.

"Nothing yet," answered Bauer, "but something has got to happen quick. I'm getting nervous. Lane and old Ingleton were here——"

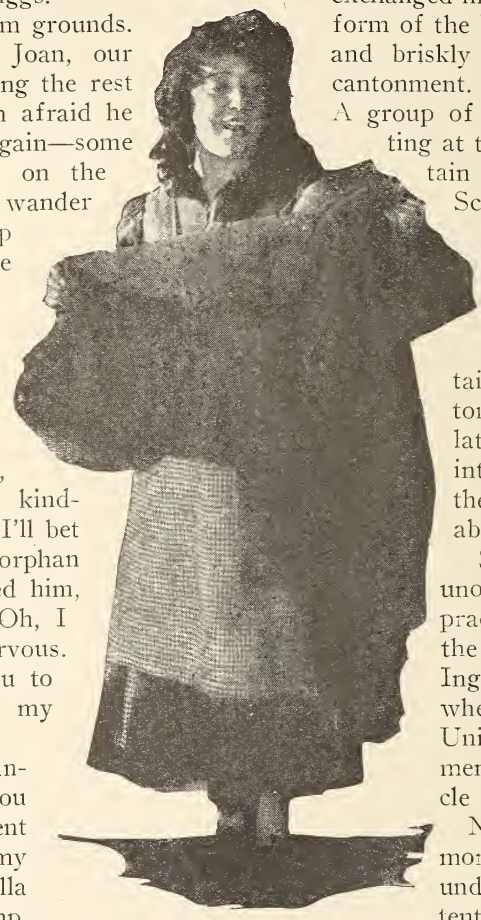
"Here!" gasped Miggs.

"Only in the asylum grounds. Came in to watch Joan, our charter orphan, drilling the rest of the children. I'm afraid he will come here again—some time when I'm not on the lookout Lane will wander in again, and his sharp ears will hear the wireless——"

"But why should he come here? Does he suspect any——"

"Suspect? Who knows? Anyway, he's one of these kind-hearted fellows, and I'll bet this precious charter orphan of ours has interested him, and he'll be back. Oh, I guess I'm just nervous. But what I want you to do is take Joan off my hands."

"That's easy," answered Miggs. "You know my assignment as farmer includes my keeping a sarsaparilla stand close to the camp. I can put Joan on at the stand to help Mrs. Miggs."



"Here's my chance to be a real live soldier," she cried.

"Go to it," said Bauer. "Keep her out of my sight during the day; that's all I ask. She can return here nights, and still remain on the books of the institution. Meantime I want to be sure if Lane's visit here was sure-enough innocent or whether he suspects something. Better send Schmerz right away to Lane's tent and have him make a search for papers."

Schmerz was Mr. Miggs' hired man, and a capable workman, but he had other qualities more highly esteemed by the German secret intelligence bureau. At a word from Mr. Miggs he exchanged his overalls for a uniform of the United States army, and briskly strode toward the cantonment.

A group of officers stood chatting at the entrance of Captain Lane's tent, and Schmerz eyed them from a distance while he debated his course.

Presently they were joined by Captain Lane and Ingleton, the inventor. The latter apparently had interesting news, for the officers gathered about him, absorbed.

Schmerz approached unobserved. "I have practically completed the invention," he heard Ingleton say, "and when I present it to the United States government it will make Uncle Sam invincible."

Not waiting to hear more, Schmerz dived under Captain Lane's tent, and after a hasty search opened the officer's trunk with a skeleton key. Among the papers which he hurriedly glanced at there was none that indicated that Lane was advised of the secret wireless. But there were dispatches that interested him, and as he was perusing these the lid of the trunk closed with a bang.

The officers stared bewilderedly at

one another for an instant—a precious instant that gave Schmerz time to get out of the tent. And when Lane and the others entered they found the trunk forced, papers in disorder, but no trace of the intruder.

"A thief, or a spy—which?" muttered Lane. But no answer was forthcoming, and though the alarm was sent out Schmerz managed to escape and make his report to Miggs.

Joan was delighted with her new job as dispenser of soft drinks, and her pretty face drew a crowd of good-natured soldiers to her stand—much to the delight of the practical Mrs. Miggs, who was more concerned with the cash in hand than with the promised rewards that were to come from the German agents for Mr. Miggs' valuable assistance.

It was on the second morning after she had been assigned to her new duties that Joan made a discovery that startled her. While she was sweeping the floor the broom caught on a bit of clothing, and being unable to brush it away she bent to remove it with her fingers. She discovered that it projected from a crack in the flooring, and exploring further she discovered a trapdoor. Lifting this, she saw a suit of khaki, evidently flung hurriedly into the hole in the floor.

There was no one about, and the girl gathered up the khaki suit, and running out to a clump of bushes hid it there. She had no thought of the significance of the uniform; it was sheer mischief that inspired her actions. Then she carefully closed the trapdoor and resumed her sweeping.

But Joan's thoughts were with the khaki suit hidden in the bushes that day; she made many mistakes, and finally Mrs. Miggs drove her out of the stand.

As if waiting for dismissal, Joan darted to the shelter of the bushes. "Here's my chance to be a real live soldier," she cried, and hastened to array herself in the khaki suit. Making a detour she came out on the road as a heavily laden motor lorry was passing. Reckless of consequences, she made a dive for the rear end of the truck, and hauled herself to an insecure seat among the boxes that hid her from the driver.

In this fashion she reached the cantonment, and seeing some evident rookies being initiated into the mysteries of drill she ran to join them.

Joan's campaign hat was pulled down over her curls, and as she ran it settled down more firmly over her forehead till it shut out her vision, and she only came to a stop when she found she had cannoned into the sweating sergeant who was putting the rookies through their paces.

The sergeant swore and flung Joan back into line. She reeled, stumbled, and managed to maintain her balance, but alas for the big hat! It was jerked from her head, and the mass of dark hair fluttered free.

The sergeant gasped. The rookies roared with laughter. Joan was on the verge of tears. "Now they'll shoot me as a spy," she gasped.

"What's this?" asked a familiar voice, and Joan looked up into the blue eyes of Captain Lane. "Why, it's the little girl from the institution!" he cried. "What are you——"

He stopped, his eyes fastened on the left sleeve of Joan's uniform. After the discovery that his tent had been entered by a spy, he had made a thorough search, and found a triangular piece of khaki evidently torn from a uniform. Now, to his amazement, he saw the orphan girl attired in a khaki suit that had a rent in the sleeve.

"Come with me," he commanded peremptorily, and taking Joan's arm he led her to his car, waiting near by.

"Drive to Mr. Ingleton's," he directed the chauffeur. Then to Joan: "Now, little girl, don't be afraid. I want to be your friend. I can't believe you are either a spy or a thief. Answer me truthfully: Where did you get that uniform?"

And Joan told him of how she had accidentally come upon it in Miggs' little shop. "I didn't know I was doin' nothin' wrong," she pleaded. "Somethin' told me to put it on, an' I put it on. Maybe it was them there voices that Joan of Arc heard."

Captain Lane looked into the innocent eyes of the charter orphan.

"I believe you are right," he said slowly. "There is a deeper game here than I can understand." They had come to the entrance gates of Ingleton's estate, and Captain Lane directed the chauffeur to stop. "It is not far from here to Mr. Miggs' place?" he said interrogatively.

"No," answered Joan. "Just a short bit. I can run it easy."

"Well, Joan, here's what I want you to do. Put that uniform back where you found it. Tell no one of this. Keep an eye on Mr. Miggs and his friends. Come to me here at Mr. Ingleton's to-night, and let me know what happens. You will probably be stopped by a sentry. Show him this, and it will admit you," and he handed her a card on which he had written:

Admit bearer to see me at any time.
F. R. Lane, Captain Adjutant.

Joan scampered off, thrilling with a sense of her new importance. Unobserved, she reached the bushes, and quickly slipped out of the khaki suit and resumed her own unlovely garb. She concealed the army uniform, hoping for an opportunity to return it to the hole in the floor later on. Then nonchalantly she strode over to the stand.

"Where have you been?" demanded Mrs. Miggs.

"Why, you told me to get out, and I got," said Joan simply.

"Well, never mind that," snapped Mrs. Miggs. "Get busy now. There's a lot of glasses to be washed, and I've been on my feet so long I feel I'll drop." And, leaving Joan in charge, she walked off to an anteroom, where she heartened herself with a sip from a gin bottle, and lay down to rest.

Joan's opportunity had come sooner than she expected, and it took but a few moments to transfer the khaki suit to the hole in the floor and close the trapdoor.

Joan was on the verge of tears. "Now they'll shoot me as a spy!" she gasped.

Dutifully Joan made her way that night to the home of Mr. Ingleton, and haughtily passing Fox, the secret-service man detailed to guard the inventor, who challenged her, but was silenced by the presentation of the card, she reported to Captain Lane that she had carried out instructions, replacing the uniform and keeping watchful eye on the trapdoor in the floor.

"But nothin' happened, sir," she added. "Mr. Miggs ain't been near the place all day."

"You've done well, little Joan," said Captain Lane.

He had been alone in the inventor's library when Joan was ushered in, but now Mr. Ingleton entered. He smiled as he saw the visitor.

"Ah, here's our little Joan," he said.

"Please, sir, can I ask you a question?" said Joan, looking up shyly into the old man's face.

"Surely," he answered.

"Who was this Joan of Arc that you gentlemen spoke of t'other day."

Ingleton went to his library and brought out a book.

"Here's the whole story," he said. "You can read?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, take this book along with you, and you will know all about the Maid of Orleans."

With her treasure tucked under her arm, Joan went back to the asylum, and, creeping in under the porch, she made her way to a cubbyhole in the corner of the cellar which she called her nursery, and here she lit a candle and plunged into the romantic story.

The next day Joan carried her precious book with her to the refreshment stand, and hid it under the counter. And at dusk, when she journeyed back along the path through the fields she reread its pages by the fading light.

"One day Joan was alone with her sheep," she read, *"and she heard voices that seemed to come from overhead."*

She read no further, for above her there was a strange whirring sound, and faintly to her ears came the sound of voices.

It was an aëroplane flying low, but Joan did not dare look up.

"Voices!" she whispered in awe, and in sheer terror she closed the book and ran back to the asylum.

She crept to her secret hiding place under the porch, intending to put away the book before joining the other children, but for a moment she sat down on an upended box to ponder over the strange thing that had happened.

"Maybe I'm another Joan of Arc," she mused.

Once again her ears were assailed by strange noises—a curious crackling that came from above. Then came indistinctly a voice:

"Lane will be put out of the way immediately. Ingleton will be killed or kidnaped within a week. Pass the word. Stand by for instructions."

It was Albrecht Bauer decoding for the benefit of his friend Miggs in the secret wireless room a message he had just received.

But Joan, obsessed with the thought of the supernatural "voices," and feeling that she was the new Joan of Arc, waited for no more. She plunged out of the cellar and ran to the cantonment. A sentry stopped her, but she told him to stand aside. "Captain Lane!" she cried. "I must see him at once, I tell you!"

The sentry grinned. "If the business is of great importance," he said good-naturedly, "you'll find him at Mr. Ingleton's home over there." He made a wide gesture, and added: "But I advise you, little girl, to leave your message with me, and I will see that he gets it when he returns to camp."

"No, no," she said. "I must see him at once—him and Mr. Ingleton, too."

She was off like a flash.

Fox, the secret-service man at In-

gleton's, allowed her to pass, and she rushed into the library, where Captain Lane and the inventor were studying some blue prints.

"The voices—the voices!" Joan gasped. "They have spoken to me just like they spoke to Joan of Arc. But oh, what they have said! It's awful! They told me that you, captain"—and she pointed a thin little finger at the soldier—"are to be killed immejut, and that Mr. Ingleton is to be either killed or kidnaped in a week."

To her chagrin they did not appear to be alarmed. Indeed, Captain Lane smiled as he put his arm around the frightened girl and said: "The voices have probably told you what is in the hearts of some men, little Joan, but we have taken every precaution to protect ourselves."

"Oh, sir, you will be careful," Joan pleaded.

"Indeed we will, Joan; very, very careful."

"And," she added, "the voices told me to stand by for 'instructions.' What's them, sir?"

Captain Lane looked puzzled. "It means they will tell you what to do—but I think you must have read that out of a book," he said, smiling. "But run along now. I will keep a sharp lookout for the people who are going to kill Mr. Ingleton and myself."

It was said jestingly, but when Joan had gone Lane's brow was furrowed; his lips were set in a straight line. "I don't know how much the girl knows or how much of it is sheer imagination," he mused, "but she is right about Ingleton's danger, though she's wrong about mine. There would be reason for a German spy to put Ingleton out of business, but an army captain more or less wouldn't be worth the risk." Then he shook himself and laughed. "Pooh! The girl's chatter is making me foolish."

But his forebodings would not down, and he voiced his thoughts to Ingleton. "I don't take much stock in what she says," he added shamefacedly, "but there's such a thing as woman's intuition that I don't profess to understand. One thing is certain—the girl is quite right when she says somebody will try to kill you, Ingleton."

The inventor shrugged his shoulders. "Probably," he said easily. "But Fox, the secret-service man, isn't asleep."

"A good man," said Captain Lane. "But it's hard to tell who is a friend and who a foe these days. I hate to speak of it, Ingleton, but there is one man I don't like—I mean our distinguished visitor, Baron Makarenko——"

"One of the most charming men I ever met," interrupted the inventor. "Widely traveled, well read, a gentleman of the world, and a man with an extraordinary brain. There's no harm in telling you that he has been of great assistance to me in my laboratory——"

"Do you mean to say you have shown him your invention?"

"Not so fast, my dear captain. Neither the baron nor any one else but myself knows that secret. But there are details of it we have discussed, and, as I say, he has been most helpful."

"Well, there is no need to warn you to be careful, I suppose."

Ingleton threw back his head and broke into a roar of laughter. "To think that Captain Lane could be scared by a little girl!" he chuckled. "Truly, this new Joan of Arc is a wonder!"

"Stand by for instructions." This was the command of the "voices" that Joan could not forget. "I wonder when I am to get my instructions," she mused. Then her eyes brightened. "When they come I must be ready for them. My armor? What will I do for armor? Joan of Arc must have had her helmet and breastplate all ready when her instruction came."

Next day the lid of the wash boiler

was missing from the laundry. This was Joan's breastplate; for helmet she found an old tin pot, and she made herself a sword of fence pickets. These she stowed away in the corner of the cellar, confident that some day the voices would give her a mission. But when they spoke again it was to continue to point out what was to happen. This was their latest message:

"The arsenal will be destroyed to-day."

Up in the secret wireless room Bauer and Miggs were clicking out an O. K. to the unseen sender of the message, while Joan was speeding to the camp.

This time Lane gave patient attention to the girl.

"The arsenal—it is impossible," he said, but as he gazed toward the big building guarded only by two sentries he had his doubts about its security. Lane had been in his tent when Joan arrived, and he walked with her across the parade ground.

Suddenly an explosion shook the ground; cries of alarm rang out; men were running everywhere. Lane stopped and swung around. His face grew ashen.

"You were right," he said, through white lips. "That was my tent that blew up. A narrow escape for me. If you hadn't come——"

He was interrupted by a second and more terrific blast. The arsenal was in flames, and how many lives had been snuffed out by this second and terrible explosion no one could tell.

Lane ran to command the fire fighters. Joan was forgotten in the confusion, and out of the inferno of disaster she fled back to her sanctuary in the cellar.

"Stand by for instructions," the voices had said. Surely, surely these instructions must come now. She buckled on the wash-boiler breastplate and was fastening the tin-pot helmet when a crackling overhead warned her that another communication was coming—and it was the most important communication Bauer was to receive by wireless. He decoded for Miggs: "Everything as planned. On you now depends the safety of all. Take entire command of all your men around the camp, and leave at once."

Joan peered out of her cubbyhole. Old Dobbin was peacefully grazing

"The voices told me to stand by for 'instructions.' What's them, sir?"

near by. The shouts of the other children came from the yard at the other side of the house. There was no one in sight.

"Joan of Arc had a horse," she told herself. And with the thought her eyes fastened on old Dobbin, and scrambling to the back of the faithful old steed this modern Joan of Arc, arrayed in kitchen armor, rode to the cantonment.

Of all in the neighborhood only Ingleton seemed to be undisturbed by the explosion. He was engrossed with his invention—on the brink of his great discovery; and it would have taken more than the blowing up of an arsenal to drag him from his laboratory. Baron Makarenko was alone with him, courteously keeping his distance from the inventor while he worked. The explosion rocked the building, but Ingleton, beyond a hasty glance about him, paid no attention. Suddenly a burst of flame leaped up from the steel plate on which he had been working.

"I have it!" he cried. "I have it!"

"Good!" said the baron. "Tell me about it."

"No, no," said Ingleton. "This is for the ears of the secretary of war alone. I must go to Washington immediately."

"I think you will tell me," insisted the baron, and he whipped out an automatic pistol.

Ingleton stared in astonishment, but he did not flinch. "So this is the kind of friend you are!" he cried. "Lane warned me against you."

"Lane will never warn anybody else in this world," snapped the baron. "Once for all, are you going to give me your secret?"

"No!"

The inventor expected to be shot instantly—but better death than the betrayal of his country. Baron Makarenko did not shoot. Instead, he flung himself on the old man, and throttled him into unconsciousness. Then he went to the window and signaled his chauffeur. Between them they carried Ingleton to the automobile, and placed him on the floor of the tonneau and drove off.

Makarenko nodded to Fox at the entrance. "Bad explosion at the camp, evidently," he said. "I'm going over to see if I can be of any help. By the way, Mr. Ingleton seems confident he will complete his invention to-night, and he does not wish to be disturbed."

"Cleverly done," chuckled the chauffeur, as his foot pressed the accelerator. "Miggs' place, I suppose."

"Yes, and don't spare the juice."

Smiles and tears were intermingled at the scene of the explosion when Joan, in her kitchen armor, mounted on old Dobbin, and waving a wooden sword, demanded audience with Captain Lane immediately.

A mischievous rookie directed her to the commandant's tent, and Joan dismounted and plunged in.

Captain Lane, his face blackened with smoke, and the veteran commanding officer were in conference.

Joan made a heroic gesture. "I have come to take command," she said. "The voices have bidden me."

Lane had spoken of the girl to the

Cast of "Joan of Plattsburg"

Written from the Goldwyn picture play by Porter Emerson Brown

Joan	Mabel Normand
Captain Lane	Robert Elliott
Albrecht Bauer	William Frederic
John Ingleton	Joseph Smiley
Miggs	John W. Dillon

commandant, and while both men were amused Lane felt there must be something behind Joan's hallucination.

"Listen, girl," he said. "I want you to tell me all about these messages."

"Oh, but the last one was so wonderful!" she cried. And she repeated it word for word.

"There is something supernatural about you," said the young captain. "Tell us just where you heard these voices and all you can remember about them."

She gave a résumé of what the mysterious voices had said, and spoke of the strange crackling that preceded or followed them.

"By Heaven, it's a secret wireless!" Captain Lane burst out suddenly. He conferred with the commandant a few minutes, and then summoned a detail of soldiers. "Now, Joan," he said, turning to the girl, "this is indeed where you take command. Lead us to the place where you heard the voices."

And Joan wonderingly placed herself at the head of the soldiers and led them back to her cubbyhole.

In the secret wireless room Ingleton sat propped up in a chair, weak and dazed. Over him towered Baron Makarenko. Bauer still sat at the wireless sounder. Miggs paced up and down.

"Come," Makarenko was saying. "You may as well give us your secret and save your life." But the old man shook his head. "I don't think you know what *schrechlichkeit* means."

"All the torture in the world won't move me from my determination," said Ingleton stoutly.

Bauer waved them to silence. He was taking another message.

"Leave when ready," he decoded. "Submarine waiting at Grimport."

The door burst open. Joan, Captain Lane, and a file of soldiers pressed into the little room.

The trio of plotters were speedily overpowered.

"Here are your voices, Joan," said Captain Lane, smiling.

Joan was on the verge of tears. "Then I'm not a Joan of Arc at all!"

"Indeed you are," said Lane, and he put his arm around her. "You have done more for your country than any one of us. I'm going to put you in the care of Mr. Ingleton here—or put him in your care, which is more to the point. Will you wait—till I get back from France?"

"It isn't like the book," she blushed, "but—sure!"

Joan made a heroic gesture. "I have come to take command, "she said." "The voices have bidden me."

Sloppy Sacrifice

By B. King

THE motion-picture heroine,
To prove that she is nice,
Must lay aside all common sense
And make a sacrifice.
If futile, all the better—
It's another chance to weep
In close-ups with great, gasping sobs
Yanked up from way down deep.
For instance, here we have big sis—
A Juno tall and grave.
She loves the handsome hero who
Is curly-haired and brave.
He loves her, too. Oh, goodness me!
They love like all possessed!
Then enter little sister sweet—
A fluffy, giggling pest.
With bobbing curls and twinkling feet
She corners her pet birds,
And tells them that the hero's hair
Is just too sweet for words.
The artless child is not alone—
Behind a handy screen
Big sister tears her noble breast
And pulls her biggest scene.
She registers all sorts of things,
Then resignation. Grand!
Before your very eyes she tears
Her heart out with her hand.
If little sister likes the guy
She's gotta turn him down
So hard that he'll denounce her as
The meanest thing in town.
Her little sister's happiness
Is what she's driving at.
The hero doesn't want the kid,
Of course, but what of that?
It's up to him to marry her
And make her happy (?) while
The fade-away gives Juno
Fifty feet of sad, sweet smile.

THREE IN ONE

Jackie Saunders likes tea. To be frank about the matter, she loves it. So she had a tea party, and the guests were Jackie, Miss Saunders, and herself. Here is the merry trio at the favorite Chinese pastime. And we almost forgot—the guests were required to be in costume.

The Uncom- Depart-

Pictorial anachronisms eyed editorial

Bobby Harron and Mae Marsh look very nice indeed, we should say, in this picture of the early sixties. So does the electric library lamp—invented, we suppose, by some unhonored Edison, and supplied with current generated by a merry-go-round motor, operated by perspiring slaves.

This picture should be copied by the scientific magazines, for William Fox has made a discovery. Cleopatra (Theda Bara) wore heels on her sandals!

Br-r-r! Button your coat around your ears and take another look. Yes, you are in Alaska with Bill Farnum, and it's cold as blazes. But nothing can chill our doughty hero. He doesn't mind the furs, but gloves, pshaw! He'll lick Jack Frost bare-handed!

plimentary ment

spotted by our eagle-detective.

Ann Pennington is going to bed. Lovely, isn't it? Satin pajamas, lace coverlet—oh, boy! Curious thing about Ann, though. Never heard of anybody like her. She wears her stockings, apparently, all night long.

"Bobby Connolly driving his new touring car," chortles the press agent. Well, first, who issued his license; and second, who taught him to hold a steering wheel by the bottom? If Bobby wants revenge we suggest that he take the p. a. for a ride.

Oh, lovey dovey! Lookit how cute Margarita Fischer thinks she looks on the parlor taboret in her fluffy-ruffles bathing suit. And the bathroom linoleum on top of the model stand (steamer trunk) is so suggestive of the sea, isn't it.

"Big Annie" is, by all the external evidence, a poor woman. It is equally apparent, considering her domestic attire and occupation, that she must be thrifty. But even if she were not—which brings us to the point—why burn a lamp when plenty of daylight is shining through the windows?

The logic book tells us that although all horses are quadrupeds, all quadrupeds are not horses. And the book of good taste tells us that although the bizarre is unusual, all unusual things are by no means necessarily bizarre. But perhaps Miss Pearson isn't fond of reading. We cannot see why an actress of her accomplishments should resort to such crude devices as this in order to appear "different."

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

ALLAN DWAN, until recently director general of the Eastern Triangle Studios, and before that a director for the same organization on the West coast, where he supervised some of the earlier Douglas Fairbanks Fine Arts subjects, is once more to boss "Doug" about, for he has been signed to direct a Fairbanks-Artcraft picture once in about every ten weeks. Betweenwhiles John Emerson, who has staged all the Fairbanks-Artcraft subjects to date, will take the man of the million-dollar smile in hand. With two such energetic and capable bosses as Dwan and Emerson, it looks like a hard winter for Doug, but perhaps the exercise will help to keep him warm at least, and accordingly we shan't be surprised if even more than the usual amount of "athletic stuff" is screened in forthcoming Fairbanks' subjects.

Allan Dwan, who will alternate with John Emerson as director for Douglas Fairbanks.

Geraldine Farrar, famous grand opera star, who, overnight, as it were, became one of the foremost players in filmland by reason of her triumph in such vehicles as "Carmen," "Joan the Woman," and more recently "The Woman that God Forgot," is nearly through with another big one called "The Devil's Stone," which is declared to be fully up to the standard of her earlier successes. This may be her last Artcraft picture, as rumor has it that Geraldine, at the conclusion of her present Artcraft contract, will become a Goldwyn star. The addition of Farrar to the Goldwyn galaxy of players will give that organization an array of talent consisting of Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, Maxine Elliott, Jane Cowl, Mary Garden, Mabel Normand, and Geraldine Farrar, which every fan will agree is what an intoxicated press agent would call "a glit-

tering, gorgeous galaxy of scintillating stars."

Ethel Barrymore has a new director in "Red Horse Hill," her newest Metro picture, which is a film version of the novel of the same title by Sidney McCall. Frank Reicher is the man, and he comes to the Metro organization from the Lasky camp, where he directed such well-remembered Paramount subjects as "The Case of Becky," "The Black Wolf," and "For the Defense." Although Mr. Reicher's experience in motion pictures has been comparatively brief, he is possessed of a wondrous technique, acquired during the days when he was acting with Julia Marlowe, and later stage managing for Charles Dillingham, in the companies headed by Frank Daniels, Lulu Glaser, and other Dillingham stars. His last work on the speaking stage was as stage director for Henry B. Harris. In Miss Barrymore he feels that he has one of the most wonderful actresses that ever penciled an eyebrow, and is entering upon his work for Metro with an unusual degree of optimism. So we are waiting with bated breath, as it were.

Ethel Barrymore, under the direction of Frank Reicher, promises to become more popular than ever.

Somebody once remarked that "Brevity is the soul of wit." William Fox, while possessed of no intention to be witty, undoubtedly believes in brevity, for a glance over the titles of recent Fox attractions shows that their titles have been unusually short. Excepting the filming of books in which the picture retained the original title, out of some thirty-eight five and six-reel Fox attractions, a total of only one hundred and eight words were used in the titles —an average of 2.8 words per film. Twelve of these thirty-eight pictures had titles consisting of but two words, sixteen used three words, and eight required four words. In explaining this strange brevity in the use of words the Fox organization declares that "the average picturegoer may not realize it, but a decision to see one of two films will depend usually upon which of them has the more appealing title. It is therefore necessary to consider psychology of human

The greatest collection of stars ever assembled in one production, either on screen or stage, is that which forms the cast of the picture-play recently staged to stimulate interest in the Second Liberty Loan. In this film Mary Pickford turns bandit and at the point of Bill Hart's own six-shooter relieves Doug Fairbanks, Hart, Julian Eltinge, and Theodore Roberts of most of their worldly goods. Other "stars" of civic life who appear in the picture are President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo, and Thomas Edison. Dozens of prominent stage and screen favorites are represented.

emotions in naming a play. The odds, too, are on the side of the short, pithy title, made up of one or two simple words, easy to remember, hence our decision to economize in words. Then, too, the producer has to think of billboards and electric signs, so there is a double reason for the short, snappy title."

Out at the Empire All-Star Studios, in Glendale, Long Island, where Director Dell Henderson is converting former Charles Frohman stage successes into attractive film offerings, with such a sterling little star as Ann Murdock in the leading rôles, "Please Help Emily," one of the most enjoyable of all the Charles Frohman attractions, is now in the making. Many of the former Frohman players have reassembled under the studio lights, and included in

the cast of this latest Ann Murdock production are to be found Ferdinand Gottschalk, Rex McDougal, Hubert Druce, Amy Veness, and John Harwood. While several of these names are new to the screen, they mean much in the world of the speaking stage, and, following the release of the film via the Mutual exchanges, the fans will look forward with pleasure to seeing them again and again.

Screen Gossip of last month chronicled the fact that Henry Walthall, former star of the Essanay forces, and famous the world over for his creation of the leading rôle in "The Birth of a Nation," has arranged to head an organization of his own to make Paralta pictures. Since that copy was written, still another star has become a Paralta lead. We refer to Rhea Mitchell, whom every fan will recall for her splendid rôles in such Thomas H. Ince productions as "On the Night Stage," "The Beckoning Flame," "D'Artagnan," and "The Brink," besides playing the feminine lead in such American-Mutual photo dramas as "The Gilded Youth," "His Brother's Keeper," "The Overcoat," and "The Sable Blessing." Miss Mitchell has contracted to appear in eight big Paralta plays a year, and will stage her productions at the same studio in which Warren Kerrigan, Bessie Barriscale, and Henry Walthall are at work. She will have the benefit of the same general staff, headed by Robert Brunton, production manager, R. Holmes Paul, art director, and Robert T. Kane, vice president of Paralta, as general supervising manager. She will make her début under the new film brand in a play from the pen of Hayden Talbot, which the press department refers to as a "modern morality play."

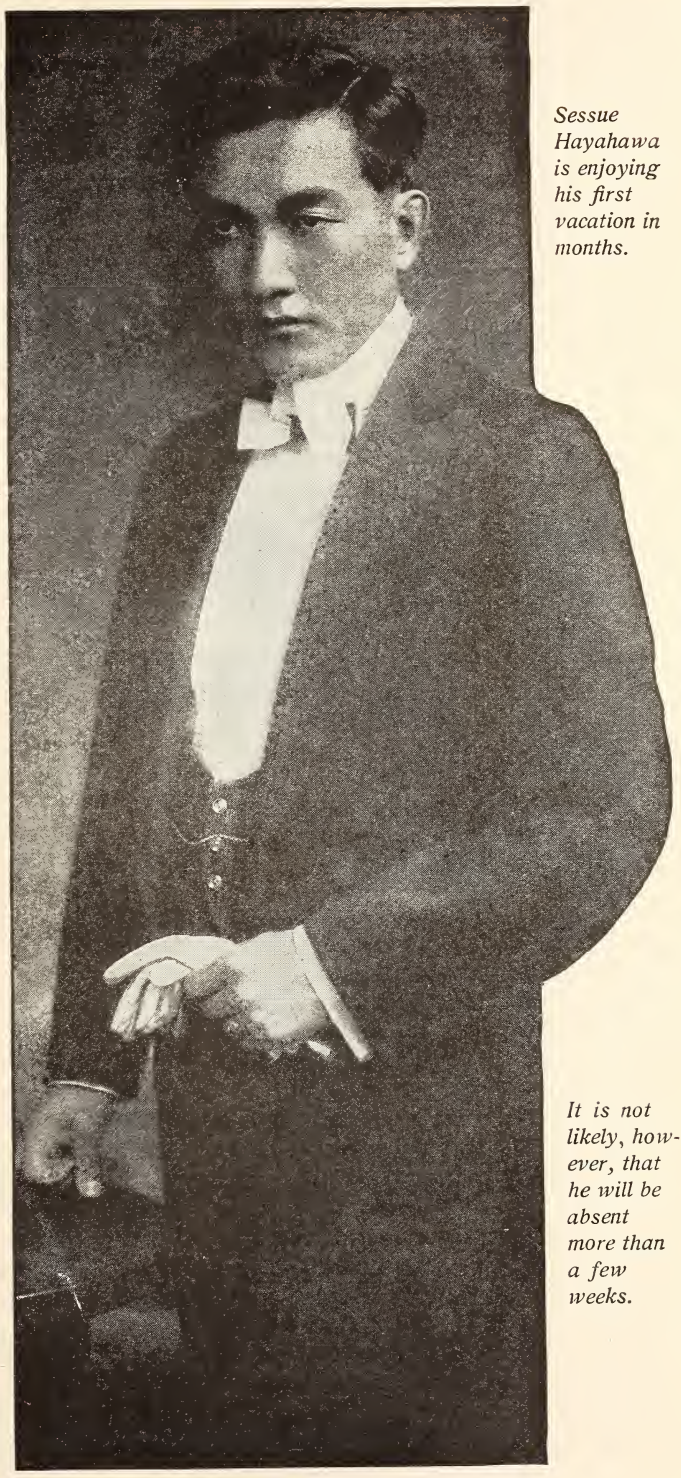
Lina Cavalieri, one of the most recently acquired of the Paramount stars, has apparently scored a triumph in her first offering, "The Eternal Temptress," written especially for her by Madame Fred de Grassac. Especial credit seems to be due the director, Emile Chautard, for the excellent reproductions he has given us of glimpses of Old World cities—scenes like those which depict the Grand Canal with the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, and the Church of San Marco and the quays of Rome. It seems hard, indeed, to believe that these portions of the production were really staged in the studio at Fort Lee,

Lina Cavalieri, who has scored a decided triumph in her first offering for Paramount, "The Eternal Temptress."

New Jersey, and were not actually "shot" abroad.

Sessue Hayakawa, probably to-day the best-known Japanese in the world, is enjoying the first vacation he has been granted in many months. He is in Bear Valley, where he went immediately upon the completion of "The Call of the East," which was staged under the direction of William C. De Mille. In this production a number of popular favorites appear in Hayakawa's support. Among them are Tsuri Aoki, Margaret Loomis, Jack Holt, and James Cruze.

Mention of Paralta Studios instantly leads us to record the fact that Clara Williams and Director Raymond B. West are now Paraltites. Miss Williams was featured in numerous Ince productions, several of which were supervised by Mr. West, so their joint appearance under the Paralta banner will be more or less in the way of a reunion. Miss Williams' first work was done on the speaking stage, where she played *Lady Isabel,* in "East Lynne," and it was in the old "Bron-



Sessue Hayahawa is enjoying his first vacation in months.

It is not likely, however, that he will be absent more than a few weeks.

cho Billy" Essanay films that she gained her first honors as a screen star. West has risen from the very bottom, having begun his motion-picture career as an humble property man at the Ince Studios. This led to his acting as an assistant camera man, from which post he advanced to be head camera man, and then assistant director. Direction gave him his big opportunity, and much of the success of "Civilization" is rumored to be due to some of the bigger scenes which he supervised for Mr. Ince.

One Paralta item leads to another, and perhaps this is the one which should have come first. Paralta pictures are not, after all, to be released via Triangle exchanges. A recent decision to separate was reached by both the Paralta and Triangle executives, and with the retirement of Mr. S. A. Lynch from the presidency of Triangle the Paralta contract became "a scrap of paper." However, to the film fans it makes very little difference by what route the Paralta pictures reach them, just so long as they eventually get on the screen.

The impression has spread among film fans that Vitagraph's serial "The Fighting Trail," the fiction version of which is appearing in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, is to be in thirty episodes instead of fifteen, as originally announced. This impression was probably due to the fact that certain trade journals carried a story to that effect, which was generally copied by photoplay editors of newspapers all over the country. Instead of continuing "The Fighting Trail" for an extra fifteen episodes, Vitagraph will follow it immediately with a new serial of just as stirring and entertaining a nature, which will bear the title, "Vengeance and the Woman."

Harry Beaumont, well known as an Essanay player, and more recently as the director of an Essanay company, has joined the Selig Polyscope Company as a director, and is now busily directing a film version of "Brown of Harvard," many scenes for which were actually taken at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Beaumont began his motion-picture career with the Edison Company, and upon coming to Chicago with Essanay directed Henry Walthall in "The Truant Soul," and Bryant Washburn in the "Skinner Series," two of which Mr. Beaumont wrote himself.

When the nights begin to get cold and raw, when you shiver as you hurry along toward your favorite motion-picture theater, it may comfort you to know that your old friend, "Fatty" Arbuckle, who has been making his Paramount comedies in New York, ducked the cold by journeying out once more to his old stamping ground in Los Angeles, and the Arbuckle laugh makers are proceeding merrily on amid the sunshine of California. He admits it was hard to tear himself away from the bright lights of Broadway, but also was possessed of a decided distaste for fur-lined B. V. D.'s, so fooled the weather man by accepting Horace Greeley's advice and "going West."

Harold Lockwood and the Metro-Yorke Company, on the other hand, abandoned the warmth of California for a new home at 645 West Forty-third Street, New York, where future Lockwood-Metro productions will be staged. Accompanying Lockwood on his eastward trip were Fred J. Balshofer, president of the Yorke Company; Wiley Gibson, the business manager; Richard V. Spencer, scenario writer; Lester Cuneo, the "heavy" of the company; William Clifford, the

versatile character man, recalled by every film fan, and Antonio Gaudio, the camera man who has "shot" most of the Lockwood productions.

It will take her admirers some time to grow accustomed to the fact that Bessie Love is now a Pathé star.

You will soon be seeing several of your old favorites in new surroundings. For instance, it is going to take more than a minute or two to grow accustomed to seeing Bryant Washburn in anything but Essanay releases. Yet Washburn is now a Pathé star. Bessie Love is another Pathéite that we have grown so used to seeing in Triangle releases that it will require a gentle jog to our memories to fix her as a twinkler in Pathé's newest galaxy of stars. Still another to join the Pathé forces is Frank Keenan, but in his case it will not be so hard to place him, as he has been flitting from one producing unit to another for several months. Now, however, it is understood, he will "stay put" for some little time, as Pathé is lining up an all-star aggregation of talent. As you probably noticed, they began along about the middle of October to introduce the best Pathé features as "Pathé Plays," instead of "Gold Rooster" features. Each of the stars is to appear in a whole series of big subjects specially selected for the player's exploitation. These subjects will all be five or six reels in length, and are intended to be the equal of any feature attractions on the market. As the present stars of "Pathé Plays" may be mentioned Irene Castle, Bryant Washburn, Fannie Ward, Frank Keenan, and Pearl White, while rumor has it that two other stars of world-wide reputation—among the greatest of the great—are soon to begin work in the Pathé Studios.

Dolores Cassinelli, who many of "the old guard" of picture fans will recall as a former Essanay star, back in the days when Francis X. Bushman and Broncho Billy were making the Essanay trade-mark famous the world over, has left the Cooper-Hewitts for the Mazdas of the speaking stage. Miss Cassinelli was induced to abandon motion pictures by an offer from Madison Corey to sing the prima-donna rôle in his new musical comedy, "The Grass Widow," which was written by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf.

The Thomas H. Ince Studios in California are the scene of more activity than a Ringling Brothers circus lot at eight-twenty-seven a. m., only Thomas is operating and supervising some five stages instead of an humble three-ring affair. The William S. Hart Company, which is now domiciled in what used to be the Mabel Normand Studio, in California, is busy with a Western

story, in which Hart has the rôle of a desert miner whose claim is jumped. Vola Vale is playing the leading feminine opposite "the two-gun man," and Robert McKim is cast in a prominent part. Dorothy Dalton, who scored so heavily in "The Price Mark," her first Ince-Paramount offering, has an even stronger rôle in her newest picture, now in the making, and Charley Ray is playing opposite Doris Lee, a recent Ince "discovery," who is said to be the image of Mary Pickford. Her first picture in support of Ray is titled "His Mother's Boy," and it is a film version of the Rupert Hughes' story, "When Life Was Marked Down." Victor Schertzinger, who has so splendidly directed Ray in his more recent appearances, is again wielding the directorial megaphone with his customary skill.

Enid Markey makes her Fox dêbut in "Responsibility."

Seems good—doesn't it?—to be seeing Enid Markey back on the screen, and now that she's a regular Fox star we may be looking for her more frequently. It's in "Responsibility" that she makes her Fox début. This production was directed by Richard Stanton, and is the story of a woman pressed hard by environment, who believes that she is the victim of a tragedy, but retains her purity of mind and soul. It is said to offer unbounded opportunities to Miss Markey for the sort of emotional acting for which she is famous. Tab it for seeing at the first opportunity.

Colonel J. E. Brady, manager of the Bluebird manuscript department, has purchased the motion-picture rights for a number of well-known fiction stories. One is "The Scarlet Car," by Richard Harding Davis, which will be produced by Joseph DeGrasse, with Franklyn Farnum as the star of the comedy drama. Dorothy Phillips will be seen in "Heart's Blood," a drama by Eileen Stern. F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Old-Fashioned Gentleman," Samuel Merwin's "Anthony the Absolute," and "Donna Perfecta," a Spanish romance (and not a brand of cigar, as you might suspect), will all be filmed by Director Rupert Julian, with Ruth Clifford and Monroe Salisbury in the leading rôles. Director Stuart Paton is at work on the Charles Edmund Walk story, "The Green Seal," and still other

famous novels are in process of translation from mere fiction into "working scripts."

The Lasky plant in Los Angeles is growing like a munition plant. During Mr. Lasky's recent visit to the City of Angels, plans were completed for the erection of a new glass-inclosed studio, which will have a floor space of eighty-five by two hundred and fifty feet. Recently an open-air stage of this size was opened, and it has since been found advisable to have this, too, inclosed, so work can go on under the lights when the sunshine proves fickle. The great accumulation of properties has made necessary large additions to the storage rooms, and a mammoth property building, two stories high, is being erected. An elevator permits the raising of truckloads of furniture and other "props" to the second story when the lower floor becomes congested.

* *

Following the completion of "Nan of Music Mountain," by Frank Spearman, Wallace Reid, who has been in the West so long that Californians look upon him as a "Native Son," left for the Maine woods on a sort of vacation, if change of location can be called a "vacation." But Wallie is not going to loaf, by any means, for he will be busy acting the leading rôle in "The Source," a powerful play whose scenes are laid in Maine. Anna Little is cast in the leading-feminine rôle opposite Reid.

Alice Brady, whom Screen Gossip mentioned last month as having severed her connection with World-Brady pictures, is to make eight big super pictures for release on the Select program, the organization sponsored by Adolph Zukor, of Famous Players-Lasky, and which takes over what were formerly known as Selznick pictures, and such stars as Clara Kimball Young, Constance and Norma Talmadge, Rita Jolivet, and others. Miss Brady's first Select picture is "The Red Mouse," an adaptation of Henry J. W. Dam's successful play of the same title. It is a story of modern life with a French flavor, and is being staged under the direction of Edward Jose.

Wallace Reid's reputation as a "teetotaler" Westerner has suffered a relapse. His next picture will be made in Maine.

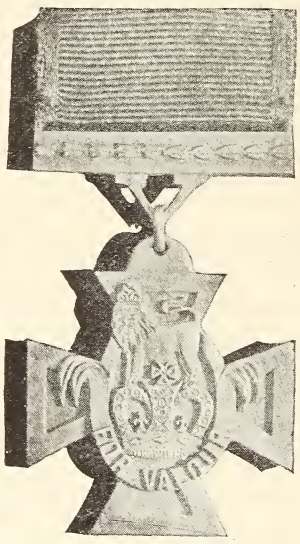
Bessie Barriscale, who has completed her first two Paralta pictures—"Madame Who" and "Rose o' Paradise"—is now in the midst of "Within the Cup," a story by Monte Katterjohn. Raymond B. West is directing, and the scenes are laid in the bohemian atmosphere of the Latin Quarter of Paris and in old Greenwich Village, New York.

For Valour

How a brave little girl of Canada inspired her coward brother to manhood and the Victoria Cross.

By Robert Foster

WHEN Henry Nobbs decided to get married he was earning just nineteen dollars a week in a Canadian insurance office, and he figured that he ought to have at least a thousand to start housekeeping. Unfortunately his expenditures equaled—more often exceeded—his income, and there was no savings fund to draw upon, for Henry had not learned the gentle art of thrift.



His father would gladly have sacrificed himself for the boy's sake, but old Ambrose Nobbs, a veteran of the Boer War, had little money. His right leg had been shattered in the Battle of Majuba Hill, and, invalided home, he had taken his two motherless children, Henry and Melia, to Canada. Fortune had not smiled on him. It had been a hard fight with poverty, and Melia, a year older than Henry, was obliged, much against her father's inclination, to take a small part in a musical comedy.

Her salary was not large, but it would have sufficed if her brother had not been born with a passion for spending.

"I can't get anywhere in business without fine clothes," Henry grumbled.

Melia promptly came to the rescue. From a drawer of the ancient dresser she took a bundle of bills.

"Take these," she said to her brother. "What is mine is yours. You are welcome to every dollar."

He flushed. "I don't want to take your money, little sister."

"Don't call it *mine,* Henry; it belongs to the family; we three are one."

Shamefacedly he took the roll of bills; and in proof that clothes make the man he invested in a new suit, and gained a position in Turner's Investment and Insurance office.

The next step was to fall in love with pretty Alice Davis, Mr. Turner's private secretary. He wanted to marry Alice right away, but prudence told him that without some reserve capital matrimony would be an unwise venture.

"Several thousand dollars pass through my hands every week," he told himself. "Why not help myself while the helping is good? I can cover it up and recoup later."

Action followed the thought, and he began a series of peculations, small at first, but gradually growing larger as he grew bolder. Stock taking was at hand, and he knew he must make good the "losses" or—— But he dared not think of the consequences of discovery, and in his despair he determined to appeal to his sister once more.

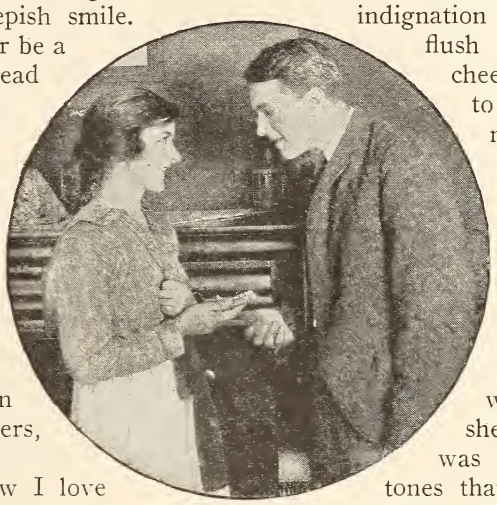
Walking home from the office he met her, but before he could voice his re-

quest she thrust a newspaper at him and cried: "Henry, doesn't it make you thrill to read of what the brave fellows are doing in Flanders?"

"Brave fools, I call them," said Henry. "I don't see why you fill your head with that war dope, Melia."

"It's the biggest thing that has happened in the history of the world," she retorted. "It is a fight for civilization, and every man who has red blood in him ought to be in khaki."

"That's knocking *me*, I guess," said Henry, with a sheepish smile. "Thanks! I'd rather be a live coward than a dead hero."



"Take these," she said. "What is mine is yours. You are welcome to every dollar."

Melia looked him over critically. He was strongly built, handsome, well groomed, but she was not satisfied. She looked for something of the martial spirit of her fighting father in this brother of hers, but it was lacking.

"Henry, you know I love you," she said. "I have no right to preach to you—for I am only a year older than you, but I can't help saying I am disappointed."

"Disappointed that I am not lying dead in a trench in Flanders?" he asked bitterly. "That's a nice Christian desire, sister—and just at this time when you know my life is bound up with Alice Davis. And that reminds me," he hurried on, determined to get his story over and done with, "that reminds me I have been helping myself to some of the firm's money, and I'll be in Dutch if they find it out."

"Harry!" The girl was aghast. "You don't mean to tell me you have stolen——"

"Oh, don't put it like that. I have only put a few hundred dollars aside, intending to make them up later on."

"How much?" she demanded.

"Why, I—I don't know exactly till I make up the books, but it's not more than five hundred dollars at the outside."

"Harry, this must stop!" Melia never looked less like a musical-comedy actress than at this moment, but the frown that gathered on her forehead, and the absence of the stage smile, did not mar the loveliness of her face. Her indignation had given an added flush to the rounded cheeks, and a sparkle to the dark eyes that made the girl's charm compelling. She had mothered this good-looking brother of hers, and, like a mother, she could be stern as well as very loving. "It won't do, Henry," she went on, and there was an iciness in her tones that bit deep into his soul. "You and I are going to part company if you don't shake yourself and be a man. Now, listen! The fact that you have confessed to me about your—'borrowings,' I'll call them, proves that there is the right stuff in you if it can be brought out. Don't interrupt, please. Here is my proposal: I will do what I can to make good your losses on one consideration."

"What is that?" he asked hopefully.

"That you will return every cent, and promise me faithfully that you will play the honest game henceforth."

"I'll do it," he answered. "And, Melia—you're a brick!"

Melia had offered to make good Henry's peculations, but where to find

the money was a problem. She went to the manager of the theater, and begged for an increase of salary.

"Yes, I think we can fatten your pay envelope, my dear," he said. He was a beefy fellow, gross, with flabby cheeks and beady little eyes that glowed now with unholy desire. "Indeed, I've been thinking of it for some time. I don't mind telling you that you've made a hit with me, little one." He set his fat finger under her chin and tilted her head.

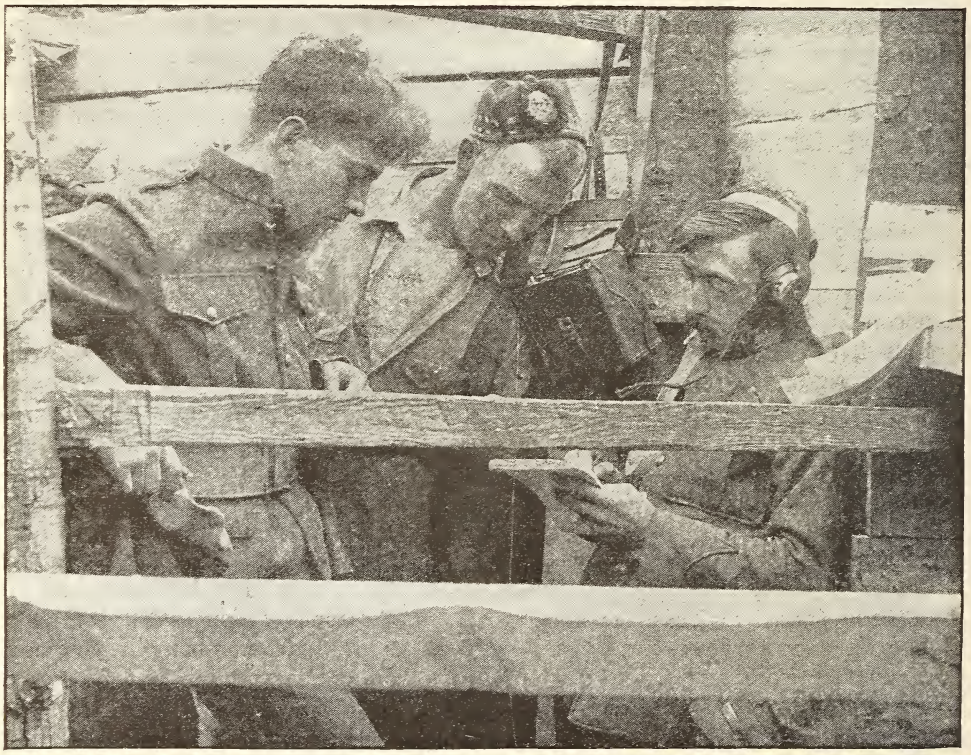
Melia shrank back from him.

The manager grinned. "Oh, don't be afraid of me, my dear. You're a perfect little lady, and I'll treat you as such; but you mustn't mind a little playfulness on my part."

He tried to catch her in his arms, but she eluded him.

He chuckled horribly. "Little witch wants to play a game of tag with me! Well, here's for a kiss!" He lunged toward her again, stumbled over a footstool and sprawled on the floor. Melia darted out of the room and along the hallway.

The door of the star's dressing room was open. Temptation lay in wait for her there. A gold bag was on the dresser. The room was empty. Melia, standing panting at the open door, had lost her fine sense of right and wrong after the encounter with the manager. She darted into the room, and hastily hid the gold bag in her waist. In a few minutes she was on the street, and hurrying back to her home. There was money in the bag—she knew that—for Mademoiselle Charmion, the famous French dancer, had a reputation for being always well supplied with cash. She hoped it would be a worth-while



"There's hell a-popping on Hill 404."

sum—and it was—over two hundred dollars. The bag itself was probably worth another hundred. This, with her own savings, would enable Henry to make good his "losses," and some time later she would repay Charmion.

That night Melia brought her brother to task. "I have sacrificed my honesty for you," she said bluntly. "It's been an ordeal for me. I don't want to talk about it. Some men are beasts, Henry. The manager of the theater is one."

Into the boy's eyes flashed a gleam of fire that for the first time in his life lifted him to the level of his fighting father. "He insulted you?" he cried. "I'll kill him!"

Melia smiled. "Let's say the man was drunk. It's over and done with, Henry. It won't occur again. He'll be apologetic to-morrow. I 'refused his advances,' as they say in the novels. So we'll forget it. He refused to raise my salary, and I stole the money from a woman who can afford to lose it."

She gave him a package of bills. "This will clear your indebtedness, I hope," she went on. "You spoke of 'killing,' a moment ago, Henry. It made me glad to see the glow in your eyes. The real man that is in you has been hidden during all these fearful days of war. It is small matter that your sister should have been insulted; this one big thing in Europe overtops every other thing. The Hun is at the gate. Civilization is at stake. The world's dearest treasures are at the mercy of the trained barbarian. Murderers by land and sea have been let loose upon the world. The gospel of frightfulness is being preached and put into practice by these sons of hell. And yet you talk of marrying and settling down. Henry, Henry—stand up and meet the foe. The spirit of your dad is not dead in you."

The boy was carried away by the torrent of the girl's words.

"I'll do it," he said. "I'll pay my debts and enlist. Melia, you've brought me to my senses."

"Oh, I am glad—so glad, Henry!" She flung her arms around him.

"What's this you are glad about, little daughter?" asked Ambrose Nobbs. The old man had been dozing over the kitchen stove, and, hearing the excited voices in the parlor, had hobbled in to find out what it was all about.

Melia ran to him and gave him a great hug. "Oh, daddy, daddy, Henry is going to volunteer for service in France!"

The old man stared at his son. A flush of pride crept into his withered cheeks. His arms opened wide. "My boy," he said, his eyes filling. "I knew you were a chip of the old block."

When men speak of the Canadian division in days to come they will remember with gratitude what the brave men of the Dominion did to save the world from the menace of kaiserism. In company with the joyous souls who crossed the seas to avenge the rape of Belgium, Henry Nobbs soon forgot his mollycoddle platitudes. The fighting spirit took hold of him, and he was a glutton for dangerous tasks. Comrades were shot down beside him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life. It was a miracle that he answered to roll call after each desperate assault on the enemies' lines—a miracle repeated again and again.

Once in a communicating trench he overheard a man at the field telephone announce that a bloody battle was in progress on the hilltop half a mile away.

"There's hell a-popping on Hill 404," said the man with the receivers at his ears.

Half an hour later Henry Nobbs was in the thick of the hell that the man at the telephone had announced. Back and forth swept the battle lines. Men

died by hundreds. Still the gallant Canadians swept on. The Huns retreated. Step by step the *boches* were driven back, and at sunset the hill was in the hands of the Allies.

Shrapnel still screamed over the lines, seeking unseen victims. But the battle was over; the Allied object had been achieved. It was now only a question of consolidating the advance.

"Don't be afraid of me, my dear. You mustn't mind a little playfulness on my part."

Out in the dreaded No Man's Land between the lines Henry saw the body of a young lieutenant asprawl on the shell-torn earth. He gazed at the lifeless thing without emotion. Death had become familiar to him, and he was unmoved. But as he gazed he saw the apparently lifeless officer raise a hand to his head.

Henry sprang to action. It was courting annihilation, but he had forgotten there was such a word as "fear." Once more the miracle of the preservation of his life was repeated as he ran through the rain of explosives, lifted the wounded man onto his shoulder and dashed back to the Canadian lines.

He heard the wild cheers of his comrades as the lieutenant was borne away to the field hospital; then a shell burst at his feet and the world was blotted out for him.

When he was able to take notice of things again he was in a country home in England that had been given over to the Red Cross. He looked up from the bed on which he was lying into the kindly eyes of a nurse.

"How much of me is left?" he asked.

"Everything except one arm," answered the nurse. "You lost that immediately after you saved an officer in the face of terrific fire. For that brave act you have been awarded the Victoria Cross."

She placed the cross in his hand, and he read the words, "For Valour," inscribed on it.

"Melia said I had the makings of a man in me," he murmured. "This proves it, I guess. Dad will be proud when I show him the V. C.," and, smiling happily, his head dropped back on the pillow, and he fell asleep.

Melia had her own fight to make at home while her brother was at the front. Her father had grown more feeble, and was no longer able to do a day's work. The task of holding on to the little home devolved upon the girl, and with no raise in salary it took rigid economy to keep the wolf from the door.

To make matters worse, the theatrical manager told her that he knew who had stolen Mademoiselle Charmion's bag.

"One of the stage hands saw you," he told her. "He came to me with the story, and I shut his mouth with a bribe. That's going to be *our* secret, my dear —yours and mine; and I hope we are not going to quarrel, for I can make it pretty hard for you if we do." With this threat ringing in her ears she left his office.

Then began a campaign that could have but one conclusion if she was to

hold her position in the chorus and escape imprisonment for the theft—for that was what his threat meant. It was a carefully planned campaign, intended to gather her into his net; but he was in no haste. The musical comedy was enjoying a long run, and there was plenty of time to achieve his purpose. So for several weeks he did not bother the girl beyond an easy familiarity that she bore with for the sake of her father.

The crisis was reached, strangely enough, on the day that Henry had been awarded the cross for valour on the field of honor. After the performance one night the manager summoned her to his office. He had been drinking heavily. His beady eyes were almost closed. He chewed savagely at a big black cigar as Melia entered.

"Sit down!" he rumbled.

The girl dropped into a chair nearest the door.

"Now, I want to know how long this is to go on?" he demanded.

"I—I don't understand," faltered Melia.

"Innocent! What do you suppose I remained silent for, when I could have thrown you into prison? I say, how long is this going to keep on? My patience is exhausted. When are you going to let me furnish a little home for you?"

Melia stared at the gross man in the chair, and, staring, shuddered.

"I could never marry you," she said.

"Quit your kidding," he drawled. "Nobody said anything about marriage. What's a ceremony between friends? You and I are just going to set up housekeeping, and we ain't going to bother the parsons to say a blessing. How about it, little one? Say yes, and all's well on the Potomac. Say no, and I summon the police." He threw the chewed cigar into the cuspidor, and swayed back with his hand on the telephone.

"I did not know that God could make such a man——" Melia exclaimed.

The manager cut in brutally. "Never mind that! Your answer—yes or no?"

"I say *no*—a thousand times NO!"

He lifted the phone and put the receiver to his ear. No tears came to the girl's eyes. She sat dumb, unstirring. while he gave his message. Listlessly she watched him as he hung up the receiver and lit another cigar. Listlessly she watched the smoke rings drift out into the room. There was silence that neither cared to break while the black cigar was consumed. The door opened and an officer came in.

Melia heard a mumble of words, then the man in uniform beckoned her and obediently she rose and walked out of the room with him, a prisoner of the state.

The trial was a brief one. The theatrical manager made the charge, and Melia, scorning to hide behind a falsehood, confessed her guilt.

"I did it to save my brother," she said brokenly. "He had done an unwise thing, and it was the only way. I intended to make good the loss."

"That's what they all say," remarked the manager's attorney, with a smile.

The magistrate looked kindly at the girl. He would have spared her if he could, but he knew that justice must be administered in spite of sentiment.

He pronounced a light sentence—six months' imprisonment—but it stunned the girl; and when the officers attempted to lead her from the room she collapsed.

For many weeks she lay in the prison hospital, hovering between life and and death. And when at last she was able to take cognizance of her surroundings she was a wreck of her former self.

Her first question was about her father.

"He is being well treated," said the

good-looking young interne. "He is in a pretty home, where he need not worry about the least little thing. No work. No worry. Nothing to do but eat and sleep. What more does a man want?"

He meant well, but his buoyant words struck a chill to her heart.

"I know what you mean," she said. "He has sold out the old place."

"Oh, sure," said the young fellow. "No use hanging on there while you were sick."

"And now he is—where?"

"The home for the aged," he answered. "Go to sleep now. When you are well you can get to work and start all over again."

Henry stepped out from the temporary Red Cross hospital into the mellow sunshine of an April day. He breathed deep of the sweet English air that filled his lungs, untainted by battle smoke. One sleeve of his coat hung empty, but he smiled. His heart sang within him. He had played the man, and now he was going home. He thought of his fine old father, and involuntarily his hand groped for the cross fastened on his waistcoat. He could see the eyes of the old veteran light up.

"I'll bet dad will be envious of me," Henry remarked to a robin that was regarding him curiously as he strode up and down the winding path. "And Melia, too," he gloated. "She once called me a mollycoddle. I'll show her." And he laughed with an abandon that sent the robin fluttering away affrighted.

He was in a fever of impatience to get away to the loved ones, now that he was discharged from the army, but it was six weeks before he was in his own home town once more.

His friends would have had difficulty in recognizing him. His figure had broadened out. His face, tanned like an Indian's, had become thinner—lean and hard—and there was a manliness in it that gave it a far different expression from that of the days when his sister had classed him among the mollycoddles.

With jaunty step he paced the familiar streets. His heart pounded against his ribs as he neared the little house that he had called "home."

But no sudden bomb on the battlefield ever gave him the shock that came to him when he saw a sign on the wall of the house, reading "This House For Rent."

He put his hand over his eyes and staggered.

"Is there anything I can do, sir?" a soft voice asked.

He looked up to see a young girl standing by, her pitying glance on the empty sleeve.

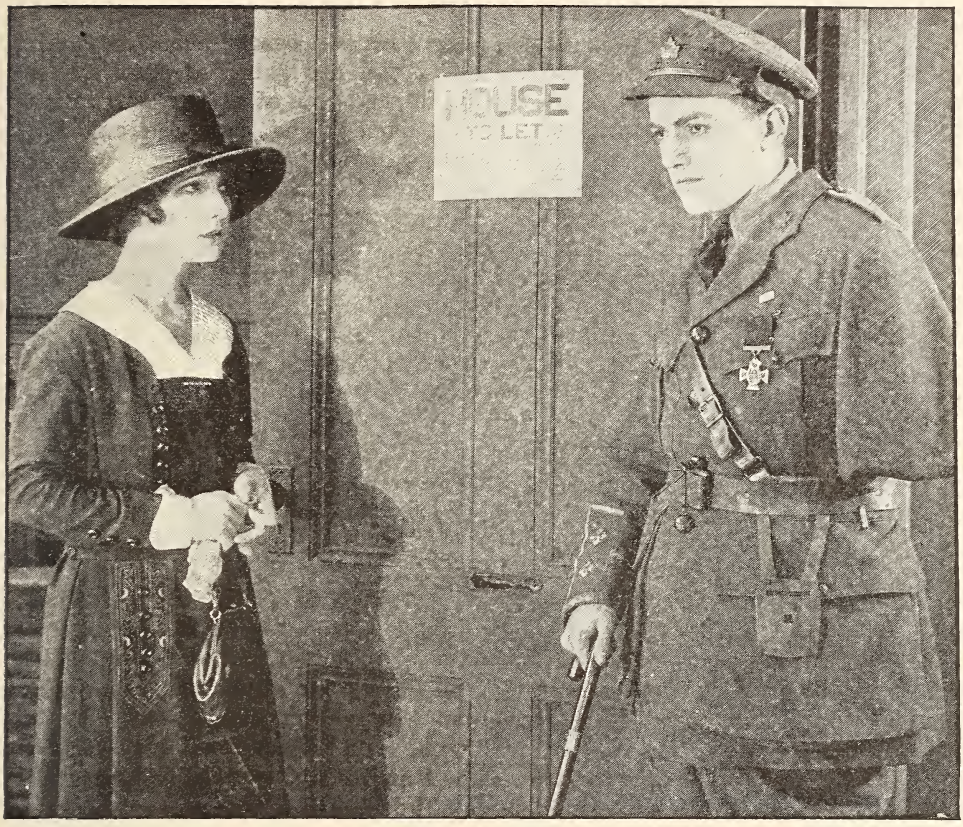
"This—this place was home to me," he said, swallowing a lump in his throat. "I have come back from the war, and I hoped to find my folks here. Nobbs is the name. The family consisted of my father, my sister, and myself. Perhaps you can tell me where they have moved to?"

Tears welled up in the girl's eyes. "You have been a brave man on the battlefield, sir, but you will have to be braver now. You must be Henry Nobbs?" He nodded. "Then I have sad news for you," the girl went on. "I have heard that your father sold out, and is now in the home for the aged. And your sister—your sister ——" She stopped, her voice choking.

"Yes, yes—go on—I can bear the worst. She is dead?" Henry gulped out the words.

"No, no." The girl shook her head, the tears now running down her cheeks, unchecked. "I have heard that your sister was arrested on some petty offense, and is now in the prison hospital."

Bitter anguish was stamped on the lined face. But he set his teeth, and



"This—this place is home to me," he said, swallowing a lump in his throat.

the fingers of his one hand bit deep into the palm.

"I thank you for telling me," he said with an effort. And as he turned away the girl gave him her hand.

"Oh, I am sure—very, very sure—that everything will come out all right now that you are home," she said; and added slowly, as if repeating a phrase that had been solace to herself in some dark hour: "Divine love has met and always will meet every human need."

In the home for the aged he found his father—broken, dispirited. But there was a transformation when the young soldier with one arm missing strode briskly into the room where Ambrose Nobbs was sitting reading. New life came into the tired old eyes. The shrunken frame straightened up to its old-time martial dignity, and his voice was strong and steady as he cried: "My soldier boy! A chip of the old block, lad! And you're home again! Thank God!"

He clasped the young hero to his breast, and his eyes grew misty as he felt the empty sleeve.

"Dad, it was a small thing to give for God, for country, and for humanity," Henry said, reading the veteran's thoughts. "And here is something that will stir your martial old heart." He pointed to the Victoria Cross.

"Son, I am proud of you! I could dance for joy!" cried the old man. Then he had to hear the whole story. But Henry told it only in snatches, for he was in haste to see his sister.

Half an hour later he was in a ward in the prison hospital, where he found Melia, now well on the way to recovery. He dropped on his knees beside her cot, and his head dropped on the coverlet.

"Melia—little Melia—what you have suffered for my sake," he groaned.

She leaned over and kissed him.

"Everything is all right, Henry," she said, stroking his hair. "They have pardoned me, and as soon as I am well I can walk out into the sunshine—free. Mademoiselle Charmion—it was her purse I stole, you know—she did not know that I had been imprisoned. It was the manager's doings. When Charmion heard about it she did the most wonderful thing, Henry—threw over the manager, bought the company, and has become manager herself, as well as star. And listen, Henry! When I am well again she is going to reinstate me and push me along to any heights I want to climb. Isn't that just splendid?"

"I am glad, Melia; very, very glad," he said. "But, oh, to think of you lying here all these weeks——"

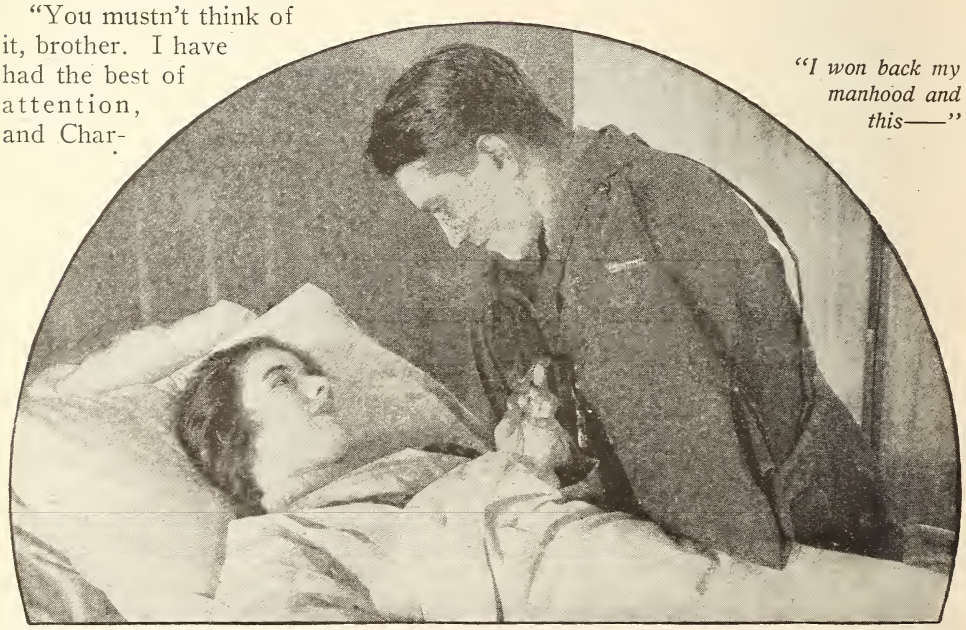
"You mustn't think of it, brother. I have had the best of attention, and Charmion has been as good as gold. So you don't need to worry about me. Now, boy, you are going to start all over again, and both of us are going to make big money; and dad—dad and I are going to have a little home in the country, and you and Alice are going to live near by, and—— Oh, I am rambling on, and I haven't asked you about yourself. You are looking thinner, but you've grown other ways. You're more of a man, dear. And the big thing is that you have done your duty, and come back to us——"

"Not all of me," he said with a smile. The load was lightening, and he was able to smile again. "I left an arm in France."

"You poor boy!" Her eyes grew moist.

"It is nothing," he said. "Gladly would I have given my life for the cause we have at heart, Melia. I won something big, little sister. I won back my manhood and this——" He detached the cross from his waistcoat, and pinned it on the girl's breast.

"For valour," he said, and he kissed her reverently.



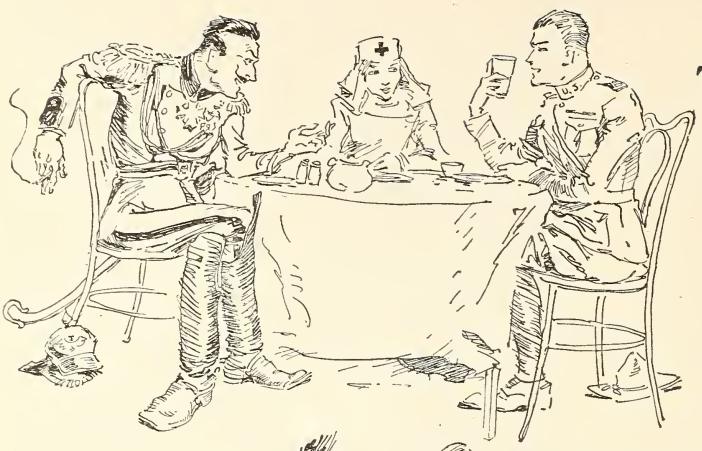
"I won back my manhood and this——"

An Artist and Some Art

THIS is one of the most striking and artistic photographs ever taken of Miss Myrtle Stedman, the popular picture-play star. Miss Stedman started her theatrical career as an opera singer and gained prominence by her voice. It is singular, therefore, that she has attained her greatest success in an art where her voice is unheard.

The Noon

By R. L. Lambdin



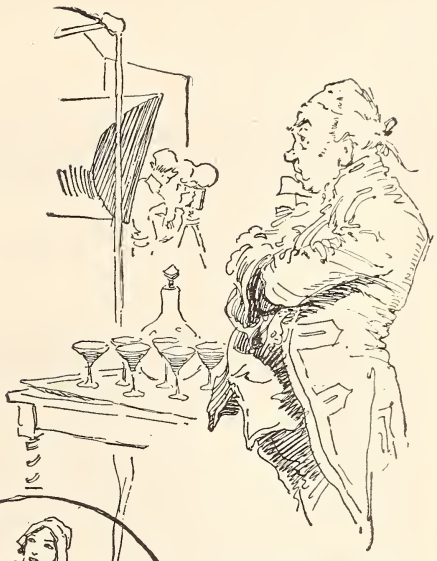
Trading jokes with the enemy.

In a Fort Lee lunch room.

Not a picnic party—just a few cave men at lunch.

Hour at Fort Lee

Hunger, like politics, makes strange bed fellows—and so does thirst and the tobacco habit.



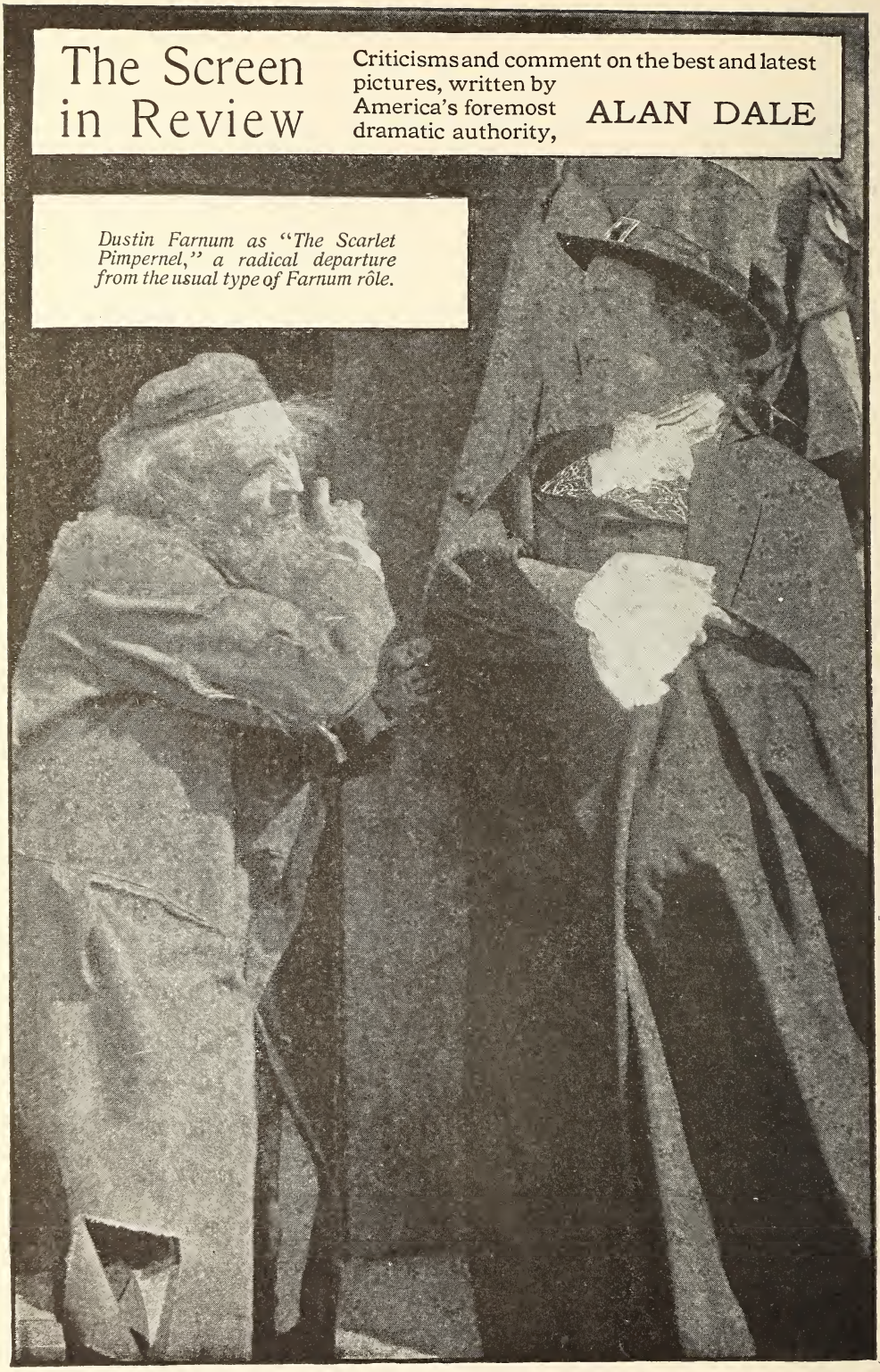
Remarkable self-control while waiting for the director's dismissal.

More important than lunch.

Nothing doing. It's only scenery.

The Screen in Review

Criticisms and comment on the best and latest pictures, written by America's foremost dramatic authority, **ALAN DALE**



Dustin Farnum as "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a radical departure from the usual type of Farnum rôle.

"The Scarlet Pimpernel"
(Fox)

DUSTIN FARNUM disguised—what say you to that? In "The Scarlet Pimpernel," the hero of wild-Western romance was actually forced to appear in the days of the French Revolution, with the peculiar garbs of that somewhat abused period. The story by Baroness Orczy, which was complicated enough on the stage, is not an easy one to follow on the screen; but by just watching Mr. Farnum—which, of course, is exactly what the admirers of that gentleman will do—it is possible to gather its salient features. Farnum, as the *Scarlet Pimpernel,* who is so unpopular with the French government, has all sorts of achievements to his credit. If he does not climb houses—a favorite pastime of pitcure stars—or jump into running automobiles, he is, nevertheless, busy.

In one episode, he disguises himself as an old woman, and—think of this!—as a toothless old woman. There we see the magnificent, coruscant, shimmering, and glistening teeth of Dustin Farnum positively under a cloud of disguise! This bewildered me. I could not credit the testimony of my eyes.

In French Revolution garb, this star looked extremely well. It was a change for the better. Miss Winifred Kingston, William Burress, and Bertram Grassby lent him excellent "support." Altogether, rather a novel picture for this particular star. It is just as well to get out of a groove, and Farnum has at least made the effort.

"The Stainless Barrier"
(Triangle)

THE story of this picture started rather promisingly, and was then sent tottering into the abyss of the inane. Really, one can scarcely regard such a yarn with tolerance. Imagine a young girl with a worthless brother who introduces into the family, and also into the village, a shady and disreputable financier. When the postal authorities "get wise" to the doings of this sinister promoter, that person vacates and leaves the young girl's brother to bear the brunt of it all. Thereupon aforesaid brother ups and kills him. At the trial, the brother pleads in extenuation that the financier had ruined his sister!!!

The pliant, and of course beautiful, heroine allows this story to stand, for brother's sake. She does not deny her "ruin." Can you imagine that pleasantly improbable situation seriously offered? And in the end her fiancé—for she had one—discovers her innocence, and all comes to a happy dénouement.

Piffle!

Miss Irene Hunt, Jack Livingston, and Rowland Lee did all they could with this exceedingly unyielding material.

"The Savage"
(Universal)

THIS is what may be called a wildly atmospheric picture, with a heroic "half-breed gambler" as its central figure, and with scenes in the settlement of Cheval Blanc in the Canadian woods. This "half-breed," acted by Monroe Salisbury, is a very striking character, and Mr. Salisbury succeeds in an impersonation that should place him in the foremost ranks of picture stars. His facial expression, his "authority," and his complete lack of self-consciousness and I'm-the-hero-esqueness should surely be recognized.

The half-breed gives up his life for the beautiful white girl, and the episodes between the two in the "little cabin" have a distinct appeal. Miss Ruth Clifford, as the blond maiden, is also picturesque. This picture relies upon its "atmosphere" and upon the work of Mr. Salisbury, and these will undoubtedly carry it to popularity. There are a number of other characters of minor interest, and the action of the

Dorothy Dalton, says Mr. Dale, is "plump but dramatic" in "The Price Mark."

picture is never allowed to lag. The only thing that one "takes home," as it were, is the idea of the heroic half-breed.

"The Price Mark"

(Paramount)

AS soon as you note the word "price" in a picture, you know what it means. It means just one thing—honor. If that price had been paid in dollars, it would by this time mount up well into the millions. It never is paid in dollars. It is the poor girl's honor.

So you realize the significance of "The Price Mark" by its mere title, and the title is not in the least misleading. In a sort of Egyptian prologue, the villain, or price extorter, is beheld nefariously loving a native girl called *Nakhla,* the sister of a rug dealer. This gentleman, indignant at the "affair," poisons little *Nakhla* and tries to kill the villain, who is a young American artist. Later the artist and his friend, a doctor, return to the United States—and the story begins.

Miss Dorothy Dalton, who is plump but dramatic, is a "beautiful young girl from an Ohio town," and to the studio of the artist she comes. She had tried to secure a theatrical engagement, but —you know how those things go. They threw her down, as it were. Hence her quest of work as a model. Well, the worst happens—immediately. *Powell,* the artist, treats the girl quite dreadfully. He sends her to an apartment, and there—there—how *shall* I say it? —he ruins her. You perceive her in exquisite clothes—gorgeous gowns—and you realize her infamy. So does she. There are some rather vigorous scenes between the artist and his prey.

Later, to eke out the plot, she meets his doctor friend, falls in love with and marries him. And still later—you see, it has to be later!—the villain occurs again in her life. He threatens to tell all the horror of her past to the husband she dotes on, unless she comes to his rooms; and when she does so, the price extorter is killed by his servant, who turns out to be none other than the vengeful brother of the Egyptian girl who was ruined in the prologue.

As I suggested, Miss Dorothy Dalton is quite plump for one of those heroines who pay the price. I always imagine that such ladies should be lean to the verge of emaciation. Perhaps I am wrong. At any rate, Miss Dalton manages to convey the emotional idea, and to be deliciously miserable. William Conklin and Thurston Hall were the men in the sad case.

"This Is the Life"

(Fox)

I SHALL end by becoming one of George Walsh's fervent admirers. I am sure of it. I always seem to be viewing his pictures, and each one I see is an improvement on its predecessor. "This Is the Life" is the best of the lot. It is directed by Mr. Walsh's own brother, R. A. Walsh—surely a piece of fraternal devotion—and it tells the story of a wealthy youth who yearns to be a "picture star."

The "titles" in this film are exceedingly happy, which is worth mentioning. They are humorous and not illiterate—also worth mentioning—and they are further distinctly appropriate. Walsh, as the would-be movie star, has all sorts of capers to cut up, and he does his work with clean-cut precision and intelligence. He is agile, dramatic, and clever. The story leads him to the fertile field of fiction, South America, where, of course, there is a revolution, which the hero imagines is a picture play. There is a charming girl, Miss Wanda Petit, to be rescued, and who can do the rescue work as realistically as George Walsh? He does it for all he is worth.

"This Is the Life" is full of amusing incidents, and its star surely makes good throughout. He is one of the "live wires" of the films.

George Walsh as a would-be screen idol in "This Is the Life."

"The Man Hater"

(Triangle)

THIS is a very simple story. Its very title gives it away. Whenever you hear of a man hater and of a woman hater, you know what to expect. In the final episode, of course, he or she will be irrevocably converted. And in this picture there is another always popular idea—that of the wife in name only. Fiction lovers adore the wife-in-name-only business. It would be difficult to say exactly why in a few lines. I presume that a plausible explanation could be offered if space were unlimited. Mine is not.

In "The Man Hater," the little heroine who hates men because her own father was such a beast—it sounds like a plausible reason, but surely isn't—nevertheless marries the honest blacksmith who loves her. (As you know, all blacksmiths are honest. It is the one unimpeachable calling.) She is very cold and unpleasant, but he wins her. How? Oh, can't you guess? Try. You're right. He makes her jealous by writing letters to himself from an imaginary rival, and then—she rushes into his arms. Simple? Oh, quite.

Complexity is not always desirable, and "The Man Hater" is interesting in spite of its transparency. It is neatly acted by Miss Winifred Allen, Jack Meredith, and that perfectly delightful little Anna Lehr.

"The Woman God Forgot"

(Paramount)

THE value of a picture star may usually be judged by the settings. It must therefore be true that Miss Geraldine Farrar is extremely expensive. In her latest picture, "The Woman God Forgot," by Jeannie Macpherson, she is surrounded by a highly spectacular aggregation of those "supers" who fight and struggle and are cast from castle towers in a conflict that is looked upon as a supreme achievement. These hard-working gentlemen put up a very fine fight, I am bound to say; and, although I cannot help thinking that the day will come when the films will regard these battle scenes as rather tiresome, that day is not yet here.

Miss Farrar appears in the picture as *Tezca,* daughter of Montezuma, the Aztec, and wears one of those wonderful feather headdresses that Miss Gaby Deslys used to patronize—though Gaby had no Aztec ideas. Miss Farrar is first seen feeding the sacred birds in her father's palace, and the ever-necessary "love episode" starts when she meets Alvarado, the captain of the invading Cortes.

The picture is beautifully made, and the "atmosphere" is not to be punctured by criticism. When the story itself halts, it is only for the sake of the battle scenes, which are of the most strenuous description. The lovely heroine is, of course, in the arms of the warrior-esque hero, Alvarado, at the close of the picture, and Miss Farrar is always exquisite with a hero's arms encircling her. One expects this of her, but it is none the less picturesque when it arrives.

The star's Aztec headdresses should make a tremendous hit. They will.

"The Manx-Man"

(Goldwyn)

I AM glad I saw this picture. It is extremely long, but it makes you feel like Oliver Twist and want "more." With its beautiful views of the Isle of Man, and its wonderfully human Hall Caine story, "The Manx-Man" must take its place as one of the finest films of the year. I am no devotee of the Hall Caine cult, but "The Manx-Man," as one of his early stories written before he started to take himself with the deadly seriousness of his other works, is admirable all the way through. In the picture, all its best features are emphasized—especially its pathos. This is the first film I have viewed that brought the suspicion of moisture to my eyes.

Moreover, it is capitally acted. Henry Ainley, a London matinée idol, is less interesting than Fred Groves, who, as *Pete,* gave one of the best performances in the picture field of to-day. Mr. Groves, with his remarkably mobile features and his dramatic sense, vitalized every scene in which he appeared. Mr. Ainley himself is, of course, an extremely good actor, but he seemed to be quite inferior to Groves. Miss Elizabeth Risdon, as *Kate,* gave a charming

Mae Murray in a tête-à-tête scene from "The Princess Virtue."

performance. The entire cast, however, could be starred, it was so perfect. As for the cunning little baby, it was a marvel, and every picture fan will be enthusiastic.

Altogether, "The Manx-Man" is so fine that it is the positive duty of film lovers to see it. And in this case, duty will be combined with pleasure—which is not always the blend that we discover, is it?

"The Princess Virtue"

(Universal)

MISS LOUISE WINTER writes very agreeable short stories, but if "The Princess Virtue" is the best thing she can do for the films it will not add to her reputation. It started out with rather an interesting idea—that of a child writing a fable to the effect that the *Princess Virtue* had three suitors—passion, desire, and love—but was unable to learn which was which.

This all fell to pieces in a collection of utterly uninteresting episodes, with a finale that seemed to occur because the time for its occurrence could no longer be delayed and it was necessary to end. *Liane,* and her suitors and their duels, and their misunderstandings, and the lucky (?) gentleman who was sent abroad to see if she was worth while saving, became exasperating. It all seemed so marvelously futile.

Miss Mae Murray, however, was worth watching, as she always is; and Jack Bosburg was the lucky (?) gentleman who won her. The duels were quite amusing—involuntarily, of course—and Miss Winter seemed to believe in them quite rapturously.

"The Spreading Dawn"

(Goldwyn)

MISS JANE COWL has the laugh on yours truly. In the opening of the new picture entitled "The Spreading Dawn," a stern, relentless old lady, who dominates the fate of her pretty niece, en-

listed my attention. This ancient aunt, sitting there like a Nemesis as the young girl unfolded her love story, particularly attracted me.

I suppose that I had been somewhat lethargic and had failed to concentrate, for I scarcely knew the name of the picture when this character of the old aunt compelled my attention. I wondered who she was. The rôle was so well done; it had so much force and magnetism. Even the young girl seemed pallid and uninteresting. *Aunt Patricia* "intrigued" me. And that is where Miss Jane Cowl has the laugh on yours truly. *Aunt Patricia was* Miss Cowl. This actress, who is so popular in the "beauty column" as Sarah Jane's ideal, actually ventured to appear at the beginning of "The Spreading Dawn" as an old lady reading the diary of her youth—which diary formed the story of the new film. I am bound to say that I had never credited Miss Cowl with such character possibilities. The part was really admirably acted. In its way, it was a gem; and when Miss Cowl arrived at her youthful rôle—as the diary started—I was filled with surprise. Here is a "pretty" actress who, casting aside her good looks, achieved a much more reliable success without them.

As the young girl of the diary, Miss Cowl was not nearly as interesting. Nor did those much-vaunted good looks lend themselves willingly to the screen. In fact they were not in complete evidence.

The story, simple and sugary, should nevertheless make an appeal. It is neatly told and has some excellent scenes. One portraying the burning of a theater proved to be most realistic and thrilling—one of the best fires I have seen in pictures, and *how* many have I seen! It is, however, in the impersonation of the old aunt that Miss Cowl shines. If I had never seen her before, I should treasure that piece of work as something distinctly noteworthy.

"Madame Who"

(Paralta)

THIS is really a most exciting story by Harold MacGrath. It is quite unusual for an extremely long picture to hold the interest to the very end and to keep an audience good throughout its many reels. Its heroine is a girl who becomes a Confederate secret military agent in order to avenge the death of her father and brothers on the Northern army. There is the secret meeting of masked men in an old warehouse, to which she secures access; there is her capture by the masked men, and her enforced marriage to one of them; there is the situation of a girl married to a man of whose identity she is ignorant; there is her appearance in Washington to ascertain the movements of Grant's army against Richmond; and there is a finale that makes you palpitate. Mr. MacGrath has made tense melodrama of what *might* have been farce, for the only thing the girl knows about the man she has married is that he has a curious mark on his wrist—and six of the masked men have the same mark!!!

"Madame Who" is a particularly excellent picture. Miss Barriscale can give points to many a star who relies upon her "emotional possibilities." The "close-ups" of Miss Barriscale's horror-stricken features are most vivid and admirable. It is the best piece of emotional work that I have seen in many a day, and some of our "legitimate" stars might feel proud of it.

Scenes in a night camp, and a view of a burning city and its evacuation, with rioting and pillage, lift "Madame Who" into a prominent position. I should say that it is a distinct advance in the picture art—and I emphasize the word "art." Here's my hat off to Miss Barriscale.

What's Happening Department

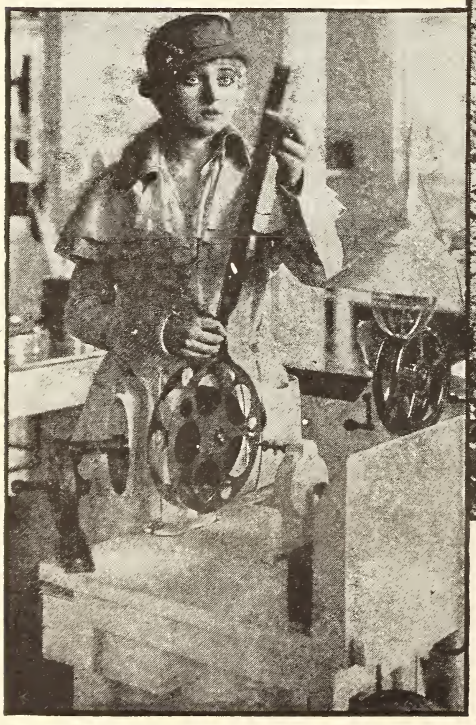
Bill Russell, who is paying more attention to the photograper than to the trench he is digging. You might say he wields a trenchant shovel.

The path of an extra girl in the movies is not strewn with roses, but this is Marie Doro, who is not an extra girl,—she is an "Extra!" girl.

Just by way of showing us that for an experienced vampire, elephants are as easy to handle as men. The vampire with the elephant on her hands is Louise Glaum

Only the best and most expensive kind of sunlight is used on Marjorie Wilson's country estate. We were told it was her country estate, but the mere fact that she is standing in the garden does not prove it to us.

Fannie Ward reaping what she has sown—her just deserts. With prices the way they are, there is a possibility that in the near future potatoes will be used as dessert only.



Corinne Griffith examining the parts that were "cut" in her latest film. It is always the best and fattest parts that are cut, just as it is the best and fattest fish that gets away. You know how it is.

Olive Thomas engaged in Spanish calisthenics. See what she's throwing. This form of exercise, by the way, has become an international one—it is too universally human to allow itself to be hemmed in by national boundaries.

We consider no number of the best motion-picture magazine on earth complete without at least one picture of an actress and her dog. Friends and readers, we present this month Miss Pauline Frederick, who is good enough to be received into the family on her own merits, without K9 assistance.

Two of our best-known and most dangerous explosives—from left to right, Dynamite and Marie Dressler, and vice versa.

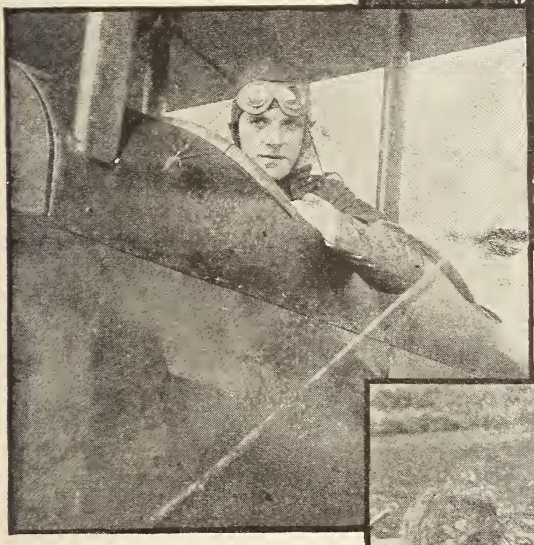
It must be confessed that we are prejudiced against a man who wears spats, and if Rupert Julian had not had Mignon Anderson standing so near him, it is very probable that he would have been barred from this page for spats' sake.

It is quite seasonable for us to present Harry Morey, Alice Joyce and Earle Williams, who are engaged in a heated discussion concerning the high cost of living.

Bill Farnum, who occupies the center of the picture, thinks he is having secret practice at horseshoe pitching, but we wouldn't be surprised if there was a rival hiding behind the shubberv at the left.

A flirtatious young lady, under Juanita Hansen's direction, proceeding to break Crane Wilbur's heart. We seem to remember that Crane's heart is like a fishing rod—accustomed to separation.

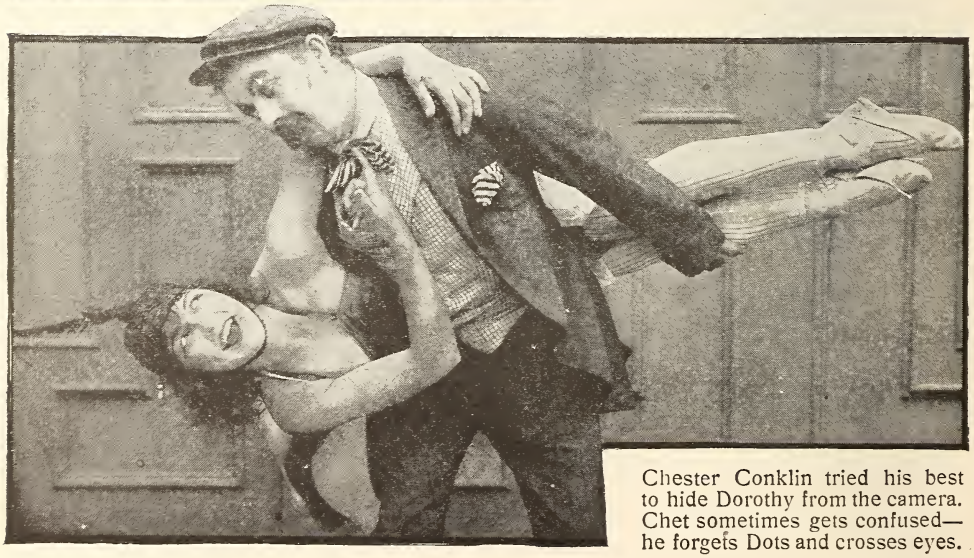
Things certainly are going up on account of the war—even movie actors. Edward Earl knows a damp cloud where no directors can ever disturb him.



Elizabeth Jones and Harry Carey, who is not eating corn on the cob. He is committing music in the first degree on a mouth harp.

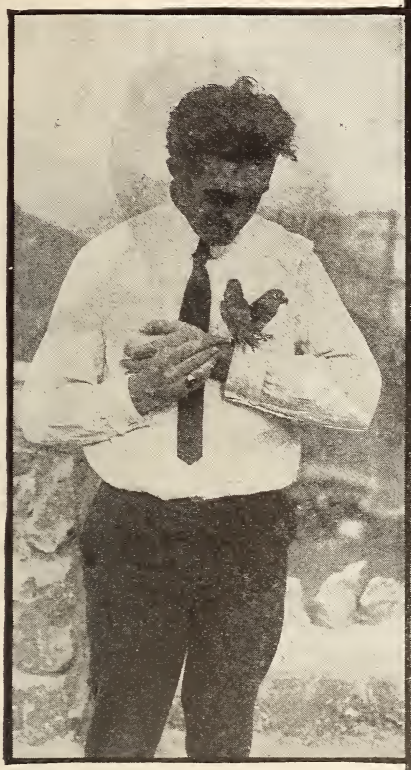
Merely because the doctor found a saddle under the bed he ought not to infer that the patient ate a horse—and neither does the hoe in Mary Pickford's hands prove to us that she raised the vegetables displayed herein.

Mae Murray scornfully gazing at a bill collector. Her salary is in the tin lunch box.



Chester Conklin tried his best to hide Dorothy from the camera. Chet sometimes gets confused—he forgets Dots and crosses eyes.

'Tis not that Francis Ford loves his parrakeets less, but that he loves publicity more. That, by the way, is the reason for most of the birds and animals in these pages, we suspect.



Vola Vale disputing the center of the picture with her horse. They have compromised by giving Vola the center, that being the feminine idea of a compromise.

Marguerite Clark engaged in the national Saturday night pastime. What say the prohibitionists? Hasn't watersomedisadvantages?

It is a comforting thought for us poor mortals that no matter how pretty an actress may be, nor how much she may be above us, she must eat just as the lowliest of us do. The lady who is surrounding the cracker is Gladys Brockwell.

Charles Ray and a helpless bull pup who doesn't seem to care as much about being photographed as three or eleven movie performers we could mention.

Here at last we can visualize a "month of Sundays" for four of them are here, Billy, Mrs. Sunday, their son, and *his* son. Also included are Mary Pickford, Jeannie MacPherson and Cecil B. De Mille. Aw, pick them out yourself.

The Fighting Trail

Written from the thirty-two reel Vitagraph serial motion picture of the same title by Cyrus Townsend Brady and J. Stewart Blackton.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

John Gwyn, a young mining engineer, is under contract to supply financial powers in New York, headed by Martin Balterman, with all the noxite he can secure from a Western mine which he controls. Balterman, who is working for the United States government, requires the noxite to make a new explosive—the most powerful yet discovered. Gwyn, who has merely been acting as agent for De Cordoba, known as Don Carlos Ybarra, the mine owner, goes to the West to develop the mine. Ybarra is killed, and Gwyn falls in love with his supposed daughter, Nan Lawton, who is really his adopted child. Karl von Bleck, head of an international spy system, connected with the intelligence department of the Central Powers, follows Gwyn to Lost Mine, and enlists the aid of Pomona Rawls and "Shoe-string Brant," two outlaws. By fabulous offers of wealth if they succeed, he induces them to help him, by fair means or foul, to secure the possession of the noxite mine and prevent Gwyn from making shipments to the East. While Von Bleck is planning, Gwyn and Nan are married, and establish a home near the mine. Casey, a trustworthy friend who has unlimited mining experience, is in charge of operations, and the mine is booming wonderfully. When things look most promising, however, Von Bleck, through Carson, an associate who has secured a position in the mine, procures the deeds made out in Nan's name. It is his plan to file them in his own name, through crooked work on the part of Sheriff Causley, whom he has cowed into aiding him by political promises. When Von Bleck secures the deeds he and his men start a race to the commissioner's office on an engine running from the mine to the town. Gwyn and Nan, in an automobile, race along the road running parallel to the railroad track. It is a neck-and-neck race, with the nation's welfare at stake, to see who will reach the commissioner's office the first. Gwyn and Nan, in the automobile, are gaining on the engine, when a terrific explosion shakes the earth. The water tank in the engine had emptied, and the steam in this had caused the boiler to explode. As Nan and Gwyn look back, it seems as if every one aboard the engine must be killed.

CHAPTER XIII.

GWYN stopped the car with a jerk and whirled in his seat to look back. The force of the explosion had literally torn the engine to bits. A great hole had been blown in the ground, and a cloud of smoke and vapor rose over the scene like a fog. He shuddered, transfixed at the horror of the sight.

"What is it?" said Nan, shaking him by the shoulder. "What has happened?" The touch seemed to galvanize him into action. With a single bound he was out of the machine and running toward the wreck.

"The boiler has exploded! Come!"

It was a matter of humanity now, in spite of the fact that the injured men were their enemies—and deadly enemies. But in moments like this, compassion is greater than hate.

Under the cab they found the engineer dead beside his throttle. They were still searching the wreckage when the whistle of another engine announced the arrival of the sheriff. Von Bleck they found at the foot of the embankment, a very much bruised and battered Von Bleck, but stunned rather than seriously hurt.

"I'm glad he isn't dead," Gwyn told the sheriff, "but I shall have to ask you to put him under arrest before he escapes. He and his confederates have stolen the deeds to the mine!"

Von Bleck started and sat up, the old look of cunning breaking through his stupor. He raised a trembling finger and pointed down the road.

"Arrest me?" He laughed. "Don't worry about that, sheriff. Look—there is your car. Gwyn stole it. He is a thief!"

It was a small card, but it took the trick. The sheriff knew his master. "It's true," he said. "Mr. Gwyn, you are under arrest." White with anger at such outrageous treatment, Gwyn sprang forward in vigorous protest, but

Nan caught his arm and restrained him with a whispered warning. The explosion, she knew, sounded its own alarm, and help would be on its way from the village.

Help did come, and very soon. The road up the mountainside was dotted with motors and horsemen before the last echo had died, and at the head of the procession came a bright red machine with a strip of flying bunting whipping in the wind behind it. It's radiator was boiling like a kettle when it drew up beside the track. The man at the wheel was "Ready" Hogan, a wiry little Irishman who had come to Lost Mine when it was still a municipal infant, and whose standing among the townspeople was won by the fact that he was ready to give each newcomer his hand or his fist, as the conduct and intentions of the visitor might warrant. He took in the situation at a glance.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, stepping forward.

Gwyn started to explain, his audience growing larger every minute as the rescuers arrived. Nan, standing at his side, sought the eye of each friend in the crowd, nodding silent assent. When Gwyn concluded, there was a silence. Hogan read the faces about him with growing confidence and walked out to face the sheriff. But Causley, too, had seen the swift rise of suspicion. With a wink to Von Bleck he turned to Gwyn with a smile of conciliation.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he said. Then, turning, he almost shouted at the abject Von Bleck:

His audience grew larger every minute as the rescuers arrived.

"Stand up, there! Come here! You are under arrest; do you hear?"

Von Bleck rose painfully and was led to the sheriff's machine.

"The sooner he's under lock and key the better!" Causley called back to the crowd, and a moment later the car turned a corner and was gone.

"Very odd, wasn't it?" said Gwyn. "You must have hypnotized him, Hogan. But I don't understand it yet." As the words passed his lips, he choked and started. Comprehension swept over his features like a fit of pain, a realization more agonizing than physical torture. Von Bleck had the deeds!

Causley had tricked him! The ownership of the mine and all it meant to the nation would pass into the hands of the enemy.

He fairly dragged Nan and Hogan to the auto, explaining as he went. Hogan, clear-eyed and determined, took the wheel. It was a race for the greatest prize on earth. They swept down the road like a flying projectile, faster and faster, and faster yet as they struck the downgrade and rushed on. Nan's ears hummed and rang with the pressure of the wind. Gwyn shielded his face with his hands. But Hogan, his eyes narrowed to mere slits, crouched tense and motionless over the wheel.

At the top of a rise they glimpsed the car of the sheriff only half a mile ahead. They were gaining—— And then occurred one of those tricks of fate that so often twist our hopes. A little thing it was—only a wood cutter felling a tree. But both cars were on the same stretch when the final stroke went home, and the great oak began to fall across the road. It was a desperate chance, but Von Bleck was desperate enough to meet it.

"Drive on!" he commanded. "More speed!" And Causley's car shot out to safety from the swiftly descending shadow as the tree crashed to the ground.

Hogan's brakes were grinding fire as he drew up with a jolt that almost threw the occupants from the car.

They had escaped death by the merest fraction, but danger meant nothing now. The heavy tree lay like a prostrate giant across the path. Sick with the sense of defeat, Gwyn watched the approach of the other cars that had followed from the wreck. Then came a horseman—two of them. It was a fighting chance at least. The riders had hardly dismounted before Nan and Gwyn were in the saddles, picking their way over and between the broken foliage, and then dashing on up the road. But the first glimpse they had of the commissioner's office was all too convincing that their race had been in vain. The sheriff's car, with Von Bleck grinning from the tonneau, was just rolling off down the street, and Causley himself stood in the doorway.

"I'm sorry," said the commissioner, "but I can do nothing for you." The sheriff gave him a significant glance, and he went on. "You see, they have the title deeds and have staked out a claim. Possession is nine points of the law."

He was an old man, the commissioner, a cringing soul to whom the petty clerkship meant the very means of existence. He owed that job to Causley, and paid the debt by sacrificing his honest convictions when the sheriff said the word. Nevertheless, a look of mingled discomfiture and regret showed in his face as he watched Nan's plucky effort to restore her husband's courage.

Hogan drove up at the door as they emerged, the brave piece of bunting on the rear of his car still flapping in the wind. The placard above it read:

For Sheriff
"READY" HOGAN

It was Nan that saw the opportunity, not Gwyn. She pointed eagerly.

"Look, dear, look! Half the voters in Lost Mine were at the wreck to-day. They saw a good example then of the Causley brand of justice, and now is our chance to show the people that he really is a scoundrel. I'm going to make a speech!"

Standing in the back of the bright red machine, one hand above her head and hair flying in the wind, Nan made a picture that drew the sympathy of every man in the crowd. Swept away by the emotion of a great cause, eyes

bright almost to tears, she told her story with dramatic effect. Even the commissioner, listening behind his closed door, could sense the rising enthusiasm. In it he read a significant message for himself.

"Who will vote for Hogan?" she cried, and the call was greeted with a gusty chorus of approval. Hats waved wildly as she stood looking down into the surging sea of faces about her impromptu platform.

"Good work, little girl!" called a big fellow over at the edge of the crowd. "Righto! We're for you!" came the answering shout from another.

Nan raised her hand for silence, ready to continue her speech, but as the cheering subsided the distant rapping of rifle fire came to their ears. Mingled with the single shots came now and then what sounded like a sustained volley. The firing seemed to come from the direction of the mine.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Von Bleck drove off from the commissioner's office he did so with a definite purpose. Now that he had the deed recorded he must also gain possession of the mine. With the double claim of title and possession he knew there would be no danger of his plans hanging fire. But he must have both to be safe. Straight to Brown's saloon he drove, and there in the rear room, gathered in a tense circle around the rolling dice, he found his band whiling away the time at their accustomed pursuits. They sprang up as he entered, eager at the prospect of another fight.

"Well," announced Von Bleck, "this afternoon we'll capture the mine. Get busy now. I want results this time. Have a drink on me and then get to work! I will join you later." Five minutes afterward the band was on its way to the attack, with Rawls in command. Von Bleck, Shoestring, and Carson reëntered the car and drove to the station, where a long, heavy box was taken aboard and carried off into the seclusion of the forest near the track.

Back at the mine Casey's men were preparing the midday meal. The two

"Well," announced Von Bleck, "this afternoon we'll capture the mine. Get busy now. I want results this time."

men who had been left as sentries came in from their posts, and every one was settling down for a comfortable hour when Rawl's first shot knocked the kettle from its hook. Taken completely by surprise, Casey's men were so demoralized that instead of defending the engine house, they took shelter behind an ore train outside.

"Take the engine house!" shouted Rawls, in command, and half a dozen of the bandits dashed in through the door and took position to defend the enrance.

But Casey was not trying to take the engine house just now. First he must get his men out of the trap. He worked along the side of the train until he reached the engine, mounted the step, and crouched behind the cab.

"Hold tight!" he called. "Lie down behind the ore in the cars!" And with this he grasped the throttle and started the train. Protected by the piles of ore, which served as a sort of intrenchment, Casey's men beat off all attacks as the train gained headway and crawled faster and faster toward the incline.

But Rawls was alive to the situation. What he desired was not a retreat, with the possibility of a counter attack, but a decisive victory, a stunning defeat of Casey's entire force. Another train, with its engine pointed in the opposite direction to that in which Casey was established, stood on a siding. His decision was instantaneous. Summoning his men to climb aboard, he backed the train on to the track and started in pursuit.

The race was even till they struck the grade, and then Rawls' train, with every car loaded, had a greater motive power than any engine—gravity. As the two trains slid down the mountain the distance between them grew less and less. Both sides were firing as rapidly and continuously as human fingers could load and press the triggers. Narrower and narrower grew the intervening space till the trains seemed to couple and lock. And now, back and forth over the swaying ore cars, there waged a hand-to-hand battle. First one side would take the upper hand, then the other, in a desperate rush, would carry the fighting back.

But this could not last. As Casey turned the bend leading down to the burned bridge he knew in his heart that defeat was very close. Outnumbered, his men would be virtually surrounded as soon as the train came to a stop. The only way out was across the bridge itself, trusting to a higher power that the charred supports and sleepers would bear their weight. Word was therefore passed along that all hands were to make for the bridge as soon as the engine halted. A moment later Casey closed the throttle and, calling his men to follow, leaped to the ground and started over the flimsy framework toward safety. It was a costly operation, but most of the men had made their way unhurt to the center of the bridge, and were holding off their assailants with fair success when a new enemy appeared in the rear.

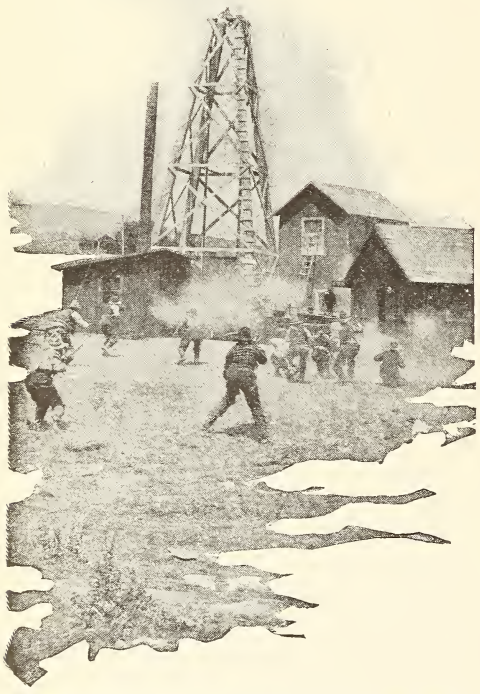
Von Bleck, Shoestring, and Carson had mounted a gatling gun on the front of an engine and were bearing down on Casey from the other side of the bridge. The fire had been less severe on this side, and the engine crept out over the sleepers with its deadly weapon pouring forth a flying fusillade of bullets. It was only by swinging their bodies underneath and hanging by the beams that the stout-hearted little band of defenders could save themselves.

CHAPTER XV.

Election day dawned bright and clear, and Hogan, his red machine conspicuous with campaign banners, was greeted with cheers wherever he went. The events of the day before had turned the tide, and Causley's defeat was a

foregone conclusion. But the candidate dropped his campaign smile for a hearty laugh when he suddenly came upon Casey twisting his hat with boyish embarrassment before a young lady's praise.

"Isn't he—I mean it—perfectly lovely?" she exclaimed with enthusiasm, as Hogan drove up. "Do you know what Mr. Casey did last night? Captured a brand-new Gatling gun Von Bleck had shipped from the East. Isn't that simply magnificent!" She was beaming on the big Irishman with frank admiration, clapping her hands and murmuring those girlish exclamations which prove so often fatal to any man's self-possession. Casey welcomed the newcomer as a providential diversion.



Taken completely by surprise, Casey's men were so demoralized that instead of defending the engine house, they took shelter behind an ore train outside.

"The Von came too far, that's all," he explained. "We worked along the side of the engine, and the Gat couldn't turn on such a wide angle. But they still have the mine, and a gang of men is working now rebuilding the bridge. Gwyn and I decided we, too, could use the bridge, so we are not disturbing them. And now tell me how the election is going?"

"Fine," grinned Hogan. "Mrs. Gwyn here is the best little politician I've seen in many a day. And, by the way, Old Man Taylor, the poor old skeleton that keeps the deeds, told me this morning he had changed his mind about the title to the mine and corrected the records in her ladyship's favor. I wouldn't wonder if he were something of a politician himself, eh?" And he slapped Casey on the back to emphasize his joke.

By noon the ballot was almost complete, with Hogan leading by a safe majority.

"Well," he told Gwyn, "since your wife fought me I'll repay the favor. The boys are having a holiday to-day, and I don't know any kind of celebration that'd please 'em better than a stiff little scrap. Let's drive those bandits out of the mine before supper time. What d'you say?"

Hogan cupped his hands and gave a shrill signal. In a few moments every man on the block had gathered to know what it was all about.

"All I have to say is this," he told them. "Gwyn and Casey and I are going after the bandits at the mine. Anybody with a good gun who wants some excitement is invited. The line forms on the left."

Half an hour later the new sheriff and his first posse were on their way up the mountain.

At the time Von Bleck and Rawls were holding a consultation. The new

supply of ammunition which was on the engine with the Gatling gun had been captured. There was still enough for emergencies, but no one could be expected to put up a good fight when he had to be too careful of his shots. And neither Rawls nor his brawling confederates were truly brave, for they could not summan courage to stand up against odds. Knowing all this, Von Bleck sought another way out. He was still seeking when a fusillade of shots announced that the battle was again in progress.

As Rawls grasped his rifle and rushed to join the fight, Von Bleck climbed swiftly up the scaffold of a drill. The situation called for generalship now, and Von Bleck felt that a crisis was impending. To give up the mine meant the loss of all he had come to achieve. To hold it meant almost certain defeat.

From the vantage point of the scaffold he studied the location as a commander studies a battlefield. Below the mine flowed the sluggish river at the base of beetling cliffs. Above was a rocky, narrow gorge with a small stream fed from Crater Lake, a wide and deep body of water which nestled in a volcanic shell at the top of the mountain. He knew this gorge well—a shallow cut in the hard metallic rock. Where the waters crossed the noxite vein it had made still less headway, and at this point the walls were only a few yards apart. His meditations were interrupted by a cry from Rawls.

"The men are giving way," he shouted. "Shall we barricade ourselves in the mine?"

"Tell them to retreat up the mountain!" yelled Von Bleck in reply, and a solution leaped full grown into his consciousness. "Work around the main shaft, and continue up the incline to the gorge!" Von Bleck's pudgy lids were drawn close over his cruel eyes as the realization came to him of what his plan would mean to his enemies. It was a big idea, as befitted one in high places, and he rubbed his palms with satisfaction. He could not see the human side of it. The project was too big for that.

As the firing approached, Von Bleck climbed down from his perch and started the steep ascent to the gorge above.

The posse was not a little chagrined at this sudden termination of the fight, but Gwyn and Hogan were jubilant.

"We are bound to start work at dawn in the morning," said Gwyn, when he had thanked his allies. "Washington and New York are insistent. The demand is so urgent that not an hour can be spared. And, by the way, Casey, I want you to double the guard and establish outposts at every approach. If we are attacked again we can meet them before they reach the mine itself."

But Von Bleck was not preparing to launch another battle. He was too clever for that—so clever, indeed, that even his men could only guess what was in his mind. After hiding all night in the gorge, he had ordered them out to dam the little stream at the water-worn crevice where it crossed the noxite vein. Von Bleck, accompanied by Brant and Carson, had disappeared soon after the work was begun, and did not return until almost nightfall. The dam was complete by then—a high wall of heavy stones buttressed with logs which effectually closed the channel.

"You will see in the morning," was his answer to all inquiries.

CHAPTER XVI.

Gwyn's spirits rose high at the prospect that now he could continue his work without hindrance. Casey reported that the bandits had not been seen since the fight, and a strong guard

had been stationed at regular intervals on all sides of the mine.

"Now, little girl, I suppose we can really settle down and enjoy ourselves," he told his wife, stepping up behind her and taking her hands. She smiled brightly.

"And I will have time to make our cabin look like a cozy home for you," she said, a bit wistfully. "We have been so busy with other things, you know, that I've had no time to show you what a good housekeeper I can be."

"Never mind that, dear. I didn't marry you to make me comfortable. What worries me is the excitement you have had. You're the bravest little girl in the world."

"Hey, cut out that turtle-dove stuff," called Casey jovially, glad of a chance to pretend amusement where envy was his true emotion. "Are you going to inspect the mine, or aren't you?"

Gwyn and Nan were just sliding down the shaft a few minutes later as Von Bleck, at the Crater Lake entrance called to his men. From a clump of bushes he drew a small black box which they recognized at once as an electric detonator. He smiled as he pointed off in the direction of the lake.

"I am now about to stage the greatest spectacle you boys have ever seen," he confided. "Crater Lake sits in a cup of rock on the mountain top. I am going to break the cup!" He watched the effect of this announcement, which evidently made little impression. "When it breaks," he continued, "the water will rush down the gorge, and the dam you built will turn the flood into shaft C of the mine. Every gallery will be full of water in ten minutes after the explosion occurs. Now do you understand?"

Did they understand! Every eye turned toward Von Bleck with a new light. They had owned small respect for this man before. His money had bought them to do his bidding. But now—well, he was a master, the sort of cunning scoundrel that petty scoundrels admire.

Delicately, almost artistically, Von Bleck's smooth fingers attached the end of the wire. When all was ready, he laid his forefinger gently on the button, bowed with ironic mirth, and pressed it down.

Outward and upward, spreading like a spray, the earth and stone on the near side of the lake flew high toward the heavens. A moment later a wall of foaming water burst through the cavity and boiled into the gorge below. A sheer fluid wall it was, charging onward with ever-increasing speed. Rocks were turned over in its headlong flight, huge trees uprooted and thrown about like broken windmills. Would it break the dam—that was the unvoiced question in each half-hypnotized brain. There was a tense moment as the water crashed into the obstacle, a great spurt of foam as it broke into spray. But the dam held. It held! Von Bleck, who had been holding his breath in suspense, breathed freely.

Diverted from its normal course, the swollen stream turned down the mountain. Shaft C, striking into the noxite vein a hundred yards below, was directly in its path. The muddy torrent swept into the hole and seemed swallowed up by it.

Nan and Gwyn were standing at the intersection of two main galleries when the first rush of water overtook them. It was so unexpected, so violent, that neither could reach the other in time. Nan was picked up by the current and borne away before Gwyn could make a move to save her, and it required all his strength, aided by a crevice in the rock, to keep himself from being torn from his hold.

They were terrible moments as he stood there alone in the dark, wondering, fearing, trying to fathom what had occurred. He did not fear for him-

self. If he held on long enough he felt certain the incoming flood would abate, and then he could swim to the shaft at the gallery's end. But Nan? There were miners in that gallery, he knew, but they also would be helpless in the rush of the flood. She could swim, but even that was small comfort. As soon as the current grew steadier he threw caution to the winds and struck out for the shaft. Finally he caught a glimpse of light, swam on, and at length found himself on top of the submerged cage. There was no way to signal. The apparatus was covered by the water. He must depend upon himself. In desperation he grasped the cable and started up, hand over hand, by sheer dumb determination forcing his grip to hold. When he reached the top, a hand reached down and drew him to safety.

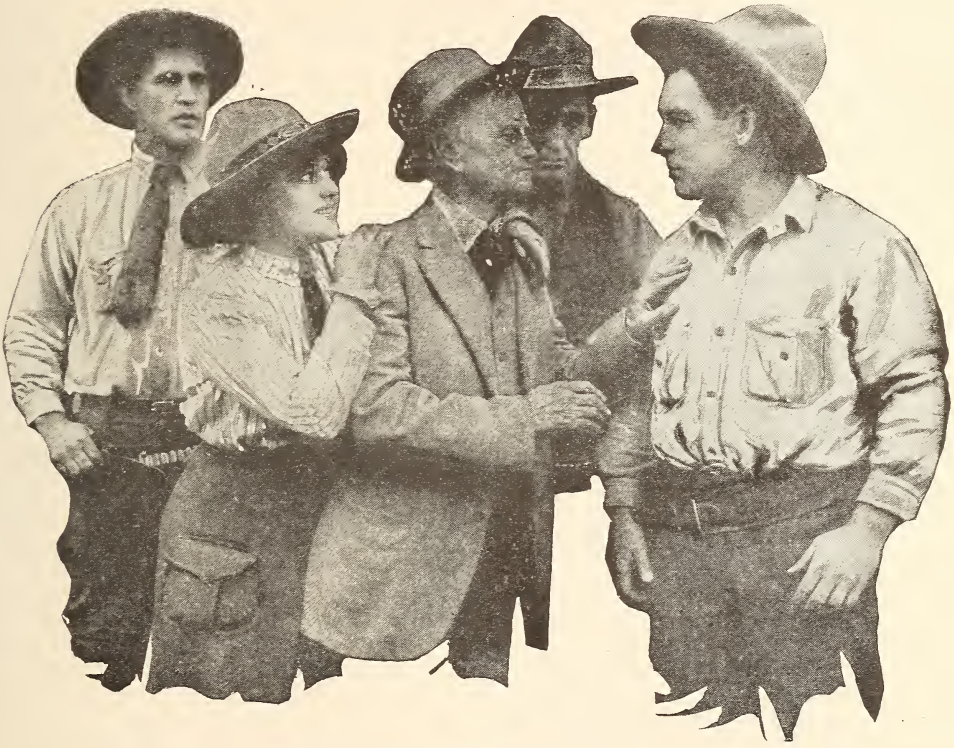
"Where is Nan?" he gasped.

"Some one is trapped in the storeroom. We hear them, but they do not answer when we call. Thank Heaven the air chamber is still open."

At the surface of the little tunnel that served to ventilate this wing of the mine Hogan and Casey stood with a group of workmen.

"I am going down," announced Gwyn briefly. "Give me a pick to clear the way, and lower a drill and some dynamite when I signal. I'll try to blow out the wall of the mine and let the water out!"

With a rope about his waist, Gwyn slid into the tunnel and worked his way down. It was narrow in places, so narrow that he had to use his pick many times, but eventually he felt a hand grasp his ankle and place his foot firmly on a ledge. In the square, high-walled storeroom, now two-thirds submerged,



"I am sorry," said the commissioner, "but I can do nothing for you."

were Nan and about a dozen workmen, battered, disheveled, half drowned, and totally unable to help themselves save by retaining a feeble grip on the jutting rocks to keep their heads afloat.

"I have come, Nan," said Gwyn simply.

"Yes, dear," was the reply. "I knew you would."

"But we could never get out the way I came down," he explained.

A pull on the rope, and down the air-shaft slid a compact bundle which Gwyn lifted clear of the water. The dynamite he placed on a dry ledge above, and then, with drill and hammer, attacked the face of the rock. As he worked, supported uncertainly on a sloping foothold, his strength, already sorely tried, drained swiftly away. He had chosen a spot to drill as far up as he could reach, but even so it seemed that the water must reach it first.

"Watch the hole, Nan," he said. "If the water gets there first the dynamite won't explode and we'll all be drowned."

His fingers worked frantically while the water rose higher and higher continually.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE RIP-ROARING RESCUE"

By Jack Tar

CAST.

Blonde Frances.
Topaz Tommy, the villain.
The Dog.
The River.

ACT I.

Topaz and Blonde go canoeing.

Scene 1. Villain throws Frances into river.
" 2. Dog jumps in and drinks river.
" 3. Rescues girl; carries her ashore.

ACT II.

Scene 1. Villain tries to escape.
" 2. Dog coughs up river.
" 3. Villain drowns.

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

GERALD R. W.—Here you are, Gerald, right at the head of the Oracle Department with your little question about Mary Miles Minter. The young lady in question was born on April 1, 1902, in Shreveport, Louisiana. Yes, I agree with you that she is a very clever youngster. She ought to be a great help to her mother when she grows up. You can reach her by letter at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Glad to hear that you like the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE so well. Every one isn't so fortunate as to land at the top of the Picture Oracle on their first attempt. Many have been trying to land this choice position for a long time, but it just happened that their letters were never the first to be opened. I always answer the questions in the order the letters are received.

MARIE R.—H. B. Warner is the gentleman's name that played the leading rôle in the Triangle photo play, "Shell 43." Address him in care of the Selig Company, Los Angeles, California.

A PROSPECT.—Go around to some of the studios and apply for extra work. When you see yourself on the screen, you can then decide how you think you photograph. The director will decide whether you possess any talent or not. If you do, he will soon let you know that he thinks so, and vice versa. Most of the studios are situated in New York, New Jersey, and California.

ANNA BELL.—William S. Hart is a very popular man, and it is no wonder that you like him so well. There are thousands who feel the same way toward him that you do. You can reach him at the William S. Hart Film Corporation, Los Angeles, California. Douglas Fairbanks is the gentleman's right name. Can't answer any of your matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Read the rules over carefully before you write your next letter, so I will be able to answer all your questions.

D. MARY S.—Ralph Kellard was *T. O. Adams* opposite Pearl White in the Pathé serial, "Pearl of the Army." Yes, Pearl has appeared in another serial since then. Her latest is "The Fatal Ring," in which Earl Foxe will be seen opposite the popular heroine. Anything else you would like to know?

SUSAN LANDERS.—Address Milton Sills in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Can't answer any matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. See if you can guess. Dustin and William Farnum have been playing for the same concern, but not in the same company. Each is featured separately. Write to Robert Warwick in care of the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Yes, I am sure that Mrs. Vernon Castle would send you one of her photographs if you were to write and ask her. Her address is the same as that of Milton Sills. June Caprice will get any mail that you may send to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. Earle Foxe should be addressed

the same as Mrs. Vernon Castle. Sorry, but I am a bad hand at answering riddles. I never get the time to figure any of them out, so I am afraid that you will have to excuse me in that line. Anything that you want to know pertaining to the photo plays or photo players, just ask me, and I will be only too glad to answer them for you.

Wattle Blossom.—Evidently some one must have been asleep when the two serials you mention were being run in Australia. You must be very proud of your Lockwood photo, coming from such a distance. Maurice Costello hasn't appeared in pictures since he finished work on "The Crimson Stain Mystery" for the Erbograph Company, which was released through the Metro Exchanges. Harry Morey has not left pictures by any means. He is still with the Vitagraph Company, and is being starred by them.

Sadie.—Well, if here isn't the second Australian reader right in a row! Little Wattle Blossom above hails from Australia, like yourself, even if she doesn't ask as many questions. Address Douglas Fairbanks in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Dorothy Dalton at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Louise Glaum at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Enid Markey is now with the Fox Film Corporation, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, where she receives her daily mail. Charles Ray should be addressed the same as Dorothy Dalton. Write Bessie Love in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Bessie Barriscale is now working at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California, where she is being starred in features. Blanche Sweet and Wallace Reid will both receive any mail you may send to them at the same address as Douglas Fairbanks. William S. Hart gets his daily mail at the William S. Hart Studios, Los Angeles, California. Henry Walthall is being featured at the Paralta Studios, and his address is the same as Bessie Barriscale. William Desmond works at the same studio as Louise Glaum. Whenever I get tired answering Oracle questions I am going to halt, because it can't be done if one can't answer them without being tired of it. Just write for the pictures, that being the case.

Jane Novak Admirer.—Anita Stewart was starred in "The Glory of Yolanda," a Vitagraph production. May Allison has not announced any new affiliation as yet, so it is hard to say which company she will go with. David Powell is the young gentleman you have reference to in "Gloria's Romance," produced by Kleine. Yes, I think they would answer you. Write to Mae Marsh in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. Violet Mersereau should be addressed in care of the Universal Film Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Dorothy Gish is very smart, indeed. June Caprice is appearing just as often on the Fox program. I don't know why it is you don't see more of her. Yes, we have published several stories in Picture-Play Magazine in which Dorothy Gish appeared. See that you headed your questions "Jane Novak Admirer," but failed to ask any questions about her. What's the trouble? Can't you think up anything that you would like to know about your favorite?

J. A. R., Australia.—Glad to hear that you liked your answers so well. I always get to them sooner or later, and, living in far-off Australia, you must allow more time than if you were writing from the United States. We will call it even, then, if that's the case, about your seeing all the Bill Hart pictures I mentioned. I have two new ones now for you to look up. They are "The Cold Deck" and "The Narrow Trail." The latter is probably the best thing he has ever done in pictures, which you will admit is saying quite a good deal. No, Mary Pickford used her own name when playing in pictures with the old American Biograph Company. I guess you have seen Charlie Chaplin in "Easy Street" by this time. I am sure that you will agree with me that it is the best picture he has ever appeared in. What do you say about that? Yes, Brenon is the same fellow that took the part of the cripple in "The Two Orphans," which he also produced, with Theda Bara in the leading rôle. Yes, I understand your money system. This seems to be a grand month for hearing from Australian readers. You do get a sprinkling of different stars at your favorite theater, don't you? It is no wonder that you don't see any one player in many features.

Pauline R.—Paul Willis is sixteen. You can reach him by mail in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Niles Welch is twenty-nine years old, although still a youngster. He first saw the light of day in Hartford, Connecticut. July 29th is his birthday.

Kia-Oko, New Zealand.—The draft age is from twenty-one to thirty-one, inclusive, in the United States, and over ten million registered on the fifth of June for the draft. Quite some collection, eh? They say that "Du Barry" is one of the best things that Theda Bara has ever done. She is now in New York City, after making three features on the Pacific coast. "Du Barry" has not as yet been released. Yes, Theda Bara was a stage favorite before she went into pictures. She first appeared in "A Fool There Was" for the Fox Company, and has been with them ever since. No, there are no young chaps of eighteen that are motion-picture stars that I know of. Your writing paper is quite new, to be sure. I

certainly see many variations in style, as far as paper is concerned. D. W. Griffith's feature, "Intolerance," was finished more than a year ago. It ought to make its appearance in New Zealand very shortly now. Don't forget to write again when you find the time.

KANGAROO KLUB KOKOMO.—May Allison has not announced that she has joined any other film concern since she left the Metro Pictures Corporation. I haven't heard a word about what she intends to do. I guess it won't be long, however, before we hear something about her new arrangements. Harold Lockwood is now getting a new leading lady for each one of his pictures. Tom Forman has volunteered, and is now stationed down at San Pedro, California, with the Coast Artillery. Yes, I am sure that Norma Talmadge would gladly send you one of her photographs. Address her in care of the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. She has a different leading man in each one of her features. They all seem to be doing it now. Certainly we like to hear that our readers are pleased with our magazine. Thanks very much. Call again.

MISS V. G.—Write to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE regarding the poem you mention. He will be able to tell you all about it.

M. L. H.—Page Peters was a cousin of House Peters, and not a brother. He was drowned several months ago in California. You can address House Peters in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. House Peters has left the Morosco Company, but has not announced his future plans up to the present time, although there are many rumors as to which company he will sign with.

HAZEL.—I hope you will turn out to be even better than Olive, Jr., because that young lady seems to have deserted us. There have been several productions of "Madame X." Which one do you mean? You can address your friend Wayne Arey in care of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, New York.

MRS. C. LE B.—Our mutual friend, Ormi Hawley, seems to have vanished from the screen. She joined the Fox Company, but left shortly afterward, and I have no idea of her whereabouts at the present time. I have been waiting to hear from her as to her hiding place, and what her future plans are, but nary a word has reached me so far. I'm still hoping that Ormi will not desert the screen.

YUKON HUSKY.—You can reach William S. Hart by letter at the William S. Hart Film Corporation, Los Angeles, California. William Farnum now receives all of his mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Bessie Barriscale is with the Paralta Plays, Incorporated, starring in features for her own company. You can address her in care of Paralta, Los Angeles, California. Virginia Pearson's address is the same as William Farnum's. William S. Hart's horse, "Fritz," will not be seen with him in any more of his features. Bill has decided that the horse has earned himself a retirement by his gallant work in his films, and will let him enjoy life as he will hereafter. Hart has finished his tour of the country, and is working hard on his releases for the Artcraft program. Enid Markey is the girl you mean. She is now with the Fox Film Company, being starred in features under the direction of Dick Stanton. Yes, there is a prominent actress by that name. The Robert W. Chambers story, "The Rise of Susan Lenox," was filmed by the World Film Corporation, with Clara Kimball Young in the title rôle; so you will have a chance to see the story you have been hoping would be screened some day. Some of Gouverneur Morris' stories would certainly suit Charles Ray to the proverbial "t." I enjoyed your letter immensely, and was not tired answering your questions at all.

DUTCH.—Jack Mulhall will get a letter addressed to him in care of the Universal Film Company, Universal City, California. Niles Welch can be reached at the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Webster Campbell is with the Vitagraph Company now, playing with Alice Joyce. Yes, he is a very good-looking chap, and a fine little actor, too. Write to him in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Valeska Suratt gets all of her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. George Fisher is the young man that played opposite Mary Miles Minter in "The Gentle Intruder." It was produced by the American Film Company, and released on the Mutual program.

GWENDOLYN.—Some of your questions date pretty far back, so I guess you don't see many of the late releases in your home town, eh? James Cruze played the leading rôle opposite Florence LaBabie in "The Million Dollar Mystery" for the Thanhouser Film Corporation. It looks as if Jane has retired from the movies. John Bunny died several years ago, but the Vitagraph are now reissuing some of his old comedies again. No, William S. Hart did not play in "Hell Morgan's Girl." It was William Stowell who played opposite Dorothy Phillips in this. You are probably thinking of "Hell's Hinges," in which William S. Hart starred some time ago. Gladys

Smith is little Mary Pickford's right name. Yes, her hair is naturally curly. Mary Pickford's latest feature is the "Little Princess." Grace Cunard was very good indeed in "The Purple Mask." Besides starring in this serial, she is the author of it also, so you can see that Grace keeps herself pretty busy.

I Like Webster Campbell.—Yes, and there are many, many picture fans of the same mind as yourself. Webster is a mighty fine boy, and well liked. He is still with the Vitagraph Company. His latest release is "The Fettered Woman," by Robert W. Chambers. Sorry, but you ought to know that I don't answer matrimonial questions. Shame on you! A veteran reader like you should know better than to ask such things. Webster was born in Kansas City, Missouri. He has been with Lubin, Ince, American, Lasky, and Vitagraph.

Miss Addressed.—With stationery going up all the time, you must be an heiress or something to contemplate using so much of it. Some people were born lucky. Clara Kimball Young is now heading her own company, and mail addressed to her in care of the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation, Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York, will be sure to reach this popular star. Harold Lockwood has gone back to New York, so he should now be written to in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Rosemary Theby is not appearing in Pathé comedies any more. She is with the Universal Company, starring in their Bluebird releases. You can reach her via the postman at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Charles Ray has also left Triangle's Culver City studios, so it is no wonder that he did not get your letter. You should write to him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Gloria Swanson has changed her berth from the Keystone lot to the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Violet Mersereau's address is still at the Universal Film Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Monroe Salisbury can be reached at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Little Mary Miles Minter receives all her mail at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. She is fifteen years old, having been born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. She did not leave the American Film Company at all, but has just started work on a new contract with them. Yes, she is very popular, indeed. Can't answer your last question, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Read over the rules at the head of the department before you write again, so that I will be able to answer all of your questions next time.

M. A. T.—Virginia Pearson should be addressed in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. I think that "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was a better Mary Pickford vehicle than her "Poor Little Rich Girl." Anita Stewart is still with the Vitagraph Company. She thought of leaving that concern recently, but the courts ruled that she must finish out her contract before she could accept a new engagement. I don't call your little note a long letter at all. You should see some I get.

"Hope!!!???"—Why all the exclamations and questions marks, Hope? Was the shock of seeing three of your answers all in one month's questions too much for you? Yes, I guess that every one has a different set of opinions about this war and how it should be run. As for me, I am perfectly contented with the way we are doing, and am satisfied to leave the running of it to the people who have it in charge. I think that we have done very well indeed. I get more letters from the gentler sex than from the men. They seem to be more emotional, as you say, and like to write letters more. I knew that once you saw that terrible picture you would never get over it for some time. It only takes one failure to make an idol drop from a person's pedestal of fame, but a few more than one success to restore him to said pedestal once more. That was a fine picture to take a friend to in order to show him off! Ha, ha! No, it is beyond the power of any actor to have a bad picture in which he has appeared recalled. Once it gets out, it remains out until it is all through. There doesn't seem to be any one who is aware when the film "Mickey" will be released. It has been promised for release for so long that it is getting to be quite a joke among the film people in general. Wheeler will be seen in several pictures he did after "Mickey" before the latter is released. Didn't see the "Clodhopper," with Charles Ray? I think you will like this even better than you did "The Pinch Hitter." Then there are his new Paramount features. "The Son of His Father" and "His Mother's Boy." Both are very good productions, and show Charley at his best.

V. L.—Harold Lockwood is very good looking, indeed. May Allison does not play opposite him any more. Harold now has a new leading lady for every picture in which he appears. He has done several features since you saw "The Promise." "Under Handicap" and "The Paradise Garden" are some of his latest releases. One question isn't very much for a brand-new reader to ask, do you think? I should imagine that on one's first offense in writing to the Oracle you would have a whole bundle of questions stored up.

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BOSTON

Two Country Hayseeds.—Your letter received, and I have forwarded the one which you inclosed to Stuart Holmes, as you desired. Did you forget to ask any question, or did you just run out of them as you were going to write?

J. C. G.—Write and let me know the names of the movie stars whose addresses you wish, and I will be only too glad to send them to you. You must not fail to call on the Oracle for anything that you want to know about the film plays or players, as long as it isn't against the rules.

Helen.—Mae Murray and Elliot Dexter had the leading rôles in the Lasky production of "The Plow Girl." Vivian Martin was the featured party in "The Wax Model." Anita Stewart had the leading rôle in "The Combat," while Mary Pickford and Marshall Neilan had the leading rôles in "Madam Butterfly." No, they threw a dummy off the cliff, and not the real man. How do you suppose a man could fall off a cliff like that and live afterward? Yes, they use real cigarettes in the films. Why should they use a substitute. Real liquor is not used, however. Apple juice is used mostly as the substitute for champagne, and sarsparilla for whisky. Don't see anything very terrible about that, do you? You have quite a collection of favorites, haven't you? I'll let you know if I need any ribbon. No, you have gone through your first letter to the Oracle without asking a single question against the rules. You are to be congratulated.

Cunard Twins.—Another letter from you this month. Ruth Roland, Frank Mayo, Mollie McConnell, and Daniel Gilfeather had the leading rôles in the Pathé serial, "The Red Circle." Can't answer your Francis Ford question, as it is against the rules of the department. Such old-time readers as yourselves ought to know better than that. No, I am sure that I don't know of any motion-picture star that has an automobile they want to give away. If I did, I might be right on hand myself to claim it. The weather is very cool here now. Sorry to hear that you are smothered in a hot wave. Pretty late for warm weather.

The Girl from California.—Address Kathlyn Williams in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Blanche Sweet and Mary Pickford will get any letters you may send to them in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Billie Burke will get a letter at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. I am sure they will all send you their photographs. I should say it was nice of Bessie Barriscale, Mary Miles Minter, and the others to send you such nice pictures of themselves. You should certainly feel very proud of them. No, I don't answer questions for any other magazine. Don't you suppose that I have all I can do to answer those for Picture-Play without trying any others? "The Mysterious Miss Terry" is Billie Burke's Paramount picture. Ann Pennington has already returned to the screen in "The Little Boy Scout." You are referring to Lottie Briscoe, who used to play opposite Arthur Johnson in the old Lubin films. Lottie hasn't been on the screen for quite a while, and I don't know whether she intends to return to filmdom or not. There is no limit to the number of questions you may ask.

M. R. B.—How do you mean explain to you why Mary Pickford's right name is Gladys Smith? I am sure that the only way I can explain it is that her father's name was Smith, and when she was born they christened her Gladys. Could anything be clearer than that? Mary Pickford is just her stage name. Write to Billie Burke in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation for the photograph you require. The address is 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Icelander.—Seena Owen is the young lady who had the leading rôle in the Mutual Master Picture, "The Fox Woman." Elmer Clifton played opposite her. She is still acting in pictures, but is at present recovering from a recent illness. No, I don't know of any Icelander playing before the camera.

Florence H.—Address Cleo Madison in care of the Wigwam Theater, San Francisco, California. She is not playing in pictures at the present time, but is heading a stock company at this theater. Ella Hall will get any mail send to her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Gertrude Robinson is not playing in pictures at the present time. Gertrude Selby will get any letter you may send to her in care of the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Margarita Fischer is now starring in features for the American Film Company at Santa Barbara, California, and should be written to there. Arthur Ashley will get any letter sent to him at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Myrtle Stedman is now making a tour of the United States and Canada, but a letter sent to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, will be sure to reach her quickest. Victoria Forde's address is the same as Gertrude Selby's. It is always better to receive your answer through the Oracle than by personal reply, as these questions are always answered before the personal letters are attended to. It is customary to send a quarter with your request for a player's photograph.

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PEGGY.—Marguerite Clark is thirty years old. Can't answer your second question regarding her as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. She went into motion pictures after leaving a successful career on the stage. Lillian Gish is just twenty-one years old. Yes, Mrs. Castle wears her hair cut "Castle clip." She is not the only one who wears her hair that way, as I have seen many young girls doing the very same thing.

BROWN EYES.—Sessue Hayakawa is now appearing in the famous Wallace Irwin 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" for the Lasky Company. They are very interesting, indeed, and I advise you not to miss them, as he is such a favorite of yours. He is without doubt a very good actor. J. Warren Kerrigan is now working on his second feature for the Paralta Company. His first one is "A Man's Man." He is now recovering from a broken leg, which he received when he fell from a horse. Max Linder can speak hardly any English at all; so if you want to write to him, I am afraid that you will have to do it in French, or get some one that can write French to do it for you. I will tell the editor about your requests concerning June Caprice and Jane Lee. Address little Jane Lee in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. So I sound like a woman to you? Well, there are others who say just as positively that I sound like the male of the species to them, so there you are.

EDWIN AUGUST ADMIRER.—Edwin August has not appeared on the screen since he left the World Film Corporation. I don't know how soon he intends to return. Any letter addressed to him in care of the World Film Corporation will be promptly forwarded to him. He was directing during the last few months that he was with the World.

MATTIE M.—I don't know whether your friend of the Fox Company was at the World Studio the week before Christmas or not. You know last Christmas is a long way off, my dear. If you read the rules at the top of the Oracle Department, you will see that we don't answer questions regarding matrimony. Sorry, but I have to observe these rules very carefully. If you think of anything else that you would like to know, tell me what it is, and I will try my best to answer it for you.

B. C.—That's a pretty old heading for one so young as yourself. You should use A. D. instead of B. C.? Address Antonio Moreno in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. He is not with the Vitagraph Company any longer, but is playing opposite Mrs. Vernon Castle in her Pathé features. Marguerite Clark will get any mail you may send to her in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Mary Miles Minter gets all of her mail at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Francis X. Bushman should be written to in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Clara Kimball Young receives her daily mail at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York, where she is making features for her own company. Marie Doro still gets hers at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Robert Warwick will receive any letter that you may send to him in care of the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Harold Lockwood meets the mail man at the Yorke-Metro Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California.

MARJORIE MASON.—"A Son of the Gods" was not put on by Charles Chaplin, as you suppose. Pieces were taken from his various plays and patched in with some stuff by one of his imitators. It is no wonder that you could not understand it, because you can't expect to understand anything that is thrown together that way. It was not a regular picture, but just a lot of stuff patched together, which the managers relied on Chaplin's name to carry.

ÆTAS.—Oh, I should say that we have quite a few mosquitos of our own in New York City. Of course they come over to visit us from our neighboring State, New Jersey; but don't think that all the mosquitos are hedged up near the Rosewood Academy. I shouldn't imagine that live grasshoppers would be very pleasant roaming down one's neck. Excuse me. Mary Miles Minter is fifteen. Yes, the "Long Trail" has been released. What do you mean the color of Peggy's hair? I don't quite understand. Address Mae Murray in care of the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Blanche Sweet has not acted before a camera for several months now. I don't know when she expects to return to the screen either.

MRS. L. C.—It was Florence LaBadie that appeared in the Thanhouser feature, "The Fear of Poverty." You can write to her in care of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, New York, and she will be sure to receive it.

ROSE E.—Webster Campbell is now with the Essanay Film Company. Address him in care of this company at 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

H. P. Y.—What is it you would like to know about Frank Mills, Robert W. Chambers, and Conway Tearle? You forgot to state in your letter what it was that you wanted to know about them.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

HOPE.—Almost landed you at the top this month. You were not so far from it at that. Your friend Wheeler Oakman is now appearing in features for the Universal Company. You can reach him by letter at Universal City, California.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE'S ADMIRER.—Don't know where you can obtain a photo of Mrs. Vernon Castle and Milton Sills together, but you can get separate ones by writing to each at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Yes, her hair is bobbed all the way around. It is known as the Castle clip, and you will notice several young ladies have adopted the style, and are wearing their hair in the same fashion. It is all her own hair. She has appeared in several features for the Pathé Company since her "Patria" was released. Antonio Moreno was her leading man in some of them. Better inclose a quarter with your request for a photograph, as it is customary nowadays. Photographs are going up just the same as food and other necessities of life.

WILMA K.—Fannie Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, have left the Lasky Company. They had contracts for two years yet, but for some reason it was agreed that the contracts be canceled. Fannie is now with Pathé. They have a beautiful home in Hollywood, California, that cost them many thousands of good American dollars to build. Charles Ray is no longer with the Triangle Company. He has resigned from that concern to go with Thomas H. Ince's new company. Charlie started with Ince four years ago, and thinks that he should stick with him now. He has signed a new contract for two years at a large increase. Harold Lockwood will get any mail sent to him in care of the Yorke Film Company, Gordon Street, Hollywood California. Address Charlie Ray in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Billie Burke is with Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. "The Mysterious Miss Terry" is Billie Burke's latest photo play since she did the "Gloria's Romance" serial for the Kleine Company.

ORACLE'S FRIEND.—Dorothy Phillips, William Stowell, Lon Chaney, and Alfred Allen had the leading rôles in the Universal Bluebird feature, "Hell Morgan's Girl." Yes, I enjoyed the picture very much indeed. Theda Bara is now located at the William Fox Studios in Hollywood, California, on Western Avenue. You can reach her by letter at the studio. Bessie Barriscale, Henry B. Walthall, and J. Warren Kerrigan are working for Paralta. Henry Lehrman, Billie Ritchie, Gertrude Selby, and Dot Farley had the leading rôles in the Fox comedy you mention, "The House of Terrible Scandals." I agree with you that it is one of the best slapstick comedies in a long time. Chester Conklin is still with the Keystone, having signed a contract for another year. You can reach him by letter in care of the Keystone Film Company, 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, California.

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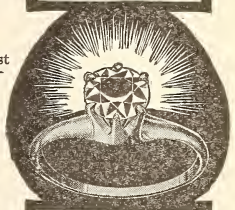

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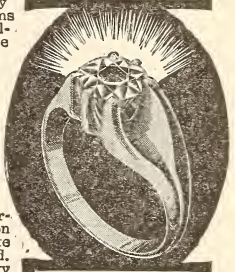

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

M. T. Dome.—Tom Mix, Victoria Forde, and Victor Potel are the humans that furnished the comedy in the Fox "Hearts and Saddles." The name of the donkey that added much merriment to the picture has not been found out at this late hour. Eddie Polo will get a letter written to him at Universal City, California. Yes, it was he that played with Grace Cunard in "The Broken Coin" serial. He is a very daring chap. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are not working together any longer. Their screen partnership of several years was broken up when Grace left Universal. Francis Ford is still directing for this concern. Constance Talmadge has joined the Selznick Enterprises, and will be starred in features. You will get a letter to her by addressing it in care of the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

One Too Many.—No, you are wrong. You are not what your title implies at all. The Oracle is always glad to welcome another reader into its midst. Most of your questions are against the rules, and by reading the said rules over carefully you will find out just which ones they were. Write to Wiliam Desmond in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, Culver City, California.

Alimony.—Yes, it is true that Elsie Ferguson has gone into motion pictures. Elsie has joined the Artcraft Company, and will make several features under this banner. George M. Cohan has made another film for the same program. It is his famous stage success, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and should make a fine comedy drama. I enjoyed his "Broadway Jones" very much indeed. Cohan can be written to in care of the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. I think that you can persuade him to mail you one of his photos. Anna Little is back on the Pacific coast again. Address her in care of the Yorke-Metro Film Company, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California.

Lazy.—I don't think your title agrees with you at all. A lazy person wouldn't have written such a long letter. And such a lot of questions! Some of them do not come within the limits of the rules, however, so I will have to omit these from my answers. Gertrude Selby is with the Lasalida Film Company, making one-reel comedies opposite Neal Burns, for Pathé release. Horace Davey, formerly director for Al Christie, is producing these comedies. No, Gail Kane has no film company of her own. She is one of the very few feminine stars who haven't. Anita Stewart should be addressed in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Sweet Sixteen But——.—Send those questions about your scenarios to the Scenario Department of this magazine. Inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Anita Loos is the name of the young lady that writes all the Fairbanks titles, and some of his scenarios. She is a mighty clever miss and weighs only ninety pounds.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

ANXIOUSLY WAITING.—Mae Marsh and Bobby Harron are still playing together. Mae joined the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, while Bobby remained with Fine Arts until his contract expired. He received a very good offer from Goldwyn, and joined them to play opposite his old side kick.

R. M. S.—You had better send six cents in stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of all the motion-picture concerns that are in the market for stories. It will help you in sending your own story to the right place, as it gives the type of plots the different companies are in the market for, and lots of other useful information. Gloria Swanson made her reputation playing in Keystone Comedies. She is now with the Sunshine Comedy Company, costarring with Bobby Vernon in comedies for the Fox program. She is a tiny little miss of five feet, and very clever, too. You can reach her by letter at the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. The only parents she has that I know of are her mother and father.

D. C. H.—Yes, the letter you inclosed with your own has been forwarded to Vivian Martin as you requested. Thanks very much for your tip about the cigar, but suppose I don't indulge? You know you are not sure whether I am male or female. If the latter, I naturally would have no inclination to try a cigar. I think that you have been trying to find out something. You didn't ask any questions, so therefore I cannot answer anything for you. Isn't there anything that you would like to find out? If so, don't fail to call on me, as that is what I am being paid for.

AUDREY S.—Address Pauline Frederick in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Billie Burke will receive any mail you may send to her at the same place. Address John Bowers at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks is now working at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and mail addressed to him there will be sure to reach the smiling Doug. Mary Pickford is working at the same studio, so write to her in care of the same address. Mrs. Vernon Castle receives her daily mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

ISABELLE S.—Yes, it is true that the Harold Lockwood-May Allison picture partnership has been dissolved. This happened many months ago. Harold is being starred alone by the Metro Pictures Corporation, while May Allison has not as yet announced her new affiliation. From the look of things at present it doesn't seem likely that they will appear again in the same productions for some time, at least. Harold has gotten into the habit now of changing his leading ladies every picture.

IRENE R.—Yes, it is out of my line to give the addresses of stage players. The only ones I keep

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

in touch with are the stars who are liable to burst into filmdom at any time; so I am sorry that I can't supply you with the address of the person you mention. If there is anything you want to know about any of the film plays or players, let me know, and I will try my best to answer your questions, but as for keeping track of all the stage people, too—that is a little beyond me. You know that old saying: "Jack of all trades, and master of none."

HENRY L. L—Yes, pictures are always copyrighted when they are produced. A picture of each scene is sent to Washington, together with a synopsis. I think that it is possible to copyright what you mention, but for full particulars you should communicate with Copyright Department at Washington, D. C. They will give you full information in the matter. Any questions that you want answered regarding motion-picture stories should be addressed to the Scenario Department of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. They will be only too glad to give you any help and advice at no cost whatever to yourself. Just inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply with your letter.

AN ADMIRER OF CORINNE GRIFFITH.—Your favorite is still with the Vitagraph Company, but at their Eastern studios, and not on the coast, as you imagine. Corinne has risen greatly in popularity during the last few months, and is now being starred by the Vitagraph in a series of special books and stories which have been purchased to suit her personality. She played opposite Earle Williams for several features before she was launched by the Vitagraph as a star. You can reach her by mail at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Being a veteran reader of the Oracle, you ought to know that I don't answer matrimonial questions. Helen Holmes has not left the Mutual Film Company. She has just finished her latest serial, "The Lost Express," part of which is now being released. Any mail addressed to her in care of the Signal Film Company, Los Angeles, California, will be received by the daring little star. She is not any relation of Taylor Holmes.

A MOVIE FAN.—A little late, to be sure, but better late than never. Your letter was not received in time, so could not be answered in last month's issue. Mitzi Hajos has not been lured to the screen as yet, but she will undoubtedly fall in line with the other stage stars sooner or later. You can reach her by letter in care of Cohan & Harris, George M. Cohan Theater, New York City. Billie Burke is known off as well as on by that name. So is our friend Theda Bara. Of course Charles Chaplin is not as silly in real life as he is on the screen. How could you imagine such a thing? Charley is a very quiet little fellow when he is not working before the camera. Shirley Mason is considered very good looking, indeed. Lillian Gish is the young lady's real name. Pauline Frederick is a very beautiful

woman. She is dark complexioned. Douglas Fairbanks is every bit as jolly and athletic off the screen as he is on. Doug is a very popular fellow and is always on the go. Jewel Carmen played opposite him in "American Aristocracy." Of course Annette Kellermann swims as well at the beaches as in her pictures. She is conceded to be one of the best swimmers ever developd among th fair sex. The "Daughter of the Gods" was not taken in Russia. It was filmed by Herbert Brenon in Jamaica. She is not known by any other name than Annette Kellermann. Didn't you see her swimming act at the New York Hippodrome?

R. M. G.—You can address Paul Willis in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. He has appeared in several features with the Metro Company since he did *Billy* in "The Fall of a Nation."

E. G. H.—Yes, Mae Marsh appeared quite prominently in "The Birth of a Nation." She took the part of the youngest Cameron, sister of Henry Walthall, in the feature, and wound up by throwing herself over the cliff when chased by the negro. You can't fail to recognize who she was now, can you?

Mrs. Helen B. S.—It was Theda Bara, and not Louise Glaum, that played the *Spider* in "The Tiger Woman." Louise appeared in a feature with Charles Ray for Triangle called "The Wolf Woman." You have probably mixed these two features.

Harold O.—What is the trouble? You forgot to put the first half of your letter in the envelope you sent me. Guess you must have come across it by this time. Yes, I will typewrite the history you wish if you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Yes, Theda Bara is considered by many critics as the greatest vampire on the screen today. No, Mary Pickford did not have anything to do with the making of "Broadway Jones," in which George M. Cohan was starred. It was directed by Joseph Kaufman.

Miss Mary R.—You can address Paul Willis in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. He has light-brown hair and blue eyes, and is sixteen years of age. He's a nice little fellow, too.

H. L. J.—Your letter was turned over to the Screen Opportunity Contest, as you directed. The contest closed some time ago, you know.

Thomas Maloney.—The Erbograph Company produced "The Crimson Stain Mystery" serial, with Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin playing the leading rôles and Olga Olonova as the bad little vampire that tried to spoil the nice little plot that was all laid out. It ended with "They lived happily ever after," as all good serials do. The address of the company is One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York City. I am having the editor send you a Market Booklet, as you asked in your letter.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 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 George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Treasurer of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor,* Gerald C. Duffy, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation, composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. Grace H. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Anne K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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: None.

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GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer,
of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1917, Charles W. Ostertag, Notary Public, No. 51, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

G. B.—You can get in touch with William Farnum by writing to him in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. No trouble at all. You can ask me as many questions as you wish, and I will do my best to answer them, just so they are not contrary to the rules of the Oracle Department.

M. D. M.—The address of the Bluebird Film Company is 1600 Broadway, New York City, but their photo plays are produced by the Universal Film Company at Universal City, California, which is quite some distance from New Britain, Connecticut.

A. H.—I know that Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland, but could not tell you just what part. You can find out by writing to him in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. He is now appearing in a new serial with Mollie King called "The Seven Pearls," released by Pathé.

L. M. THOMPSON.—Send six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet, issued by this magazine. It gives the names and addresses of all the film companies that are in the market for scenarios, and tells the kind of stories they are looking for. Any questions that you have regarding scenarios should be addressed to the Scenario Department of PICTURE-PLAY and not to me. I have all I can do to attend to the queries about the plays and players. Ella Hall was Ruth, and Bob Leonard was John Dore in "The Master Key" serial, produced by the Universal and written by John Fleming Wilson. Ella is still being featured by the Universal, while Bob Leonard is directing the features in which Mae Murray appears for that company. G. M. Anderson was Broncho Billy. He is not playing in pictures any more; in fact, he hasn't appeared before the camera in several years. He spends his time and money now promoting different theatrical ventures, and owns one-half interest in the Longacre Theater in New York City.

HAROLD A. S.—All right, Harold, I shan't tell any one a word about it. I think that Niles Welch would send you one of his photographs if you were to write to him for one. You can secure a very nice photo of him by sending a quarter with your request. Address him in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Sorry, but I don't answer any matrimonial questions. You should have read the rules of the department at the head of the Oracle. Tom and Owen Moore are brothers. Tom is now playing opposite Mae Marsh in the "Cinderella Man" for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Owen is older than Tom. The Mary Pickford Film Company is the name of Mary Pickford's company. She releases her pictures through the Artcraft Pictures Corporation. See that you carry out your threat to write often, as I am always glad to hear from new readers.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

J. A. B.—You are surely a great booster for Wallace Reid, all right. You can reach him any time by mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Wally has blue eyes. He has been in motion pictures a long time, with Universal, Fine Arts, and Lasky. The only chance is to apply at a studio for extra work, and if you have the talent that you think you have the director will discover it soon enough. They are in need of new players with ability all the time, and are always on the lookout for them; so you will have no trouble in landing a good job if you can convince them that you have the proper ability to put it over on the screen.

ELSIE W.—Address any questions that you may have regarding scenarios to the Scenario Department of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. They will be only too glad to help you out. I will, too, if there is anything that you want to know about any of the players or the films.

CRAZY FAN.—Betty Nansen has not been in this country for some time. She has gone back to Denmark. Jean Southern was the daughter in "Should a Mother Tell?" Address Walter Miller in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Don't know the exact figures of James Morrison's salary, but I know they are large. You can address him in care of the Ivan Film Company, Times Building, New York City. You are a strange fan, aren't you, not to like some of the most popular players we have? I agree with you that it is indeed hard luck to break a leg, or any other bone, for that matter. Mabel Trunelle is with the Edison Company. Lillian Loraine has not appeared in pictures since she starred in the Balboa serial, "Neal of the Navy." She has gone back on the stage again. No, I don't mind answering your questions the least bit. I don't think you will find out who I am as easily as you suppose. You may ask some one who the Oracle is, but who are you going to find who knows? There is but one person who knows, and that is the editor of PICTURE-PLAY, and there is not the least chance of his telling. He refuses to even let his friends in on it, so there you are! Why should I be angry if you try to find out who I am? There is nothing to be mad about. Any one is entitled to try. It doesn't worry me in the least. James Morrison is an American, and so is the Picture Oracle, and mighty proud of it, too!

G. S.—Haven't heard of any actress in motion pictures by the name you mention. Are you sure that is the name she is using? Where is she working? In what city, I mean. If you are positive about the name, I will see if I can locate the young lady for you. Sorry I couldn't get you in the last issue, but your letter was answered in the order in which it was received. Better write a little earlier next time, and I will be able to answer your letter sooner in the Oracle. First come, first served, you know.

ISABEL W. M.—Address Olga Petrova in care of the Petrova Pictures Corporation, New York City.

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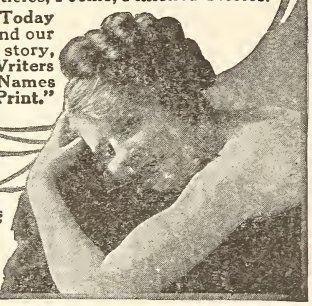

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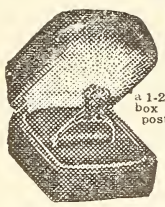

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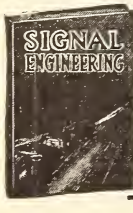

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

MAJA.—You certainly do very well indeed for one who has been speaking English only a little over a year. I had no trouble at all in reading your letter. I may not be the busiest person in the world, but I will say that I run the one who is a close race. Yes, you guessed about right when you say I am asked about one hundred times a day how to become a motion-picture actress. Nearly every one that writes to me wants to appear before the camera. One is never too old to learn. Yes, I have read Douglas Fairbanks' book, "Laugh and Live." It is very cleverly written, and speaks a whole lot of truth, too. About the only way I can suggest to you to get into the movies is the same way I have suggested to so many of my readers. Go to some of the studios and apply for extra work. You will get your chance to appear on the screen, if only as atmosphere. You will at least find out how well or how bad you screen, and if you have ability it will soon be discovered by the directors, who are always on the lookout for new talent with possibilities. I don't see anything the matter with your English as far as your letter is concerned; and, besides, that makes no difference on the screen, as the public can't hear how you speak and will never be the wiser. Don't forget to write me again when there is anything that I can answer for you.

S. B. B.—The Frank Powell Productions produced the feature, "Charity," which was released by the Mutual Film Corporation. Creighton Hale had the leading male part, and Linda A. Griffith, who wrote the story, was the feminine lead. Sheldon Lewis was the terrible villain. Address Creighton Hale in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

IRENE W.—Leon Barry should be addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. You should have read the rules of the department, young lady, before writing your letter. I can't answer some of your questions for this reason. Yes, I am sure that he will send you a photograph of himself if you inclose a quarter with your request.

NOBODY HOME.—The questions are all answered in the order in which the letters are received; so if you don't see your answer in PICTURE-PLAY right away, you know that your turn has not arrived, but that it will be there sooner or later. No, your friend George Beban is not an Italian. I don't think that House Peters would mind a bit. You can address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. So you are determined that I am a young lady? Well, you might be right, and then again you might not. There are others who insist just as strongly that I am a bold, bad man. Your other questions have been answered, so I guess you must have seen them by this time. Write soon again, and I will promise that you won't have to wait as long unless the rush gets too big for me.

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Ainslee's *for* February

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The Silver Tongued Orator of Minnesota, Charles A. Towne, Former United States Senator

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Chas. A. Towne

Minnesota's Man of Mark

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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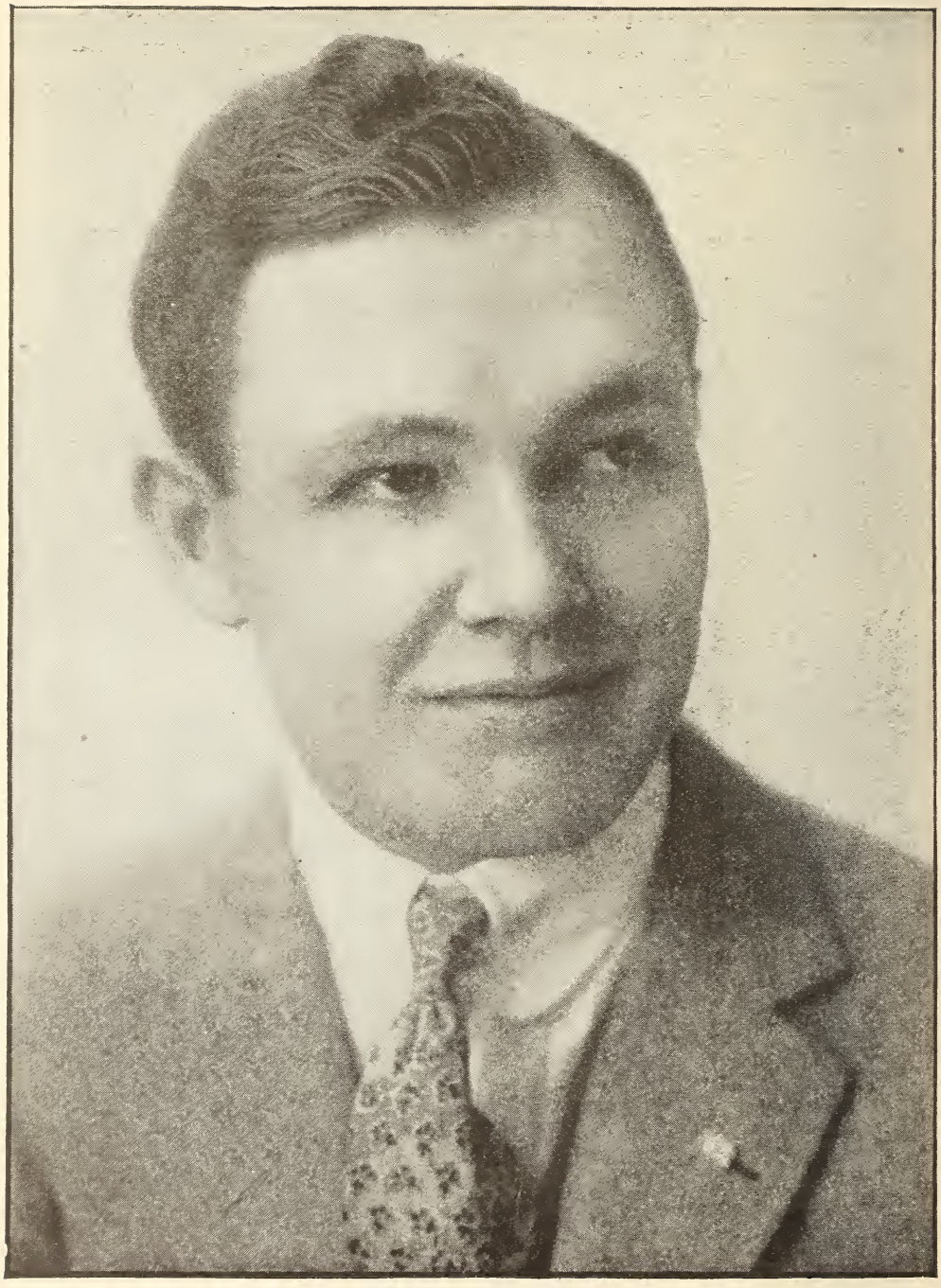
Favorite Picture Players

MAXINE ELLIOTT

recently came to the screen from the foremost ranks of stage players She was born in Rockland, Maine, and entered the theatrical world in 1890. In 1895 her real success began when she joined the renowned Augustin Daly company. After her engagement with Daly she toured England and Australia with Nat Goodwin, then her husband, and, on returning to America was considered one of the stage's greatest actresses. During the past year she entered pictures through the Goldwyn Company and is continuing her success.

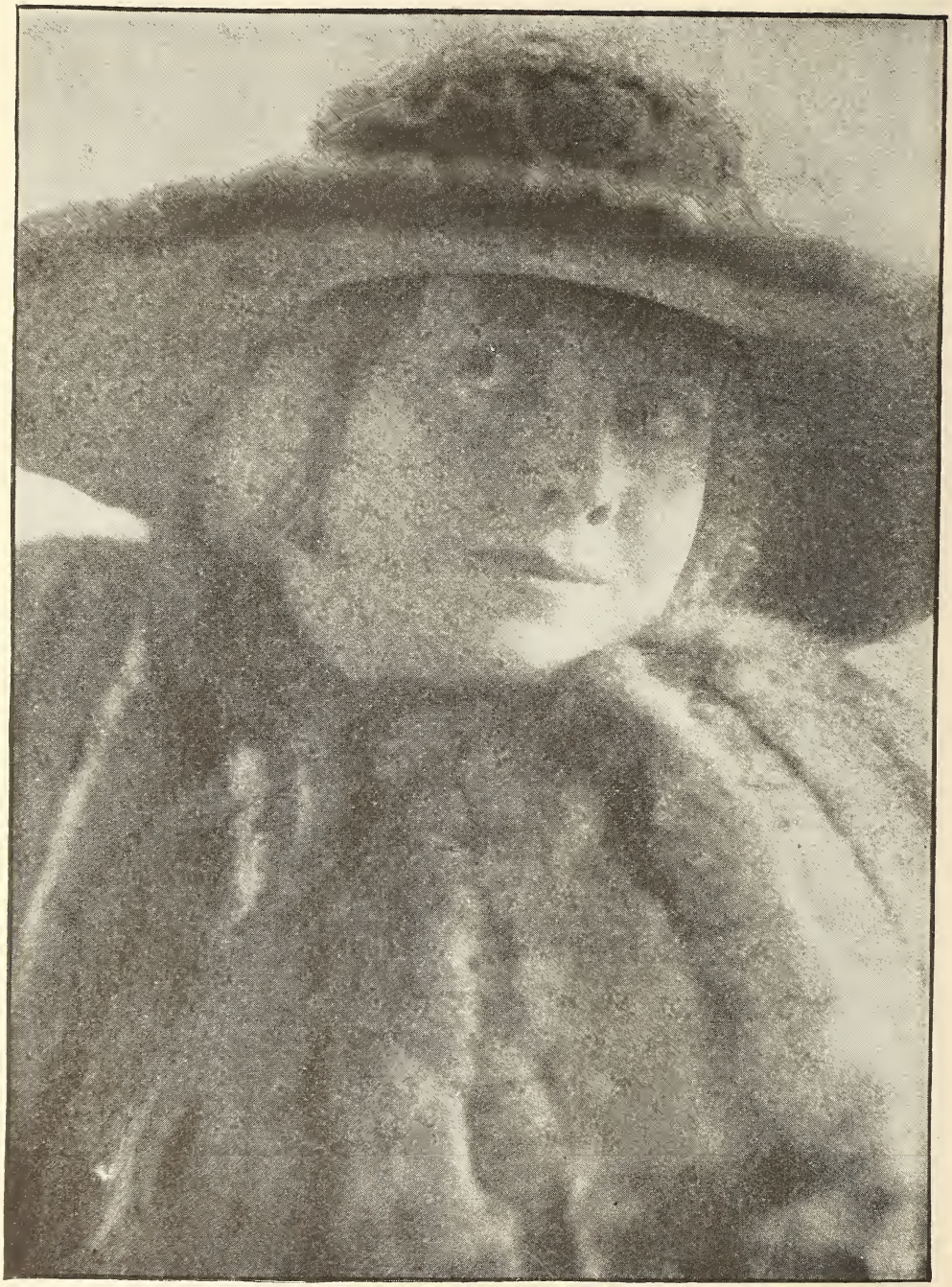


CHARLES RAY

spent four and a half years in musical and dramatic stock companies and vaudeville before playing for the camera. About four years ago he arrived at Inceville, California, and secured a positon there under the direction of Thomas H. Ince. He has always been connected with Ince since then and is now acting for him in Paramount pictures. Mr. Ray's first big screen success was "The Coward." He was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891.

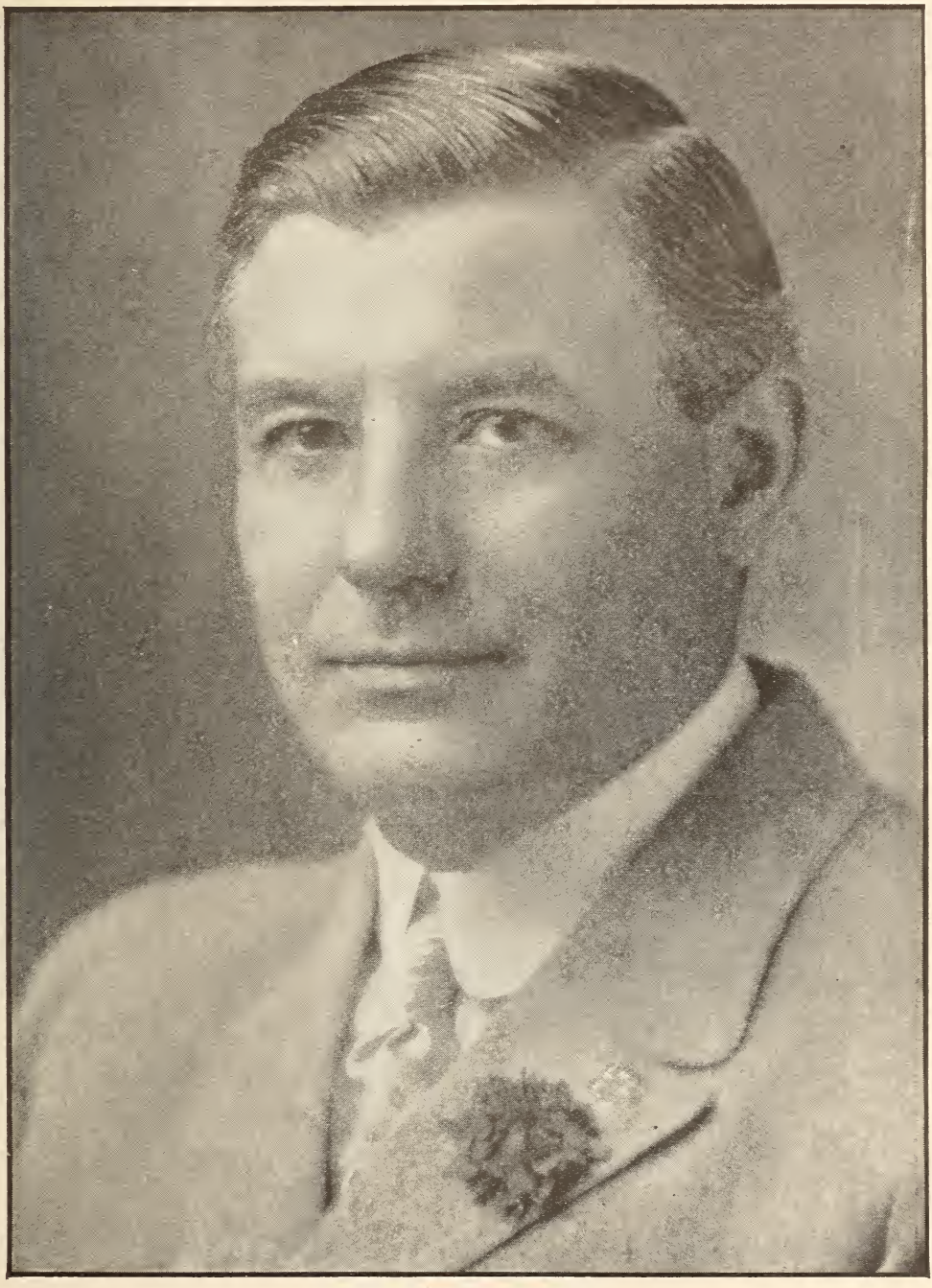
JUANITA HANSEN

one of Mack Sennett's most beautiful beauties in blond, has never appeared before the public in person. She is famous only through her achievements in celluloid. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, twenty years ago, Miss Hansen went to the Pacific coast when but seven years of age. While still attending high school she played extra parts in Bosworth pictures and, upon her graduation, joined its company of stock players. Engagements with Famous Players, Fox, Fine Arts, and American followed, and then she took up comedy under Mack Sennett.



MYRTLE STEDMAN

who is playing leads for the Lasky Company, was born in Chicago twenty-seven years ago. She started her career on the stage as a child actress, and later became prominent in musical comedy, light opera, and in stock. In 1910 the Selig Company won her to the silent drama. After three years with Selig, Miss Stedman changed her affiliations to the Bosworth Company, and she has remained with the same organization through changes which placed it in the hands of Oliver Morosco and finally of Lasky.



CHARLES RICHMAN

before he decided to be an actor, studied law in Chicago, where he was born. Soon, however, the stage claimed him and he secured a position in the A. M. Palmer stock company. This was followed by four years with Augustin Daly's company. He played two years in London with Ada Rehan, and then came to America with her. Mr. Richman has appeared with Mrs. Langtry, Blanche Bates, and Mary Mannering. His screen career includes Lasky, Fox, and Vitagraph films. He is now playing in "Over There," a Select production.

CHESTER WITHEY

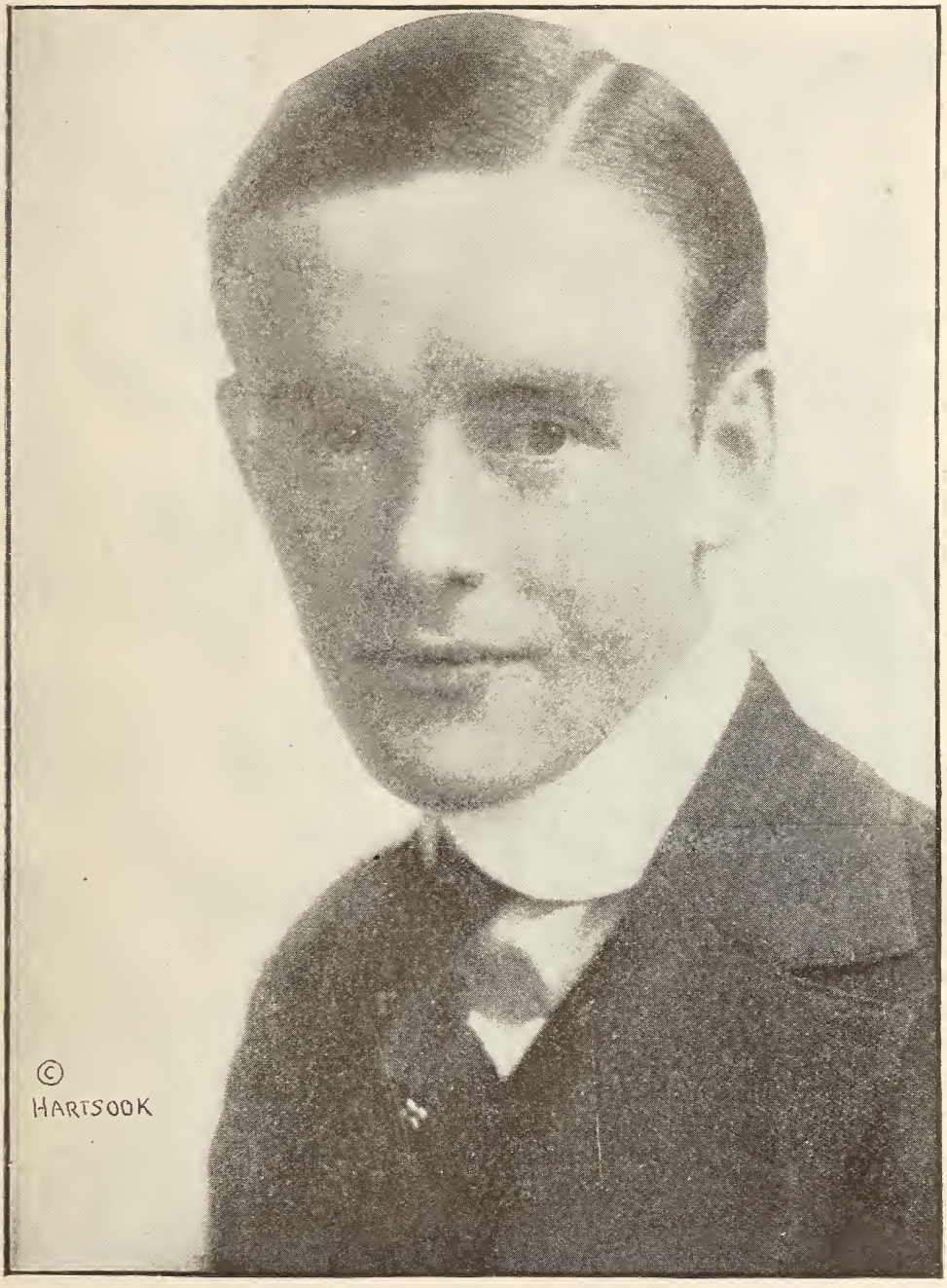
who is now one of filmdom's best directors, preceded his screen accomplishments by an extensive career as an actor before the footlights. He has directed productions for the American, Keystone, Majestic-Reliance, Fine Arts, Vitagraph, and Goldwyn Companies. Besides directing he has also written a number of feature pictures. Mr. Withey was one of Griffith's right-hand men and it is probable that he will soon be working with him again.

EDITH STOREY

was born in New York City in 1892. Her stage experience, before entering filmdom, consisted of engagements when she was still a child. Miss Storey's screen début was made with the Melies Company, after which she joined the Vitagraph Company. For four years she was one of their most prominent leading women, but, during the past year, she has left Vitagraph and is now appearing in Metro productions.

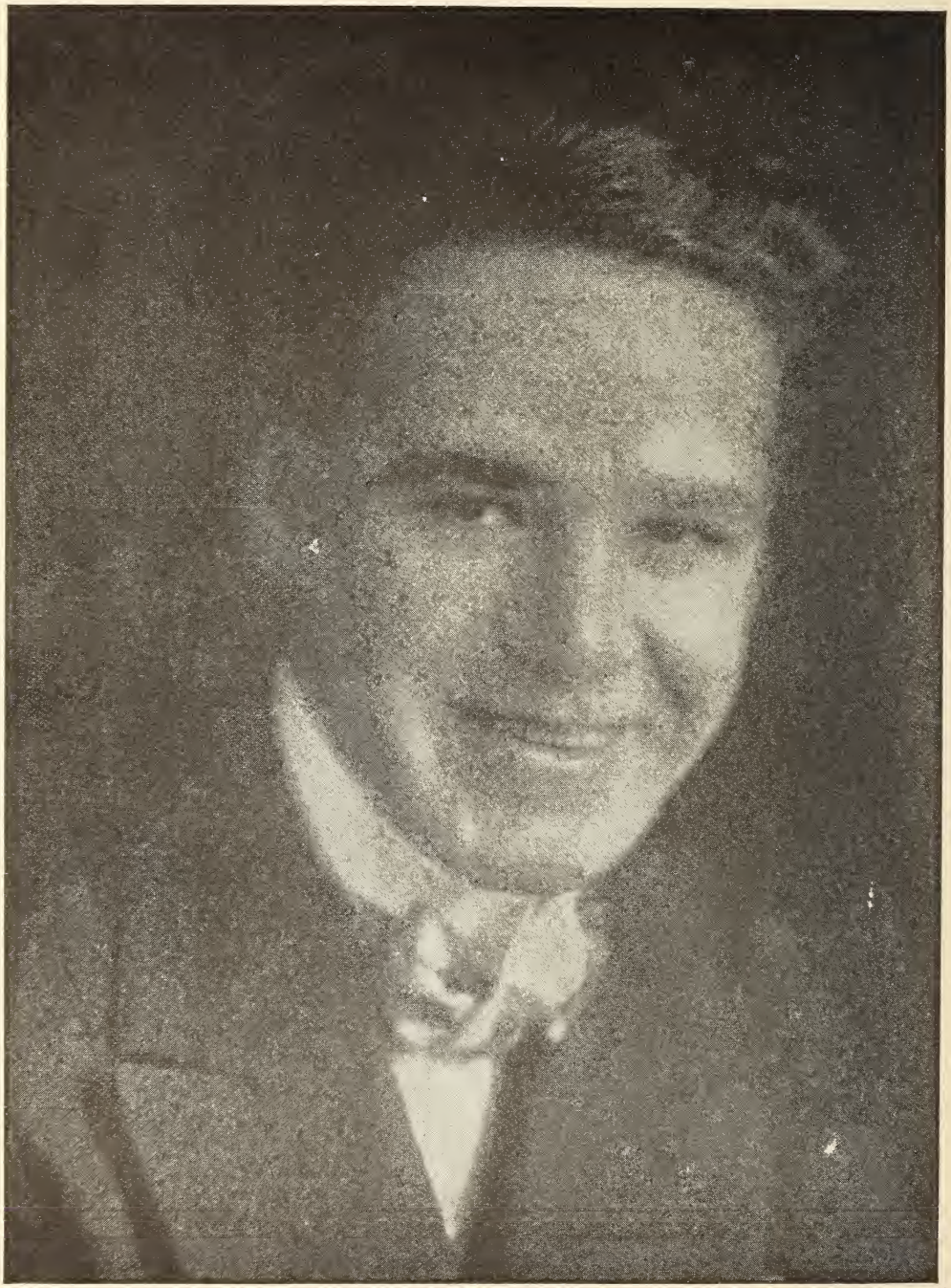
NELL SHIPMAN

first appeared to the public in vaudeville, and then was a leading woman in stock for three years. At one time owned her own company and directed the plays herself. She is well known in the film world as a scenario writer as well as an actress. Her screen career commenced with the Vitagraph Company, but she has also appeared in Fox productions and opposite Lou-Tellegen for Lasky. Within the past three months Miss Shipman signed a contract to play again in Vitagraph pictures.



ROBERT HARRON

left school at the age of fourteen to take the position of errand boy in the old Biograph Company. One day, when D. W. Griffith needed a bit player and there was no one around to fill the place but the office boy, Harron did his first piece of acting. His ability was immediately recognized and a sign was hung outside the studio calling for a new errand boy. Harron is twenty-three years old and his career dates from 1908. Among his successes are "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance."



WILLIAM RUSSELL

made his initial appearance on the stage when he was eight years old. He played "Chimmie Fadden" with Charles Hopper, and has been in casts with Ethel Barrymore, Chauncey Olcott and Blanche Bates. In 1911 he deserted the boards to take a position with the Biograph Company, since then he has been with the Thanhouser and Famous Players Companies, and is now starring for American. Mr. Russell is six feet two inches tall and an all-around athlete.

AMY JEROME

who is winning fame for herself in Mina films, was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1895. After several years in various stock companies and a tour through the Hawaiian Islands, she joined the Fox Company and left the stage entirely. Miss Jerome did not change studios for three years and left Fox but a short time ago to play leading rôles in Mina productions. She is quite well known as a comedienne.

CHARLES GUNN

left a stock broker's desk in San Francisco to satisfy a calling for the stage, and soon after appeared in various repertoire companies. It did not require much time for him to be acclaimed a success, and his stage attainments have placed his name in many notable casts. Not so very long ago the lure of the screen and the quiet of a permanent home induced Mr. Gunn to abandon the boards for the celluloid, and he joined the Triangle Company.

HELENE CHADWICK

the Pathé player, who has just been made a featured star, was born and educated in Chadwick, New York. For four years she posed as an artists' model. A little more than a year ago she secured her first engagement in pictures with the Pathé Company and signed a contract for a year. It has just been renewed with a clause making her a full-fledged star. Her latest triumph is in the eight-reel special production entitled "The Naulaka." She is but nineteen years of age.

ELSIE FERGUSON

was born in New York, made her first appearance at the old Madison Square Theater there, scored her greatest hit on Broadway in "Such a Little Queen," and also signed her first film contract in that metropolis. She has played abroad and toured America in many plays. Miss Ferguson has made three films for Artcraft, the latest of which is "The Rose of the World."

FRANK KEENAN

was born in Dubuque, Iowa, and found early success on the speaking stage. Since 1880, when he made his first appearance, his name has been well known in the theatrical world, associated with eminent producers and actors. About three years ago he entered filmdom through Universal and grew to be a favorite among the audiences of the screen. Since leaving Universal he played for some time with Ince, and, after a short retirement, has just begun activities again under the Pathé banner.

DOUBLING IN CELLULOID

Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden, prima donnas, and both famous for operatic renditions of "Thais" are here shown with Samuel Goldfish, president of Goldwyn, who is producing a screen version of the opera starring Miss Garden. Miss Farrar "just dropped in" to visit.

The Melodrama of Shadows

By Frederick James Smith

Showing Herbert Brenon's foresight and insight into the sentimental possibilities of celluloid.

HERBERT BRENON sat before a sordid tenement room constructed in one corner of his Hudson Heights, New Jersey, studios. A sliding door at the side of the studio revealed a sweep of the Jersey countryside, vivid with the browns and reds of the autumn, in strange contrast with the wretch-

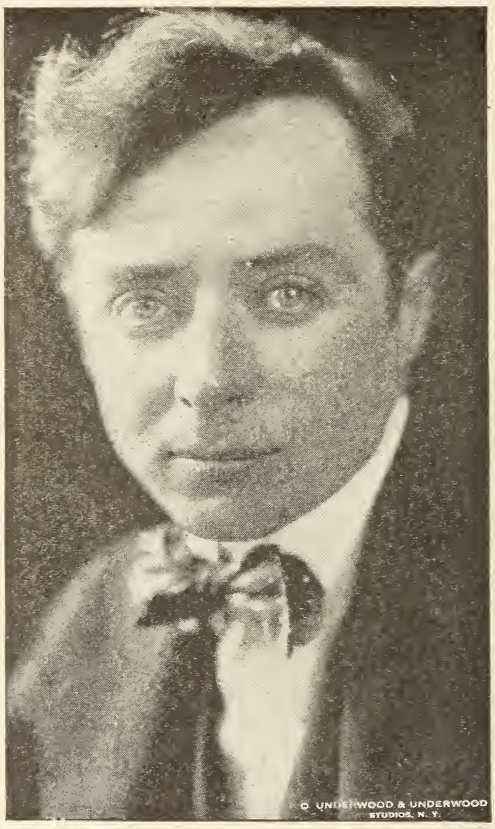
Herbert Brenon, a monarch whose domain is filmdom in action, directing the destinies of his subjects, the flicker-folk.

ed East Side room. The scene was being filmed for Rupert Hughes' story of New York life, "Empty Pockets." Between directorial moments Mr. Brenon outlined his ideas on the picture play.

"The motion-picture camera is the greatest melodramatist of them all," he said. "The photo play may find its way to a new dramatic language—as it must shortly — through the melodrama.

"On the spoken stage melodrama has come to mean a form of theatrical story-telling in which the characters are developed by the situations. That is, they are puppets put through a chain of exciting incidents. The word melodrama is now defined as something 'unnatural in situation or action.' By drama we have come to mean just the reverse—situations growing out of the thoughts, moods, and feelings of the characters themselves.

"The very limitations of the theater seem to have brought about this division. The dramatist has to observe the limits of the stage. If he is starting out to tell a story of sweeping action, he has no time to work out the mental nuances which bring about this action. An act can contain so much—and no more. Again, the playwright who attempts the so-called drama must devote the limited period of his three or four acts to unfolding the mental processes of his characters. The action must largely take place off stage, to be brought out by the dialogue.



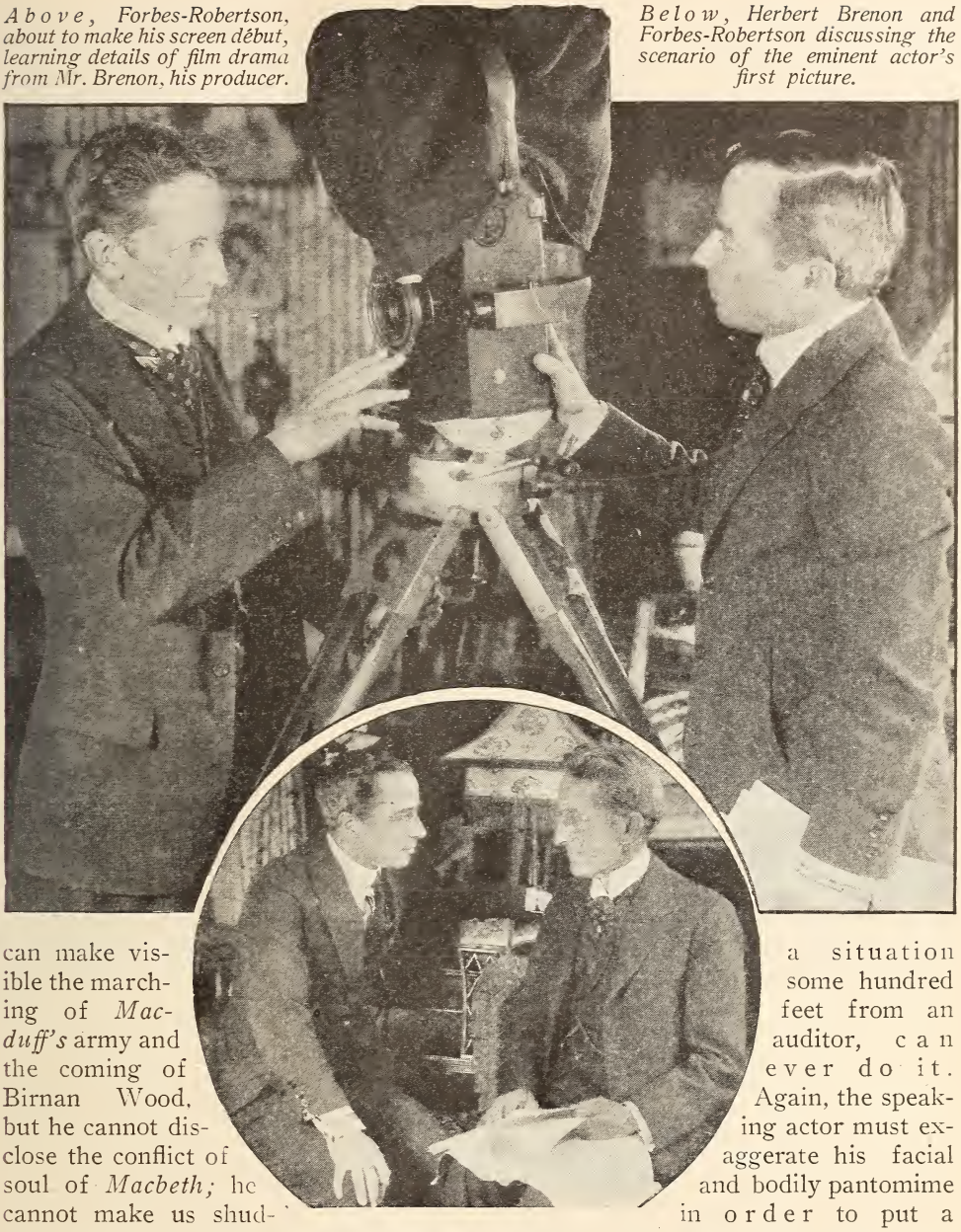
One of the most recent photographs of Mr. Brenon, who believes the screen will eclipse the stage in many ways.

"The photo play, on the other hand, sweeps through a story with tremendous speed. If the story calls for a railroad wreck, we see the wreck before our very eyes. Then, too, we see the face of the engineer just before the accident. We know just what he is thinking. The cut-back has just carried us back to his little home. We know what causes the wreck. We see the rails spiked. We know just what the wreckers have thought.

"The photo play can carry one through a dozen big situations where the stage melodrama can achieve only one well-developed big scene. But, best of all, in the movies we see each worked up to gradually. Enemies of the screen declare that the photo play can talk only in action. Only recently Brander Matthews again presented this charge. 'He (the director) can take "Hamlet" above the violent melodrama out of which Shakespeare made it,' says Mr. Matthews. 'He can take "Macbeth," which has a good story picturesquely set forth, and he can show the succession of incidents with the utmost splendor. But he cannot show what gives all its value to this external shell of episode. He

Above, Forbes-Robertson, about to make his screen début, learning details of film drama from Mr. Brenon, his producer.

Below, Herbert Brenon and Forbes-Robertson discussing the scenario of the eminent actor's first picture.



can make visible the marching of *Macduff's* army and the coming of Birnan Wood, but he cannot disclose the conflict of soul of *Macbeth;* he cannot make us shudder at the slow and steady disintegration of a noble character under the stress of recurring temptation.'

"Mr. Matthews forgets—or does not realize the value of—the close-up, the flash-back, and the vision. These can tell the actual workings of the human mind as no living actor, going through a situation some hundred feet from an auditor, can ever do it. Again, the speaking actor must exaggerate his facial and bodily pantomime in order to put a thought over. The screen player can be human. The slightest expression is caught by the camera.

"Early photo plays were action pictures, as Vachel Lindsay truthfully calls them. The people were but types, 'swiftly moving chessmen.' 'Neither lust, love, hate, nor hunger' were in

Mr. Brenon, left, is exceedingly human at work. He is seen here in Florida, suffering from both temperature and temperament, immediately after having sacrificed an aëroplane for the sake of melodrama. With him are Bert Lytell, Hazel Dawn, and the aviator.

them. The new photo play is coming to tell a story of *human* action."

Mr. Brenon believes unwaveringly in the tremendous future of the photo play. His career has been the career of the picture drama. Straight through his list of productions from the start Mr. Brenon has revealed a steady development. "Neptune's Daughter," "The Heart of Maryland," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "The Clemenceau Case," "The Soul of Broadway," "The Two Orphans," "A Daughter of the Gods," "War Brides," "The Lone Wolf," and "The Fall of the Romanoffs" were each distinct steps ahead. These revealed a fine imaginative fantasy, a singular grasp of direct drama, and the ability —unusual to both stage and screen— of humanizing melodrama. Such versatility is rare to the celluloid drama.

"In a recent article which I read in a magazine," continued Mr. Brenon, "the author makes the statement that

the movies must have their characters in blacks and whites because, to comport with an elementary logic, they must be saints or devils. 'So vanishes,' he goes on, 'from the films all nuisance, all complexity, all delineation.' I might reply by asking the writer to point out the depth of character drawing to be found now in the Broadway legitimate theater. That, however, would hardly be answering the charge. I make the claim that the photo play is feeling out a new art—and a new art is not found overnight. I tried to attain human action in 'The Lone Wolf.' I tried to show the human hates and desires behind this French criminal yclept the Lone Wolf. I tried to show each character with its strengths and weaknesses. I am trying to do it again in the picture which I am now filming.

"Here is the murder mystery of a debonair millionaire, 'Merry' Perry Merithew, found dead on the dirty tin roof of an East Side tenement. There is one clew. In the dead man's hand is clutched a strand of red hair. I am attempting to invest the mystery with humanness. I am going to bring out the fancies and foibles of these characters, and the characters, I hope, will not be just black and white.

"In this story is a thrilling midnight automobile chase which dodges back and forth across the island of Manhattan, finally ending at the edge of Spuyten Duyvil Creek. This sort of thing would be impossible to the spoken stage.

"I am afraid, because the theater has found it impossible to handle big action with anything like realism, that we have come to look down upon what we term melodrama. Yet we have only to open a newspaper to realize that life is melodrama. What is the great war but the most tremendous melodrama ever enacted in the world's history? Five years ago the war, if forecast on the stage or screen, would have been pronounced preposterous melodrama.

"Vachel Lindsay and the late Hugo Münsterberg have both predicted that the supreme picture play of the future will give us things that have been but half expressed in all other mediums allied to it. The photo dramatist is a dramatist, a poet, a painter, and a sculptor in one. Possibly the future photo play will run along the border line between what we now term melodrama and drama. It will obviously not be an imitation of the stage. Neither can attain the values of the other.

"There is no doubt but that the individual charms of the photo dramatist and director's styles will be caught by the photo play of the future. To-day a certain director may be famous for his handling of multitudes, another for his beauty of lighting and stage pictures, and so on. These are, of course, but tricks of the trade. These things gild the photo play. But to advance the screen drama we must keep plugging along toward a distinct technique—a technique that will not be borrowed from the artist, the dramatist, or the stage carpenter, although it may blend all these arts. *But it will come to express life as none of these mediums express it.*"

Vola Vale shows exactly how a star can twinkle.

It Happened to an Ingénue

Showing that while some ingénues may consist of a grin, a lisp and a baby-stare, the majority put them to shame and become stars.

By Gerald C. Duffy

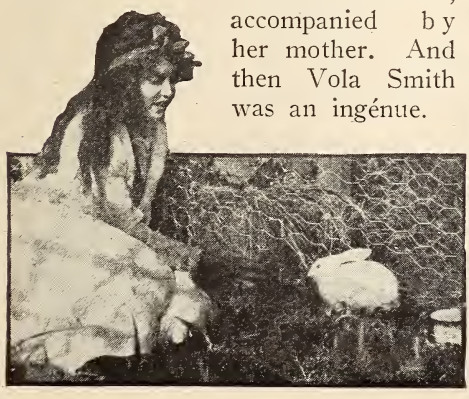
OUT of every fifty visitors to a studio approximately forty-nine ask the same question of the director: "Why are the ingénues we see on the screen always so young and so pretty?" And forty-nine times the director answers, without a smile: "They aren't!"

And, if the director were not so busy he might go a little further and explain that the ingénues seen on the screen who are so young and so pretty are not always ingénues. They may be for a time, but very soon, if they are endowed with sufficient ability, they grow into twinkling stars. And this, in brief, besides being a theoretical fact, is an account of how Vola Vale rose from a "don't-you-love-my-curls-and-glances" type of person to a seriously dramatic leading lady

If Bill Hart protests against her coffee, what will he say about her cake?

who has stood before both the business and the unbusinesslike ends of William S. Hart's revolver.

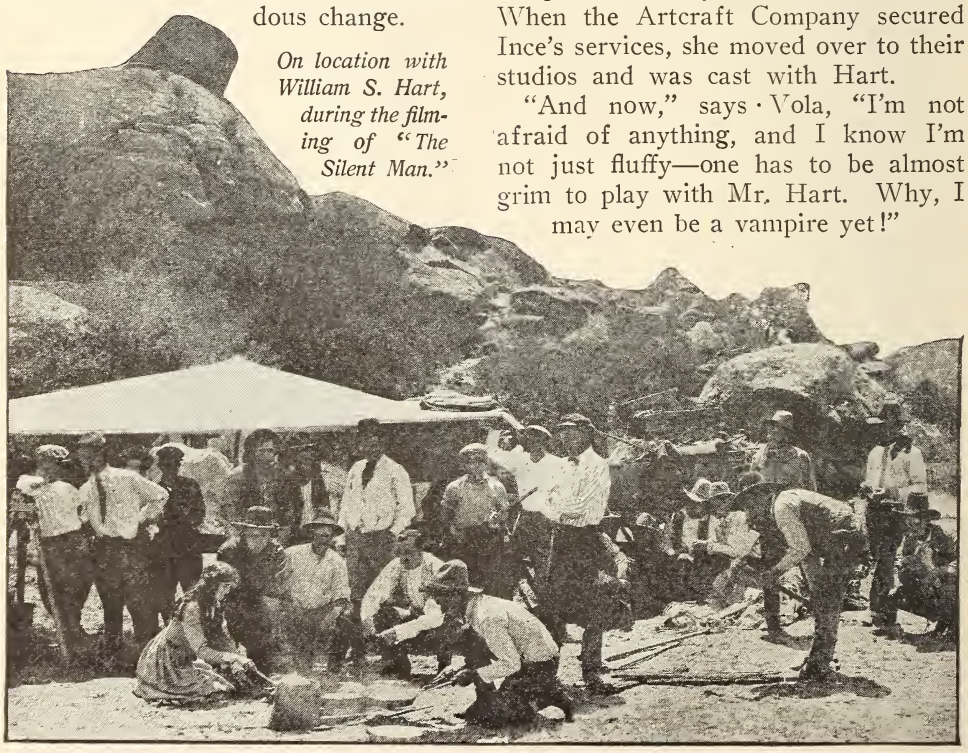
Something less than five years ago Vola—whose last name was Smith then, just like Mary Pickford's—was going to school in Rochester, New York, where she had been born fifteen years before. Of course, in school there were theatricals, modified to exonerate the players from adverse criticism by the word "amateur." Vola played the lead in one of these amateur theatricals, and after it a local critic told her that she was wonderful—remarkable—a born actress—and that she should go on the stage. Of course such a critic of school dramatics, considering that Vola was an unusually beautiful young girl, ran a terrible risk of being called a flirt instead of a connoisseur of acting; but, as things turned out, he is hailed as a critic of astonishing integrity and foresight. At any rate, Vola took him seriously. She had no means of breaking into stage acting, so she wrote to David W. Griffith, of whom she had heard as the producer of Biograph motion pictures, which were then the best and only productions being made. And—oh, yes!—Vola sent him some pictures of herself, which was an extremely wise thing to do. Mr. Griffith wrote back to her and told her to take the next train for New York, which she had scarcely dared hope he would do. But she did take the next train, accompanied by her mother. And then Vola Smith was an ingénue.



She cannot appear successfully conventional even in stock photographs with animals and autos.

For the next three years, until the Biograph Company ceased to produce, she played before the camera, both in New York and in California studios. It happened that she was in the latter when the company closed down, and so she secured her next position with Universal. By that time, however, the evolution had taken place, and she had been playing dramatic leads in two-reel pictures. Universal signed her as a star, and she played there for some time. She was no longer an ingénue! It can be done, girls, if you have the ambition. Other people take you just exactly as seriously as you take yourself.

It was not very long before the Lasky Company began to appreciate Vola's charms and made an offer for her services. She accepted and moved her things to a new dressing room in Hollywood, California, and began making pictures under the Jesse L. Lasky brand. And then there came a tremendous change.



On location with William S. Hart, during the filming of "The Silent Man."

Vola Smith suddenly disappeared. She was never heard of again. But another girl, exactly like her in every way, suddenly began to gain fame in filmdom. Her name was Vola Vale. What had happened was that the publicity department at Lasky's decided that she was wasting her time trying to exploit the name of "Smith." It was already famous—more famous than she was. And—horrors!—it was common. So they, with the actress' consent, decided to hide the "Smith" behind a cloak of something more harmonious—to Vale it, as it were.

After playing in several pictures for the Lasky Company, Miss Vale, by then a recognized star, went to Balboa for an engagement. She was just about to be starred in a serial picture, when Thomas H. Ince calmly came forth with a proposition to star her in a Charlie Ray production, and she accepted. After the Ray film had been completed she stayed at the Ince studio. When the Artcraft Company secured Ince's services, she moved over to their studios and was cast with Hart.

"And now," says Vola, "I'm not afraid of anything, and I know I'm not just fluffy—one has to be almost grim to play with Mr. Hart. Why, I may even be a vampire yet!"

It Wasn't So In the Old Days

Comparing the picture industry of to-day with that of a few years ago. Ten thousand dollars is now spent where less than a hundred once sufficed.

By Sanford Stanton

NOW, let's see—we'll have to allow at least five thousand for our leading woman; then we'll have to figure it'll cost us about three thousand to build that scene from Palestine. And of course——" It was, as you have probably already guessed, a director talking over a new picture on which work was about to begin.

"And of course," he went on, "I don't see how we're going to avoid taking the company down to St. Augustine for a week or ten days, figuring it just as close as we can."

"All right," said the business manager of the company resignedly; "but I can remember——"

"Yes, and so can I remember," broke in the director, "when we didn't go South for tropical stuff, and when we didn't build sections of cities for a bit of added realism; but I can also remember the pictures we turned out then, too," he added, with just a note of scorn in his voice.

"It surely wasn't like that in the good old days," said the business manager regretfully. "But then you know best," he supplied hurriedly as ominous evidences of a cloud on the otherwise peaceful sky loomed alarmingly.

Nor was it.

A newspaper man who had "covered" a motion-picture company out on a day's location in the good old days when a troop of movie actors furnished good "copy" for a Sunday special chanced to meet Tom Ince one day during the last visit of the latter to the East. Seven years before, the newspaper man had stayed up all night that he might be on time to join a company from the old Imp Studios for a day in Jersey.

The newspaper man had been tipped off that the movie actors were going to burn up Leonia, just over the rise of the Palisades from New York, and it looked like a good story to him.

"Do you remember the day I went over to Jersey with you when you were going to burn down a town?" he asked the famous director.

"Indeed and I do," was the quick reply. "And I've got the clipping of your story and the drawing the artist made

There were no elaborate settings in the early days of the motion pictures, such as the above, which was erected for a single production—Theda Bara's "Cleopatra."

for the story framed and hanging in my room this very minute," he added.

"But say," went on Mr. Ince, before the newspaper man had a chance to add a word, "I have to laugh to think of the way we got away with things in those days, and the way we do the very same kind of a stunt now. Why, do you know that it cost us exactly thirty-five dollars to fix the good townspeople so they would let us plant our smoke pots back of the front doors of their homes and just inside the windows? Now—well, I'd come close to spending ten thousand dollars on the same stunt. I'd build a real town of my own, you know, and really burn it down."

The little talk that day with the famous director sent the newspaper man to rummaging about in the cobwebby memories of some of the pioneers of the movie game; and curious, indeed, were the relics he brought to light.

Back in the days when the Biograph was about all there was of moving-picture companies, Roy McCardell, the well-known humorist and newspaper man, was among the most active of all the movie folk.

Those were the days when the studio was on the roof of the old Roosevelt Building, down in the lower twenties of New York streets, and the scenes were set on a sort of a turntable with a big canvas hung to prevent people in nearby buildings from disturbing the actors while working in a set.

"I've often wished I had preserved a little note I received from one of the prominent stockholders of the old company in those days, just after I turned in an expense statement for two days' work we did out on location," said Mr. McCardell. "There was a very famous roadhouse known as French Charlie's up near Williamsbridge," went on Mr. McCardell, "where many of the scenes for the early pictures were made.

"One day I took a company of between twenty and twenty-five people up to French Charlie's for a two-day trip. No one thought of hiring automobiles or rigs of any kind, and if a bottle of wine was needed as a prop we managed somehow to get along with an imitation. At the end of two days I returned with the company and turned in a bill for seventy dollars. I had paid the entire expenses for the troupe, mind you. The next day I received the following note from one of the stockholders: 'Dear McCardell: We must be careful about running up any unnecessary expenses. A word to the wise is sufficient.' Can you imagine what would have happened to any one who would have dared proposing that a company be taken South for three or four weeks?"

At the left, Thomas H. Ince, now a famous and wealthy producer, with "Doc" Willats, and another old associate, taken in the old Imp Studio.

And those were the days when the big stars of the legitimate stage thought it a pretty good press stunt to do a bit of

Such industry as this was unknown to the film producer five years ago, and even less. This is the construction of a massive scene for Mary Garden in "Thais."

a picture for the movies—without pay, of course.

Down to the same roof studio, with its turntable and canvas screen, went Anna Held to do the drinking scene from "Papa's Wife," just as a stunt. May Irwin and John C. Rice did the kissing scene from the "Widow Jones," and Joseph Jefferson did several scenes from "Rip Van Winkle," all because their press agents thought it would make a good story. And it did.

But can you imagine Laurette Taylor trooping off to a studio now to "do" the enlistment speech she makes every night in "Out There" just to please her press agent? Or Margaret Wycherly playing several of the tricks she performs as *Rosalie La Grange* in "The Thirteenth Chair" because she was anxious to get a little free advertising for the play or herself? Not even a scenario writer's imagination would permit of it.

A man who has been a part of the moving-picture game since its inception is authority for the statement that so far as the cost for the manufacturing of pictures is concerned the present rates are about fifty to one what they were in the good old days. And the quality of the pictures, quickly adds the same man, has improved at the ratio of a thousand to one.

Perhaps in no single essential have things changed in the motion-picture world as they have in the insistence of the director that his natural outdoor scenes shall be painstakingly realistic. No longer are the highways and by-ways of New Jersey, and particularly the Palisades, considered sufficiently real to supply locale for scenes laid in the Alps, the Sahara Desert, the Kongo, and the frontier days of the great West. When a scenario is accepted now which calls for scenes that transpire in those localities, the director insists that his company be transported to the very spot. And incidentally, be it remarked, the director's insistence bears all the weight of a command.

In the so-called "stunt" scenes, too, have things changed from "those good old days." Not so long ago a director was confronted with the problem of filming a burning forest. Now, time was—and not so long ago—that a sufficient number of calcium light pans, set at various points in a woods with a plentiful supply of smoke, would provide all the atmosphere needed. Such, however, would not suffice for this director. He insisted that he be permitted to actually set fire to a wood and burn as much of it as he needed for the purposes of his picture.

He did. And then he, together with every solitary member of his company, spent the next three days fighting the

fire they started. Incidentally, the company settled the matter for a pretty penny.

Of course the day of the prop automobile that would fall apart much after the fashion of the "one-hoss shay" at the slightest shock has completely faded out. Now, if there is to be an automobile smash-up, there is. And accounts fail to record a machine that came through the exacting demands of a director for realism fit for anything but the scrap heap at the end of the picture.

Nothing illustrates the advance that has been made in the struggle for realism better than a peek inside the studio where Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle is at work this very minute on his latest picture. The scene in which much of the action of the story takes place is the front of a village blacksmith's. Now, it surely would seem that it would not have been a very difficult task to locate exactly the kind of a village smithy that was required; but Arbuckle would have none of them. He wanted his own blacksmith shop, and he got it. True enough, it took a large force of carpenters several days to construct the shop; and, quite as true, had any horse of just average horse intelligence been able to climb the two flights of stairs that lead up to the studio smithy's, he would have unhesitatingly lifted one hoof for the new shoe he knew he needed so badly. For it was a real, gen-u-ine forge and anvil that alternately belched forth real flames and resounded with an honest-to-goodness chorus from the sturdy blows of the movie smith.

The early producers of motion pictures kept a little studio with a fairly good supply of scenery and props, and, when they started to make a picture, they simply started. The scenery and back-drops of painted canvas were rigged up with almost as great speed as sets are built on the legitimate stage every evening. It was a matter of but a few minutes. The players went through their parts and the camera ground. There was no preparation. No one ever thought of spending any time getting ready. But now it is different. As soon as the scenario is handed over to the director the first thing he does is to scrutinize it carefully and make notes on the elaborate or unusual setting that have to be made ready. Often villages or entire interior scenes are built especially for the production. The best proof of this is that to-day a director is allotted about one-third of the time of taking his picture solely for preparation.

The world do move, of a truth, but nowhere quite so fast as in the movies. Your gay Lothario must now flee with his lady fair in a twin six, an eight, or a Rolls-Royce; and no Romeo who was a Romeo at all would think of saying sweet nothings to his Juliet beneath anything but a bower of real flowers.

Of course it was nothing like that in the "good old days;" but, after all, neither are our movies of to-day like those of that same time.

But would we have them? And the answer comes in one long, resounding chorus from the army of movie actors on pay day: "Not by several hundred dollars' worth!"

Smoke pots supplied the illusion of a fire in the old days. Now, even real ships are burned for screen naval battles.

Who is Sonia?

Above, at the left, we present the wonderful Russian actress, Sonia Markova, whom, according to the publicity purveyors, William Fox has just imported from Europe to appear in his productions. No, do not mistake us—the girl at the right is *not* Sonia in a happier mood. She is a picture favorite of a year or so ago. Her name is —or, at any rate, it was—Gretchen Hartmann.

Miss Hartmann appeared in Biograph pictures until that company passed out of existence. We were just wondering what had happened to her when all of a sudden, the other day, in came the picture at the left. "Here!" we shouted gleefully. "Here is Gretchen—she's coming back to the screen!" And then we turned the picture over and read that it wasn't Gretchen at all—nothing like her from her history—but the famous Sonia Markova, Russian prima donna. What a disappointment!

Sonia is famous—very famous. Mr. Fox's press agents dwell upon the fact. Of course, it makes no difference that we never heard of her—we live in the country, and not within commuting distance of the Moscow theaters.

And Sonia's—perhaps we should be dignified, and say Miss Markova's—striking resemblance to the American Gretchen Hartmann is very interesting and very coincidental. We found the picture at the right in our files, and it is plainly marked with Miss Hartmann's name. There is no possibility of its having been carried there by a stray Russian shell which might have landed in our office. No possibility at all. There are two different women—remember that!

It is remarkable that Sonia and Gretchen should comb their hair so similarly; but that is not so strange when one considers that the curve of their right eyebrows is the same, and that the left ones are such close doubles. Also, consider the distance between the eyes, the shape of the chins, the eyes themselves—look closely—and the unmistakable resemblance of the general formation of the face. Isn't it strange?

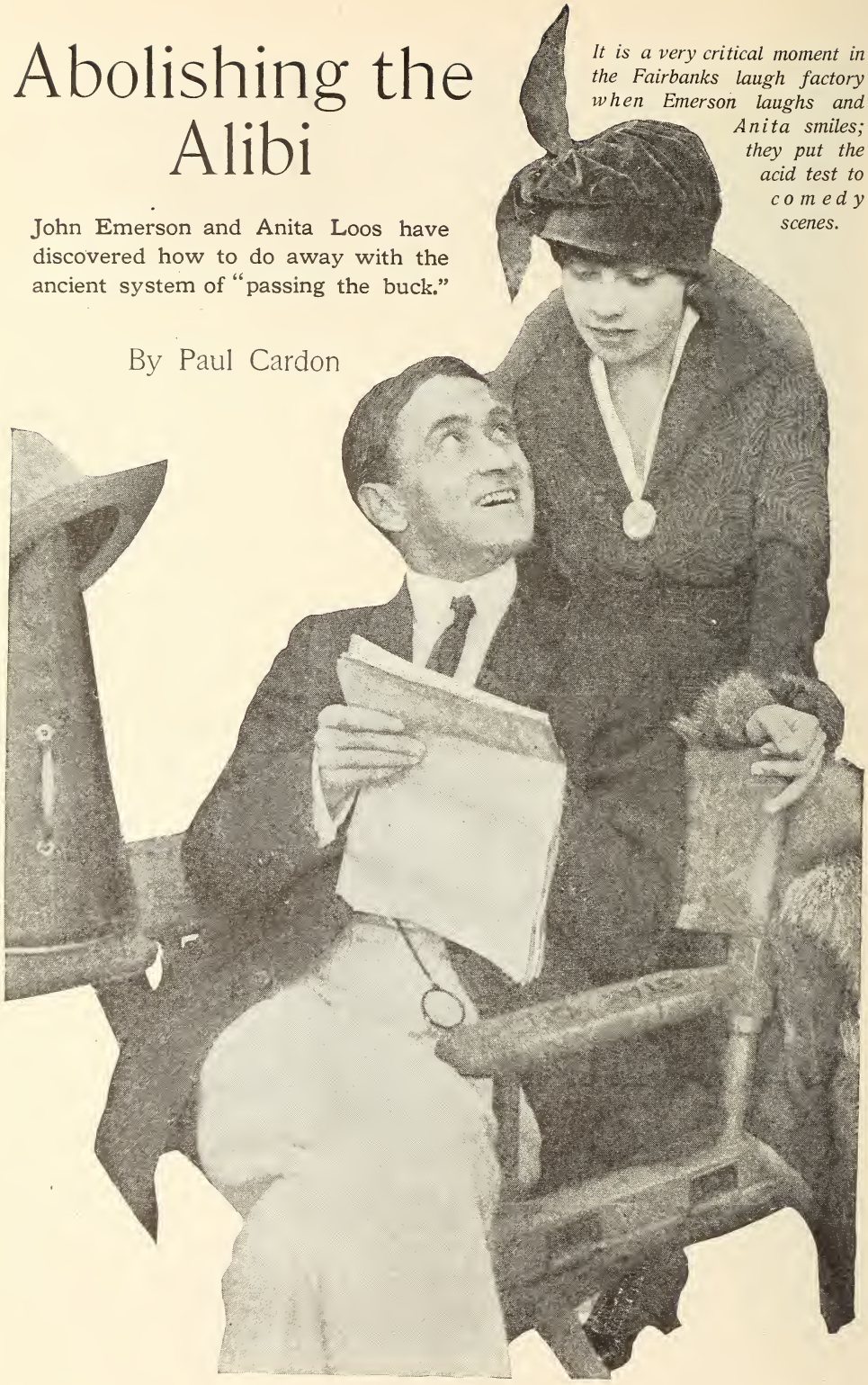
But—bear in mind what Mr. Fox says—there can be no doubt but that they are different. We are told that Sonia was born in Russia of a gypsy-born mother and an orchestra leader in Libau; that she attended the conservatory at Moscow and also at Petrograd; that she came to this country early this year on an ammunition ship—probably Mr. Fox means a ship that was coming to America for ammunition, because few of them bring powder over from Russia to America—and that she has never appeared in films before. So you see they cannot possibly be the same girl; Mr. Fox's statements prove that.

But we sincerely trust that Sonia Markova will be as much of a success as Gretchen Hartmann was. And we hope that Gretchen will reappear on the screen some day.

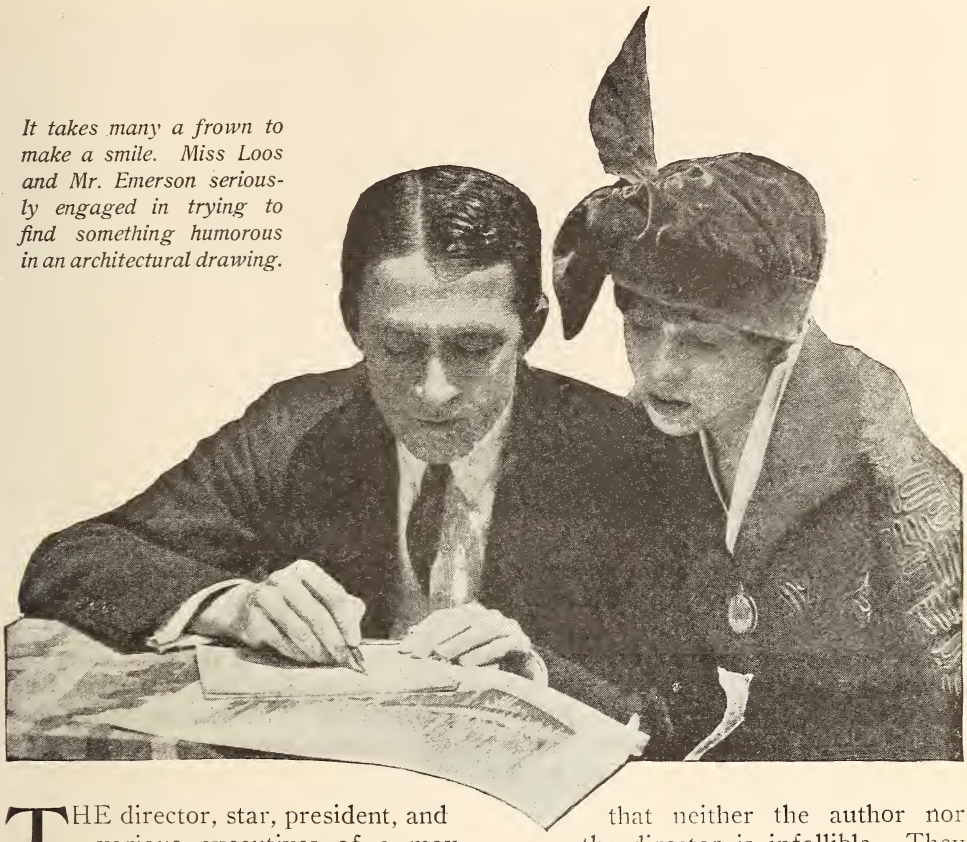
Abolishing the Alibi

John Emerson and Anita Loos have discovered how to do away with the ancient system of "passing the buck."

By Paul Cardon



It is a very critical moment in the Fairbanks laugh factory when Emerson laughs and Anita smiles; they put the acid test to comedy scenes.



It takes many a frown to make a smile. Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson seriously engaged in trying to find something humorous in an architectural drawing.

THE director, star, president, and various executives of a moving-picture company gathered in the projection room to look at a newly completed feature. The director opened the meeting by remarking: "Of course, you know this was a rotten story to begin with; the author didn't know the first principles of writing for the screen. I did the best I could with it."

A few weeks later the author walked dejectedly out of a picture theater where the feature was shown and wailed to a friend: "For the love of Heaven, did you see what they did to my story? You wouldn't recognize it. They've ruined my reputation!"

This is not one incident, but the type form of the same happening that goes on day after day wherever pictures are made.

John Emerson and Anita Loos have solved the problem. They have realized that neither the author nor the director is infallible. They have learned that good pictures, like good plays, are seldom the product of a single mind, but of intelligent and sympathetic collaboration on the part of author and director. Nor does this seem like such a wonderful feat of discovery, either. The real achievement is that, having discovered the principle, they put it into practice.

The Emerson-Loos comedies in which Douglas Fairbanks has scored his greatest success have been the product of the working of this principle. "His Picture in the Papers," "The Americano," "Down to Earth," "Wild and Woolly," "In Again, Out Again," and "Reaching for the Moon" are all monuments to this principle—that the greatest results are obtainable only when author and director work together, fight things out together, and stand together by results.

Director and scenario editor "getting together" and cold-bloodedly planning to make Doug do a two-step over a stampeding herd of charging cattle and perform other feats of perilous athletics.

In practice it works out something like this:

"John," says Anita, "what do you think of building a picture around the craze for publicity that exists in the average American?"

"Good!" says John; and they go to it.

The steel of one mind strikes the flint of the other—ideas flash into being and grow and expand by this interchange of thought. Plot and incident are built and torn to pieces and rebuilt and reshaped and remodeled until finally a structure is evolved and the trimmings are applied, and behold! We have "His Picture in the Papers," the first of the Emerson-Loos pictures in which Douglas Fairbanks appeared.

So effective has this partnership proved that Emerson-Loos already has become accepted in picture circles as practically one name. Not that Mr. Emerson was not a success before. His productions for Fine Arts were among the best turned out by that concern in its palmiest days; and in one of the most popular of them, "The Flying Torpedo," he played the principal part as well as directing it. Also Miss Loos had been selling her scenarios freely before Emerson began producing them. But it was when they got together that they both leaped into fame as never before.

"The time has passed," says Mr. Emerson, "when directors and authors should be so childish as to keep passing the buck to each other. Each one has used the other as an alibi for incompetence far too long. It is not only possible for the author and the director to coöperate, but it is in this way alone that the very best pictures can be produced. For years authors have looked upon directors not as human beings, but as some malignant breed of devils who were doing their best to ruin literary masterpieces. And directors have been prone to think of authors as stupid dreamers who occasionally had good ideas but lacked the common sense to put these ideas into coherent form. And the sad thing about it was that both the director and the author needed each other's help and sympathy and suffered for lack of it,

blindly stumbling along in self-created darkness.

"If the comedies which Miss Loos and I have created with Douglas Fairbanks have been successful—and I think the facts speak for themselves—it is because they have come out of a perfectly harmonious combination. For when you add to the ideal condition of a director and an author agreeing to agree, the other ideal condition of a star who also agrees to agree, the result must be happy.

"You have only to look at Doug to know that it's a lot of fun to work with him, and it is just as much fun as it looks."

Previous to her association with Mr. Emerson, Miss Loos was one of the best scenario writers of D. W. Griffith's organization, and sold more manuscripts to Fine Arts than any other author. Mr. Emerson had a distinguished stage career before entering pictures. He was for two years with Mrs. Fiske, four years general stage director for Charles Frohman, and two years leading man for Nazimova. He was also coauthor of "The Conspiracy," in which he played the leading part for an entire season at The Garrick Theater in New York. One of his most notable achievements was the production of Clyde Fitch's posthumous drama, "The City," the production of which brought the popular dramatist greater fame after his death than he had enjoyed in life.

When Mr. Emerson left the stage to take up the silent drama had several fields for his ability. He was both an actor and a director, and has won renown on the screen as both. Now, however, he has abandoned the former, and results show his achievements in directing.

"This fellow," says Emerson, as he holds the crown over the plaster celebrity, "was famous—but he never made a million dollars a year like Fairbanks!"

Whenever Clara entered the store, Billy and she would send wig-wag messages behind Boggs' back.

The Marriage Speculation

In which the careful Mr. Cliday risks his fortune in an investment in petticoats.

By Eugene A. Clancy

From the Vitagraph feature starring Wallace MacDonald and Mildred Manning

COMING suddenly from the mysterious rear regions of his rather shabby store, Anthony Boggs, sole proprietor of Boggs' Grocery, stood in amazement, and then cut loose some choice exclamations that made the canned salmon break into ptomaine with fright. There was reason in Boggs' rage, for he was just in time to see Billy Perkins, his young clerk, perform what looked like an act of grocery-store mutiny.

Billy was waiting on a customer. In the midst of filling the order, however, he suddenly ceased operations, grabbed his hat, jumped nimbly over the counter, and walked out of the door—sort of left the entire show flat on its back. Making a mental note that he would give Billy just one more chance, the irate Boggs proceeded to wait on the customer himself and appease the man's hostile feelings.

The unclerkly conduct of Billy Perkins was due to an eternal cause—a feminine cause. A very pretty girl of about nineteen had looked in at the door for a moment, smiled at Billy, and then disappeared. Clara Wilton did this every now and then on her way home from the department store in which, very fittingly, she presided at the candy counter. Billy was her beau; at least, such was the tacit understanding, though nothing definite had been said. Billy took it for granted, but Clara sort of reserved decision. She liked Billy immensely, for he was a decent, cheery, good-looking chap. He might be careless, a little lacking in the "get there" spirit essential to a business future, but—well, she liked him.

Need any more be said? Then, too, though Billy wore a collar much too large for him, and wore his hair in rural style, and wore his trousers unusually large at the knees, one could see that there was a certain refinement about him—there was character in Billy, and possibilities. And that Clara possessed both character and refinement there was no doubt, and as to possibilities—what can a poor girl do when she has to go to work at seventeen? Thus in many ways they were well met. But Clara's woman instinct told her that they both had a difficult future to face. Quite naturally she wanted to better herself, and she was willing to work hard for that future happiness and security. And right there was where Billy was beginning to cause her much worry—for both of them. Whenever Clara entered the store, Billy and she would send wig-wag messages with their eyes behind Boggs' back. He was so busy just being in love that he did not seem to realize that when a sensible girl loves a chap she rather naturally expects him to buck up a bit and do something besides croon around.

Billy chatted amiably about nothing in particular as they walked along. The manner in which he had left the store did not seem to prey on his mind. He was supposed to be free at six

o'clock, and whenever Clara looked in he knew that it was after six—and old Boggs would have to make the best of it.

In accordance with their custom, they went down to the river and sat on the stringpiece of an old dock, to dispose of a bunch of bananas—supplied by Clara—and discuss such things as might occur to them for a few minutes before going to their respective homes. The girl was rather quiet and thoughtful this evening. Billy, however, was plainly in a sentimental mood. After disposing of a banana he suddenly gave voice to this astounding and intelligent question: "Does my 'ittle Bissy think a lot of her 'ittle Bizzy?"

The girl laughed and nodded. "But I wish Bizzy would be a little busier!" she replied, with a touch of impatience. She rose, and Billy, instinctively feeling that she was in no mood for idle talk, silently accompanied her to her door. There she turned on him with an earnest, serious light in her eyes. "Bizzy," she said, "we've got to stop being like silly children. I want you to think about something—and think hard! I want us both to get somewhere in the world, and it's time to make a start—now! Think hard, Billy!"

She was gone in a second. Billy stood looking at the closed door for a minute, a startled light in his eyes; then he turned thoughtfully toward his own home.

When Clara and Billy left the grocery store, another member of that establishment looked after them with a thoughtful expression. This was Jerome Cliday, a kindly, gray-haired man of forty-five or so. Cliday was the shipping clerk of Boggs' pickle factory, which adjoined the grocery. For twenty years he had been shipping clerk, and now there was little likelihood of his being anything else. Whatever ambitions he might have had were gone agleaming. He had succumbed to a humdrum routine. He lived alone, and sat home nights smoking an old pipe and dreaming of the might-have-been. He might have become a misanthrope, but he was at bottom too cheerful and human for that; and, too, his dreams were not altogether of the past. In a fanciful way he considered the future—suppose something unexpected should happen? Suppose some evening he should suddenly hit on a remarkable scheme, some novel idea that should take him out of the deadly monotony of the Boggs atmosphere?

By denying himself year in and year out, Cliday had managed to save twelve thousand dollars. It was a respectable sum in itself, but not enough to retire on, and that was what Cliday wanted to do. He had come to understand that active life held no prospects for him, and having toiled meekly under Boggs for so many years, Cliday's soul yearned for passive freedom; he wanted to spend the rest of his life in ease and peace.

Cliday knew Clara Wilton very well. He had always taken a fatherly interest in her, and she always called at the factory for his advice when she was in difficulties. Perhaps if he had been younger his interest might have been of another sort, but Cliday was a sensible, decent soul; and, anyway, his sense of humor told him that there was no posibsility of Clara Wilton falling in love with him. The girl understood him and liked him, and the only times she got really angry and disgusted with Billy were when that young man thoughtlessly referred to Cliday as a rubber-brained rube.

Cliday turned back to his work when the girl and Billy had passed from view, but he was absent-minded. He had been thinking a lot about the girl recently, for the first time fully realizing how pretty she was, and how naturally

Billy stormed, and she cried a little, but he could not change her mind.

intelligent. He was thinking what a pity it was that the future seemed to hold so little for her—seemed to consist entirely of Billy, concerning whose abilities and possibilities Cliday had very grave doubts.

Still thinking, Cliday finished his work for the day, and went home—after meekly receiving a particularly humiliating and undeserved call-down from Boggs, who regarded his shipping clerk as a choice species of worm which must be trod upon every hour in order to keep it well flattened out. After a modest meal, which he cooked himself, Cliday lit his pipe and sat down moodily in his morris chair. If ever he wanted to think up some scheme which would effect his safe release from the pickle plant, he wanted to think of it now. He tried to concentrate on himself and his affairs, but somehow he could not get Clara Wilton out of his head. In an effort to get his mind back on his own problem, he picked up the evening paper and began to read the financial page. Recently he had been seeking out some investment, something safe, of course, but something that might possibly bring in big returns—a nice income. But he failed to find anything that promised such a miracle. There were wildcat schemes, but Cliday had come near being caught once; and had never forgotten it.

He put aside the paper, his mind filled with investments, but the thought of Clara Wilton persisted in returning. Cliday refilled his pipe, and was about to light it, when suddenly the pipe dropped to the floor and its owner sprang to his feet. "At last!" he exclaimed. "I've got it—and it came right out of nothing in a flash, just like I always thought it would! An investment! But will she do it? An investment—an investment in petticoats, by George!"

Jerome Cliday picked up his pipe and smoked furiously as he trotted up and down the room. The downtrodden shipping clerk had been stunned and at the same time vitalized by a startling and daring idea. His thoughts of himself, of Clara Wilton, of investments, had suddenly fused like some chemical combination, and crystallized into the most daring and novel idea Jerome Cliday had ever entertained.

The next morning, for the first time in his shipping life, Cliday was late in reaching the outraged pickle factory. He had sat up half the night mulling over his idea. It involved ethics, and Cliday was always finicky about such things. Never had he knowingly done,

a wrong, and it had taken him half the night to convince himself honestly that his idea was in the same class as a square deal. Having convinced himself, however, that he could do what he was going to do and look the world in the face, a new energy and resolution possessed him.

To add insult to injury, Cliday not only arrived in the pickle trenches an hour late, but resplendently attired like the original king of all the pickles. He wore spats, a cutaway coat, a gorgeous tie, and—a silk hat! The clerks were too flabbergasted to smile or make snappy remarks about this latest camouflage; Boggs took one look and went across the street to get a drink—the first he had taken since he began pickling.

The remarkable part of it was that the attire suited Cliday to perfection. It was like a happy transformation; Jerome Cliday looked entirely at home—himself! And his manner was easy, unconcerned; he was the gentleman of leisure and means to the last gleam in the silk hat. Apparently unaware of the sensation he was causing, he divested himself of the coat and hat, donned an apron and calmly plunged into pickledom.

At noon, however, he quickly took off the apron, resumed the coat and hat, and sauntered out to lunch. But first he turned into the department store wherein Clara Wilton presided at the candy counter. He knew she did not go to lunch until twelve-thirty. Clara received him with her usual cheery smile; then she gave a little gasp of wonder and admiration at Cliday's personal scenery. "Gracious!" she cried. "Is somebody dead—or are you going to be married?"

Cliday laughed. "Both guesses are wrong," he said. "I merely want you to come and lunch with me, and I've decided that hereafter I'm going to dress for lunch. But I have a great idea, Clara, and I sort of wanted to dress it up—give it an outward semblance. Will you come to lunch?"

"Of course!" said Clara. "How could I possibly refuse to dine with so gorgeous a being? And I simply must hear the idea!"

They had lunch in a quiet restaurant, but Cliday would not say anything about his idea until the coffee was served, and he had lighted a cigar—a cheap one, from force of habit.

"Well," asked Clara, "am I ever going to be enlightened?"

"My idea," replied Cliday, speaking quietly and slowly, "is about you—and also about me. You know all about me—about my wanting to leave the shipping-clerk business and sort of retire. And you know that I'm not able to do it—not as I want to. Well, this is where you come in. I want to make you a proposition—one that should mean a great deal to you, and to me."

The girl flushed slightly. "I—I don't understand," she said.

Cliday leaned across the table and touched her arm. "My dear girl," he went on earnestly, "you must not misconstrue what I say. I am not proposing to you; neither am I about to suggest anything—anything you would not listen to. To put it in a sentence, Clara—I want to invest twelve thousand dollars in you."

The girl's blue eyes looked at him in amazement.

"The idea is this," Cliday continued, speaking quickly but earnestly. "You are a splendid girl, but—well, you are being wasted. You have beauty, manner, character, but—as you have frequently lamented—no particular education—and you deserve everything of that kind. I have the means of giving you the finest education a girl could wish for! Think what it would mean to be lifted out of your present environment—given all the advantages of a broader life! I propose to do this for

you—that is the investment. I shall send you through the best school in the country, and finish the job by giving you a tour of Europe. You will emerge in every way the equal of any girl in the best society, and I shall see that you have the clothes and the atmosphere and everything else that goes with such a station in life.

"And now I come to my part of this idea," he went on, while Clara listened, carried away by the seriousness of the man. "Every investment must, or should, return something to the investor. Now, when our work is completed, you will have many suitors. The return I shall ask is this: You are to choose some rich man and marry him—and see that he—or both of you—provide me with an income sufficient to permit me to spend the rest of my days as I want to, comfortably, as a gentleman of leisure with a fairly good income. There is the idea in a nutshell. I have withheld nothing, hidden nothing. It is simple, and there is nothing to be ashamed of—you get what any girl naturally wants, and I get a just payment for making it all possible. You will have plenty of time to choose a good husband—but a rich one. We shall be known as uncle and niece. Let's see: I shall be Mr. Castlemaine, and you shall be my niece Claire. It's a plain business proposition, but with a delightful touch of adventure about it. And there may be real romance—you may fall madly in love with some rich man! What do you say—why not decide now, at once?"

Clara always called at the factory for Cliday's advice when she was in difficulties.

The girl sat staring at Cliday with

As he left her at the door he mumbled something about twelve thousand dollars, and the keen-eared landlady rushed off to raise the rent.

trembling lips. There was no doubt that he had caught her in the right mood, struck the right chord. All the quite natural discontent in her heart was stirred up. Her yearning for better things responded eagerly—and to marry some as yet unknown man was a climax a long way off, though even that serious ending held an inviting touch of romance. But there was Billy! But how small a thing was Billy compared to this! And, after all, was Billy the man for her? Was she really in love with him? Cliday was like a father to her; always he had been right, a faithful guide and mentor.

Suddenly her eyes flashed, and she gripped his hand. "I accept your offer—and the terms!" she said. Well satisfied with his success, Cliday walked home with her, for she was in no mood to sell candy that afternoon. As he left her at the door he mumbled something about twelve thousand dollars, and the keen-eared landlady rushed off to raise the rent.

Cliday was an hour late returning from lunch. Strolling nonchalantly into the hotbed of pickles, he was met by the irate Boggs. "Look here—what do you mean?" yelled the pickle czar, shaking his fist in his shipping clerk's face. "You dolled-up——"

Cliday interrupted this speech by lighting a cigar—and striking the match on Boggs' coat lapel. "Boggs," he said, "a long farewell! I'm totally fed up on pickles. I'm leaving, Boggs, this very instant. Fare the well!" And Cliday calmly strolled away.

Clara's farewell to the old scenes was not so easy. She told Billy all about it that evening. It was a hard thing for her to do; but she had made her deci-

sion, and Clara had a will of her own. Billy stormed, and she cried a little, but he could not change her mind.

But that interview had wrought a subtle change in Billy Perkins. The fighting spirit was aroused in him. There was a new firmness to his mouth, a new flash in his eyes. To the utter amazement of Boggs, his clerk strode into the store the following morning and sailed into work like a whirlwind. He brought a new, "get-there" atmosphere with him; an atmosphere to which Boggs unconsciously paid tribute, for in some mysterious way business suddenly began to hum.

One afternoon, two years later, Mr. Castlemaine called at a fashionable girls' school, thanked the teachers for all they had done, and bore away his pretty and accomplished niece Claire. He took her abroad for six months, and, on returning to America, they went at once to an exclusive hotel in Florida.

Their entrance was impressive. The best rooms had been engaged. Rumors of their social standing had preceded them, and the other guests were duly excited and curious. Especially interested in the beautiful niece was Reginald de Courcey, an idle son of millions, who was unmarried and not averse to pretty girls. Also interested were two other men of wealth—a gentleman named Swiggs, who was passionately fond of drinking, and a ditto named Pinhedd, who spent his entire days and nights—to say nothing of his cash—living up to his name, an occupation which required absolutely no effort at all.

Mr. Castlemaine looked over the field of Florida entries for Clara's hand with an anxious eye. The evening of their arrival, he had broken the news to her that they were near the end of their rope—there was only enough money left for a month's stay at the hotel.

The gentleman who was passionately fond of drink and the ditto with the apt name were of course eliminated at once. Reginald de Courcey, however, was a real possibility. Clara had half accepted him when the Count de Casserta dawned on the scene—or, rather, came on in a mad rush. Rumor had it that he owned half of Italy and then some, and the hotel was enchanted—here was a nobleman to the manner born!

Cliday warmed up to the count at once. The two were constantly together—except when the count was riding or walking or sighing with Clara.

The count lost no time in stepping into the proposing shoes. Clara was in a tight place. One week more and Cliday's money would be exhausted. She accepted the count. The wedding was set for a week hence at the hotel.

And it was a day or two later that a young man in a distant city picked up a newspaper and read about the forthcoming marriage of Claire Castlemaine to an Italian count. He looked at the published photographs of the engaged couple—and then hit the ceiling. And the young gentleman was not looking at the lady's picture when he made the ascent.

The morning of the wedding arrived. The big hotel was gayly decorated, and the hundreds of guests were aflutter with excitement. The count, immaculately attired, was strolling through the breakfast room, looking over the arrangements, while waiting for Clara, who was still in her room, surrounded by numerous maids.

Suddenly a waiter, bustling along with an armful of plates, bumped into the count, who swore and struck the man. The waiter turned about, livid, and shaking his fist. "You biga mutt!" he cried. "I getta you for dat!"

The outraged count reported the matter to the manager, and the waiter was promptly discharged. A short while after, however, he had a private talk

with a mysterious individual who was lurking about the verandas.

The minister and the hour for the ceremony arrived. The count conducted Clara to the waiting clergyman, and the guests crowded around the principals. Then suddenly there was a commotion in the rear. Up the aisle left open in the center of the room strode three men. The first was the mysterious individual who had been lurking on the verandas; the second was the discharged waiter; the third was a tall, handsome, energetic-looking young man in correct morning attire.

"Mr. Castlemaine," said the mysterious individual, "I suggest that you call a halt on this here wedding business. I'm a detective, and this here count fellow ain't no count at all! This waiter worked for the real Count de Casserta for ten years in Italy, and ought to know. I've been in telegraphic communication with Mr. William Perkins —this gent here—and he'll tell you just who this bird is."

Before any one could say a word, the detective snapped a pair of handcuffs on the "count's" wrists, and dragged him aside. Like one who sees a vision, Clara stood staring at the tall young man. "Billy!" she breathed. "Billy!"

Billy it was, and he stepped forward. "Mr. Cliday," he said, "you are hearing the truth. This chap who is posing as a count is a slick confidence man, wanted all over the country. He nearly caught me in a deal some months ago. I would know him anywhere, and when I saw the 'count's' picture in the paper, it looked mighty familiar, despite the mustache. I made hasty investigations, and found I was right. I wired the authorities here, and jumped a train at once—sort of arrived at the dramatic moment—didn't I, Clara?"

"Oh, Billy!" the girl cried. "I'm sick and ashamed of it all. What can I do?"

"I—I have learned a lesson, Clara," said Cliday quietly. "My idea was wrong—in your case. I release you from the bargain, though it means my ruin—the waste of years of saving."

Suddenly Billy put his arm around Clara. "She's going through with it," he said, smiling. "She's going through with it—with me. Cliday, a lot has happened since you two went away. I beg to say that I'm not working for Boggs any more. In fact, I own Boggs' place and a string of grocery stores which are bringing in a tidy little fortune. I might even say that if Clara will have me, she can be true to her bargain with you. And I shall cheerfully carry out the stipulation in regard to yourself—why not, when it was you and your big idea that made it all possible? By doing what you did for Clara, you unintentionally made a man of me by showing me that I was a no-account, and would have to fight and win if I wanted Clara! And that's what I did—buckled down to a business fight. I began the very day you left, Cliday. Soon I was an efficiency expert. Then I mapped out an advertising campaign that brought a wonderful rush of business. The store had to be enlarged—and Boggs made me manager. His health was failing, and a little later he took me into partnership. A year ago he retired from active partnership, leaving the business in my hands. I took a flyer with the money I had saved, and started the other stores. They went with a bang, and I was at last able to buy out Boggs' interest and work with a free hand—and my hand is full of aces. What do you say, Clara—will you take your Bizzy?"

She did.

But the Perkins never have pickles on the dinner table. Uncle Jerome says they would remind him of the canned past.

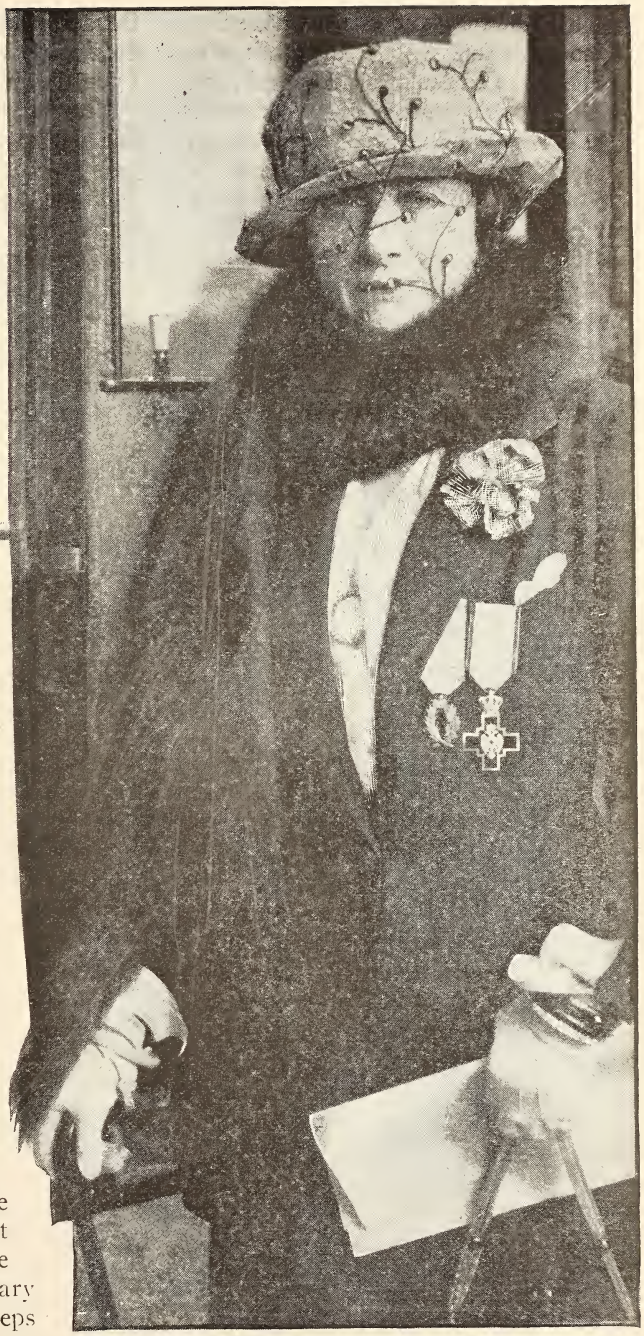
Queen Mary Extends Her Domain

Mary Garden, while still holding sway over the operatic world, invades the realm of silence.

By Ray Ralston

IN perfect uniformity, a long line of dressing rooms stretches down the corridor in the Goldwyn Studio, at Fort Lee, New Jersey, unbroken save for one spot of color. It is a soft, gray-green square. It is a rug before one of the doors, the door of Mary Garden, famous the world over as *Thais* of the opera, and soon to be equally eloquent as *Thais* of the screen.

The rug is her mascot. It lay before her door at the Théâtre re da Monnaie in Brussels the night she created *Thais,* and it has accompanied her to all the great opera houses. She declares her success would be broken if the rug were lost or forgotten. Its presence in a building where film plays are made assumes a romantic interest second only in importance to the appearance of Mary Garden on it as she steps across the threshold. It was thus that she was met by PICTURE PLAY MAGAZINE'S representative.



Mary Garden arriving at the studio for her first day's work before the camera. She is wearing the decorations awarded her by the French government, for her part in the great war.

"Do forgive me. It was wretched of me to keep you standing on this cold cement floor, and now I am to be bun-

dled into a motor and taken where there are some rocks. So we can't talk, after all." Miss Garden's rapid speech, ever so slightly suggestive of her Scottish birth, is crisp and clear. "Come along," she said, with an impulsive gesture, "we *can* talk on the rocks," and made her way briskly down the corridor. There was no retinue attending her, no awning for the diva to pass under, only one middle-aged Frenchwoman alert to be of service to her mistress.

"The other day I was sent dashing off to Florida with Mr. Frank Crane, my director, and a few members of the cast. We stayed only a few hours, to do the desert scenes in 'Thais;' then were raced up here again for the death of *Thais* in the nunnery. It's most extraordinary, and leaves me quite breathless," Miss Garden said, with a droll laugh, "but I do exactly as I'm told, and then when I see the pictures I know why!"

The voice she has nurtured all her life she knew would be exposed to dangers unknown in the great opera houses. But she was resolved to play in pictures. She had signed her contract.

Bleak enough the rocks looked, and cold, that late afternoon in December, with the damp Jersey air from the river making furs a comfort and exercise a necessity.

Mary Garden receiving her first lesson in screen make-up from Director Hugo Ballin. Director Frank Crane (right) is looking on critically.

A gathering of celebrities. Madge Kennedy (right) chatting with Miss Garden, adorned as "Thais," and Directors Crane and Ballin on the Goldwyn Studio stage.

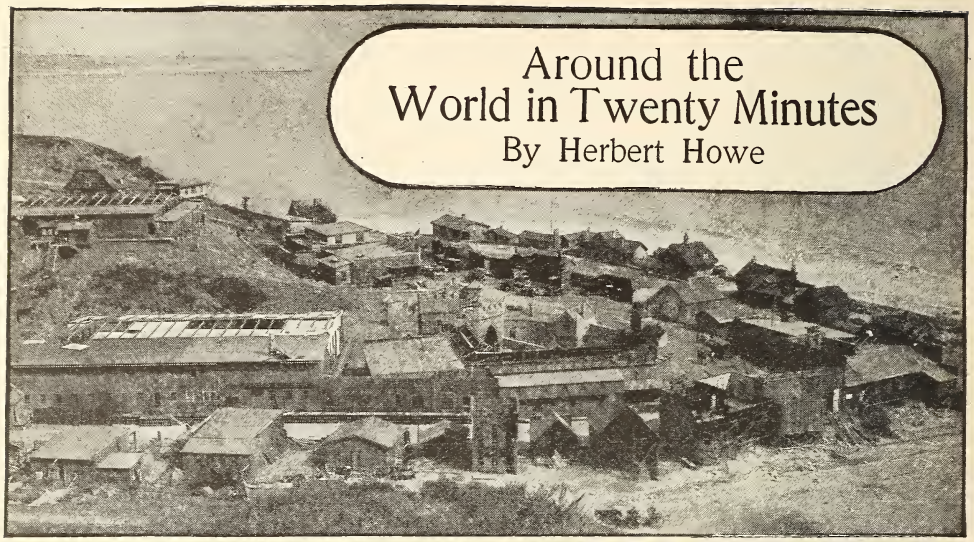
"Ready?" called Miss Garden, when they had gone over the scenes and the camera man had his eyes at the lens. She flung off her long fur coat, and there stood in gossamer silk, her feet in sandals, and little above the girdle around her waist. There was no tremor, no reaction from cold. *Thais* might have been in the crowded Metropolitan.

"Stop!" said Mr. Crane, and at that instant the fur coat once more enveloped Miss Garden. Not a fraction of a second was lost.

"Now," she volunteered, on her way to the machine, "to prove to you and everybody else that I shall win in this fight against the fear others—not I—have of the eclipse of my voice, I'll tell you a secret, new to-day: I have agreed to sing in New York in January. Four appearances. A big forfeit if I do not appear. That's my answer to you, December!"

Around the World in Twenty Minutes

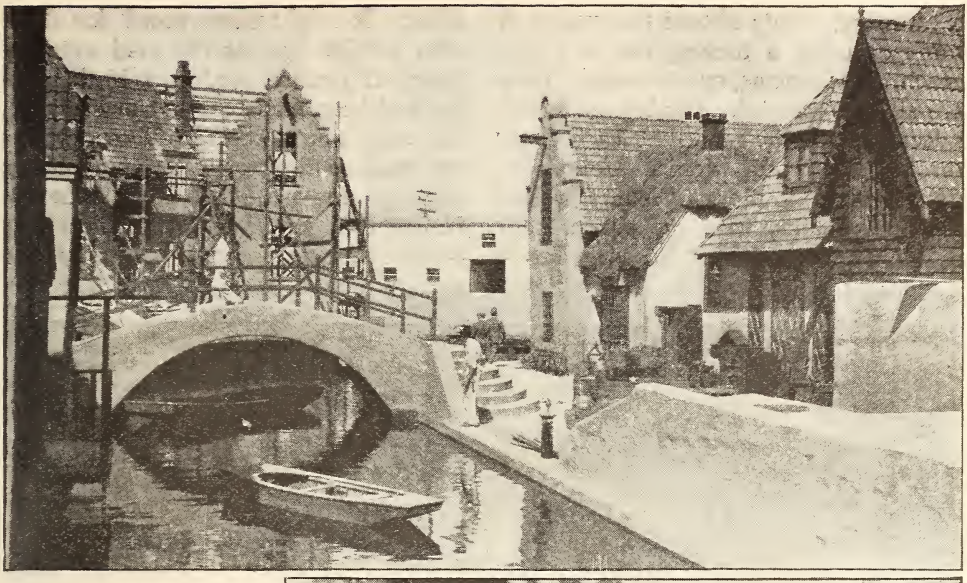
By Herbert Howe



Above, a bird's-eye view of "every man's land," Triangle's collection of international villages on the Pacific coast.

At the left. The Scotch village in which Billie Burke frisked, stood intact until one day the Irish swooped down upon it and waged a shillalah battle in its streets, claiming it in the name of "Wee Lady Betty."

Below, a reproduction of Nome, Alaska, as it appeared during the gold-rush days.



ENGLAND, France, and Germany cuddling together in amity! Sounds like a pacifist ragtime refrain, doesn't it? On the contrary, such an international state exists—a congress of nations, each represented by a village. No world's exposition ever presented such a spectacle to tempt the globe-trotter.

Without any expense whatsoever, it is possible to tour the world in twenty minutes, providing you possess the "open sesame" to the pillared gates of the Triangle Studio at Culver City, California. Once within, you may make the trip with the speed of

At the top of page. This town was born Dutch, but it was later taken by the French, converted into a Brittany fishing hamlet and a Paris Latin quarter and finally became a fairy realm. Below, a corner of the medieval town was used as a Paris street for one play.

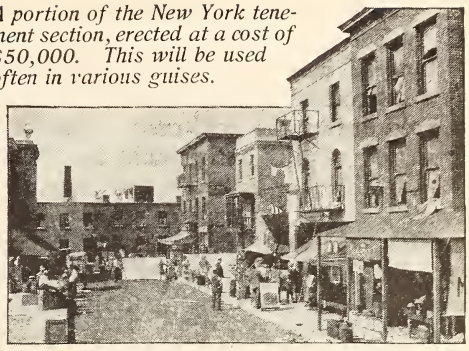
a Mercury. Only choose the means of transportation, a touring car, a stage-coach, an aëroplane, or a broncho. They are all at command. Having made this selection, take the road that leads down through the Santa Monica Mountains, past Hartville to the sea. There, walled by Roman hills, with the silken train of the Pacific swishing its edge, lies—the world in miniature. The villages of Italy, France, England, Holland, and Austria, a South American capitol complete, an Aztec temple of the days when Montezuma reigned, a street of Nome during the gold rush, a feudal castle, a hilly town of Tyrol, and a long line of East Indian barracks around which occurred the Sepoy rebellion of "The Beggar of Cawnpore."

The Dutch village as it appeared after it had been occupied by the French as a Latin quarter of Paris.

This curious collection represents a tremendous expenditure of money and labor. It might seem proof for those who inveigh against the mad extravagance of picture producers if the outlay had been made for but one picture, but such is not the case. These villages are used continually in Triangle plays; although the public at large does not realize this, for there are always new ways of looking at a setting, new corners to be used for fresh bits of action, and new arrangements of the movable parts. When a director receives an assignment for the production he has available virtually any setting he needs. Without such facilities he would be compelled to scour the country for a suitable location, and in the meantime a company of players receiving large salaries would be forced to sit about in idleness.

The nucleus of this cosmorama is a

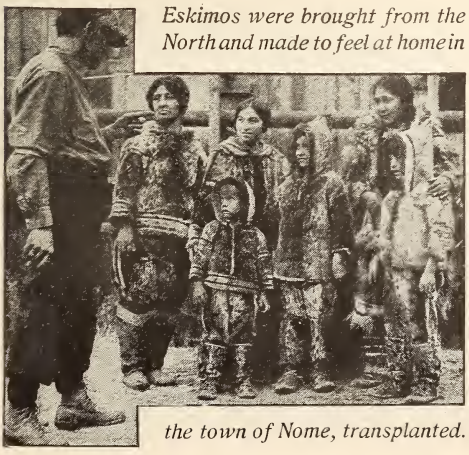
Western settlement of the lariat era, where flourish the bad men and the fiery dance-hall maidens of Triangle plays. Over at the "saloon," where you hear the click of roulette wheels, thrive such characters as "One-shot Ross," "The Disciple," "The Firefly of Tough Luck," and "The Devil Dodger," making thrills and romance for the screen. Right across the way is a medieval castle, from which at noontime pour forth the dames and gallants in wigs and silken breeches to mingle in the studio lunchroom with the gunfighters and buckskin clad girls of the American frontier period.



A portion of the New York tenement section, erected at a cost of $50,000. This will be used often in various guises.

A street of a Balkan capital, the scene of many picture wars.

The most interesting village of all is without a flag or country—a turncoat, a traitor, a pariah among its sister nations. It was originally a respectable Dutch town, erected at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars for "Wooden Shoes." Down the canal plied boats laden with products of the lowlands, and over arched bridges clattered the wooden shoes of the plump citizens. It did not remain long in the hands of the Dutch, however, for the French captured it for "The Mother Instinct," converting portions of it into a Paris Latin quarter, and utilizing the section about the canal for a Brittany fishing village. The clean-faced houses were hung with nets, and the roofs covered over with thatch. The clumsy, flat-bottomed boats that had carried the Dutch farmers to market were replaced with fishing craft. The French lived here for many weeks, until one morning a fairy queen appeared, waved her wand, and scores of workmen quickly converted the town into a magic realm for the kiddie picture, "In Slumberland." The houses were completely covered with vines, flowers, and glittering stalactites to resemble grottoes. Huge toadstools, emblems of fairyland, sprang up along the embankment, and a wagonload of rose petals was poured into the canal, down which floated a silvery barge bearing the little voyagers into "Slumberland."



Eskimos were brought from the North and made to feel at home in the town of Nome, transplanted.

Perhaps the most tragic fall was that of the Scotch village where Billie Burke frisked as the winning "Peggy." It stood intact until the Irish swooped down to wake a shillalah battle in its

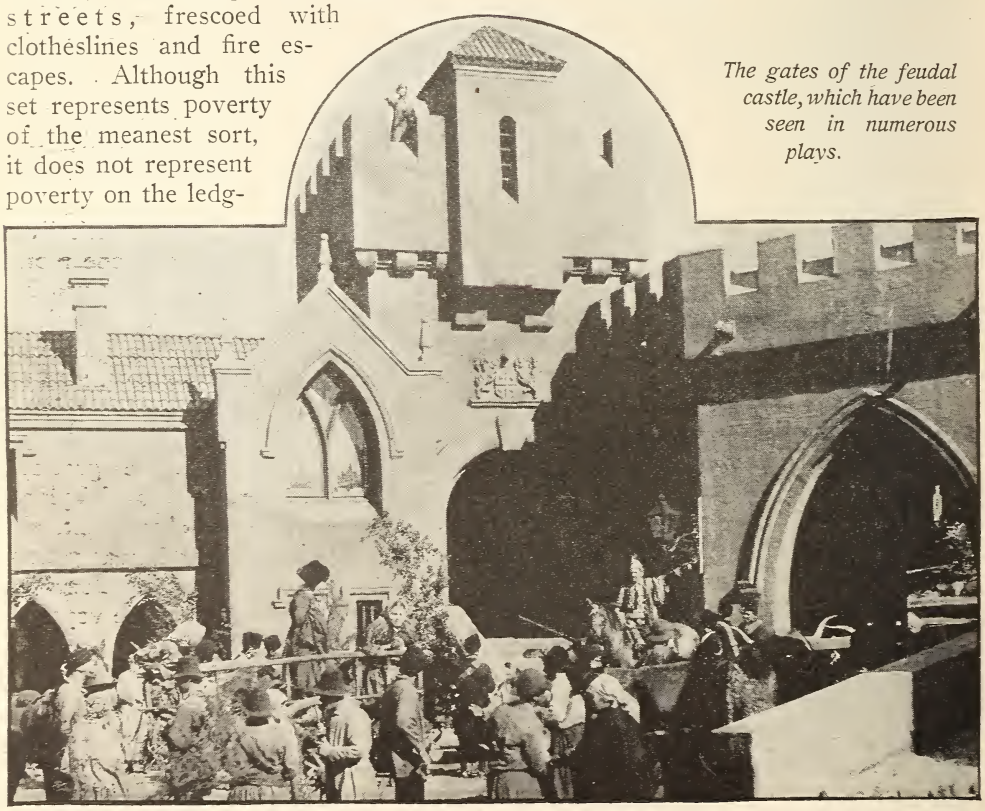
streets, taking it in the name of Wee Lady Betty.

One of the most recent acquisitions is the street of Nome, Alaska, as it appeared during the gold rush. The construction of this background for "The Flame of the Yukon" was superintended by a veteran of the mining period, and with his assistance it was possible to duplicate even the signs that appeared on buildings in the Alaskan capital during the time represented. Eskimos with their Malemutes and sledges were brought down from the North, and made to feel at home in their own town transplanted. Unfortunately the California climate could not be altered to that of Alaska, and the poor natives of the North nearly perished under their sweltering furs.

Another new addition to Every Man's Land is a New York tenement section, consisting of three streets, frescoed with clotheslines and fire escapes. Although this set represents poverty of the meanest sort, it does not represent poverty on the ledgers of the Triangle Company's books, for its cost notation is fifty thousand dollars. It was erected for one play, "Doing Her Bit," but it will be used again and again.

All of these structures are built to endure the rains and the ocean winds, because it is more economical to invest a large sum in a lasting set than to expend a small amount for one that can be utilized only for one picture.

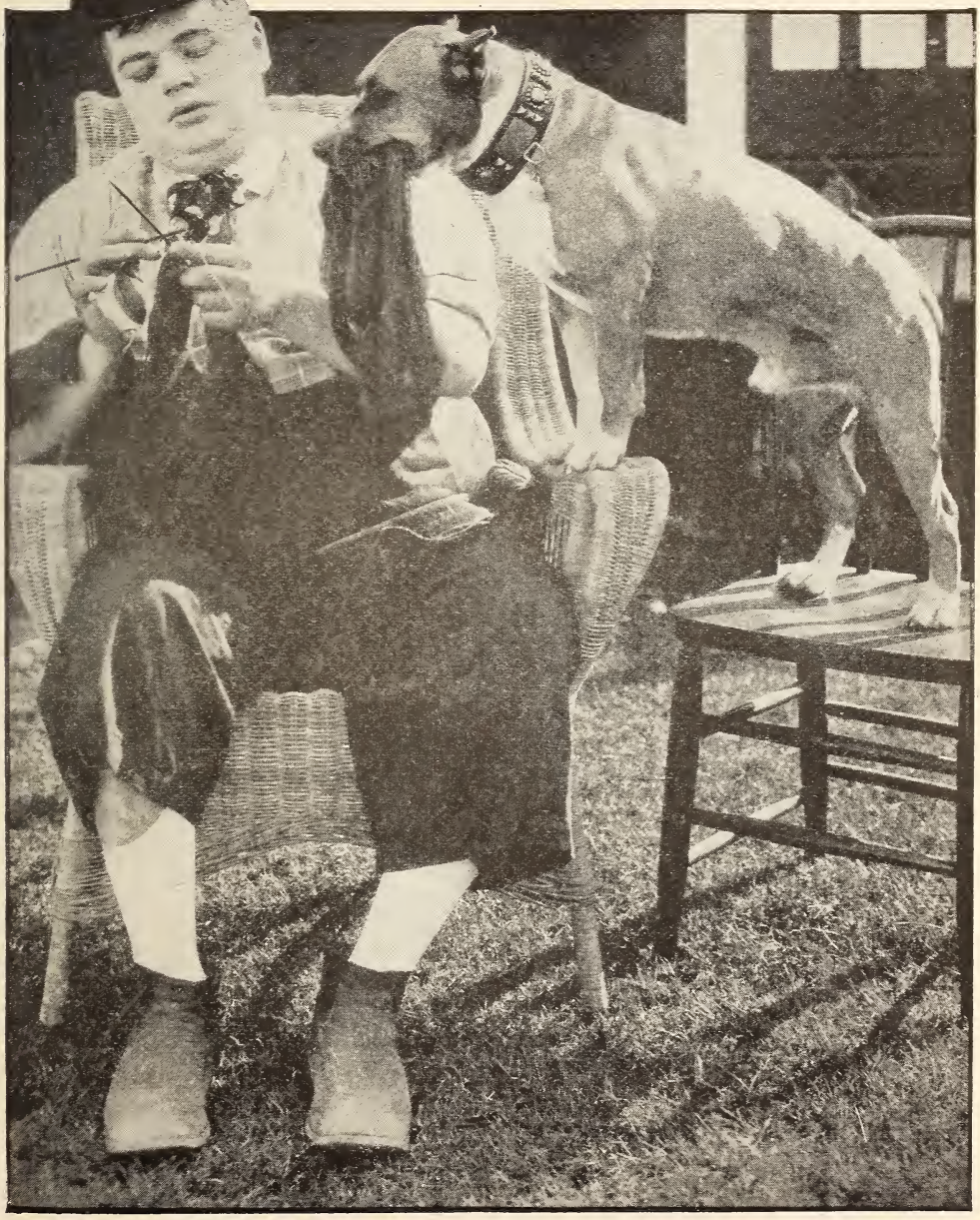
When peace is declared and an international council called, what better spot could be selected for conference? Each of the allied nations and each of the entente could occupy their own villages. Even the East Indian supporters of Britain might feel at home. While up on the peaks, overlooking them all and the sea, still remaining from the famous picture, stands the white-domed temple of Civilization, the senate of all peoples.



The gates of the feudal castle, which have been seen in numerous plays.

Knitting Shocks for Slackers

IF nothing else would make a man fight, a sight like this would. Fatty Arbuckle is very patriotic, but he does not expect any one to wear what he knits. What he does expect is to see the men—even the daintiest—when they behold this picture, swear vehemently, grab a gun and dash for the trenches. One doesn't need much imagination to know what would happen if the studio cat should suddenly appear upon this scene.



On Your Marks—Set—Go!

NO—they're not getting ready to make a sprint for life preservers—trust the smiles on their faces for that! Charlie Chaplin—you see him under the lifeboat—is off to Honolulu for a vacation. The chap in the center of the group above is Harold Bolster, on his way around the world to spread the name of Goldwyn. Next to him is Rob Wagner, gathering material for stories.

The Field of Honor

By Gerald C. Duffy

Written from the Goldwyn picture play of the same title by Irvin S. Cobb and Edgar Selwyn, featuring Mae Marsh.

PAUL MISEREUX hunched closer to the paper on his knees. The yellow, unsteady glare of the trench light was very dim; it was hard for him to see. Still, with blinking eyes, grown tired from the days of ceaseless horror they had watched, and with ears pounding hard against his brain from the crashing of the German shells, he continued with his writing. He was scribbling a letter, amid the dirt and mud, with the stub of a blood-stained pencil, upon a French communication card. In his exhaustion the pencil all but fell from his fingers, but he fought against his weariness. That letter must be written—it must!—for it was to go to America to his two dear sisters, and they were suffering, he knew, for word from him. The awful need of sleep, the ever-bursting shells, the black of night made lighter only by the faintest ray from the lamps within his trench—nothing could prevent that letter!

But what to write? Paul sat motionless in thought. He could not tell them of his troubles, of his hardships, or of the slight wound he had received that day. They would worry if he did. He must be cheerful, for his sisters' sake. But what was there of cheer to be

found in the reeking, ghastly horror of a first-line trench? And then his pencil moved. A faint smile seemed to creep its way among the dirty features of his countenance. But it was not a smile of joy; it was the bright reflection of a memory. To no one anywhere does there ever come such drudgery or sorrow that the mirror of remembrance cannot reflect some brightness of the past, some happiness to bring a smile. Paul leaned closer to the paper. His pencil moved unsteadily across the sheet.

My Darling Marie and Helene: I am just a little tired, so I shall not write long to-night. To-day has been a rather hard one, and we have been pounding at the enemy continually. To-morrow, they say, we are to make a charge upon the boches, and we hope for great results. There is but one thing which tears at my heart, and that is the thought of Hans. I have not seen him, of course, since the day I left America; but I know that he is somewhere among the web of trenches across the line—somewhere among the boches—and he is fighting me and I am fighting him. But God knows that our souls are friends if our bodies must be enemies. Helene, dear, do not worry for him. Some day we shall all be together again as we were before. Well do I remember, and never shall I forget, our life in America—in the Land of Promise—before the war. It seems like a far-away dream that we were so lonesome and had so hard a time finding a home when we landed; for when later we all lived together and you, Helene, were joyous in your little love affair with Hans and planning to be married, we were then so happy. And, Marie, darling sister, how you worked to make us happy, keeping our home!

Paul paused a moment and lifted his eyes from the paper. It was a happy memory, but sad at such a time. He held his pencil poised for an instant, and then he wrote again:

We were happy, very happy, before the awful call to arms. Then Hans left on the transport for his country, and I for mine, and now—— But why should I write of this to make you sad? Some day we shall be together once again, and just as happy. We must be patient.

I shall have to stop writing now, because I must sleep and keep myself strong for my country. Remember, I am but a cog in a huge machine, and every part must be kept perfect. Hans, I know, is just as I am, and he is a cog in an equally gigantic machine. He must feel just as I do, wallowing in the mud and sleeping on bags of sand. It is like the soldier who said: "God knows I love my country and am willing to suffer and die for it; but when this is over, I hope to God I never love another country."

But it really isn't as bad as that, so don't worry. I am well and just as happy as I can be without you. I shall write again, and more, as soon as it is possible. Until then, and ever after, you must know that I love you with all my heart and soul. And do not forget to pray for me whenever you have the time. There is one great consolation in the trenches here: that if we die, we perish in protecting the scarred and bleeding fields of France—the soil to which we owe our birth and yours. *Votre frère qui vous adore,*

Paul.

When he had finished writing, Paul put the stub of pencil in the pocket of his mud-smeared shirt and picked the card from his knee. He lifted it and crushed it to his lips in a burning, lingering kiss. Some time, he knew, his sisters would have it in their hands. Then, with a heart that was almost happy, he arose. It was late, and he must sleep. He must forget himself—he must remember France!

The morning Paul Misereux's letter was delivered in the little flat in a New York tenement district, it came as a ray of light in two very dark lives. Marie was walking slowly from the bedroom, her face drawn in sorrow, when the doorbell rang and the kindly old janitress handed out the letter.

"It's fr'm France," she said sympathetically. "I guess it'll make yer sister feel better."

Marie took the letter from her withered hand and hurried back to the bedroom. Helene, lying ill in bed, where she had been confined for the past fortnight, was weakly supporting herself

on her elbow, waiting expectantly, when her sister entered.

"It's from Paul—from Paul!" Marie had already torn open the envelope and was reading rapidly. "He's alive—and he says that he is well and happy!"

"Let me see it!" A faint smile lighted up Helene's pale countenance. She fell back upon the pillow, and Marie handed her the letter.

"You read it now," Marie said. "It is getting late, and I have to hurry to work or Madame Lizette will say that I lost her the sale of three hats, and then we shall have no money. You know I must work so that you may get well and strong again. Now, be brave, Helene. I'll come back at noon to see you."

She leaned over the bed and kissed her sister. In another moment she closed the door quietly behind her and walked hurriedly down the street toward Madame Lizette's millinery establishment.

Nothing unusual happened at Lizette's that morning. Nothing unusual ever happened at Lizette's. It was the same monotonous, unprospective grind day after day; but to Marie it was not a bore, or if it was she concealed her feelings, for she realized that her position, poor paying though it was, enabled herself and Helene to live. She thanked Providence that she had even that small income. It had been harder, of course, since Helene had been sick, and it was a struggle to make the same money purchase both food and medicine—but then Marie was brave. She must fight; she must work harder and try to lift her sister from her sick bed. The world was being cruel to them, it was true; but, she thought, the only strong ones are those who have overcome difficulties. How is one to know bravery without a battle?

Marie was turning things over in her mind in this way that afternoon. It had not been a particularly busy day, and she was thinking. Her mind seemed wrapped in a dream; so that when the door was quietly opened and a young man, attractive and impressive in appearance, entered, she scarcely glanced at

"We had so hard a time finding a home when we landed."

him. He told her of a hat he wished, and she walked slowly to procure it. When she returned, he asked suddenly:

"How much is it, please?" Marie fairly leaped toward him. She smiled meekly and glanced apologetically toward him. She saw that he was smiling also at her. Her look lingered, her brows knit, and she stood staring, electrified.

"I—I believe that we have met before," he said politely. "Do you remember?" Marie gave no sign to indicate that she did or did not recall a previous meeting. But her expression hinted that she did.

"It was on the boat, I think," he added. "It was on the boat, coming from France. I was with my mother. She dropped her purse into the steerage deck and you picked it up. There was another young girl and two young men with you. Do you remember now? You look much happier now. You seem to like America?" His last sentence was spoken as a question. He seemed extremely interested in her—but not too interested. Marie was lonesome in America.

"No, I am not happier than I was," she answered thoughtfully. "I love America—when those I love are in it. The two young men were my brother and Hans—a German. The girl was my sister; she loved Hans. She is sick now, and both of the boys are gone—to war. They are fighting against each other."

The pathos of her words moved him. He tried to smile—more to cheer her than because he wished to smile—but his features seemed to crack, expressionless.

"It seems like a longer story than you have made it," he said. "And I should be interested to hear it. Perhaps there is some way I can help you; and if there is, I know of nothing I should rather do. My name is Voris—Robert Voris. May I call Saturday, when I have more time and you are at leisure, after work, and take you home?"

Marie nodded gratefully. There was nothing to fear, she knew. His every word, his every action, was sympathetic. And it was so good to have some one to listen to your troubles or to share your gladness. "Thank you," she answered. "I'll be very glad to see you Saturday."

He nodded to her and left. When he was outside, as he passed by the great glass show window, he smiled again at her. To Marie, his face, as she saw it through the pane, seemed like a vision—a happy vision come to brighten her life. He passed by the window and she was left alone. But she knew that she would never forget that kindly smile and his beaming face. Suddenly she realized that she was wishing it were Saturday.

But when Robert Voris returned the following Saturday to escort Marie to her home, the mailed fist of war had already laid another card on the table of destiny. Again the blow had reached the little French girl who was fighting for her sister's existence as well as her own, and the blow fell harder than any had fallen before. Madame Lizette had called her over the afternoon after she had met Robert.

"My dear child," she had said slowly, "I have very bad news for you. I am about to close my store. All my hats are imported—the war, you know—I am afraid I shall have to let you go."

Marie had been staggered as she heard the words. They had stunned her. "My sister Helene—she is sick. I must make money. I must! Madame will be kind; Madame will allow me to remain."

But madame had shaken her head. It would be impossible, she had explained. The store would be closed; she would probably be forced to go out

of business entirely. She was sorry, of course, very sorry, but there was nothing that could be done. Marie had turned away, sobbing. She could scarcely believe the words; the reality was too unreal, too cruel.

So when Robert Voris jumped lightly from his taxicab before the door to keep his appointment, he halted suddenly in astonishment, for he found himself confronted by a vacant shop window and a "To Let" notice hanging on the door. He glanced up and down the block to make sure that he was before the proper address, and when he found that he was, he turned slowly back, flung the flowers which he had been carrying into the cab, and clambered in heartlessly, muttering his club's address to the chauffeur. He knew no other place to find Marie, and he remembered he had told her nothing of where he lived. There were a hundred Vorises in the telephone book. They were parted again!

"We were happy—very happy—before the awful call to arms."

At that same moment Marie Misereux was undergoing a terrific ordeal in the little tenement flat. Her thoughts were far from Voris—far from everything except misery. She was waiting in the living room, listening to the low voices that came from Helene's bedroom. They were the voices of the janitress and the doctor, who was calling for the first time. It had been impossible to delay another moment; she had been forced to call for medical assistance, though a complete accounting of her finances had revealed that there was but seventeen dollars and forty-eight cents in the savings bank and two dollars and thirty-one cents in her purse.

As she was thinking, worrying, the doctor came slowly into the room. "You should have called me before," he said curtly. "Your sister is very ill. She will have to be removed from here—her condition demands immediate attention."

"All this—it will cost much money?" Marie questioned, her brow drawn in serious worry.

"Yes, quite a little," she heard him say. The janitress, who also was French and whose whole sympathy was with Marie, saw the blur that passed across the girl's countenance, unhidden by her bravery.

"But, doctor," she said, pleading, "what can they do? They have no money—they have no friends." The doctor smiled a little. He was used to New Yorkers and thought of them as a thrifty lot—too thrifty, even, to spend money to cure their ills. He regarded

the janitress and Marie somewhat haughtily—he would have termed it professionally.

"You French people," he said, "you are careful—you always have a sock of money hidden somewhere. You save it and hoard it all your lives, and some one finds it when you die and wastes it in carousing. It is better to use it in a case like this." The janitress shook her head. She denied his unfair statement and assured him that the girls were destitute.

"Then," he said, "if that is the case, they can get help from the Rockliffe Home." He turned toward the door, bade them good-by, and left. The janitress patted Marie on the head.

"You must think of your sister," she said. "You must be brave for her sake. Here's a letter that just came for you. You'd better read it."

That letter was Marie Misereux's Gethsemane. It said:

> We deeply regret to inform you that your brother, Paul Gaston Michel Misereux, died gloriously upon the Field of Honor during battle on Saturday last. His last message begged us to inform you that Hans Grossman, a German, lay dead at his side.

For a full five minutes Marie sat in the chair, motionless except for the sobs that shook her body. It was a cry from Helene that started her at length.

In another moment she straightened suddenly, as if by effort. She was crying softly, trying to hide her tears; but Helene's quick glances saw them, though she said nothing. Marie remembered the words the janitress had spoken; they had been significant when

"I want to congratulate you—and to apologize," he stammered.

they were uttered; they were important now: "You must think of your sister." They rang in her ears: "You must be brave for her sake." She remembered that the doctor had mentioned the Rockliffe Home.

"Helene, dear," she said, "I am going out for a little while. I shall come back as soon as I can. Rest easily until I come back." She leaned over, kissed her sister again, and went out.

Magistrate Voris looked over the edge of his desk at the couple who had just entered. They were a plain-clothes man, Schwartzman, and a girl.

"Your honor," the detective addressed the magistrate, "I would like to investigate this case before you take it up. I took her in front of the Players' Club. She stopped a young man and asked him something. He gave his name as Lawrence Calthrop and told me to run her in. He said he was a relative of yours. Claims she asked him to take her to his beautiful home. She claims, though, that she wanted to be taken to the Rockliffe Home. Says her sister is sick and she wanted money or help. She looks truthful, your honor, and Calthrop had had a little too much to drink. I'd like to look up the case."

Magistrate Voris nodded his permission.

In half an hour Schwartzman returned. He took two pieces of paper from his pocket and placed them upon the judge's desk. One of them Marie recognized from where she was standing. The other she had not seen before. Schwartzman whispered something to the magistrate and his voice seemed to choke. Marie noticed that his countenance was clouded as though in sorrow. She could not understand. Judge Voris called for an interpreter; he said the letters were in French. When that individual came, he read the consul's missive first. Marie waited anxiously to hear what the other was. He commenced to read:

"My Dear Sister Marie: I heard what the doctor said to-night. It is as I expected—I cannot get well, ever. I am a burden upon your hands, and Heaven knows you have had trouble enough. I am going to join my brother and my sweetheart. I have seen the letter. Good-by until we meet again. Forgive me. Helene.

"I found those on the table," Schwartzman explained. "When I broke into the bedroom she was there on the bed—gas. I guess the girl's story was true enough. This case needs help, not punishment. Two—not one—of that family have died gloriously on the Field of Honor."

The two months that followed wrought a complete transformation in Marie. The sudden death of her sister, climaxing all her other troubles and worries, broke her up entirely, and she was placed in a hospital through the kindness of Magistrate Voris and his kind-hearted wife. When she was able to be about again and the future seemed to hold nothing for her but memories of the past, Mrs. Voris secured a position for her in the shop of the florist who supplied the flowers to the hospital. Marie was joyous over her new position. It gave her something to do, something to think about besides her lonsesomeness. But Marie would have been a great deal more happy and everything would have seemed a great deal more wonderful, had she known that her guardians were the parents of Robert Voris, the only man who had attracted her since she had arrived in the Land of Promise.

And had this fact been known, it would have been interesting also to Robert. For very soon after Marie had taken up work at the florist's he came in one evening for some flowers and met her again. It was a happy meeting, and he came often after that night. But he, like herself, did not

She had thought her life had ended —and it had just begun.

know that his parents were her friends. For weeks and months that followed there was little in Marie's life but the florist shop—and Robert. He came to see her many evenings, and often—almost always—escorted her home after work. He saw where she lived; he knew what the dingy room within that brick tenement must be like. She told him of herself, of the peasantry in France that gave her birth; she warned him—she even begged him—to forget her, for the breach in their positions, the difference in their lives, were far too great to ever bring him happiness with her. But he merely smiled and asked her if her existence blended with his would make her happy; if his house would seem a home to her. She could not deny—she nodded. And then he smiled again. His fingers trembled when he touched her; his lips burned when he kissed her; her glances pierced his soul like pointed darts. Could he be happy with her? He laughed. How could he be happy without her?

And so one evening the big glass door of the Voris home opened and was shut again, and Robert Voris led Marie, trembling with timidity, into the gorgeousness of the spacious library. The magistrate and his wife were sitting there, and Lawrence Calthrop was reclining on the lounge. It would be difficult to say who was the most surprised and stunned, but perhaps it was Marie herself. She recognized every one except Calthrop. She had only met him once, and then he had been but a man to her, and it was in the dark and she was much excited.

"This is Miss Marie Misereux," Robert announced quietly, disregarding their expressions. "I have brought her here to meet you, because she is the future Mrs. Robert Voris."

For several moments no one spoke. The judge and Mrs. Voris nodded po-

litely. They did not know how to receive the news. Marie smiled timidly. And then Calthrop, who had remained silent on the lounge, arose suddenly and faced the judge.

"No fellow wants to knock a girl, don't you know," he drawled heavily; "but if Bob is really in earnest I'd better tell the truth." Bob stepped back in amazement and fury. Calthrop continued: "I know this girl—although I never knew her name. She stopped me on the street—and asked me to—to take her to my home."

Robert was in a rage. He flew at his cousin and would have struck him, but the judge interfered. "Not so fast, my son," he said. "We all understand how you fell, but we all know this girl. Schwartzman arrested her on the charge Lawrence advances, but, because of other circumstances, the case was not brought up. Your mother and I helped her to get along; she had no relatives. We believe she is innocent, and I believed it enough to allow her to leave court without a record. But where your marriage is concerned we should investigate. We shall get in touch with Schwartzman. I do not want you to marry her until everything is cleared—until even Lawrence is satisfied that he is mistaken."

Robert nodded. The plan seemed best for Marie. He turned to speak to her—she was not there!

"God, where is she?" he cried. The judge and Mrs. Voris turned. Marie had disappeared!

It was a week later that Schwartzman approached a weeping, broken-hearted girl who was walking with heavy steps up the gang-plank of a great ocean liner about to leave for France. She was Marie Misereux, and she carried her only worldly goods in a battered little hand bag. The detective laid his hand gently upon her arm.

"Just a minute, m'selle," he said, smiling. "You're wanted at the city hall." Marie turned, frightened, and faced him.

"Why?" she questioned.

"Ask no questions of an officer of the law," Schwartzman answered curtly. "When you're wanted, you're wanted, and that's all you need to know."

"But the boat!" Marie was crying harder now. "The boat—it will not wait. I must go to France. I am taking another woman's place to go to the trenches as a nurse. It is all arranged. I must go. Please, m'sieur——"

"The boat'll go without you," Schwartzman broke in. "Come along."

A short time later Marie was being led into the city hall by the detective. She tried in vain to imagine what charge was to be entered against her. She could not imagine what she had done. But a moment afterward, as she approached the magistrate's desk, she understood Standing there, waiting for her, were Robert Voris, his father and mother, and Lawrence Calthrop. Bob rushed up and clasped her in his arms. And the next to greet her was Calthrop!

"I want to congratulate you—and to apologize," he stammered "I made a terrible mistake. We looked into the whole matter, and Schwartzman, here, proved that you were perfectly innocent—that I was at fault."

Judge Voris came to her and shook her hand. Mrs. Voris kissed her. Poor Marie's heart fluttered in her breast. She had thought her life had ended—and it was just beginning! She was overcome to find all those she had thought opposed to her gathered about beaming upon her and kissing her. And Robert! Suddenly she discovered that she was wrapped in his arms, and that he was turning to the magistrate on the bench.

"Your honor," Robert said, "this is a very important case. It is now in your hands. Do your duty!"

And Her Name Is Huff

Showing that, as usual, Shakespeare was right.

By R. W. Baremore

THERE'S a theory, propounded by some modern philosophers, that persons come, in time, to resemble their names. To support this idea, they have gathered an endless number of examples, as, for instance, the name Roosevelt—rough and rugged in sound, like the colonel himself; Lincoln—plain and homely; Chauncey Depew, a perfect appellation for a suave, polished politician, after-dinner speaker, and society leader; Cornelius Vanderbilt, suggesting, in its very ring, aristocracy and wealth.

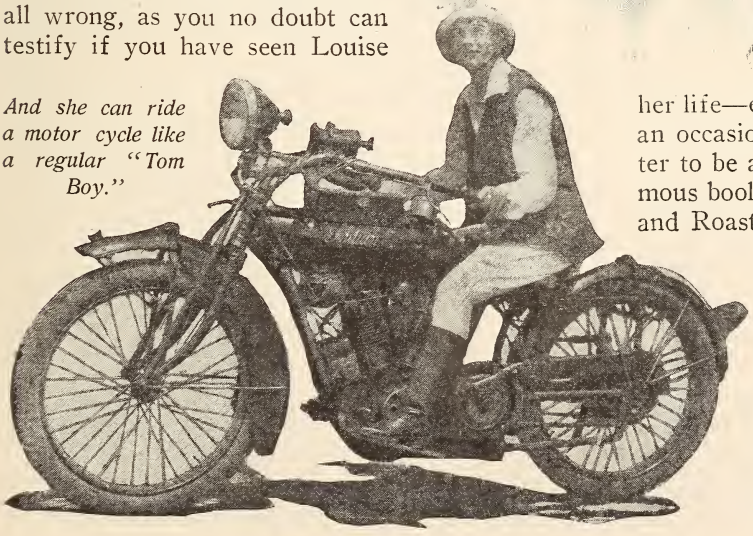
In a surprising number of cases this theory seems to work out with the names of favorite actresses of the films. Take such names as Grace Darling, Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love, and Louise Lovely—singularly appropriate, aren't they? So far, so good. But consider, now, Louise Huff—the little lady whose large, wistful eyes look up so

Louise Huff can appear as a very dainty Miss.

Huff in "Freckles," "Seventeen," "Great Expectations," or any of her other screen successes. There is nothing about this golden-haired young person to suggest that she was ever "huffy" in her life—even when she gets an occasional criticizing letter to be added to her enormous book she calls "Toasts and Roasts," which is filled with letters from movie fans.

appealingly at you from these pages—and admit that Shakespeare had a better theory when he asked what possible difference any other name could have on the fragrance of the rose.

No, those modern fellows are all wrong, as you no doubt can testify if you have seen Louise



And she can ride a motor cycle like a regular "Tom Boy."

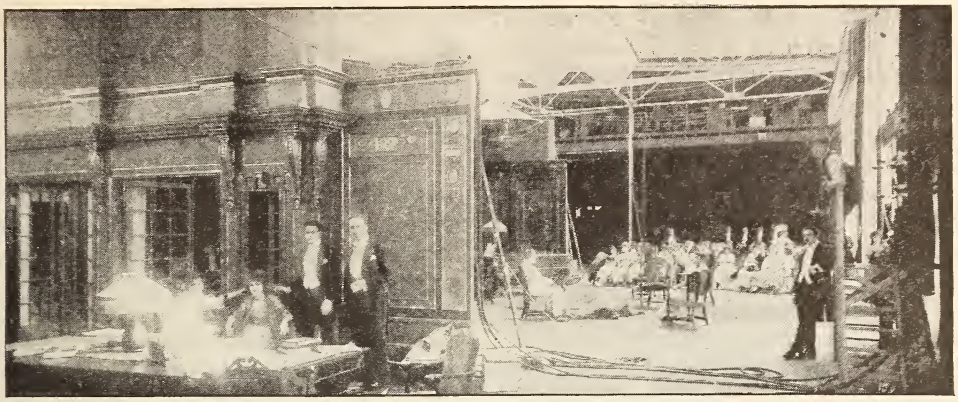
Louise Huff has all the charm of disposition that you'd expect from a Southern girl—for she was born in Colum-

bus, Georgia, where she lived until she was nine years old, when her family "up an' moved" to New York.

Like many another girl, ambitious to go on the stage, Louise began by appearing in amateur theatricals—not a bad way, incidentally, to attract attention toward one's dramatic possibilities. At least, so it proved in her case, for her work in these amateur plays paved the way for her first engagement, which was with a road company, playing "Graustark" through the South. A season in stock in Utica, New York, followed, and later, a principal rôle in "Ben Hur." Then, three years ago, came her start in motion pictures.

Her first film experience was in "Caprice," and the first production in which she was starred was "A Waif of the Desert." Most of her work has been done with Famous Players and for the past year and a half she has added greatly to her fame by appearing in many picture plays as co-star with Jack Pickford.

Louise Huff, receiving a war relief donation from her director, Donald Crisp.



A view of the studio stage. In the rear may be seen a crowd of "type" players waiting to go on in a society scene.

The Type Actor

One of America's most famous producers reveals interesting facts concerning a kind of actor about whom little is known.

By Thomas H. Ince

THE motion picture has developed a class of actors that the public seldom hears of, knows very little about, and rarely has its attention directed to. I refer to what we of the motion-picture industry call the "type" actor. He is of various age, nationality, previous condition of servitude—yes, of various colors, too.

The "type" actor is the logical outgrowth of the "super" of the speaking stage. Everybody who has attended theatrical performances to any considerable extent has seen the prototype of the "type" player—the fifty-cents-a-night actor who contributes his services to the stage mobs, who wears a "dress suit" belonging to the theatrical company in scenes that are supposed to depict gatherings of people of culture and refinement, or who is uniformed to give a fairly faithful impersonation of a kingly guard, or, wrapped in a sheet, a Roman senator.

In the "good old days of the drama" these extra players were rather slightingly referred to as "supers" or "supes"—a contraction of supernumerary—and while they formed an important portion of the particular scenes in which they appeared, they were treated with scant courtesy by almost everybody connected with the theater or theatricals.

But with the coming of the modern motion picture the super of the stage took on a new importance, and he became known as a "type actor." When a stage director required a "supe" he contented himself with merely garbing the lowly hired-for-the-night-only actor in a shabby suit of dubious antecedents, painting his face with a few broad strokes of a stick of grease paint, and supplying him, if the occasion demanded, with a set of frowsy stage whiskers that fairly shrieked "germs and microbes" in stentorian tones.

This was pretty much the way it was

done in the early days of the motion picture, and then some far-seeing and more than commonly discerning and artistic director decided to do away with the old-fashioned "super," and instead of a motley collection of humanity, he sought character "types" who required little or no make-up—whose facial adornment did away with all thought of artificial hirsute foliage.

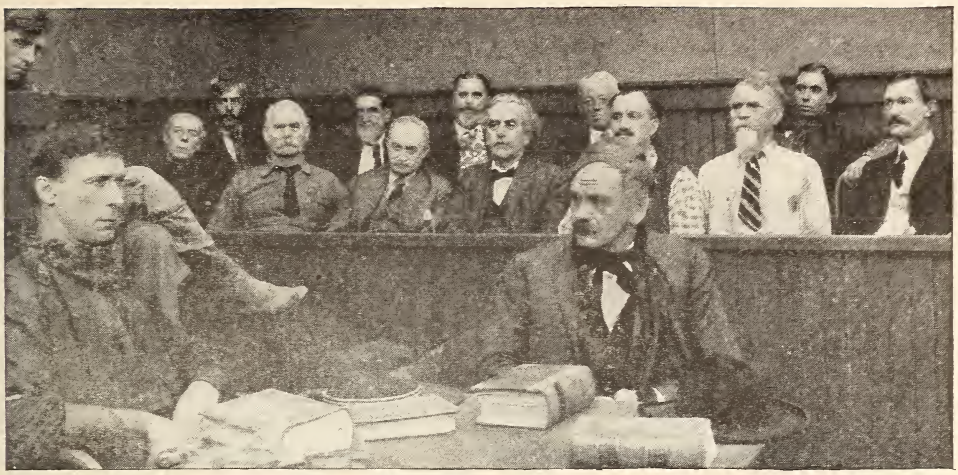
And then immediately, almost overnight, there sprung up a new occupation to be reckoned with in the motion-picture field—that of the "type" actor.

At once it became apparent to the maker of films that, having seen the "type" actor, the public never would be satisfied with a return to the old "supers." It instantly became the fashion to people our motion-picture ballrooms with young men and women who obviously had an acquaintance with good clothes and the conventions of polite society. And, if we pictured a gray-haired paternal ancestor of our young hero, we surrounded the aristocratic parent with men of his kind—with "type" actors, men who evidently had "seen better days," but who retained the poise and the manners of men of the world.

At first it was a rather difficult matter to procure just the right types for our society old men, but as soon as it became known that we were paying from five to ten dollars a day for the services of such men, and that it really was more fun than actual work, we were swamped with applications from men whose evening clothes bore the stamp of sartorial supremacy that harkened as far back as the early eighties. Then one of these "society-men" type actors made the discovery that the purchase of a modern suit of evening raiment was the very best sort of an investment, and instantly we were supplied with a collection of as fashionably attired gray-haired men who could grace a drawing-room reception or a ballroom scene as one might ask for.

The coming of the "type" actor ushered in the whisker as a first aid to acting. Many men who hitherto had frowned upon whiskers at once realized the importance of elaborate chin lambrequins, and now when we require an actor of patriarchal mien, we merely have to refer to our card index and turn to the "whiskers" classification and then phone to John Doe, who is popularly supposed to possess the most elaborate

Whiskers and white hair are oftentimes the assets of the "type" actor. Note the second old gentleman in the background—he is certain of a job when his kind is needed.



William S. Hart being tried by a jury of "types." With the exception of one man this jury has been used often by Mr. Ince.

and distinguished set of white lilacs on the lower portion of his chin of any man in our records.

I know of at least a dozen men whose faces—or, to be more accurate, whose whiskers—are their present-day fortunes. One in particular, who has set up the claim that he is a member of a noble house on the other side of the water, and who is the proprietor of the most remarkable set of hirsute goshdingits that I have ever seen or ever expect to see, regularly makes ten dollars every day, and he is enabled to work six days every week. All he is required to do is to keep his whiskers in the same aristocratic, palatial, and carefully tended condition that a millionaire's front lawn is cared for.

I had an actor for a number of years who at one time in his stage career was a noted funmaker in one of Hoyt's most successful farce-comedies. When this player joined my organization he was not accounted of extraordinary worth as a screen artist, but one day he appeared at the studio with the foundations for a set of whiskers, and in two months he was regarded as the most valuable "type" actor in my employ—and his salary took a corresponding jump. With whiskers plus, he is worth three times the ordinary salary.

Another patriarch who dropped into my studio one day, and who was immediately engaged solely on account of the unusual growth of flowing white locks, became one of my most noted "type" actors and commanded a salary of one hundred dollars a week—not because of any exceptional acting talent, but solely by reason of his possessing the most gloriously luxuriant mane imaginable. In time he attracted widespread attention from patrons of motion pictures throughout the country and received as many letters from picture "fans" as some of my more prominent players.

But one day our fine old gentleman with the waving white hair ventured into an oceanside barber shop immediately after a session at a refreshment place that had not come under the ban of the prohibitionists. Silently this white-haired "type" actor glided into the barber's chair, and his head wabbled a moment before finally finding a comfortable resting place on his breast.

Thirty minutes later, when Mr. Actor awakened, he was reduced to the common level of his fellow men—the blun-

dering man of the scissors and blade had shorn that old white head of every vestige of a flowing lock, and the patriarchal air of the hour before had given way to a sprucely brushed, closely cut, and brilliantined head of hair of the old-time color, but lacking every other detail that had helped to single this man out from the rest of his fellows.

And for six months thereafter this dignified old gentleman drew salary as an actor of the three-dollar-a-day class —a class that is almost as numerous as the sands of the beach.

Whenever we want to use a hundred or so Western characters—miners, cowboys, and the like—all we have to do is to get our card index of "Western types," notify them to be on the lot the following morning at eight o'clock, with "chaps" and the rest of their make-up, and we are sure to have all the "types" we need. Not more than two or three of the entire hundred will disappoint us.

For old-soldier types we send to the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, a few miles from Los Angeles, where we can get as many veterans as we want. The old fellows get a lot of fun out of their work in the pictures, besides the money that we pay them. These old soldiers are the real article. They require no make-up, their uniforms are correct in every detail, and they bring an "atmosphere" to the picture that we could not get with professional actors.

Then, too, we have all nationalities on our lists—Mexicans, Italians, Japanese, Indians, and any number of others. Before the war in Europe it was possible to engage young foreigners, but since the commencement of the war these fellows have disappeared from the motion-picture studios.

The "type" players are not confined to the men, by any means. There are scores of women who make good wages by picture work. I do not now refer to the young girls that throng every studio, hoping to get a chance to prove the possession of talents that will lift them to heights of Dorothy Dalton popularity.

The women "types" most in demand are wanted for society scenes, where they will have opportunities to pose as members of the social elect—and wear costumes quite as elaborate as may be found at any important smart function. As a rule these women types average anywhere from forty-five to sixty-five years, and the whiter the hair and the more aristocratic their appearance, the more favored they are in the matter of engagements and remuneration.

Occasionally we have use for an eccentric feminine "type," and it is surprising to know how many women with peculiar physical traits want to have their unusual selves photographed—always at a suitable salary per diem.

As a rule the type actors are painstaking to a degree and do not need more than one rehearsal, which is unusual, as many of the scenes in which they appear are frequently difficult and intricate, and tend to confuse even the more experienced of our actors.

The one ambition of the type actor is to be singled out for distinction above his fellows. If the director's attention is caught by one of these "types" trying to do his work a bit better than any of the others, this particular individual is given a special "bit" to do, which often carries with it the opportunity for a "close-up." Then it is that the man is ruined for the ordinary work of the "type" actor. From that moment he regards himself as a regular actor—one who no longer is to be classed as a type. And then it is that the ego of the fellow will manifest itself, and as a rule he is of small future value to us.

I have had many odd experiences with the "type" actor who has been given a chance to do something out of the ordinary. Some of these experiences have been anything but happy.

And then, just to show the diversity of types, some are useful only to supply hot weather "atmosphere," such as these used in a Charles Ray production.

Only a short while ago, while I was making William S. Hart's new photo play, "The Silent Man," for Artcraft, I had one of the "type" actors walk through the door of a frontier saloon, with three or four of our regular actors. The salary of this "type" was five dollars a day, and earlier in the day he had signed the customary agreement to work at this price. At the close of the afternoon's "shooting" this type player said to me that he would have to be paid at the ten-dollar-a-day scale.

"What's the reason for the increase?" I asked.

"Because I am one of the fellows who walked into the saloon," he said.

"And, I suppose," I argued, "if you had had to walk out again, you'd want twenty dollars?"

"Anyway you want to look at it suits me," he answered, "but if you don't pay me ten dollars a day I won't report for duty to-morrow morning—*and, remember, I am one of the fellows who walked into the saloon!*"

Suddenly I realized that he was holding me up—that he knew I had to photograph that same set of men again the next day, and that I actually had to have him. He had me beaten, and I told him that he would be paid at the ten-dollar scale—but what I did not mention was that when the next day's work was over, he was through as a motion-picture actor, so far as my studios were concerned.

As a rule the type actor is paid five dollars a day. The exceptions to this wage scale are men who possess some peculiar facial or physical perfection or imperfection—because when it comes to the "type" players, one is just as valuable to us as the other.

The fellow with a pair of funny, bowed legs who is wanted for a cer-

tain comedy scene is just as valuable as the fellow whose underpinnings are Apollo-Belvederish in their symmetry. Even the man with a pair of cross eyes frequently is employed, and I have on my regular pay roll a man who received forty dollars every Saturday simply because he is blessed with a pair of eyes that are crossed, and because two of his front teeth are missing—which makes him highly desirable for Western characters of the b-a-d-man type. I have in my card index a humpbacked man who gets twenty-five dollars a day every day he works. Humpbacks are hard to get, because, as a rule, they are sensitive of their deformity, and do not care to capitalize their physical defect.

Tall men, short men, fat, lean, mediums—all these and a score more of other classifications come under the heading of the "type" actor, and they all occupy a unique place in the scheme of motion-picture making; and when we need them, the "type" actors are just as essential and just as important as our most widely advertised and photographed stars of the film world.

THE MOVIE ORIENTAL

IN Oudh an Oriental dwells, a plump and kindly Hindu,
Who wouldn't, for the life of him, a single crime or sin do.
He doesn't kill and torture those his gods have put a curse on;
He never even keeps a deadly weapon on his person;
Has high ideals of honor and would weep if he should hurt you.
In short, he is a model of the highest type of virtue.
There are millions more just like him, tall and short and thin and fat—
But you never could expect a movie fan to swallow *that!*

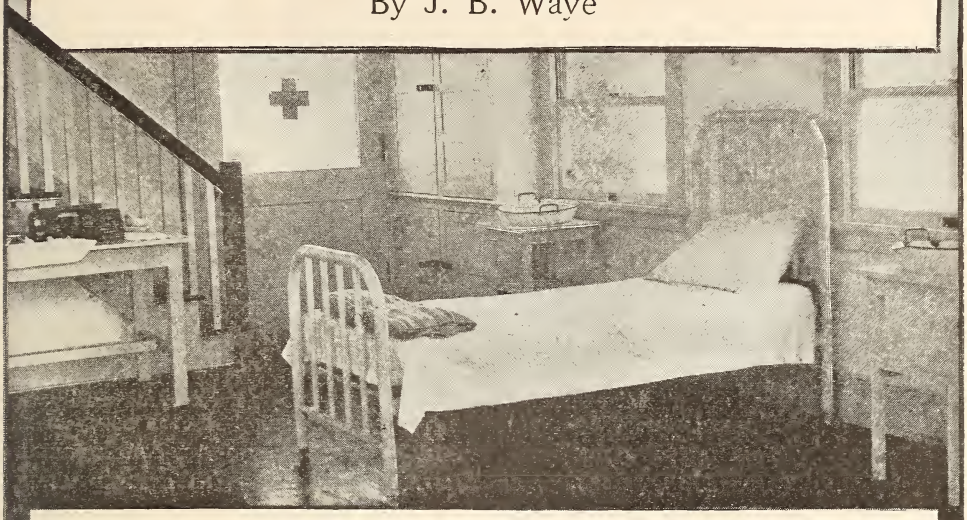
For the only Oriental that he knows
Is a skinny creature with a hooky nose,
And a pussyfooting tread,
And a turban on his head;
And a scimitar or dirk,
Ready for the dirty work.
He is always hatching out some fiendish plot,
Which reverts upon himself, as like as not.
His eyes show mostly whites;
He is always starting fights;
Or concocting poison drugs,
As he squats on broidered rugs.

That's why I write with trembling in this gentle Hindu's praise,
Who doesn't act as Orientals do in picture plays,
And of the millions like him, as innocuous as he,
For movie fans can't understand how such a thing can be.

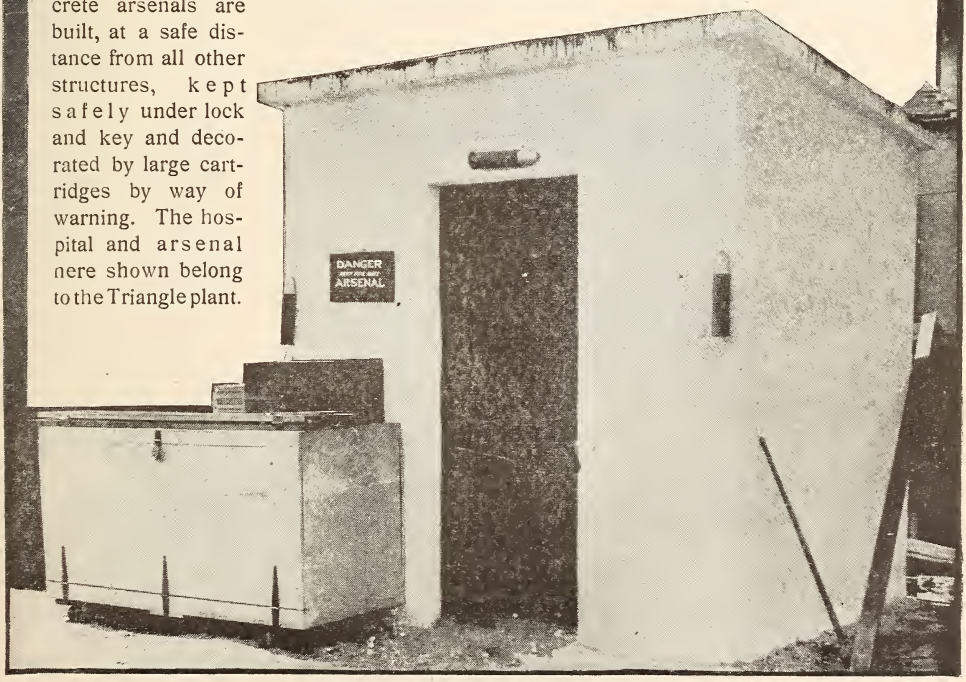
RONALD OLIPHANT.

To Cause and to Cure

By J. B. Waye



THE Germans have nothing on the picture-play studios when it comes to thoroughness! Accidents will happen—and every studio where hazardous scenes are filmed now has a completely equipped hospital, and a staff in constant attendance, ready to care for any injury that may occur in mob or battle scenes, dare-devil feats, and the like. To prevent accidental explosion of the munition stores which have to be always on hand in these days of picture warfare, real concrete arsenals are built, at a safe distance from all other structures, kept safely under lock and key and decorated by large cartridges by way of warning. The hospital and arsenal here shown belong to the Triangle plant.



One of the latest portraits of Alice Joyce, author of this article.

How to Make-up

One of the screen's most versatile actresses tells how to use "the tools that change your character."

By Alice Joyce

"MAKE-UP," that mysterious thing of stage and screen, of which the layman knows so little, is the twin brother of motion photography—one without the other is like a sentence minus its predicate. Abolish the camera and there would be no need for screen make-up, and without the make-up motion pictures would be robbed of their most convincing element—reproduction of human coloring and expression.

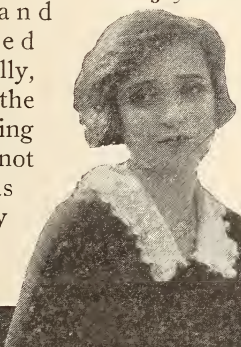
To a girl who contemplates a career in the silent drama, make-up and make-up methods will prove one of the greatest surprises and one of the most interesting phases of her work. I have been in pictures for more than six years now, and there never has been a day during that time that I have not given some study to the subject of make-up. In fact, I still am a student of the art—for art it is—and I question if I ever will be otherwise, because make-up methods are continually changing, and an actress must keep up with the changes.

In these days of rouge and lip stick, when at least sixty per cent of femininity apply coloring to their cheeks, eyebrows, and lips, you would think that make-up was a widely understood thing, but it is not. In fact, I question if very many of the girls on the legitimate stage know the first thing about make-up requisites as applied to motion pictures. Of course, they know how to make themselves attractive in the blaze of the footlights, but in this field more than attractiveness is re-

quired. Lights, camera, and the film reproduction must always be kept in mind, in addition to the basic thought of attractiveness.

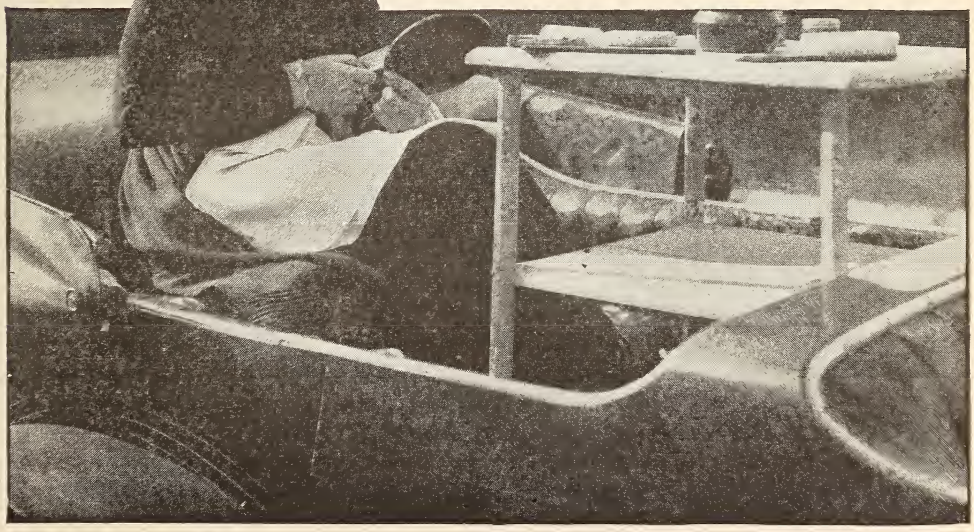
The art of make-up has advanced as pictures have advanced, and its evolution is one of the most interesting phases of the industry's progress. It is the same to motion pictures as retouching is to the ordinary still-life portraits that you have taken at your photographer's studio.

When I first entered the motion-picture studio, not so many years ago, the make-up problem was the greatest one with which directors and photographers had to struggle. They were using at that time, because they knew no better, the ordinary musical-comedy stage make-up—the eyes of the players being heavily beaded with mascaro, lots of black over the eyelids, and very red lips. Really, about the only thing that was not used was the heavy rouge on the cheeks. This make-up not only made the actors and actresses look extremely unnatural, but also prevented any artistic results in the picture—at least, so far as the people were concerned. I really do believe that the abnormally red lips and blackened eyelids of those days caused to arise in the minds of the motion-picture audiences the conviction that the motion pictures were just a cheap imitation of the stage and something that never could be made real.



Miss Joyce is so particular about perfect make-up that she has a dressing table in her car to use when on location.

Make-up in its relation to the speed of the camera is another important item. The camera photographs at the rate of sixteen pictures per second, and during the taking of a scene the action is constant. Consequently defects are registered in such a way that, to eliminate them later, would necessitate a staggering amount of retakes, involving a loss of time in every direction and tremendous financial cost. For instance, without the proper make-up every facial blemish would show, such as freckles, tan, lines, and age. Tanned skin would reproduce almost black, and freckles would show up in the completed negative as big black spots, because in the enlargement of the figures on the screen



these defects would be proportionately enlarged.

Owing to the haste that is sometimes required in getting people ready for a picture, it frequently happens that the experts of the make-up department have not time personally to supervise the making up of every one, and it is not unusual for some of the extra players to come before the camera with the old stage make-up on them. The result is that these people show in the completed film with hollow cheeks, lips as black as coal, and eyes so small that you can hardly distinguish them. Also, the beading on the eyelashes cast shadows that absolutely give the players an unreal appearance.

Miss Joyce and the world's greatest actress of to-morrow—Alice Joyce Moore.

This is one of the greatest dangers that the producers have to guard against in making a picture, because one or two such defective cases of make-up may ruin an otherwise artistically perfect film. In earlier days little attention was paid to the extra players in the matter of make-up, but nowadays they are made up with the same watchful care as the leading characters, and instances such as I referred to above, while they happen much too often, are exceptions rather than the rule. To provide against them, motion-picture producers have created an entirely new field of endeavor—professional make-up artists. These experts, for the most part, are men, with a few cases where women are used, but in every case they are experts. Most of them have studied for art careers or followed such careers, and they have made colors and color combinations their life study. A large room in the studio is given over to these artists, and they are continually working on color combinations, seeking always for the ideal shades.

Personally, I believe that the best color to use for facial make-up would be blue, because in certain shades it photographs better than any other. But I fear this is not practicable, because looking into blue faces of men and women all the time either would get terribly on the nerves and cause bad dreams, or appear to the sense of humor in such a way as to make the players continually laugh at each other.

It may strike you as strange, but one of our finest actors at the Vitagraph plant and one of the most popular stars of the screen to-day is such a believer in blue that he always wears a blue shirt and collar of the same shade when he poses for a scene in evening clothes. The result is that his pictures are always photographically perfect, without shadows or that hazy look that is frequently found as the result of light being reflected from white shirt fronts or collars.

Pink is another good color for motion-picture purposes, but red is not, unless the director is seeking for a black effect. Red always photographs black, and so do some shades of yellow.

In this connection, it may be well to discuss the relation of make-up to clothes. It has been found necessary, where dark clothes are worn, to have the wearer make up dark, and similarly, where light clothes are worn, to make up light. In taking some classes of outdoor pictures, a grease-paint make-up is absolutely essential, as there are so many back lights used. The difference that marks make-up for light or dark clothes applies also to blond and brunet

types. Blond persons using the same make-up as brunettes would be hollow-cheeked and black.

For instance, I have known numerous cases of very beautiful girls of blond coloring who made themselves positively hideous looking through their lack of knowledge of make-up, and by the same token, many brunettes have committed the same blunder. However, in the latter class their naturally dark complexion takes care of a multitude of things that would be glaring defects in the appearance of a blonde.

It might be well to observe right at this point that blondes, in making up for the screen, should use shadows almost entirely in attaining expression, and should avoid the use of any hard lines around the eyes, because there is none of the dark-hair shadows to give their faces the softening relief that nullifies strong lines. If a person, whether blonde or brunette, has a high color or naturally red "strawberry" cheeks, she should use grease paint in making up and avoid the rouge combinations.

There are a thousand or more tricks to make-up, and I do not pretend to know every one of them; but in my work for the screen I have been compelled to make a close study of the subject, the result being that I have learned many things from observation and experience. And there are certain fundamentals which beginners must know before they can hope to achieve a satisfactory effect in make-up. To professional players, these things are, of course, known, but to screen aspirants, as a class, they probably are not. For

Miss Joyce is an artist at painting a lily to look like a rose. She is seen here in her dressing room at the studio.

instance, it may be interesting to them to know that to round one's cheeks, you must put on the make-up at the back of the face, laying it on heavy about the jaw line and extending it back on the neck. Reversely, to thin the face you must put the make-up forward, thus giving the cheeks a hollow, hungry look. I have seen skillful shadowing change entirely the character of a face, and I recall one case in particular where an otherwise beautiful girl screened unsatisfactorily because a too prominent jaw gave her face a square, coarse look. This was rectified by shadowing on the jaws, which gave her a perfect oval face.

Describing make-up generally, I can perhaps

The result of good make-up is evidenced here; Alice Joyce as a perfect shopgirl.

best make it clear to the reader or student by taking myself as an example.

The eyes, the most expressive feature of the human countenance, are likewise the most important factors in registering emotions on the screen, and great care must be taken in making them up. In making up my eyes, I use some mascaro on the lashes and a black line on the upper lid, following the shape of same. Frequently, to obtain an especially appealing effect, I draw a straight line out from the corner of the eye, but I never use any lines or shadows below the eye. This gives the natural eye full play for expression, and the coloring on the upper lid provides a background that does not interfere with this expression. Green is the best shade to use for face shadowing and for over the eyes, because it does not smear as do blue and black, which many players employ. Curved lines must never be used on the eyebrows. I know curved eyebrows are the ideal of almost every woman, but in screen work curved lines give the eyes a startled look, and must not be used.

In my own work I always use what is known as No. 8 powder, juvenile blend, and No. 3 grease paint. I first apply the grease paint, putting it on smoothly, and then put on the powder. Then I brush off the powder with a very fine brush, which is known as a blending brush, and very much resembles a baby's hair brush. This brush not only blends the powder and paint perfectly, but also prevents the two elements from smearing.

The hands and arms should always be whitened, on account of the contrast the natural skin color presents to the made-up face, and this is especially noticeable where grease paint is used. If the hands and arms were not whitened, the face would show up much lighter, and would give the appearance of having been placed on a body to which it did not belong.

In making up my lips, I first rouge them quite liberally, and then rub off the rouge. On the upper lip I leave only enough color to retain the contour, but the lower I leave a bit heavier on account of the shadows that are bound to be cast.

When wearing white collars or evening gowns, I always use a pink rouge under the chin and the point of the jaw to prevent what is known as halation. This means a halolike shadow, which is thrown up to the face from the arms, shoulders, and chest when the lights strike those parts from a certain direction. If this coloring were not used to offset this halo effect, the face would be robbed of all expression, and, in addition to appearing as a white blank, would have a foggy aura around it. In fact, virtually every feature except the eyes would be taken away.

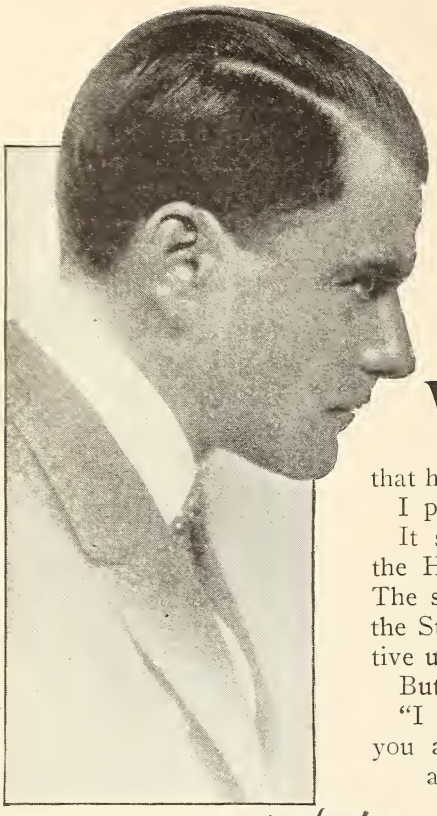
THE MATE FOR ME

I'D soon be a lover if I could discover
My sort of a girl in existence.
I'd kneel at her gaiter, defiant of pater
And orders to stay in the distance.

No scolding she'd utter, no diatribes mutter,
Because I was tardy to dinner.
She never would sniff of my breath for a whiff of—
Er—something that marked me a sinner.

Though wishing to marry, unwedded I tarry,
In fear of the lingual strictures.
I'm anxious to mate one—old model or late one—
As speechless as those in the pictures.

TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY.



Beaches and Business Mix—Sometimes

How Bert Lytell chanced to be at Waikiki—and why he can't go back.

By Arthur Garvin, Jr.

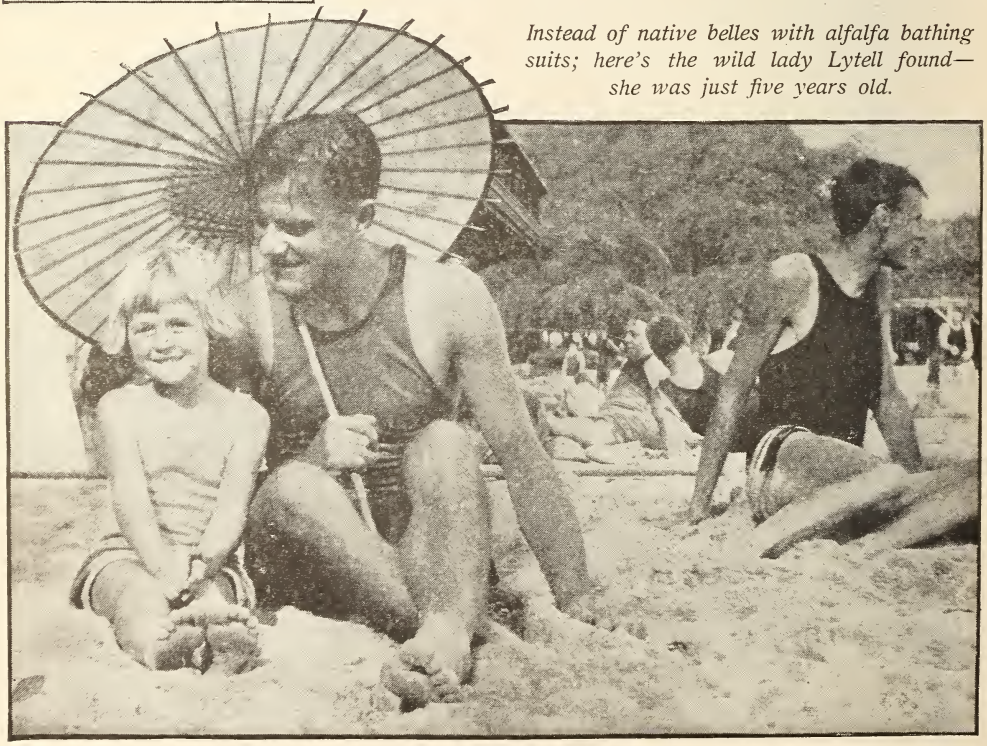
WHAT was Bert Lytell doing on the beach at Waikiki one year ago last summer? Lytell admits blushingly that he was there.

I put the question to him.

It seems that he took a theatrical company to the Hawaiian Islands for a tour of eight weeks. The season was successful, for Lytell returned to the States with considerable ducats and eleven captive ukuleles.

But to return to Waikiki.

"I suppose I should do the expected, and tell you about the native belles with alfalfa bathing attire," said Lytell. "But in reality the Ha-



Instead of native belles with alfalfa bathing suits; here's the wild lady Lytell found—she was just five years old.

waiian Islands are smart, up to the minute, and thoroughly cosmopolitan. The beach is no different than a coast resort almost anywhere, except for the natural beauty, and the fact that the most wonderful swimming in the world can be seen there. Any day you can see wealthy Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Russians, and people of other races in their picturesque native costumes. The natives themselves have become completely American-

Bert Lytell and Herbert Brenon at work.

Lytell is wishing, no doubt, that he were back at Waikiki.

ized. All the English-speaking folk are descendants of New England missionaries, which doesn't exactly go hand in hand with the popular idea of a moonlight evening at Waikiki."

Before continuing further on the subject of the Hawaiian Islands, let us flash back to Lytell's career. Lytell is a New York boy, and started his theatrical career when he was sixteen years old in a Newark stock company. He acted as assistant stage manager, and played small rôles with the organization.

"The company required the players to rent their own costumes," Lytell said. "In one production, 'Sans-Gêne,' I played five parts. I paid two dollars each for the five costumes, and three dollars more for wigs. That made a total of thirteen dollars. As I was receiving the princely sum of twelve dollars a week, I was exactly one dollar in the hole. So I went to the manager. 'Look here,' I said; 'I'll have to omit food this week, and live in one of the dressing rooms, and borrow a dollar unless the company can do something for me.' 'Well, Bert,' said the manager, 'I'll split with you; here's six dollars and fifty cents.' So I managed to live through the week of 'Sans-Gêne.'"

After Newark, Lytell joined a melodramatic company in Boston. Later he played in stock in Rochester, New Orleans, and San Francisco. Out on the coast he attained unusual popularity, and was one of California's biggest favorites. For four summers he has found time to head a summer stock company in Albany.

How did Lytell come to invade the celluloid drama? It came about by chance. Again we must use the flash back. Twelve years ago, when Lytell was leading man of a stock company in New Orleans, the Grand Opera House Company, to be precise, one Herbert Brenon was light comedian of the company. There the friendship between Brenon, now one of the foremost screen producers, and Lytell started. After the stock season ended, Brenon and Lytell tried the newspaper game, getting out a weekly theatrical paper in New Orleans. The title of the publication, admits Lytell, was too risqué for repetition. Brenon was business manager and Lytell acted as editor. The weekly lasted exactly six months, after which the future director and screen star parted.

Some months ago Brenon was searching for a player to enact a leading rôle. Days passed, but the producer was unable to find exactly the right type. One evening, on entering the Lambs Club grill, he chanced to see Lytell seated at another table. After shaking hands and talking over old times, Brenon suddenly thought of his quest. Here, in the person of his old friend, was exactly the right actor for the rôle he wanted filled.

"How would you like to go on the screen, Bert?" asked Brenon.

"Does a bird like to fly?" responded Lytell. "Lead me to yonder studio."

Hence Lytell's photo-dramatic début.

Lytell scored a decided hit in the rôle; in fact, one of the big personal successes of the last screen season. Brenon rëengaged him; so Lytell seems destined to continue on the screen. Meanwhile, however, he has secured another Broadway stage opportunity, a prominent rôle in "Mary's Ankle." Between his screen successes and his hit behind the footlights, Lytell won't have an opportunity to revisit Waikiki for some time to come.

On dull days—when such studio phenomena occur—you can hear the tinkle of a ukulele from Lytell's studio dressing room. Then you know that the wanderlust has hit him—and he can't get away.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture-playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Taking Temperament Seriously

ARTISTIC temperament and the art of writing moving-picture scenarios seemingly go together. At least, so one would think after conversations with successful writers of screen plots. One writer, in all seriousness, believes he cannot do good work in a hotel room. "The bed," he says, "annoys me, and throws me off the track. I rent an office and do my work there." Another motion-picture playwright never leaves his room when engaged in writing a story. "I cannot but feel that I am neglecting that story, should I leave the room in the midst of the work, and I am never satisfied until I return." Then there is the writer of our acquaintance who dictates all his stuff. He believes he cannot otherwise do his best work. Another writes out all his stories in long-hand before he uses a typewriter. He types all of his own stuff, too, only the final draft going to a professional typist for carbon copies. All this is termed "artistic temperament." The lay person may find these peculiarities more or less amusing. They are not amusing to the writer of motion-picture plots.

Funny Things in Movie Plays

FUNNY things happen in motion-picture playwriting. One of the most recent has to do with a great big production recently released. The writer of the plot cast a number of scenes on a yacht. So far, so good! Then the writer wrote in some business of a telephone conversation from the yacht to the home of a millionaire ashore. And the director, never pausing to think how the dickens one could phone from a yacht, put in the business! Later, retakes were in order, and the yacht was cut out of the picture. The lesson is plain. Guard against impossible situations. Good common sense is as essential in the writing of motion-picture plays as in other form of endeavor.

Woman Writer Gives Tips

MISS JEANIE MACPHERSON is known as a star writer of photo plays. Her record as a screen author is twenty-four big productions in less than three years. They include "Joan the Woman," "The Little American," and "The Woman God Forgot." Miss MacPherson, who has just arrived in New York City from California, in speaking of her work, brought out several important tips to amateur scenario writers who often wonder why their material is not accepted. "One way of finding out what the public will like is to learn the

kind of material that it dislikes," she says. "If many writers would faithfully attend picture theaters, and study the screen as well as the audience, they would soon realize that they are writing directly in the face of motion-picture possibilities and public criticism. If they would listen to the comments of those seated about them, remember the dislikes of the spectators, and avoid writing similar material, they would soon get on the right track. Mary Pickford's photo play written by myself, 'The Little American,' was created when Uncle Sam began his plea for patriotism. It places before the eyes of the public the things it has been reading about. At present I am on my way to Washington to consult several government officials on another story dealing with a subject uppermost in the public mind at this minute."

Guard the Expense Account

IT seems to be an obsession with many writers of motion-picture plays to lug in expensive fixtures. In plotting your story, why not overlook battleships, airships, and other expensive properties, and cast the story in a more modest environment? The action will probably go over just as well, and the film manufacturing concern will not go into bankruptcy! Another favorite habit with many script writers is to put the atmosphere in some foreign locality that is very difficult to film. Many writers also insist in describing lands and people of which they are densely ignorant. Write of the people and the places with which you are familiar, and leave the stories of Boxer uprisings and African warfare to those who know of these peoples and lands. There may be a story in your own door-yard if you have the eyes to see it.

Why Main Titles Are Important

NOT enough care and thought is devoted to main titles. The main title to a film production means everything—particularly in drama. We counted the recent film releases on Broadway the other evening, and nine out of ten of the main titles started with the obliging article "The." It was "The" this and "The" that. Another serious fault is that most of the film titles, unless they be book titles, are not catchy or comprehensive. The main titles that have been taken from well-known novels or plays are nearly always good. The reason is that these titles were originally written with care. No one appreciates better than the producer of stage plays, or the book publisher, the value of a live main title. The main title brings people into the playhouse. No matter how excellent the play—if the main title is a poor one, the business will suffer. Film titles are frequently dashed off hurriedly. It is a grave mistake.

You Can or Cannot Write

FRANK SMITH, the well-known scenario editor, said a whole lot when he remarked the other day: "A person can write or he cannot write—and that is all there is to it!" Some people *think* they can write, which is altogether another matter! If you can write, you can write. It is bound to come out. There is something within you that compels you to write, and you take keen delight in plotting and planning your stories. It is not necessary to be an expert writer of scenarios in order to write plans for the screen. All the attempts in the world to

write made by those who cannot write will prove fruitless. The attempts to write by those who have something to say will result in something, sooner or later. To write well, one must be able to put down on paper the emotions, experiences, and observations of life.

It's the Idea that Counts

IT'S the idea that counts. Herbert Case Hoagland, the man who made the news reel famous, and who "pulled" many other noted ideas in filmland, recently determined to turn his attention to scenario writing. He was seized with an idea; he wrote it in synopsis form, and he sold it! Nothing wonderful about this? Yes, there is! Mr. Hoagland knows the movie game from A to Z. He knows the likes and the dislikes of the public, and is a judge of a good picture. That helped, of course. But it was the novelty of the idea that put it across. Brains count in plot writing, as elsewhere, and originality continues at a premium.

Writing Pictures for Juvenile Leads

A FEW authors are cashing in these days in writing plots for juvenile leads, such as Mary McAllister, Baby Marie Osborne, and others. The work of writing stories for the little actresses is not all a bed of roses. On the contrary, it is very difficult to evolve plots which will permit the children to shine in close-ups, fade-outs—in fact, in the center of all activities. Be assured that the little ones are every bit as temperamental as their older brothers and sisters, and desire all the camera glamour it is possible for them to get. However, if one has an idea for a good child's story, a story that will fit any one of the several children stars now on the screen, a ready market is offered. What is wanted is clean stuff, stuff with plenty of action.

A New Idea

HERE is a good idea presented by Epes Winthrop Sargent: "Set down all the events of some commonplace day. Put down every detail you can recall. Then go over the list and see how many plots you might work from the data you have on hand. Suppose that right at the start you oversleep, or become wakeful a full hour ahead of your usual rising time. You might make your wakefulness the start of a story in which the hero gets up too soon and carries a grouch all day. That would be the most elemental treatment of the plot germ. But suppose, instead, you let premature wakefulness suggest narcotics. At once you have the whole field of drug plays to draw upon. A thousand ideas may be worked from this single suggestion. Or it might suggest a sudden wakefulness during the night. What waked you? What was the result? Did you find a burglar at the library safe, or your small son at the ice box devouring the pie? You can work a couple hundred plots from that. Or, perhaps, it was some accident that roused you from your last precious hour of sleep. What then? Was it a row between the cook and the milkman—suggesting a comedy of below-stairs life—or did the policeman on the beat find your pet enemy on the walk in front of the house, with his head caved in, and ask you if you threw him out of the window? An active author could work another hundred

ideas from that last suggestion alone. And that is just starting to plot from one single incident of a day, crowded with similarly uneventful incidents, all of which can be made into stronger themes. It is merely a case of learning how to amplify and magnify the simple plot suggestion into the five-reel feature. A story is not something you experience, but rather something suggested by what you have experienced. Learn to see the opportunities in the simple happenings and make them into big themes. In time the action becomes almost automatic."

As to Authors Writing 'Em

VERILY, times have changed! We remember that only a few short years ago, authors disdainfully scorned the writing of motion-picture plots as something beneath their notice. And when they did write 'em—well, nine times out of ten the product was a joke. Working with the idea that any old thing would do for the movies, the w. k. authors dashed off stuff that was strange and startling. Their stories for the screen were filled with word paintings, glowing sunsets, characterization, and very, very little action. And they would not admit that their stuff was bad. The film editors came in for a lacing. "Those whippersnappers who turned down *my* work! Why, I never heard of so-and-so before." This and the "ten-dollar-a-week-clerk-now-editing" were common expressions. And to-day! Things certainly are different! The w. k. author is proud and pleased to have his name adorning screen and poster. He's glad to write a synopsis according to the film editor's dictates, and *not* as the author himself thinks it should be done. The reason is that top prices are being paid those who can write good motion-picture plots, and the professional writer has come to understand this situation.

Little Things that Count

IT is the little things—the unusual business in a script—that count! The most successful directors recognize this fact, as do the most successful scenario writers. For example, a real-for-sure lynching was presented in the pictures recently. You know what the censors do to motion-picture lynchings! Well, this was an original one. The posse rode up to the calaboose, secured the dastardly villain, and, putting him on horseback, rode out of the picture. Later they returned—with one empty saddle! The incident was put over by suggestion, but the action was just as real as if the audience had witnessed the man strung up at a rope's end. This sounds simple, but so does every original idea. The director needed a lynching in his business, and provided a thriller in such a manner that offense could be given to no one.

"Fruits and Flowers"

THAT was the name of the first really original motion-picture screen comedy—"Fruits and Flowers." To the best of our recollection, it was screened by the old Imp Company about seven years ago. It presented the tale of the young man sparking the young lady. He had, you will remember, but one good pair of trousers. He sent them to the tailor's shop to be pressed, and also bought a box of flowers. The two boxes became mixed. One box with the card, "Wear these for me," were delivered to the young lady. The box contained

trousers! G. R. Warren, the scenario editor of the Imp Company, purchased this plot, and it made a successful comedy. Later, the comedy was reissued, we believe. Other companies prepared their versions of the idea, and it went the rounds. Only the other day we saw virtually the same thing embellished in a five-reel feature film. This little incident just goes to prove the statement that old friends are the best of all, that the plots of yesterday are doing duty in the pictures of to-day. Old plots, with a twist or turn, become new plots. For, be it known, there is very little that is new under the sun.

Light Comedy? Yes

THE demand for good, refined comedy—light comedy—surpasseth all expectations. Many manufacturers saw the trend of public taste when the "Skinner" pictures achieved immense popularity. But the sad fact remains that light-comedy—refined-comedy—plots are as rare as a day in June! Have you any good light-comedy stuff up your sleeve? Stuff suitable for Bryant Washburn, for example? Yes? Well, shoot it to the Pathé or any other company in the market for real, simon-pure comedy, and profit thereby. It is well, however, to study the acting talent in the employ of the various companies. If you are a student of dramatics, you will have a very good idea as to what is suitable for Frank Keenan or Douglas Fairbanks or Fanny Ward. Any old plot will not do. Stories are desired that will give these artists opportunities to shine, and, at the same time, carry along an acceptable plot.

Writing Film Captions

ART is long—particularly the art of writing movie subtitles. It is an art in itself, and one that is being recognized. No longer do the festive script writer's cherished subtitles appear helter-skelter in a film comedy or drama. They disappear, unless they are very good. To-day, every film concern worthy of the name has in its film-editing department certain individuals who specialize in film-title writing. Some are clever with comedy lines, others specialize in word paintings and dramatic subtitles. Then there is another field—that of writing subtitles for film news weeklies. These titles are sometimes neglected because of haste in preparing and releasing news films, but improvement is noticeable in these captions, also. The majority of film subtitles are invented and written by former newspaper men—men who have enjoyed long experience in the art of boiling down lengthy stories, in making one word do for several, in making one line do for a paragraph. Any one cannot do it—the writing of titles is an art, and has come to be so recognized.

As to Characterization

CHARACTERIZATION has much to do with the merits or demerits of a motion-picture play. In motion-picture scenarios, one cannot describe a character in clever word pictures. You must show characterization. Some characterizations in pictures, as on the stage, have become stereotyped. For example, there is the gentlemanly villain who invariably smokes a cigarette. Should the villain smokes a pipe, or even a cigar, much of the good, dyed-in-the-wool atmosphere would be lost. The girl of the mountains invariably trips about in

sandals or bare feet and gingham dress, with her hair hanging down her back. Should the damsel of the mountains wear honest-to-goodness shoes, or have her tresses done up, another good old stand-by would be shattered. What is wanted now is to get away from the stereotyped stuff. Though some directors refuse to depart from the accepted standards, others have a keen eye to originality, and profit thereby. A departure from beaten paths is earnestly to be desired.

The Number in a Cast

KEEP the size of your cast as small as possible. Do not write a plot carrying a dozen or more principals, when half a dozen will answer the purpose as well. Remember, the audience is likely to become confused with so many characters, and to find it difficult to follow the unfolding of the plot. Above everything, clearness is desirable in a motion-picture play, and, sad to say, many of the picture plays are not clear. The naming of characters is also important. "Dennis Murphy" is not an appealing name for a Scottish chief. Yet we saw this name so utilized in a script not long ago. There is everything in a name, according to Shakespeare, and Bill was right. Another good thing to remember is this: do not start your first scene with a subtitle. Cut into the first scene, if it is necessary, but try and avoid a subtitle at the beginning of the picture. There is nothing more tiresome than a film drama opening with the main title, followed by the names of the author and director, then the cast of characters, and, finally, a subtitle before the first scene.

Introducing the Cast

WHILE we are on the subject—why present the names of an entire cast of characters before the beginning of a play? The long list of names, taken in a gulp, cannot be remembered. To our mind, the principal characters should be introduced in the order of their appearance, as follows:

A rough, uncouth son of the Northland.

Jean Bouchet.....Mr. John Morris.

In this way the character, his name, his environment, and the name of the player enacting that particular character are all "registered." It is a much better method.

The Story Is the Thing!

IN a discussion by a number of highly successful writers of motion-picture scenarios, one recently made this statement: "It is not the story that counts for so much. It is primarily the art—the atmosphere—and, secondly, the story." The man who made this statement is sadly wrong. The story is the rock foundation upon which the superstructure is raised. With a good, strong story, a picture will get by, even with an absence of many of the finer touches. But a finely directed, finely acted film play, with all the effects in the world, will not be universally acceptable if there is no story. There seems to be a tendency on the part of some writers to turn out allegorical stuff—scripts with just a bare thread of plot, but filled with characterization. These scripts read well, but do not picturize well. The people who attend motion-picture theaters wish to be

entertained. For finer character delineation and types, one can attend the spoken drama. The success of the film play depends on the story. All the rest is secondary. There are too many picture plays being presented without plots. To quote Mr. Berst, that keen judge of film comedy and drama, there are too many coming-and-going pictures—productions carrying more or less realistic types, and getting nowhere. Remember to write a story, and let the director do the worrying as to the "tempo," "motivation," and the rest.

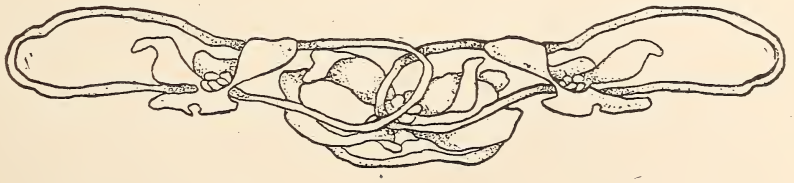
Propaganda Stuff

REFRAIN from writing the propaganda stuff, so-called, for the reason that it will not sell. Producers have found, to their sorrow, that about one in twelve of these propaganda dramas is commercially successful. Films carrying woman suffrage, temperance, anti-capital punishment, et cetera, have been done time and again. Whenever a propaganda film is released, hundreds of writers endeavor to imitate it. They write what they fondly believe to be strong, gripping, seven-reel dramas, conveying "a universal lesson." Some of the ideas are good, but the producer with an eye to the money end of the game is canny, and no longer is tempted by "propaganda stuff." There is little money in these films, and consequently little market.

Live Wire Market Hints

ONE of the best markets for dramas is the Paralta Plays, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. This is a new organization, and is expanding rapidly, taking up new stars for whom vehicles must be obtained. Mr. Harry Chandlee, the editor, says that good prices will be paid for the material that is desired. Present-day dramas with strong plots are needed for Henry B. Walthall, Louise Glaum, Bessie Barriscale, and J. Warren Kerrigan. Synopses are preferred to full scenarios with detailed scene action.

The Pathé Exchange, Incorporated, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, are also anxious to obtain stories for several new players whom they have recently signed, as well as for their old stars. Among those for whom plays are needed are Frank Keenan, Bryant Washburn, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Fannie Ward, Bessie Love, and Gladys Hulette. Stories of a strong-charactered business man are preferred for Mr. Keenan, and straight dramas for all the other players with the exception of Bryant Washburn. For Mr. Washburn's plays the company is anxious to purchase comedy dramas, with the comedy predominating.



The Road to Screenland

By Ronald Oliphant

THERE'S a far-away road that begins, I'm told,
At the place where the rainbow ends;
All purple and violet, orange and gold,
Its undulant way it wends.

It runs through a country of smiling fields,
With daisies and clover o'erspread;
And then to the sylvan gods it yields
Where the trees meet overhead.

'Tis here that the voices of fauns and sprites
Sing blithely in frond and stream
Of the forest's myths and its wondrous delights.
Life is naught but play—and a dream.

Then our rainbow-hued road runs through Fancytown,
Where the heroes and heroines dwell—
Tall knights in their armor and monks in brown,
And jesters with cap and bell.

Sweet tomboys romping around in jeans,
Shy schoolgirls in gingham dresses,
Fair, blue-eyed goose girls, tall, stately queens,
And ingénue princesses.

Gold hunters, trappers, and Indian braves
From the land of the Northern Lights
Are mingled with rajahs and viziers and slaves
From scenes in Arabian Nights.

The tow'r where the master film maker dwells,
At the road's next turn we see;
He weaves all the Fancytown folk in his spells
To make Screenland for you and me.

When the sky is drab and the heart downcast,
When you're crossed by foe or friend,
You can find surcease on the Screenland road
That begins at the rainbow's end.

Scenario Writing from the Director's Viewpoint

Practical information on picture-play writing by one who produces successes.

By Allan Dwan

Director for Douglas Fairbanks

GOOD stories for picture plays are scarce—as scarce as strawberries in January. And this is partly because scenario writers often get the wrong idea of what the directors are looking for.

For example, many writers seem to think that the principal requirement of stories for Douglas Fairbanks is that they should consist of a series of "stunts." My experience in having assisted in selecting stories for Fairbanks prompts me to say that this is not the case. The Fairbanks "stunts" are devised by our own staff, while on the field of action.

What we want from the writer is an attractive and original theme, embodying some ideal of American youth. The theme must be strong enough to make possible a real story, one which—without preaching—suggests what line of conduct a young American should follow under a given set of circumstances.

Take, by way of illustration, our recent film, "D'Artagnan of Kansas." The action is inspired by the ideals of chivalry, valor, cleanliness—the general ideals of youth. Here is a story which, while offering humor and diversion, carries at the same time an undercurrent of healthy, optimistic philosophy. It is a tale of a Kansas lad who got it into his head that he was going to be chivalrous and polite. To make the story interesting, he is made to carry his chivalry to such extremes that he gets into all sorts of trouble. But he wins out in the end.

The story is humorous and whimsical, and no one, after seeing it, would be conscious of so much as a suggestion of preaching—yet unconsciously the theme—the idea that politeness pays—is likely to remain in the spectator's mind, and perhaps do a great deal of good.

My advice to scenario writers is to stop writing incidents. Give more attention to developing an idea. Pick a theme with sharp contrasts. Give your principal a distinctive character. Flaubert once told De Maupassant, whom he was teaching to write, that when he described a greengrocer, instead of simply drawing a conventional type, he should give the character touches that would make it stand out so distinctly from all the other greengrocers in the world. So with the characters of your scenario. If you make your lead a bank clerk, and leave him a commonplace, standardized, accepted type, he will be uninteresting because of his conventional limitations. But give your bank clerk a distinctive character—striking traits—ambition—and at once interesting developments will be suggested.

Take a good, healthy, optimistic theme—carefully avoiding propaganda—create distinctive character, let the producer develop a picture play in the

same spirit, and a product worth while will result—a mental tonic, made pleasing by its treatment, and one that will meet public approval.

Through my thorough study of the scenario end of the profession I have learned that the public prefers philosophy to a mere series of scenes which present nothing but action. That is the lesson that so many writers fail to grasp, and as a result the scenario departments of the studios are daily flooded with bales of poor manuscripts. What the director wants is a good, logical situation. The director will devise the necessary obstacles and the dramatic complications. The humor has to be largely built up, rather than written into the script. The comedy relief to a good, straight dramatic story usually is suggested during the production.

These suggestions may sound dogmatic, but they are the conclusions our staff reached during a recent directors' meeting, and are therefore the ideas of my contemporaries, instead of being my personal opinions alone.

It is not well to have a particular star too much in mind while preparing a story. By doing so, you are limiting yourself by what you know of the star's previous work. Unconsciously you are almost sure to model your story after one of his former pictures. But the star, in all probability, has possibilities for branching out into new fields if he can only get a story different from those he has done. Novelty is as much the spice of picture plays as of any other phase of life. Do not impose any handicaps upon yourself for doing original work. And, in this connection, do not be afraid of doing something radically different from what you have been accustomed to seeing. The biggest successes are those that strike out fearlessly into new and unexplored fields.

The much-abused statement, that some day we will have a screen language, is true. By screen language I mean that the tricks of acting and the technique of building the picture play will be developed to a point where the action on the screen alone will convey much more of the story to the audience, and thus make it unnecessary to use so many subtitles. I think it is only a question of time when we will be able to eliminate almost entirely the use of dialogue in subtitles, solely for narrative purposes. This will be brought about sooner if scenario writers will form the habit of visualizing the action instead of thinking in terms of dialogue. The subtitle is an element of weakness. Often, when the director is hard put to produce a laugh, he will flash a comedy title. But the laughs should come from the pictures themselves. Again, when the leading man is left in a certain location at the end of a scene, and is to appear in an entirely different locality, twenty miles away, in the scene following, we account for what happens in between by a subtitle. It would be better to avoid this, if possible. The development of pictures has been so rapid that we have neglected some of the fine points in our haste to turn out quantity rather than quality. Scenario writers who study to help develop films in these matters of fine shading will be among the successful ones of the future. One reason that we must give thought to these fine points is that we are attracting a more intelligent class of patrons—persons of discrimination whose interest can only be held by pictures perfect in every detail of construction.

I agree with Mr. Fairbanks, that we will soon witness a process of elimination rather than elaboration in screen plays. Simplicity is the keynote of success in pictures as in every other form of art.

The ambitious scenario writer should endeavor to cast aside the old hackneyed methods of plot construction. New standards and increasing competi-

tion demands work showing constant improvement. But all this only means that there is increasing opportunity for writers with imagination, and who can develop good, clean themes.

Here is a hint which it is well to keep in mind. We are producing pictures for American audiences. When you are developing a theme—try to think what you, as an American, would do under the circumstances in which you have placed your hero. You probably will hit upon the very thing that will get a response from the audience.

I want to be of all the assistance to you that I can. If it will help, I will gladly answer any inquiries in this department from month to month.

In the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE I shall have more suggestions to make. Meanwhile, put your thinking caps on, and ask any questions that occur to you, and start out on some new themes. We may be able to help each other materially. One thing is sure. We cannot make pictures without stories, so it's up to you to come to the rescue.

HERE'S WHERE THEY COME FROM—WHERE DO THEY GO?

THE little girl who is standing before Director Marshall Neilan, while the assistant director takes notes of her name, address, telephone number, color of hair, age, and whether she best fits sad or jubilant parts, is merely one of the line of "extra" players, which extends into the background. When Mr. Neilan wanted children for a Mary Pickford picture, he hung out a sign and they flocked to the studio. Perhaps some of them will some day become stars. Who knows?

Learning to Swim on Dry Land

By Charles Carter

SOCIETY drops one fad to embrace another. And whatever form of amusement is in the ascendency, society is sure to call on its leading exponent for entertainment or instruction.

A few years ago, when dancing swept everything by storm, Irene and Vernon Castle, then on the pinnacle of a wave of popularity, were welcomed into the charmed inner circle of New York's most exclusive set. Now that skating has passed the heyday of its fling, swimming seems to be in the ascendancy, and society has turned to the picture-play world to procure as an instructor Annette Kellermann, famous the world over for her marvelous exhibition of aquatic skill in the film spectacles, "Neptune's Daughter" and "A Daughter of the Gods."

In the accompanying illustration Miss Kellermann is seen giving a lecture and demonstration on the first principles of swimming to a group of society leaders who are interested, not only on their own behalf, but also on behalf of the Vacations Girls' Association, of which they are directors.

The women standing in the picture, from left to right, are: Miss Mabel Beardsley, Miss Miriam Oliver, Miss Robinson-Smith, Miss Caroline Shippen, and Mrs. Brokaw. Those seated are Miss Anne Morgan, Mrs. Wendel Baker, and Mrs. Garrison.

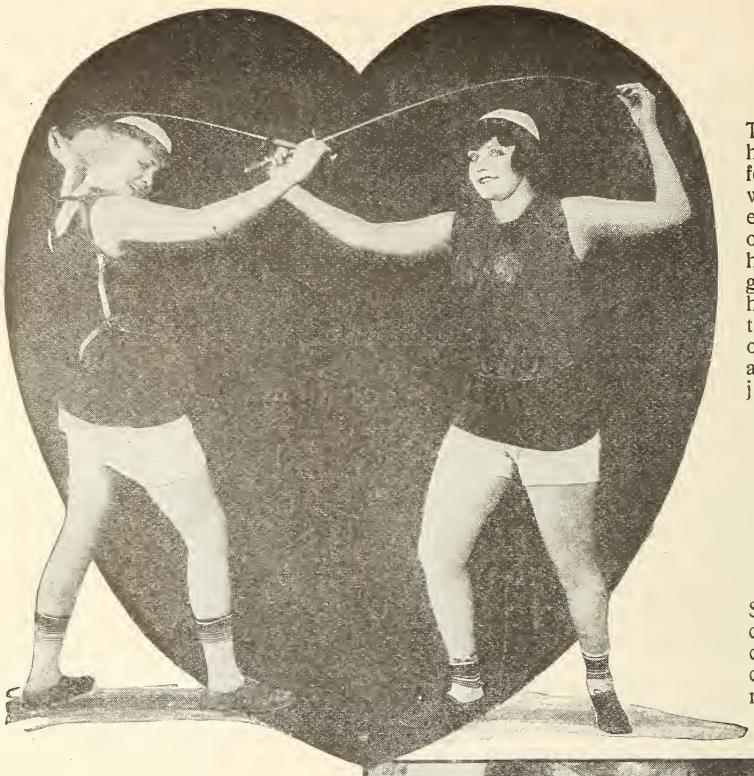
Uncomplimentary Department

Containing practically everything except soft-soap and white-wash.

Quite commendable of Jewel Carmen to use talcum powder. Next in order, we take it, will be a picture of an actress cleaning her nails—or a matinee idol shaving!

Jackie Saunders overtaken by a three-hundred-pound motor-cycle policeman! We don't believe it.

No wonder Margaret Thompson's eyebrows are drawn. Whose wouldn't be, with a breathing dog for a book rest.



These Keystone girls have very attractive fencing costumes, eh, what? But did you ever see how a pair of real fencers dress—heavy duck uniforms, gloves to protect their hands, and masks for their faces? Fancy one of those white arms actually getting jabbed with a foil!

Swanky fellows—these camera men. Why don't they wear their caps front side foremost, like other folks?

A nifty little sailor is Brownie Vernon, to be sure. But she'd have a nice time scrubbing down the decks in patent leather pumps, wouldn't she?

Carol Halloway doesn't seem to have her mind on her work. And—my! what dainty plowshoes!

Since when, in these days of military wrist watches, have soldiers been wearing watch chains on their trousers, like Edward Earle?

We don't blame Audrey Munson—not one bit—for being proud of the bathing suit. But did any one ever go in swimming, even in sunny California, carrying a real silk parasol?

The Girl on the Cover

Mabel Normand discloses a new plan for making magnates laugh.

By Norbert Lusk

Mabel Normand's eyelashes curl upward more than the film can let one see.

"I LOVE dark, windy days and chocolate cake," Miss Normand announced, with perfect gravity, "and storms, when houses blow down."

There was no hint of mischief or make-believe in the famous Normand eyes. They are even lovelier than the screen ever discloses, and the lashes curl upward more than the film can let one see.

"Chocolate cake," she went on, "is the one thing I never get. People always keep it from me. That's why I have decided it is my favorite food."

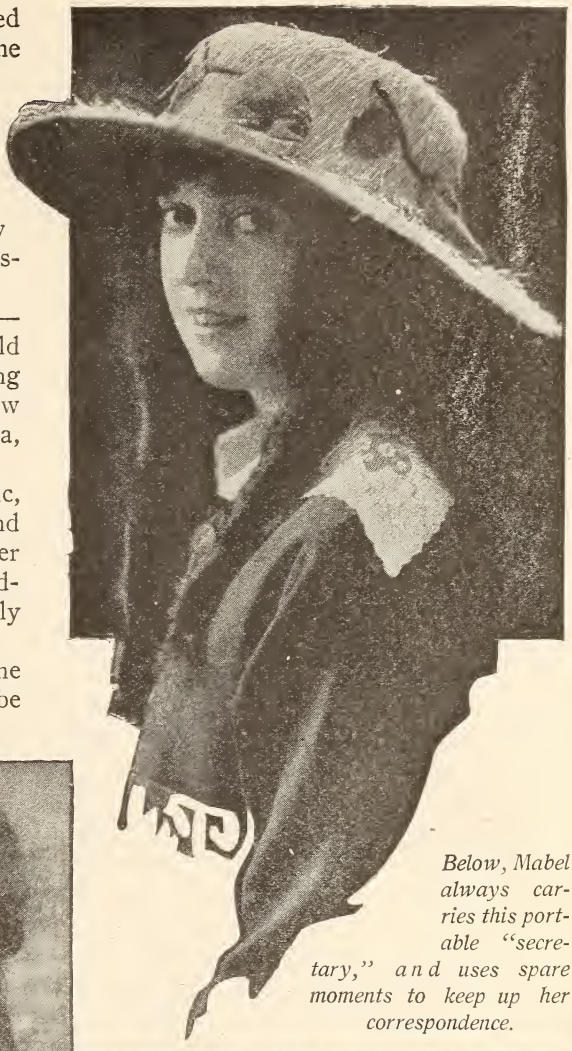
"But I never eat it—or anything else—when I am acting. Food makes me too contented." She yawned lazily over her coffee. "And I don't want to be lazy any more. A year of rest is enough for any one. Now I want to come back—*hard*."

The comedienne was reminded that she had no place to "come back" from—that she has stayed in the affections of the film fans ever since the early days of Biograph, where, under direction of Griffith and Sennett, she had rollicked her way into their hearts through her boisterous comedy.

That—it will be remembered—was her introduction into the world of film—a long step from studying art, which first brought her to New York from her home in Atlanta, Georgia.

Her innate sense of the comic, combined with personal charm and genuine acting ability, first gave her recognition, and her return to Goldwyn pictures has been eagerly awaited.

Because of that sense of the comic, Mabel Normand cannot be



Above, one of Mabel's mischievous glances.

Below, Mabel always carries this portable "secretary," and uses spare moments to keep up her correspondence.

No—the villain has not threatened to foreclose the mortgage on the old farm. Mabel is merely conferring with her director, William Humphrey.

serious wholeheartedly. If she casts down her eyes, it is to shut out a demure parting glance. If she closes her lips tightly, the corners go up, and you know she is laughing silently. She is the true spirit of mischief. Early in the chat, her interviewer gave up all hope of putting a question to her—or, rather, of recording an answer.

For no reason at all, the comedienne began to tear a daisy apart, petal by petal. "I adore daisies," she declared, with closed lids and head tilted to one side. "They are my favorite flowers when I visit a flower shop—alone. If I am accompanied—by a man—I just *love* orchids." The diminutive actress looked significantly at the inexpensive flowers in her hand. "But, of course, orchids are really too 'vampish' for me. And that," she said pointedly, "brings us to the subject of Retribution with a capital R." Miss Normand's audience of one got in readiness for a tragic interlude.

"I mean vampires, especially screen 'vamps.' They have taught me a great life lesson. Retribution always pounces on the purple lady toward the end of the picture. She gets exactly what she gives. That's why I decided to be good."

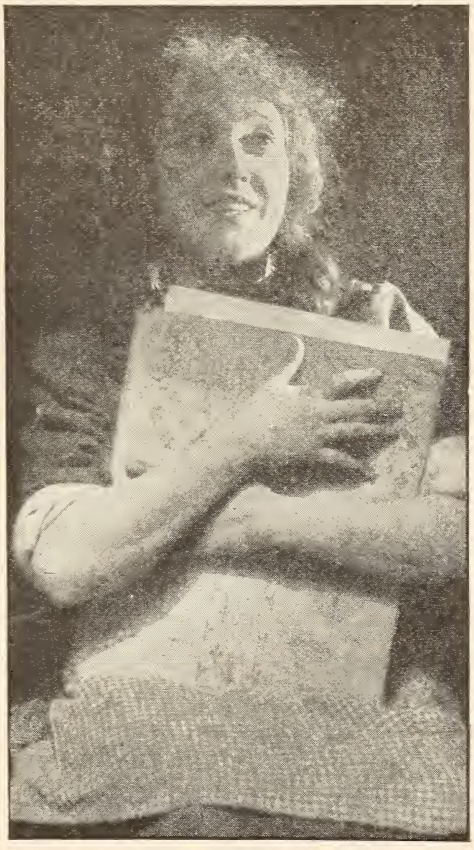
"Don't you think motion pictures educate the masses? See how the vam-

pire lady made me be good!" The brown eyes were raised in childish appeal—then sparkled roguishly.

"Tell me this, if you can. Why do plays called 'The Drama of a Woman's Soul' always mean that the woman gets the worst of it in the end? Why is that?" Miss Normand waited for an answer to her quaint question. "You didn't know I went in for deep thinking, did you? Don't be afraid. I never go deeper."

"People don't laugh enough. Especially men, when they get middle-aged, and very important, and wear fur coats and silk hats in the morning, and motor to work. They are afraid to laugh for fear people will think they're not on the job. I've made a list of six such men, all captains of industry, and I'm beginning a great drive against dull care. I want to make them laugh. This is how I mean to try.

"I am writing each a letter inclosing a photograph of Mabel, posed especially for the man receiving it. They are the funniest pictures of the funniest moments I ever had on the screen. These men must laugh—just once. But I won't be present to see their faces slip. If they do laugh, think how well their day will be started, beginning with the moment they are caught in the act by the butler. The possibilities are enormous. The world may yet have a great deal to thank me for."



She can put heart interest in a picture, as well as comedy.

Some suggestion was made as to the results of a single break in the demeanor of a grave man, and Miss Normand caught the cue.

"Yes, and suppose each of these men has a daughter or a son. Imagine each father being asked for an automobile or a string of pearls. Don't you know that the child is more apt to get it after papa has smiled than if the gloom had not broken? The young people will owe their gifts to Mabel; the salesman will owe his big order to the same cause, and so on down to the boy that opens the door of the shop. And all for one laugh."

The chance of each grateful magnate sending his benefactress a token of his gratitude did not appeal to Miss Normand at all.

"Not on your life!" she exclaimed. "It isn't done. People enjoy laughter, but they're not grateful for it. They forget. They never forget sadness, or the actor that makes them weep.

"Which reaches the heart more surely, tears or laughter? I wonder if being a cook and making chocolate cakes isn't better than either?"

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen, that are of interest to everyone.

The War Tax on Films

IF the motion-picture industry staggers through its present tax afflictions, it will certainly be lasting proof of its stability. This business is one of the commercial enterprises in this country that has not grown prosperous on the war. Instead, it has been sorely hit. Early in the struggle the manufacturers, distributors, and brokers lost money through having valuable foreign territories closed to them. Later, the cost of raw stock and developing chemicals went up. Then curtailments in earnings happened in steady continuity, and all of this time the theater patronage was lessened because of the stringency of conditions generally.

Now, when the country needs money, the motion-picture industry is saddled with more troubles in the taxes levied. The amusement tax runs up the price of theater admission, and another tax has been added to every foot of film sold. These two taxes have been accepted cheerfully, for they represent "doing our bit." But the latest tax threatens to prove disastrous. It provides for a payment from the exhibitor on every reel of film rented. The rate is so high that the average exhibitor—the man owning a theater in a small town or neighborhood community—finds his profit largely swept away. This cannot last. This exorbitant tax will probably be supplanted by one within reason in the near future. If it isn't, it should be, for the government certainly does not intend to demolish by its taxation. A tax is a wise one only when it follows the "let-live" policy.

Why Good Plots Are Scarce

IT is often said of motion pictures that they all seem to be patterned from the same stories. To a certain extent this is inevitable, as there is but a limited number of situations around which to weave plots. One modern French authority, after a lifelong study, reduced the number of possible dramatic situations to thirty-one. Another authority on plots has asserted that the possible basic situations do not exceed seven. It is, moreover, extremely difficult to get stories suitable for film reproduction. People wonder why this is so when there are so many good plays and books just waiting for some one to buy them and put them on the screen. Many of these have found visualization on film, and more would be used but for the fact that only a small percentage of the plays and books are suitable for pictures.

Most of them fall down in the story. They seem to have plot material

when dressed up with clever conversation, and are set off with attractive sets and descriptions, but they seldom have enough action to run through five reels on the screen. The average successful play of the drama and comedy-drama type would only make a two-reel picture in its manuscript form. William A. Brady is an experienced film producer now, but when he was new in the game he received a distinct surprise on viewing the motion picture based on his play, "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Three reels of the five-reel feature went by before a thing from his play had been used. The same thing applies to most of the other books and plays purchased for pictures. They contain a good thought or a few striking situations, but, deprived of the verbal trimmings, they are mere framework. Most of the action has to be conceived and written in by the scenario man.

Custom-Made Characters

PICTURES have a great tendency to develop standardized types of characters. A banker, for instance, is generally a stout, gouty individual, bald, if possible. The business man we see as a tall, lean, crisp-speaking person. A politician is seldom without a fat cigar, which he chews hungrily, a malevolent expression, and a waistline of generous proportions. People are not so cut out on stereotyped patterns in real life. We see, in everyday life, bald-headed musicians, loafers minus sweaters and caps, and Southerners without Stetsons.

The same habit of setting up and following a type is very often found in the sets. The homes of the wealthy are seldom seen without such appendages as richly uniformed footmen, butlers, and droves of servants. The abodes of the poor all seem to have been poured from the same mold, like Edison's concrete houses, and the back room of the saloon where the plot is hatched generally presents the same sordid slice of life that we have seen time and time before.

Why not strike out for something a little different and yet true in the details of the pictures? Deprive the ward leader of his cigar, and make him smile once in a while; allow the recipient of the hero's punch to stay on his feet now and then, instead of forever bowling over to arise as though he had a broken arm or leg instead of a bruised cheek; let the man of means open his front door with a key for a change, instead of having it fade away before him to be replaced by a placid servant. These are only trifles. These details do not effect the big issue of the story, but a little more variety in their handling would not only add interest and novelty to the films, but would make them more true to life.

Exit the Contract Breaker

THE contract-breaking star is now an almost extinct species. In the days gone by we were greeted at regular and frequent intervals with the news that Mister or Miss So-and-so had decided to leave his or her present company, had ignored his or her contract or broken it, and would hereafter be seen in features under a new brand. Whether the decrease in such contract demolishing activities is due to improvement in the morale of the signers or improvement in the contract-drawing ability of the company attorneys is uncertain, but it is an improvement, whatever the cause.

One of the reasons for the decrease in the census of contract jumpers is

the friendly feeling which has been created between the manufacturers. They realized that they were playing a boomerang game, and quit luring each other's stars away. A star who attempts to break a contract now is looked upon with distrust. Other companies are afraid to sign him or her, fearing the same treatment. This is one of the many evidences that the motion-picture industry is finding itself, and is becoming established on a firmer and a more sane basis.

New Fields for Films

THE motion picture as we generally regard it is a medium of entertainment, a diversion to turn to in our leisure hours. Comparatively few people know that it serves any other purpose. It does, however, and is so valuable and efficient that education and science, now accustomed to its aid, could hardly do without it. The most difficult and most rare surgical operations of the present day are recorded in motion pictures whenever conditions permit. These pictures are exhibited before a larger medical class than an operating room could accommodate, and the students receive more benefit from the showing than they would had they been present at the operation. This is only one way in which motion pictures figure in the advancement of the study of medicine.

The department of agriculture considers the film camera one of its chief assets. The information which the department is able to circulate through its help is accomplishing wonders.

Nearly all of the schools in the large cities, and many of those in the small towns, embody the motion picture as a means of education.

The camera is the official reporter of the war for all of the allied countries. For these achievements of the camera the credit belongs largely to the motion pictures we see daily, those intended solely for entertainment. They made possible the development of the cinema to its present point of usefulness in other fields.

Making Pictures by the Clock

SOME producers to-day turn out pictures the way an automobile manufacturer turns out cars. A stated time is allowed for the making of the different parts, and a scale of prices is put on them. When the car leaves the assembling room it is supposed to coincide with the plan sheet in appearance, durability, and cost, and it usually does. Such methods cannot successfully be applied to the making of pictures. The producing of pictures is a business, of course, and is very much like any other field of commercial endeavor; but there is one vital difference that cannot be disregarded—it cannot standardize its product. The maker of automobiles or phonographs can make a series of machines from a blue print, but the film producer works on a new product each time. Every picture represents a new model, a new set of plans. Therefore, although it is a business of producing, buying, and selling, it cannot successfully be operated after the fashion of other industries which have these same attributes. Because of its distinctive angle, it should not be regulated by a time clock.

If pictures are to be artistic, they must have in them that indescribable something called the human touch, the little things here and there in a film that reach

out to you. To do work of this kind, directors and players should not be held down too closely to regulations. This does not mean that the cost of production should be allowed to run into waste, but a company should not be limited to a certain amount of negative, time, or expense on each scene. This system results in the flat, trite, ordinary sort of picture; whereas, giving the company a flexible schedule brings out the artistic film—the best investment in the long run.

The Inevitable Happy Ending

IT is seldom now that a picture without a happy ending is seen. This is because manufacturers and directors believe the public wants a story to end cheerfully—that they go to pictures to be entertained, and wish to leave the theater in the contented and joyful mood radiated by the final scene of a happy-ending picture. There is undoubtedly something in this. Yet it can hardly be that the public will fail to appreciate a good story brought to a logical conclusion just because that dénouement does not consist of the marriage of the two principal characters, the ignominious defeat of the wrongdoer, or the restoration of the rightful heir.

To insist always upon a glorious ending would be to spoil many good dramatic stories. Many of the most popular books and plays have sad endings. Why, then, must ninety-nine per cent of our features be burdened with sweet, happy-ever-afterward conclusions? Their constant repetition robs the pictures of the element of surprise, and in time tends to make them become trite and tiresome. The end is the principal part of a play. The rest of the story and all of the action is spent in developing or bringing about the end. It is to be regretted that the demand of the patrons, as it is interpreted by producers and directors, sometimes calls for a bromidic finish to an otherwise perfectly good story.

Exit the "Fly-by Night"

THERE is one advantage in the much-critized and revolutionary speed with which the motion-picture industry moves—when an evil is started on the road of elimination it soon meets with extinction. One example of this is the demise of the "fly-by-night." Two years ago, a company could spring up overnight, and, by the aid of much advertising and publicity, become an important factor for a time in the operations of the business. If the complete stories of some of the now forgotten film concerns were to be told, the public would feel certain that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Men who had advanced slowly in other enterprises, who had watched their investments and protected their margins of profit conscientiously, jumped or were lured into pictures, and spent money like the proverbial jolly tars ashore and intoxicated.

Among the number of moths who flirted with the flame of finance were bankers, butchers, real-estate operators, merchants, brokers, manufacturers, and so on; men who wouldn't think of pursuing in the fields they knew the wild methods by which they tried to make money in pictures. Tutored by greedy promoters or unbalanced ambition, they thought motion pictures was a synonym for ready money. For some it has been, but it has method in spite of its apparent madness. If, on getting out, these people thought that they had tossed to the film business a lot of money, they were mistaken. Instead, they had thrown

obstacles in its way. A failure in any industry is a thing for the survivors to overcome.

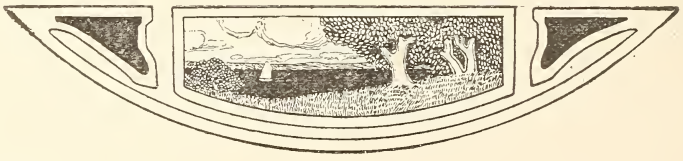
Keen competition, the natural advancement of ideas, and the general improvement in conditions have raised the distribution and sale of pictures to a scientific point. A company can no longer start in at half mast and run along indefinitely. It has to have good product, and then campaign its trade-mark into familiarity. One-horse concerns there will always be, but the days of the big "fly-by-night" are over.

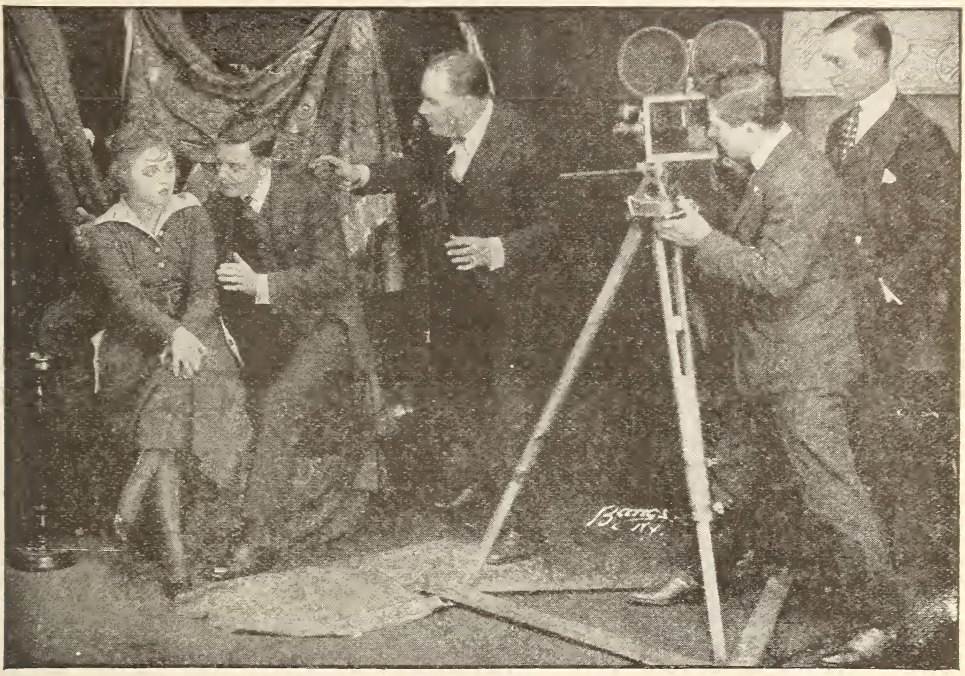
Royalties for Authors

THERE is much conversation afloat about the possibility of authors receiving a royalty on their film plays. This has been done in some few instances in the past, but it is an unusual arrangement in motion pictures, and has only been effected with celebrated authors who have sold the film rights on books or plays of national fame. However, the practice may become general. And why not? Publishers of books and stage producers count the people who furnish the material in on the profits of a venture by paying them a percentage of the profits. The motion-picture business partakes of the nature of both these forms of industry, and is closely allied to them. It, too, ought to pay authors royalties instead of putting a flat price on their work.

It is a safe bet, in any case, and in the long run should prove profitable. Unless the picture play is a success, the author receives no reward; when he furnishes a vehicle of merit, he receives return in proportion to the value of his work. Under the royalty or percentage compensation system, the producer can lose only when he uses bad judgment in choosing his stories for production. Under the present form of payment, he loses in the same way, in addition to being out the original price of the script. Of course, now, when a manufacturer has a success, he does not have to split the returns; but in the long run he is probably not much ahead, as offers of a royalty will bring out better stories and result in more successes.

At the present time, many writers are not giving their best efforts to evolving plays for screen portrayal. They are mechanical grinders, receiving almost as much money for a fair story as they do for a really good one, and being paid at a higher rate for their labor, as they can turn out three half-hearted scripts in the time it would take to produce two of real strength. The story is by far the most important factor in a picture. If paying royalties makes for better stories, as well as being fairer treatment to the author, then royalties cannot enter the film business too soon.





A final word from Director Del Henderson, just before the camera man starts grinding.

Our Contest Winners Start to Work

In the Empire Studio, on Long Island, they are taking part in film productions soon to be seen on the screen.

BUBBLING over with enthusiasm that promises well for their future as screen actors, the first winners of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE'S Screen Opportunity Contest are hard at work learning the tricks of make-up, the knack of registering emotions, the technique of acting before the camera, and at the same time they are getting all the thrills that come from the knowledge that they are taking part in a film production which the fans who followed the contest will soon have the pleasure of seeing.

There was some delay in getting the work under way. That was caused by the fact that, during the contest, the Frank Powell Producing Corporation, which had contracted to employ the winners, ceased producing.

But arrangements were made, as soon as possible, with John R. Freuler, president of the Mutual Film Manufacturing Company, which released the Powell pictures, to transfer the contest winners to the Empire All-Star Corporation, another of Mutual's producing branches.

As it would have been impracticable to use all the winners in one production, they are being brought to the studio, in Long Island, in groups. In this way

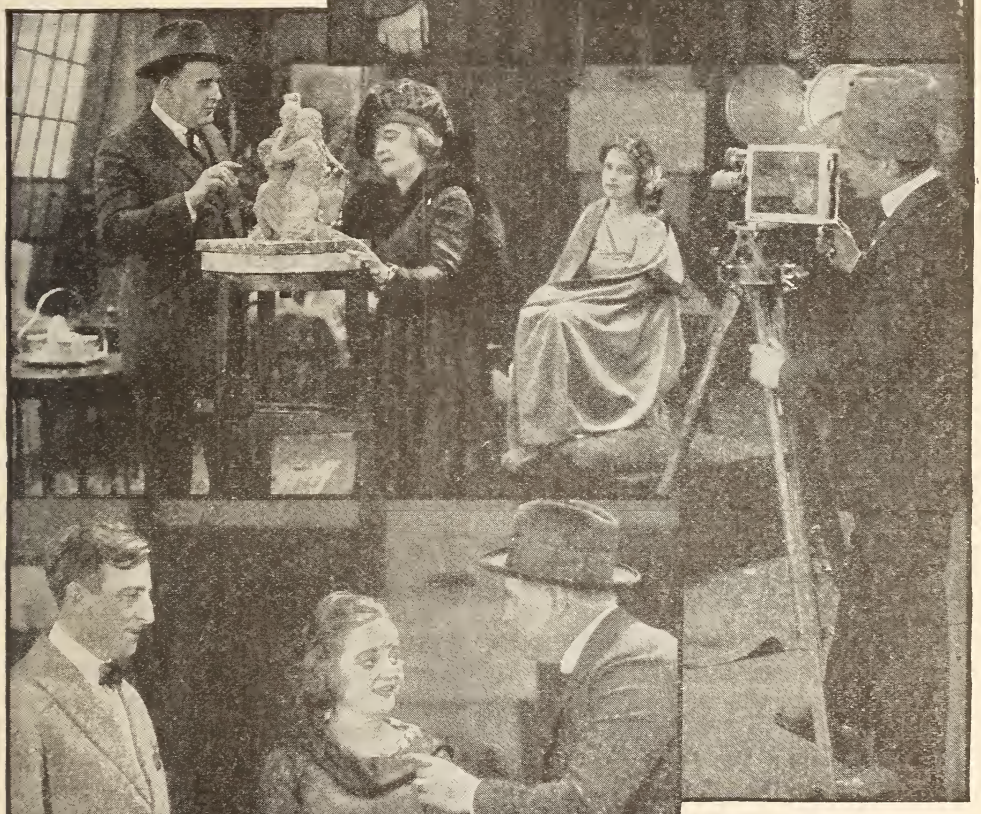
Miss Bankhead and Mr. du Barry meeting for the first time in the Empire All-Star Studio.

Director Del Henderson gives Mr. du Barry a suggestion on a bit of action.

Edna Goodrich, Frank Walton, the camera man, Director Del Henderson, Miss Bankhead, and Gerald C. Duffy, contest judge, in conference.

Edna Goodrich takes a personal interest in instructing Miss Bankhead in the details of the picture play in which they are to appear.

Miss Bankhead taking directions from Del Henderson for the action of a scene before the actual filming.



Miss Bankhead gets a bit of coaching from two directors—John B. O'Brien and Del Henderson.

Miss Bankhead and Mr. du Barry exchanging experiences during a rest.

the casts will not be crowded, and each winner will receive proper individual attention, and will be given adequate opportunity to show his or her ability.

Two winners were called for the first try-outs. They were Miss Tallaulah Bankhead, of Washington, D. C., and Francois du Barry, of Fairfield, Connecticut.

Miss Bankhead is the daughter of Congressman Bankhead, and granddaughter of United States Senator Bankhead, both from Alabama. It is interesting to note that she is the "unknown" contest winner. Out of the hundreds of photographs sent in by contestants, hers was one of those selected by the judges. But after the selections had been made it was found that the name and address accompanying her photograph, in some way had been lost.

It then occurred to the judges to try to discover her by publishing the photograph in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and asking that the person who sent it communicate with them. Miss Bankhead saw the photograph, and wrote at once. Two other persons, by the way, were so eager for a chance to act before the camera, that they also wrote, claiming to be the original of the "unknown" winner.

Miss Bankhead and Mr. du Barry have been cast in an Edna Goodrich production, now being made, under direction of Del Henderson. Mr. Henderson is very pleased by the showing these young people have made, neither of whom ever saw a studio before. He has expressed himself as feeling quite certain that they will make good, and perhaps appear regularly in Empire-Mutual productions. The other winners will be called in turns, as casting permits. They are: Ethel Payne, Los Angeles, California; John L. O'Brien, East Hardwick, Vermont; Myrtle Owen Anderson, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Ruth Marie Wallace, Porterville, California; Henrietta L. Gant, Douglas Manor, Long Island, New York; Gertrude V. Duffy, Davenport, Iowa; Alameda Davidson, Spring Gardens, Alabama; Lela Sue Campbell, Brinkley, Arkansas; Virginia Wright Soverel, New York City; June Renigar, Memphis, Tennessee.

And so, these young people, who have only been acquainted in the past in a few communities, and to a limited number of persons, within a few weeks will suddenly become known to the twenty-five millions of people who attend motion-picture plays every day! It is no wonder that they enter the work with interest and enthusiasm.

It is with considerable pleasure that PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE has been able to see the results of the contest take tangible form in so promising a fashion. Perhaps some day we may look back at the contest with even greater satisfaction. For it is not impossible—or even improbable—that from among these winners there may be developed some world-famous star!

Meanwhile, we shall continue to keep our readers informed about them as, from time to time, they take their places before the camera.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on the best and latest pictures, written by America's foremost dramatic authority.

By Alan Dale

"Les Miserables"
(Fox)

THE unforgetable story of *Jean Valjean* is once more before us, in extremely elaborate form, and no effort has been spared to render it intelligible. "Les Miserables" is a difficult story to dramatize. It is so crowded with incident that the dramatist discovers an *embarras de richesses* in which he will flounder helplessly unless he happens to be singularly adroit. *Jean Valjean* has foiled many valiant attempts to achieve dramatic perfection. The present adaptation by Frank Lloyd is frequently meritorious. In the early episodes, the story emerges admirably and poignantly. For several reels the attention is gripped successfully. The misery of the wretched victim of hypocritical justice is a wonderfully pathetic picture of abject terror.

The picture is at its best in the scenes dealing with *Valjean's* visit to the old bishop, a rôle exquisitely played by George Moss. The bishop's peaceful home, with the veracious French atmosphere, the old housekeeper, and the odor of godliness is beautifully shown. The episode in which he delivers over to *Valjean* the precious candlesticks, and adjures him with the words: *"Jean Valjean,* you no longer belong to evil, but to God. Remember I have bought your soul of you, and have given it to God." This episode is tremendously appealing, and is charmingly portrayed. Later, when *Valjean* is the mayor of the small French town, the interest continues. It is all most dramatically cumulative, and never for a moment relinquishes its grip. We are introduced to *Fantine* and *Cosette,* and we already know the Nemesis of *Jean Valjean*—the iniquitous *Javert.* There is no "villain" in any modern drama to compare with *Javert.* He is the personification of vindictiveness and relentless hatred. The discovery by *Javert* of *Valjean's* identity is remarkably well shown.

Those who are unfamiliar with "Les Miserables" will readily understand all this, which is so cleverly intelligible that no single incident goes astray. Later on, when we get to other events, such as the matter dealing with *Cosette* and *Marius,* the coherence of the picture tumbles. We lose the sequence. While the real significance of "Les Miserables" begins and ends with *Jean Valjean,* we are asked to digress. Of course, in a book we are accustomed to digressions. In a volume of such mighty proportions as this Victor Hugo, digressions are inevitable. Somehow or other, however, in a picture we cannot quite enjoy such digressions.

The vital episodes at the beginning of "Les Miserables" are so excellent that when the digression comes it seems as though it were a "let-down," However, the "let-down" is not insistent. There are a few reels that I think could be advantageously eliminated—and I am speaking of my own personal interest in the story. The Revolution scenes, of course, must be there. They are the excuse for photography, and

they are exceedingly well done. *Valjean's* trip through the sewers of Paris is another praiseworthy piece of work, and the final dealing with *Javert* quite rediscovers the main interest. *Javert*—he would compel the attention of any villain student.

William Farnum covers himself with glory in his portrayal of *Jean Valjean.* It is undoubtedly the best thing he has done. There is vigor and there is strength and there is fine dramatic appeal and there is poignant pathos in his impersonation. This *Jean Valjean* is worthy to live amid the many *Jean Valjeans* that we have seen. Mr. Farnum may take off his hat to himself. In this picture he has stamped himself as an artist. I was profoundly impressed by the Farnum acting. It was a capital cast throughout, without an exception. The *Javert* of Hardee Kirkland was splendid in its unerring message. I have already spoken of the bishop, of George Moss. To that portrayal must be accorded second honors. Harry Spingler, as *Marius;* Mina Rose, as *Madame Thenardier;* Sonia Markova, as *Fantine;* Edward Elkas, as *Thenardier,* and Jewel Carmen, as *Cosette,* were selected by a master selecter. In fact, it is by all means the best and most skillfully chosen cast that I have noted in any recent picture.

The prolixity of the picture is its only defect.

The episode of the bishop's candlesticks is tremendously appealing and is charmingly portrayed

"The Auction Block"

(Goldwyn)

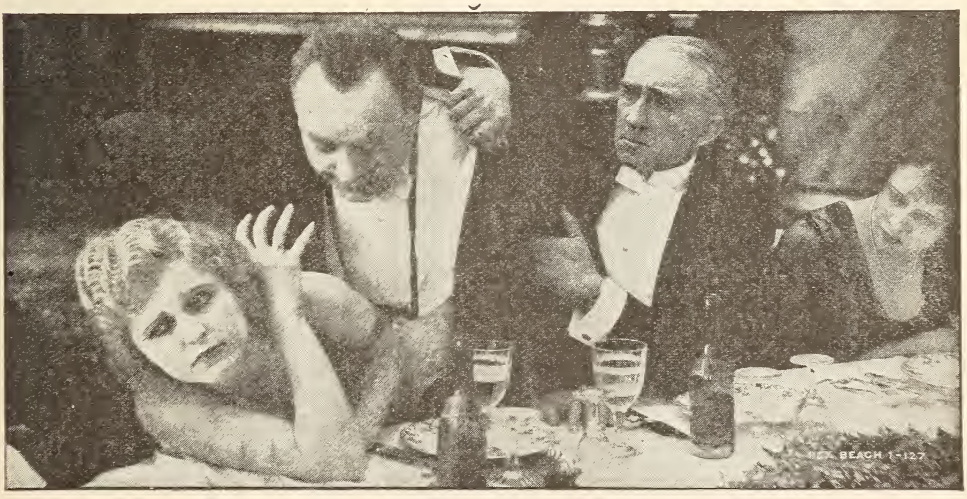
IT is rather tragic for an author to delete matter from his own work. That cruel task should be intrusted to another. In the case of Mr. Rex Beach's story, "The Auction Block," which I read with extreme interest, I should say that it needed simplification and condensation for its picture appearance.

While the career of the beautiful *Lorelei* amid the fascinations of the Great White Way is graphically portrayed, there seemed to me to be too much of that career, too much repetition of its variations, and a somewhat baffling series of conflicts. The value of the story was frequently lost, and it

was terrifyingly long. The episodes in the picture that appealed to me most of all were those at the beginning, when *Lorelei* started her "career." The picture of *Noble Bergman,* the beauty specialist, had a photographic resemblance, which may have been unintentional, to a certain famous New York manager whose selection of charming chorus girls has been duly and incessantly chronicled. The character had a value that was lacking in most of the butterflies we saw flitting around, singeing their wings and the wings of all those with whom they came in contact.

"The Auction Block" seemed to be peopled with villains. Types, blacker than most brushes could paint them, abounded and appeared to thrive. They were a "bad lot" all the way through. Somebody announced that I was in some of the theater scenes, but I am obliged to confess that I did not discover myself. Sometimes one doesn't discover one's self! The type of the dramatic critic who smoked a foul pipe during the progress of a "Bergman show" did not suggest verity to me. This critic was a somewhat slouchy person, with an impoverished mien that is foreign to the more or less opulent critics of the metropolis.

In fact, the artistic intentions of Mr. Rex Beach's book have been cheapened for this picture. They need not have been. For the sake of manufacturing a "thriller," which in many instances this film assuredly is, much of the genuine value of the story has been sacrificed. However, everybody has not read Rex Beach's book. Possibly the larger audience to which the picture will be offered will appreciate a strenuous conflict of the theatrical and underworlds. Miss Rubye de Remer and Miss Florence Deshon, in the two leading rôles, were interesting.



The "Auction Block" seems to be peopled with villains.

'Du Barry"

(Fox)

LET me make this damaging confession: I had seen very few of the Theda Bara pictures, and that few had left me comparatively chilly, when I was ushered in to inspect "Du Barry," the latest. Without beating about the bush, I may as well remark at once that "Du Barry" has converted me from a cynic to a Theda Bara admirer, and that I was splendidly en-

With the white wig the period demanded, Theda Bara's features became wonderfully attractive and her magnificent gowns gave her a regal appearance.

thusiastic about this picture—a picture with tremendous possibilities, all of which were most satisfactorily realized.

The queen of all imperfect ladies is one of those characters that most star actresses, both on and off the screen, yearn to impersonate. Yet it is not conceivable that a finer performance could have been given than that contributed by Miss Theda Bara. She was the siren that fascinated. She was light, chic, vivacious, provocative, tense, and dramatic. But it was the lighter, fascinating side that was emphasized. This star gave most of her strength to the task of showing the power of *Du Barry* to occupy the position that was finally her own undoing.

In the rôle of *Du Barry,* Theda Bara is at times beautiful. With the white wig that the period demanded, her features became wonderfully attractive, and the magnificent gowns that she wore gave her a regal appearance. Even in the big stage production instigated by Mr. Belasco years ago, I never saw the lavish splendor that this picture offered. Some of the scenes were photographically perfect, and the accessories, the settings, and the costumes were bewilderingly opulent.

The story, scenario'd by Adrian Johnson, was easy to follow. The famous bed scene that is about all one can remember of the play was there in all its glory. We saw the hunted *Cosse-Brissac* hidden by *Du Barry* in that marvelous bed, as his enemies sought for him high and low.

We saw the nonchalant heroine reposing languidly while the house was searched. We saw her collapse as that search was found to be fruitless. And these episodes were most artistically rendered by Miss Bara. Throughout, it was an impersonation of which any emotional actress might legitimately be proud; and I doff my hat to this star, whose art I had never appreciated before this. I should think that this "Du Barry" would prove to be the most popular of all the Theda Bara pictures, for I cannot believe that any of its predecessors could have been as dramatically interesting. The final scene of the guillotine was, in its way, exquisite. It brought the tragic period to the comprehension of the most uninitiated. It was pathetic, vivid, and tremendous. The thrilling mobs, and the frightened victim, with the hideous death instrument looming terrifically in the background, made an impression such as the screen rarely registers. Altogether I think that the picture world is enriched by "Du Barry." It held my attention from start to finish. I was enthralled and gripped. Miss Theda Bara proved herself to be an artist of finest ray, and at last I can completely understand her amazing popularity.

The scenes on the ship are gripping.

"The Ship of Doom"

(Triangle)

THIS is an excellent little picture. The films are never better than when they are dallying with the vasty depths. There have been many notable instances of this, but none better than "The Ship of Doom." The girl who escapes with her lover, "wanted for murder" of the villain who had insulted her, has a vividly troublous career.

The scenes on the ship are gripping. There is a marriage at sea; there is a dramatic scene in which the crew draw lots to see which of their number shall go overboard to "lighten" the boat; then there is a drawing of lots for the woman, as exciting as such episodes invariably prove to be. Nothing fascinates so completely as this gamble for life. It has been done time and again, and always successfully. Finally there is a death by quicksands that is admirably done. The end of the picture is not as strong as it might have been. However, this is hypercriticism, for "The Ship of Doom" is a good thing.

Miss Claire McDowell, as the lovely girl, posed too much, and seemed to enjoy it. But some of her work was quite artistic. Monte Blue was the "hero," which it was difficult to believe by his appearance. He was the type of which picture heroes are rarely made.

What's Happening

Newsy photographs of picture people in many guises.

William Duncan's valet thinks that "a stitch in time saves nine."

Monroe Salisbury has a visit with his mother.

Louise Glaum waves a welcome to Washington Square, New York City, the home of a few artists, and a host of real "vampires."

The Keystone girls are all quite pretty—still, no one would notice it if they were not!

Bessie Love, arriving at the Grand Central Station in New York City for the first time, on her way to take part in a Pathé picture play, is surprised that so many people have come down to the station to see her!

Theda Bara, who, in her plays, has so much to do that concerns wedding rings, seems to call our attention to a very handsome ring of her own, as she stands just behind William Fox.

Patsey De Forest seems quite delighted. No matter what question she asks the raven, his only reply is a woman's favorite one—"caws!"

Sessue Hayakawa, devising a new semaphore system for the use of traffic policemen.

Anne Pennington has a very dainty dressing room at the studio, but out on location one must take things as they come—showing that the movie actor's life is not all soft silks and cushions.

Mabel Normand in Polite

By R. L. Lambdin

"Go on—slap me hard!" she orders the hesitating girl. "That's nothing to having Fatty Arbuckle fall on me!"

Up to her old tricks! Won't the unconscious lady get a surprise!

The others remember, too—for they look alarmed when she asks if there is any custard pie.

mand Is Now Comedy

Though her days as a boisterous hoyden are over, Mabel still recalls them.

Oo-o-o-o! This is like old times! Isn't it just awful what can happen to a person!

Could any one—who has seen Mabel—ever expect her to resist a tempting situation like this?

The Fighting Trail

Written from the thirty-two reel Vitagraph serial motion picture of the same title by Cyrus Townsend Brady and J. Stewart Blackton.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JOHN GWYN, a young mining engineer, contracts to supply financial powers in New York, headed by Martin Balterman, with noxite from a Western mine which he controls. Balterman, working for the United States government, requires the noxite for the most powerful explosive yet discovered. Gwyn, who has merely been agent for De Cordoba, known as Don Carlos Ybarra, the mine owner, goes West to develop the mine. Ybarra is killed, and Gwyn falls in love with his supposed daughter, Nan Lawton, really an adopted child. Karl von Bleck, head of a spy system connected with the Central Powers, follows Gwyn to Lost Mine, and enlists the aid of Pomona Rawls and "Shoe-string Brant," two outlaws. By fabulous offers he induces them to help him try to get possession of the mine and to prevent Gwyn from making shipments. Gwyn and Nan are married, and establish a home near the mine. Casey, a trustworthy friend, is placed in charge, and the mine is booming. When things look most promising, Von Bleck, through Carson, an associate who has secured a position in the mine, procures the deeds made out in Nan's name. Von Bleck plans to file them in his own name, through crooked work by Sheriff Causley, whom he has cowed by political promises. When Von Bleck secures the deeds, he and his men start for the commissioner's office on an engine. Gwyn and Nan, in an automobile, race along the road, paralleling the railroad track. Gwyn and Nan are gaining, when the engine is wrecked. Gwyn and Nan stop and find Von Bleck and the sheriff unhurt. The sheriff seizes Gwyn's car, on pretense of taking Von Bleck to jail, but Gwyn recognizes the ruse, and follows with Nan in the car of "Reddy" Hogan, candidate for sheriff, who happens along. But Von Bleck wins the race, records the deeds, and sends his gang to seize the mine, which they do. The commissioner, learning the truth, changes the title of the mine to Nan's name, and Hogan, now elected sheriff, leads a posse to recover possession. Von Bleck, attacked, orders his men to retreat up a mountain, where, by explosions, he empties a mountain lake, and sends a flood down into the mine, imprisoning Gwyn and Nan. Gwyn prepares to blast their way to safety. While Casey waits anxiously above, the water in the mine is steadily rising.

CHAPTER XVII.

CASEY, with features drawn tense, strained his ears at the entrance to the main shaft for the sound of the explosion which should already have come. The seconds went by; they grew to minutes. Still the blast did not come. There was no sound from Gwyn. The distance down the shaft to the flooded tunnel below was too great for Casey to hear whether or not the drill was working. He became worried, and was about to attempt to have himself lowered below when, with a mighty blast, the earth shook beneath his feet. He straightened, relieved; Gwyn must have succeeded in blowing out the side wall of the mine. If the explosion had proved successful, Casey knew, the plans of Von Bleck to make the noxite mine worthless by destruction had been defeated, for the water would rush out through the gap made by the blast and the flood would empty out, pour over the cliff that formed the side of the mountain, and into the river.

But there was one possibility of danger which now became a fact. In blowing out the wall of the mine, Gwyn had figured that he and Nan, as well as the miners who had been working there and who had been imprisoned, would be able to wait until the flood had subsided, and then would safely make their way to the main shaft, where they could be raised to the surface in the cage. The explosion, however, had been considerably heavier than Gwyn had intended, and the charge had dislodged much more of the rock which formed the mine's wall than had been expected. As a result, the waters swept out through this outlet in a raging torrent, and all of those who had been imprisoned were carried out by the force of the onrushing stream before they were able to grasp the ledge and cling to it.

As Gwyn and Nan were nearest to the rent in the wall, through which the water was flowing madly, they were also the first to be swept out. Immediately they realized the impending danger. But a short distance ahead of them was the precipice over which the flood waters were pouring into the

Casey, his features drawn tense, strained his ears at the entrance of the main shaft.

river, hundreds of feet below. Toward this cliff they were being carried helplessly with a speed that made them despair in the face of their apparently inevitable doom. Even now as they peered before them, they could see the water falling over the brink of the chasm and plainly hear it dashing down and into the river. There seemed nothing to do but brave their fate. To call for help would be futile. In the din of the rushing flood their voices would carry no farther than a few feet. Even if their cries should reach the ears of any one, aid could not reach them before they would be hurled over the cliff and into the river. To swim toward the shore against this rapids was a physical impossibility.

Suddenly, just as it seemed as though they must go over, and when they were almost close enough to the edge to see the river below, Gwyn's body struck a huge bowlder projecting upward beneath the surface. His body, striking this on the side as it did, was thrown to within almost arm's reach of the shore. Nan, who had been clinging desperately to him, was turned toward the land also. Gwyn, grasping this slender hope with the frenzy of a man facing death, exerted all strength in one superhuman effort, and managed to grasp the limbs of a bush growing near the water's edge. Clinging to this tightly, he pulled Nan to safety, and together they clambered safely to the land.

Just as they reached the shore the struggling forms of the men who had been imprisoned within the mine emerged through the hole in the shaft, being swept toward the river on the crest of the swirling waters. Gwyn caught the first as he was passing near the shore, horror written on his face. By holding him firmly by the hand, he, in turn, was able to catch another farther out in the stream. Thus, by forming a chain, all the miners except two were saved and pulled ashore. These two unfortunates passed far out in the water before the chain had been formed sufficiently long to reach them, and were dashed over the rocks to the death that would have been shared by both Nan and Gwyn had fortune not been so kind to them.

A few minutes later the wet and bedraggled little crowd walked slowly up to the entrance of the shaft and found Casey and Sheriff Hogan excitedly making preparations to go down into the mine in search of them.

"Lord, man!" Casey cried joyously to Gwyn as he saw them approaching. "You certainly threw a scare into us. We thought you'd been blown to bits in the explosion. What's happened to you, anyway? You look as if you'd been in a fist fight with Niagara Falls."

"We almost didn't get here to tell you about it," Gwyn answered. "We were swept out by the flood and were almost pitched into the river. Two poor chaps did go over."

"Where were you trapped?" Hogan inquired. "We would have tried to help you, but I hadn't any idea where you were."

"I don't know much more about it than you do," replied Gwyn. "It was in one of the shafts on the other side, near the river. We have such a network of tunnels there now that it's a regular maze."

"Well, now that you're all safe and back again," Hogan said, "I'll get along to town. There are a lot of things that I have to attend to before I've got my new job well under way. I'll leave my dog out here with you. You may need him; he's as good a policeman as any sheriff that Lost Mine has seen in the last twelve years."

Gwyn and Nan laughed, and bade Hogan good-by. Then Gwyn turned to Casey.

"We must get the mine in shape to get to work again as soon as we can," he said. "Thank Heaven we've got things coming our way at last, for matters are becoming serious in New York."

But he reckoned without fully appreciating the persistence of their enemy, Von Bleck.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The bushes that hid from view the old entrance to the noxite mine—the shaft that had been in use by Don Carlos and had been abandoned since Gwyn had taken charge and opened the main shaft—parted slowly, and the figure of a man appeared, moving cautiously along. Von Bleck and his little band of confederates lowered their revolvers, which they had raised, ready for action, when they saw who the new arrival was. He had been sent, some time before, to see how matters developed at the mine. Now he was returning with the news. As he came up to the old shaft entrance, the agent of the Central Powers waited anxiously to hear the report.

"It didn't work," the spy confided. "The flood almost did away with Gwyn and the girl, but they got out all right. Two men were killed, but that doesn't accomplish anything."

"I don't care about their being safe," Von Bleck said impatiently. "I'm not trying to murder my enemies—I'm trying to beat them. What I'm after is to destroy the mine, so that they can't get any noxite to the enemies of my country. Tell me, did the flood ruin the mine?"

"No," the other answered. "If the water had stayed in the mine it was so deep that they couldn't have worked there, but Gwyn blew out the wall, and let the water out. Everything is all right now. The mine has been empty about two hours, and when I came over Gwyn was just going down into the shaft with a shift of men to start work again. We'll have to find another way to put the place out of business."

Von Bleck, though discouraged by the news of his failure, did not despair. The other way was already found, and preparations had been begun even before the man had arrived to report the failure of the flood.

"If water fails," Von Bleck said, with a crafty smile, "we'll try fire. Brant," he called, turning to that individual, "you and Rawls get the explosives ready and lay the wires. Bring me the fuse and we'll give this old mountain the biggest earthquake it's ever seen."

Brant was in action before Von Bleck had finished speaking. He and Rawls, aided by two or three others, disappeared through the old entrance into the mine, carrying with them sticks of explosives and fuses the ends of which were held by Von Bleck. In a few minutes they reappeared without the sticks.

"Everything's ready," Rawls announced. "But you're not going to set off the charge when Gwyn and the others are in the mine working, are you? We might as well wait until they get out. This new guy, Hogan, might not be so easy in dealing out the law as Causley was, and there's no use taking chances."

"To the devil with Hogan!" Von Bleck cried angrily. "I'm here to de-

The three stood watching Hogan out of sight.

stroy that mine and I'm going to destroy it. If a couple of people have to die it's better than waiting until my whole nation is wiped out by the stuff they're getting. Come, now, get back. I'm going to let 'er blow. As soon as this first charge goes off, and the smoke clears away a bit—I've planted some smoke bombs, too, to keep any one from going down and putting out the fire—you and Brant have got to go in and lay another blast. One more'll do the job up fine, and I want to be sure that I end this whole business right here while I have the chance. Clear away! Get back!"

With these words Von Bleck lighted the wires in his hand, and a little, flickering, spitting flame went sputtering along the fuse. The group watched the fire as it danced down, ignited another fuse which had been "bushed" onto it, so that several charges would be released simultaneously, and ran along into the darkness of the mine entrance.

The face of another person than Von Bleck would have been clouded with horror at such a moment. But the actions of this strange man were impossible to account for. At times he seemed human, almost sympathetic, reluctant to carry his aims to disastrous extents. Now he was stolid, unrelenting, uncannily cold, as he watched the fuse burn nearer and nearer to the charge that meant destruction, and waited for the blast.

CHAPTER XIX.

The entrance to the main shaft of the mine was all bustle and hurry. Ore cars were traveling in and out with unusual speed, making up for the time that had been lost. Near the entrance Casey and Nan were talking quietly, enjoying the first relax in days, now that the excitement had died down. Gwyn, with a shift of workmen, was down in the mine. Then with an abruptness that was startling, Nan's voice broke off in the middle of a sentence. There was a rumbling, terrifying sound from within the mine, accompanied by several sharp explosions coming in rapid succession. Both Casey and Nan started in fright. What did this unexpected turn of affairs mean? Was it more of Von Bleck's work? Their minds were working with lightning quickness. Suddenly the signal for the cage to be lowered worked frantically.

Casey ran to the donkey engine and ordered it to be sent down immediately.

The five minutes which followed before the cage was lifted were filled with mental agony and suspense for both Casey and Nan. They were nervously trying to imagine the scene when the men from below, who had given the signal, would reach the surface. And then, wrapped in a little film of smoke, the cage appeared at the top of the shaft. The forms of half a score of staggering, weakened men almost fell forward. Casey and Nan rushed to meet them, and saw, lying prone on the floor of the cage, the forms of a dozen unconscious victims of the catastrophe. To these they went and brought them out one by one where miners could work over and revive them. As Casey carried the last man out of the shaft, Nan, her eyes wet with tears, cried:

"Gwyn! Where is Gwyn? He didn't come up in the cage!"

"We tried to make him come up," one of those who had been rescued answered, "but he wouldn't. Said he'd stay down and try to save some others. Better send the cage right down again to him."

"What happened?" Casey demanded.

"Big explosion," was the reply. "Tried to wreck the mine, I guess. Most of it was in the old part, where no one was working. The biggest danger's from the smoke. The whole mine is filled with it. That's what got us—the smoke—heavy, black stuff that'd smother you in a second!"

The words seemed to burn Nan's very soul. The thought of her husband imprisoned below in the suffocating smoke terrified her. She rushed to the cage, but it was already descending for another load of humans. Standing beside the spot where the cage was located, Casey and Nan waited many anxious minutes for it to rise again, hoping that Gwyn would be among those in the second load. But when at last the cage was again hoisted to the surface, Gwyn was not to be seen. Only a mass of huddled men, more dead than alive, emerged. One told Nan that Gwyn had saved the majority of them, and when the cage had been lifted he had gone back for more of the imprisoned miners.

"I'm going down!" she screamed to Casey. "He's down there and I'm going to help him! Don't stop me!"

"Don't!" Casey shouted back to her. "Let me go. I can help him more than you can."

But Nan, as she spoke, had already run to the cage and vanished in the smoke that now curled out of the shaft in heavy clouds. Her voice was heard coming from the cage, as Casey rushed forward to check her brave but seemingly futile descent.

"I'm all right! Let me down! Quick!"

The man in charge of the donkey engine which controlled the cage obeyed the order. Hogan's dog, attracted by the sound of Nan's voice, rushed into the smoke, and when Casey reached the shaft he arrived just in time to see it being lowered, enveloped in smoke, to the bottom of the mine.

CHAPTER XX.

The dense, black smoke rolled through the webwork of tunnels that wove and interwove under the ground, until every subterranean passage of the mine seemed filled. To one imprisoned there escape must seem impossible. Even should he escape asphyxiation, the task of finding the way through the black tunnels, lighted only hazily by the burning wood of the shoring, was a practically hopeless one. Yet for over an hour Gwyn, exhausted almost to insensibility, had staggered along with faltering steps. He had wandered away from the cage and had been unable to return to it. He was

lost in the blinding, suffocating curtain of smoke that enveloped him. Now, by an effort that was superhuman and which sapped every ounce of his energy, he braced himself and hurried. He had thought, a moment before, that he had heard Nan's voice calling for help in one of the passages which led off from that in which he was trapped. Floundering along as quickly as his weak legs would permit, and feeling his way with his hands, more than seeing, he reached a turn and halted to listen. The smoke here, driven on by the draft where the two tunnels met, was less dense. He was able to breathe freer and regain some of the strength which had left him. As Gwyn stood there, wondering which way to proceed and listening attentively to every little sound, with the hope of again hearing Nan's voice, another sound, almost as encouraging, reached his ears. It was a sharp, hollow bark—the bark of Hogan's dog—and it came from the direction of the tunnel in front of Gwyn.

Without listening further, Gwyn made his way along, guided by the barking of the dog. At length, when the barking grew distinct and closer, Gwyn stopped again. When he resumed his walking, it was to advance slowly and cautiously. It seemed to him now that the dog must be lower, perhaps in one of the galleries or ledges in the same tunnel, but deeper. In another moment he discovered that this was a fact, for, directly ahead of him, he could see the drop which led to the lower gallery. He advanced carefully, making sure of his footing, and peered over the ledge. The smoke at this point was well cleared away, and there remained but a thin veil of it. Below, however, it was darker, and Gwyn could not see distinctly. As he looked, the figure of the dog, moving about and clawing at the wall in an attempt to get up to the higher level, could plainly be discerned. And, beside the dog, stretched out on the ground, Gwyn could see, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, a human form. It was too dark below for recognition, but the sight filled Gwyn with horror.

"Nan!" he called. There was no answer. He repeated the cry, but with the same result. "My God!" he exclaimed to himself. "She may be dead. I heard her call for help before, and now she doesn't answer!"

Gwyn raised himself to his feet—he had been lying flat on the ground as he was peering over the ledge—and made his way around to a point where the floor of the tunnel sloped more gradually to the lower gallery. Here he went down and reached the dog and the body. As he leaned over to look more closely at the form lying on the ground, he started up in surprise. Instead of the body of Nan, he had found that of Shoe-string Brant, lying in a little pool of blood—dead. Gwyn reached down and examined the figure. It was certain that the outlaw had been killed by a fall from the upper gallery; there was no sign of a bullet wound anywhere upon him. Just as Gwyn was about to leave and continue his search, which now seemed beyond all hope, the sight of something clasped tightly in the dead man's hand attracted his attention. He picked it up, and, glancing at it in the light of a smoldering beam, uttered a little cry. It was a bit of cloth which Gwyn recognized as having been torn from Nan's dress. Shoe String, then, must have encountered his wife in the mine! This accounted, also, for the presence of the dog. But what had become of Nan after she and the outlaw had met? Here was the mystery that confronted Gwyn.

Dazed and puzzled by what he had found, the young engineer made his way back to the upper ledge and searched about for further trace of his lost wife. He could not, however, find any other clew. She seemed to have

vanished! As Gwyn was looking about, his eyes suddenly caught sight of something which he had not noticed in his excitement before, when he had been looking for the dog. Far down the tunnel, in the direction which he had not yet explored, was a little ray of light. It was a ray of hope, and shone in the darkness like a brilliant star. This, perhaps, was the way that Brant had entered, and probably, as well, the means by which Nan had left the mine. If he could see it there, Nan, also, must have seen it, for she had been there, too. The dog and the strip of goods from her dress were evidence of that.

Gwyn, accompanied by the animal, made his way rapidly along the tunnel until he reached the little opening in the wall of the mine through which the light had come. It was a small hole, just sufficiently large for him to crawl through, which he did. The refreshing air invigorated him greatly, and he felt a new life throbbing in his veins as he breathed it, after his long imprisonment in the smoke-filled, musty mine. Rising before Gwyn, on a steep incline, was a slope that led to a plateau some fifty feet above. From this plateau, and reaching down to a level with where he stood, dangled a rope, which was apparently attached to a tree above.

"Some one has gone up here before me," Gwyn ruminated. "I don't see how Nan could have done it, either. She must have been pretty much all in after her experience in the mine. However, there's no other way she could have gotten out."

He grasped the rope, tugged at it to make sure that it was secure, and climbed up hand over hand. At the top, standing on the plateau, Gwyn was able to recognize his surroundings. Now, for the first time in hours, he knew where he was. The entrance to the main shaft, where the others must be waiting, he knew, was not far distant, though it was hidden from view by a heavy growth of trees and shrubbery. Behind this screen, Gwyn knew, ran the road which led to the town of Lost Mine. He ran, more than walked, stumbling as he went over rocks and roots, impatient to reach the others and find if Nan had arrived safely.

Von Bleck and his band lowered their revolvers.

As he emerged from the woods and approached the edge of the road, he saw Casey rushing madly toward him, shouting and pointing down the road. When Casey caught sight of Gwyn he stopped suddenly.

"Thank God, you're safe!" he yelled. "But look! See what's happened to Nan! They've got her, the dirty

hounds, and they're making for town as fast as their horses can run. We've got to do something quick. Come on!"

Gwyn followed Casey's finger down the road and beheld, galloping at top speed, the band of Von Bleck. On one of the horses, bound fast so that escape was out of the question, was Nan.

"Get the men together!" Gwyn ordered. "Arm them all. I'm going to phone to Hogan to watch at his end!"

He ran toward the superintendent's office for the telephone, while Casey hurried off to get the miners together so that they could give chase over the railroad. Gwyn got his number without delay, and was relieved to know that the connections had not been interfered with.

"This Hogan?" he said over the wire. "This is Gwyn. Von Bleck and his bunch have got Nan and they're going head on for town. Yes, they're on horseback. Get a posse together and meet them. We're going to follow along the railroad and get them from the back. You'd better have the people barricade the streets. I know it sounds foolish, but they seem to have gone mad, and Lord knows what they'll do if they ever get loose in Lost Mine. They've killed a couple of men here, and they can't afford to be caught. You can count on meeting a more desperate Von Bleck now than ever before. His neck is at stake and he'll do anything to avoid arrest." Hogan's voice came back over the wire with assurance that he would do his share as directed, and Gwyn hung up the receiver. When he went out again Casey had already assembled the men and they were waiting in a train of cars, all armed, to rush along the rails to the town. Gwyn jumped into the engine beside Casey and Hogan's dog. The animal had stayed close to Gwyn ever since they had met in the mine. Casey pushed over the throttle and the train started to move toward Lost Mine.

As soon as the train, laden with miners, had gained sufficient speed, Casey, who was operating the engine, threw over the throttle to the last notch, and the wheels fairly hummed as they whirled over the rails. Gwyn remained at Casey's side. They were the only ones in the engine, with the exception of the dog.

As the bridge over the river came into sight Casey urged the engine on its utmost speed. The men in the cars behind were watching closely now.

Had Casey or Gwyn, however, been able to see into the woods at the opposite side of the bridge, neither would have been so desirous of dashing their train onto the trestle. For, screened from view by the trees and undergrowth, a man had been left there by Von Bleck but a few minutes before. In his hand he held a detonator, from which ran a wire attached to something hidden among the sleepers of the bridge. His eyes were fixed steadily, maliciously, at the fast approaching train from the mine.

Just as Casey drove the engine onto the bridge, the man's finger rested lightly on a button of the detonator. He waited a moment, until the whole train was well out on the structure over the river. Then, with a nervous twitch, his finger pressed down firmly on the button. Almost simultaneously there came a loud, rumbling sound, terminating in a sharp and mighty explosion, which resounded and echoed through the mountains. A cloud of smoke and débris rose into the air like a geyser, and mingled with the splintered beams and smoke could be seen the mangled bodies of a score of men thrown high into the air, only to go hurtling down again into the river.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

Emily Stevens is to appear in a picture play written by another star of the speaking stage.

IMMEDIATELY following the completion of the last scenes of "Alias Mrs. Jessop," charming Emily Stevens, of the Metro forces, took up the production of "Daybreak" under the direction of Albert Capellani, recently acquired Metro director who has been supervising the Mutual picture "American Maid," with Edna Goodrich, and "The Richest Girl," with Ann Murdock. "Daybreak" will prove to the fans of America that Jane Cowl

Francis Ford will direct alternate plays for Harold Lockwood.

is as good a playwright as she is an actress, for the play, penned by her in collaboration with Jane Murfin, had a wonderfully successful première on Broadway, and is now scoring similar triumphs on the road as a spoken drama.

Francis Ford, known to all the regular fans as a Universal star for years and years, is now under the Metro banner as a director. Ford made his motion-picture début at a time when all the pictures were single-reelers, and a sensation was created when two-reel features were announced. He probably scored his greatest triumph as the heavy of the Universal serial "Lucille Love," in which he appeared opposite Grace Cunard. When Metro decided to release a Harold Lockwood subject each month it became necessary to secure an additional director in order to make sure that quality was not sacrificed for speed. Francis Ford was chosen for the post, and will have charge of the alternate Lockwood subjects. Fred J. Balshofer, Lockwood's former director, will stage the others.

Director Walter Edwards, of Triangle, whose last screened production was "The Fuel of Life," in which Belle Bennett was featured, has just completed a new and thrilling story entitled "The Passion Flower," starring Alma Rueben. A great part of the action is laid in sunny Italy and France before the world war. Life in the Latin Quarter of Paris will be depicted in detail in this offering.

The other big happening of the present in screenland is the resumption of work at the Griffith Studios in California upon the big cinematographic spectacle upon which David W. Griffith is putting forth an even more herculean effort than he did in staging "The Birth

Alma Reuben is to have a story laid in France and Italy.

of a Nation" or "Intolerance." As every one knows, this forthcoming masterpiece of Griffith's is to be a war story, with the greater portion of its length occupied by scenes actually taken at the fighting front in Europe, secured during the months that Griffith, Bobbie Harron, and the Gish sisters spent in that war-torn land. Some most unusual photographic effects are said to have been secured by means of the new French lenses with their fourteen-inch depths, which helped immeasurably in securing what are technically known as "long shots" in motion picturedom. Many scenes were also filmed by gyroscopic-controlled kites, governed by electric wires from the field, and which can be sent up to great heights to secure bird's-eye effects that are said to be nothing short of marvelous.

Forbes-Robertson, greatest living English actor, will scon appear on the screen in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

Probably the biggest news event in filmdom of late has been the decision of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the internationally famous English star, to enact for the films Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which has been praised by critics the world over. Herbert Brenon, now at the head of his own organization, is the lucky individual to secure the services of the noted English player, and work is proceeding at an astonishing rate in the Brenon Studios. Mr. Robertson will enact the rôle of the *Stranger* in Mr. Jerome's drama, this part being one of his most famous stage creations. In commenting upon the early release of this celebrated drama with such a notable star, Mr. Brenon said: "I feel singularly fortunate in being able to present Sir Forbes-Robertson in 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' —first, because Sir Forbes-Robertson is the greatest living English actor, and, secondly, because Mr. Jerome's drama carries a striking message of love and uplift and human kindliness in these troubled times. I feel sure, too, that Sir Forbes-Robertson's playing of the *Stranger* will go down among the great portrayals of the silent drama. Mr. Brenon has temporarily postponed the filming of Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," mentioned in last month's Screen Gossip, until he completes "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

Theodore Wharton, of Wharton, Incorporated, maker of such well-remembered successes in the serial field as "The Exploits of Elaine," "The Mysteries of Myra," and "Patria," is off again on another long serial grind. The new serial, now in the making, is a story of the United States secret service, and should be unusually accurate and exciting, inas-

"Molly, Go Get 'Em" sounds rollicking enough, surely!

That's the title of Margarita Fischer's new film.

much as it is from the pen of William J. Flynn, chief of the United States secret-service department. Chief Flynn is personally assisting Mr. Wharton in many details of developing the story which will reveal in a telling way the machinations of the Germans in this country and the work done by our own government sleuths in apprehending German spies. The main purpose of the film will be to aid President Wilson and the United States government in bringing about a feeling in the hearts of every American that no sacrifice is too great to make that the German menace may be killed forever.

Margarita Fischer, until recently a star of the Pollard Picture Play Company, releasing its product through the Mutual Film Corporation, is now under contract to the American Film Manufacturing Company, another Mutual contributor, and her first picture under the new banner is "A Daughter of Joan," which is now showing at the picture houses all over the country. She has just finished another five-reeler titled "Molly, Go Get 'Em," under the direction of Lloyd Ingraham. This is a story from the pens of Beatrice Van and William Parker, and is said to afford Miss Fischer unlimited opportunity for the hoydenisms for which she is famous.

Edith Storey had the honor of being the first of the Metro players to begin a production in the new Metro California studios. "The Legend of Death," from the story by June Mathis, was the vehicle, and Miss Storey is directed by Tod Browning. Philo McCollough

has the leading male rôle opposite the former Vitagraph star, and Western Representative B. A. Rolfe engaged Junior Beckner, a prominent child player of the West Coast, to appear in an important part in this subject.

Conway Tearle, who played opposite Clara Kimball Young, and was leading man in some of the first of the J. Stuart Blackton-Paramount productions, is to have the leading rôle in the next Mary Pickford subject. The play is an original one created by Frances Marion, and entitled "Stella Maris." Marshall Neilan, who has finally been exempted from war service, is directing it. Another newcomer at the Western Paramount camp is Katherine McDonald, sister of Mary McDonald MacLaren, who is cast opposite Jack Pickford in a Morosco subject now in the making from a story by Judge Willis Brown, of the Chicago juvenile court.

Perhaps Enid Markey is reposing so quietly to get rested for the thriller, "Tarzan of the Apes," in which she will be seen.

Remember Elmo Lincoln, the strong man of the Triangle Studios back in the old days when Triangle meant Griffith, Ince, and Sennett? Well, Elmo is still up to his old tricks, as you will instantly concede when you behold "Tarzan of the Apes," the thriller being made into films from the book by Edgar Rice Burroughs. In one episode of the story Elmo seizes a lion by the tail and jerks it down from his cabin window. And at that, we'll bet a nice red apple that the lion, after one look at Elmo's gigantic bulk, hadn't even a growl to make by way of protest. Aside from Elmo, the lion, and the situation just described above, you'll find 'Tarzan of the Apes" has among other things to recommend it to your attention a cast among whom are included Enid Markey, True Boardman, Kathleen Kirkham, Gordon Griffith, Bessie Toner, Thomas Jefferson, George French, and Colin Kenny.

Samuel L. Rothapfel, known to practically every motion-picture fan of the country, by reputation at least, as America's foremost exhibitor of motion pictures and manager of the famous Rialto Theater in New York, has been offered and has accepted the post of preproduction counsel to Madame Petrova and the Superpictures Distributing Corporation which is behind the Petrova organization. The idea in seeking the coöperation of so widely known an exhibitor is said to be to get the exhibitors' viewpoint, which is the public viewpoint crystallized, on scenario and production. The effect hoped for is the selection of scenarios with more popular appeal and the elimination of mistakes which are constantly apparent to the trained exhibitor. Mr. Rothapfel's first duty was passing upon the second of Petrova's vehicles, and he will act in an advisory capacity from the selection of the scenario to the final presentation of the subject on the screen of the Rialto Theater. Of course, only a part of the time is to be devoted to his newly undertaken task, for he will continue to operate the Rialto, also to plan for the opening of the new motion-picture temple in New York City to be called the Rivoli, of which he is also to be in charge.

W. W. Hodkinson, once head of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, and later president of Triangle, who is known to exhibitors, if not the public, as one of the leading executives of the industry, is back in harness once more. In pugilistic circles there is an adage to the effect that "they never come back," but Hodkinson, after dropping out of the film game temporarily, is now determined to prove to the world that the maxim means nothing, in so far as he is concerned. The W. W. Hodkinson Company is one of the newest film-distributing organizations, and its first releases will comprise the output of the Paralta Studios in California—the productions in which appear such stars as Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glaum, Henry Walthall, J. Warren Kerrigan, Clara Williams, and Rhea Mitchell. The product of the Paralta Studios was first scheduled for release on the Triangle program, and Screen Gossip advised you last month to that effect, but since that date Mr. Hodkinson completed his organization and arranged to take over the Paralta offerings. So far as you and I are concerned, it makes no difference what the channel by which they reach us, just so we eventually behold the Barriscale, Glaum, Walthall, Kerrigan, Williams, and Mitchell vehicles. Now that all the kinks have been ironed out and the way is at last clear for their release, keep your eyes peeled for the first Paralta picture play.

A new Vitagrapher will soon make her début. The newcomer is Florence de Shon, who has a long and enviable record as a star of the speaking stage. Miss de Shon is the fifth feminine star to be added to the Vitagraph organization in the last few months. No two of the quintet resemble each other in feature or complexion, and each is said to have been chosen because of suitability for a specific line of interpretation. The ladies range all the way from the ingénue type to that of the tragic actress, but nowhere in the list is there a "vamp." Praises be!

Edmund Breese, one of the best-known character actors in America, has just been placed under contract to star in a mystery story to be produced by Harry Raver, the New York film impresario who gave us such notable productions as "Cabiria," and more recently "The Warrior," another play starring the famous *Maciste*. Mr. Breese, on the speaking stage, was

starred in such productions as "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree," and "The Master Mind," while in pictures you doubtless recall seeing him in "The Spell of the Yukon," produced by Metro, "The Walls of Jericho," a Fox picture, and others. In his first appearance in Harry Raver productions he will play opposite Alma Hanlon, under the direction of Burton King, who supervised several of Petrova's photo dramas.

If you enjoyed watching dainty Kathleen Clifford perform her hair-raising stunts in the Paramount serial, "Who Is Number One?" you will surely be interested in knowing that you are to see her again and again in five-reel Paramounts in the future. Out at the Balboa Studios, in Long Beach, California, Miss Clifford, after a brief vaudeville tour, began the filming of a five-reel feature titled "Glad Glory," which is said to be a society drama. Edgar Jones, who supervised the serial starring Miss Clifford, is again directing her, and the supporting cast includes Mollie McConnell, Gordon Sackville, Ruth Lackaye, Neil Cameron Hardin, junior, Marie van Tassell, Nell Holman, and Ethel Pepprell.

It must be nice to be out in California, eating grapes, and working on a five-reel society play—like Kathleen Clifford.

Every motion-picture patron in the United States is probably familiar with little Georgie Stone, the youngster who rose to fame with the Fine Arts-Triangle organization, under the direction of the Franklin brothers, C. M. and S. A. When the Franklins went over to Fox, Georgie continued to bask in the light of the Cooper-Hewitts and support such stars as William S. Hart and others. The Franklins meanwhile won new laurels for themselves by producing such Fox kiddie pictures as "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,"

"Babes in the Wood," and others. Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin were the featured youngsters in most of these spectacles, but the type of production "caught on" with the public in a big manner, and Mr. Fox broached the idea of creating another company so that the kid features might appear at more frequent intervals. Then the Franklin brothers remembered Georgie Stone, and made him an exceedingly attractive offer to rejoin them. Georgie turned the proposition over beneath his flaxen curls and decided to accept. So now Mr. Stone, youngster though he is, is the head of a brand-new Fox organization, and hard at work creating five-reel feature productions for the entertainment of youngsters all over the land. Gertie Messinger, even younger than Georgie Stone, is to be his leading lady. She rose to fame through her characterization of *Yasmini,* the maid to the princess in "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp."

Lucille Lee Stewart will next be seen in "Step by Step."

General Film will not be responsible if you and your friends are anything short of Apollos and "perfect thirty-sixes." The newest wrinkle is a one-reel subject, issued at monthly intervals, called the *Physical Culture Screen Magazine,* in which the whole world will have an opportunity of learning how to develop itself physically. The first issue of the new screen publication presents a series of muscular poses, wrestling tricks, deep-breathing exercises, classical dancing, gymnastic exercises for girls, and recreative stunts for youngsters. These various subjects are pictured with the aid of some of America's foremost men and women athletes. Bernarr Macfadden, famous physical-culture instructor, is editor of the film magazine, and his teachings are illustrated by Miss Vera Roehm, George Bothner, lightweight wrestler, and Miss Margaret Crawford, classical dancer.

Lucille Lee Stewart will soon be back on the screen in another Ralph W. Ince subject. It will bear the title "Step by Step," and is an adaptation of the stage play of the same name, which should assure its being replete with dramatic situations, and undoubtedly score another success for Ralph, brother of Thomas Ince. The last Ince-made production, "The Corespondent," starring Elaine Hammerstein, now released as a Jewel production, is proving one of the most pleasing features Ralph Ince has yet directed, despite the fact that it was made in even less time than had to be devoted to such features as "The Argyle Case" and "To-day," both of which have been widely screened.

Douglas Fairbanks, who, on a recent trip across the continent, took subscriptions for the Second Liberty Loan

Douglas Fairbanks explains to Anita Loos, John Emerson, and Eileen Percy, just how he went about it to sell Liberty Bonds.

amounting in all to one million dollars, is going to have mighty little time for vacations if his present plans work out. John Fairbanks, brother of "Doug," and, incidentally, his business manager, has arranged for the athletic Artcraft star to do ten pictures a year from now on. Two directors like Allan Dwan and John Emerson can easily arrange their productions so that the moment one of them is through with Doug, the other is prepared to start him on five weeks of strenuous work. Each of these directors has a staff of assistants who look after the details of their productions, while the director himself is free to specialize on the story itself. Fairbanks himself will act in a supervisory capacity. This schedule will leave Fairbanks one week for recreation between each produ tion.

Speaking of bond selling, the stars of the film industry surely did their share and a little bit more. Fifteen million dollars is estimated to be the total raised by the efforts of the movie stars alone, during the last Liberty Loan campaign. Nearly all the stars "did their bits," and not a few of them subscribed for bonds themselves to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

M. RITTERSTOX.—As I opened a package of letters to-day to begin the PICTURE ORACLE I discovered yours on the very top, so naturally I am answering it first. I distinctly remember answering your last letter in the issue before the last. Look it up, and I am sure that you will come across my reply to you in that number. There was a motion-picture studio in Detroit, about a year ago, called the Atlas Film Company, but I have heard that it has closed down since then, leaving poor little Detroiters without a studio for motion pictures that they can call their own. Address Frank Powell in care of the Frank Powell Productions, Times Building, New York City, and it will reach him there. Theda Bara has been in pictures about three years. Her first feature film was "A Fool There Was," in which she supported Edward Jose for the Fox Company. She has never appeared before the camera for any other concern. Florence La Badie died about two months ago as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident. Her loss certainly will be mourned by the thousands of film fans who looked upon her as their idol.

HARRY A.—Earle Williams will get any letters sent to him in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. He was born in Sacramento, California, on February 28, 1880, so you can figure out his exact age to the day for yourself.

MISS DORA CATS.—James Morrison has been acting with the Ivan Film Company of late, and doing some very good work, too, although it takes time to get used to him except in connection with Vitagraph productions. Yes, it is true that Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. You can get a letter to Viola Dana by writing to her in care of the B. A. Rolfe Studios, Los Angeles, California. Jimmy Morrison sends his photograph to admirers. You can get one by sending him a leter to the Ivan Film Company, Times Building, New York City. Better inclose a quarter to insure your getting the photo, as it costs a player twenty-eight cents to send out his photograph now that postal rates have been war taxed.

E. S. C.—Glad to hear that you liked the Market Booklet so well, and also thanks for those many nice things you had to say about PICTURE-PLAY. We appreciate them very much, and it spurs us on to even bigger and better things when we are told that our work is pleasing our readers.

B. K.—I don't know whether there will be another Screen Opportunity Contest in the near future or not. The editor has said nothing to me about one, so I guess he can't be thinking very strongly on those lines at the present time. However, the last one was such a huge success that it wouldn't surprise me in the least if another should pop up some time. Jack Sherrill is the name of the young man who played opposite Alice Brady in "Then I'll Come Back to You." You can reach him by mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Charles Ray is twenty-five years old. He was born in Jacksonville, Illinois. He has been in pictures for five years, and all of this time has been spent under the direction of Thomas H.

Ince. He has appeared on three programs during this time: the Mutual, Triangle, and now the Paramount. His latest feature is "His Mother's Boy," which was written by Rupert Hughes especially for Charley. Mail addressed to him in care of the Ince Studios, Georgia Street, Los Angeles, California, will land in his hands. Crane Wilbur is with a big feature-film concern at the present time, making a film dealing with drink and vice. He is playing the rôle of a minister. You should address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. J. Warren Kerrigan is with the Paralta Company. Write to him in care of the Paralta Plays, Incorporated, Los Angeles, California.

SHUT-IN.—The books you mention are what they term "Screen Editions." They are books that were published before photo plays were made from, gotten out in new screen editions, illustrated with stills from the photo play, to answer the increased demand for the stories caused by their introduction to the screen. Yes, "The Secret of the Storm Country" has been put on the screen. No, George Kleine did not get his money to enter the film business by writing scenarios. It takes more than one can realize from writing film plays to start in the game on the large scale of George Kleine. That is certainly a funny one your friend made up about Lillian Walker, and the Chaplin one is even more so. Tell your young man friend that he is a—well, you know what I mean, because he never saw such a thing in his life. It certainly is too bad that you haven't been able to get out and enjoy the movies lately, because we have had some very good plays which I am sure you would have enjoyed immensely. Well, there is no better way of keeping in touch with the new plays and the doings of the stars, if you can't get out, than by reading all the latest in the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Drop me a few lines again when you have nothing better to do.

W. R.—Haven't heard of E. A. Turner going into pictures since October or November. The only Turner I know with a name somewhat similar is F. A. Turner; but as he has been in motion pictures for several years, he couldn't be your man. Sorry, but I can't help you out. If there is anything else you would like to know, just drop me a line and I'll do the very best I can.

FUSSY.—You evidently keep track of the dates you see on which the players were born, so that you don't have to ask them of the Oracle. That is a very good plan. Some people I know ought to copy it, for they often ask the same question in two succeeding letters. So you live way out in the wilds of Montana? When do you ever get to see a movie show if you are thirty miles from town and haven't a tin lizzie in which to get there? I have so many favorites in this movie game that the space I am allowed is insufficient to name them all. Jack Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on July 25, 1889. Kerrigan is both his real and reel name. He is now making features for the Paralta Company. "The Turn of the Card" is his last picture, in which he broke his leg and has been laid up ever since. He will probably start to work in a few days on a new story, and give the leg a try-out. He was with the Universal Company for several years before he joined the Paralta.

IRENE.—Yes, I have met both Ralph Kellard and Pearl White, and must say that I like them both very much indeed. Ralph is a very nice fellow, and Pearl is just as charming off the screen as she is on. All right, I'll speak to the editor about the Ralph Kellard interview you speak about.

HOPE.—Wheeler Oakman has jumped once more. He is now working at the Triangle Studios at Culver City, California. There aren't many studios now which Wheeler has overlooked. They all want him, so it seems. It must keep you busy erasing your address book with Wheeler making so many changes. Why don't you write to him and request that he stay in one place for a little while, as it would save you a great deal of trouble?

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—Address your friend Colleen in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, Brokaw Building, New York City. Yes, I know Anita Stewart personally. I am afraid that you will have to write her yourself and tell her how much you think of her work, as hundreds of others have asked me to say that they are crazy about her, and I would have to carry around a bookcase with their letters to show her if I did as they wished. Besides, it always sounds better coming from the fans themselves. You can reach both Anita Stewart and Alice Joyce in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Theda Bara is twenty-seven years old. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Misssouri, on April 15, 1892. Anna Little will get any mail you may send to her in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. She is playing opposite Wallace Reid at the present time in "Nan of Music Mountain," the famous novel by Frank H. Spearman. Pauline Frederick should be addressed in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Wallace Reid's address is the very same as that of Anna Little. Norma Talmadge gets all of her mail now in care of the Norma Talmadge Film Corporation, 729 Sev-

enth Avenue, New York City. Crane Wilbur receives all of his mail now in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. No, I haven't heard of your friend Max yet, but some day he may be a popular player. You never can tell in this game what will happen. One day you are a poor little extra girl, and the next day a star, and sometimes it goes just the other way. No, you didn't ask too many questions, and you needn't make your next letter any shorter on that account.

Anna H.—Jack Warren Kerrigan is now with the Paralta Plays, Incorporated, producing big features only, under the direction of Oscar Apfel. His leading woman is Lois Wilson, who was one of the Universal's prize-winning beauties. I guess Jack figures that he can do much better work in straight dramatic pictures than by appearing in melodramatic serials.

Miss Alma S.—It is against the rules of the Screen Opportunity Contest for any member of Picture-Play Magazine's staff to speak to the judges regarding a contestant, so therefore I could say nothing to them about your photographs. I trust, however, that you explained everything to them in your letter. Several readers have been inquiring about another Screen Opportunity Contest, but as yet the editor has made no plans about holding another. If you are so anxious to see another contest in full swing, why don't you write to the editor and tell him about it, instead of me. He runs the magazine. All I do is to answer a lot of questions. And, believe me, that's enough.

Newcomer.—There are very few studios at the present time who allow any visitors. They insist that it interferes with the work of their people to have strangers standing about and watching them work, which is indeed very logical. The Universal Film Company is the only one I know of where visitors are welcomed. At their Universal City Studios they charge an admission fee of twenty-five cents, and for that you can watch all the Universal players at work to your heart's content. The meaning of screening well is just this: In order to be a success in motion pictures one must have a screen face—one which meets the requirement type for a specified line of parts. A person who hasn't a screen face will look out of place on the screen, and the public will quickly notice it. Some of our great stage stars have been failures in the movies merely because they did not possess a screen face; while other stage stars have made a big success because they did. The only way for a person to find out is to have a test taken and run off before some one who can tell. It will save a lot of trouble and a great amount of money in the end to find out all your good or bad qualifications at the very start. It was merely a strict rule of the contest that no packages with photos received after the specified time should be accepted. The magazine could not be held responsible for the mistakes of others. Now, if you had only put on the right amount of postage, you might have been one of the lucky ones. You ought to lay out that post-office clerk who told you the wrong amount of postage to put on the package. But for his mistake you might have been a winner in the Screen Opportunity Contest. You know the old saying: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

A Society Lady.—Enter the Four Hundred into the realm of the Picture Oracle. Welcome, stranger, to our humble domain. Write to Virginia Pearson, in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Your friend Emmy should be addressed in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. I have forwarded your letter addressed to Ann Murdock, as you requested.

I Wanna No.—I should say that you wanted to know a great deal, my young friend, but if you intend to write to all of the stars whose addresses you ask for, asking for their pictures, I am sure you will be bankrupt in short order. Not only is it customary now to inclose a quarter for a requested photograph, but a letter costs you just three cents to mail, now that the government has boosted the postal rates. However, it's up to you—so here goes. Charles Ray should be addressed at the Ince Studios, Georgia Street, Los Angeles. Charles Spencer Chaplin gets all his mail now at the Los Angeles Athletic Club while he is waiting for his new studio to be completed. Mae Murray is still being starred at Universal City, California, where mail will reach her. Dorothy Dalton's address is the same as that of Charles Ray. Wallace Reid gets his letters at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Yes, he has been drafted, but has received temporary exemption. Write Lillian Gish in care of the D. W. Griffith Studios, Los Angeles, California. He is back from the war zone now with his three stars—Bobby Harron, Lillian and Dorothy Gish. Says he got some great battle stuff on the other side, and is making the rest of his story in Los Angeles to match up with those scenes. It is understood that he is making this picture solely for the U. S. government, which is Griffith's "bit." I dare say it will prove a tremendous big "hit," too, when it is shown to the public.

Jessie N. M.—You can procure a photograph of your favorite Earle Williams by writing to him in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue,

Brooklyn, New York. Twenty-five cents is the proper amount to inclose for an autographed photo, either stamps or silver.

M. L. R.—Address a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City.

Lollie Belle.—Welcome, little newcomer! It certainly surprises me that you have not written to me before, since you are a veteran reader of Picture-Play. Glad to see that you have started at last. I have to hunt up some of the questions; though I have answered most of them so many times that I don't have to, as I know them by heart. Charlie Chaplin has a small foot. He wears about a seven, but his picture shoes are fourteens. You are certainly very versatile, to say the least, with your riding, swimming, rifle shooting, skating, dancing, singing, bicycle riding, auto driving, et cetera. Is there anything that you don't do? Haven't seen Theda Bara since she returned from the coast, so I guess you had better tell her yourself, as I am likely to forget it.

Sister D.—You needn't call me either Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Just call me Oracle, and that will be sufficient. Charles Ray gets all of his mail at the Ince Studios, Georgia Street, Los Angeles, California. Yes, he played in "The Weaker Sex." He is now being starred by Thomas H. Ince in features for the Paramount program. Blanche Sweet hasn't appeared on the screen since she left the Lasky Company, several months ago. Yes, write to them if you want their photographs. You can address Blanche Sweet in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and she will be sure to receive it. Why should I be angry at your letter? I am sure that there was nothing in it to make me the least bit peeved. You didn't ask a single question that violated the rules of the Oracle Department, and it was your very first letter, too. You are to be complimented. There are few readers who can write for the first time without asking a question that is contrary to the rules.

C. B.—Write to your favorite, Charlotte Walker, in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and she will be sure to receive it. She is not playing in pictures at the present time.

A. K.—William S. Hart was born in New York State, but he moved out West when a tiny tot, and spent all his time there until he went on the stage. He has made a life-long study of Western rôles, and has always wanted to play them because he has believed that the public was not seeing the true type of Western men either on the stage or on the screen. His success in portraying these rôles can easily be seen by his immense popularity. You can get an autographed photo of him by writing to Hart, in care of the William S. Hart Studios, Los Angeles, California. Yes, George M. Cohan wrote "Broadway Jones." It was taken from his famous stage success of that name. His "Seven Keys to Baldpate" also made a great screen production. His name is spelled Cohan, and not Cohen. Mrs. Vernon Castle is still playing for the movies, and her plays are being released regularly by the Pathé Company. Of course I would like to hear from you again.

Muriel.—So you, too, are a victim of the reenforced cold, or hay fever? They say that misery loves company, but I must be an exception. Although hay fever makes me feel miserable when I have it each year, I can say without fear of contradiction that I don't enjoy seeing any one else in the same fix. I know what it is, and feel sorry for them instead. Niles Welch is the handsome little fellow who played opposite Marguerite Clark in the "Valentine Girl." No, Blanche Sweet is not with the Lasky Company. She hasn't appeared in pictures for a long time. It looks as if she had retired from the screen for good. Miriam Cooper is with the Fox Company now, working under the direction of Raoul Walsh. Your reference to Reno as a place to get cured of a very contagious disease is clever. Can't say that I ever went there for the cure myself, but know a great many people who have. They have all been cured, too, which is quite a record for the place, don't you think?

A. A. Buffalo.—Don't know any motion-picture player by the name you mention. His picture has never appeared in Picture-Play Magazine, whoever he is.

Scotty.—Well, you were lucky in seeing your favorite, William S. Hart, in real life while in Minneapolis. Douglas Fairbanks is a mighty nice fellow. He is just as full of "pep" and ambition off the screen as he is on. Always on the go, and a fine fellow to know. They don't make them any jollier. You need not be afraid that Charles Ray is any different off the screen than he is on. He is the same quiet boy. Every one likes him, and he is very popular, indeed. He is twenty-five years old, and a real American. He was born in Jacksonville, Illinois. You can get his photograph by writing to him in care of the Ince Studios, Georgia Street, Los Angeles, California. Don't know what the w.-k. Charles Chaplin likes to do best. Every time I have seen him he likes to talk about "gags" for his comedies. This seems to be his main hobby. He is happiest when any one will talk stories with him. You can reach him by letter at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California. I sin-

cerely wish you all the success in the world if you are going into vaudeville in a few months. Write and tell me all about it, as I will be very glad to hear from you.

Hand-cuff King.—Yes, it is true that motion-picture actresses seem to get more publicity than actors. The stars have to register for the draft the same as any one else. You can address a letter to William Fox in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Monroe Salisbury is now being starred by the Universal Film Company, and his pictures are proving very popular with the film-loving public. He is a very talented actor, and since his *Alesandro,* in "Ramona," has been in great demand. There was one motion-picture studio in Providence where Harry Meyers and Rosemary Theby worked for a time, but I don't think it is in operation now.

B. Castle.—You can reach Harry Meyers in care of the Screen Club, New York City.

A. M. G. Calif.—Arthur Shirley is the name of the young Polish gentleman that had the leading rôle in the Thomas Dixon spectacle, "The Fall of a Nation."

I Want to Know.—Are you any relation of the "I Wanna No" person whose answers appear a little ahead of your own? The rules of the Oracle were made up by the honorable editor, and not myself. Yes, I am the only one that answers the Oracle questions, but I am not the editor. Paul Willis is a "native son," and is seventeen years old. He was very good, indeed, in "The Fall of a Nation." You can address him in care of Willis and Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Jewel Carmen is now being starred by the Fox Film Corporation, under the direction of Frank Lloyd. You can reach her by letter at the Fox Film Corporation, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Harold Lockwood and May Allison had the leading rôles in "The Promise." Your friend, Paul Willis, played the rôle of May's brother in this feature. George Fisher was the villain. Theda Bara's latest pictures are "Cleopatra," "Camille," and "Du Barry." I wouldn't dare say who is the best-dressed woman on the screen. Don't you think that I value my life just the least bit? Your first question about Crane Wilbur is against the rules of the Oracle Department, and you must know all about these rules, as you mentioned them in your letter and are a veteran reader. Yes, I know Crane Wilbur personally. He is a very nice fellow.

C. L. R.—Nationality has nothing to do with becoming a motion-picture actress. It all depends upon the girl herself. A Porto Rican girl can become one as well as any other. There are certain parts that such a type could do very well, indeed. Of course, I am always glad to have a friend for life, as you put it. It would take too long, my little friend, to tell you all about the advantages and disadvantages of being a motion-picture player. If you are a success, the disadvantages are very small, indeed, but if you are not, they are extremely great. The only thing to do is to try it, and find out which you will be, a success or a failure. You know there is no way of finding out until you try. The only way that I know of is for you to get some extra work at one of the studios, and if you screen well, and have the ability, the directors will soon discover it, as they are always on the lookout for new talent.

Miss Mildred R.—Your favorite, Mary Pickford, was born in Toronto, Canada, on April 8, 1893, so it won't be very hard for you to figure out just how old she is.

S. R. D.—No, William Farnum was never on the operatic stage. He has confined himself during his career to the legitimate, and to motion pictures. He has a good singing voice, however.

Allyee.—It is a most interesting study, especially when you don't understand very much about it. You should go to see picture shows more regularly, and I am sure that you would find it even more enjoyable and entertaining. You are quite right when you say that Charles Chaplin is no ordinary slap-stick comedian. He is truly an artist, and you will notice that everything he does seems so serious with him. That more than anything else is responsible for his success. He makes himself a sympathetic character at all times, and when you have the audience's sympathy it is easy to make them laugh. Charley is a real actor, and no mistake about it, either. Just ask any one who knows anything about acting, and they will tell you so. D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" is still going the rounds, so you should have no trouble in locating it in your vicinity in the near future. It is always playing return engagements, so I expect to hear that you have seen it by the time I get your next letter.

Polly-Chicago-Lonesome.—You are quite right. I never get the chance to be lonesome with all the questions I have to answer. I don't even get time to think that I might be lonesome some time. Your description sounds more like a movie star than like the honorable Oracle. Charles Ray has a cousin by the name of Al who is a director, but not a brother. Charley is certainly all that you think him. I'll speak to the editor about the Willis write-up. "Dear Oracle" is good enough for me. Why anything else?

Douglas Fairbanks Fan.—You should address your favorite in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, where he is working at the present time. Jewel Carmen is the name of the girl who played opposite him in "American Aristocracy." Bessie Love is the little miss who supported him in "The Good Bad Man." Alma Reubens is with the Triangle Company at Culver City, California. There are not many studios in either New York or California which the public can visit except by special permission. They allow visitors at the Universal Studios in Universal City, California. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883.

E. F. R.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati on February 22, 1887. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. May Allison has not appeared in any productions since she left the Yorke Film Corporation, where she was playing opposite Harold Lockwood. Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn, New York. Her right name is Leonie Flugrath. Billie Burke will get any mail sent to her in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Mary Miles Minter receives her daily batch of letters at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Marguerite Clark also receives her mail at the Famous Players Film Company. Shirley Mason should be written to in care of the Edison Film Company, Orange, New Jersey.

D. B.—Have just answered your question about the chances for a young man hard of hearing to enter the motion-picture game. You will find it several questions above this.

Lenora McC.—There was a concern called the Ebony Film Company that produced comedies played entirely by colored people several months ago, but I have not heard anything about them since, so don't know whether they are in existence now or not. Several of the companies use colored people in different parts of their plays, so it might be a good idea to apply at the different studios for work. It may happen that they are in need of some one of your type.

Fuller Forever Fan.—Mary Fuller is not with the Lasky Company any more. She did one feature with Lou-Tellegen and then left. William Garwood purchased a nice hog ranch for himself, and swore that he was going to devote his entire time to the raising of the pork-bearing animals; but, nevertheless, he is back on the screen with Universal. His last feature was "The Guilty Man," for Thomas H. Ince. Vivian Rich is now doing a feature in support of Gladys Brockwell at the Fox Studios. Remember when Billy Garwood and Vivian Rich used to play opposite each other at the American Film Company? They were quite a popular couple in those days. Charlotte Burton is still with the American Film Company, appearing regularly in their releases. Milton Sills is always working in something. He is very much in demand these days. I'll speak to the editor about your requests. Thanks very much for the kind words you have to say about Picture-Play. They are much appreciated.

Miss Marguerite B.—Your answers about the lips should not have been sent to me.

Kitty of the Smoky City.—Your friend is mistaken about both Theda Bara and Charles Chaplin. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, of English parents, and was raised in England.

Accumulating Dictionary.—You start off by saying that you want to ask me a million questions, and wind up by asking only one. Do I seem so mysterious as all that? I didn't have any idea that I was regarded in such a light at all. Mystery belongs only in moving-picture serials. Did you address Mrs. Vernon Castle correctly? You should have sent your letter to her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. When do you intend asking the remainder of those one million questions? Let me know, so I can prepare for them in time.

Teddy.—Valeska Suratt should be written to in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-Sixth Street, New York City. Yes, I am sure that she will send you one of her photographs if you write and ask her for it. William S. Hart receives all of his mail at the William S. Hart Film Corporation, Los Angeles, California. The Lubin Studio in Philadelphia has been sold.

See and Be Convinced.—What do you mean, a person of the neuter gender could not have the patience to answer the Oracle questions? I always thought that neuter gender meant something that did not live. Possibly you meant the masculine gender? Louise Glaum should be addressed in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, Culver City, California. I wouldn't be at all surprised if she would answer a letter from you. So you think you will read your answer "Somewhere in France?" Then you must be there at the present time.

Ohian Inquis.—Niles Welch is the name of the little fellow that played opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." He has been in motion pictures for some time. Jack Richardson is with the Triangle Company now. Winifred Greenwood last appeared in "The Lorelei of the Sea," which is to be released soon. The three tots you mentioned are only playing in pictures off and on now.

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Name.....

Address.....

Miss Comical.—Billie Ritchie is not being released on the Universal program any more, for the simple reason that he is no longer connected with that concern and hasn't been for nearly a year. They had a great many of his comedies stored up, so he wasn't missed from the program until they gave out. He has been with Henry Lehrman's Sunshine Comedy Company ever since he left the Universal. His comedies are now released by the Fox program. His latest release is "His Smashing Career." You can obtain one of his photographs by writing to him in care of the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Hank Mann is no longer with the Fox Company. He isn't doing anything at the present time, but has several things lined up and says that he will take whichever seems to be the best proposition. This, of course, is a very wise thing to do. Charley Chaplin is far from dead. He has just returned from a vacation in Honolulu, where he has been for six weeks with his brother Syd. He has started work on his first release for the Exhibitor's Circuit, which has signed him up. Eric Campbell will still be seen with him as his heavy. Eric is a great foil for Charley, and a great asset to the famous laugh producer. Charley gets a higher salary than Arbuckle by far. He is the highest-salaried artist in the motion-picture business. His contract gives him one million and seventy thousand dollars for eight two-reel comedies! Can you equal that in any other profession? No wonder so many film comedians are trying to imitate Charles Spencer Chaplin. The only thing they fail to do is to imitate his salary check. Some of them may, of course, believe that they will some day get the same salary, too. They wear the same make-up. Why not? What can be the difference between Charley and themselves?

G. O. H.—You are quite right, little lady. It was Harold Lockwood that played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower," and not Marshall Neilan. I don't know how the other story ever got to be printed.

O Where R Myrtle Stedman.—You are not the only fan that has asked me this question. Myrtle dropped off the screen very suddenly, but she will soon be back before the camera again. She has been making a tour of the leading picture theaters in the United States and Canada, making a personal appearance on the stage of each, and giving a song recital, as well as a short talk, to her film-fan friends. She has met with great success, and I have had many letters from readers who have wanted to know where she was, saying that they had just seen her at their favorite theater and that she was "just too sweet for words." Myrtle has a most winning personality, and makes friends wherever she goes. Her trip will be over in about four weeks, when she will take a vacation of two weeks, and then return to the screen once more.

Henry S.—Charles Ray was the star in the Triangle feature, "The Deserter." Mary Thurman will get any mail you may send to her at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Allesandro Street, Edendale, California. Lucille Hutton should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

J. V. Batham.—Virginia Pearson is the young lady that had the leading rôle in the Fox photo play, "Dare-Devil Kate." You can reach her by mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Miss C. M. S.—Frank is the first name of Mr. Keenan, and Elizabeth is Miss Burbidge's first name, so now you have both of your small little questions answered. Frank Keenan should be addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Any mail sent to Miss Burbridge in care of the Essanay Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois, will be sure to be forwarded to her.

Oracle's Pal.—Well, I thought that you were lost in the shuffle, but finally came upon your little (?) letter. Yes, the article was a very interesting one indeed. Some of those Shakespeare rôles you mention would be best for character men like George Periolat, and not for a leading man. There are several good actors on the screen who could do *Julius Cæsar, Brutus, Mark Antony,* et cetera. Watch Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" feature for Thurston Hall. Charlie Chaplin is a real artist, no matter what people may say about him, and if he wasn't worth every bit of the money he gets, you can bet your last dollar that he would not be receiving such a tremendous salary. When a star gets five cents out of a movie producer, you can stake your life that the said star is entitled to a dime. Billie Ritchie does not imitate Charlie Chaplin. He has a make-up all his own now, without a mustache or sloppy clothes. In fact, Billie used the present make-up of Charlie in England long before Charlie ever thought of putting on that little mustache. The only claim that Charlie can make to the make-up he wears is that he is the first one to use it in pictures. "Easy Street" is by far the best Charles Chaplin comedy that has ever been released. The Babylonian scenes in D. W. Griffith's big spectacle, "Intolerance," were all taken in Hollywood, California, where the famous producer had all those settings you saw in the picture erected at an enormous expense. They are still up, and are in full view from the Hollywood street car as it passes by. Yes, you must have the fever awfully bad.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

H. A. S.—So you have not the slightest inclination of becoming a movie actress? Well, you are one in a thousand. Nine out of every ten letters that I receive are from girls who want me to tell them how they can get in the motion-picture game as actresses. Of course there is only one way that I know of, and I give them all the same answer. I hope you succeed along your own particular vein of perseverance. No, I don't live near Alexandria, Louisiana. I am afraid that if you wanted to see what I looked like you would have to try hunting me down in New York City. Yes, I know a great many of the motion-picture stars very well, but they don't even dream that I answer the questions about them in the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE; so you see how well I keep my identity a secret. Niles Welch is the young man who played with Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." Pearl White certainly has good-looking heroes in all of her serials. I don't think we shall have the pleasure of seeing Henry King on the screen, as he seems to be devoting his entire efforts to making other people act before the camera. He is now directing Mary Miles Minter at the American Studios in Santa Barbara, California.

ANITA STEWART FAN.—I should say that you are becoming as regular as the milkman of late. Haven't missed you in an issue for a long time now. Keep up the good work. Don't know what has become of Olive, junior. I am afraid that she has deserted me. I should say it was nice of her to send you a kind little letter like that in answer to your own. You ought to feel highly complimented, because there are thousands of other admirers of Anita's who are not so lucky as yourself. Yes, I saw her in "Clover's Rebellion." Liked it very much. Mae Marsh gets even more letters than your favorite Anita Stewart. Mae receives about three hundred letters a day from different film fans, all asking her to answer their letter. Now, can you figure out any way by which the little star could answer them all, and answer them in the way the fan expects them to be answered? If you can, I am sure that Mae will pay you handsomely for the invention. They all do the same way about answering letters. If you get a reply, it is because you are lucky. The star has selected as many to answer as she possibly can, and fortunately yours has been in this batch. If not, then your letter is read and laid aside. Clara Kimball Young has severed her connections with Selznick, and is now heading her own company, with a new releasing arrangement. May Allison has not as yet signed up with any concern. June Elvidge is a very clever little lady. When you have studied Latin for three years, the other languages should come very easy to you, because you know they say that Latin is the foundation of most of the modern European languages.

FATIMA.—You can procure motion-picture make-up at most any drug store, friend Fatima. I am neither too old nor too young. Yes, I like your cards very much.

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Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

Eleanor D.—Your favorite Monroe Salisbury can be addressed in care of the Universal Film Company, Universal City, California, where he is starring in their Bluebird releases. His best known plays are "The Goose Girl," in which he played opposite Marguerite Clark; his character of *Allesandro,* in "Ramona;" and as *Conrad le Grange* in "The Eyes of the World." I agree with you that he is a mighty fine actor, and should be rated among the best.

Mollie Higdon.—Pearl White is now appearing in her latest serial, "The Fatal Ring." Earle Fox is playing the leading male rôle opposite her. Pearl White was born in 1889. Marie Wayne was *Bertha Bonn* in "Pearl of the Army." Ralph Kellard had the leading rôle opposite Pearl in this serial. You can address Pearl White in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. The same address will reach the other players.

Bull Durham.—So they are just getting the Beatrice Fairfax serial in your town? A little late, to be sure, but better late than never, you know. The titles of all the fifteen episodes of this serial are: "The Missing Watchman," "The Adventure of the Jealous Wife," "Billie's Romance," "The Stone God," "Mimosa San," "The Forbidden Room," "A Name for a Baby," "The Ainslee Ball," "Outside the Law," "Play Ball," "The Wages of Sin," "Curiosity," "The Ringer," "The Hidden Menace," and "Wrist Watches." Grace Darling and Harry Fox have the leading rôles in this serial. You can address either of them in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Miss Bertha L. Atchison K.—Yes, I think they would answer your letter, or send you one of their photographs, at least. You can address George Walsh in care of the Fox Film Corporation, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Helen Holmes gets all of her mail at the Signal Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Harold Lockwood is now in New York, and should be written to in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City.

George Walsh Admirer.—See the answer above for the address of George Walsh. He was born in New York City on March 16, 1892.

Elizabeth W.—Certainly, there is always a welcome on the mat for any newcomer to the Oracle Department. Just what would you like to know about William S. Hart? You can address him in care of the William S. Hart Film Corporation, Los Angeles, California. Yes, I know Rose Tapley. She is a very nice little lady.

From a Friend of Marguerite Clark's.—"The Amazons" and "Bab's Diary" are two late Marguerite Clark releases, and both are very good, too. Yes, she lives in New York City. You can reach her by letter at the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. You say you are very nutty to become a motion-picture actress? Yes, my little girl, but why tell every one that you are?

John B. McC.—No, Doris and Helen are two different persons entirely. Doris has been in motion pictures for several years.

David B.—Of course it is possible for a man who is hard of hearing to become a motion-picture actor. But it is not probable. It would be very hard for a director standing on the side lines to make himself heard as the actor is going through a scene. I imagine that it would be very trying on the director to direct a person who could not hear. Still, as I said before, it is not impossible. Billie Reeves was afflicted this way, and yet he made a great many comedies for the Lubin Company.

Miss Lenore G.—Shorty Hamilton will get any mail sent to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Arthur Acord should be addressed at the Fox Film Company, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Charles Chaplin receives his letters at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Margaret M. R.—You can get full details about the Picture-Play Magazine from the circulation manager, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Yes, Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are both motion-picture stars, although Francis spends most of his time directing. Grace is about twenty-six years old. Grace Cunard is the young lady that wore the purple mask in "The Purple Mask" serial. She also wrote the story for the serial herself. Write to Grace Cunard in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, for one of her photographs. Ella Hall was born on March 17, 1897, St. Patrick's Day, in New York City. You can address her in care of the Universal Film Company, Universal City, California.

A. B. C. G.—You can reach Lillian Walker via the postman at the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. There is always a chance for a cow-puncher or any one else to break into the movies.

Peggy.—Blanche Sweet is not appearing in pictures at the present time. Don't know whether she has given up the screen or not. Cleo Ridgley and Wallace Reid do not play opposite each other any more. Anna Little is appearing opposite Wally in his present feature for the Lasky Company, "Nan of Music Mountain," by Frank H. Spearman. Jean has not appeared with Douglas Fairbanks since "His Picture in the Papers."

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

LOVE.—All my old friends seem to be with the Oracle this month. Now comes Love—one of my very best little customers. So you think me a curiosity? You have the right idea, all right. I wouldn't tell you, anyway. How could I, without telling all the others? And that would never do at all, so I am afraid you will have to remain in the dark, Love, like all the others. Yes, I enjoyed "The Barrier" very much. It was a fine picture to introduce Rex Beach's productions to the public.

CHIP O' THE CHAPLIN CAMP.—You are way off, my friend, when you say that Chaplin appeared in only twenty-three Keystone releases. Sixty-five is the correct number, I am told. He did twelve for the Mutual and not ten, and fourteen for the Essanay. It was a mistake in print. It should have read K. E. S. E. instead of K. L. S. E. The V. L. S. E. was absorbed by the Vitagraph, and a new alphabet started up which was known as the K. E. S. E., consisting of the Kleine, Edison, Selig, and Essanay. It wouldn't take much more than a casual glance at your letter to see that you are a stanch admirer of Charley Chaplin. I'm for you because I admire the little fellow and his work immensely.

FRANCES E.—It must be very disheartening to go to a country club to play golf and have it rain when you get there. I can sympathize with you, even if I never get the chance to play at the game myself. Disappointment is a dreadful thing, but it doesn't seem half so bad when you can be optimistic about it and say, "It might have snowed. How lucky I am!" Does it? Address your friend Eugene O'Brien in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and the letter will be sure to reach him. You behaved splendidly this time. Didn't ask a question against the rules, and only wrote on one side of the paper. Thanks very much. I shall look forward to that threatened letter of yours on the brand-new stationery.

KITTY TASSIE.—Grace Cunard, Geraldine Farrar, and Eddie Polo are the only names that these aforesaid people have on or off the screen. Grace Cunard has a sister by the name of Mina Cunard. Francis Ford has a brother named Jack. I will speak to the editor about putting the photos of the people you mention in the gallery of PICTURE-PLAY. Of course they all go to see their own pictures. How do you suppose they can tell how they can improve certain mannerisms if they don't see them first on the screen, and before an audience, to see how they are received? Grace Cunard should be addressed in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Francis Ford is no longer with the Universal Film Company. He has joined the Metro Pictures Corporation, and will in the future direct the pictures in which Harold Lockwood appears. Geraldine Farrar is no longer with Lasky. She has signed a contract with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and will be starred by that concern in the future.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

MISS ADELE F.—Evidently you did not read the rules of the Oracle very carefully before you wrote, as your question concerning Wallace Reid is against the rules of the department. You can reach him by mail in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. You can obtain one of his autographed photos by asking him for one, inclosing twenty-five cents with your request, to cover the cost of the photograph and mailing. As it stands, he will be three cents out, as it costs him just twenty-eight cents to send out every one of his photographs. You can see how it would be a mighty expensive proposition to send them out free when you consider the fact that he gets about two hundred letters a day asking for one of his likenesses. Your own stationery somewhat rivals that former orange-and-black paper that Cleo used to write me on.

M. J. U.—Henry Walthall played the leading rôle in "The Birth of a Nation," and not "The Battle Cry of Peace." Mae Marsh also appeared in "The Birth of a Nation." Dorothy Kelly and Norma Talmadge played in the Vitagraph production, "The Battle Cry of Peace." You seem to have the two productions mixed up.

CLEO.—Well, well, well! Cleo, I thought that I was going through the whole lot of letters without answering a question for you. You keep changing your stationery and keep me guessing. I must confess, though, that you certainly keep up with the times. That red-white-and-blue paper that you now use is much more appropriate and up to date than the old orange and black. Keep up the good work. A red-white-and-blue envelope is enough to make even the mailman feel a burst of patriotism. You win your bet, all right. Herbert Brenon and William A. Brady are not related. Not even in a business way. Don't know what Charley Ray's favorite color is. His motor is a Mercer and is painted vermilion. Maybe that will give you a clew. Charley Chaplin rides around in a Locomobile now, which is painted a plain black. I think you ought to stick to your paper now. It is indeed very classy, though quite conspicuous, as always.

A. M.—Irene Howley is not related to friend Shirley Mason. Viola Dana and Shirley are sisters. It does seem funny, doesn't it? Shirley's correct name is Leonie Flugrath, and Flugrath is also Viola Dana's nom de plume; so there you have the mystery all solved for you. Simple, isn't it? Leonie, or Shirley I should say, is four feet eleven inches tall and has brown hair with light-gray eyes. You can reach her by mail in care of the Edison Studios, Decatur Avenue, New York City. Irene Howley is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. Any mail addressed to her at Princess Bay post office, Staten Island, New York, will be sure to greet her. She is still earning her daily bread by working for the Metro Company.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

ORACLE READERS, ATTENTION!—*Help! Help! Help! Will all the Oracle readers who inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply kindly remember that the war tax is on and letters now cost three cents to mail?* It is quicker to get an answer through the columns of Picture Oracle than by letter, however, as all the magazine questions are answered first, and then the personal letters. Don't forget about the three cents' worth of stamps on your self-addressed, stamped envelopes, if you desire a personal reply, because we can't send them out if there is not enough postage on the envelope.

BUM SPELLER.—The stars open all of their own mail, and read it, too. This may seem funny to those of you who have formed in your minds the opinion that they never see their mail, but that it is attended to entirely by a secretary. You are quite wrong. The stars are always eager to see what their admirers think of them. They want the public's opinion, so they can improve in their work. They want the public's angle, as they are getting paid to amuse the public, and if they don't they are not going to hold their jobs very long. The stars read their mail to see if their admirers have anything to find fault with about their work; and, if so, they study it out themselves, and very often realize that their film-fan critics are right, and then they sally forth to overcome the defect, whatever it may be. You needn't be afraid that the people you are going to write to won't see your letters, because they will. You can address Mary Pickford in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Alice Joyce receives her mail at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Mary Miles Minter has her box chock-full every morning at the American Studios, Santa Barbara, California. Anita Stewart's address is the same as Alice Joyce's. Jewel Carmen is now a full-fledged Fox star, and gets her letters daily at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Hazel Dawn should be written to in care of the Herbert Brennon Film Company, Hudson Heights, New Jersey. Beverly Bayne and Ethel Barrymore get their mail at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Norma Talmadge's address is in care of the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Mae Murray answers all of her mail in her dressing room at Universal City, California. Billie Burke receives her daily mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Lillian Gish is now back on the coast once more. You can reach her at the Griffith Studios, Los Angeles, California. Helen Holmes has left the Signal Company. Mail should be addressed for her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Doug Fairbanks gets his mail at Mary Pickford's address, Earle Williams at Alice Joyce's place of business, and Harold Lockwood at the same location where Beverly Bayne receives hers. The spelling is forgiven.

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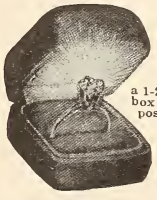
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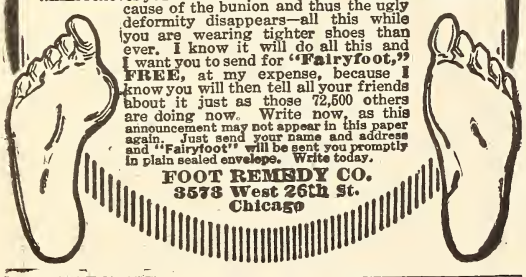

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

CONWAY TEARLE M. T.—My dear young lady, that is no way to act a-tall to start right off by asking a question against the rules. He is a very handsome-looking chap, to be sure. Theda Bara was born twenty-seven years ago. Your other question regarding her is against the rules also. Of course she likes the movie life. Why shouldn't she, at the salary she is getting? I would suggest that you read the rules of the Oracle at the head of the department over very carefully before you write again. I consider J. Warren Kerrigan a very good-looking chap. Your eyes must be affected.

A. R. G.—Your friend Irma is not playing with any motion-picture firm at the present time. I haven't seen much of her since she left the Biograph several years ago.

ELIZABETH M. C.—The Market Booklet has been sent to you, and should have reached you by this time. If you haven't received it, let me know at once and I will have it traced for you. Sorry that there has been a delay in this matter, but the post office seems quite rushed at the present time, and things are moving rather slowly through the mails.

KENTUCKY GIRL.—They are entirely wrong when they call me "Dear Old Baldy," as you put it, for I am not the least bit bald. Now you know just as much as to my sex as you did before. Certainly there is always a welcome on the Oracle mat for new readers. I think that Billie Burke, William Garwood, and Mary Miles Minter would send you one of their photographs. Also Mary McLaren. Address Mary Miles Minter in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Anita Stewart gets all of her mail in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. William Garwood should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Billie Burke calls for all of her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mary McLaren has moved to the Pathé Studios, in Glendale, California, and any mail addressed to this star at that address will be sure to be received by her. Yes, Lyons is pronounced just like the king of the jungle's name. "The Mysterious Mrs. Terry" has been released, as has "The Little American." Guess you have seen both pictures by this time. Mrs. Vernon Castle still wears her hair à la Castle Clip. Can't answer your True Boardman question, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. I am sure that Hobart Henley would send you one of his photographs. Write to him and find out. You must feel rather excited after having a cyclone strike the south part of town. That is enough to make any one feel a little uneasy. Yes, I see that your envelope and paper are not related to each other. Of course you can write again. Any time that you feel like it, just sit down to your desk and pen me off a few lines.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

R. M. B.—You can procure a picture of Francis Xavier Bushman by addressing him in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Harold Lockwood is now in New York City, and should be written to at the very same address. Lillian Walker will get any mail that you may send to her in care of the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. Send six cents in stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY for a copy of the Market Booklet. It will give you the names and addresses of all the motion-picture companies, and it also states what kind of scenarios they are in the market for. I am sure that it will be a great help to you. You should map out your route differently, friend Bobbie, so that you could go to regular towns where they have picture shows and PICTURE-PLAY. No town is complete without both.

P. C. E.—Sir Walter Scott's famous "Lady of the Lake" was produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company several years ago, but I don't think that you could procure a copy of it to-day, as the film is too old by now to be in condition to run in a theater.

LIEUTENANT.—I suppose it is proper enough to send your photograph to a motion-picture star when you ask her for one of her choice sittings, but it isn't done by very many. You can get a picture of June Caprice by writing to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

E. F. L.—If you don't think that so many people want to get in pictures, you should just glance over a small portion of the letters I receive each month, and I am sure that you will find about nine out of every ten asking how they can get into the lens limelight. Of course by this I mean new readers. My old correspondents have asked that question before, so they don't need to again. I have a few chosen ones who have never even mentioned a desire to go before the camera. Of course they may have that desire, but if they have they have kept quiet about it. No, it doesn't tire me to any great extent to answer questions. When it does, that is the time that I will cease being an Oracle and act like a human being once more. I still feel O. K. so far as being far from tired is concerned, so there is no immediate prospect of my ceasing to answer questions. Of course the motion pictures are doing a lot of good. Even the industry's worst enemies will have to admit to themselves, if to no one else, that the moving-picture industry has done a great deal of good. Uncle Sam is finding a moving-picture camera very handy to have around with him in the present war, to say nothing of the pictures which stir up that patriotic feeling and bring forth new recruits. Of course they are not as bad as they have been painted. I am glad that you got the chance to see for yourself and be convinced. You have a very fine bunch of actors and actresses picked out for your favorite stars. I must congratulate you on your good taste. Your advice on "would-be's" is the same as mine.

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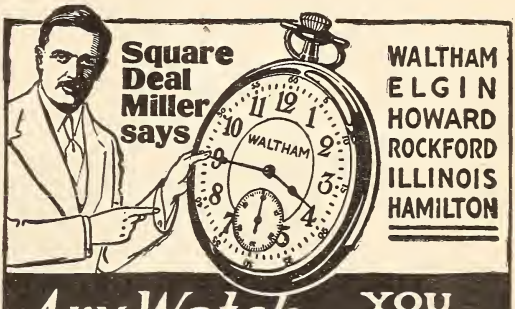

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

HOPE.—So you liked the "Haunted Pajamas" as much as all that? It didn't appeal to me as much as some of the other Harold Lockwood pictures. It was awfully far-fetched at times, and the audience in which I sat seemed to think the same way. You must have seen some of the worst slapstick releases that were ever put out to talk that way. You should see some like the Charley Chaplin "Easy Street," "The Cure," or the Sunshine-Fox comedy, "Roaring Lions and Wedding Bells." You know, you can't judge the human race by looking at one of its poorest examples. You should look up some of the real good ones for a change. Babe Sedgwick was Harold Lockwood's fat friend, and Paul Willis, who played *Billy Holland* in "The Fall of a Nation," was *Francis Billings.* Carmel Myers was the girl who played opposite Harold in this play. Yes, she is the same one that was discovered by D. W. and given some parts over at the Triangle-Fine Arts. You seem to be getting the whole family to be dyed-in-the-wool film fans, but still you should be ashamed of yourself! I can't imagine any real film fan who hasn't seen a picture of William S. Hart's! It almost seems unbelievable. If I didn't know you so well I would think that you were kidding me. Evidently father is old but still has young ideas, eh? I am afraid that Tom Forman will be off the screen for some time. He has joined the Coast Artillery, and is now a corporal. Walter Long, who played the negro *Gus* in "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," is a first lieutenant in the same regiment as Tom. You can address him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and they will forward it to him without delay. They send him about fifty letters a day now, that have been sent to the studio by admirers who do not know as yet that he is in Uncle Sam's service. Don't you dare write to me again until you have proved yourself a real movie fan. Charles Ray's latest feature for the Paramount program is "The Son of His Father."

LOCATION MAN.—I think it would be much better if you were to write Mr. Frank Powell himself. The judges of the Screen Opportunity Contest could do nothing about the matter. You can reach Mr. Powell at the Frank Powell Productions, Times Building, New York City.

EDITH.—My, my! What on earth is the matter with your temper this morning, Edith? You seem greatly peeved because your question wasn't answered right away. I guess you have read the answer by this time. I am sorry, but it can't be helped. The questions are answered in the order in which they are received, and if your letter happened to be way down the list, which it was, you had to wait until the space in PICTURE-PLAY permitted an answer. We try to get them through as soon as we can, but a little delay now and then is to be expected, especially when we have a very big batch of letters come in, which is often the case. Get your next in a little earlier, Edith, and you'll see it a whole lot sooner.

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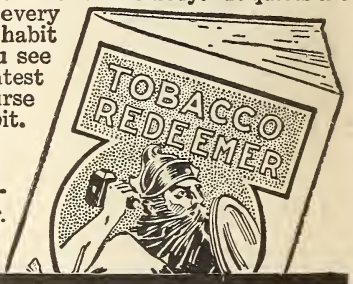

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