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PICTURE PLAY MAGAZIN

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

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Take the ordinary longhand letter Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain This is the Paragon symbol for **D.** It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon **E**

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 eliminate the initial and final strokes and will remain which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the longhand which is made of 7 strokes, you use this one horizontal stroke Therefore 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.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix abbreviations and one rule of contractions. That is all.

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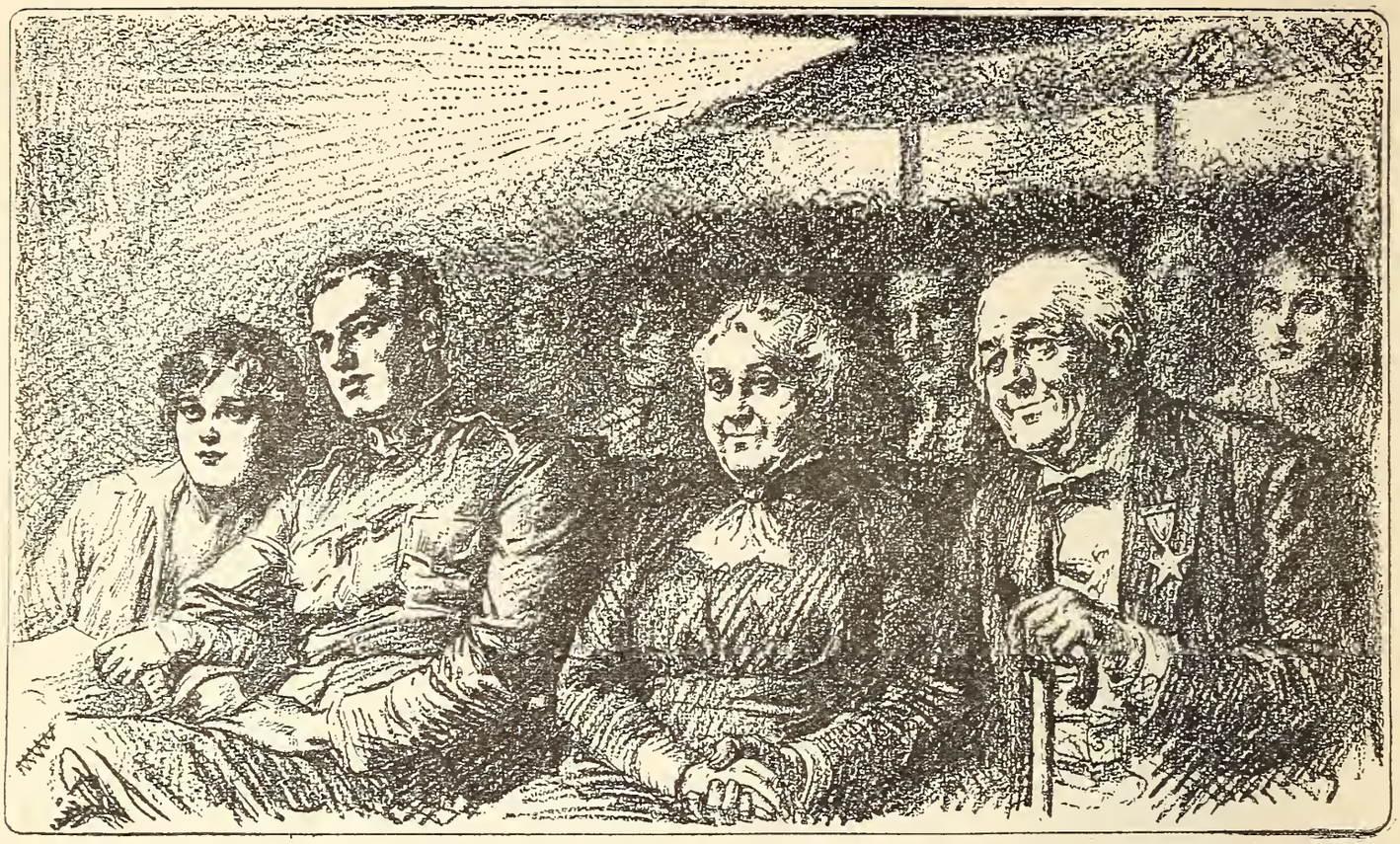

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Doctor Says Crying Need Of The Woman Of Today Is More Iron In Her Blood

TO PUT STRENGTH IN HER NERVES AND COLOR IN HER CHEEKS.

Any Woman Who Tires Easily, Is Nervous or Irritable, or Looks Pale, Haggard and Worn Should Have Her Blood Examined for Iron Deficiency.

Administration of Nuxated Iron in Clinical Tests Gives Most Astonishing Strength and Makes Women Look Years Younger.

"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author. "In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of the anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

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

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

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood."

"Iron is also 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.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder."

"Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the 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 so many American women suffer from iron deficiency with its attendant ills—physical weakness, nervous irritability, melancholy, indigestion, flabby, sagging muscles, etc., etc.—and in consequence of their weakened run-down condition they are so liable to contract serious and even fatal diseases, that I deem it my duty to advise all such to take Nuxated Iron. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine 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 in this city by all good druggists.

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ANICE TERHUNE'S vivid picture of Catherine of Russia. The next article in the new Super-woman series.

G. B. LANCASTER'S powerful tale of sex conflict, "The Cave Man."

ADELE LUEHRMANN'S next story of Naomi Jackson, "A Problem in Arithmetic."

MAY EDGINTON'S absorbing serial, "Magic Life,"—an unusually long installment.

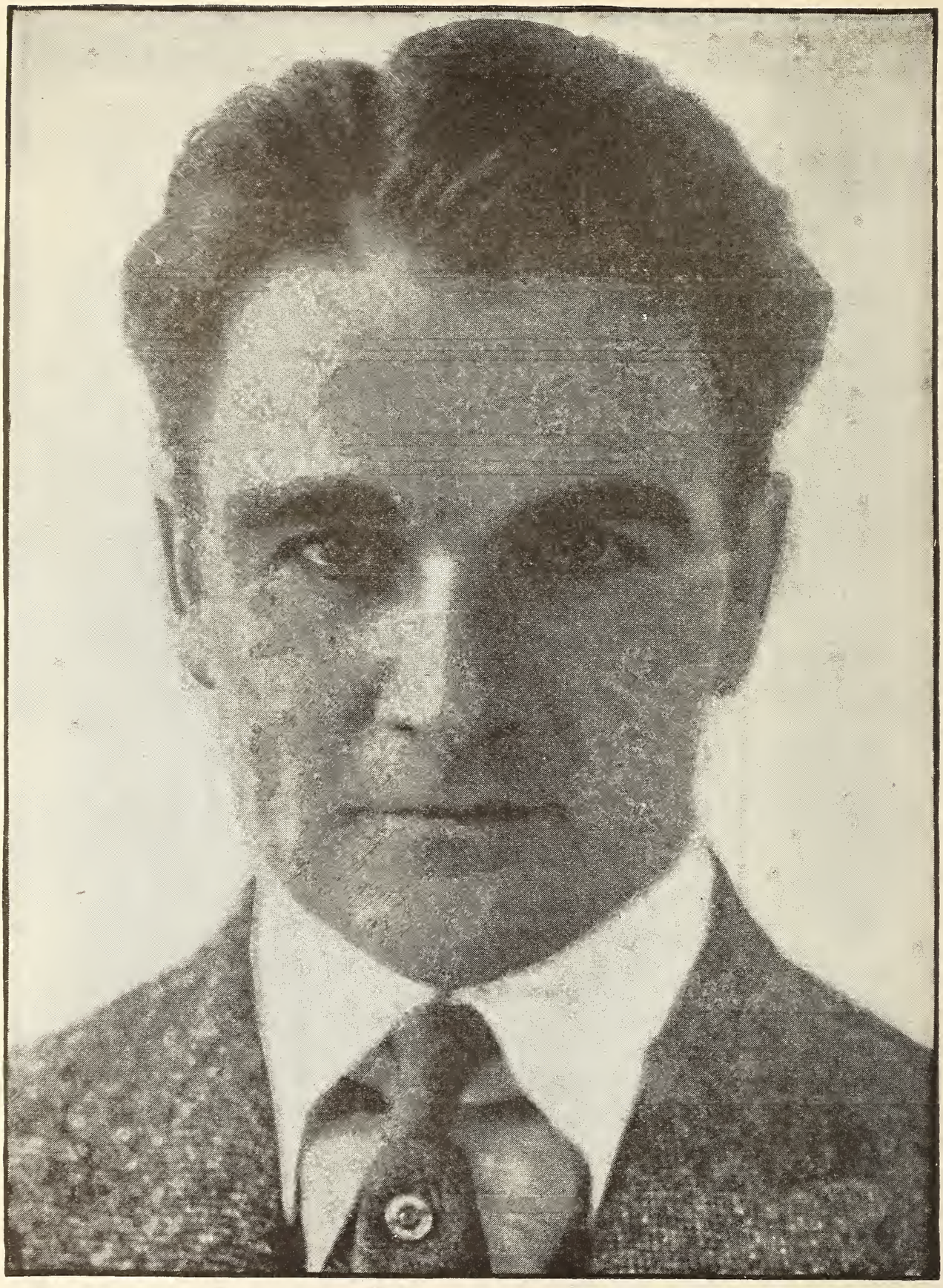
AINSLEE'S

On sale the middle of February 20 cents the copy

Favorite Picture Players

MRS. VERNON CASTLE

has had a varied and dazzling career. From a small beginning on the vaudeville stage she leaped into fame as the greatest exponent of dancing in London, Paris, and New York, when the dancing craze was at its height. After a brief appearance in musical comedy, she entered the world of film. Her best-known screen productions are "The Whirl of Life" and "Patria." Besides her accomplishments as a dancer and actress Mrs. Castle is a remarkable athlete. She is now appearing regularly in Pathé plays.



WILLIAM DESMOND

leading man for the Triangle Company, made his first appearance in pictures in "Kilmeny" with Lenore Ulrich, and soon afterward played with George Fawcett in "The Majesty of the Law." He is one of the film stars recruited from the speaking stage. "Bill" is a son of Old Erin, but was reared and educated in New York, where he gained renown as an athlete. "Quo Vadis" was his initial stage vehicle. His eventful career has carried him to the uttermost parts of the globe. He is the author of several vaudeville sketches.

ALLA NAZIMOVA

the Russian actress, has been associated with American stage and screen life for the last twelve years. She is known as the leading exponent of Ibsen's somber plays, though she has also appeared in light comedy, such as "Countess Coquette." She is noted for her sinuous grace and her wonderful gowns. Her best-known screen production is "War Brides," in which she first appeared in vaudeville. She is now with the Metro Company.

CONWAY TEARLE

received his early training in the companies of no lesser personages than Sir Charles Wyndham and Ellen Terry. His theatrical education was also guided by his father, Osmond Tearle. He has played supporting parts with Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen, and Billie Burke. He entered pictures with the Famous Players Company. He has recently appeared in two Paramount features, "The Judgment House" and "The World For Sale." His most recent work before the camera has been as leading man for Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris."

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

is the daughter of distinguished players, Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Kimball. She was born in Benton Harbor, Michigan. She was at home behind the footlights from early childhood, but counts her real career as beginning years later, when she joined a Chicago stock company. In 1913, she joined the Vitagraph Company. Within a short time she became one of the most popular screen actresses. Miss Young now has the distinction of being the head of two producing organizations.

DAVID POWELL

was born and brought up in Scotland, and began studying for the stage at twenty-one. He acted in the companies of Herbert Tree, Ellen Terry, and Forbes-Robertson. His first appearance in films in America was as leading man for Mary Pickford. In his screen career he has appeared in important rôles in productions by the World, Famous Players, Selznick, and Randolph Companies. He has recently been playing opposite Olive Tell in Empire All-Star picture plays.

MARY MacIVOR

worked as an "extra" in Los Angeles for eighteen months before her talent was recognized. Then, for three successive times, she was given important rôles, only to have them taken away again, on account of changes made in the scenario, matters of policy, or the like. At last she was cast in "The Square Deal Man," as leading lady for William S. Hart, and was allowed to play the part. Since then she has played opposite William Desmond in several productions, the last of which was "The Sudden Gentleman." She has also acted with Ruth Stonehouse in "A Phantom Husband."

BEN WILSON

always wanted to go on the stage, ever since his boyhood days in Corning, Iowa, where he was born. He made his start with the Spooner Stock Company, in Brooklyn. Then he became manager of a theater. It burned down, and he returned to acting, this time in Broadway productions. Six years ago he made his screen début with the Edison Company. He then went to Universal, where he has been both actor and director. At present he is appearing as the lead in the serial called "The Mystery Ship."

OLIVE TELL

is a New York girl who became a star within a year after her first appearance on the screen. Previous to that she had been on the speaking stage for two years. She was discovered by Daniel Frohman while still in a dramatic school, and her first appearance was with Lou-Tellegen. She was first seen on the screen with Donald Brian in "The Smuggler." Miss Tell has recently been starred in three Empire All-Star productions, the last of which was "Her Sister."

FANNIE WARD

has been a luminary of the stage and screen for eighteen years. After a season in London with Charles Hawtrey, in two of his plays, she came to New York and enjoyed success in many Broadway productions. Miss Ward scored immediate triumph on the screen in her first picture, "The Cheat." She appeared exclusively in Lasky productions until her recent affiliation with Pathé. Her husband, Jack Dean, is also a favorite in filmdom.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

left Trinity College, at the end of his junior year, intending to earn some pocket money. A few weeks later Herbert Brenon discovered him as an extra man in his company, carrying a spear in a mob scene. He dissuaded Dick from returning to school. Barthelmess' first important rôle was in "War Brides." Since then he has appeared, aside from Brenon productions, in Pathé, Metro, Famous Players, Goldwyn, and Triangle pictures. He was born in New York City twenty-two years ago. He is a son of Caroline Harris, famous stage and screen actress.

ANNA LUTHER

first appeared in pictures six years ago, with the Lubin Company. Since then she has proven herself a most capable actress in varied rôles. She is both beautiful and athletic, and is also an accomplished singer. After leaving the Lubin Company, she appeared in Selig pictures, in Keystone comedy dramas, and in Fox productions. Her latest film is a seven-reel picture in a Roumanian setting, produced by the Authors' Photoplay Corporation.

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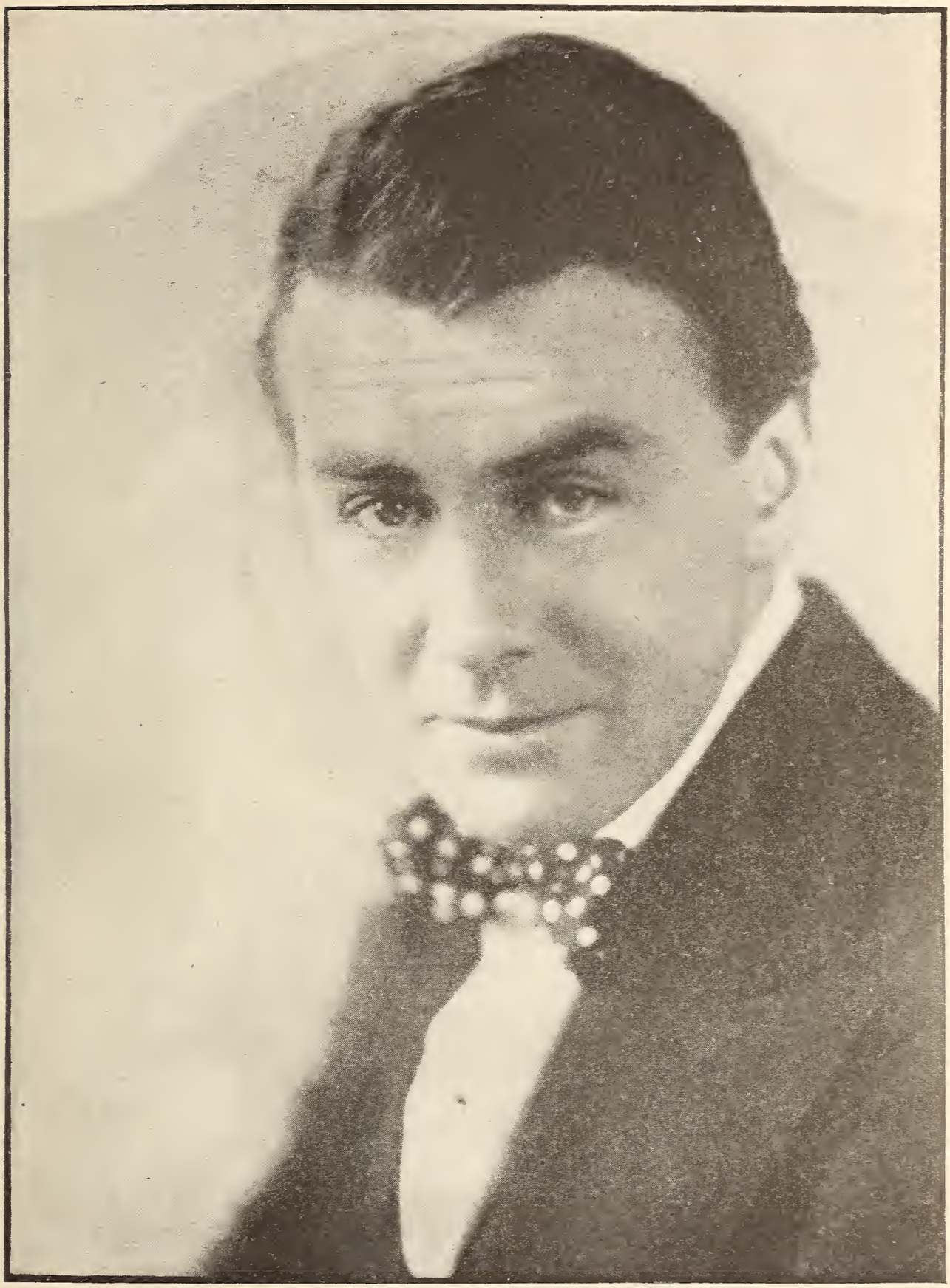
WILFRED LUCAS

was born in Canada, and was educated at McGill University. For several seasons he sang in grand and light opera in America and abroad. He then played for two seasons in "Quo Vadis," and after that played in stock and repertoire companies. In his career before the screen he has acted in Universal, Keystone, and Fine Arts productions. He is an accomplished actor, and will be remembered by film fans in the many rôles he has played, one of the best of which was "The Rummy."

CORINNE GRIFFITH

left the social seclusion of a Southern town three years ago, and with her mother moved to Los Angeles. Rolin S. Sturgeon, the Vitagraph director, introduced her to the screen, after meeting her at a ball and being impressed with her possibilities as an actress. Miss Griffith has been playing leading rôles ever since. She is now a star with the Vitagraph Company, and has appeared many times opposite Earl Williams.



TOM MOORE

was thirteen when his parents brought him to America from Kells, County Meath, Ireland, where he was born. Through his brother, Owen, he got his first job on the stage with the Bush Temple Stock Company, in Chicago, when he was twenty-one. Engagements in several other stock companies followed, and finally he landed in pictures with the Kalem Company, where he met Alice Joyce, whom he afterward married. In the early part of his career he played in more than one hundred films. He has recently appeared in several Paramount plays, the most recent of which was "Little Miss Optimist."

A Triumvirate of Time Killers

SOME odd combinations you see together in the studios before the gong rings and the cameras begin to grind. A Grand Duke may be borrowing the "makin's" from a beggar—a servant girl may be arm-in-arm with an Egyptian princess! Here is one of these unconventional groups, snapped unexpectedly by a camera man. Julian Eltinge seems to have gotten no further along with his make-up than his wig. Florence Vidor, his leading lady, seems to be really interested in what William DeMille, scenario writer, is saying. DeMille, by the way, looks as though he really might be working.

D. W. Griffith—at the right—with an army officer guide, at work, somewhere at the front, gathering material for his next photo drama.

Griffith—and the Great War

America's foremost producer is preparing a film spectacle, based on the world contest, which is expected to eclipse his past masterpieces.

By Paul H. Dowling

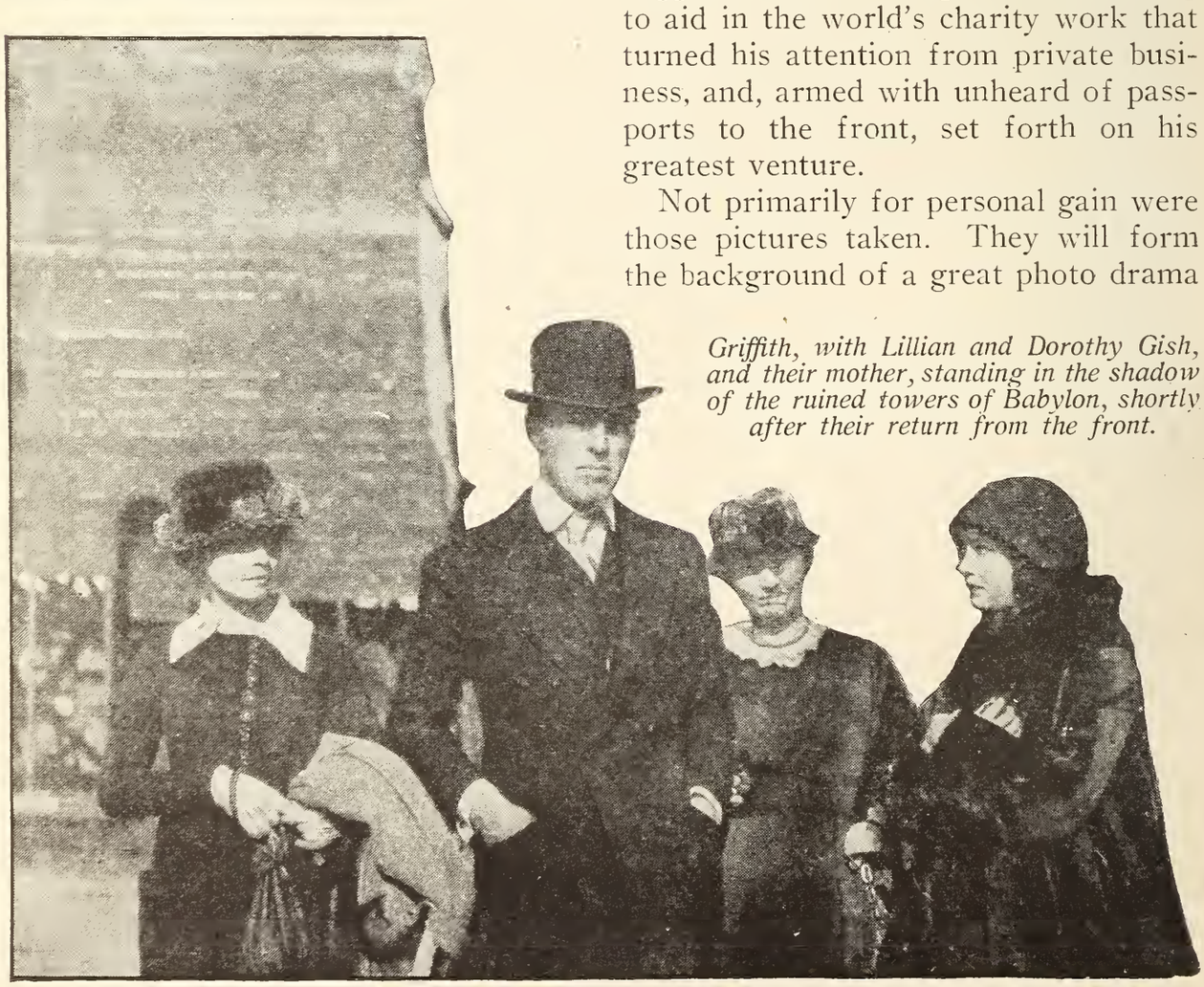
THE massive walls of the lath-and-plaster Babylon were crumbling away slowly or being razed to the ground by scores of workmen. A fighting tower, swayed by the combined strength of half a hundred arms, bearing away at tackles and pulleys, toppled and crumpled into bits on the brown field of stubble, raising into the clear air a cloud of dust and plaster and fine-chopped splinters. Babylon had fallen for the last time.

In the shadow of a city wall, where men had fallen in the battles of "Intolerance," a small band of players were enacting a scene from a great drama. There were only a few in the group, and they—already hidden away as if in

a corner of the ruins of some old Pompeii, were further protected from the gaze of the curious by canvas reflectors. There I found David W. Griffith, shortly after his return from Europe's battlefields, directing a scene in the shadow of Babylon's wall. With him were Lillian and Dorothy Gish, apparently none the worse in youthful sweetness, health, and charm for their experiences in bomb-frightened London and amid the shattered ruins of Belgium and France, and with them Bobby Harron, camera-genius Bitzer, George Siegemann, and others. It was just a small particle of a scene; but the production of which it was a part is expected to be greater than the story of Babylon, greater than "The Birth of a Nation," for it was a bit of Griffith's forthcoming production based on the most stupendous drama of all history—the present war.

After eight months spent at the front, after hours and days in the very front-line trenches, Mr. Griffith returned to Los Angeles a few weeks ago to complete his undertaking. He was a more rugged Griffith than the man who went over to London nearly two years ago to stage "Intolerance" there. He was more serious. Having done what he modestly calls his "bit," Mr. Griffith came home, bringing with him the precious prize of eighty thousand feet of film, the only motion pictures taken at the fronts with the exception of the official war pictures taken by the allied governments and preserved for a permanent record of the events of the struggle. Mr. Griffith went to England to stage his "Intolerance" with no thought of the work he finally undertook. It was at the request of titled personages who saw "Intolerance" and suggested that he might do something to aid in the world's charity work that turned his attention from private business, and, armed with unheard of passports to the front, set forth on his greatest venture.

Not primarily for personal gain were those pictures taken. They will form the background of a great photo drama



Griffith, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and their mother, standing in the shadow of the ruined towers of Babylon, shortly after their return from the front.

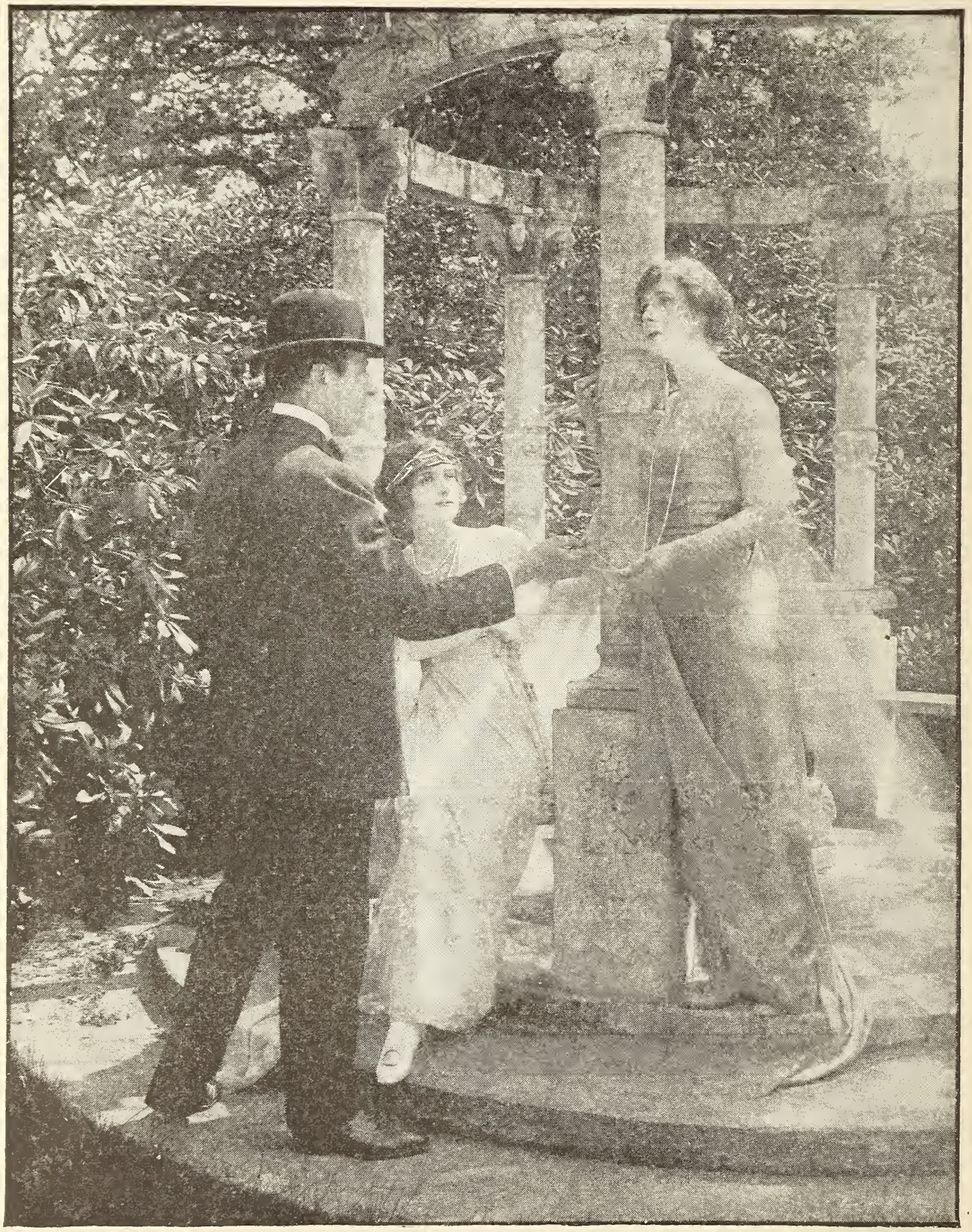
—or perhaps several photo dramas, a part of the proceeds of which are to be donated to the allied relief funds.

"The man who sees the war at first hand," declared Mr. Griffith, "forgets that he ever had any petty ambitions of his own. He feels that this is the one great thing which is going on in the whole world. Beside that, nothing much matters now."

It is, in fact, with great difficulty that one can get the noted film director to speak of his own work, in which he is now so engrossed. It developed, withal, that he was the first American to get into the first-line trenches in France.

"I was within fifty yards of the boches on the Ypres front at one time," he said. "How did I feel? Well, I was so frightened I didn't realize what was happening. Yes, I was actually under fire, and men were killed within a few feet of me. At one time we were inside a dugout with a big gun, and even as we were leaving the long range guns were trained on the spot, and the gun was shot to pieces in a few minutes. One of our own cameras, in fact, was standing in a position exposed to fire when a shell exploded, and—but that is a story which will be told later. I wore the war helmet and the gas mask, for we were within reach of the poison-gas grenades of the enemy. We witnessed and barely missed personal contact with the horrors of liquid fire; we passed hours among bursting shells, and had on eight occasions experienced the dangers of German aërial raids in London. Four of these times we were caught in the street in great peril of the rain of fire. Only a few weeks ago I was on the firing line in Flanders, where the bloodiest of the recent furious fighting took place, and it will give

Griffith and a guide, near the ruins of a French cathedral. "The man who sees the war at first hand," said Griffith, "forgets his own petty ambitions."



England's women of title volunteered to act in Griffith's forthcoming spectacle. Two of these notables, shown here with the producer, are Mrs. Burrough and Lady Diana Manners.

you some idea of the intensity of the contest to know that in the short space of time since I left it is estimated that in the small sector where my headquarters were established there have been between sixty and a hundred thousand casualties.

"It is very difficult getting into the front-line trenches, not so much from physical as from official obstacles. But

letters from the great ones in England to the great ones in France made our path comparatively smooth."

Mr. Griffith had the honor of being summoned to appear before the King and Queen of England, but he was in the midst of operations in France at the time, and could not leave. On his return to England, however, he was presented to the queen. Mr. Griffith's position in England was unusual. He was given the assistance of the British government in making his pictures, and he and his camera man were permitted in territory denied to all correspondents. In London, he had the coöperation of the most distinguished women of King George's court, many of whom have played an active part in his big charity production. Such notables as Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duchess of Rutland; Miss Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the late prime minister, and the Princess of Monaco are all seen frequently in the film, their work gladly offered because the ultimate purpose of the film was for war-relief funds.

Mr. Griffith's own perspective, after seeing so much of the actualities of war, includes both the awful elements and the hopeful significances which are to arise. But let him give his impressions of the throbbing march of events in his own words:

"Vimy Ridge in the spring, Ypres on that memorable September 19th, Arras —I saw those. What I saw in detail, I cannot tell, for my pledged word forbids. Without that restriction, I would not want to tell.

"My 'close-up' of the war front is a blur of conflict, horrors, heroism, terror, sublimity—and promise. When you see the physically half dead, the mentally obscured thousands of men from the cities and slums who are shortly transformed into real men with real minds by the process of discipline and the implanting of the consuming lesson of devotion, courage, and true patriotism, you see that the war is not all unblessed. This war will, in many ways, liberate the world from itself—its worst self.

"Speaking of the salvage of war, we may consider the fact that the death rate is now five per cent. What then of the ninety-five per cent of the men who return home? These are the men who have been through the fusing process of the melting pot of trench life. We may expect these men to return to their homes and their governments demanding a more sensible world, and being big and strong enough to make their demands respected."

In the film production which he has made in the past, Mr. Griffith has proven to be a master of dramatic technique, which includes the handling of that difficult attribute—suspense. It is extremely fitting, therefore, that he should realize the dramatic values of this, the greatest drama which has yet happened. "It is a drama at the front," he said, "for suspense is the keynote of all dramas, and the suspense at the front makes it the drama of dramas. It gives you a dry, nervous choking; you are taut, strung tight with intricate emotions, your whole being involved at every move."

The producer described with picturesque vividness an experience on one of the fronts where he had journeyed to take pictures: "There was a shell-broken forest where we were to meet some men at the edge of the woods. We went by the sixteen-inch guns; then the nine-inch, the six-inch, and the eighteen-pounders, the latter, of course, the nearest to the first line. Over our heads was a British plane, and the batteries were going like the furies of hell. As the day passed, we saw countless thousands of men spread over the fields as thick as the grass would have been had there been any grass. Suddenly where the men were there were no

Every detail of Belgian village life was carefully studied. Griffith is shown here at the left, with members of his party.

men; they had disappeared in the trenches and communications.

"We advanced to a position where there had been a crossroads and farm, but now all was obliterated in a mass of shell holes, bricks, and dust. As the shells fell, and we made slow time, there came an awful feeling of fear and a desire to go back. But no one went back, for that would have required even greater courage. On the other side of the wood, a party, including our friends, advanced. When the shells came faster, we broke for an old pill box. It was hit, and some of our party were hurt, but the shelter held.

"Then a shell broke back of the other group. A rain of shrapnel came down, and the little group divided for greater safety. We had a desire to shout at our friends to go back, but a shout could not be heard amid the awful scream of the shells. The men in the little party continued to advance. Half a dozen big shells broke, and suddenly men and battery were all obliterated. The rest was like a nightmare, with the awful sickening feeling of death near at hand. We mourned our two men.

"When we had returned later to the rear, the discovery was made that our two men had been warned against going out with the party. An old war-worn captain exclaimed: 'I told you this morning that your people should not have gone into that wood. The boches do not like any one to walk in that wood.'"

After Mr. Griffith had talked of the war, his party moved to a little house across the street from the "Intolerance" settings, where the producer, together with several Frenchmen, Austrians, and Germans, who of necessity are engaged in completing the war productions, pored over hundreds of war photo-

All the methods of modern warfare were recorded for the coming production. Griffith, at the left, is watching the operation of a camouflaged field piece.

graphs taken by a Los Angeles correspondent who had spent much time in Germany, Poland, and Russia during the early periods of the war. This study of the enemy is of extreme importance, in view of the matter of costuming of accurate details of rank, and a thousand and one other things which must be taken into consideration in the completion of a tremendous spectacle of gripping realism such as the material of this conflict must furnish.

Then the party again took up its work of making pictures, this time at a pretty little garden exterior, constructed on one of the gently sloping hills a few hundred yards back of the Babylonian elephants and tottering walls. A crew of carpenters and scenic artists were removing from the vast wreckage of the time-worn settings bits of plastered boards and canvas and fastening them up to complete the exterior of what might pass for a charming little country house in Belgium. Here Dorothy and Lillian Gish shortly appeared, to sit down on the sunburned slope of the hill and wait for their scenes, which were to match up with pictures made in a ruined city of Flanders.

Dorothy sighed a sigh of complete peace and relaxation as she sat with her sister and the mother of the celebrated actresses, Mrs. M. R. Gish. "Oh, isn't it good to be back here again!" the little lady exclaimed, with a genuineness of expression which revealed her true feelings at being able to sit down, safe and sound, on a sunny hillside in California and never have to go back again to the terrifying air raids in London and the pitiful sights in the towns of Belgium and France. "I want to settle down on a farm in southern California," was Dorothy's heartfelt wish.

Lillian spoke up and told of Dorothy's fright during the air raids in London. "We were on the third floor of a family hotel," said Lillian, and every time there was an unusual commotion outside or in the hotel, the people in adjoining apartments declared they could hear Dorothy's knees shaking above the din and clatter of the bombing.

"No book that I have read," declared Lillian, "has portrayed the full horror of war. It would take a superhuman writer to picture it.

"The English did nothing but three-cheer the American boys who first arrived, from start to finish. Naturally, as we were among the few Americans in London at this time, we were wildly excited, but those English folks showed ever bit as much enthusiasm as we did. We were in London on the day of a parade by the first contingent of American soldiers, and the feeling displayed by the English people disproved all that has ever been told of the staid and unsentimental English."

"It was that way in Paris, too," Mr. Griffith added. "While a year ago Paris was a gloomy place, filled with mourners, yet at the time of our later visit, the arrival of the American soldiers had had the effect of making every one cheerful again."

"London displays considerably more of a war spirit than does Paris," Lillian continued. "In both cities, however, it is considered rather poor taste to wear fine clothes, or to display luxury. We did not see a really well-

Griffith did not wear the helmet for looks or comfort. His two years' work in Europe took him many times into places of danger.

gowned woman throughout all our travels about Europe. In Paris, every third woman wears mourning, while in London nearly every man is in uniform. They are using men that you would think had passed the age for military service. These middle-aged men, of course, are not sent to the trenches. The only amusement in London is the theater. There are no dances or society dinners."

Dorothy Gish described the return of their party on a camouflaged ship; one, she says, "daubed with every color of paint you could think of. Several times on the return trip over the Atlantic we were ordered to dress and adjust life belts, but nothing happened in the way of a U-boat attack. Of course the very thought of submarines was terrible, but after going through the air raids in London nothing was as bad, even being within range of the guns, as it was in Belgium."

Lillian Gish, with a far-away and wistful look in her eyes, expressed her sympathy for the soldiers of America and the Allies who are now going into those shell-torn areas which she saw on the French and Belgian front. "I never thought or dreamed of the actuality of warfare, and I hold the hope so often expressed by the English people, that America's entrance into the war spells an early victory."

While the scenes were in preparation, Mr. Griffith moved about among the ruins of "Intolerance," not unlike the devastated cities of Belgium and France, and again reflected over his experiences of the past ten months. "My most dangerous moment," he said, "was at a time when I was under the guidance of a young British officer who was extremely proud of the lacquer on his boots. He wanted to avoid the mud in the trenches, so we walked outside, and ultimately had occasion to examine a map of the district we were in. This evidently attracted the attention of the Germans, who supposed we were deciding upon a site for a gun, for they at once began 'strafing' us. A 'dud'—that is, a shell which doesn't explode—dropped within five feet of us, and then the rattle of artillery came with deafening proximity until we found our way back to the trenches and rolled in, boots and all, glad to seek safety in the mud."

Though Mr. Griffith did not disclose the exact nature of the films which are now being completed, it is evident that they will furnish a valuable record; for they will contain views of every kind of mechanical device used in the present war. The spectator will know everything there is to know about the fighting devices of this war; aëroplanes, tanks, blimps, and trenches. Every position of danger, every vantage of attack, will be presented in the first production, which is to be for charity. A part of the proceeds, by the way, will go to blind soldiers and to sailors injured in the trawlers, who, Mr. Griffith declares, have one of the nastiest, meanest jobs of the whole war, taking their lives in their hands every time they venture half a mile from shore, and seldom receiving relief money for their wounded.

While the work of completing the film spectacles goes on at the romantic old spot where Babylon fell, the film producer walks among the ruins which recall those of the actual fighting front. And he is glad to have returned. But there is ever present a spirit of abstraction—a thought of what is going on over there, and a dream of what is going to come out of it all.

"There can be but one result," he asserted, with intense earnestness. "It may be a long war. It promises to be a long war. But the Germans are defeated now, and will ultimately be conquered. It will be the beginning of the birth of a new world."

Henry B. Walthall—Once of Alabama

His father wanted him to become a farmer, and his mother hoped he would follow the law. But he became an actor because that was the one career that interested him.

By Warren Reed

RUN through the biographies of any group of actors of to-day, and you will find that a large proportion of them began life intending to follow some totally different career. Many of them even started on another line of endeavor, and were brought behind the footlights by some accident of fate. Warren Kerrigan, for example, studied, in his early youth, for the ministry. Ralph Ince was a cartoonist before he was an actor. Alan Hale was an osteopath before he was known to the screen. These examples could be multiplied indefinitely. It is seldom that you find an actor who really hoped and dreamed and planned to follow a stage career from boyhood. Once in a while you do. Such a one is Henry B. Walthall.

Walthal was born on a Southern plantation. His father had the patriarchal idea of inheritance, and wanted him to become a farmer; his mother, on the other hand, was ambitious that her son should become a great lawyer, and encouraged him in the study of Blackstone.

During the long Southern

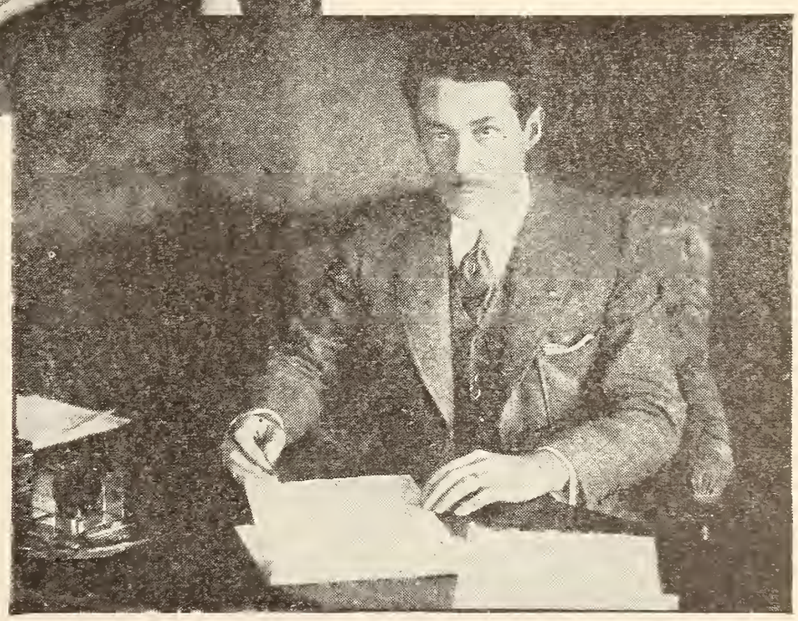
twilights, after a day's work in the field, Henry Walthall would sit with his mother while she read Shakespeare to him. This was his first inspiration to become an actor. He became a student of Shakespeare, and when alone in the cotton fields he was mentally transformed into a Shakespearean hero, reading his lines to an imagined audience in a great theater. He listened to his father's advice about farming, and studied law to please his mother, but through it all he was heeding a voice that was calling him toward another career.

That he did not answer the summons sooner was due to but one thing—he had promised his mother that he would never go on the stage so long as she lived. He kept his word.

At last, however, the time came when he was released from that promise, and he went to New York City.

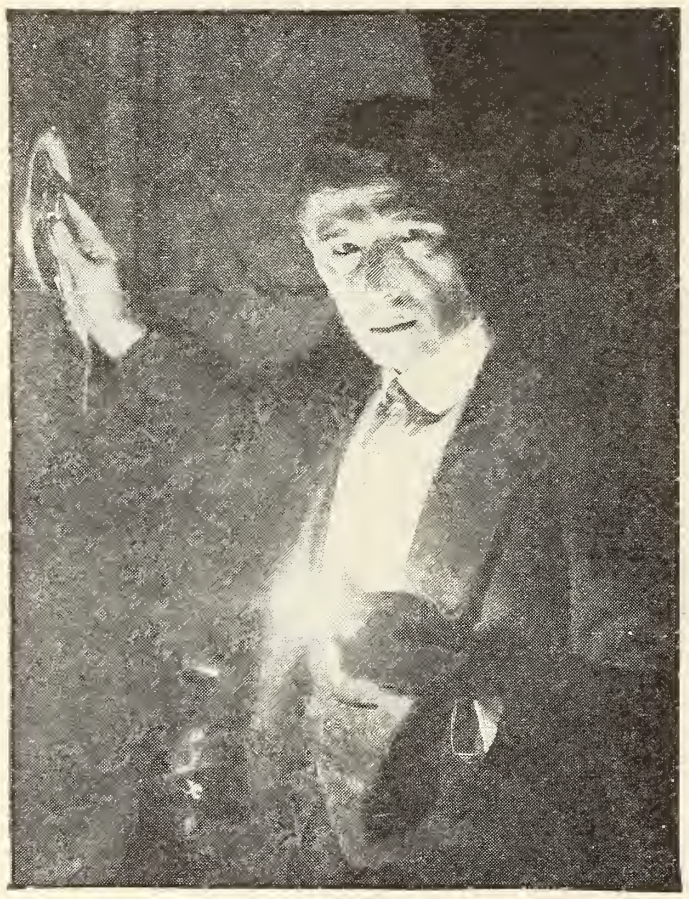
Thrown into that crucible, he fought his way until, when his funds were about exhausted and his spirit nearly broken, he at last secured an engagement with a small road company which played one-night stands in small towns. That was his beginning as an artist in the amusement world—a beginning which was followed by successes and failures, victories and heartaches, until at last he became recognized, and was engaged to appear in the support of Henry Hiller in the "Great Divide." It was while playing in this company that Walthall met James Kirkwood, the well-known screen director. Kirkwood had been playing in pictures in the old Biograph Company, which had its studios in Fourteenth Street,

Henry B. Walthall and William Aaronson, his personal manager, estimating how long it would take to act a portion of a script.



Walthall is now head of his own producing organization.

New York City, and when the season was over, he took Walthall down with him to visit the studio. Here he was introduced for the first time to David W. Griffith, who asked Walthall to do a small part in a picture he was making. When the picture was finished, Griffith was so well pleased with Walthall's work that he offered him a place in his stock company. But Walthall was of the opinion held by many actors of that time, and declined the offer because he thought that appearing in pictures was beneath the dignity of an actor in the articulate drama. The following season he rejoined Henry Miller's company, and left for Europe. "The Great Divide," being strictly an American play, was not received with the same enthusiasm as it had enjoyed in this country, and after a brief engagement the company closed.



He has been called the "Mansfield of the screen."

Upon his return to this country, through the persuasion of James Kirkwood, Walthall again visited the Biograph Studio and accepted an offer to become a permanent member in David W. Griffith's company. The phenomenal success of Henry B. Walthall from that time is well known to every picture fan throughout the entire world.

Being a man of high intelligence, and endowed with a keen sense of dramatic values, success followed success, until at last he was looked upon as the foremost dramatic delineator of the screen. When the "Birth of a Nation" was in the making, he was selected by Mr. Griffith to play the exacting rôle of the Confederate colonel, a part which stood out in that great spectacle with such prominence that Mr. Walthall was referred to by many of the foremost critics as "the Mansfield of the screen."

Some time ago Walthall decided to become an independent producing manager at the head of his own organization. That plan has become a reality, and in the future his will be the final word of authority in choosing the stories in which he is to appear, in selecting his cast of players, and in the thousand and one matters which constitute the making of a photo play.

His first step in organizing the new company was to procure the services of Miss Mary Charleson, who had played opposite him in many of his greatest successes.

His first production, which has just been completed, is a visualization of "His Robe of Honor," the story of a shyster lawyer who becomes an upright judge through the influence of a woman. He is now working on his second play, which is to be entitled "Humdrum Brown."

And if, instead of following the call which haunted him from boyhood, he had followed either of his parents' advice, he might to-day be an obscure barrister or an unknown farmer on a Southern plantation.

Ancient History—Six Years Old

A tale of two trusts—and some wild adventures of the cut-throat days when motion-picture producing was new.

By Charles Carter

THE thrills and dangers of the pioneer days of our country have been past and gone for decades. But the early struggles and adventures of the pioneer motion-picture producers—some of them almost as thrilling as the tales of the frontier—happened such a short time ago that they are just now beginning to find their places in history—ancient history, six years old!

Charles Giblyn is one of the pioneers who took part in these early struggles. He doesn't look like a pioneer. There was nothing about him that suggested the type of the "Ancient Mariner" as he related some of this ancient history to me a few weeks ago, though it sounded like a tale which should have been told by a venerable graybeard.

Think of it! Giblyn was making pictures at a time when two alternatives confronted an actor unable to obtain a stage engagement—to be a picture player or a burglar. The two had about equal standing in society, according to Giblyn. Notwithstanding this fact, and although he had met with success on the stage which would have been sufficiently gratifying to most players to prevent them from wandering into pastures new, he felt the lure of the open.

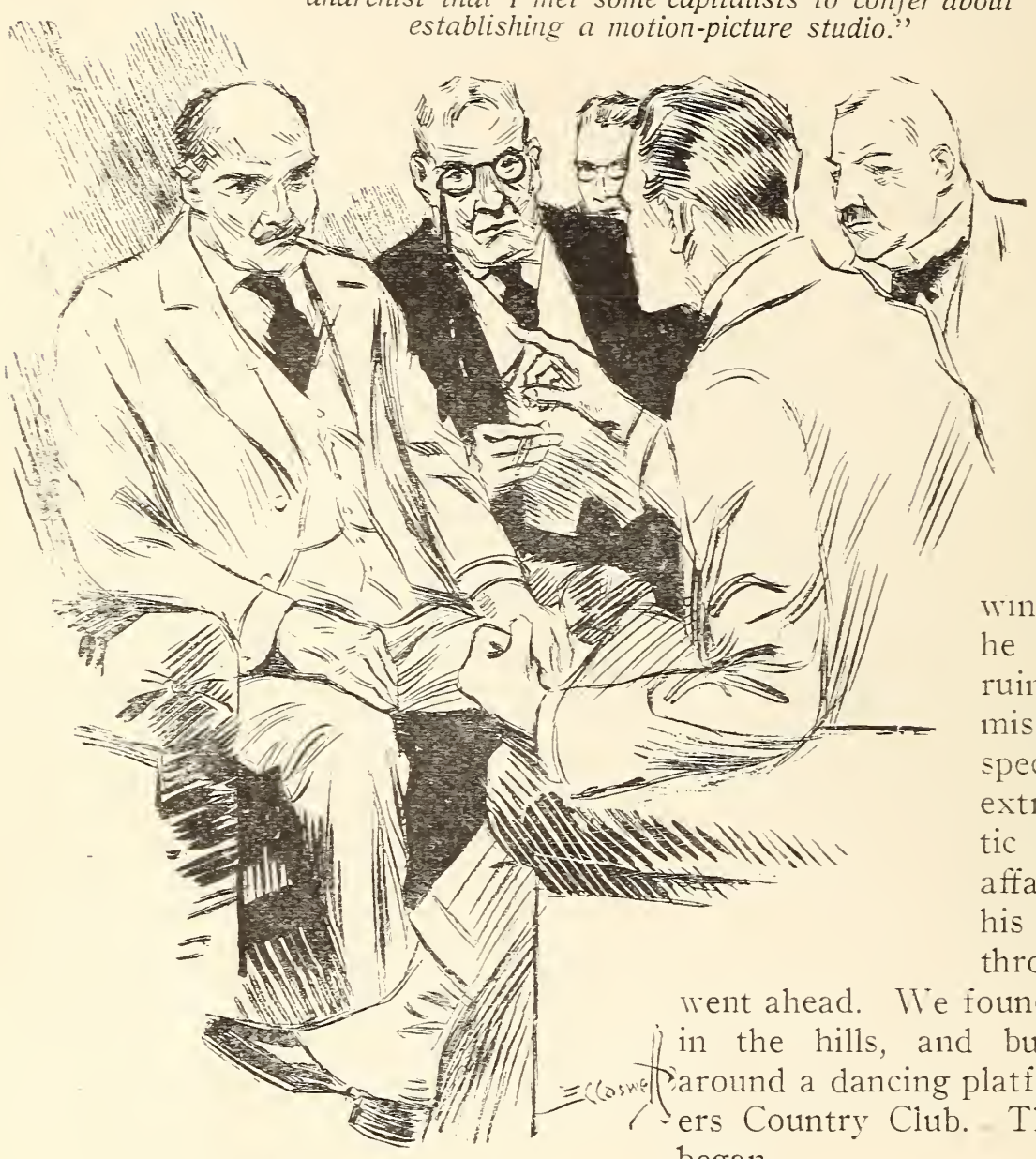
"Perhaps it was the feeling that we were more or less outcasts in our own profession," said Giblyn, "which caused the various organizations to conduct their business the way they did. The stories of the early days in the film industry read like pages from the exploits of Captain Kidd. The producer of pictures was compelled to organize his retainers like an ancient feudal lord, and to guard his operations with all the elaborate defences of a city in a state of siege. True, I never heard of any one being killed, or even of any shots fired with deadly intent. But the spectacle of armed guards patroling the property was a familiar one, and of course there were innumerable instances of physical combat which were sanguinary enough, if not fatal.

"It was with much the sensation which I imagine is experienced by a gang of anarchists plotting to blow up a few czars that I met several capitalists about ten years ago in Los Angeles, and discussed with them a proposition to establish a motion-picture studio. At that period there were good reasons for this secrecy beside the idea that we were disgracing ourselves. In those days, when the field was small, the established concerns took the attitude that any new one was like a little dog trying to steal a piece of the bacon which was hardly enough to go around. So they were always waiting to smite the newcomer in his most vital spot.

"It is not without significance that the producing plants about Los Angeles in those days were called 'camps.' They were armed camps, too.

"Selig and Pathé, both children of the trust, were among the first companies on the ground. Another was the Bison, an independent concern, owned by Kessell and Baumann. This was the parent of the present Kay-Bee, the name adopted after the Universal ab-

"It was with a sensation akin to that of a plotting anarchist that I met some capitalists to confer about establishing a motion-picture studio."



sorbed the Bison and its trade-mark. We had to be independents, too, for the simple reason that we couldn't get into any trust.

"The one fact to which I want to 'point with pride' is that our modest concern, which we called the Fox—for the obvious reason that if we hadn't been foxy we couldn't have existed—was the first to introduce a really big stage star to the picture public. McKee Rankin drifted into Los Angeles, and at our request promised to convince Nat Goodwin that pictures were legitimate. I don't know how he did it, but he did. It must have been a wonderful argument on both sides, a classic debate equal to the Lincoln-Douglas duel. We paid Mr. Goodwin five thousand dollars to play in 'Nathan Hale.' It was a fabulous sum in those days. To-day an expenditure of that sort in moving pictures is paid out of the petty cash.

"When Mr. Goodwin saw the scenario he said we had ruined the play. He missed all the big speeches, and was extremely pessimistic about the whole affair. But we had his promise to see it through, and we went ahead. We found a secluded spot in the hills, and built our scenery around a dancing platform of the Players Country Club. Then our troubles began.

"The trust, so called—I'll omit the name of the company, because what happened in those days was largely the result of general conditions—took the position that everything pertaining to the making of pictures belonged to it by divine right, and that it was therefore justified in taking whatever steps seemed necessary to keep interlopers out of the field. The trust detectives were everywhere.

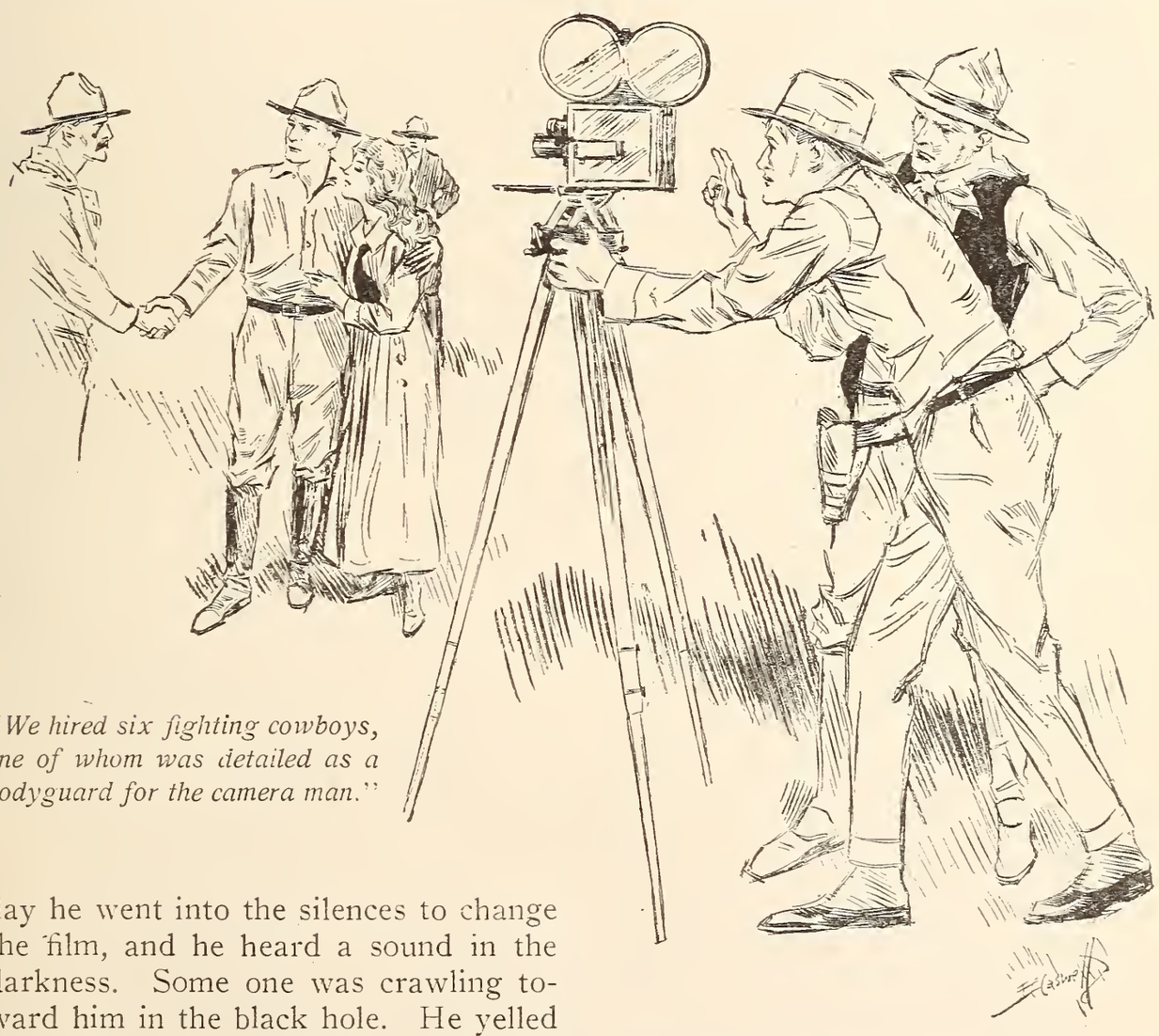
"Our first intimation that we were under the ban was the news that a man named Kelly had arrived in Los Angeles, and boasted that he would have all the non-trust men in jail or out of business within three months. We hired six cowboys—not the kind you see in pictures to-day, but real ones,

just off the range—and had them sworn in as deputy sheriffs. These men knew but one fear, and this was that there would be no fighting. We stationed them as outposts, keeping one as a bodyguard for the camera man and his machine.

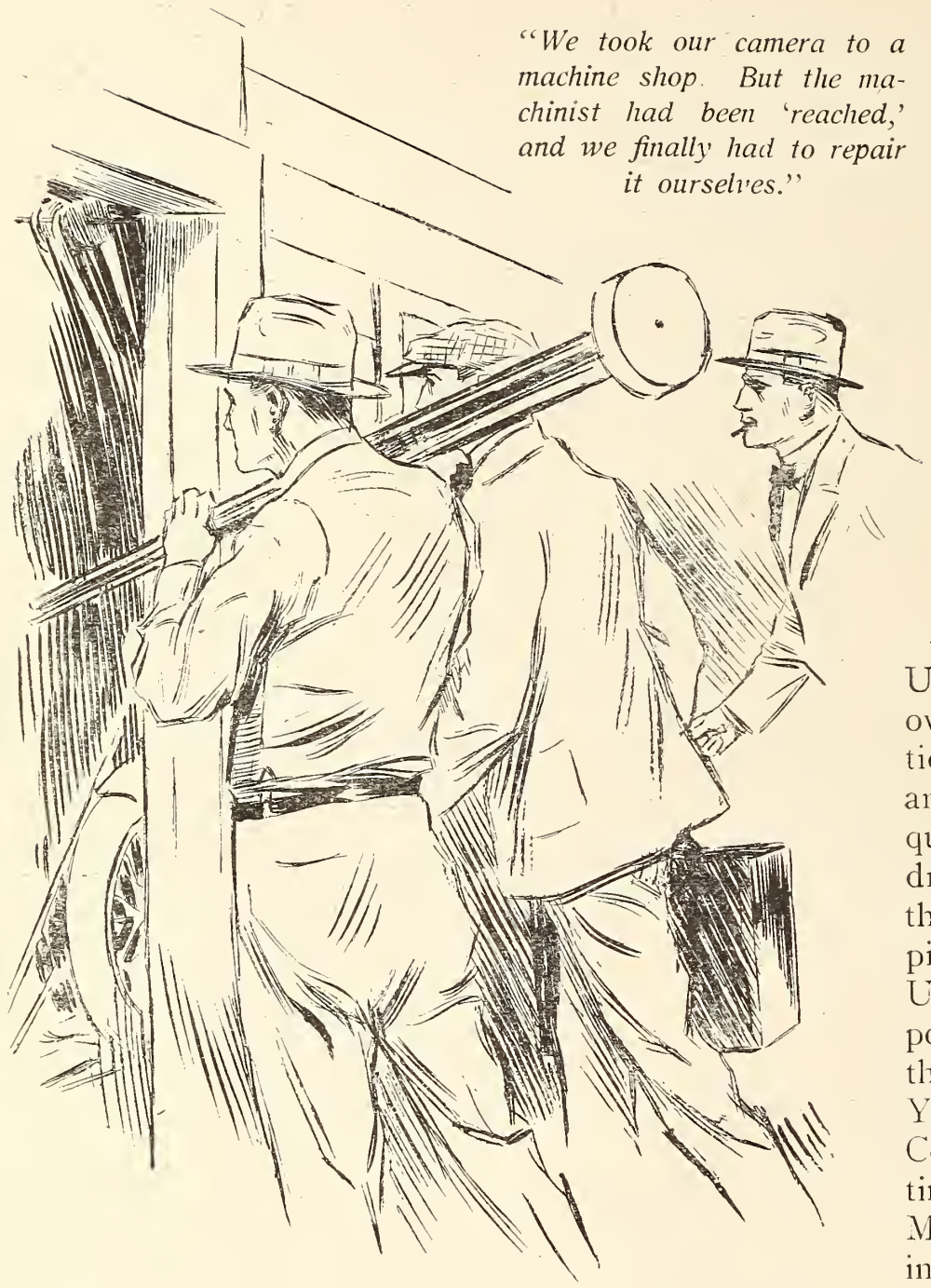
"One incident gives an idea of the excitement under which we worked. We had no dark room, and the camera man had to change his rolls in a changing bag in an improvised dark room. He used to go under the clubhouse of the Players Club for this purpose. One day he went into the silences to change the film, and he heard a sound in the darkness. Some one was crawling toward him in the black hole. He yelled for help. His cowboy bodyguard jerked the door open, and stood with gun in hand, ready to shoot. Then they discovered that a venerable dog had taken refuge under the house to get out of the sun, and had come within an ace of losing his life as a suspect of being an emissary of the trust with sinister designs.

"Our precautions were so complete that Kelly was kept away from our lot, and eventually we finished the picture. In course of time the courts held that the trust was assuming a great deal in claiming ownership of various patents. Later the Sherman law hit them another wallop, and the days of the trust ended.

"Another typical incident was an occasion when something went wrong with the camera. We took it to a machine shop, and the man, who at first seemed to understand all about it, after taking it apart and putting us off from time to time, gave it up as a bad job. We found the hand of the trust here again; the man had been 'reached.' We managed to make the repairs ourselves,



"We hired six fighting cowboys, one of whom was detailed as a bodyguard for the camera man."



"We took our camera to a machine shop. But the machinist had been 'reached,' and we finally had to repair it ourselves."

and started to work again. Then we had trouble with our laboratory. We established a small dark room and put a man in charge who seemed intelligent and willing. Things began to go wrong with our film. It was never good after it was developed. We investigated our man, and found he was a trust henchman. We would engage actors for certain parts, and after they had played half of their scenes they would decide to abandon pictures. They would leave us flat, and we would have to get some one else to do their scenes over again. Later we would find the renegades working for the trust.

"There were two trusts at the time of which I speak—the original one and the independents, who called themselves the Sales Company. Both used about the same kind of tactics. At length the war between the two simmered down, and the independents, wearying of the peaceful existence, started a row among themselves. The Universal had taken over the New York Motion Picture Company, and the latter subsequently decided to withdraw. This precipitated the big, historical, pitched battle when the Universal tried to take possession by force of the property of the New York Motion Picture Company. That was the time when the late Fred Mace, carefully concealing his propensities for comedy, sat in front of the New York Motion Picture Company's office with a rifle across his knees, and dared any one to enter. Finally the Universal, which was the general family name of the affiliation, did gain access to the safe, and found it empty.

"Those were the stirring days, but eventually the situation was remedied by the increased demand for pictures. The competition still goes on, but it is done in the office of the manipulator. The gunfighting days have gone forever, and the bloodless battles of the Hollywood hills are now a matter of ancient history."

Smokes for Soldiers

These Triangle-Keystone players know what our boys in the trenches like! If you look closely you can see some of the old favorite brands of tobacco which they're getting ready to send to France.

One of Miss Glaum's rules is to appear to the eye as a gorgeous beauty—to be a peacock, not a snake.

How to be Naughty

Louise Glaum offers ten commandments and other pointers.

By Arthur Garvin, Jr.

THE brown eyes had a look as demure as those of a Puritan maiden, and the smiling lips that went with the eyes were quite as guileless. Altogether, Miss Louise Glaum—dressed in a dark walking suit, surmounted with a high collar and topped by a black velvet tam-o'-shanter—presented a picture as far removed from my notion of a siren as anything I could imagine.

We were sitting over our coffee in the dining room of one of the most famous centers of "naughty" bohemian life in the neighborhood of Washington Square, New York City. It was Miss Glaum's first visit in person to the naughty metropolis. She had come to study types.

"It's quite amazing how you do it," I said, giving voice to my thoughts. The brown eyes, which had been scanning the persons seated at the other tables, turned toward me questioningly.

"I mean," I hastened to explain, "how you are able to transform yourself the way you do. You don't in the least impress one——"

"As a vampire?" she broke in, with a laugh. "Do you know, if I really wanted to be a siren off the stage—which I'm sure I don't—I should try, I think, to give people the impression, so far as possible, that I was not one."

"Then the secret of being naughty," I began.

"Is summed up in one word," she replied. "It's a very expressive word, and one that you hear a good deal nowadays. It's 'camouflage.'"

I nodded, though I was not convinced.

"Well, judging by the scenery carried by some of the sirens that I can see right from this table," I replied, "they ought to go to France and take lessons in this camouflage business—if your theory is correct."

"I'm afraid they'd have to if they were going to appear on the screen," Miss Glaum replied. "I've never seen a siren yet in real life that I could use as a model. I experimented on one once. I had her come to see me. But, oh, dear, she wouldn't do at all—though she was clever enough to borrow ten dollars from me before she got away. She certainly didn't follow the rules for a stage siren."

"Then there are certain set rules?"

"Yes—the ten commandments."

"The ten commandments?" I exclaimed.

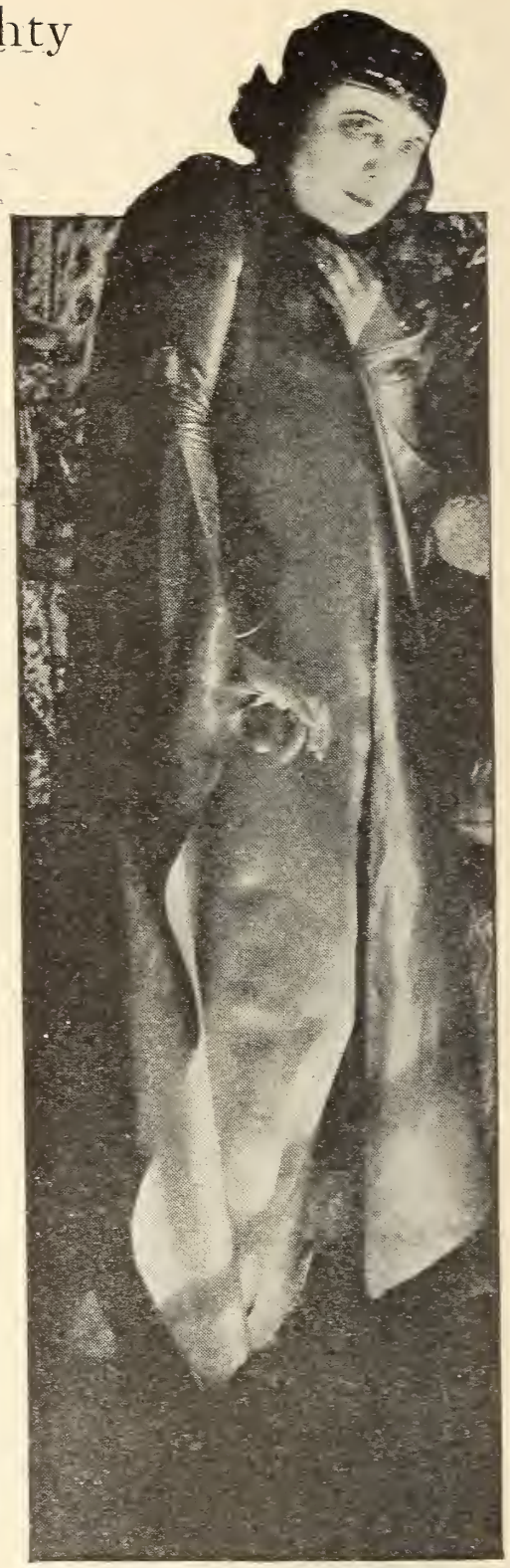
Louise Glaum with her mother selecting material for some of her striking "working" clothes. Miss Glaum's mother is one of her best advisers in her art of being naughty.

"Oh, not the ones you are thinking of. These are the ten commandments of a siren, of which I am the author. I began working them out for myself not so long ago, when I first began playing siren parts. Before that I had no ideas whatsoever on the subject. You see, I was brought up on a farm in Maryland, and my early career on the stage and screen was confined to ingénue and straight dramatic rôles."

"And these commandments of yours?" I asked.

"They run something like this," she replied, counting them off on her fingers as she recited them to me. The commandments—which she afterward wrote out for me—run as follows:

1. Wear gowns that suggest rather than reveal.
2. Appeal to the eye by gorgeous beauty; be a peacock—not a snake.
3. Throw a veil of mystery about the character.
4. Be ingratiating, smiling, seductive, never cold or disdainful except on rare occasion.
5. Be subtle always; the obvious siren frightens her victim away.
6. Be essentially feminine; a touch of the ingénue relieves suspicion and softens the portraiture.
7. You may fly into a picturesque rage, but never show irritability, and above all, don't nag.



Miss Glaum in her impressive "Devil" gown.

One of the most important and difficult points in vampiring is gowns. Louise Glaum plans her own costumes, and is here seen scrutinizing some of her spidery designs.

8. Smoke cigarettes occasionally, but do so gracefully.

9. Be a picture always, in gestures, postures, gowns, and manner.

10. Be original; always appear to be different from all other women.

"Now you see, I think, what I mean by saying that a screen siren must use camouflage. She has to be a supersiren, skillful, subtle, attractive enough to hold the admiration of an audience.

Louise considers her mammy safe enough to be entrusted with many of the inviolable secrets of the seductress' dressing room.

Below, an illustration that the dress which completely hides the figure is more effective than one which discloses.

"Gowns, of course, are one of the most important considerations. I don't think there is any kind of rôle which demands so much care and thought and originality as vampire rôles. It's no easy matter to these suggestive and yet not immodest creations. One of the most startling ones I ever wore was the devil gown, in "The Wolf Woman." In none of my vampire plays, by the way, have I ever revealed an inch of my stocking above my ankle.

"I get a good deal of assistance in selecting my gowns. I design them myself. My mother helps me plan them, and my sister, who is a modiste, sees to the making of them. You've no idea how hard we work.

"Vampiring may be very easily overdone," she went on. "That's one thing I try to avoid—though it isn't always possible. You have to play the part you're given, and, as I have an unfailing sense of humor, I have sometimes had to smile at the character I was representing. I don't mind playing an erring woman, but I like it much better if she has a few human touches about her—a few redeeming traits.

"And, after all—weren't all of the really great temptresses of history—I don't know so much about Potiphar's wife and Delilah, but Cleopatra, Madame de Pompadour, Du Barry—weren't they all very human, and very, very subtle and skillful?"

I nodded. "Their reputations were shocking, but their descriptions were alluring," I replied.

"I think I've learned a good deal from reading about them," she went on. "And here I want to tell you a queer incident. I was sitting, not long ago, in a restaurant—somewhat like this one—in another city. As I was leaving, a girl came up to me. She was unmistakably a siren, and a stranger to me, I thought.

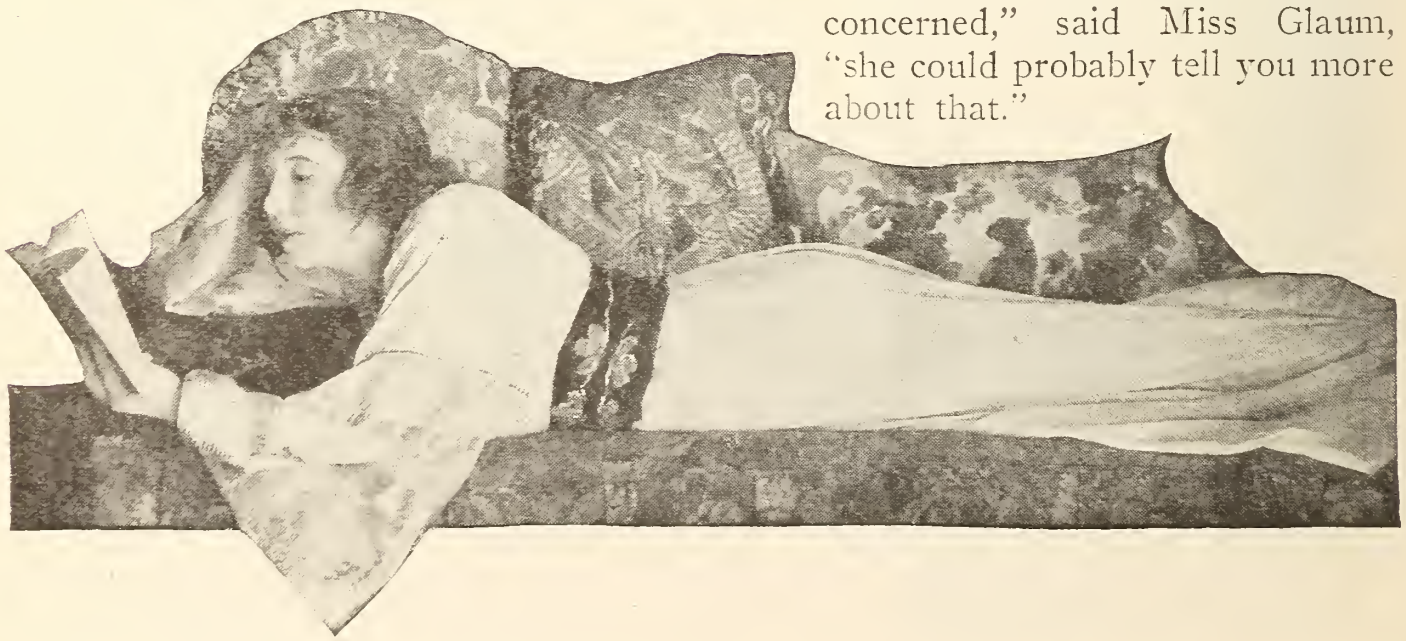
"'Don't you remember me, Miss Glaum?' she asked. I had to confess that I didn't. 'Why, I played in the same company with you once,' she said. She named the company, and then I remembered her. She had always played sweet, pretty parts. She told me how she had drifted into her present condition. She had learned that vamping didn't pay. I thought of the irony of it, that the girl who had appeared in beautiful rôles had become an unhappy siren. I, known as a screen vampire from one end of the country to the other, was quite successful, respectable, and happy.

"For, remember all I've told you refers to the siren of the screen. As to how far my commandments would apply in real life, I'm sure I've very little idea. I believe you said that I did not impress you as a siren. So far as a real-life seductress is concerned——"

She paused, and looked at a table beside a palm tree where, under a red, shaded light, sat a man and a girl. The girl wore a lavender coat and a yellow picture hat surmounted with ostrich plumes. Even from where we sat her make-up was nearly as obvious as that of a chorus girl viewed from a front-row orchestra seat.

Miss Glaum's lips puckered into a faint little smile as she watched the languid beauty across the room gazing into the eyes of her dinner companion, who was fat, bald, and fifty, or thereabouts.

"So far as a real-life seductress is concerned," said Miss Glaum, "she could probably tell you more about that."



Rose of the World

A story of a prince, a dragon, and a sleeping beauty, who woke at last.

By M. Leon

THERE is no heat like the heat of India. It rises in clouds, the "incense of Hades" as one writer has called it, and even in the hills—the hills to which the Englishman domiciled in India always sends his family during the hot weather—it is almost unendurable in the middle of the day. Therefore, it was with eyes of astonished roundness that Aspasia Cunningham, less formally known as "Baby," saw a horse and rider rounding the curve of the road leading to the house in which she lived.

She raised herself on one plump elbow—since, in common with the rest of Anglo-Indian society, she was taking her siesta—and listened. Yes, the man was a gentleman; he had a charming voice as he asked for Lady Rosamund Gerardine. She sprang in haste from the couch in the alcove, forgetful of the heat.

"Show the gentleman in here, Saif," she called to the native butler.

In a moment she was confronted by a man of middle height, with a handsome head and piercing eyes. Baby held out her hand with a charming assumption of age and poise.

"I think I heard you give your name as Major Raymond Bethune," she said, "and I know you came to see my aunt, Lady Gerardine. She is resting now, but she will be down in a minute. I am Aspasia Cunningham, but every one calls me 'Baby.'"

"I think they—every one—take rather a liberty, don't you?" asked Major Bethune, smiling. He had laid aside his pith helmet, but the rim it had made on his forehead gave him a distinguished look, Baby thought. Suddenly she clasped her hands and gave a little squeal of delight.

"Oh," she cried hastily, "you are not Major Bethune of the 'Guides,' are you, the great friend of my dear dead uncle, Captain Harry English?"

"I'm afraid I am," admitted the major.

Aspasia gazed at him with delighted candor.

"Do you know my Aunt Rosamund?" she queried. "She is the most beautiful person in the world, I think."

Major Bethune's face stiffened.

"I think she must be very beautiful," he said coldly, "for every one says so, but——" He paused, sighing.

"I know why you sigh," said Aspasia sweetly. "It is because you do not understand how she could have married so soon after Uncle Harry's death, and a man so much older, and"—with a little giggle—"uglier than she. I used to wonder, myself, but I understand it, now. Aunt Rosamund always seems to me like a beautiful princess. She did not wake up until the prince was slain by the dragon, and then the dragon swallowed her before she realized it. I really don't think that Aunt Rosamund even knows that Sir Arthur *is* a dragon.

The major could not forbear a smile.

"I am sure," he said, "that the lieutenant governor is all that he should be, in the way of kindness, but perhaps——" He hesitated a moment.

"You sigh because you do not understand how she could have married so soon after Uncle Harry's death," said Aspasia.

"That is a very happy thought of yours, Miss Baby, speaking of Harry English as a prince; he was a prince, in every sense of the word."

"And so brave," said Baby, with awe. "I was in England—I had not come out here—then, but I cried when I heard how he had been killed, and how splendidly he had behaved. Do you know, I believe Aunt Rosamund has only recently realized what a prince she lost. I think she has bitterly regretted, of late, that this knowledge came to her too late."

She stopped. Through the open door they could see Lady Rosamund approach. Prepared as he had been for the sight of the most beautiful woman in India, Major Bethune drew a long breath at the sight of her. Lady Rosamund could not have been more than twenty-seven. She looked no more than twenty-three.

"Major Bethune, this is an unexpected pleasure," she said, extending her hand. "I had always hoped to meet you, but chance has never favored us. Won't you be seated?"

"Lady Rosamund, I have come to ask you for a favor," Major Bethune said, after they had chatted a few moments. "I want to write the life and memoirs of your late husband, Captain Harry English, and I have come to beg you to lend me his diary and his letters and papers."

She rose to her feet and stood before him, white-faced and trembling. "I cannot let you have them," she said; "not even for a little while. They were

brought to me with the news of his death, and I shall never let them out of my possession."

"But think, Lady Rosamund, they belong, too, to his country. Harry was a gallant soldier. He died doing his duty. His whole life is a lesson to us. Is that patriotic?"

"I could not do it, no matter what your arguments are," said Rosamund. She stood for a second more in silence, sixty, who was lieutenant governor of the province, and the husband of Rosamund. He smiled genially upon Major Bethune, pronounced himself delighted to meet that distinguished soldier, and insisted that he stay to dine. "Of course I will persuade Lady Rosamund," he said. "Women need coaxing, and a firm hand. But you shall have everything you require for your task.

"They were brought to me with the news of his death," Lady Rosamund said.

and then rushed from the room. Major Bethune, in distress, looked at Baby.

"What is it?" said he.

"I don't know," said Baby practically. "Perhaps it's the heat. It acts all kinds of ways, you know. If you take my advice," said she, "you will ask Sir Arthur to get Rosamund to lend you the diary and the letters. He is awfully good-natured, and he'll do it like a shot. Here he is now. Wait!"

She flitted across the hall, and presently returned accompanied by the good-natured-looking gentleman of

Sir Arthur followed his wife out onto the little balcony surrounding the drawing-room, after dinner, and in a low voice made his request:

"Rosamund, my darling girl, Major Bethune is a very splendid soldier, and he can do much for me in quelling the native riots. I want you to help me in this. Bring out the box with the diary and the letters, and give them to him, like a good wife. It will displease me very seriously if you refuse."

Rosamund looked at her husband with a startled air. For a moment it

almost looked as if she were going to say something; then she nodded her head. She had long since learned that it was expedient to obey her husband, since he looked upon her merely as a possession, and not as a thinking and reasoning human being. Slipping from under his hand, that would have fallen in a caress on her shoulder, she went to get the letters.

Slowly, how slowly she carried the casket containing them down the stairs. With every step her heart seemed to grow heavier, her eyes filled with tears. Blindly she passed into the lovely room where her husband and her guests awaited her and held out the carved box to Bethune. But before he could take it from her she gasped and fell at his feet, fainting.

All was confusion. Baby turned reproachful eyes upon Sir Arthur.

"You haven't a bit of tact, Uncle Arthur," she exclaimed, "making that poor child do things she doesn't want to, in this heat! You shan't have the letters now, so there!" and she seized the box and held it tightly, while her hearers succored poor Rosamund.

It was weeks before Lady Rosamund was herself again. No one mentioned the casket to her, no one even spoke the major's name. But, looking from her window one day, she saw Baby returning from a ride in the early morn-

She had been a sleeping princess, never waking, even on that morning when he came to say good-by.

ing, accompanied by this faithful friend of her first husband.

"Be sure to take care of your aunt," were the words she heard him say, as he helped Baby to dismount before the door.

"The doctor says she must go to England for a rest," said Baby.

On a sudden impulse, Rosamund bent forward and waved her hand from the window.

"Bring the major in to luncheon, Baby!" she called. "I want to talk with him."

Quite gravely, when the meal was ended, Rosamund led the way to her little boudoir.

"Major Bethune, I want to tell you that—the book, Harry's memoirs—shall be done. I shall write my part of his life, the things we did together, and then send you the diary and what I have written. I can do much of this on the way to England. I start next week."

"And so do I!" cried the major. "I get leave then, for the first time in three years. It is wonderful luck, that I shall be able to be free when you are working on the book, too. I thank you, Lady Rosamund, from my heart, and Harry would thank you, too."

"Don't," cried Rosamund faintly, "don't!"

Sir Arthur, with much pomp and ceremony—for he never forgot for a moment that he was the lieutenant governor—accompanied the party to Bombay. He had to remain in India for a few weeks longer, but hoped soon to join Lady Rosamund in England. In the interval, he commended her to the care of the gallant major.

On the voyage, Bethune learned many things. Rosamund, instead of a beautiful abstraction, became a living and breathing woman, with a sorrow that he felt, though he might not share it. He realized that she had learned too late that her love for Harry English was the love of her life, and his pity for her was profound, since she was tied to ponderous, pompous Sir Arthur. She had indeed been the sleeping princess, as Baby had said, never waking during the lifetime of the prince, even on that morning when he came to her room to say good-by—the last time she ever saw him. For he knew that while Harry English was alive his young wife had never loved him, though he had loved her with his whole heart and soul.

Rosamund had been at Saltwoods, the manor house given to her by Harry English's mother, for a few weeks, going over his letters and writing her part of the book, when Major Bethune asked permission to run up for a day. He saw the great change in Rosamund after having lived in close communion with her dead husband—as it had seemed—in his letters. While they were talking, Baby brought in a letter from Sir Arthur, who said that he would soon arrive with her Aunt Aspasia. However, the first to arrive was Saif-u-din, the native secretary of the governor. It was soon noticeable that Saif-u-din was contemptuous of Jani, Rosamund's Hindu servant. That was generally ascribed to their difference in caste, nevertheless it made Baby suspicious. One day she overheard Jani warn Saif not to bring any more trouble upon his mistress, for his people had brought her the sorrow of her life, already.

"What sorrow?" asked Saif.

"The death of her most honorable husband," replied Jani. Saif laughed noiselessly, and Baby felt that perhaps Sir Arthur's frequent talk of an uprising among the natives back in his province in India was not all idle talk. She confided her fear that Saif was a spy sent by Sir Arthur to make trouble for Major Bethune. She had fallen deeply in love with the major, though

he had eyes and thoughts only for Rosamund.

On this day Rosamund had come to the part in Captain Harry's diary that told how he led a forlorn hope into action. It spoke of being unable to recover the bodies of the dead and wounded, of the awful tortures of hunger and thirst. Rosamund, weeping wildly, did not hear the sounds of arrival below, until Baby rushed in with the news that Sir Arthur and Aunt Aspasia had arrived.

"Baby, don't let them see me like this!" Rosamund cried. "Make some excuse for me." Sir Arthur, crazy to see his beautiful wife after his long absence, at last noticed that Major Bethune could not help turning his eyes toward the door to watch for Rosamund, and that Saif, his secretary, was acting very queerly. This made him fear that Rosamund was in love with the major.

At last Rosamund entered. She was more beautiful than ever, more gay than Sir Arthur had ever seen her. But no one knew what she suffered that night at dinner. Seated in the midst of plenty, she could only remember what Harry English had suffered from hunger and thirst. At last she could stand it no longer. Feigning illness, she excused herself and hurried to her room. Sir Arthur followed her.

"My darling, my little wonder lady," he said, "what is it?"

Without knowing it, he used the very words that Harry English had written in his journal as a question why Rosamund did not love him. In terror, she turned on him, and told him that their marriage was a mockery.

"Arthur, I am still Harry's wife in thought!" she cried despairingly. "You must leave my room, I cannot have you here!"

Sir Arthur, half demented, ran down the stairs.

"Baby," he said hurriedly, "your poor aunt is sick. Go to her, take your Aunt Aspasia, take every one who is any use! I—I shall go crazy, I think."

"Aunt Aspasia," says Baby, "go to Uncle Arthur, will you? You understand him better than any one else. Rosamund has said something to hurt him, I think. I'll go to her, you look after him."

All through the night Rosamund lay moaning and shuddering. Baby was with her, but troubled because of the

A change nad come over Rosamund, after having lived in communion with her dead husband, through his letters.

native secretary, Saif. She thought she would go and see if his door was closed, and, opening the door to Rosamund's room, almost fell upon Saif's prostrate body. He had slept all the night as Rosamund's guard, at her door.

"And the honorable mem-sahib?" he asks.

Something in the fine quality of his voice arrested Baby. She looked at him searchingly.

"The mem-sahib is better," she said coolly. Where, she wondered, did a native learn to speak like an Englishman?

Jani came shuffling to the door. In

his hand he held a burning brazier, and he begged a dignified admission to the room of the mem-sahib. He would say prayers for her, he said. Reluctantly Baby admitted him, and the man intoned low chants for Rosamund's return to health. In vain Baby struggled against sleep, but just as her eyes were closing she heard a noise, and, looking up, saw the door open and Harry English enter. She thought she was dreaming, and was about to cry out, when Major Bethune beckoned to her from the doorway.

"Baby," he whispered, "Harry English is alive. I was dreaming of the garrison during a siege, when suddenly my door opened, and in glided Saif. He came to my bedside and stood looking down at me for a minute, and then he said in his old voice: 'Raymond, I am Harry.' He pulled off his turban, and I saw him, for the first time, as it seemed to me. The moment he had shaved off his beard, there was the old Harry back again."

"But why," said Baby, bewildered, "why did he do it?"

"Since his wife had never shown any affection for him, he felt it would be better to disappear. He was wounded and taken prisoner by natives, and every one thought him dead. He was too unhappy to want to come back, at first; but, later, he could not keep away from Lady Rosamund. He said if she were happy with Sir Arthur he would never have shown himself. But to-night, lying outside her door and hearing her calling for 'Harry, Harry!' he could stand it no longer."

"Oh, I am so happy!" said Baby. And, almost unconsciously, it seemed, she cuddled up in Major Bethune's arms. He looked down at her, and suddenly he realized that she was not a child at all, but a beautiful girl, whom he loved.

"Baby?" he said softly, and again, "Baby?" wonderingly.

From the adjoining room came the sound of excited voices. They hastened to the door, and, opening it, saw Harry English, clad still in the clothes he had worn as Saif, with only the turban and the disfiguring beard missing, holding Rosamund in his arms.

The outburst had been caused by the sudden entrance of Sir Arthur. The sight of his wife in another man's arms had been too much for him.

Cast of "Rose of the World"

Written from the Artcraft Picture Play by Agnes and Egerton Castle

Rosamund English.....ELSIE FERGUSON
Capt. Harry English...Wyndham Standing
Major Bethune.....Percy Marmont
Aspasia Cunningham.....June Sloane
Sir Arthur Geraldine...Clarence Handysides
Jani, a native servant.....Marie Benedetta

"You—you impostor," he cried, "leave Lady Rosamund alone! She is my wife, I tell you, my wife!" and he tried to pull Harry away from Rosamund's inert body.

"I am no impostor," replied Harry English quietly, but firmly. "You know that I am no impostor, that she is *my* wife, and never legally yours, since I have been alive all the time. It is you whom I must ask to leave."

Quietly every one stole away. Again the time had come for Aunt Aspasia to offer consolation to the bewildered and outraged Sir Arthur. When Major Bethune rode away in the morning, Baby whispered to him that she thought Aunt Aspasia was a wonderful woman.

"She has that poor old baby dragon of a Sir Arthur sitting at the table in the library, while she feeds him from a spoon, Raymond, and she is just babying him terribly. But he seems to like

it. I think she's a *much* better age for him than poor Rosamund was, don't you?"

"I don't know anything about it, you little witch," said Raymond. "You are all I can think about now."

It was months before Rosamund was herself again. For days not even Captain Harry was allowed to see her. When at last he came, he found her propped up among pillows, wearing a scarf over her head. As he sat down beside her, she drew the scarf aside.

Harry gave a startled exclamation.

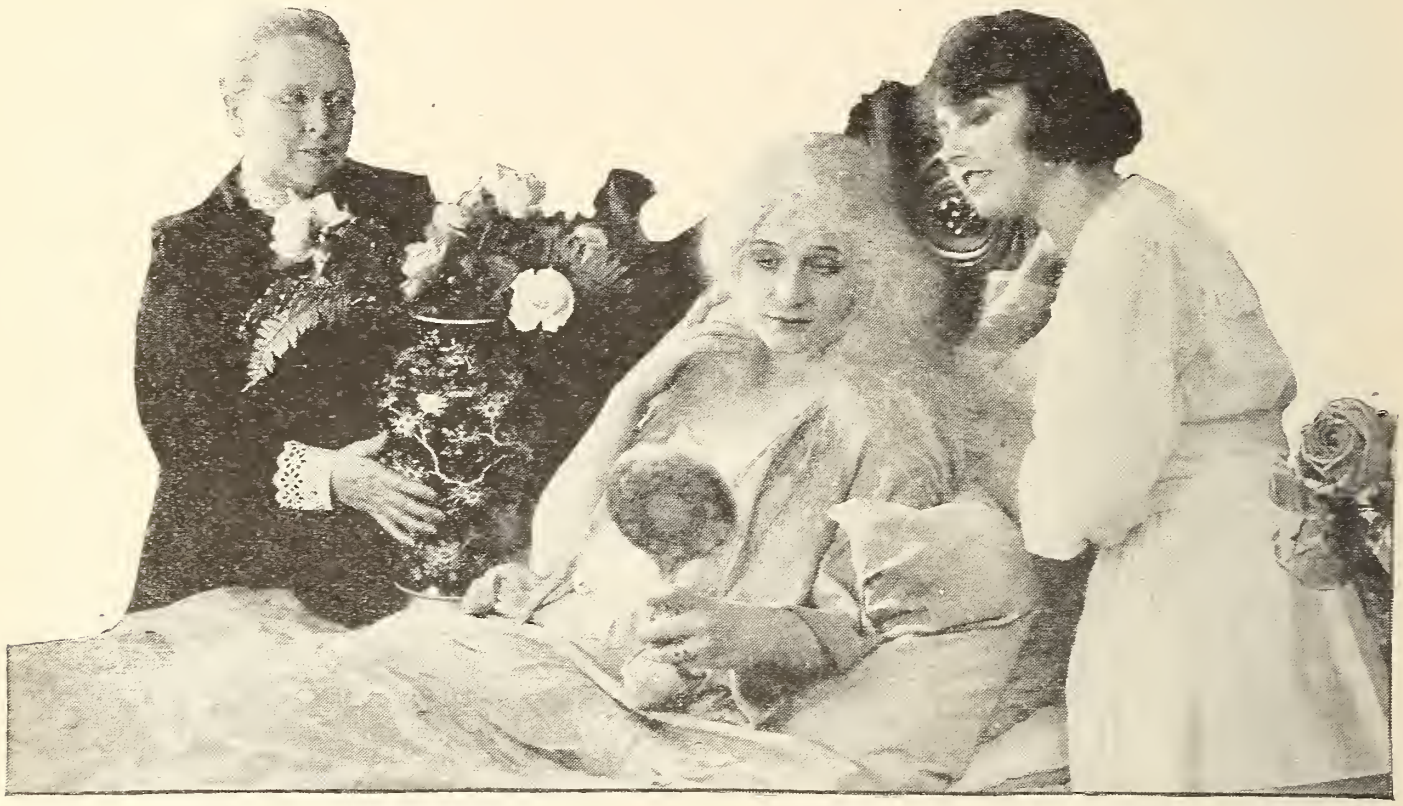
"Sweetheart, your beautiful hair!"

"Yes; I only learned it to-day," she said, touching it. "It is white now, Harry, white because I loved you so and needed you, and the shock of seeing you so, right out of my agonizing need——"

"Did you care so much?"

"More, more than words can ever say," she murmured, "but I had to get over my shame first, Harry—my shame at being another man's wife. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, my dear!" he cried. "Nothing really matters now that you love me as I have always wanted you to love!"



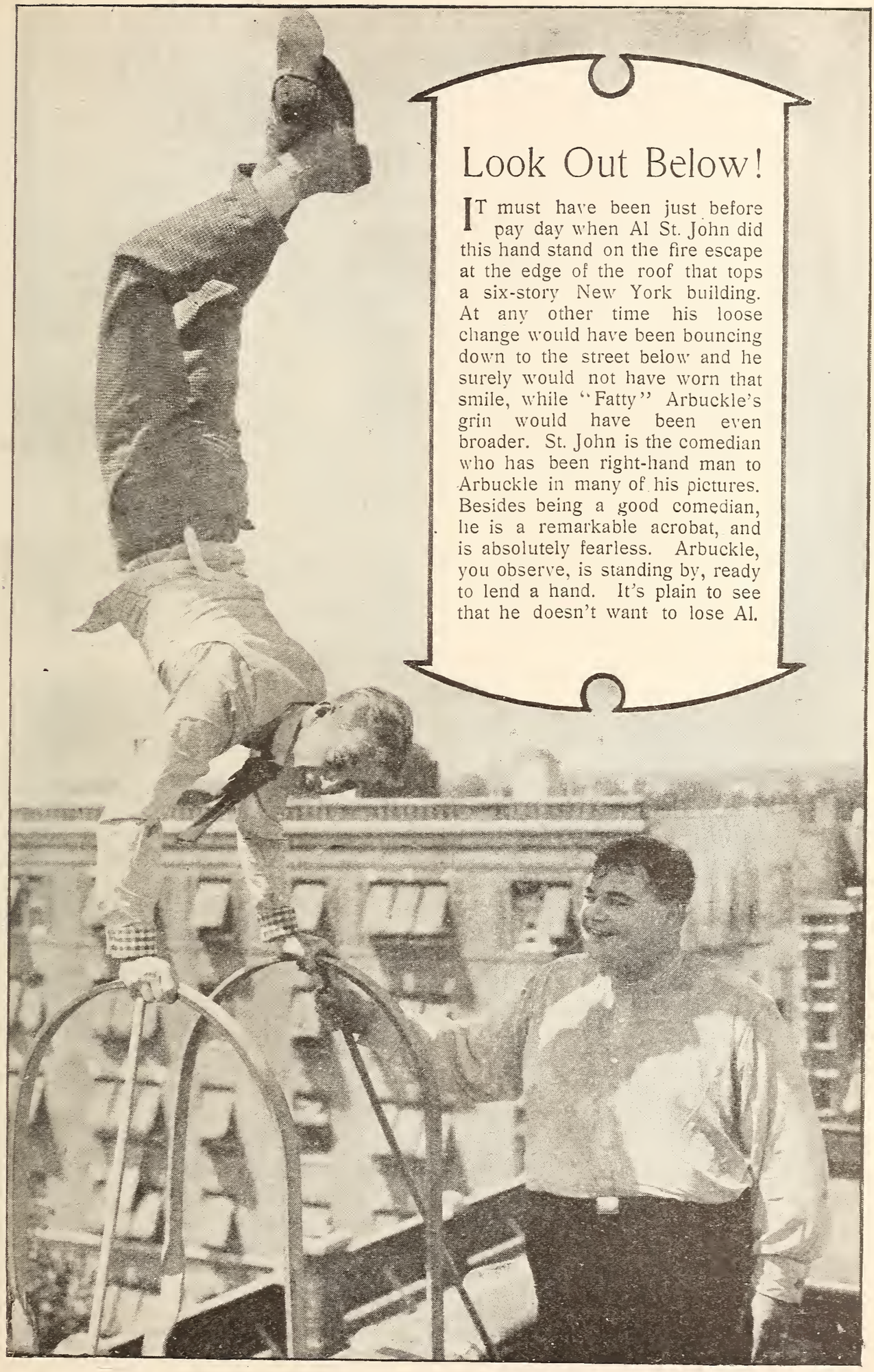
"Yes, it is white," said Rosamund. "I only learned it to-day."

ENVY

I ENVY her big brown eyes,
And her wealth of golden hair.
I envy her ruby lips,
And her darling baby stare.

I envy her style unique,
Which meets fashion's requisition.
Though I'm sure you'd never hear me say,
I envy her disposition.

MAUDE O. MACINTOSH.



Look Out Below!

IT must have been just before pay day when Al St. John did this hand stand on the fire escape at the edge of the roof that tops a six-story New York building. At any other time his loose change would have been bouncing down to the street below and he surely would not have worn that smile, while "Fatty" Arbuckle's grin would have been even broader. St. John is the comedian who has been right-hand man to Arbuckle in many of his pictures. Besides being a good comedian, he is a remarkable acrobat, and is absolutely fearless. Arbuckle, you observe, is standing by, ready to lend a hand. It's plain to see that he doesn't want to lose Al.

We'd Stay Home Sundays, Too!

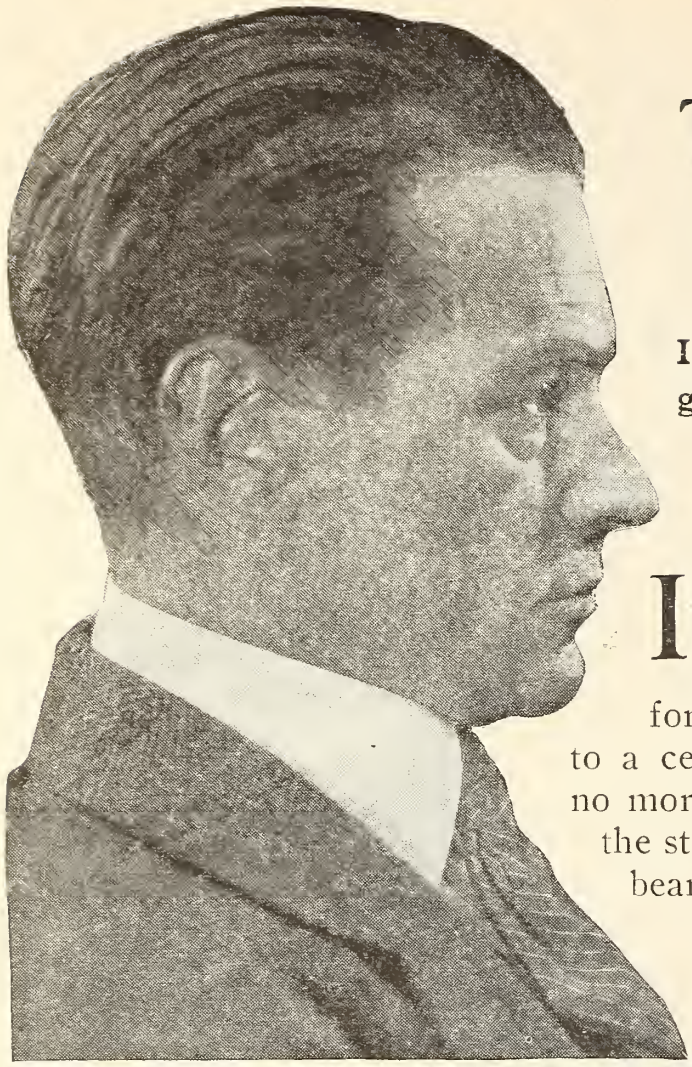
If we were Owen Moore and our wife was Mary Pickford and she allowed us to dig a hole in the lawn with our heel just to knock a little golf ball into it.

And we'd just love to scold Mary because she came home late to tea, or to look personally injured, as to the left, because the gardener accidentally squirted the insect exterminator on the Pekingese.

And wouldn't you hang around just to hear her pout: "Oh, hubby, darling, please get those awful curls untangled from my golf club!"

Old Omar Khayam underestimated values when he wrote about lounging under trees. How about three or four quiet hours like this every Sunday afternoon beneath the shady palms, smoking cigarettes and chatting about your rheumatism and your neighbors?

We always were lazy but we see where we'd doze off regularly if we could always wake up to look at this smile. Our right leg would need so much pulling that before long it would be longer than the other.



The Artist Behind the Screen

Is as important as the man behind the gun when it comes to "shooting" big stuff

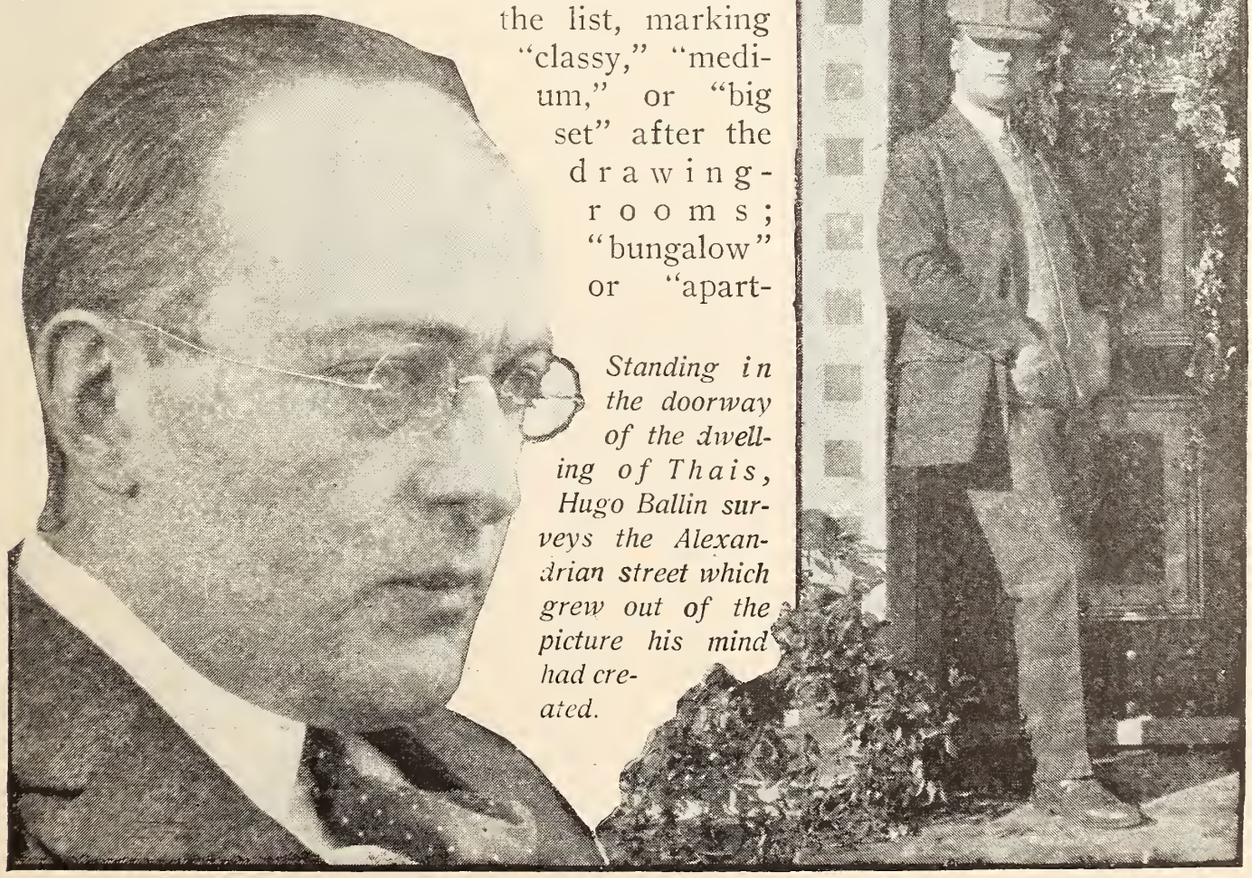
By Ray Ralston

IN the early days of picture making, and, alas! in some modern instances as well, interior scenes which the stories called for were thrown together largely according to a certain number of standard patterns, with no more regard to the particular atmosphere of the story than the contents of a furnished house bear to the particular needs and taste of a

Everett Shinn, and a room built from one of his sketches. In the picture below Mr. Shinn is comparing the completed set with his drawing.

Hugo Ballin is a specialist in designing interiors in which immaculate taste and luxury are combined. This set was used in "The Cinderella Man."

family to whom it is offered for rent. Interior sets used to be assembled somewhat after this fashion. The script would be examined and a list made of the necessary settings. So many drawing-rooms, so many living rooms, and always, of course, a boudoir. The practiced, though casual eye of the old-time property man would run down the list, marking "classy," "medium," or "big set" after the drawing-rooms; "bungalow" or "apart-



Standing in the doorway of the dwelling of Thais, Hugo Ballin surveys the Alexandrian street which grew out of the picture his mind had created.

ment" after the living rooms; and opposite the boudoirs "very swell" or "pretty," as his imagination dictated.

Accordingly, three walls were set up and the idea faithfully carried out according to pattern. The "classy" drawing-room would contain everything in the property room, including at least one bearskin rug, and as many bronzes on pedestals as the action would admit —not to mention a sheaf of cambric roses, stiffly wired. The bungalow living room would be similarly made up, a riot of cretonnes usually representing the finished setting. And so with the boudoir—a jungle of white furniture, all flat surfaces, such as dressing tables and writing desks, being embellished with lace covers of a pattern that never varied.

In these stock settings the scenes were played. No thought was given to the spirit of the play, the emotion of the scenes occurring, nor to the costumes of the players. To those who really wanted to see the photo play come into its own it seemed that bad taste was deliberately exploited.

But between this method and the settings of the best pictures of to-day there is as much difference as there is between a pair of overalls and a suit of clothes cut by a tailor.

One of Everett Shinn's detailed drawings, showing the set as he intended it to look during the play.

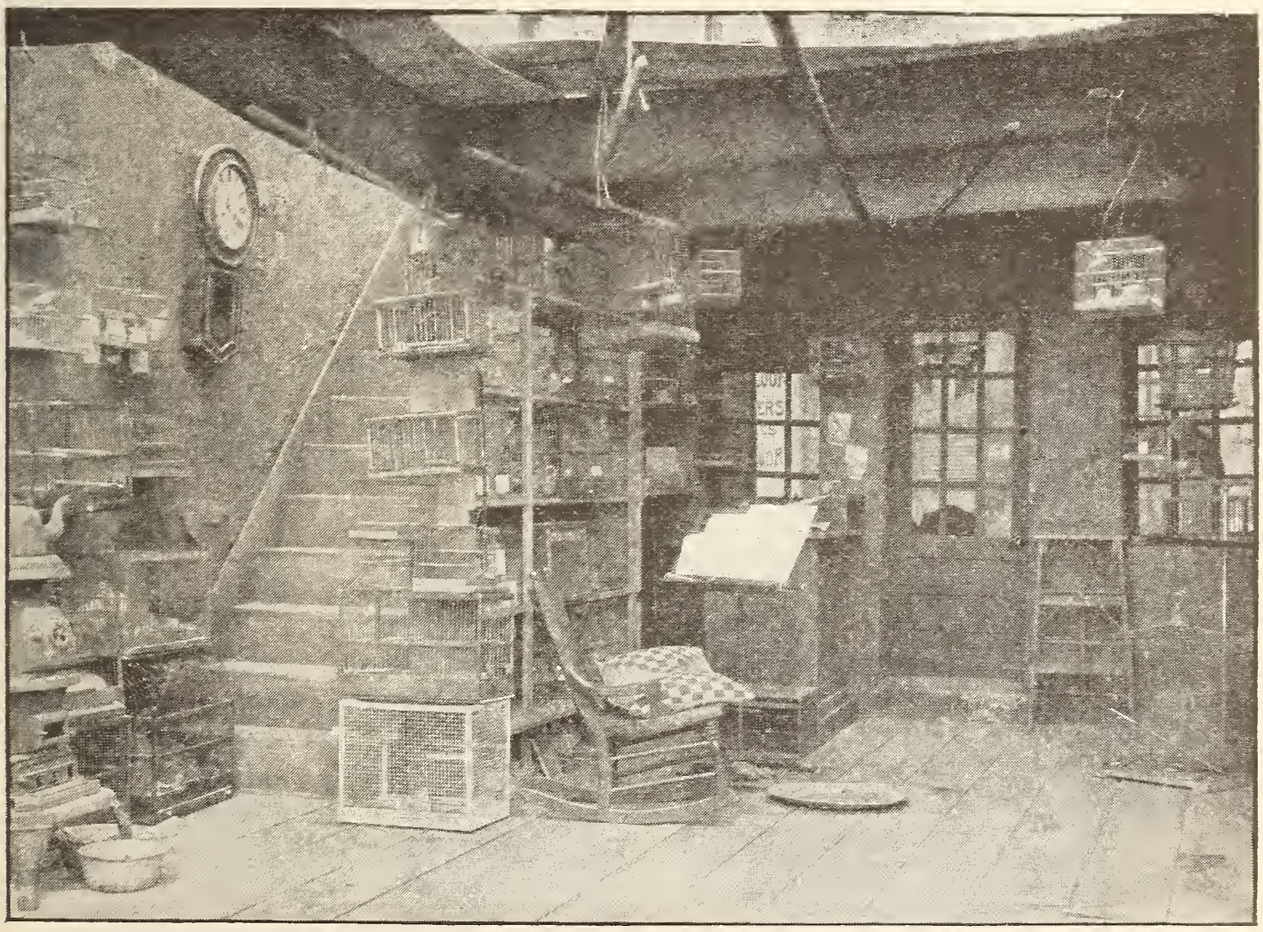
Nowadays the studio has its art director. He sees to it that details coordinate, that rooms reflect the character of their occupants, that ideals of architecture and interior decorations are sustained. In some cases, this development has been carried even a step further, and specialists of the highest rank have been engaged to design sets which fall within their particular fields.

In the accompanying illustrations are

shown specimens of the work of two of these specialists, Everett Shinn, the illustrator, and Hugo Ballin, decorator, both of whom are employed to prepare settings for Goldwyn pictures. For pictures filled with the atmosphere of homely American life Mr. Shinn was chosen. "Polly of the Circus" and "Sunshine Alley" were two that fell to his lot. For these Mr. Shinn made a large number of his typical, detailed sketches in black and white, one of which is here shown, together with a photographic reproduction of the finished set constructed from the drawing. These sketches not only guided the technical staff in constructing settings but also aided the directors in achieving atmosphere, and the players in the matter of costumes.

Mr. Ballin is an artist who has specialized in interior decorations for public buildings and the homes of the rich. To him falls the task of creating the settings for such classic productions as "Thaïs," and the interiors of stories laid in modern mansions, where an atmosphere of immaculate taste as well as wealth and luxury is demanded. Not content with turning over his plans to the technical corps, Mr. Ballin is said to supervise personally the construction of the work he has designed.

In "Thaïs," Mr. Ballin's work included the planning of an entire Alexandrian street, correct in every detail from a historic and architectural point of view. Within this street were included a market place, shops, and dwellings, and, in the distance, the temple with its great flight of steps, sixty-foot columns and massive façade. These buildings were designed to have even the mellow look of antiquity.



A photograph of the actual set—used in "Sunshine Alley"—made from the drawing on the opposite page.

The Girl on the Cover

She began by singing character songs between the acts on the kerosene circuit. Now her name is blazoned in electric lights.

By J. D. Bradford

SCENE: The Grand Opera House, over the Busy Bee Drug Store, Centerville, in the corn belt.

TIME: Fifteen years ago.

The curtain has just gone down after the first act of "East Lynne," and the vociferous applause in the gallery has given way to the cracking of peanut shells. The door to the orchestra pit opens, and from the dressing rooms beneath the stage appears the actor, who, without his wig, may still be recognized as the "injured husband." As he seats himself at the piano and vamps a few chords, out onto the stage comes a bit of a girl — scarcely more than a child—with dark

Miss Young as she will appear in a forthcoming play, "The Savage Woman."

Miss Young and Corliss Giles, in "The Marionettes."

A conference between Edward Fielding, Miss Young, and her director, Emil Chautard, while "Magda" was in preparation.

She suggests feeling and emotional power in every gesture and pose.

hair and large brown eyes, who bows an acknowledgment of the renewed applause, and begins to sing "Danny Murphy's Daughter."

That is not an excerpt from a scenario, but a bit of history. It is a picture of Clara Kimball Young in her very first appearance as an actress.

Clara Kimball she was then, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Kimball, who were acting in the old Holden Stock Company, a traveling organization that was well known throughout the small cities in the Middle West two decades ago. It was due to her parents' training and urging that Clara had this early opportunity—not that she needed urging—and after her first success the management began to find small parts for her in the plays themselves.

Though she had been coached to sing, her first dancing on the stage was quite impromptu. George Thompson,

a veteran actor in the company, was cast for the grocer in the old stand-by, "Peck's Bad Boy."

Clara was always one of his customers when the bill was being given. She came on the stage to buy a cake of soap at one performance, and Thompson, improvising, to tease her, said he would not give her the soap unless she would dance for him. Clara was equal to the situation. She knew nothing about dancing, but started in to perform with such enthusiasm and energy that she had to be fairly dragged from the stage so that the action of the comedy could go on.

After a short experience with the stock company, Clara was left with relatives at Benton Harbor, Michigan, to go to school. For several years she did no acting, except to appear in "home-talent" productions. But at last the call came to return, and she left St. Xavier's, where she was studying in Chicago, to join a stock company in Goldfield, Nevada, where she played ingénues and ingénue leads.

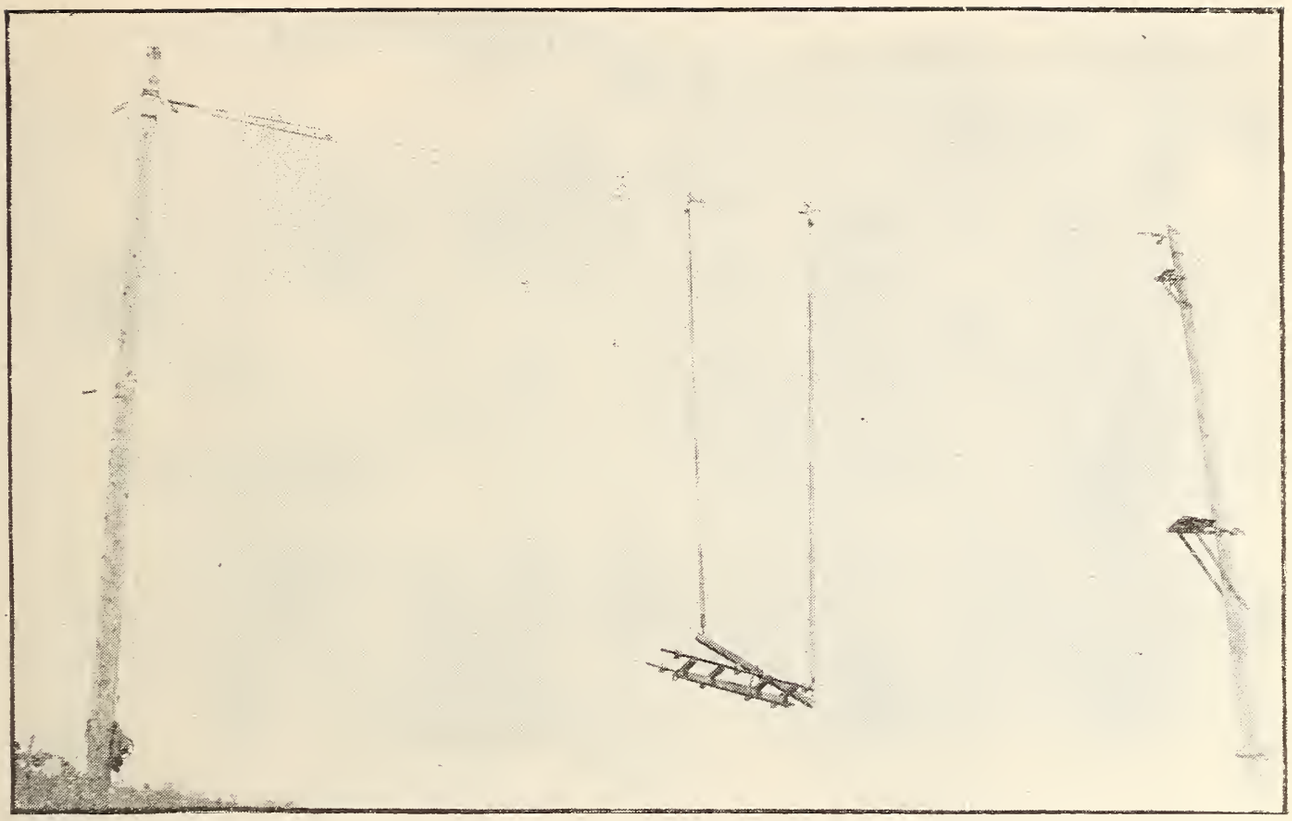
Her screen portraits are of storm-tossed, restless women.

Other stock engagements followed, and then Miss Young came to New York. Through persistent effort she finally procured a small part in a Broadway musical production called "The Skylark."

An engagement in vaudeville followed, and then more stock experience in Philadelphia.

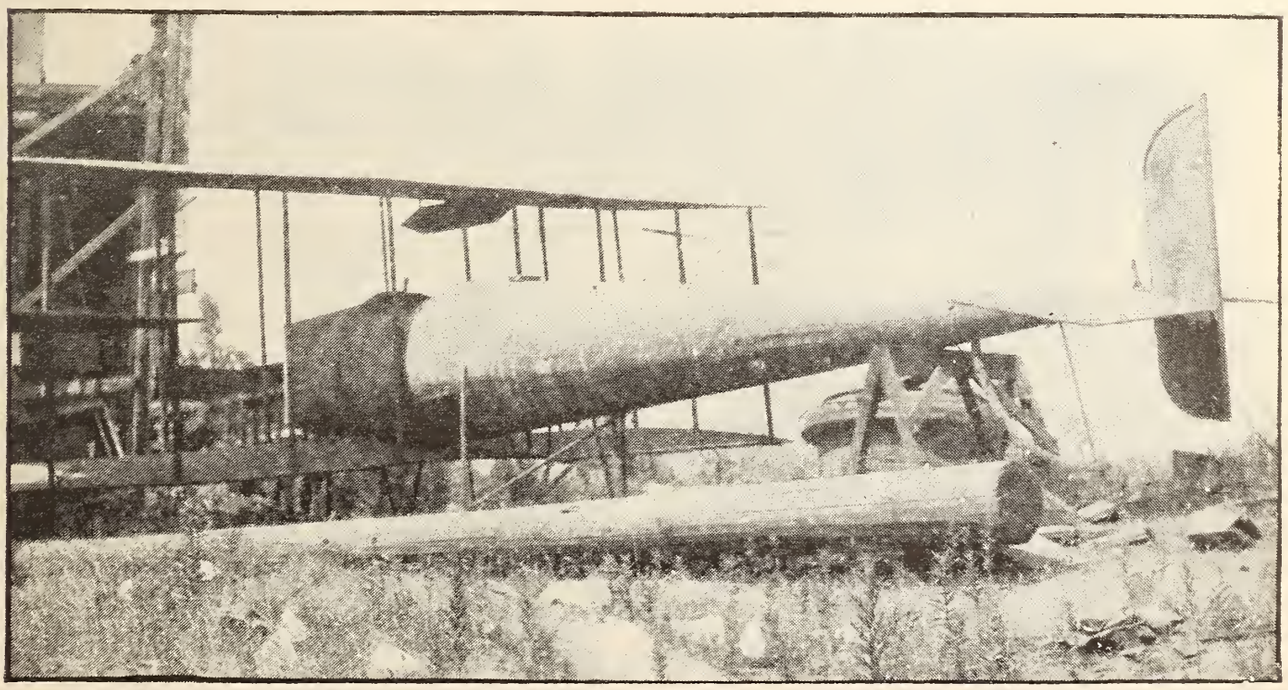
Miss Young was earning seventy-five dollars a week when J. Stuart Blackton, then of the Vitagraph Company, induced her to leave the stage for the screen. What won her was a yearly contract at twenty-five dollars a week. It took the head of a business woman—which Miss Young has since shown she possesses—to figure out that twenty-five dollars a week, with no time lost, promised better in the long run than seventy-five dollars for an engagement that might end at any moment.

After leaving the Vitagraph, Miss Young acted under the management of Louis J. Selznick, appearing first in "The Common Law." She is now under her own management, and at the head of two producing companies.



A Safety Zone for Aëroplane Acrobatics

TO take pictures of the hair-breadth feats of daring in a moving aëroplane which writers of modern thrillers constantly call for would be asking too much of camera men, actors, and all concerned. So the problem has been solved by erecting two poles, rigged with cables and a frame from which the "dummy" aëroplane shown below may be suspended and operated with as much realism as though it were ten thousand feet in the air. The apparatus is rigged up on top of a hill, so that only sky shows in the background. Some hair-raising feats have been performed on this apparatus.



Boy—Page Mr. Cupid!

Edward Earle is worried because his leading lady has not been announced and there are eighty-one love scenes in the scenario. It is easy to see that the man on the fence —Wesley Ruggles—is a director and not an actor, because he has a tobacco-fumed breath and one of those little mustaches with which actresses positively refuse to allow their rose-rouged lips to collide.

Defying the Weather Man

The coming and going of storms and seasons are beyond human control. But the picture-play producer snaps his fingers at the forecaster.

By Roger Packard

MOST business men who deal in perishable articles anxiously scan the government weather reports during a large part of the year. But not so the picture-play producer. If the weather doesn't suit him, he orders the kind of weather he wants—and gets it.

This does not refer merely to weather effects produced inside the studio. It means that weather is changed right out of doors, with the utmost disdain for what the

In California, real snow may be brought down from the mountaintops to make a winter setting.

weather man has to offer on his program. On the preceding page is an illustration of how a winter scene is produced in a summer climate. The picture was taken in California. The foliage on the trees shows that there could have been no snow on the ground. But the play called for a winter scene. Instead of shipping the company to Alaska, the director simply sent a few motor trucks up onto a mountain that extended above the snow line, and had them rush down a consignment of snow. It was spread about where needed, and winter costumes and a bit of acting did the rest.

In localities where there are no snow-capped mountains at hand, artificial snow is sometimes used. When the Goldwyn Company produced "The Cinderella Man" last July, they had to show a vista of rooftops, covered with snow. An artificial mixture was prepared and spread three inches deep all over the scene that was to be photographed. So natural was the illusion that in the pictures it cannot be distinguished from real snow.

In "Nearly Married," the Madge Kennedy farce, a thunderstorm at night was called for in scenes requiring an out-of-doors setting. To wait for such a storm would hardly have been practicable. Instead, a system of pierced water pipes and several powerful arc lights were suspended, high above the range of the camera, in the foreground of the location selected.

When the signal for the filming of the storm scenes was given, the water was released in streams, a huge aëroplane propeller driving it in blinding gusts. And from above the arc lights sent out flashes that had all the effect of real lightning, illuminating the characters in the farce, and aiding to the realism of the scene.

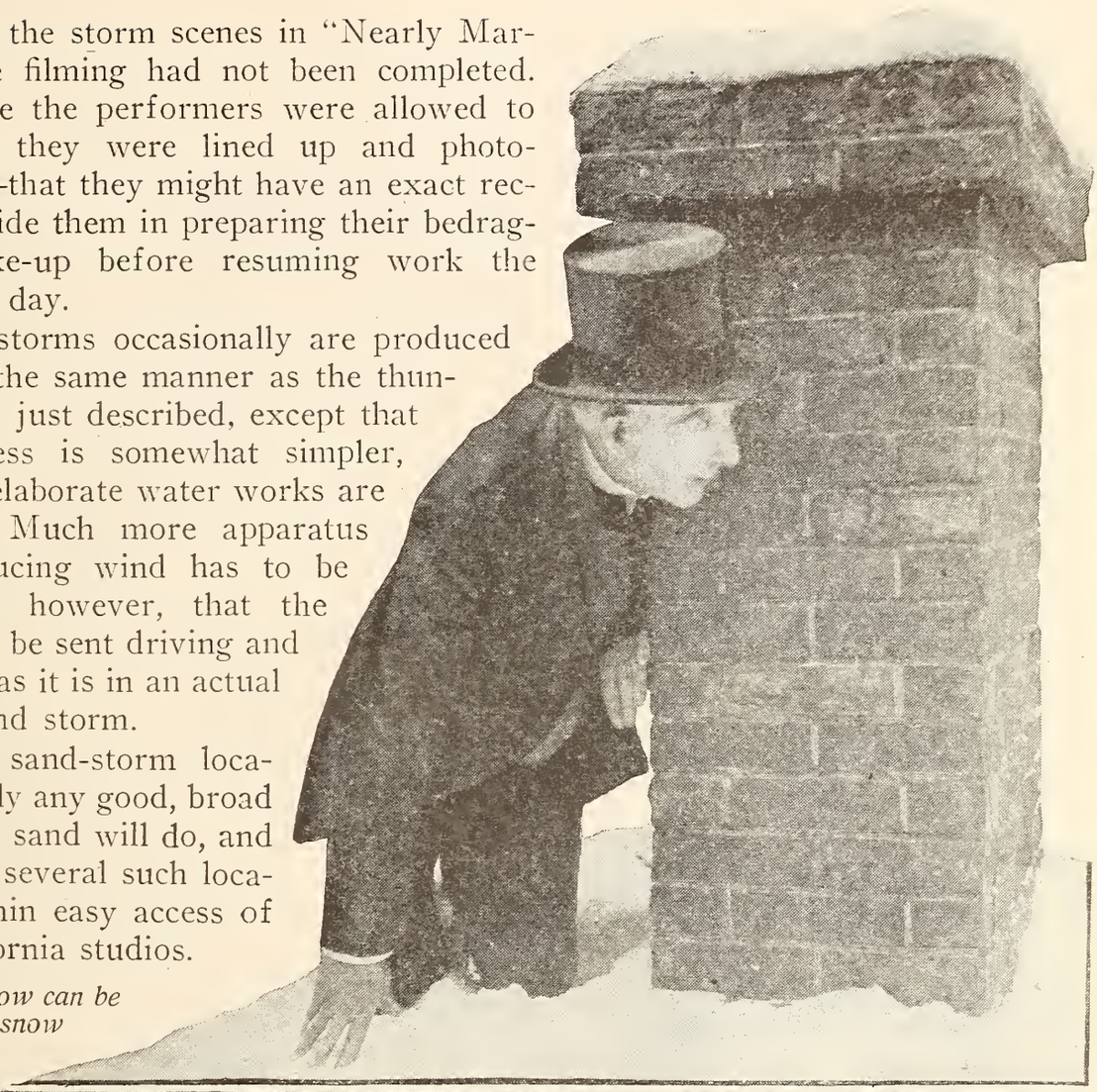
An example of the forethought required in taking ready-made weather pictures is shown in the picture below. At the end of the first day's work of

When storms are made to order, weather stains must be recorded by camera, if the scene cannot be completed in one day.

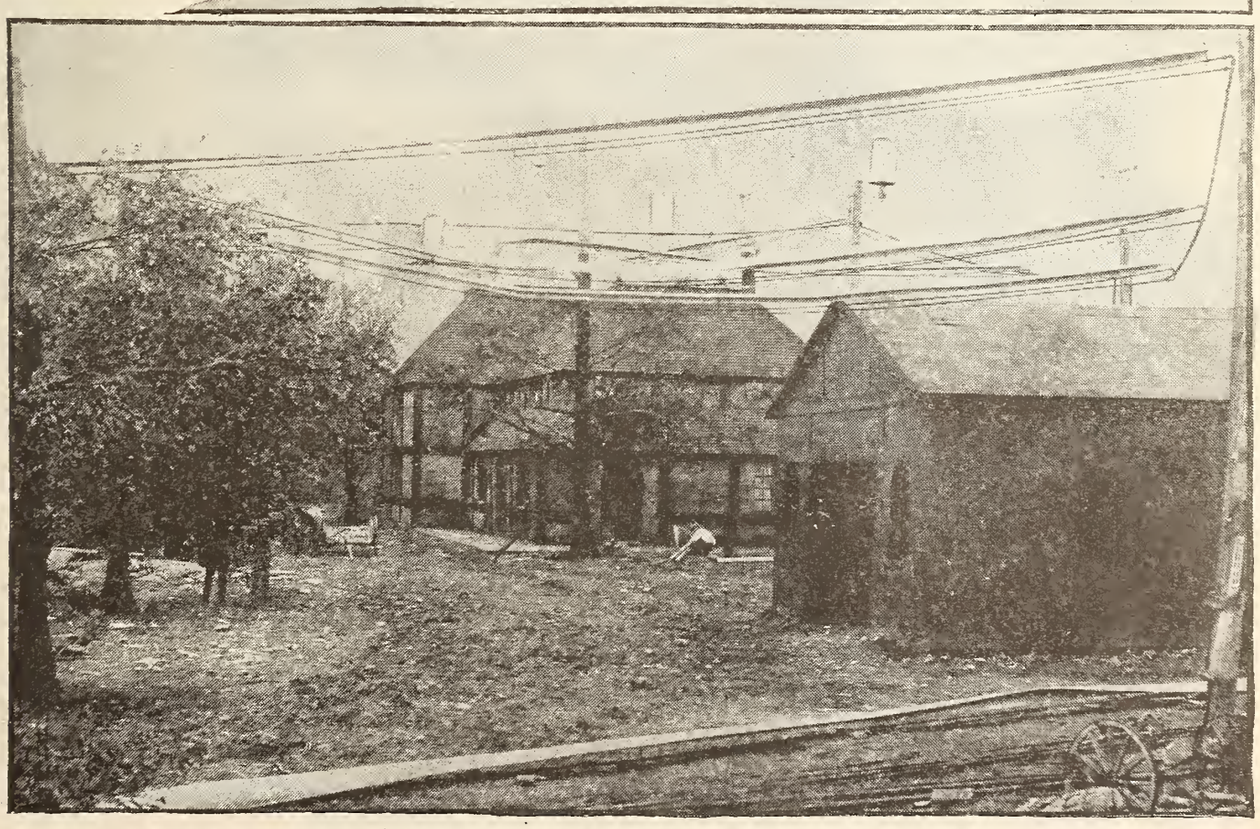
recording the storm scenes in "Nearly Married," the filming had not been completed. So, before the performers were allowed to go home they were lined up and photographed—that they might have an exact record to guide them in preparing their bedraggled make-up before resuming work the following day.

Sand storms occasionally are produced in much the same manner as the thunder storm just described, except that the process is somewhat simpler, since no elaborate water works are needed. Much more apparatus for producing wind has to be arranged, however, that the sand may be sent driving and swirling, as it is in an actual desert sand storm.

For a sand-storm location, nearly any good, broad stretch of sand will do, and there are several such locations within easy access of the California studios.



Artificial snow can be made if real snow is lacking.



It requires elaborate apparatus to produce a thunderstorm scene out of doors.

FOR OUR BOYS IN FRANCE

Mary Pickford has started a unique fund for the benefit of the Red Cross. She recently received a letter from Harry Green, Pasadena, California, inclosing four dollars, which he said was a day's pay, and which he wished to give to the Red Cross through Miss Pickford, as he desired a receipt signed personally by her. She quickly realized the value of the idea. Any one sending a day's pay, no matter what his or her salary is, to the Red Cross, in care of Mary Pickford, Hollywood, California, will receive a personally signed receipt from "America's Sweetheart." The demand for Mary's autograph should make this fund a large one.

How to Act

Practical hints gleaned from personal experience, by the Bluebird star,

Violet Mersereau

WHENEVER any one asks me for advice on how to act befor the camera I am tempted to say, "Don't act at all," because, in one sentence, that just about sums up my ideas on the subject. However, if I said nothing more, I presume I should be misunderstood.

The thing I am warning against is what Richard Mansfield called "*acting* acting." That is even more fatal in the silent than in the spoken drama. You see, we are limited on the screen to an appeal to but one sense, that of hearing. On the stage an actress possessing a lovely voice, and knowing how to get the full value out of her lines, might "get by," though she were a perfect stick, because the charm of her voice would make her hearers forget the crudeness of her gestures. No one ever writes about the beauty of Orpheus, you know, yet his voice and his playing could make the trees and mountains dance.

As for me, I have almost forgotten how my voice sounds on the screen, for I have made the "silent drama" my own, or it has made me its own, and I am preparing to celebrate the beginning of my fourth year with Universal. I began to take pictures seriously in July, 1914; for up to that time I had regarded them as a means of bridging the long gap between the close of a winter engagement on the road and the new play for the next season. I've been acting for a living, you know, ever since I was nine. But I have tried never to "act" acting, and that brings me back to the point.

A false gesture on the stage may be overlooked in the thrill that a telling line gives the audience. On the screen, gesture and expression, the only means of interpretation left to you, must be absolutely true, or the audience will get a wrong conception of both the char-

acter you are playing and the action of the play. Then the modern use of the "close up," which reveals the actor's every thought, eliminates the distance between you and your audience, which exists in every playhouse. Your lonely face is all by itself on a twenty-foot screen. That is why fights and struggles in the films must be so much more realistic. That is why the screen actress must learn to weep real tears, and that is why every movement of her body should be expressive. The clever lines of the playwright are not there to distract the hearers and help her out. She can't put tears in her voice, so she has to put them in her eyes—even if she has to use a medicine dropper.

Miss Mersereau at her dressing table, putting on the last touches of make-up.

All this also demands the eliminating of all mannerisms from your acting. I can think of a well-known player on the legitimate stage, who literally pulls himself through every part by his mustache. No matter what he wants to convey to his audience, he does it by pulling that adornment of his manly features, by smoothing it, by stroking it reflectively. On

the stage that is all right. There are so many other things about him—his voice, with its varied inflection, his fine figure, the clever lines he has to say—that people overlook the mustache. If he were to try the silent drama, he would find himself literally all mustache on the screen. The constant repetition of that gesture would stand out, there being nothing else to distract your attention, until you could see nothing else about him. Acting for the screen means constant watchfulness lest a trick should grow upon you, until its repetition irritates the audience. It is all the more necessary to be careful because you appear to your screen public so much more often in different rôles. We seldom see a legitimate actress in more than one part in the course of a season, but a popular screen player appears in six or seven. Imagine how tiresome one trick would become if it were dragged through seven different stories about seven different types of people!

One must know and feel a part, Miss Mersereau says. So she reads her parts at home with her mother.

The safest way to guard against this is to have a kind, appreciative, wise, and loving critic in your own family, who is nevertheless Argus-eyed for just such faults. Some people can stand harsh criticism and improve under it, but I can't. I wither. And faultfinding of that sort only makes me more self-conscious. I have an ideal critic in my sister Claire, and I try to perform the same service for her in her screen work. It is very hard to remember, in the midst of making a picture, that what you are doing is *permanent,* and that hundreds of duplications of the "bad spots" are going to be made, and will be shown all over the world. That keeps you up to your best, not only every day, but every minute of the time that the camera is recording your work. I was shown a lot of papers the other day from Holland, with criticisms of some of my Bluebird pictures in them, all printed in Dutch, and then came a Japanese magazine with my photograph in the midst of those picturesque hieroglyphics which they call letters. Then I realized as never before that those far-off people know me only through my work on the screen, and that every second that I work with the eye of the camera on me I must give the very best that I have. On the stage you may sometimes be forgiven for "letting down"—on the screen, never. You have no chance to develop your part, to "ripen" it. You play it once and for all—that is at once the beauty and the terror of it.

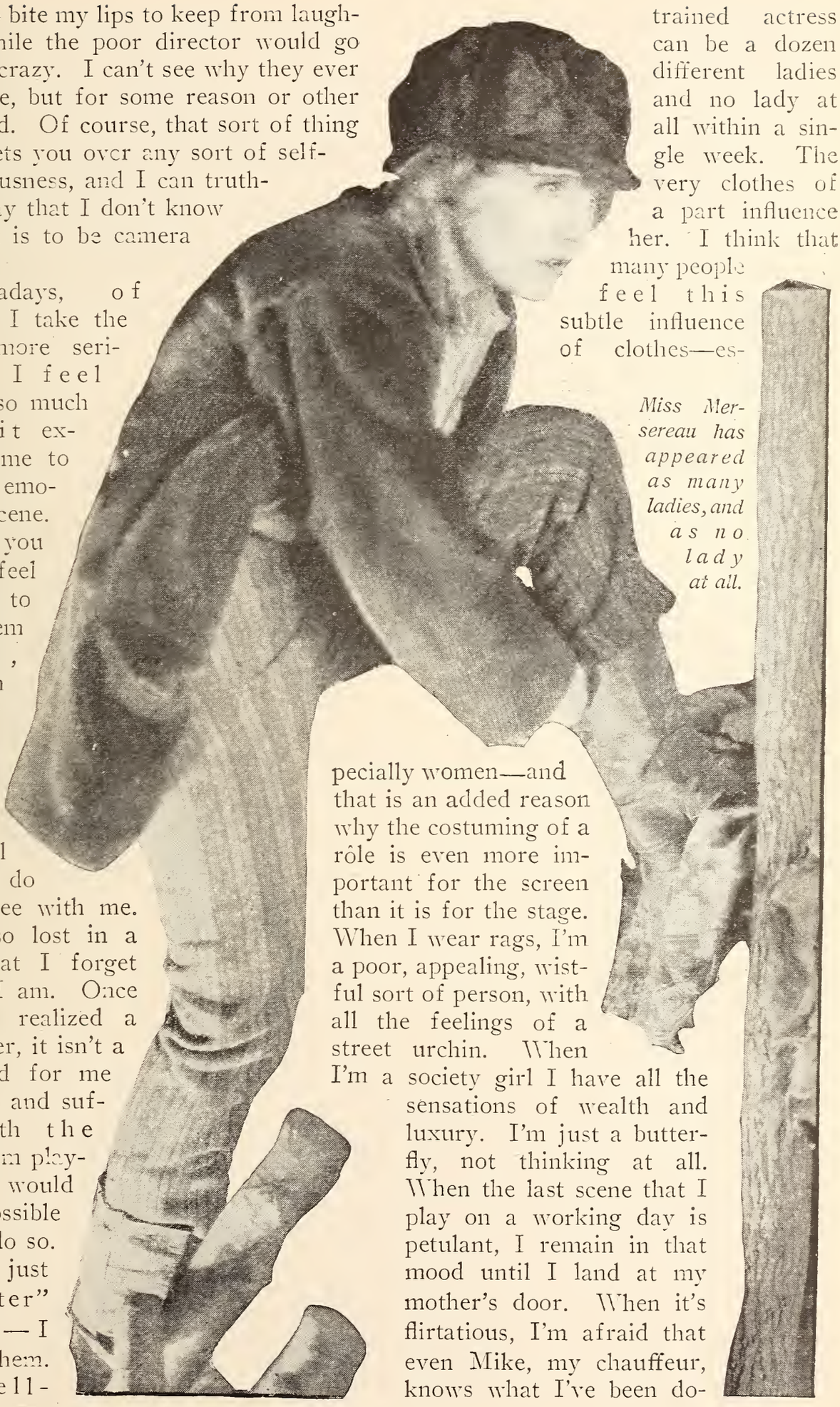
If you will recall your sensations at the photographer's—the stiffness of your facial muscles, the rigidity of your arms, the unaccustomed largeness of your hands, even the trembling and the dryness of your lips—you will have a faint idea of what the tyro in a motion-picture studio is up against, until the work becomes second nature. Many directors and stars, when asked for their opinions as to "how to get into the movies," advise a course as "extra" as the best possible introduction. That is because experience in unimportant bits, as parts of crowds, diners in a restaurant, and so on, will get us used to it, and allow you to stay feeling natural when the director cries "Camera!" It

is very easy to tell a person: "Don't act at all. Just be natural!" But that is the hardest thing in the world to do unless you feel perfectly at home. Another way is to begin acting for the films while you are so young that you do not know what self-consciousness means—when acting is still just "making believe." That is what I did. I don't recall very clearly my début on the legitimate stage, for I was a member of Margaret Anglin's company when I was nine. I played in pictures—leading rôles, too—when I was thirteen. Summer engagements, for acting, to me, were such fun that I never wanted a vacation. In fact, I don't think I've ever had a real vacation in my life! My first experience was in Westerns. That is, the pictures were Western, but we took them in New Jersey. They engaged me for the heroine because I could ride and swim. The director must have had a terrible time with me. All I thought of was to enjoy myself as much as I could. I remember how he would plead: "Now, Vi, this is a love scene. You've simply *got* to be serious. Why, you love this fellow, and his life is in danger!" Then I'd either stand there like a ninny, not knowing what to do, or I'd make a dive for the leading man and hug him, almost throwing him off his feet. And giggle! Whenever there was a pathetic scene, it seemed funny to me, and I'd

Miss Mersereau and her company, out on location.

have to bite my lips to keep from laughing, while the poor director would go nearly crazy. I can't see why they ever kept me, but for some reason or other they did. Of course, that sort of thing soon gets you over any sort of self-consciousness, and I can truthfully say that I don't know what it is to be camera shy.

Nowadays, of course, I take the work more seriously. I feel things so much that it exhausts me to play an emotional scene. I think you *must* feel things to get them over, though I know that a lot of very successful people do not agree with me. I get so lost in a part that I forget where I am. Once I have realized a character, it isn't a bit hard for me to weep and suffer with the part I am playing. It would be impossible not to do so. I don't just "register" things — I feel them. A well-trained actress can be a dozen different ladies and no lady at all within a single week. The very clothes of a part influence her. I think that many people feel this subtle influence of clothes—especially women—and that is an added reason why the costuming of a rôle is even more important for the screen than it is for the stage. When I wear rags, I'm a poor, appealing, wistful sort of person, with all the feelings of a street urchin. When I'm a society girl I have all the sensations of wealth and luxury. I'm just a butterfly, not thinking at all. When the last scene that I play on a working day is petulant, I remain in that mood until I land at my mother's door. When it's flirtatious, I'm afraid that even Mike, my chauffeur, knows what I've been do-



Miss Mersereau has appeared as many ladies, and as no lady at all.

ing that day. It may get me into trouble some time—this tendency of mine—but I can't help it. I'm made that way.

Another phase of the "how-to-act-in-the-movies" problem is the necessity of realizing your limitations. There are certain types of rôles for which one is individually fitted, and it is wiser to stick to them. It is quite possible that the sort of thing you do best is not the sort of thing that it gives you the most pleasure to do. When I first began to play for the films, I longed to do vampires. I saw myself in slinky black things, squirming all over the place, enslaving men by scores. The directors were too kind-hearted to tell me at once that I could never be a vamp, so they said they thought I might develop into one in time. I used to measure myself every week to see if the time had come. But it never came, and at length I realized that it never would. Of course I resigned myself, and turned to ingénues with a smothered sigh. Nowadays I'm delighted to play ingénues, if only they are real women at the same time. I like a part with lots of comedy in it, but in which there is pathos and a chance for emotional acting as well. The wild little hoyden who develops into a real woman is the type which I like best. There must be something to "bite on," not mere "cutey" tricks. I have no objection whatever to performing tricks if they are such as a real flesh-and-blood girl would do. But some scripts seem to have been written for a circus monkey rather than for a human being. They're just one darned trick after another, if I may be excused for the expression.

After all, the only advice that I can give on "how to act" is, as I said at the beginning, don't act at all. Get used to it—be yourself—and do your very, very best all the time.

THE VANISHED RACE

WHERE are the supes of yesterday?
The soldiers, courtiers, knights.
Who spoiled full many an old-time play,
In their thoroughly innocent, bone-headed way,
And their badly fitting tights.

Where are they gone—that vanished race
Of supers fat and lean,
Raucous of voice and vacant of face?
They have had to reform and take their place
As "extras" on the screen.

ROLAND OLIPHANT.

The Observer

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

Weathering Choppy Seas

NOT since the time when the trust started to lose its hold and the independent producers sprung up and began to organize into compact bodies, has the film business been in such a chaotic condition as at present. An analysis of the situation shows that while most of the companies are in good condition, they are indulging in considerable speculation about the future. The trouble in most cases seems to lie outside rather than inside of the individual firm. The war, of course, accounts for much of this confusion, but the big problem is distribution.

Hard times have not brought about the trouble. They have merely moved it forward on the calendar. The heart of the problem is a natural growth due to the expensive lost motion which characterizes the multitudinous and scattered points of film distribution. The motion-picture industry is passing through a crisis. The companies that can weather the storm will come out in good shape, for the business itself, judging it by demand, is in a very healthy condition. The companies that cannot stay afloat among the heavy waves that will continue for a while longer will either drop out of the race or cling to other concerns, and in time become a part of them.

Charity and the Screen

THE charitable acts of the rich philanthropist often find their way into eulogistic print, as do the generous impulses of the business man and débutante, but not so often does one hear or read of the works of mercy of the motion-picture and theatrical people. Yet, as a class, they are the greatest of all philanthropists. When stage people meet with misfortune or give up the profession because of old age, their fellow artists see that they are taken care of, and, if they are incapacitated for work, assure them peace and comfort for the rest of their days.

On an average of at least once a week, theatrical and motion-picture celebrities donate their services to benefit performances, charity balls, and bazaars. They are always ready and willing to contribute a share of their means of livelihood in a good cause. Since the war a number of screen stars have given their services in pictures made for the government and the Red Cross societies. One of the greatest aids the government had in the recent Liberty Loan drive in the big cities was from the motion-picture and stage stars. They canvassed and made speeches in the streets and gave freely of their time in selling bonds over

the counter in the department stores. When a catastrophe happens in any section of the country, the citizens of the "land of make-believe" are among the first to offer help. Acting is too often thought of as the profession of the frivolous. It is as much a part of the world's work as is building a house, and the people engaged in it are for the most part serious of mind and generous of heart.

Concerning Advertising Slides

EXHIBITORS who can should dispense with the slide advertising of local merchants in their theaters, and ninety-nine per cent of them can. People go to motion-picture shows to see motion pictures exclusively, or to enjoy them in conjunction with the advertised program, and it is very tiresome to have to take medicine with them in the form of advertising slides. At the average picture theater one is confronted between reels or between pictures with the startling information that "Pincus Presses Pants Perfectly," or that "Morland's Grocery Right Across the Street Handles Only the Finest Goods."

If theater owners find it necessary to accept advertising in order to defray expenses and create a profitable margin, they should pass it on to the unsuspecting public in some other way—in programs, for instance. Advertising on the screen leaves no lasting impression—when people do read it. The program is usually taken home, making the advertising in it of permanent value, and frequently productive of direct results. The program idea is only one way of clearing up the slide débris which so often offends from the screen. There are many other ways of bringing about this improvement. The exhibitor who is desirous of holding his patronage will pick one of them, and leave the screen free to serve its real purpose.

Rumor Stalks Abroad

DAMON had his Pythias. Crusoe had his Friday, and the film business has its rumors. Rumors surround film companies like a hazy fringe. No concern, no matter how sound and prosperous, is above being connected with rumors. To be innocent of them a company must be insignificant to the point of obscurity. A film man can stand in the lobby of the Longacre Building in Times Square, and, during the life of one cigar, learn of the disintegration and downfall of three or four companies, and get the inside "dope" on at least two tremendous consolidations—all rumored.

The atmosphere of the film business is so surcharged with action that it is sensitive to the slightest disturbance. A few executives can lock themselves up in a private office to discuss a new star, a new form of releasing, or the production of a massive spectacle, and the next morning some outsider will tell them all about it. News and its counterfeit, rumor, communicate themselves so fast in the picture business that in an effort to hit upon the medium, one feels convinced that mental telepathy must be the culprit. Unfortunately, the rumors are not always of harmless fabric. Sometimes they are intentionally malicious, and at others they hurt by prematurely giving away a company's plans. More than one good deal has thus been spoiled.

To sit back and watch the rumors swirl about like leaves excited by the breeze is very amusing. At times the stories, which do everything from the

creation of new stars to the building or tearing down of gigantic concerns, are works of art. Some day the means by which these rumors are born and circulated will be brought to light, and the whole film business will be willing to pay the discoverer a small fortune for his trouble.

At Last! a Real Exposition

AN announcement from the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry promises a film exposition in New York shortly. We have had exhibits and celebrations which took unto themselves this name about seven times during the past four years, but never has the picture business gathered its children into one body, agreed upon a good program, and put forth an exposition that was really worthy of the title. This affair, however, promises to be the real thing.

For the past two years it has been the habit of the manufacturers and exhibitors to line up as opponents in an endeavor to demonstrate by verbal pulls, pushes, kicks, and blows that each was the proper party to represent the industry in blatant exposition. One year they held separate shows. Both fell flat. The next year the exhibitors were given the right of way, and the result was anything but a whooping success. The door receipts may have been satisfactory, but from the standpoint of furthering the industry and impressing the public the exposition was a dismal failure.

Realizing that they must pull together to prevent demoralization in the ranks and gain success, the two factions have joined forces, exchanged sympathies and views, and have settled on one joint exposition a year in New York. Unless Fate intervenes, we will see the result of this coöperation within a few days. Judging from the program laid out, the exposition should be a good one. If you are in or near New York while it is on, see it, and get on intimate terms with the fifth industry in the land.

Studying the Stellar System

THE star system, which dominates production at the present time, is undergoing rigid scrutiny by certain prominent and worried manufacturers. Assuming that some lay minds are not acquainted with the full significance of this term, we will fall back for a moment into comment upon its meaning and effect.

The star system is in vogue in all but one or two of the large concerns. It means that the producers are employing artists of renown, and are adapting the other phases of the business to them. There seems to be a tendency toward the thought that unless the expensive star is made the keystone of the entire production the original investment in the famous one will be lost.

When a star-system company buys a story, they buy it for the joint reason that it is good and that it fits one of their stars. The company without stars, however, has a much broader field of action in securing their dramatic vehicles. They can buy a story of merit, and cast it according to types and parts. They are not hampered by being compelled to weave it around some certain personage in the studio. The star system, in short, means that a producer must not only pay the person of that distinction a fancy salary, but he must also see

that the star forever dominates in the picture and the advertising, and gets the lion's share of the opportunities for further advancement in the studio.

The reason, then, for the manufacturer's study of this method is easily understood. The importance which he has allowed the star to assume in his organization constitutes one of his greatest problems. He and the exhibitor are the responsible parties, as they educated the patrons to believe in the superlative quality of certain players' work, regardless of the pictures in which they appeared. The star system of making and marketing pictures has now developed to the point where it is almost prohibitive in cost and necessary in selling. This condition cannot last, and therefore, seeing the handwriting on the wall, the manufacturers are trying to find a way of getting down to the basis where they can make good pictures and sell them for that reason, regardless of the personnel of the cast.

Pleasing the Public Pays

FOR a long time, the motion-picture business entirely overlooked the ultimate consumer. The market was considered created when the factory-owned distributor took the pictures and tried to sell them according to set rules. He passed the buck to the exhibitors whom he talked or threatened into booking the pictures, and the most important job of all, selling the people, was left to the theaters. The vital thing in the exhibitor's mind is his house, and consequently the public was campaigned in a very small and scattered way. The exhibitor's thought in advertising was to create a permanent clientele for his theater, not to establish the trade-mark of the producer.

Several of the manufacturers awakened to the fact that the interest and confidence of the people were factors too important to be passed up in this way, so they invested some money in telling their story to them. As a result, the people began to distinguish between the brands offered them, and the exhibitors followed in the wake of the demand. When all of the companies come to recognize the importance of the ultimate consumer and cultivate him, the business will be on its way to such stability as it has never known before. In the long run, the final buyer furnishes the only foundation upon which to build.

Serials A Special Business

GOING away back into the records of the serial branch of motion pictures, we find Edison's "What Happened to Mary" and Selig's "The Adventures of Kathlyn" labeled as pioneers. They were the first pictures of this type to be exploited in a big way, and their success was so marked that they are recognized as trail blazers in what is now one of the most remunerative forms of production. They were so expensively advertised, so successful, and so distincticve, that the announcement of a serial by another producer on the heels of the release of these two was considered a very daring move. The pioneer serials were generally looked upon as the possessors of the cream and milk of that market.

It was thought by many that they had thoroughly satisfied a small demand for that novel type of picture, and that the ground, having been once covered, was taken care of permanently, just as a dinner at one o'clock leaves no appetite

for a sumptuous spread at two. The new serial manufacturer, however believed differently. He went right ahead as though cultivating virgin soil, and met with astounding success. Then the serial race was on. Instead of the demand being small, as was previously supposed, it turned out to be almost as wide as the market for the larger picture telling a complete story.

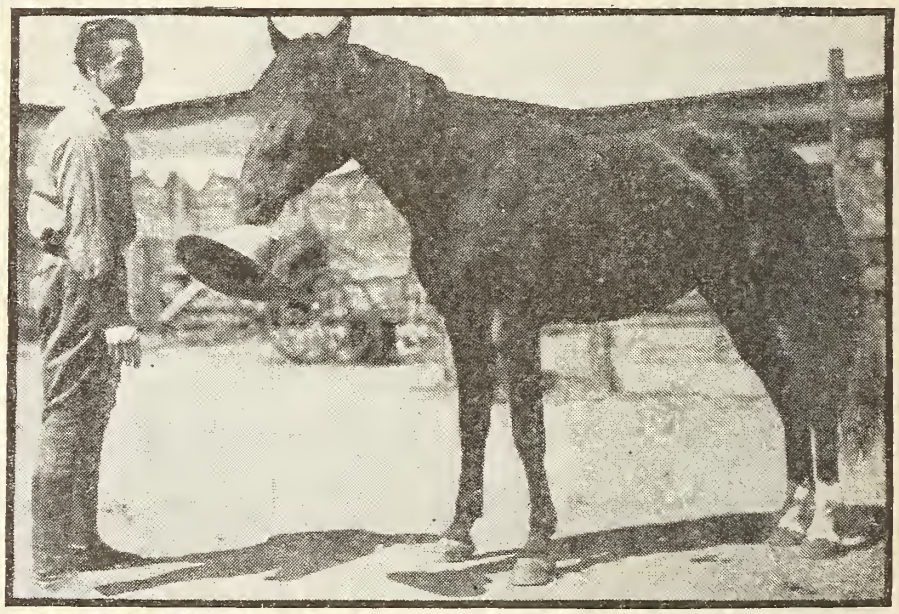
There have been at least two serials among the current releases since the desire for them was recognized as permanent, and sometimes there are as many as four or five being put out at the same time. When properly exploited they are the most consistent form of money makers in the business.

It's a Small World, After All!

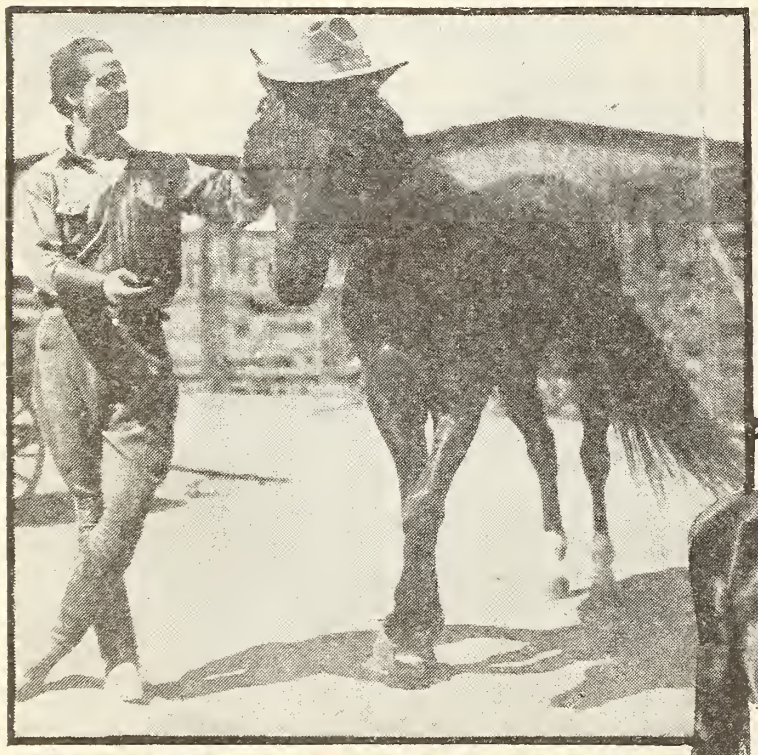
BLANCHE SWEET, who has not been seen in pictures for some time, recently paid a visit to the training camp in San Pedro, California. To her surprise she ran onto two old screen friends, Lieutenant Walter Long and Corporal Tom Foreman—only they hadn't had those titles the last time she had seen them. They were both leading men with the Lasky forces then.

"Movie Babe"

Being a full-fledged actress, Bill Russell's "Babe" simply insists on bareback acting to fill the bald-headed rows.

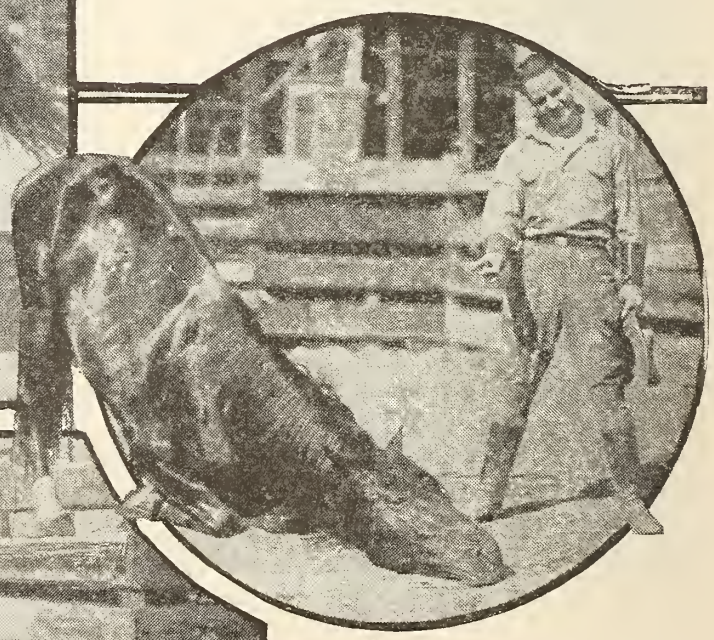


And there is no impoliteness at the studio when Babe is around. "Sir," she says, "Always remove your hat in the presence of ladies!" And she takes Bill's off.



"It's a bit too small for me, still I don't mind posing in it. Anything for publicity, you know."

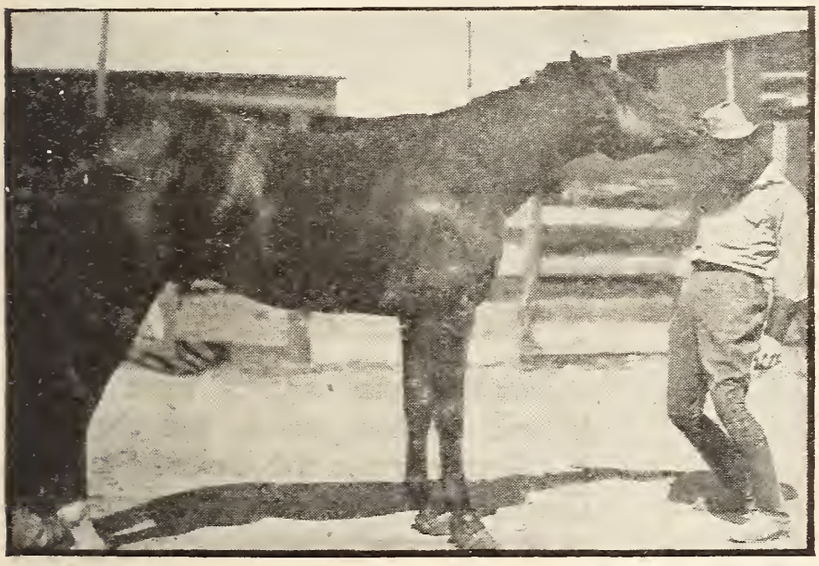
And then, never having seen "The Barrier" and loving Bill as she does, "Babe" just can't help proposing.



Like any other actress she is particular about make-up. Mr. Russell, her valet, is here engaged in putting on the final touches

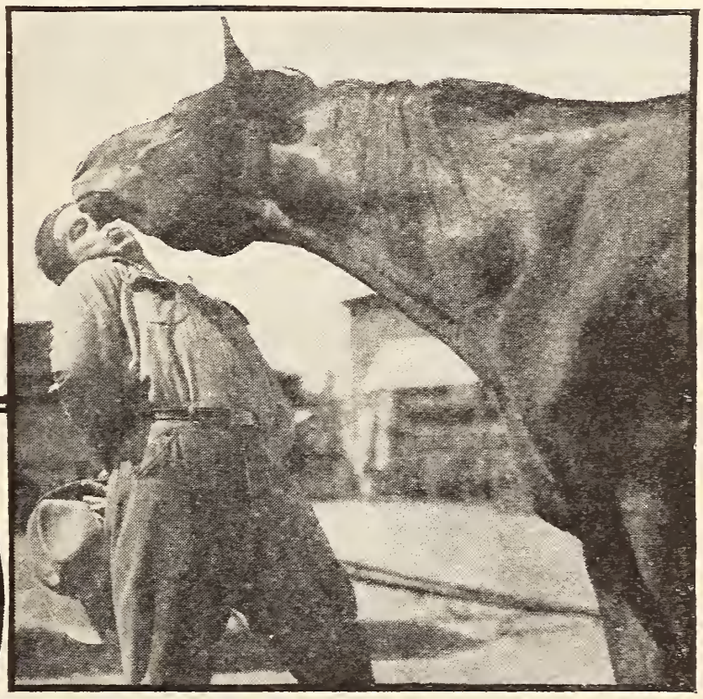
Horseplayer

If "Babe" ever gets a good press agent, Douglas Fairbanks, with his "million-dollar-smile," had better look out.



Like any other female, Babe simply can't keep a secret.

Of course she is affectionate. "Why the startled look?" she asks Bill. "Don't tell me you've never been kissed!"



She is also particular. "Bill," she remarks, "your cheek is a bit rough Did you shave today?"

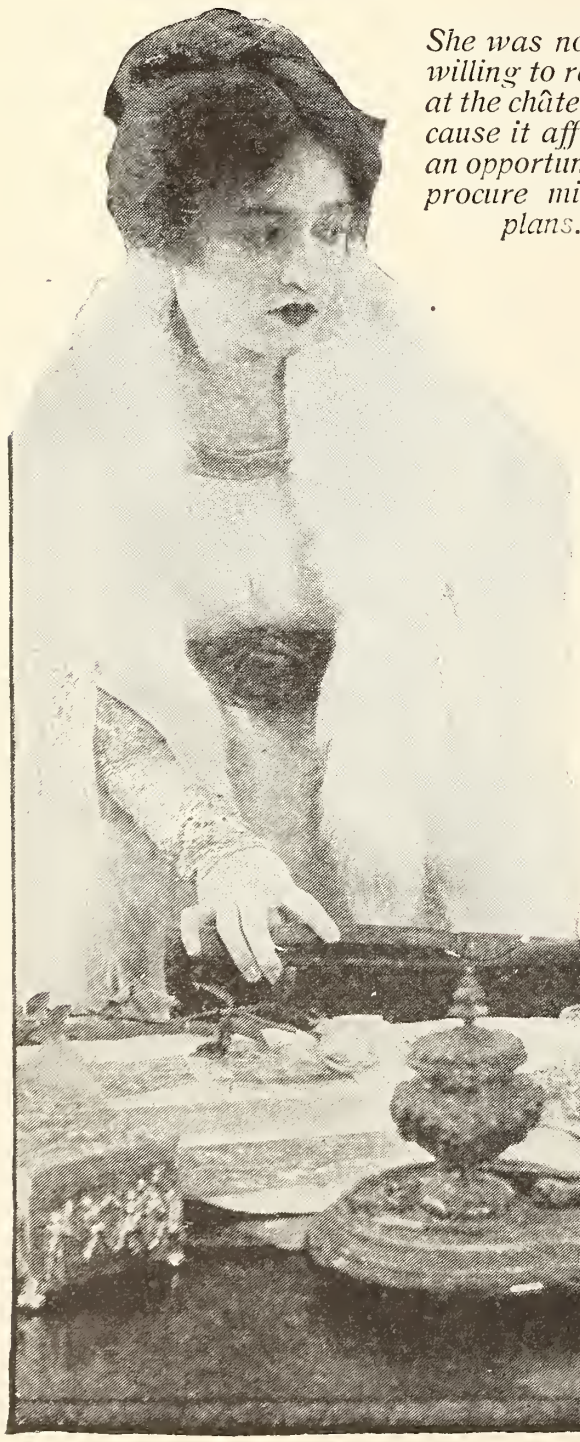
It's a hard life, this profession of acting. Here we see "Babe" and Bill resting at the end of the day's work.

For Liberty

A romance of a United States secret-service man and an American girl who met and loved in the shadow of the German eagle.

By Lionel Northcroft

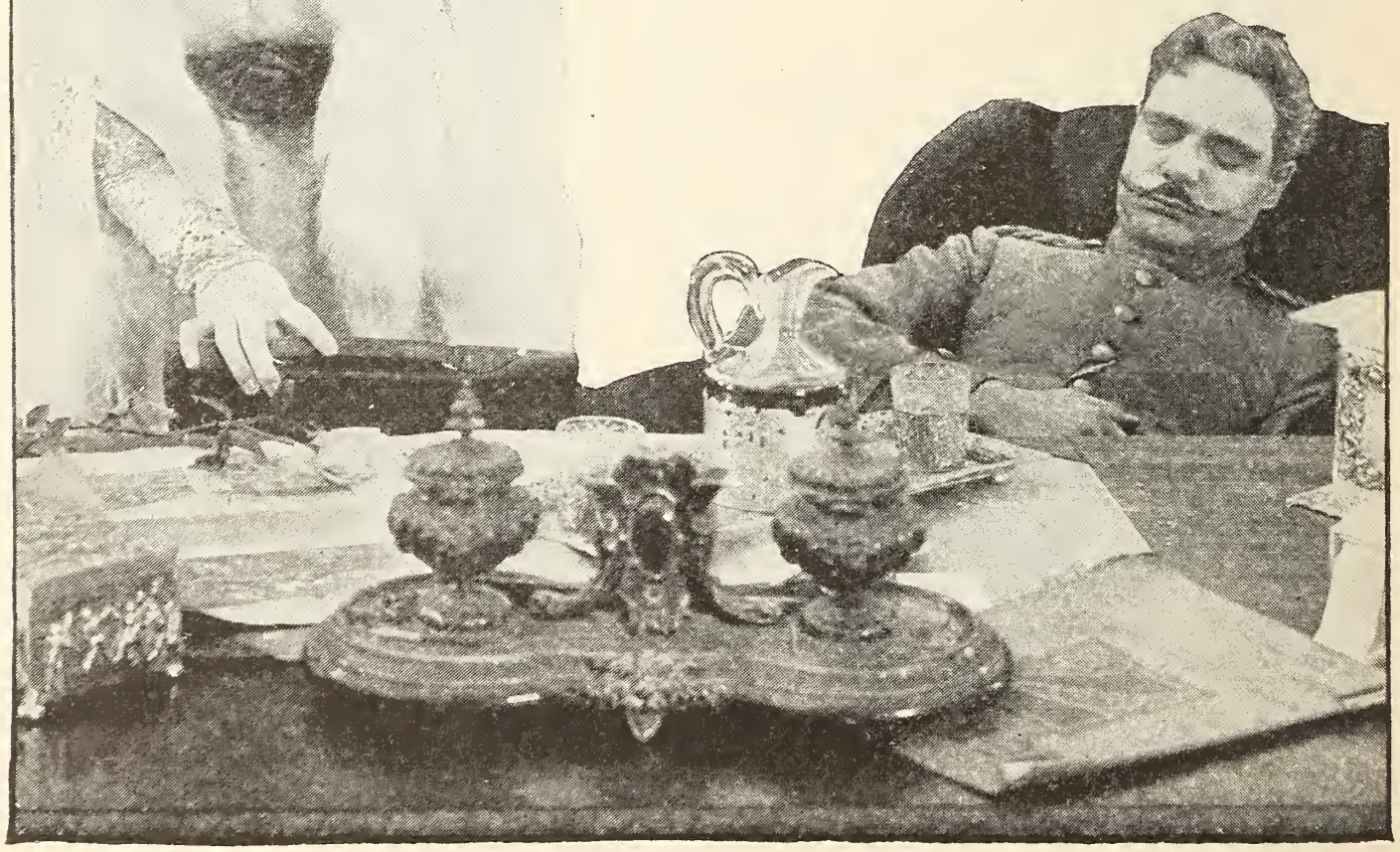
WASHINGTON, District of Columbia, the hive of German, Austrian, Turkish, Bulgarian spies, had been turned upside down overnight. The dismissal of one of the foremost foreign ambassadors caused the cataclysm. Busy bees of intrigue in government departments, shops, factories, hotels, restaurants, and clubs were adrift in the capital and seeking cover. The next scene in the world's international drama was obvious to them.



She was not unwilling to remain at the château because it afforded an opportunity to procure military plans.

Secret-service agents were keen as hounds on their track, and they knew it. War between the United States and Germany was as sure a coming event as the morrow's dawn.

But the fear of these spies, who occupied a more or less dignified position in the heart of the nation, was as nothing compared to the terror of sundry German marine officers, who, having taken refuge in American ports, were interned on their word of honor, only to break it and slip away among pro-



That night Frank Graham was sent to the front line trenches.

German sympathizers to help the Fatherland.

One such officer need not be named —for his name is of no importance. But his appearance is of the greatest significance in this narrative of fact. Picture a man about five feet eleven, slender, muscular, clean shaven, and yellow-haired. He is in civilian attire of blue serge, carries a spring overcoat on his arm, and is coming from a side street toward Pennsylvania Avenue. Advancing toward him is a short, stocky man with beadlike eyes, arms much too long for his body, and gloves much too small for his gorilla-shaped hands.

The man with these hands politely informs the dapper, well-dressed person with yellow hair that he must come to "the office." To make his statement clearer he quietly, and only for an instant, discloses a badge showing him to be an agent of the department of justice.

"Very well," says the yellow-haired man with an air of forced composure.

Within twenty minutes the secret-service agent has presented his captive to the Federal authorities and has identified him as Lieutenant von Schlevitz, second officer of the interned steamer *Princessin Adèle,* who broke his parole at Newport News and fled.

The secret-service agent was complimented by his chief, and was allowed to withdraw with ten days' leave of absence as a testimony to his intelligence and good work.

Lieutenant von Schlevitz, always seemingly perturbed, was held waiting before a board of three in the high-ceiled, somber room that in its furnishings and color resembled a prosperous lawyer's private chambers.

"Why, you haven't even a smile on you, Frank," said one of the three inquisitors, who were now nearly at a grin with satisfaction.

"You yourself pinched Lieutenant von Schlevitz three weeks ago," another remarked, "and now you're pinched as the lieutenant."

"There's a reason," suggested the third inquisitor. "We trust your intelligence and your cleverness. We trust also your honesty to tell us why you have put this imposition on your fellow workman in the secret service, when we and you alone knew you had nabbed the genuine and only Lieutenant von Schlevitz."

"Thank you for your trust in Frank Graham," replied the supposed German lieutenant of the marine reserve. "I shall die rather than betray it. I may have to die before there shall be any chance for me to betray my country

—which God forbid!" He raised his hand solemnly. "In Germany I have a kid brother who is a sculptor—a student, I should say—and I've been carrying him along in a money way as far as I could. Trouble's coming between the U. S. A. and Germany, and he will never sense it until they pen him in a prison camp and tie him by his thumbs to a stake—just as they've done to their English and French prisoners. They'll starve him—well, they'll just about kill a delicate, brainy boy like Arthur—and the worst of it is they'll do it by inches."

"And you mean to say you let yourself be taken like this just to save this boy who ought to have had sense enough to get into some other country than Germany long before this?"

"We can tip some friends of ours over there off I know," Frank Graham replied to his interrogator, "and they'll ship him back; but don't you think the department of justice will appreciate having a man who can talk German as I can, who knows Lieutenant von Schlevitz's history as I do, who is a dead ringer for him, and has put him behind the bars, without anybody but you three men knowing it, can do something for the U. S. A. 'Just Before the Battle, Mother?' "

The three authorities at the long desk laughed despite their habitual gravity. When their humor had subsided Frank Graham was on his way to Berlin, via New York, as a native of Denmark.

II.

The ingenious methods by which Lieutenant von Schlevitz found his way back to Germany after his internment by the Americans were the source of high merriment in official army circles. But no knowledge of his return or whereabouts was permitted to reach the newspapers, which were considered as stupid betrayers to the best-laid plans. His reward for efficiency was plenty for Frank Graham, who as the lieutenant was appointed on the staff of the Bavarian high commander, General von Lentz. The general considered him, though a Prussian, an extremely tactful and deferential young man. Also, this attractive subordinate was proficient in French, of which language the general had only a schoolboy's grasp. Yet his military skill made him of prime importance on the Western front.

A man may be prepared for everything, but he is never prepared for the one overwhelming blow—no matter from what source it comes.

Frank's—rather, Lieutenant von Schlevitz's—first assignment with General von Lentz required his presence at a funeral—or rather the preliminary lying in state of the remains.

In a private mortuary chapel he saw in the plain black cloth casket the body of his sculptor brother, Arthur.

He shivered, and despite his habitual manner of self-effacement his utter grief at the sight showed in his expression.

"What's the matter?" General von Lentz demanded brusquely. "Are you, a fighting sailor, afraid of this?"

The general waved a contemptuous gesture toward the bier.

"By no means," the so-called lieutenant replied in his most impersonal manner, "but it's so long since I've seen a formal burial. At sea, you know, they go down as your eyelid drops—like this."

He shut his eyes quickly, but his heart was as ice within his frame.

"This beggarly American didn't deserve as much as he had. He attempted to strike me—*me,* a German officer! Why——"

But General von Lentz's explanation was cut short by the arrival of a messenger from the war office.

He read the document brought by the messenger, dismissed him, and, with a sharp summons of "Come here," wak-

ened into life a young woman in black from a deep armchair in the corner of the mortuary chaped.

Until this moment Frank Graham had not seen her. All his attention had been fixed on his pose before the general and an ugly, deep saber cut across the temple of his dead brother.

"Lieutenant," said General von Lentz in his stentorian voice, "this lady, Miss Marcia Glendon, an American woman, will remain with you till I come back shortly. The cremation is to be performed within the hour. I have orders I must obey. See that she stays here till I return."

Frank saluted his departing superior with proper respect. The two door attendants of the mortuary chapel followed him out, shut the door, and left in that gloomy chamber of dimmed lights three of the strangest mortals ever assembled within the privacy of four walls.

In the center lay the corpse of Arthur Graham. At the foot of the casket stood his brother Frank, known as Lieutenant von Schlevitz, of the staff of the high commander, General von Lentz. At the head of the casket stood a beautiful young woman, whose features were worn and torn with sorrow.

Frank maintained his officer's dignity and impersonality—but his brain was in a whirl that he should be thus stationed before the dead body of his young brother. As orphans they had fought their way, and this seemed to him the last hopeless effort in their bitter struggle.

For all his alertness of mind Frank was suddenly conscious that he must have fallen into reverie. This woman, who meant nothing to him, but who had been presented much as a ticket of admittance, with the name, Marcia Glendon on it, was on her knees at the head of the casket, moaning in a low voice the words:

"Arthur, Arthur, poor boy, you know

"Death is better than life now," Marcia said.

it was not my fault. Tell me you understand!"

The words were hard enough for Frank Graham to hear. What made it worse was that they were uttered in English.

be good; don't strike me," she pleaded. As she said this her hands and fingers moved before her face in an expressive manner so significant that Frank Graham hazarded a guess.

He trusted no wall in that chapel of

The unseen rescuer slipped an automatic pistol into her hand.

"Miss Marcia Glendon," Frank Graham growled in his best, guttural German, "stand up and behave yourself!"

With great labor she got to her feet and fairly trembled before him. "I'll

the dead. Yet he felt that this girl had something to communicate to him. Quietly he tiptoed to her side and looked her questioningly. "Have you anything to tell me?" he whispered.

Marcia Glendon's face suddenly lightened. It was as if sunshine had been admitted to the chapel. Bending close to him, she whispered her reply.

"What I say to you," she said softly, "may mean my death, and will, probably, lieutenant. The poor boy who lies dead here was a great genius—a sculptor—an American. I, too, am an American. I am a student of the opera. I have sung here. I was counting on going back to my old home and making a lot of money for all I spent here. Poor Arthur! He was working hard, too, at his art. But it pays so little even compared to mine, and then he was so undiplomatic. He listened to my advice, but when the war came he was so much for the English and the French I had a world of trouble.

"Then the United States sent the German ambassador away, and, oh, things were so much worse! Arthur—excuse me—his name is Arthur Graham, I should have told you—well, anyway, he and General von Lentz got into a quarrel at the restaurant where we were dining. He struck the general. We left the restaurant, and outside, in the street, the general hit him across the head with his sword. Now he's here and the general goes to the Western front; but, of course, you know all that. Only I wanted to tell you—what—why that he's a poor little genius from my own country I mothered, though I'm only three or four years older. But you know how we women are, and now, for God's sake, send me back home on a cattle train or anything."

Frank Graham looked into Marcia Glendon's face as if it were no more than a mask.

"I don't ask you to swear over a Bible," he said. "Lots of people do that and lie; I ask you merely to say over the body of this man—please don't cry—orders are orders."

Marcia looked up at him timidly.

"I only mothered him; I haven't been in love over here. I've met lots of people—men and women—but I want to love a man of my own country. Arthur, who lies here, was just a foolish boy."

"The general is in love with you—or he wouldn't be here," Frank Graham replied.

"Many officers and other big people have tried to think they were just because I had to sing for my living, but it doesn't work with an American girl like me; so we'll close the conversation, lieutenant, with your permission."

She turned away from the casket to reseat herself in the chair.

Frank Graham touched her shoulder. She turned.

"If you want to go home, follow the general," he whispered.

"But I *hate* him. Besides he goes to the Western front in the morning," she replied.

"I also."

"But I hate—no, I just distrust you. You are too kind. I want to die—away from the general."

"But you can't get away from him. I'm to watch you always."

"And you said I could get home by following him?"

She was almost voiceless. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"You want to get home, little girl," he told her, "and I want to ask you over the body of this poor fellow, killed by the general, will you really trust me?"

She stared uncomprehendingly. She wanted to trust him, yet——

"Not everybody trusts the general, you know, and I am his aid. But will you trust me?" he repeated.

"Why?"

"You mothered and trusted the boy who lies dead here, didn't you?"

"Yes, but what has that to do——"

"With a small leather portfolio the general always carries?"

"You know about it, too? But that's natural. Arthur found out about it, and that started their quarrel, I think. I'm through with the general and the portfolio, whatever it contains."

"But you want to get home?"

"Great heavens, man, why are you, a German lieutenant, so anxious to see me get home?"

Frank Graham coughed gutturally in his best German officer manner, and said in a loud German voice:

"Be seated, miss; you can do no good standing by a corpse."

Then he whispered: "The man who lies dead here is my 'kid brother,' Arthur. Let's avenge him! But, above all, let us get the portfolio. There are plans in it."

III.

Scarcely had Marcia signified her assent to his proposal than the door of the chapel was opened and General von Lentz reëntered, escorted by two attendants of the establishment.

"The pallbearers will take care of the remains, Miss Glendon," he announced. "I am bound off at once. Lieutenant——"

He looked at Frank Graham, who immediately passed out of the chapel in response to the implied command.

Nothing could be simpler than the instructions Marcia had to follow in order to make the long journey into the fighting region.

Within a little more than forty-eight hours she was at the Château de Vere, headquarters of General von Lentz. One wing of the colossal, ancient building was used as a headquarters for officers, and Marcia's duties supposedly kept her here. But really most of her time was spent in carrying reports to General von Lentz. She was not unwilling to be near him, though his large, brutally handsome form had become odious to her since the death of Arthur Graham. But she stifled her repugnance as best she could for her two objectives. The first, to secure military plans; the second, to avenge Arthur Graham. He had been only a child that needed care as she saw him. But Frank Graham was a man, and one born to command. His "Let's avenge him," spoken that night over the coffin, had awakened in her soul emotions she had never known before.

This idea was constantly in her mind and more vividly even now as she sat alone with General von Lentz in his office. He was examining sundry reports that had been brought by an orderly.

"Your reports will wait, my dear Marcia," he told her. "Besides, I like to have you sit here by me."

"As you will, general," she replied. "I am at your orders."

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and began to stamp up and down the room, swearing in a rage.

Marcia trembled all over with a premonition of disaster. But she said, with seeming calm, as she rose: "My dear general, please calm yourself. What can I do for you?"

"Do? Do!" he fairly snorted. "You can curse the hour you ever brought Arthur Graham across my path."

"But he is dead—he——"

"Yes, and that impostor, Von Schlevitz, who is his brother, Frank Graham, an American spy, will be dead in half an hour."

General von Lentz sat at his desk and prepared to countersign the death warrant of Frank Graham.

"What's that you say?" Marcia asked, approaching the desk with faltering steps.

"He's been caught with papers stolen from my portfolio——"

Marcia did not dare sigh her relief at the knowledge that at least this much of Frank Graham's plan had succeeded. She, too, had from time to time, pro-

cured valuable papers from German officers.

"There," growled Von Lentz as he thrust the paper toward her. "I've signed it, and that puts another of the fool Graham brood out of the world."

A look of horror spread over her face.

"You would like to save him, wouldn't you?" the general said sneeringly. "You can save this American, Marcia."

"How? Oh, you mean——" She raised herself on her arm as she studied the unmistakable terms in the general's eyes.

"You really will save him—send him back where he belongs?" she asked.

"I'll send him back where he belongs," responded the general.

"Quick, then! Quick! The order. But I must have word that he is safe, you know."

"You shall," said the general.

That night Frank Graham, dressed as a German private, was sent on a mission he did not understand into the first line of German trenches. Lieutenant after lieutenant inspected the code message he bore, said no word, but passed him farther forward toward the enemy line until he found himself at the uttermost outpost of the patrol. Here again the code message he carried was examined, and he was informed that he might pass still farther —to the next German sentry.

Within five minutes Frank Graham, unarmed and attired in German uniform, found himself in an open space of white dust half a foot deep and miles in extent.

His field-gray uniform was white with dust, and so served as a bit of camouflage that had not been intended by General von Lentz. At long range French snipers could not distinguish him, but he marched on against the barrel of their rifles and the face of death.

He began to wonder that he saw no more of the German line when the crack of a rifle struck his eardrum, and at the same instant he felt a sharp pain in his right hand.

He dropped to the ground as one dead. Another and pleasanter sound came to his ears. The men were singing:

"Over There, Over There——"

Frank crawled across the dusty waste nearer and nearer to the spot from which came the resounding chorus and called.

"For the lovea Mike," he heard a man exclaim. "There's a Yank who's been to the wrong tailor!"

They parleyed excitedly. Into their trench sprang Graham, shouting:

"I'm Frank Graham, U. S. secret service. In Germany on duty. Put me in touch with your commander and we'll take a village and a bunch of Dutchmen by midnight."

IV.

Marcia and General von Lentz were finishing their dinner in the lodge of the Château de Vere.

It was a quarter before ten. General von Lentz had dined and drunk heavily. He craved a little entertainment, and asked Marcia to sing for him.

"It's a cursed French piano," he said, pointing to the instrument, "but the best we can do. Sing 'The Evening Star.'"

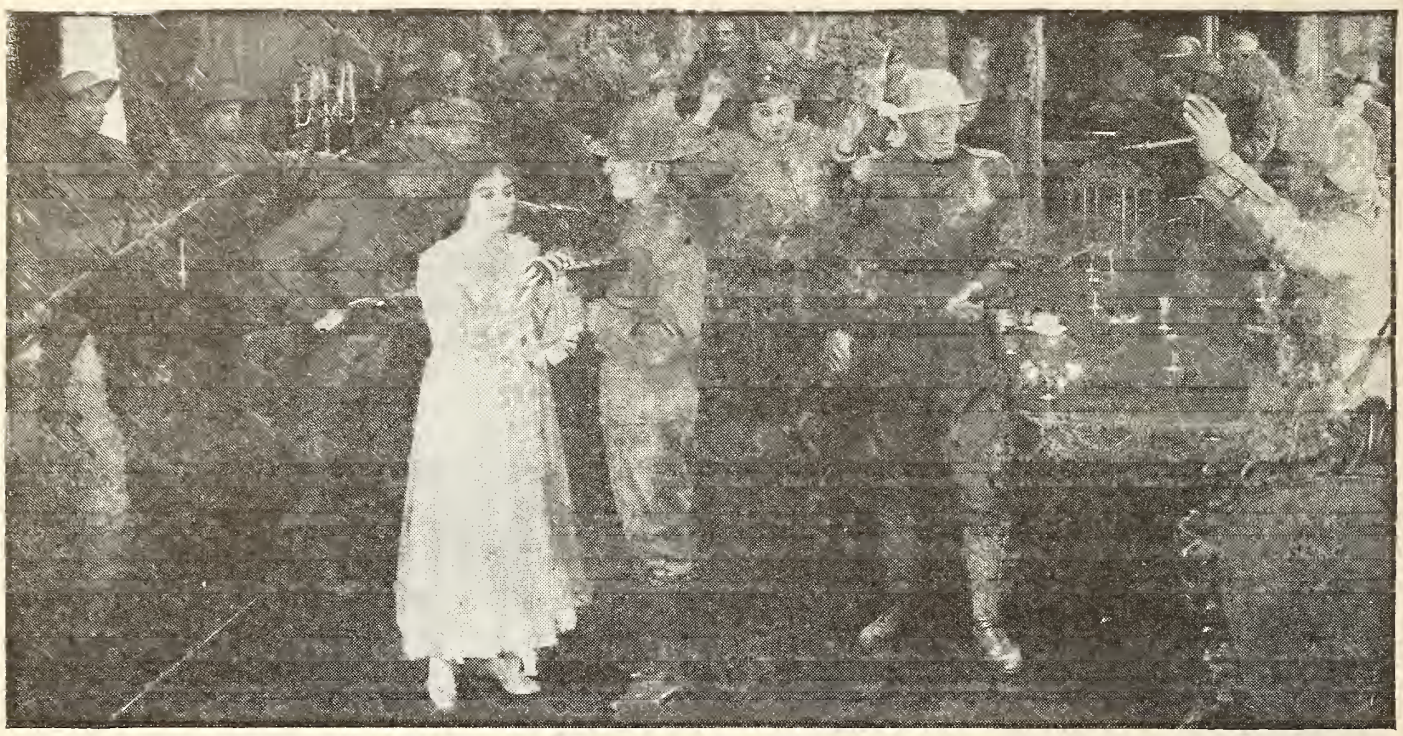
"I can't, general; I'm sorry," she answered weakly. "I'm worn out. I'm going to my room."

She walked away.

"All right, Marcia," he told her with heavy gayety; "we'll go together."

Marcia ran down the hall, swept into the room, locked the door after her, and almost fell into the arms of her maid.

In a moment General von Lentz was pounding at the door, demanding admittance.



Every German in the room had surrendered.

"Let me in," he growled, "or I'll break it like a toothpick."

Marcia, followed by her maid, stole across the floor, opened a door, and slipped into the adjoining room.

The room was on the third floor. To attempt escape by jumping meant death.

"It is better than life now," she said.

From outside there came to her a man's voice in German:

Cast of "For Liberty"

Adapted from the Fox production written by Bennett Cohen

Marcia Glendon.....Gladys Brockwell
Frank Graham.....Charles Clary
General von Lentz.....Bertram Grassby
Gretchen.....Clara Graham

"Protect yourself; I will help."

The unseen rescuer slipped an automatic pistol into Marcia's hand just as General von Lentz broke down the door.

"Stand where you are——" Marcia screamed.

The next instant a perfect fusillade of shots was heard all round the house.

"A surprise attack!" was cried over and over again. "It's the Americans! The Americans! Find General von Lentz."

The general rushed from the room. Marcia, dazed, followed him down the stairs to the banquet hall below.

As she reached it a joyful sight met her eyes. The general stood, his arms upraised, looking sullenly into the muzzle of a rifle held by an American soldier. Every German in the room showed similar signs of surrender.

Suddenly she recognized the man whose rifle was aimed at the general. It was Frank Graham! A moment later he was at her side, leaving his captive to another soldier.

"It's all right, Marcia," he said, looking toward her reassuringly. "We've taken the village—and I'll take care of you."

She could not speak, but stole toward him, crying softly, and threw her arms about his neck fearfully as a child.

"Oh, please take care of me!" she begged.

"Take care of you, girl," he said with a smile. "You're never going to get away from me any more."

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.

The Demand for Stories

All the world loves a photo-play author, it would seem. In any event, the demand for plots has never been so great before. Never have such prices been offered for motion-picture material of worth. The authors of the six best sellers to-day are turning out their material with an eye for movie possibilities. That is to say, they write their stories always with the screen picture constantly in mind. Vance's latest serial was purchased for moving pictures before the second installment saw the light of day in a popular periodical. A certain short story which appeared recently was turned over to the screen upon wire orders, and with no haggling about the price. At the same time, strange as it may seem, certain old stories carrying atmosphere along present popular lines in picturization, have been the subjects of lively bidding recently. One story of three thousand words was desired by two film companies simultaneously, and there was a spirited contest before one of them carried off the prize. The reason for this condition of the market is the fact that real plots to fit certain stars are scarce, and that the supply really does not meet the demand. One scenario editor informed the writer that with ten companies at work he had not more than one scenario ahead for any of them. Books and short stories of worth are at a premium. Because of the war, it is very difficult to make satisfactory business relations with English authors. In order to secure prompt action it is often necessary to see authors personally. Many of them have an exalted idea of the motion-picture worth of a story, and dickering by cable is usually expensive, particularly at present.

The Sweet-and-Fragrant Stuff

There seems to be a demand for the "sweet-and-fragrant" stuff, particularly for certain screen stars who love to wander through the fields sweet with clover, and peek their heads out of a close-up of hollyhocks. Plays carrying such titles as "Come Into the Garden, Maude," "Black-eyed Susan," et cetera, are desired by the screen damsels who play the shy sweet-sixteen parts. The trouble with this stuff is that nine times out of ten there is plenty of "atmosphere"—daisy fields and sunbonnets—*but mighty little plot.* The hoydenish stars who are clamoring for this stuff care little for the commercial value of a picture which, of course, depends upon the taste of the well-known public. No, indeed! What these stars want is a lot of close-ups and foregrounds of themselves. The

picture is then certain to be a success, in their estimation. Don't try to write these "sweet-and-fragrant" stories. The producers are beginning to appreciate that just one in ten goes over—and that the others lose money for all concerned, except the star. There is no getting away from this. The public wants *plot*. The public can go to Belasco for atmosphere and character bits. The only hope of the picture is in plenty of plot and story.

Enter the Gentlemanly Agent

One of the latest annoyances of the movie game is the gentlemanly agent of the screen star—the gent who is to guard Miss Hortense Bourion's great interests in the "silent drama." Permit us to elucidate: Baldwin Holtsapple appears at the film company's studios or offices as the emissary of Miss Hortense. The star's new contract may read that she must approve individually of every scenario selected for her wonderful talents. Sometimes it is necessary to give the actress such a contract although it leads to trouble for every one concerned. Baldwin makes his presence felt most keenly, perhaps, in the scenario department. It makes no difference that Baldwin may know naught of books or plays. He must pretend he does, and make as much trouble as possible, in order to hold his job. The hard-working editor and his assistants may have read nearly everything in the world, but none of the stories will please Baldwin. Far from it! "This story lacks thus-and-so. That story does not give the star sufficient scope for her work. This play will never, never do—too much plot and not enough of that sweet-clean atmosphere with which she has been so signally identified!" Is it any wonder that the editor throws up his hands in despair and the staff writers and others complain of brain fag? And a lot of these finicky stars who insist upon O. K.-ing each and every story, a few years ago were unheard of. If they keep up their present system they will be unheard of in forthcoming years—for the public will turn down their productions. First of all comes the plot, the story, the action. Then may come the atmosphere, including the lead's cherished close-ups. Will the star condescend to "sit in" with the script writer and approve the continuity as it is being written? With few exceptions the star will not! Instead, her "agent," who usually knows nothing of plots, visits the scenario editor and systematically criticizes each and everything submitted. The time is coming when this will not be done!

As to Textbooks

Well, well, we certainly did start something a month or so ago when we spoke of the textbook problem, and made the statement that there are perhaps a half dozen standard works on the motion-picture art. An avalanche of letters has been arriving asking for the "shelf" of works, and we have made up a list of four or five books which, in our estimation, will perhaps help the ambitious scenario writer. We will gladly forward this list to any one sending a self-addressed stamped envelope. Please do not inclose loose stamps. While on the subject, we might say in passing that even textbooks written by authorities, while proving encouraging, will not be of material assistance in learning to plot. That knack, or talent, comes from within, not from without. A textbook may give a "sample scenario," a list of markets, and a general dissertation as to how this or that one writes his picture plays, but it cannot instill that God-given talent, that

unknown quantity, which enables a man or woman to know a plot when he or she meets it face to face. So do not place too much dependence upon textbooks. Study the textbook of life, and in so doing mayhap you will gain the elusive idea.

The Propaganda Picture

We have touched on the propaganda picture before, but it is timely again to allude to stories "with a mission." A great deal of money has been lost to certain film concerns in the past year because they have attempted to instruct the public. Some would-be students of the screen will never realize that people go to the motion pictures to be entertained, not to be instructed. Audiences resent those "gripping moral lessons of wide scope" which are being foisted upon them with increasing frequency.

Do They Last?

Do they last? Answer says that they do. We are alluding to those old-time writers who won their spurs in the early days of films. It is our contention that once a writer, always a writer. That if one has captured his spurs by hard work and study, his services always will be in demand. For example, Giles R. Warren, who wrote the Florence Lawrence-Arthur Johnson stuff of years agone, is in the employ of the Horsley Company, and, not only that, he has blossomed into a playwright for the spoken drama. "Pop" Hoadley is on the Pacific coast doing good work. Culler Johnson is again in the East, with a fund of good ideas. Marc E. Jones, Wallace C. Clifton, Agnes Johnson, Frank Smith, and Johnnie Grey are working for Pathé; Hettie Greay Baker is with the Fox forces in New York; Maibelle Heikes Justice is freelancing with great success, and living in the metropolis. We could go on indefinitely, tracing screen writers of yesterday who are still at work to-day. The newcomers are not many, and the "old comers" find their assignments many and lucrative. It just goes to show that the field is not overcrowded, that those who reached success years ago are still sought by those who wish a safe and sane story delivered early. In other words, dependable stuff.

Would They?

Would they buy comedies for Chaplin written out in script form? This is the inquiry of Betty Coats. She adds: "How could one explain all the detailed action in a synopsis? I can visualize all kinds of comedy action in working script, but don't seem to be able to get it in synopsis." Slapstick comedy, so-called, is the hardest thing in the world to write. About the only man we ever knew who could turn out a farce-comedy script to be produced as written was Epes Winthrop Sargent, and he's still doing it, by heck! Here's a professional secret. The comedies of the Chaplin type usually are written as they are produced. By that we mean that there may be a skeleton of a plot. But the members of the cast, the star, and the director, "sit in" on evolving new stunts (with occasionally old ones seen in the other fellow's comedy), and scene by scene comedy is built up. It is almost impossible to write a Chaplin comedy to be produced scene by scene from the script. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to put over a good picture comedy. The man or woman who could write a series of Chaplin or Keystone comedies, that could be put over successfully as written, would never

suffer from want. If you think you can write comedy business scene by scene, by all means try out your talents. But, whatever you do, write in business for a lot of pretty girls. They have been known to save more than one comedy.

Coming Next Month

We propose answering a number of personal inquiries through this department next month. If you have not received a personal reply to that letter of yours, just wait a bit. Perhaps we have considered it of sufficient importance for extended comment in this department. We want you to feel free to write to the editor personally. We have been through the mill, and nothing pleases us more than a frank letter from some beginner who desires aid. Do not be afraid to write to the department. Do not be timid about asking questions. We have a mighty friendly feeling for those who are beginning the work as well as for those old friends as well.

Continuity and Otherwise

Do you know that there are authors who make a specialty of plots, and other writers making a specialty of continuity? Come with us for a moment into any well-conducted scenario department. Hector O'Tush writes a corking synopsis of a story. He could not write a movie script to save his life. All right. The editor buys Hector's plot synopsis, and pays him for it. Then Mr. Editor remarks inwardly: "Here's a good plot for Bessie Biscuit, who needs just such an idea. Whom shall I engage to write the continuity?" He thinks of his staff writers and their various capabilities, and concludes to intrust the synopsis to So-and-so. This continuity writer takes the synopsis, and writes the continuity scene by scene, subtitles and all. He submits his work to the editor, and a committee of experts. Changes are suggested and made. Finally Hector O'Tush's idea blossoms into a full-grown picture script, scene by scene, and goes to the director. Maybe the director produces the script as written, or perhaps he does not. In any event, if the picture is poor, the long-suffering scenario editor is blamed. Would you rather be a writer of plots or a continuity writer? The idea man must furnish originality, and a new angle. The continuity writer must furnish the technique. Both are well paid. The writer of the continuity, however, must have had years of experience in the game, for he must have technique.

As to Criticism

Would you suggest that a beginner in the art of scenario writing submit plays to one or to many advertised markets for manuscripts to be advertised and sold? So writes a Southern lady. In clarion tones we say: "We would not!" In this day the beginner cannot be expected to write continuity, meaning technique. The best hope is the synopsis, which is welcomed in nine out of ten of the scenario departments. If you have an idea, write it out clearly on a typewriter—never in long hand—and submit it to any reputable film manufacturing company, directing it to the scenario department. If the idea appeals you will receive an offer for it. Catering to these "bureaus of criticism" is going up against some other fellow's game. Nine out of ten know no more of the desires of a film concern than you do. The film magnates are not publishing inside details of their needs, giving

away the true state of affairs to the rival who may be exploiting a star of the same qualifications. The film concerns are after stories, plot ideas. A good original idea is welcomed in any film editorial office right now—take it from us! Send your synopsis directly to market, leaving the bureaus of criticism strictly alone. First you pay a fee for criticism. Next you pay a commission if the stories are sold. Typewrite your own plots and send them in direct. You can use the money you pay on "criticism," so-called. This criticism cannot be of value, for the outsider does not know real market conditions. We know them. Come across with an idea full of action. If you can put an original twist into old stuff, you'll sell it. Study the stars featured by the different companies, so you will know when you have an idea suitable for one of them.

Send it Direct

A Chicago lady writes that she has a synopsis ready to market, and, as she is new to the business, she is uncertain where to send it. She says: "I have done some other writing, but nothing along movie lines. I am wondering with whom to place it. I have circulars from several companies. One offers to place my story, and another, for a small sum, gives hints, and a bulletin. Do you recommend any one? How am I to know which is reliable? I intend to write plays until I am assured I can or cannot, but would like to start right. In a nutshell, what is the best way to get plays before directors, and how can I know as to the reliability of schools?" Schools are not reliable, for they cannot furnish any information as to the real needs of any one film company. Leave schools strictly alone. Typewrite your idea in a clear, concise manner, and submit it yourself, inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Read the motion-picture trade journals every week. There are three or four that are worthy. Study the advertisements carried by these publications. One or more carry synopses of stories released by various film companies, and a careful reading of these synopses will enable you to get a line on the character of stories being released. No reputable film company, to our knowledge, is distributing circulars boadcast. Some will furnish a list of market requirements if asked.

A Contradictory Tale

In a very interesting letter Evelyn Campbell says: "I am much interested in your article in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, as I have a contradictory tale to tell, and that is always pleasant. I am a short-story writer. I think I may say with propriety that I know enough to put a synopsis into proper shape, so that even a scenario reader might not lose any time in getting at the kernel of it. Recently I was bitten by the synopsis bug; for before you told us about it, common sense warned me of the fallacy of the 'prepared script,' and I never attempted to prepare one. I wrote a synopsis that I thought very good, sent it to several companies, and always had it returned, sometimes with a rejection slip, though more often with a polite note, disclaiming any desire for scenarios in any shape or form. I used the plot for a novelette, sold it to a magazine, received a good price for it, and, to my astonishment, the magazine editor sold the picture rights to a film company for five hundred dollars! This certainly shows that the film companies are not dragging the market for stories, as they could have had mine for half what they paid the magazine. I am perfectly satisfied, of course, to sell a story twice, but

I am just wondering if that doesn't account, in a way, for the sameness of the screen stories that bore us so. If I had not been a story writer, my synopsis would have gone in the discard—like many another, no doubt, which would have made good had they reached the proper channel. The best magazines nowadays are always open to new writers—welcome them with a brass band, in fact. Not so the screen. Screen editors are a decade behind those of the magazines. I am not alone in this experience. I have heard the same story from numerous writers, so I may be pardoned for regarding this cry for 'more and better stories' as something like camouflage. What do you say?" This author relates an experience that is indeed one of many. Her work turned down in manuscript form by the movie editor—she discovers that it gains much in value after its appearance in a magazine. The first thing the author should do is to reserve moving-picture rights to all stories, and then no commission or "divvy" with others is necessary. The second important thing is to submit plots to those scenario editors who can discern a story in a typewritten manuscript, without having to await the time when the self-same story appears within magazine covers. The scenario editor of discernment can save commissions, et cetera, if he can spot the diamond in the rough.

Yes, Too Much Of It!

A well-known director said the other day: "The trouble with many of the script writers is that they insist on doing the director's work. For example, I am paid a high salary to produce a picture. I receive a scenario. This scenario is cluttered up with hints to the director, instructions as to diaphragming in and out, hints as to locations, et cetera. But the story is subservient. The director is well paid for his experience and knowledge. More time spent on putting plot and action into a manuscript and less time instructing the director as to his duties will help all concerned. There is a dearth of original plots. There is an avalanche of scripts carrying atmosphere, hints to directors, et cetera. Let's have more rock-bottom plots, and let the director do his own work!"

As to Titles

The question of titles seems to puzzle many authors, writes Epes Winthrop Sargent. Lately an author wrote regarding the prefixes A, And, and The. The story, he thought, would not be clearly titled unless he called it "The ——," the dash representing the coined name. It was pointed out that he might use the name without the "the," and he came back with the argument that the use of proper names in titles was also banned, and this coined name might conceivably be the name of a woman. The points were well taken, but the writer made the error of failing to get behind the language of the rule to gain the real sense of the pronouncement. Titles beginning with "The" or "A" are to be avoided, not because they will prevent the sale of a script, but because the constant use of those articles makes for bald and uninteresting titles. There is no other reason why they should not be employed; but in most cases the avoidance of the article makes for a stronger and more attractive title—one that may materially aid in the sale of a play through its sonorous sound or its curiosity-rousing qualities. "A Broken Heart," for example, is vague and without appeal. "The Broken Heart" is better, only in that it seems to refer to one particular heart. Denied these convenient

handles, the author will struggle for another and more individual word or combination, and perhaps produce something that will truly appeal. "A Kentucky Cinderella" does not make a bad title, but "Cinderella, of Kentucky," would probably appeal to most persons as being better. In the same way the avoidance of given names in titles is merely to reduce sameness. It cuts down the number of "Mary" plays and "Jane" plays, and the like; but that is no reason for completely avoiding proper names. "Jane" had a long run in New York years ago, and "Mary of Magdala" would not have gone as well under the more elastic title of "The Magdalene," which would have suggested a play of any period. All rules must be applied with good judgment and with the knowledge that all rules have exceptions. The rules apply merely in a generality of cases, and it is because they do apply to most instances that they are rules.

Do Not Do It!

"Would it be more advisable, and would I get quicker results and better results if I go personally to some company to sell my plays? I have written two, one of the Western type, with Indians, which I know well, having lived close to them all my life." Do not pay personal visits to the editor unless he summons you. Some writers—and more or less famous writers, too—insist on paying personal visitations to film editorial offices. They are rarely welcome, for the editor is a busy man, too busy to discuss the art of scenario writing in general and the visitor's work in particular on his company's time. Regarding Indian stories, it is our opinion that the old "Bison" days will come again sooner or later. That Indian story may not be timely now, but within a year it may be highly desirable.

Seasonable Stories

Is it advisable to write stories of the merry Yuletide, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving? No! They will not sell. Very few companies come across any more with the picture plays of holiday flavor. You may spend a lot of time preparing a Christmas story. It may be a good story, too. But the company to which you submit that script to may have concluded not to release a "seasonable" production this year. You cannot submit the story elsewhere, for it is written for a certain holiday period and the time is too short. It is best to leave holiday stories strictly alone.

No Opportunity

In a letter from Faming, New Mexico, a would-be writer of photo-play plots remarks that he has no opportunity to see many good plays. The study of the picture play on the screen will prove of more benefit to the writer than all the "schools" in the wide, wide world. In order to write acceptable stuff the author must see the other fellow's work, and the method of producing it. It is well for the beginner in the art of writing screen drama to sit through a good picture twice—the first time for the story, the second to make notes as to the size of cast, the climaxes, et cetera. Unless one patronizes the moving pictures and keeps up to date there is little use trying to write for the screen. One must be familiar with the vineyard in which he would labor.

Scenario Writing from the Director's Viewpoint

Practical information based on the actual experience in the studios of one who produces successes.

By Allan Dwan

Director for Douglas Fairbanks

IN the course of my experience in the photo-play world, I have had many letters from photo-play writers applying for positions or asking advice as to scenario writing. It is a remarkable and significant fact that there has scarcely been one who has not begun his or her letter by remarking that he was submitting a story without the "faults" of this or that reigning success, and invariably following this with a lengthy criticism of the success' many weaknesses. Here, then, at the outset is a very important "don't" that scenario writers may well heed. Don't base your beliefs in your qualifications as a scenario writer on the fact that you are able to pick out flaws in photo plays you see on the screen. A much more profitable way of spending your time is to find out what has made a current picture marketable, instead of planning how you could improve on it. If you do this you will learn.

Have you a clear understanding of what you mean by "dramatic action" in a story? So many mistake violent physical action for real drama. The picture which shows a terrible fire, a railroad train running off the track, an explosion, a thrilling race of any sort, a fall of any kind, may be very entertaining in that particular spot, but it does not constitute real drama. No highly sensational scene which is used to supplant a well-thought-out dramatic climax can ever make a dramatic photo play. This sort of action, being only physical, can never be used to take the place of a real dramatic situation.

Unfortunately, inexperienced authors feel that this sort of thing is wanted when a script is returned marked "Lacking Action;" forgetting that if the story has real suspense, the climax of the picture may be played without any physical action at all. Indeed, it is quite possible to play a scene of great tension between two people quietly sitting across a dinner table.

Lack of real application and study of the world's best dramatic literature is a besetting fault on the part of many photo-play writers. There are many embryo scenario writers who have never considered the advantage of taking time to read the works of the world's greatest dramatists. All drama is fundamentally the same, whether it be heard on the stage, seen on the screen, or read by the fireside. To read the works of great dramatists, therefore, will teach what constitutes real dramatic situation and what does not. Of course, reading the plays of Shakespeare will not teach one the tricks of photo-play construction, because the two are very different. But the fundamental principles of drama are eternally the same in a good play or a good picture; so the ambitious photo dramatist should study all the time.

The average scenario writer goes to see a current moving picture, and looks at it from the wrong viewpoint. Many young writers go to a moving-picture theater merely to be entertained. It never seems to occur to them to look at the work in front of them with an idea of finding out exactly why that particular story has made a success, or to consider what qualities has made the public love it, or wherein the construction excels some other picture they have seen. They do not get the real basic reason for what makes the picture good or bad. It either does or does not amuse, but they never attempt to analyze *why*.

Why don't these inexperienced writers "dig down" and find out the eternal *"why"* of this or that success? There is always a reason. It has been my observation, however, that the average young writer is content to watch every picture with only one thought: "How much better I could do it!"

The one advantage of writing a scenario with the personality of a particular star in mind is in the fact that that star's characteristics offer a basic ground for establishing a central representation of character. There has been much cry against the star system both on the stage and on the screen, but this cry is essentially foolish, because it comes from those who do not see that the star system is based on fundamentals of human psychology. Give us a story without a hero and we can give you a picture without a star, but there are no stories without some particular personality who stands head and shoulders above the lesser individuals about whose personalities, he or she, revolves. We *must* have heroes in our romances. It is a fundamental trait of human nature to imagine oneself in the rôle of hero or heroine, doing those things which the hero does, as perhaps we might under the same circumstances. We cannot eliminate the hero personality from fiction or drama, and because of this we cannot eliminate the star.

Therefore, if you understand the attributes, characteristics, and personality of some particular star; if you know what he or she can or cannot effectually portray—what shades of feeling he or she can most satisfactorily put into a representation—then you will have something on which to build a real character portrait.

The young photo-dramatists appear to be entirely out of touch with the needs of the producer. Here, perhaps, the producer is a trifle to blame. There should be some means for letting this class of writer know the exact kind of story—not merely what kind of theme—the producing companies want. Many a young writer starting out in the game would be glad to find something on their returned manuscripts besides "Unsuitable for our purposes," or "We do not want animal pictures," or "Too expensive for production;" but the immense amount of work connected with scenario departments makes very difficult the matter of giving explicit explanation as to why a certain scenario is not available.

I know a young magazine writer, very capable indeed, who for six months zealously sent forth some very lovely stories to picture-play producers, only to have them returned as "Unavailable for our purpose." She was at a loss to know why her stories, which had been welcomed by the magazines, were unavailable for the screen. Then, one day, from a chance remark of another author, she learned why. "You see, the picture companies do not want 'narrative' plots, they want 'dramas' said the other." A great light dawned. The little magazine writer awakened to the fact that her stories were dainty little "narratives," charmingly interesting in their psychology, but entirely lacking in dramatic climax; in short, delightful

to read in a magazine, but lacking the suspense necessary to a good picture. That was the beginning of wisdom, and straightway her capable pen changed the kind of story which she was sending to the studios. Needless to say, she sold her next picture.

With intelligent authors, either beginners or veterans, a "word to the wise" is sufficient. But unfortunately the chasm is so wide and deep between the manufacturer and those outside that this "word" is usually not forthcoming; so the young, inexperienced writer is obliged to flounder somewhat until some friendly hand extends a little help. It is in the hope of being of some such service that I have started writing these monthly articles. And if I can help, it will be bread cast on the waters. For we need stories—we need logical, strong plays—plays that are especially suitable for screen presentation, and we need trained students of the stage and screencraft to produce them.

We have the actors for the films now, and we have directors. Photography is splendid—but none of these is enough—we still lack authors. The story, after all, is the most important item in a production. The day is not far past when every one was writing a scenario. Writers would send in the most strangely assorted suggestions; a siren type for Mary Pickford, and a romantic heavy for Douglas Fairbanks. I suppose by the same token that Hart was deluged with opportunities to play handsome juveniles, regular father's sons, chappies—and Eltinge, if he had been in the picture game then, would have been asked to play a character old man. To-day that is being changed. Successful writers have position and literary attainment. They study their subject and all his possibilities. Naturally a star, in selecting a photo drama, wants something which will present him at his best. If he can smile, let him have a merry rôle—if innocence and naïvete is a prime characteristic, create the character which radiates those qualities.

Also—and here's inducement to every one—prices are advancing for good scenarios. Producers now realize the necessity of expert writing. They want it, and are willing to pay for it.

The cinema has made a great step forward in the past few years. Previously its object was to produce motion picture—with the accent on the "motion." To-day all that is changed. We have demonstrated in one of our biggest pictures of the year that the emphasis is now in the word "picture." New arrangements of lighting and the use of color in photography have advanced the celluloid drama by one of the longest strides it has ever taken. Where we used to work for speed and mass, and where violent action and spectacle seemed desirable on the film, we now work for detail, for beauty of tableau and poetry of motion.

In his book on stagecraft, Clayton Hamilton has pointed out some things every scenarioist should know:

"The moving-picture play should not confine itself to the reproduction of the ordinary spoken drama. In several important respects, the moving picture is a more serviceable medium for story-telling than the regular drama; and it can achieve its most interesting effects by flinging emphasis upon such expedients of narrative as lie beyond the reach of the actual theater. The main advantage of the moving-picture play over the traditional types of drama is that the author is granted an immeasurably greater freedom in handling the categories of place and time. The modern play must confine itself to not more than three or four definite localizations; but a story told by moving pictures may change its place as frequently as the author may desire. He may arrange his tale in fifty scenes instead

of four; and this is technically an immeasurable advantage. Instead of constraining his characters to meet at a certain place at a certain moment, he may visit them at different moments in the various places where they choose to be. In this freedom, the moving-picture play resembles those earlier types of drama which flourished before the stage restricted its range of narrative by adopting a definite scenic setting.

"Furthermore, the moving picture possesses a notable advantage over the contemporary regular drama in its ability to alter, in the fraction of a second, the point of view from which the story shall be looked upon. As soon as a character has passed through a certain door, the scene may be shifted from the room that he has left to the room that he has entered; and the eye may follow him all through a house from cellar to attic without any loss of time. The new art of the moving-picture play is the only one of all the many arts of narrative which makes it possible for the observer to follow with the actual eye the passage of a character through a mile or more of space. In this new form of artistic presentation, a person may walk, run, ride, drive, sail, swim, or fly for any distance, and yet be accompanied through his entire transit by the actual eye of the observer. This fact offers to the artist who devises a scenario for the kinematograph many possibilities of narrative which lie far beyond the range of the writer for the restricted stage of the ordinary drama.

"In this freedom in handling place and time, and in shifting the point of view, the moving-picture play resembles the novel much more nearly than it resembles the regular drama. In handling the element of action, the moving-picture play is more successful than the novel, since its appeal is made directly to the eye instead of to the imagination, and it is scarcely less successful than the drama. In handling the element of setting, it is overwhelmingly superior, not only to the novel, but to the drama as well. In dealing with interiors, the moving-picture play remains on a par with the regular drama; but in dealing with scenes set out of doors, it passes far beyond the reach of the roofed and stationary stage."

What a field, then, in which to work!

And what rewards are yours when you succeed—not alone material reward—for that is least to be considered—but the reward of knowing yourself as a leader in a new and worthy art.

If any of the readers of these suggestions are vexed by any problems of scenario writing which a hint from a director might help solve, I should be glad to hear from them, and to comment on their problems in this department from time to time, as space permits.

Springtime Stuff

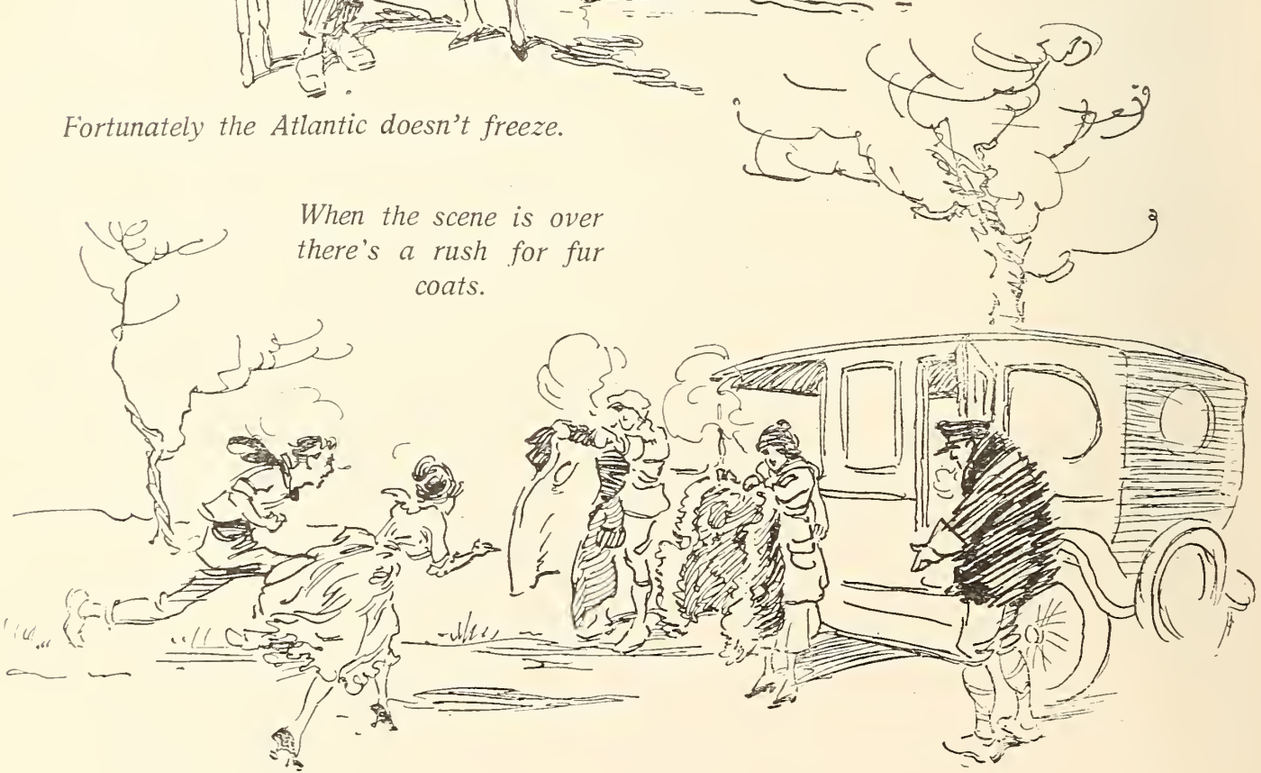
Pictures taken in winter by the companies working in and about New York City often call for out-of-door spring and summer scenes. Sometimes the players are sent South. But, if there's no snow, these warm weather scenes are often taken right in the winter climate.

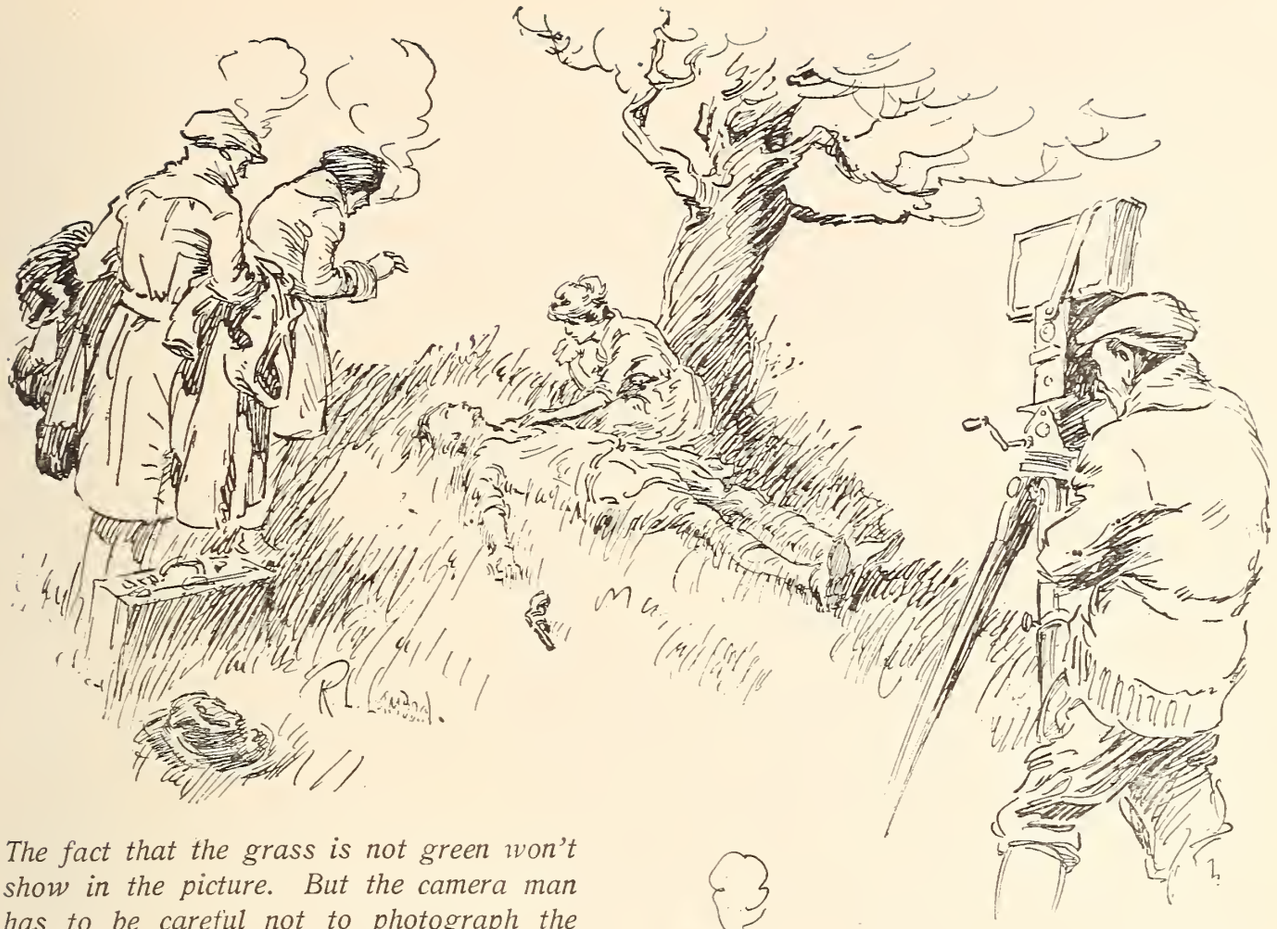
By R. L. Lambdin

The rocks are cold and hard, but the director's heart is colder and harder.

Fortunately the Atlantic doesn't freeze.

When the scene is over there's a rush for fur coats.





The fact that the grass is not green won't show in the picture. But the camera man has to be careful not to photograph the bleak, bare branches of the trees.

The men may smoke to camouflage their frosty breath; but the women scarcely dare open their lips.

Even snow doesn't prevent a tennis scene, for it's possible to sweep the court absolutely clear.

The Screen in Review

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

By Alan Dale

"Mary Garden in 'Thais'"

(Goldwyn)

A more sumptuous figure than Mary Garden in "Thaïs" I cannot imagine.

I CONFESS that if there was one picture I really clamored to see it was "Thaïs," with Mary Garden as the passionately central figure. Mary Garden in "Tights," as some one irreverently put it! For years and years I have chatted with the sinuous Mary, and always the idea that she could be as useful voicelessly as voiced appealed to me. I shall utter no comment on the Garden voice!

Once she said to me: "American actors are below the European average. I find few artists. I do not care for your stars. Ah, no, *par example!* I adore Margaret Anglin. She has something. She

is an artist. She is the best actress I have seen in America. I admire Mrs. Leslie Carter. I do not care for Julia Marlowe. She makes no appeal. Frances Starr—impossible! I like little Charlotte Walker. Nazimova? I will not judge her." I quote these remarks just to show you that Miss Garden was not merely operatic in her tastes, and that she patronized the drama extensively. A more sumptuous figure than Mary Garden in "Thaïs" I cannot even imagine, and I own an imagination. The pictures of the courtesan in Alexandria were most effectively shown, with plenty of atmosphere and illusion. Through these pictures *Thaïs* was a dominant entity, and this fact was emphasized. Even if it had not been, Miss Garden herself would have taken care of the idea of dominancy. In her magnificent costumes, the like of which I have rarely seen on the screen, this artist not only captured the eye, but the senses generally.

Mary is evidently fond of her own profile. Somebody must have told her that it was classic. In "Thaïs" this profile is constantly outlined; also the profile of her extremely corseted and admirable figure. Further, *Thaïs* does not forget her back. She quite outdoes Miss Kitty Gordon. Compared with the Garden back, the Gordon wonder is quite pallid! Can one say more? I am bound to admit that Mary Garden seems to do a great deal of posing. She is not quite easy in the film world as yet. One realizes that she is trying to look her best; that she has been told certain poses were effective and that she is not eminently natural.

Just the same, as the picture progressed from its spectacular ideas to its drama, Miss Garden rose. In her scenes with *Paphnutius,* played excellently by Hamilton Revelle, Mary Garden was at her best. It was a well-thought-out and convincing performance. She was the siren. All other vampires palled beside her. She "vamped" with original methods, and she was unafraid. In fact, "Thaïs" is scarcely a picture for babes and sucklings, and as babes and sucklings have plenty of films especially dedicated to their requirements, I fail to see why adults should not patronize "Thaïs" for all it is worth. The conversion of "Thaïs" was most pathetically portrayed. The scenes in the convent were really beautiful. Every effort had been made to contrast the repose of these episodes, with the ultraworldliness of the preceding ones. Frank H. Crane, who directed the picture, deserves to be congratulated.

Hamilton Revelle, as I said, was excellent. He looked better bewhiskered than barefaced. Whiskers, for some reason or other, appeared to impart a spiritual suggestion. He is a strong man. How he dragged Miss Garden up that mountain! And she is no lightweight. However, if I am not mistaken, it was Mr. Revelle who used to toil up that spiral staircase with the never-too-lissome Olga Nethersole in "Sapho." So he was in good practice. The cast throughout was intelligent, including Crauford Kent as *Lollius,* Lionel Adams as *Cynius,* and Alice Chapin as the *Mother Superior.*

The final scene of all, when *Thaïs* dies and *Paphnutius* forgets his religion in one passionate cry, was extremely harrowing, and nothing marred the illusion. On the whole, this "Thaïs" picture is one that cannot afford to be missed. I always thought that Mary Garden would do something—she always does! And she has undoubtedly "made good" in this instance.

"The Seven Swans"

(Paramount)

THIS is the sort of picture that may be mentioned as an excuse for such adult films as "Thaïs." It is for the Young Person. If the

If Hawaiian cocktails would cause a dream like "Wild Women," the recipe should have been given.

Young Person has pictures especially suited to her brand of taste, why would not the Old Person be similarly treated? There is certainly no dearth of pictures that may be confidently recommended to youth and immaturity. "The Seven Swans" is perfectly simple and pretty and innocuous.

"Once upon a time there was a beautiful little Princess Tweedledee, who lived with her father and seven younger brothers in the Kingdom of the Seven Dials. . . . In a neighboring country there lived a wicked queen who wished to gain the Kingdom of the Seven Dials for herself, and in order to do this she arranged for her son, as wicked as herself, to marry the princess . . ."

So there you are! I should add that little Miss Marguerite Clark, whose cuteness is persistent, and who looks exactly as a child would look if that child looked like Marguerite Clark, is the little princess. Her brothers are changed into swans, and she is forced to weave shirts from nettles in order to restore them to their human shape.

Then comes the drama! The little princess is accused of witch-

craft because she goes to the churchyard at midnight to pick the nettles, and she is sentenced to be hanged. Just as the execution is about to take place—and how cunning the little victim does look!—she sees the seven swans, throws the seven nettle shirts over them, and is saved! And there is, of course, the Prince Charming on the "beautiful, snow-white charger"—a horse is always a "charger" in these stories—to end it all as it should be ended. Little Miss Clark is as charming as ever. She never overacts; she rarely emphasizes her points. I think that it is her complete naturalness that is accountable for her wonderful vogue. I can understand that vogue, and in "The Seven Swans" it is as unique as ever. Moreover, the picture is most delightfully staged.

The first episodes of "I Love You," with their Italian atmosphere, are charming.

"Wild Women"

(Universal)

HAWAIIAN cocktails are responsible for this story. I have not the least idea what they are, but they were evidently strenuous enough to account for the "dream" indulged in by *Cheyenne Harry* for the comedy purposes of "Wild Women." I always feel that I have been "done" when I see a picture that turns out to be a dream, but in this case the Hawaiian cocktails explain everything. The recipe was lacking, which I thought was rather a pity.

Cheyenne Harry, the cow-puncher, dreams that he is wrecked upon the Dicki Yula Island, where *Yula Hoki,* the queen, rules, and little *Yula* longs to wed a white man. He meets the

Princess Wykickie—why, indeed?—and prefers her. There is a revolution, which gives all sorts of opportunities, and *Cheyenne Harry* is just about to wed his charmer—not the old queen, but little *Wykickie*—when he awakens. He and his comrades are about to be turned out of the Hawaiian-cocktail café as his dream ends.

This is called a "Harry Carey production," for the reason, I can only imagine, that Harry Carey appears as *Cheyenne Harry*. The ancient queen might have been much funnier, but she seemed to be a serious old party in the hands of Martha Mattox.

Certainly the recipe for the Hawaiian cocktails should be thrown on the screen. What are they? Are they distantly related to the insinuating Martini, or the elusive Bronx? This was the point in "Wild Women" that really "intrigued" me. Personally I should be inclined to think that nothing but absinth could inspire such a cocktail as that labeled "Hawaiian."

"I Love You"

(Triangle)

THIS was my first view of Miss Alma Rubens, and, because I cannot exactly place her, she attracts me. Just as I thought she was pretty, I discovered that she was not. Then I made up my mind that she was vivacious, and found that this was not the case. However, she is odd, and that is preferable to the usual qualities.

There is suspense and a very pretty girl, Jewel Carmen, in "The Kingdom of Love."

There is a certain charm about her that it is not easy to analyze. She is rather cold, she poses too much, especially in the close-ups, and has but one expression.

But that one expression is at least hers, and, as she has none of the tricks of the picture star, I found myself watching her work with great interest. The first episodes of "I Love You" are charming, with their Italian atmosphere and the love incident with the fickle artist. The story then drifts into the eternal-triangle affair, and that proves to be tiresome. The scenes between the heroine, her husband, and the artist were strong, but purely theatrical. They interfered with what might have been a picture of rather adorable simplicity. The "black-plague" business seemed to be dragged in for no particular reason except to carry germs to the artist as she kissed him.

A scene from "The Guilty Man."

You expected to find an idyl, and you were up against a melodrama. The former are unusual and the latter are overweeningly usual. However, I want to see Alma Rubens again. She interests me because she does the things that picture stars have been told to avoid. I hope that she will continue to do them. We need originality very badly indeed.

"The Kingdom of Love"

(Fox)

THERE is "suspense" and there is a very pretty girl in "The Kingdom of Love;" and the very pretty girl is Miss Jewel Carmen, who appears as a star. I once knew an actress who was programmed as Izetta Jewel (and the answer was "It is, perhaps") and the name of this new star reminded me of Izetta. If I had been the lady I should have selected a less jeweled title, but with picture stars there is a tendency to overelaborate names. It is a harmless idiosyncrasy.

This particular jeweled Carmen is extremely nice to look at—which helps some—and the work she does in "The Kingdom of Love" quite entitles her to a stellar position.

It is again the dance hall that crops up, and in the Klondike, too. We know those dance halls by heart, with their crowds of short-skirted women, their uncouthly upholstered gentlemen, and their villainous proprietors, who always get the worst of it. In this instance the heroine is stolen from her mother by a nefarious father and taken to the Klondike. There, by one of those extraordinary coincidences that both the spoken and the unspoken stages adore, she meets her brother, recognizing him from his picture of mother, who is also hers! Mother wants five thousand dollars for an operation—surely a most expensive operation—and in order to secure the money she offers herself body and soul—the body being more interesting in those regions—to the highest bidder in the dance hall.

This is rather an exciting scene, and it is well worked up. It is where the suspense comes in. She is "bidden for" by a most objectionable old miner, of course, but a minister who has just reached the Klondike overbids him, and, borrowing the money from the proprietor of the dance hall—on the condition that if he fails to pay it back at a certain time he will become the slave of the aforesaid proprietor—he starts to dig for gold.

All this is tensely told, but the action after that grows tame. The end is so obvious that one yawns for it! It is precisely what was expected, or very near it. The dance-hall man is killed, the minister is freed from his debt, and the lovely heroine is happy forever!

"The Guilty Man"

(Paramount)

I SUPPOSE that you don't remember the play. It is not necessary to do so, as you get its complete import in this picture. The story is what some critics call "unpleasant." Whenever the wronged lady and the illegitimate child are in the center of the stage, the word "unpleasant" crops up.

In "The Guilty Man," the crux of the story is that a girl who is tried for murder—the murder of the man who is the villain of the episodes—is prosecuted by her own father, who has abandoned her mother years before. The prosecutor, of course, is unaware of the girl's identity, and that is where the drama comes in.

There is one of the favorite trial scenes, worked up to the highest pitch, and those who like their drama served up excitingly will not complain. The subject is not in the least unpleasant, as a matter of fact—not nearly as unpleasant as some that deal with other matters than sex. Oddly enough, it is always sex that is pilloried—notwithstanding which it prevails and always will!

Miss Gloria Hope—another nice name—played Claudine most effectively, and Miss Vivian Reed as the wronged lady was all that a wronged lady should be. William Garwood as the prosecuting lawyer and the girl's father was duly dramatic. At the close he marries the girl's mother, and this quite legitimatized the picture, which I presume was necessary.

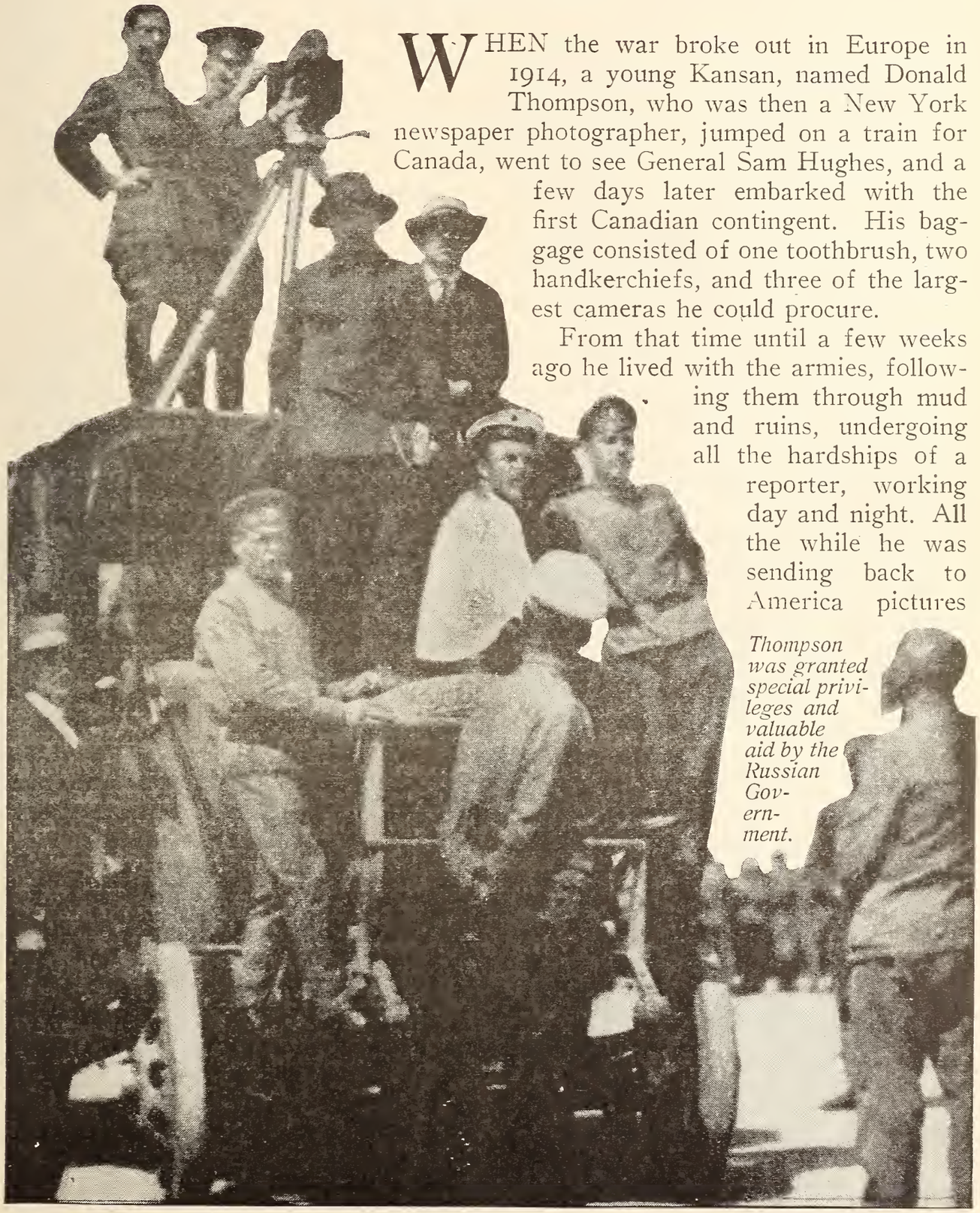
Filming the Trail of the Serpent

How a young American recorded the insidious work of German propoganda in Russia by a series of remarkable war pictures, which he brought back home as a warning.

By Louis Tenny

WHEN the war broke out in Europe in 1914, a young Kansan, named Donald Thompson, who was then a New York newspaper photographer, jumped on a train for Canada, went to see General Sam Hughes, and a few days later embarked with the first Canadian contingent. His baggage consisted of one toothbrush, two handkerchiefs, and three of the largest cameras he could procure.

From that time until a few weeks ago he lived with the armies, following them through mud and ruins, undergoing all the hardships of a reporter, working day and night. All the while he was sending back to America pictures



Thompson was granted special privileges and valuable aid by the Russian Government.

that placed him in the front rank of war photographers.

More than a year ago Thompson decided that motion pictures were the best means of bringing the lessons of the war back home. Already he had covered the work of nearly all the armies on the Western front. He procured an equipment and determined to try out his new venture in Russia. He started for that country last March, going by way of Japan and Siberia, and was just getting nicely under way when the series of events which culminated in the Russian dissolution began to take place under the eye of his camera.

He was in Petrograd during the most stormy scenes of revolution and anarchy. He was at the front to see whole regiments throw down their arms and disband. He witnessed what the cunning hand of Germany was doing to break down the unity of the young republic. And he was seized by an idea.

He suddenly realized that he had been doing something more than

He is shown here with a Russian officer guide.

He is short and wiry, good-natured and fearless.

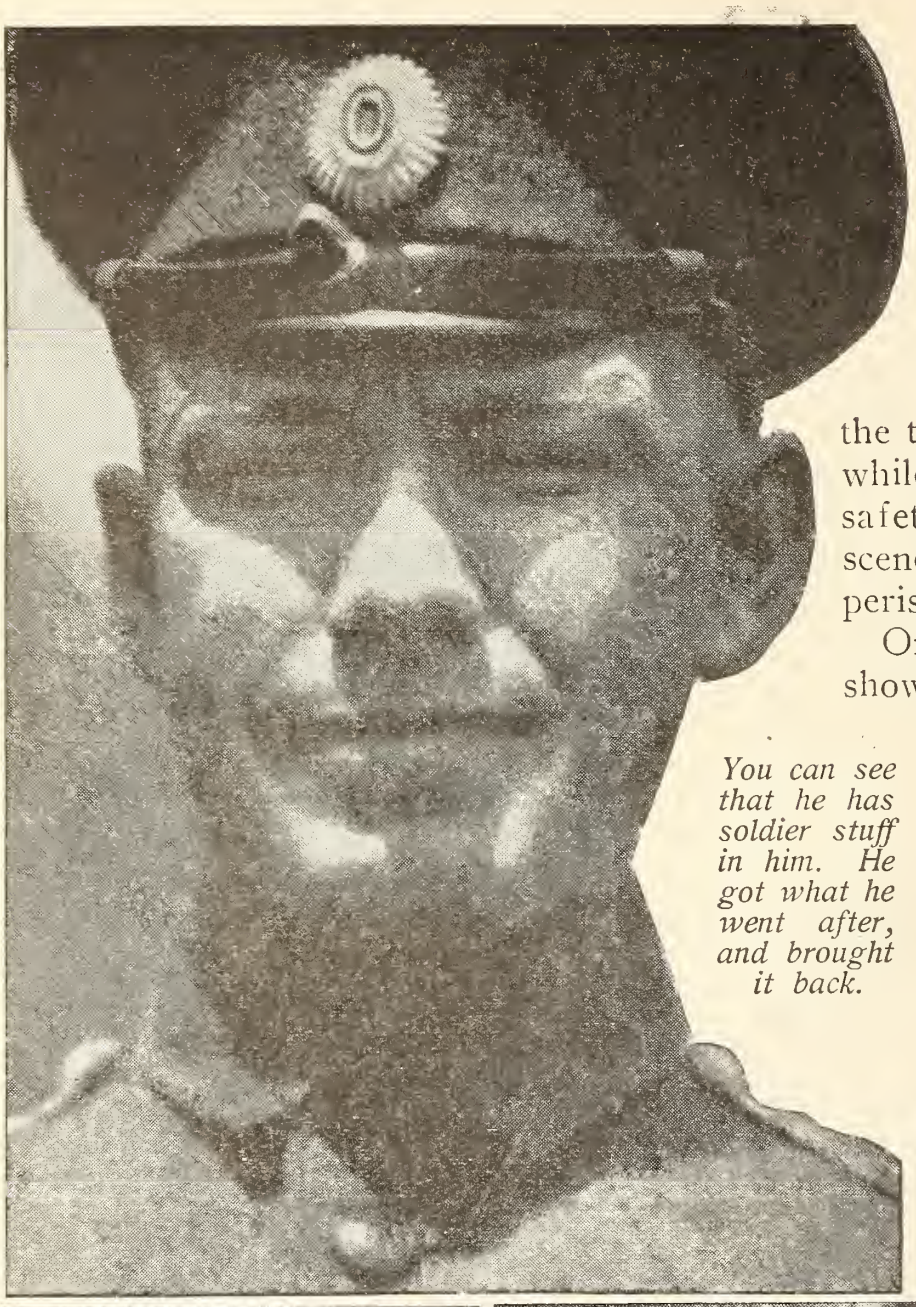
merely taking war pictures. He saw that within his films lay concealed the pitiful story of how German intrigue had sapped a great nation. And he realized, too, that this story was needed in America as a timely warning.

Back home he started as fast as the means of travel available would take him, and his pictures are now being exhibited under the title of "The German Curse in Russia."

They are among the most remarkable war pictures that have ever been publicly exhibited. Almost every phase of the somber story of Russia's disintegration is revealed by them. There are scenes of the Russian troops marching erect to face their enemy, and of the same troops, their minds poisoned by German propaganda, running away. There are pictures of the famous women's "Battalion of Death" in training, and pictures of mobs fighting in the streets.

His "over-the-top" pictures are perhaps of the most spectacular

At the front he wore the Russian army uniform.



You can see that he has soldier stuff in him. He got what he went after, and brought it back.

interest. These were taken from the very trenches. One of his cameras was equipped with an electric motor which started the film to grinding at the pressing of a button. This apparatus was lifted above the trenches by means of a pole, while Thompson operated it in safety from below, watching the scene he was taking through a periscope.

One of these trench films shows the starting of a gas attack by the Germans—not for the purpose of a charge, but to enable them to place their barbed wire. A detachment of Russians is then shown going forth to cut the wire. This fails, and artillery is called into play. At last the Russians

A Thompson picture, showing the women's Battallion of Death in training. At the left, their leader, Marie Bolchkareva, and an English Red Cross nurse.

charge. Men are seen to fall, wounded and killed. At the end a Russian soldier is shown crawling back toward the lines, carrying on his back a wounded officer. The officer dies the second time he slips from the man's shoulders, and, after crossing himself, the private hurries away to join his fighting comrades again.

Thompson is thirty-one years old. He is short and wiry, good-natured and fearless. Recently he has been lecturing at private exhibitions of his pictures for men interested in America's preparations, and in the suppression of German propaganda in the United States. He is soon going back, to take pictures of the Americans, he says.

The mask he wore while taking pictures during gas attacks.

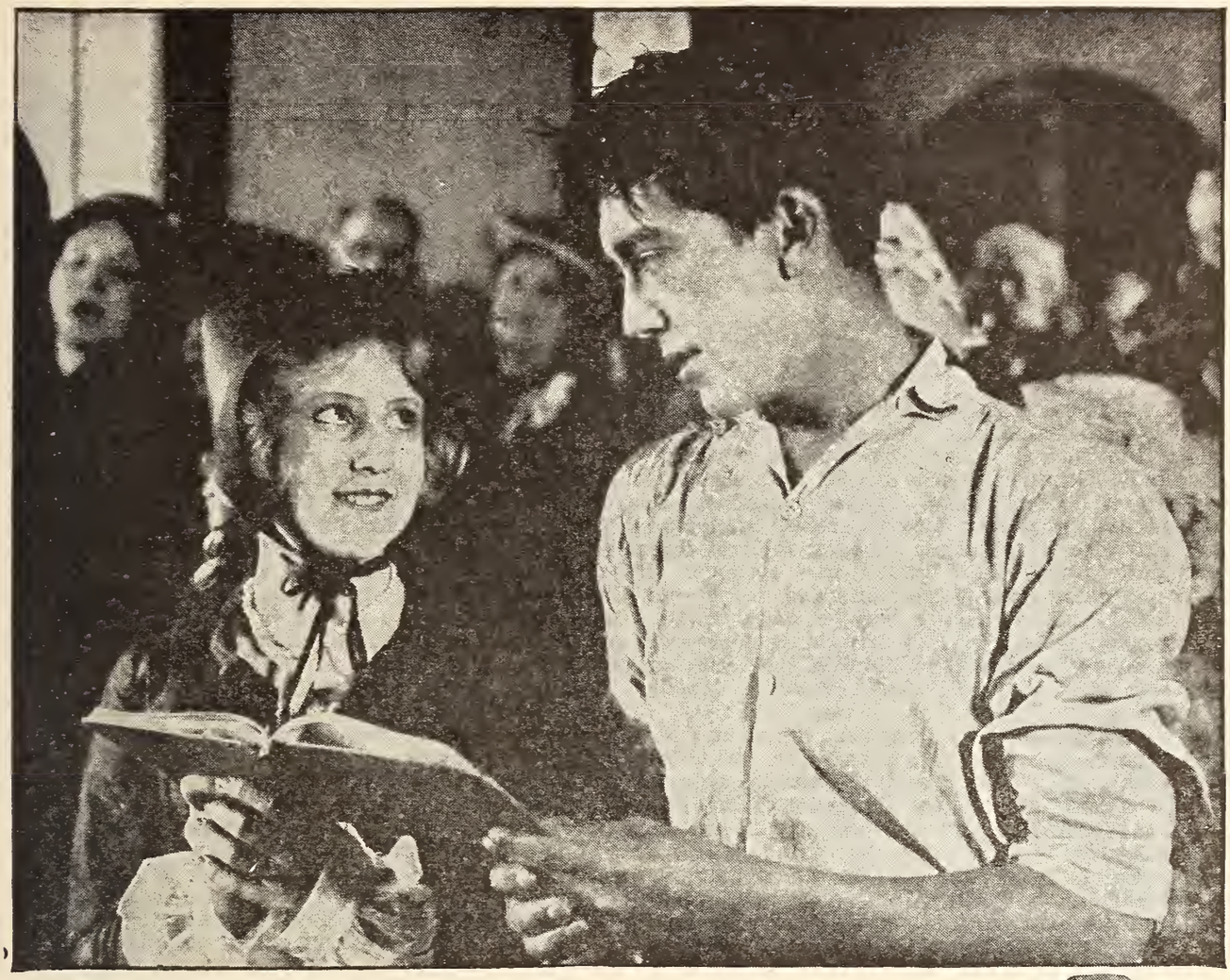
A scene at the front, with Thompson at the extreme left.

Take Your Pickford, Jack!

The way he is looking at Louise Huff, as they appeared in "Great Expectations," you would think he'd never look at any other girl.

Jack doesn't seem the least bit worried at having so many to choose from.

Perhaps he looks so serene because he thinks there's "safety in numbers."



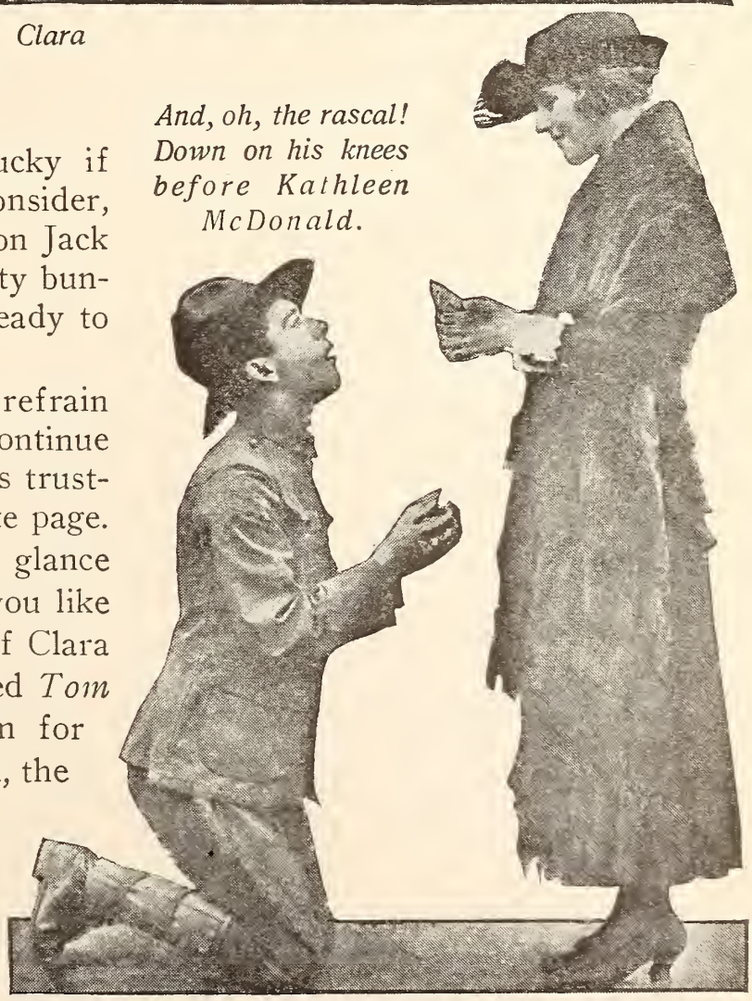
Here he is, apparently as devoted to Clara Horton as he was to Louise.

MOST young fellows are lucky if they have one girl. Consider, then, how fortune smiles on Jack Pickford. For here are three dainty bundles of feminine loveliness, each ready to be chosen as his leading lady

Let the lovers of Louise Huff refrain from sighing. She will probably continue many times to gaze into his orbs as trustingly as she is doing on the opposite page.

But, meanwhile, spare a kindly glance for the picture above. Wouldn't you like to be looking down into the eyes of Clara Horton, as Jack did when he played *Tom Sawyer?* And do you blame him for making love to Kathleen McDonald, the girl who played opposite him in "The Spirit of Seventeen?"

Take your pick, Mr. Pickford—you lucky youngster!



And, oh, the rascal! Down on his knees before Kathleen McDonald.

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. Just in time to save himself and Nan, Gwyn discharges a supply of explosive which blows out the side wall of the mine, releasing the water. Believing everything now safe, work is again commenced. But Von Bleck and his men cause another explosion in the mine. Gwyn is trapped, and Nan goes down to rescue him. Gwyn works his way out, but learns that Von Bleck and his men, desperate now, have captured Nan, and have ridden away toward town. Gwyn summons the miners who, armed with rifles, climb onto a train. Casey takes the throttle, and Gwyn rides with him in the cab. They are determined to overtake Von Bleck's band, and start at full speed. As they are crossing a trestle, one of Von Bleck's aids presses the button of a detonator which blows up the structure, wrecking the train, and hurling the bodies of the men down into the river.

CHAPTER XXI.

IF the finger of the bandit on the button of the detonator had twitched a fifth of a second sooner ever man on the tram would have perished instantly. But in this brief space the speeding engine had reached the other side of the bridge, and in that engine were Casey, Gwyn, and the dog. Gwyn crashed the throttle shut and leaped to the ground before the engine came to a halt. Followed by Casey, he made his way with all haste to the foot of the gorge below, where the burning, broken train was almost invisible in a spreading cloud of smoke and dust.

His men were dead! Gwyn felt Casey's steadying hand on his shoulder as he turned away convulsively from the scene. The men—his men—were dead in his service! Climbing the hill back to the engine, a stern resolve took form in Gwyn's agonized brain. He would make of himself an instrument of vengeance. An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth!"

Filled with a cold hate that froze all other emotions into inaction, he mounted the engine cab and opened the throttle. As they swung into a wide curve alongside the road, he watched with grim satisfaction a long line of horsemen riding to meet him, with Hogan in the lead.

"The devils have killed every man on the train," he said, as they came up,

and the words were dry and hard. "Blew up the bridge—murdered them like rats, without a chance!"

Hogan's face grew red with fury, then white with resolution. He said nothing.

"Von Bleck is on his way to the town," continued Gwyn. "The storehouse there is filled with noxite, and that is his goal. Nan—God pity her!—is with them. It is a race between us. You take the road, and Casey and I will go on in the engine."

But the race was lost before it began. Von Bleck, reënforced by another contingent from Brown's, was already attacking the town. A barricade of tables and odds and ends of furniture, together with all manner of boxes, wagons, and loose timber, had been thrown up across the road, and behind it the old men and women of the town were fighting desperately. Such unequal odds, however, could have but one result. Leaving most of his men to carry on the fight before the barricade, Von Bleck led a flanking party through the woods to the left and broke in upon the defenders from the rear. Caught between the double fire, the townspeople were forced from their barricade and driven through the village, fighting around street corners and making a good defense. Slowly, reluctantly, they retreated till they reached the fringe of forest bordering on the road up the mountain. Here a desultory fire continued for a short time, but Von Bleck had captured his objective and most of the bandits were recalled.

The first act of the victors was to set the storehouse afire. With oil and gasoline from a near-by garage, Rawls soaked the wooden structure at all four corners and applied the match himself. It was blazing merrily as Hogan's men topped the nearest ridge and advanced to the attack.

As soon as the rout of the inhabitants of the town was assured, Rawls had left the battle and gone back to Nan, who was still tied in the saddle. The repulsive fellow picked her up in his arms and carried her through the gate of the jail, kicked open a door, and descended to the cellar. This was a small, high-ceilinged room lit only by a tiny broken window set high up against the rafters, out of reach. As he cut the ropes from her wrists and ankles, she sprang away and faced him like a hunted thing at bay. But Rawls only smiled.

"Now, my pretty one," he simpered ironically, "you shouldn't be afraid of a nice little boy like me." She shuddered at the emotion portrayed in his muddy eyes. "Come, come!" he added roughly. "You needn't be so fancy. Give me a kiss."

Nan dodged as he came toward her, but he caught her hand and pulled her back. Infuriated, desperate, she fought as only a woman can fight when she herself is at stake. Scratching and kicking like a wild cat, she fairly drove Rawls back. He was in a mean temper now, and it was fortunate indeed that an interruption turned his mind to other things.

For Hogan's men were advancing toward the barricade, and the first shots found Rawls locking the cellar door in haste and rushing off to the fight. Hogan had deployed his men in a long line facing the entrance to the town, and the struggle was bitter and persistent. Protected by the breastworks erected by the townspeople, Von Bleck's men were at a distinct advantage, and Hogan made little progress. Gwyn came up for a consultation, and one of the posse was called aside.

"A troop of United States cavalry arrived last night at Pinkton," said Gwyn, "and we want you to find a telephone and send a call for help. Tell them it's the noxite mine."

By this time the fire from the store

house had spread so rapidly that the whole end of the town was ablaze. Sparks were falling even on the barricade itself, and soon a flame shot up. A man rushed forward with a bucket, but a rifle ball dropped him in his tracks. As the fire spread along the flimsy shelter the advantage turned to Hogan. Rawls' men, blinded by the smoke, retreated cautiously toward the unburned section, creeping from shelter to shelter and dodging back and forth as they ran.

"Charge!" shouted Gwyn, and the posse, led by Hogan, leaped over the burning barrier and carried the fight straight into the heart of the town. Again the advantage changed hands, for Hogan, with the flames at his back, was forced to drive the bandits back as the fire approached. Already the jail in which Nan was imprisoned was burning brightly, and Gwyn, ignorant of her plight, was leading several men up a side street for a flanking movement, when Rawls suddenly peered around a fence corner and fired.

"Lie down!" commanded Gwyn to his followers. Cocking his rifle, he stepped behind an open gate and took careful aim. Several minutes passed, and then a hat was shoved around the corner. Gwyn waited, and a moment later Rawls dashed across the street opening to escape. As Gwyn fired the bandit whirled on one foot and fell headlong, a bullet through his breast. In an instant Gwyn was bending over him.

"Where is Nan?" he asked anxiously.

"Ah!" breathed Rawls, a certain cruel pleasure showing on his face in spite of the pain. "You win the mine, but the girl—look!" He tried to point to the flaming jail, gasped, and fell back. But Gwyn understood.

"You——" He stopped. Rawls was dead. With Hogan's dog, who had followed, close at his heels, he dashed toward the jail and flung himself at the door. A swirl of heat and flame forced him back. Grasping a burning plank, he broke open one of the windows, but the room was like a furnace. And then he suddenly realized that the dog was barking furiously at the rear of the building. As Gwyn turned the corner the faithful animal gave one look, thrust his muzzle through the broken cellar window, and jumped. Gwyn looked down. In the far corner, face to the wall, lay Nan.

It would be folly to go down without summoning help, and Gwyn realized that Nan's rescue, not to mention his own safety, would be needlessly imperiled by such a course. As he reached the end of the building and looked down Main Street, the sight sent a thrill that made his hope bound high. Four abreast, carbines spitting in all directions, a troop of khaki-clad cavalry was charging straight at the center of Von Bleck's defenses. The bandits were fleeing in a wild rout as Hogan's men also kept up the fire, and then, realizing that even flight meant the possibility of death, they lifted their hands in surrender.

"Casey! Hogan! Come to the jail!" yelled Gwyn, and, seeing that they understood, he dashed back to the fire. Swinging by his hands from the window ledge, he dropped to the cellar floor and made his way to the spot where Hogan's dog was standing guard over the unconscious Nan. Tying his handkerchief about her face as a shield against the smoke, he lifted her tenderly and staggered back to the window. He waited, and a moment later Casey's honest, rugged features showed in the opening.

"Hold my legs, Hogan," said Casey, turning his head, and then let himself down headforemost till his arms were free. Nan was lifted quickly upward to the window by the rough but careful hands, and others drew her safely through. Next came the dog, whose

tail wagged ecstatically when he caught a whiff of the fresh air outside. Gwyn himself went up last, and Casey had to strain mightily to lift him from the floor. When finally he stood outside, supported by Hogan's arm, it was all he could do to retain his consciousness. Nan already had opened her eyes under friendly ministrations from the cavalry officer.

A great cheer went up from the posse and troopers as Nan was lifted to her feet and walked over to stand by her husband. His arm about her shoulders, Gwyn turned to the crowd and passed his hands over his eyes, as if trying to realize what had happened.

"You have saved our lives, boys," he said huskily, "but more than that, you have saved the cause of democracy."

"Perhaps you didn't see what else we saved," grinned the officer. "Leftovers, as it were!" And as the troopers parted ranks Gwyn saw there Von Bleck and his band, prisoners.

"About twenty years apiece is all you'll get—if you're in luck," said Hogan comfortingly, and at Von Bleck's expression the whole company raised a shout of laughter.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Limited rolled rapidly along the shining rails toward the East. Lounging comfortably in the soft plush seats of the Pullman, John Gwyn and the young wife he had acquired in the wilds of the Sierras gazed out the window at the scenery as it glided past. To Gwyn it was a relief and a relaxation after the long siege of strife. He was returning home, and the sense of victory and success which thrilled his soul was plainly written upon his countenance. To Nan, seated beside him, it was an adventure. The landscape, as it slipped by, seemed to her to be ever different. She could see the trees grow smaller, the plains stretch out before her eyes; the touch of civilization became more prominent, the towns grew to cities. It was all new, all strange, all inspiring to her. The whole thing seemed like a happy experience which must soon pass and be forgotten. Her frame, her mind, her feelings, her manner, all seemed to transform within her. She felt now that she was a woman, the wife of a strong, dominating man, whose personality and strength made him a peer of his kind. She must mold herself to fit him, so that she might move in harmony in his company, in the circles in which he went. No longer was she the wild, carefree daughter of the mountains. Gwyn turned to her and spoke, and his words bore association to her thoughts.

"It will be very different now, dear," he said. "The discord of strife is over, and we are leaving the scene of it far behind. Of course, we shall have struggles where we are going, but they will be of another kind. No one ever undertakes a mighty project without encountering opposition and trouble. The man who builds the biggest bridge must carry the heaviest timber. But in the city men fight with their brains and not their hands. I think you will be happy there. Don't you, dear?"

"I know that I shall be," she answered. "It is your home, and your friends are there. Wherever you are, I want to be—always. Do you know, John, I feel like an orphan who has just been adopted by wealthy people—except, of course, I am much happier than an orphan would be."

Gwyn smiled. "By the way," he said, "now that everything is over and we are safely together out of reach of harm, I wish you'd tell me what happened to you when you were trapped in the mine, and just how you happened to fall into the hands of Von Bleck."

"It seems so weird and unbelievable now," she replied, "that it sounds ri-

diculous. I'd even laugh, I think, except that I know how serious it was and how frightened I was at the time.

"I must have been overcome by the smoke, because the first thing I remember, after I was staggering through the tunnel, is that I opened my eyes and saw Brant standing over me. His eyes seemed to pierce the darkness, and he reached down to take me into his arms. Hogan's dog—I had brought him into the shaft with me—saw him and tried to protect me. He must have known that something was wrong—I think I called for help. Anyway, the dog made one leap at Brant and caught hold of him with his teeth. They struggled until they reached the ledge at the edge of the upper gallery, and Brant went over with the dog. That was the last I saw of him.

"But a minute later Rawls came through the tunnel to where I was. He had come, I learned later, to plant another charge of explosive. They had intended to put the mine out of commission. I tried to run away from Rawls, but he caught me and carried me out through a little hole at the end of the tunnel. That was the way he had come in. He had a rope there, and Von Bleck's men, who were at the top of a slope just where we came out of the mine, pulled us up. I tried to get away again, but it wasn't any use. They had me. When I reached the top of the slope, they were all there, ready to run to town on their horses. They tied me on one of the horses and went ahead. You know what happened after that, I guess."

"Yes, I know," Gwyn agreed. "It sounds preposterous—like something that couldn't happen, but could just be imagined."

"Well," Nan said, and gazed into Gwyn's eyes, "it's all over now, so we don't need to worry any longer. I think that everything happened for the best. If Von Bleck hadn't bothered us, the United States would still have at large one of the most dangerous enemies to the country. With his arrest, and his being taken into the custody of the Federal authorities, the strongest intelligence system in the world is torn to fragments."

Gwyn listened to Nan's words and nodded impressively. He realized that the point she had brought out was true. Von Bleck, at the head of his great organization—the eye of the Central Powers—was not an enemy to an individual nor to a country, but he wielded an influence that could be felt by the world. An international spy, whose intrigues could throw history into a frenzied state of chaos, he was a man to be dealt with by the hands of no less important a power than the Federal law. But now, captured and subdued, his domain would be shattered, his abominable system wrecked, and his network of spies, which spread over the country like a web, would be without a leader.

Gwyn, as he thought, realized now the full gravity of the situation at Lost Mine. He could understand why things that had seemed hardly worthy of civilization and which he had thought could not happen in modern times had taken place in the Sierras. A project which had called for the presence of such a person as the representative of the Central Powers was a project which would warrant the risking of everything.

And Gwyn, young though he was, was the man who had caused the downfall of this mighty power. He had proven himself stronger, craftier, and greater than Von Bleck. He had conquered where the wealth and influence of a nation had been exerted to cause his failure. But, as he sat ruminating and musing over the events of the past few months, it was not his conquest, his accomplishment, or his importance that confronted him. Conceit was far-

thest from his thoughts. Instead, it was his personal happiness that brightened these moments of his life. In evidence of this fact, he glanced continually at Nan, who sat, clothed in the glory of her new life, looking out the window.

"It is wonderful," he told her, "to have found you hidden in the mountains, there waiting for me, and to be able to bring you back. Nan, dear, I believe that it was a higher power than mere coincidence that took you to the home of old Don Carlos and that brought me to the same place in the accomplishment of my life work. It seems a shame that we have to leave it all behind us, with those who were so brave and loyal during the struggle."

"We're just going away for a time," she answered. "We aren't leaving it behind—we couldn't. The last thing Casey said to us at the station, after you had told him to take your place while you were away, was 'Be sure to come back soon.' And I told him that we would."

"And we shall," agreed Gwyn.

A hand touched Gwyn on the shoulder and startled him from his happy reverie. He turned quickly and found himself facing the conductor.

"Is this Mr. John Gwyn?" The trainman was holding in his hand the yellow envelope of a telegram.

"It is," Gwyn answered to the inquiry.

"This was received at Denver, sir. We have just pulled out from there."

Gwyn took the telegram, and the conductor nodded and departed. With nervous fingers, he tore the envelope open. He could not tell from the outside where it was from, and his imagination worked rapidly as he thought of its possible contents. Perhaps Casey was in trouble; it might be that Von Bleck——

He unfolded the paper and read, while Nan scanned the lines from his side:

Check for two million dollars was deposited to your credit in Fifth Avenue National Bank this morning. Wires from Barstow have given details. Newspapers are anxious for your arrival, but not as much so as we. Congratulations to you—and Mrs. Gwyn.

BALTERMAN.

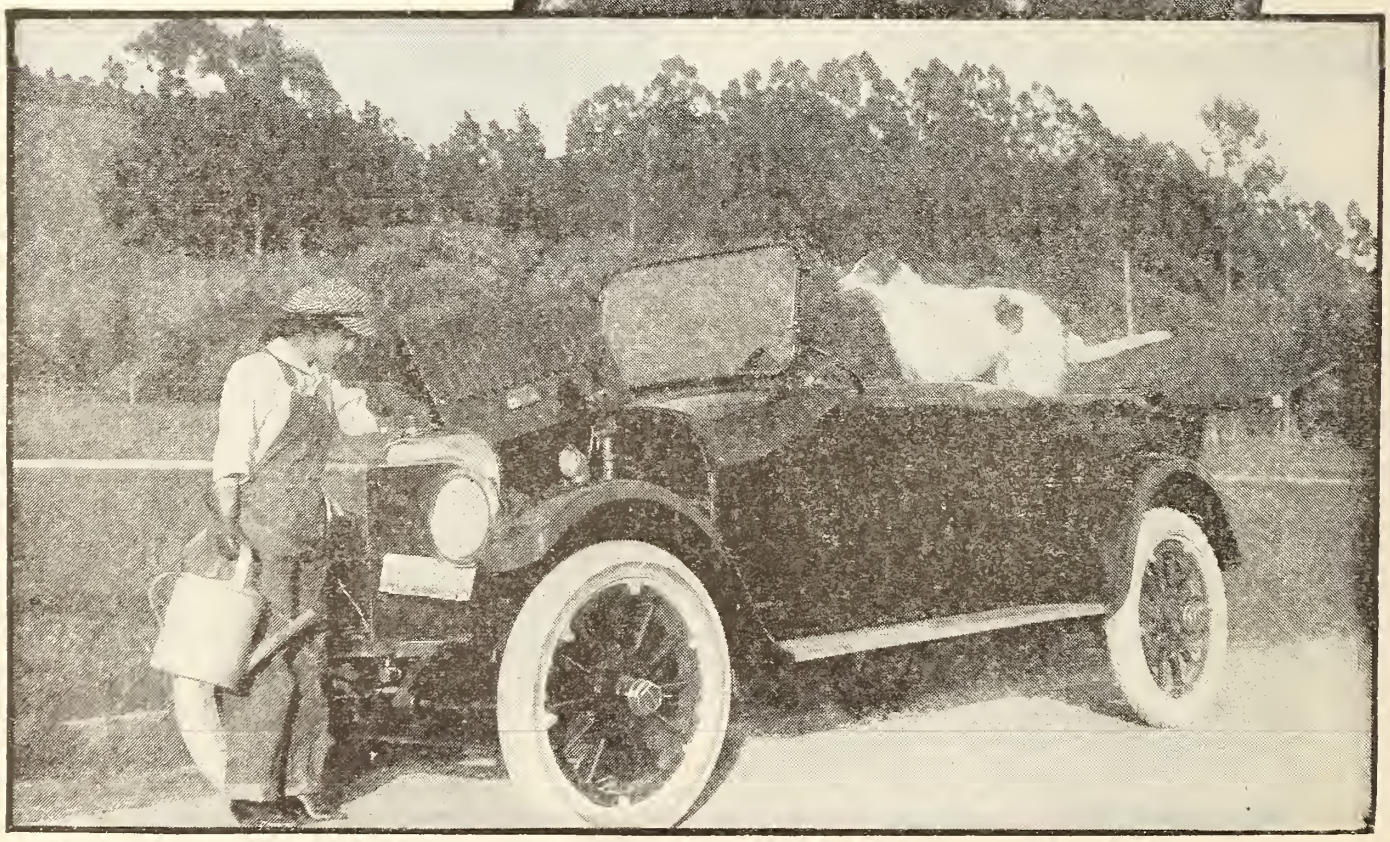
"And now, little girl," said Gwyn, as he listened to the sound of the grinding wheels bearing them to the East, which sounded like music to his ears, "the door is open, and we are about to pass through to a new life and a new happiness."

What's Hap- pening

Snapshots of screen folks, taken, most of them, when the director wasn't looking.

Claire MacDonald isn't thinking of some one far away for whom this sweater was intended. She is wondering whether it's really worth while to start in and unravel all those last three rows on account of that stitch she dropped.

"Isn't it odd," says Beatrize Michelena, "that I should have to stop the car and fill the radiator right here where there happened to be a camera?"



Isn't it a shame, the hardships these poor actors have to put up with when they go out in the country on location? It's no wonder that Margarita Fischer looks so disconsolate.

Doug Fairbanks seems to be getting the best of Director Allan Dwan in this wrestling match. Meanwhile, Douglas, Junior, appears to be looking on with considerable interest.

Bessie Barriscale may be reading the music, but judging by the dreamy look in her eyes it would look as though she were thinking of the handsome youth whose picture stands on top of the piano. Who is he? Bless you, we haven't an idea.

What bashful folks these Navaho Indians are! They simply couldn't be induced to pose until Bryant Washburn came along and held them in place. There's nothing bashful about Bryant, though.

"When they give you a donkey," said Sancho Panza, in "Don Quixote," "be sure you get a halter." If Henry King had followed that advice he wouldn't have had to carry his newly acquired pet home.

If Monte M. Kattyjohn were a real Sir Walter Raleigh he'd take his coat off and let Clara Williams walk on it. You can see it's really muddy by the boots of the boy on the right.

Charles Kent and Bobby Connelly, the oldest and youngest Vitagraph stars, exchanging professional experiences.

Director Frank H. Crane is not making love to Mary Garden, but is showing the young lady at the right how to do her bit.

"Love me, love my dog," says Helene Chadwick. Why, we'd love him if he were the ugliest English Bull that ever walked bow-legged.

"Gee! To think I get paid regular money for doing this," as Harry Fox used to say. How would you like to be Wallace McDonald and have Agnes Eyre nestling this way in your arms?

Jack Pickford looks disappointed, doesn't he? Rollin Sturgeon has just been assuring him that "there ain't goin' to be any core" to the lucious apple he's about to bite into.

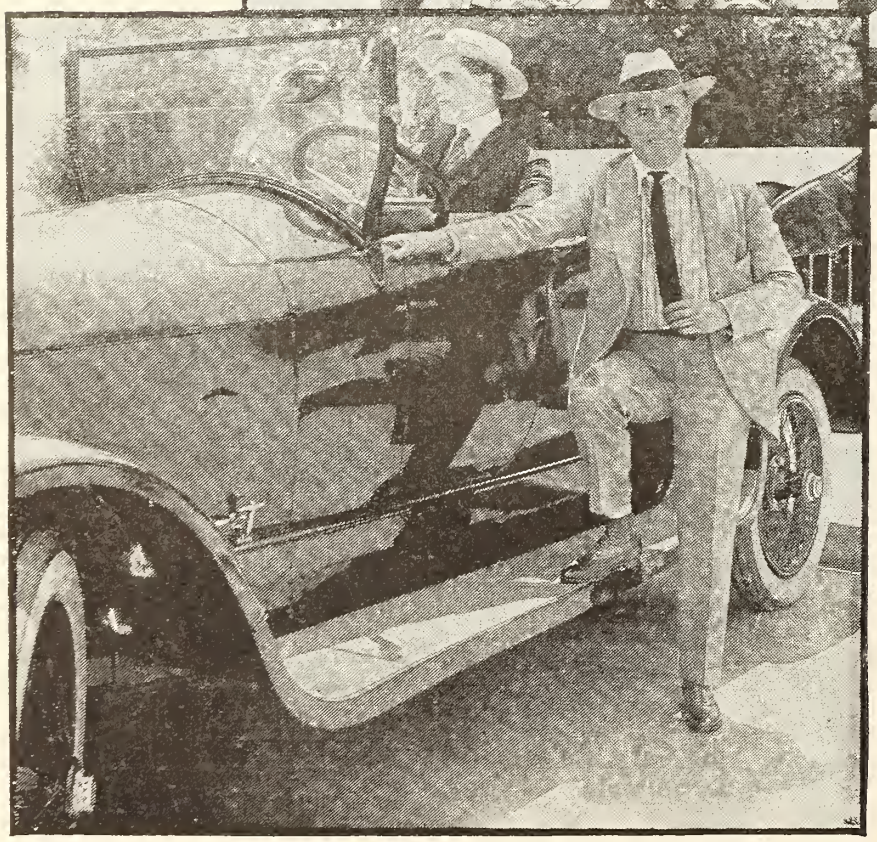
This skit might be called "Putting Color in the Movies." The young lady who appears to be the interlocutor of the juvenile minstrel troupe is Helen Holmes.

Of course, some one must have remarked that girls can't climb trees, or else Mignon Anderson would never have tried this. Just between ourselves, we doubt that she got any further up this one than she is right here.

Whom do you suppose Violet Mersereau is waitiug for, to take out driving with her? We centainly envy him, whoever he is.

"Come along," says Anna Little, taking Frank Spearman by the hand. "Get back here in the picture where you belong. You're too close to the camera. And Wallace Reed, in the sombrero, looks as though he agreed with her.

Carlyle Blackwell appears to have received a very important diplomatic message.



Enid Markey and George Walsh are debating as to whether or not they will take Roul Walsh along for a ride.

"I used to do this when I was a youngster and my grandmother made my winter stockings," says Traverse Vale, as he holds the hank of yarn while Ethel Clayton winds it into a ball.

About this time of the year the water wagon begins to lose its load. There are only two left, you see. The others fell off shortly after New Year, and are standing around watching to see the rest take a tumble.

"How do you do, my pretty maid?" says Earle Williams.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

AS usual, there's a brand-new film organization to mention this month. The new one has a most pretentious name. It's called De Luxe Pictures, Incorporated. It's capitalized at two hundred thousand dollars. Theodore C. Deitrich, who recently retired as advertising and publicity director of the International Film Service Company, Incorporated, is head of the new firm, and announces that it will produce only high-class photo plays, with Doris Kenyon as the star. In discussing his new undertaking, Mr. Deitrich says: "Both Miss Kenyon and I have decided that there is a growing demand for clean, wholesome, human-interest pictures. We propose to make this kind of pictures in five, six, and seven-reel subjects. Miss Kenyon will appear as the star in all of the first productions of the company, though it is our intention to take on other stars later, and present them in the manner in which Miss Kenyon will be presented. We have many splendid stories on hand, which I have been gathering during the past two years. Two of the best-known authors of the day are under contract to provide other stories for Miss Kenyon. We expect to begin making our first picture in February or March, though we will not start until everything is shipshape. We are negotiating now for one of the best-equipped studios in the East, but some of our work will be done either in Florida or California."

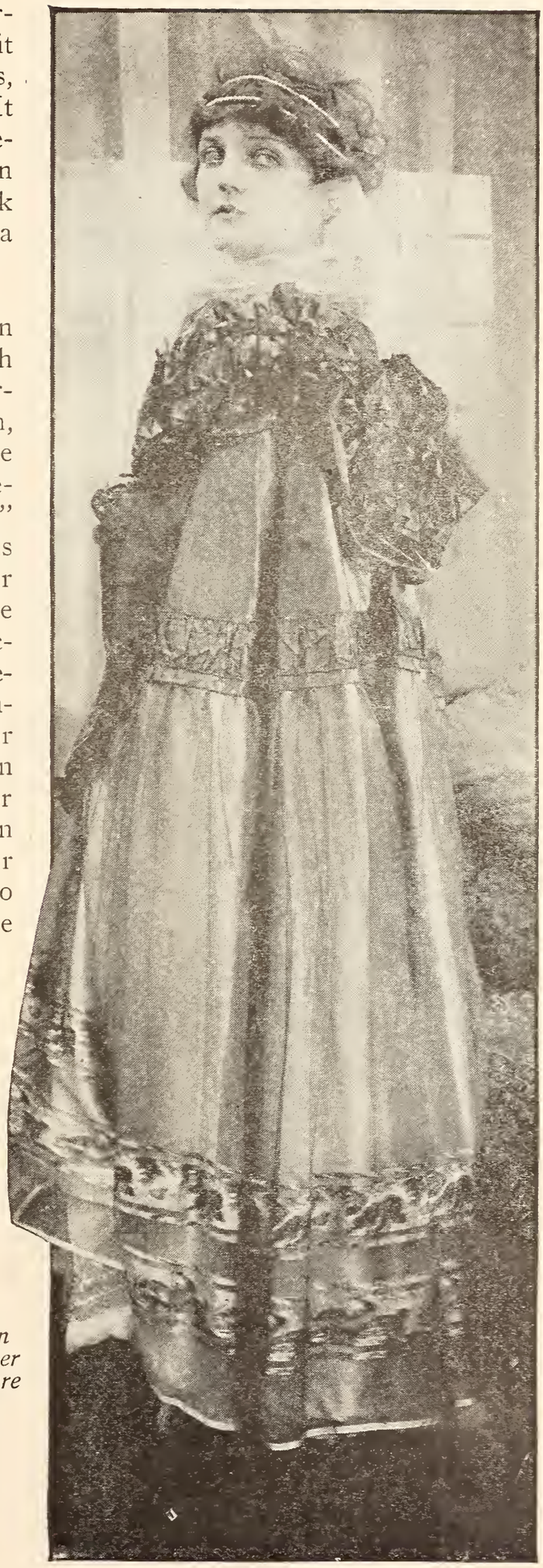
Doris Kenyon is the first star seiected by a new organization, known as De Luxe Pictures, Inc.

This business of being a screen star has its hardships along with its attractions. Take a recent experience of Mae Marsh, for instance. To see her on the screen in her latest Goldwyn production, "The Beloved Traitor," one might suppose she hadn't a care in the world—aside, of course, from those thrust upon her by the scenario. Yet the sad truth is that your little friend Mae had some terrific experiences while engaged in "shooting" that very picture. The company went to Sebasco, Maine, to get the sea-

coast stuff, and they were weather-bound in the hotel for three days—it being too stormy to work out of doors, even in the warmest of clothing. It was particularly trying for Mae, because, until she made her début in "Polly of the Circus," most of her work had been done in the warm California sunshine.

Naomi Childers has begun work on her first picture for the Commonwealth Pictures Corporation, the Chicago organization headed by H. A. Spanuth, which produced as its initial venture into the field of motion pictures a five-reeler entitled "The Frozen Warning," featuring Charlotte, the most famous ice skater in the world. Director Oscar Eagle surprised the film world by the dramatic quality of the Charlotte picture. Many had been inclined to believe that while Charlotte might be wonderful as a skater, it would be hard for her to enact any emotional scenes. In this Mr. Eagle proved them wrong, for the little skater proved herself an actress of surprising ability, and after she becomes a bit more accustomed to the studio lights it is predicted will be in a position to cause many of her sisters of the silent drama to look to their laurels.

Elsie Ferguson, whose work you have doubtless enjoyed in such Artcraft productions as "Barbary Sheep," "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," and "Rose of the World," her latest release, is now putting the finishing touches on "The Song of Songs," an adaptation of Edward Sheldon's famous play of the same title. This is the same powerful emotional drama with which A. H. Woods startled Broadway a few seasons ago. In the speaking-stage version the all-star cast in-



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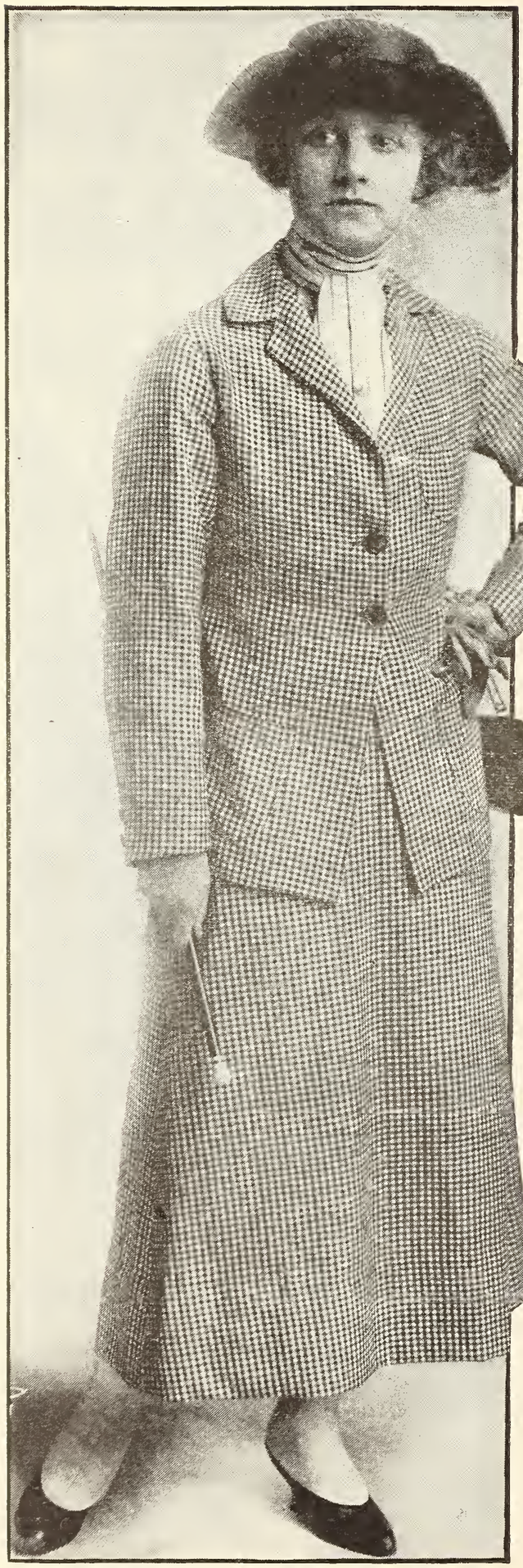


Ruth Stonehouse will soon be seen as the star in "The Wolf Breed," which is to be produced by the Overland Film Company, a newcomer in the film field.

cluded such notables of stageland as Maud Allan, Irene Fenwick, John Mason, Dorothy Donnelly, Thomas A. Wise, William Stone, Florence Winant, and Ernest Glendenning. Miss Ferguson is surrounded by an exceptionally strong cast for the picture version of the story, and, as *Lily Kardos,* the daughter of a poor musician, will enact life's battles in a manner that will instantly strike a responsive cord in the minds of millions of girls who will recognize in her struggles something akin to their own.

H. Berg, of the Overland Film Company, a recent comer in the motion-picture field, has signed Ruth Stonehouse and Herbert Rawlinson as the stars of a series of productions which are soon to be undertaken. Ruth will be remembered as a former Essanay favorite before she went out to California as a Universal star, moving from Universal City over to the Triangle lot not so very many months ago. The first Overland picture in which she is to be starred is entitled "The Wolf Breed." Mr. Rawlinson has long been a Universal player of note, and has directed some splendid pictures himself.

Harold Lockwood appears opposite another new leading woman in his latest Metro release, "The Avenging Trail," the first Metro production staged by Director Francis Ford. We refer to Sallie Crute, who, while familiar to motion-picture fans for her work in Essanay, Solax, Edison, and Lubin pictures, has only been seen in one or two other Metro productions. Her last work was done in Syd Ol-

cott's production of "The Belgian." Lockwood seems to change leading women more frequently than most of the male stars, but Miss Crute, in the rôle of *Rose Havens* in "The Avenging Trail," will unquestionably prove as popular as any of her predecessors.

Bill Hart has a protegé, Harold Goodwin by name, whom Bill is pushing ahead as an actor. Goodwin appeared with Hart in "The Silent Man."

Mary Pickford, Geraldine Farrar, and Douglas Fairbanks set the fashion of selecting a protégé from among the youngsters at the Western studio, and then bringing all the magic of publicity to bear on them so that almost overnight new stars were created. Bill Hart is the latest twinkler in the cinema firmament to pick out a protégé. We don't know, of course, whether it was Mary or Gerry or Doug that led Bill to such a step, but from what we know of the "two-gun" man, we rather suspect he made up his own mind, regardless of what others had done before him. Anyway, Bill has a protégé—at least, so Pete Schmid alleges, and Pete ought to know, because he draws down a handsome pay check every week for spreading the names of Artcraft stars far and wide. Hart's protégé is seen for the first time in the Ince-Artcraft picture, "The Silent Man," and in private life bears the name Harold Goodwin. With a backer like Bill Hart the youngster ought to go far, for it is certain he will be given every opportunity to succeed.

Molly Pearson, the Scotch heroine of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," on the speaking stage, is making her screen début with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which Herbert Brenon directs. Miss Pearson is cast as *Stasia,* the slavey, a part she created in the first New York presentation of this famous drama. Born and educated in Scotland, Miss Pearson obtained her first theatrical position with the Ben Greet Players, and subsequently toured England, South Africa, New Zealand, and India. She came to America as a member of the Olga Nethersole Company, but it was with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," at the Maxine Elliott Theater, in 1909, that she attracted unusual attention. Following that she became the talk of Broadway in a single night, by her enactment of the part of the canny Scotch lassie, *Bunty,* in "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Her reappearance in her former rôle will consequently have unusual interest.

These directors keep moving about so fast that it is hard to keep track of them. Raoul Walsh, who not so very long ago allied himself with the William Fox organization, and registered his personality strongly by the perfection of such productions as "The Honor

System," "The Serpent," with Theda Bara; "Regeneration," "The Innocent Sinner," and "Betrayed," is now directing for Goldwyn. He made the jump but a few weeks ago, and Goldwyn is alleged to have held back a script recently purchased pending the advent of Walsh into its ranks. Another director of note to switch companies is Rollin S. Sturgeon, who was at the Santa Barbara Studios of the American, directing Gail Kane and Juliette Day. He has now been added to the directorial staff of the Morosco-Pallas Studio, and is busily engaged in staging a five-reel Paramount release which will star Vivian Martin.

Maurice Tourneur, the famous Artcraft director, shown on the left of this picture with Mary Pickford, has been making a multiple-reel feature of Maurice Mœtterlinck's "The Blue Bird."

Artcraft, which has already given you film fans more than one treat, has still another one in store. Very quietly, Maurice Tourneur, one of the foremost Artcraft directors, has been working away at the Fort Lee Studios of that organization. Just what he was up to a lot of other film concerns began to wonder. They knew that the director who gave the screen such masterpieces as "Barbary Sheep" and "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," both starring Elsie Ferguson, was capable of mighty big things. So curiosity grew apace. Now the secret is out. Artcraft has ready for release a multiple-reel version of Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," which is looked upon the world over as a literary and dramatic masterpiece. Walter E. Greene, president of Artcraft Pictures Corporation, considers the production one of Artcraft's greatest undertakings and most as-

tounding triumphs. No definite date has been set for release at this writing, but you will probably have a chance to behold it in the very near future.

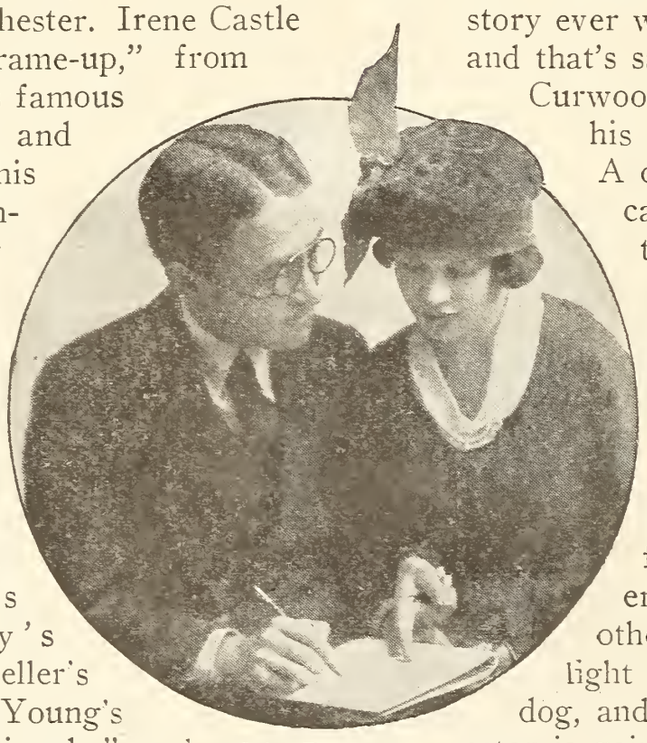
Henry Walthall, star of "His Robe of Honor," a Paralta offering, released through the exchanges of W. W. Hodkinson, is doing the final scenes of another five-reeler, titled "Humdrum Brown." This story is from the pen of H. B. Daniel, and has to do with the life history of a man whose existence was of the most prosaic character in a small, uninteresting town. "Humdrum," however, possessed a soul that longed for romance, and late in life encountered some surprising situations which resulted in his displaying both fortitude and courage of the highest order. Rex Ingram, who directed the first Walthall-Paralta subject, is again behind the megaphone, and Norwalk, some thirty-five miles from Los Angeles, is temporarily posing as a staid and quiet New England village. Gosh, we'll bet Rex is having a hard time to dodge the palm trees, if we know anything at all about California.

Richard Travers is now a captain in the United States army.

Richard Travers, former star of innumerable Essanay productions, and before that a Lubin luminary, is now starring under the Stars and Stripes. He was one of the recent graduates of the government training camp for officers at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and emerged a full-fledged captain in the American army. So it is as Captain Richard Travers that he will face the Germans on the firing line in France. Surely all screen fans who enjoyed his work on the silent drama will hope that his deeds of heroism on the battlefield may excel any of his pictured exploits, and will trust that when the war is over his career as a soldier may have as happy an ending as did the romances in which he was starred.

Pathé is steadily adding to the big array of world-famous stories which they have acquired for their galaxy of stars. Hardly a day passes without another novel or magazine story being purchased for reproduction as a motion picture. Frank Keenan, who makes his Pathé début in "Loaded Dice," by Hillary A. Clark, is now provided with another vehicle, since last week "Simeon's Shadow" was purchased from Elizabeth Lee. Bessie Love, who has just finished Henry Kitchell Webster's "The Painted Scene," which was made under the working title of "Spring of the Year,"

will shortly be seen in "Bessie Beware," a story by Agnes C. Johnston. Bryant Washburn, whose first Pathé play is "Kidder and Ko," will next busy himself with "Twenty-one," a story by George Randolph Chester. Irene Castle is doing "The Frame-up," from Wallace S. Clifton's famous play of that name, and is supported in this piece by Harry Benham, Warner Oland, Paul Everton, Helene Chadwick, J. H. Gilmore, Ethel Cooke, and Bert Starkey. In addition to all of the above-mentioned stories, Cyrus Townsend Brady's "The Cliff-dweller's Pot," Sir William Young's "A Japanese Nightingale," and such A. H. Woods plays as "Wanted—Jim Bennett," and "The Power of Money," have been purchased.



John Emerson and Anita Loos have withdrawn from the Douglas Fairbanks forces.

John Emerson, the director, and Anita Loos, the youthful scenario writer, who have long been identified as leading factors in the combination of talent that went to make up the Douglas Fairbanks successes have recently left Fairbanks, at the expiration of their contracts. It is said that their withdrawal is due partly to a difference of opinion. Doug, it is reported, wanted to play more romantic rôles, while John and Anita thought he should continue in the rapid-fire comedies of the type which made him famous on the screen, such as "Manhattan Madness" and "His Name in the Papers."

James Oliver Curwood's magazine story, "The Son of Kazan," which perhaps you read, is soon to make its appearance on the motion-picture screens bearing a Vitagraph trademark. It has been said by literary critics that "The Son of Kazan" is the strongest story ever written by Curwood, and that's saying a lot, for this Curwood man is noted for his red-blooded stuff. A dog, half wolf, half canine, is the link that binds the characters together and develops the stirring situations. A number of other animals are seen in the picture, for one incident calls for a view of beavers at work, and another necessitates a fight between Baree, the dog, and an eagle. The director is going to have the time of his life rehearsing the scenes with the dog, and getting them as realistic as the story. An educated "husky" has already been selected for the rôle of Baree, and we venture the guess that he will complete his college course and take up post-graduate work before "The Son of Kazan" is completed. No so-called "high-school" dog could ever get away with it otherwise.

Speaking of Vitagraph, you will soon be seeing a new Vitagraph star of the first rank. The new celluloid celebrity is Mademoiselle Hedda Nova, the young Russian actress who created a sensation by her playing of the rôle of *Belle Davis,* the supposed negress in "The Bar Sinister." Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, considers the acquisition of this star one of the most important announcements he has had to make in many months, and proves apparently the truth of his viewpoint by

adding that he will himself personally direct several of the big feature plays in which she will appear. She will be cast as the lead in Blue Ribbon superfeatures only, and always be surrounded by a cast of the first magnitude.

Empire All-star Corporation, the concern making the Charles Frohman Plays in Pictures, for release through the Mutual Film Corporation exchanges, has temporarily closed its studio at Glendale, Long Island, and gone out to the sunshine of California as the scene of its next photo drama. A portion of the American Film Company's Studio at Santa Barbara, California, has been turned over to the Empire Corporation, and here Mrs. Humphry Ward's celebrated novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," will be staged.

Yes, Marguerite Snow, once looked upon as almost a professional actress of serials, is back at her old tricks. The statuesque Marguerite is cast opposite King Baggot in "The Eagle's Eye," the secret-service serial showing the exposure of the German spies in this country which Whartons, Incorporated, are producing from the manuscript prepared by William J. Flynn, chief of the United States secret service. In addition to King Baggot and Miss Snow (in private life Mrs. James Cruze), the cast includes Grant and Dixie Mason, John P. Wade, William Bailey, Paul Everton, and Bertram Marburgh. Through the influence of Chief Flynn the serial company is able to work on many "locations" which are closed to all other motion-picture companies on account of the war orders preventing the photographing of places vital to the conduct of the war.

Marguerite Snow is to act in "The Eagle's Eye," the secret-service serial showing how German spies are caught. She is shown here with her four-year-old daughter, Julie.

California, too, is to be the scene of J. Stuart Blackton's next activities. By this time, of course, you have seen both "The Judgment House" and "The World for Sale," both Sir Gilbert Parker novels, made by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton for Paramount releases. Therefore you know about what to expect when we record the fact that Mr. Blackton is now engaged in staging his third Sir Gilbert Parker story, "Wild Youth," in California, for early release.

Clara Kimball Young is well provided with starring vehicles, two record-breaking stories having just been secured for adaptation into films in which she will enact the leading rôle. Following "Shirley Kaye" and "The Marionettes," Miss Young has plunged into the making of "The House of Glass," a melodrama from the pen of Max Marcin. This is the play in which Mary Ryan scored such a hit at the Cohan and Harris Theater in New York a couple of years ago, and is the story of a reformed girl crook and her desperate efforts to regain her lost status in society. The plot abounds in tense scenes and thrilling moments, and

the rôle of the little ex-thief affords a rare opportunity for emotional acting. Miss Young's other play will be "La Fille Sauvage," by François Curel. This work has been known also under the titles "The Barbarian Woman" and "The Daughter of the Wild." It unfolds a tale in which the primal passions and appetites are ever contending for mastery of a soul endowed with the love of beauty. While the original European version of "La Fille Sauvage" might be considered rather strong for American picturegoers, the screen adaptation made for the use of Miss Young, it is said, will contain nothing offensive. Emile Chautard will direct, and there is a possibility that this latter subject will be staged somewhere in the West Indies probably Jamaica. Seemingly a good spot in which to produce a gingery story —eh what?

Taylor Holmes is completing "Ruggles of the Red Gap."

Taylor Holmes, Essanay favorite, and former star of "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," who jumped into screen popularity almost overnight with such productions as "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," "Fools for Luck," "Two-bit Seats," "The Small-town Guy," and just a week or two ago in "Uneasy Money," is completing the final scenes of what many predict will be his greatest triumph—"Ruggles of Red Gap." This is, of course, an adaptation of the novel by Harry Leon Wilson, which proved as great a stage drama as it was a popular book. On the screen, full advantage was taken of the opportunities for natural settings not possible on the legitimate stage, where, no matter how carefully scenery is painted, it always appears artificial. Mr. Holmes and his director, L. C. Windom, spent many weeks in Arizona securing just the backgrounds needed for such an out-of-doors picture. The cast surrounding Mr. Holmes is a most unusual one. It includes Lawrence D'Orsay, known for his rôles in "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "The Embassy Ball;" Frederick Burton, the comedian of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Sky Farm;" Edna Phillips, widely known on the legitimate stage; and Lillian Drew, long an established Essanay favorite.

Now comes the announcement that Fred Stone, one of the greatest of stage comedians, is to become a screen player, to appear in Paramount productions. Stone, who first rose to fame with his former teammate, Dave Montgomery, in "The Wizard of Oz," is now playing in "Jack o' Lantern."

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.

T. S. I.—This is your first offense in writing to me, and the punishment for your crime lands you at the top of the Oracle Department for thirty days, until the next issue comes out. Not so bad for a beginner, is it? Many have tried for months, but as yet haven't been lucky enough to have their letters arrive in the right place. First come, first answered, is the Oracle motto, and it is lived up to to the letter. Ruth and Richard are not related. Richard has gone to war, so there is no telling where you can write to him, except in care of this magazine. We will forward any letters that you care to write to him. Address Marguerite Clark in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Anita Stewart still receives her mail at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street, and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Charles Ray has left the Triangle Film Corporation, and is working at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California, where he is being starred in Paramount productions. Any mail addressed to him in care of the studio will be sure to reach him. Wallace Reid should be addressed in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Louise Glaum also has left Triangle. Write to her in care of Willis and Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Jack Holt will get mail addressed to him at Wally Reid's working place.

Miss Yvonne R.—Write to Jack Holt for one of his photographs in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Yes, I liked his work opposite Mary Pickford in "The Little American" very much. Hope you enjoy your trip. I would love to get away to Honolulu for a vacation. Lucky girl! Don't forget to write me all about it.

Miss B. M.—The letter you sent to me to forward to William S. Hart was sent to that worthy gentleman some time ago.

Miss B.—"The Hostage," "The Squaw Man's Son," and "Nan of Music Mountain" are Wallace Reid's latest releases. Some of your questions are against the rules of the Oracle Department, so I am sorry that I can't answer them all. Edna Hunter is a very clever girl, and has done some good work for the Fox Company.

Ivy Climbs.—There have been two heroines in the O. Henry stories that the Vitagraph Company has been producing. Mildred Manning is one of the said heroines, and Corinne Griffith is the other. Corinne has just appeared in a big Vitagraph feature from the O. Henry novel, "I Will Repay." His books have screened very well indeed. Charles Ray's photos have appeared in all the leading magazines. How have you missed them? Think Jean Southern has gone back into vaudeville. You can secure a photo of Charles Ray by writing to him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Jack Pickford should be written to at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, and Earle Fox at the Selznick Enterprises, Incorporated, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Wallace Reid was the hero in "Joan the Woman," with Geraldine Farrar.

Olive Thomas Admirer.—You can reach Olive Thomas at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. "An Even Break," "Broadway Arizona," and "Indiscreet Corinne" are some of the features in which Olive Thomas has appeared since she did "Madcap Madge." She has been before the camera for eight months. She certainly is the possessor of one of the most beautiful faces in filmdom. She was noted for her beauty with the Ziegfield Follies in New York City before she ever thought of going into the films. I think that she will be pleased to send such a stanch admirer as yourself one of her photographs.

Speed.—"Miss U. S. A." is one of the latest June Caprice films, the title of which indicates that it is a patriotic feature. It is very entertaining. Viola Dana has done several pictures since she appeared in "Aladdin's Lamp." May Allison is not acting in pictures at present. She has not appeared on the screen since she stopped playing opposite Harold Lockwood in Metro Pictures. You can reach her via the postman by writing to her in care of Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Charles Chaplin is still making comedies at his own studio in Los Angeles, California. Harold Lockwood now has a new leading woman for every one of his films.

U. R. Write.—Of course Alfred Vosburgh and Alfred Whitman resemble each other a great deal. They should, because Alfred Vosburgh and Alfred Whitman are one and the same. Vosburgh's name has been changed to Whitman because of the war. The Vitagraph Company didn't want fans to think that the star had anything Hunnish about him, for he is a real American, so they camouflaged his name to Whitman. Beverly Griffith is no longer with the Fox Company. He is back with Universal, but in New York this time instead of at Universal City. You can reach him by letter in care of the Universal Film Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City. D. W. Griffith has been back from Europe for several months, and is at work in Los Angeles, making scenes for his new big feature, for which he procured material in the war zone. Any letter addressed to him in care of the D. W. Griffith Studios, Los Angeles, California, will get to him all right. Herbert Rawlinson is still starring for Universal. You can address him at Universal City, California, or at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California. Lloyd Hamilton hasn't been with the Kalem Company for the past six months. Ever since he left that concern he has been working for the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, which release on the Fox program. Lloyd has done two special-feature comedies since he has been at work there, and is now working on his third. He appeared with a bunch of ferocious lions in his first two comedies. There is no truth in the rumor that Mary Miles Minter will leave the American Film Company, because the said Mary Miles is tied up with a two years' contract, and intends to work it out for the American, and no one else. She told me so herself, and she ought to know—shouldn't she?

Mamie.—You can't expect me to tell you the names of all those extra girls who appeared with Grace Cunard in the twelfth and thirteenth episodes of the "Purple Mask." It can't be done, Mamie. It is all I can do to keep track of the stock people, and those who play parts, without trying to handle the extra people as well. No, what did she whisper? "The Purple Mask" is not in book form, so far as I know. The story was written by Grace Cunard herself, and directed by Francis Ford. Quite a versatile girl, this Grace—yes? You have selected a list of very good performers for your favorites. I must congratulate you on your good taste.

S. G. M.—Glad to hear that you get so many laughs out of the "Uncomplimentary Department" of Picture-Play. It gives me quite a few laughs, too. Yes, I am sure that Anita Stewart would send you one of her autographed photos under those conditions. Address her in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. I also thought she was pretty good in the "Girl Phillipa," by Robert W. Chambers. Henry Kolker and David Powell had the leading rôles in Billie Burke's "Gloria's Romance." Charles Chaplin is a much better actor than people give him credit for. Charles shows by his every move that he is a real live actor of good quality, and not merely a tumbler. "Intolerance" is certainly a massive production, the biggest thing ever attempted on the screen. I am sure you will enjoy seeing it. "Treasure Island" was a dandy book, and it makes a very good picture, too, even with little tots in the leading rôles. It has just been released by the Fox Company, with Francis Carpenter, Virginia Corbin, and Violet Radcliffe heading a cast of child actors and actresses. They put all their little beings into their rôles, and the picture will certainly please and amuse the fans.

Miss Rebeckah G.—It is customary to send twenty-five cents with your request for autographed photos of the leading film players. With the new war tax on postage, it costs a player about twenty-eight cents to send out each and every photo, so you see if they sent them free to all the admirers who ask for them they would be out quite a bunch of money. Mrs. Vernon Castle sends all of her photos from the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, and Mary Pickford from the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Emalina B.—You can reach William Farnum through the mail by addressing him in care of the Fox Film Corporation, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Better inclose a quarter if you want one of his autographed photos, as it is customary.

Wally Admirer.—Wallace Reid is still with the Lasky Company, being starred in their features. He appears with Geraldine Farrar in her new Lasky production, "The Woman that God Forgot," and is now working on "Nan of Music Mountain," in which Anna Little will be seen supporting him. You can reach him by mail in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Morosco and Lasky are practically one and the same company. Jack Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on July 25, 1889. Marguerite Clark first saw the light of day on George Washington's birthday in the year of 1887.

Pathe Elephant.—Antonio Moreno should be addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Bryant Washburn also has joined the Pathé standard, and is now appearing in features for them at their California studio. You can reach him via the postman at the Pathé Studios, Glendale, California. They have taken over the old Kalem Studio in Glendale, and are enlarging it to house several more companies. Arline Pretty and Charles Richman were a very good team when they played together at the Vitagraph. Richman now has his own company. Marie Walcamp is still with Universal. Write to her in care of Universal City, California.

White-Heather.—You are wrong about me, little lady. I don't mind telling you that I am not seventy-five, as you suppose, and I haven't long white whiskers. Of course this doesn't help you any in finding out what I look like or who I am, but it will help you to forget your opinion of me. Whoever told you about me certainly had the wrong advice. William S. Hart is a fine fellow, and it is no wonder that he is so Universally well liked. He deserves all that is coming to him, because he has worked very hard the few years in which he has been before the motion-picture public. I am sure that he would appreciate a letter from a Scotch admirer, and would answer you, too. You can address him in care of the William S. Hart Studio, Los Angeles, California.

Delly, Beaumont, Texas.—Can't very well give you "some answers" to your letter, as you asked only one question. I don't think that Harry Hilliard ever lived in Iberia. That is, not from what I have learned about him; and as Harry himself doesn't even remember it, I guess we will have to say that he never did. Too bad that you missed Francis Xavier Bushman and Beverly Bayne while you were in New Orleans. Yes, the name you chose to head your question is very odd. Where did you get hold of it?

James H. Mac W.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor of Picture-Play for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names of all the companies and everything else you want to know about the different studios.

Jackie.—Well, well, well! If it isn't my old friend Jackie back once more! Where on earth have you been hiding yourself? I thought that you had deserted me. The questions are answered in the order in which they are received. Each one has to wait his or her turn, so that is probably the reason your answers were a little late. Cheer up; you will be getting them now at the rate of almost one an issue. Isn't that rather encouraging? Probably some one wrote to Charlie and signed it with your name. Address Edith Roberts, Molly Malone, and Rena Rogers all at Universal City, California. Jean Southern should be addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. I don't think there is much chance that Grace Cunard and Francis Ford will play together in another serial real soon, as they are both with different companies. Mina is the only sister that Grace possesses. I think that Bessie Barriscale will answer a letter. You can address her in care of the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. You certainly think a great deal of Grace Cunard. Evidently no other motion-picture star has a chance to become your favorite with Grace around. Don't be so long in writing to me again, or I will surely think that you have deserted me.

Flo.—How comes it that such a long-time reader of the Oracle as yourself asks a question against the rules right off the bat? Can't answer your Harold Lockwood question for that reason. Harold has a new leading lady now for every one of his pictures. So Marguerite Clark and Harold still remain your favorites? It is strange that they have lasted this long, as nine out of every ten change their favorites with each letter to the Oracle. You are a true exception.

Cynthianaky.—Pearl White and Creighton Hale should be addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Bessie Love is with Pathé, but at their coast studios. Write her a line at the Pathé Studios, Glendale, California. William Desmond will get a letter sent to him at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Douglas Fairbanks gets his mail at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California, and Earle Williams finds his at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Impatient Resc.—That is another odd little title. Of course I get tired of reading uninteresting letters, but they are so few and far between that the others completely drown them in my mind. Blanche Sweet is in retirement from the screen at the present time, and don't know whether she will appear again or not. She has not worked before the camera since she left the Lasky Company. William S. Hart will get mail addressed to him in care of the William S. Hart Studio, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Lillian Walker should be addressed at the Ogden Pictures Corporation, Ogden, Utah. Billie Burke now receives her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mary Pickford is at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, where she receives all her mail. Mary Pickford has a very fine complexion, and her hair is all her own. She was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. I am afraid that you deal very unfairly with yourself. I did not find your letter uninteresting at all, but quite the opposite. So you have had nothing but rain for the last three weeks in Australia? That is too bad, because I don't know of anything more depressing than a long siege of rain. We have our share of it in New York, but nothing like what you have, I am glad to say. (Business of knocking wood.) He is devoting his entire time to directing Mary Miles Minter at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California, where a letter will reach him. I think that he would send you one of his photos, however, even if he isn't acting now. Webster Campbell should be written to in care of the Vitagraph Company of America. You have the address in the first part of your questions. Crane Wilbur has all of his mail sent to him in care of Willis and Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Billie Burke calls for her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. You are wrong about the address of Mary Pickford. She is now at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. It is no wonder that you didn't get a photograph of her if you wrote her at that old address. Wallace Reid's address is the same as Mary's. William D. Taylor is the name of the gentleman who directs the Jack Pickford pictures you mention. Yes, I agree with you that he has gotten more out of Jack than any other director. Write to him in care of the Morosco Film Studios, Los Angeles, California. Joe Moore has gone to war. Ora Carew is in New York at the present time, but mail addressed to her at the same address as that of Crane Wilbur will be forwarded to her. Tom Forman has enlisted in the army. Any mail addressed to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will be forwyraded to him by that company.

Mollie King, N. N.—Mollie King has only been in pictures for a short time. This is probably the reason she is not more universally popular than she is. She is appearing in serials for the Pathé Exchange. Her latest is "The Seven Pearls." Creighton Hale appears opposite her in this serial. No, Charles Chaplin is not deaf and dumb. I don't think a person who was could make a success in pictures. They could never understand a director while a scene was in progress, and therefore a lot of time and money would be wasted. Don't feel backward about asking questions. Just help yourself, and ask anything you may want to know, providing, of course, that it is within the rules of the Oracle Department.

Pen-Man.—You had better be careful or you will get arm weary if you intend to carry out your threat and write to all the stars whose addresses you have asked for. Charles Ray receives his daily mail at the Ince Studios, Georgia Street, Los Angeles, California. Monroe Salisbury is now a Bluebird star, and finds his mail in his box at Universal City, California. Corinne Griffith and Anita Stewart should be addressed in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Bessie Barriscale opens her letters at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. J. Warren Kerrigan also receives his mail there. Henry King is not acting any more.

"Lonesome Chap."—I should say that you are welcome to the Oracle Department. I am always anxious to hear from new readers, as well as the veterans, because we like to add new veterans to our list all the time. So you think your town is terribly lonesome? Why don't you change it, if that's the case? Lonesomeness is one of the worst things in the world. You didn't have any questions to ask this time, so I shall have to wait until I hear from you again before I will be able to give you any answers.

J. W. A.—"The Fall of a Nation" was released about a year and a half ago. Paul Willis is the little fellow's name who played the part of Billy Holland in this production. He is now about sixteen years of old age. You can reach him by letter in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

A. T.—It was Doris who appeared with Frank McIntyre.

Miss Catherine R.—You must have seen your questions answered by this time. Robert Warwick will get any mail sent to him in care of the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Robert was born in Sacramento, California, on October 9, 1881, therefore being a native son.

M. A. S.—Pauline Bush is not in pictures any more. She has not appeared on the screen since she left Universal some time ago. Allan Dwan is back on the coast at the Lasky Studios, where he is alternating with John Emerson in directing Douglas Fairbanks. When one director is cutting his picture, and preparing another, the other is producing a picture with the popular star, so you see smiling "Doug" is kept very busy, and doesn't have much time to himself.

Billy.—I didn't notice that they had changed the last part of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" so radically. Maybe the print you saw on the screen had been cut and changed, but it was all right when I saw it at the first presentation in New York. Good for father. Write again, and stay a while longer.

The Girl from Cal.—Yes, you are just about living up to your threat to write to me once a month, but you had better take hold of yourself, or I am afraid that you will forget all about your young vendetta sworn on me. Marjory Daw is a protégée of Geraldine Farrar, and is with the Lasky Company. You can reach her by mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. I think she will send you one of her photos. Write and find out. Yes, I witnessed the "Square-deal Man," with William S. Hart, and enjoyed the picture very much. You can obtain photos of all the actors and actresses by inclosing a quarter with your request, to cover the cost. Gladys Smith is the correct name of Mary Pickford. Every one has personality, whether good or bad. Most of the exhibitors now pick their own films to show to their patrons, but there are still quite a few who buy regular programs, and have to take whatever is given to them.

C. E. F.—A letter addressed to Miss Virginia Valli in care of the Essanay Film Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois, will reach the young lady. You haven't very many questions to ask on your first attempt, C. E. F. What's the trouble? Don't you ever want to know anything? First offenders usually write at least five pages, but you merely write one paragraph. I am afraid you will have to do better than that. All right, I'll second those three cheers for Francis Ford. He is now directing Harold Lockwood for the Metro Company, so I don't suppose you will see him again on the screen for a long time.

William J. F.—Florence LaBadie is the girl to whom you refer in the Thanhouser picture. She died four months ago as the result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident. Her passing on is certainly mourned by the thousands of film fans who had learned to love her work during the years she was before the camera. She began her career as an extra girl with the old Biograph, and worked her way to the top in a remarkably short time.

Joanna.—Geraldine Farrar played in the Lasky production of "Carmen," but not in the burlesque on the opera which was done by Charles Chaplin and Edna Purvience. Helen Holmes is really a very daring little lady, and risks her life many times for thrills in her serials. No, Charles Ray is not, by a long shot. He is just twenty-five years of age. You can address him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Just Nobody.—Life is just what you make it, little Nobody, and because you never look for the bright side of it you are unhappy. If you don't look for something that you desire very much, how on earth do you expect to find it? If you stay with your gloom all the time, and never look for any happiness, how do you expect it to come to you? Try thinking of cheerful things, instead of gloomy thoughts, and you will find that you will feel much better for it. When anything unpleasant pops into your mind, drown it out right away with some happy thought. Go about with people who are happy and enjoy life, and you will find that in a comparatively short time they have taught you how to enjoy life and be happy, unconscious of their doing it. If you want the sun to shine, don't look for the clouds and rain.

Tutsie.—Your title is original, so far as this department is concerned, because no one has ever used it before in the Oracle for their heading. Marshall Neilan will get any mail that you may send him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle is very funny to me, too. I liked his last comedy very much, indeed. You can send him a letter at the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California. Charles Chaplin is now working at his own studio, so letters for him should be addressed to the Charles Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California. Pearl White is still playing for the Pathé people, and continues to answer all of her correspondence from the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

E. P.—The best thing for you to do would be to apply at any motion-picture studio for a position as assistant camera man until you have grasped the knowledge and skill required to take a position as camera man. As assistant you would be with the camera man continually, and learn all the tricks of the profession. With your knowledge of photography it shouldn't take long for you to become proficient at the art of crank turning.

Etta Lotta Wheat.—Virginia Pearson is still being featured by the Fox Film Corporation. June Caprice has appeared in two pictures since

her "Miss U. S. A." Harry Millarde directed that film, and it seems to have made quite a hit. Charles Ray has done four features for the Paramount Pictures Corporation since he left the Triangle with Thomas H. Ince. They are all very good, too, and are better than anything he has done previously. Ruth Roland has been playing in vaudeville for the last few months, but will soon be back before the camera again. You can reach her by mail at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Belle Bennett is back on the screen again, and is being featured by the Triangle Film Corporation at Culver City, California, where any letter will reach her. I cannot answer any matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Mack Swain is not with the L-Ko Comedy Company any more. He left on the first of December, but did not announce his new affiliation. He intends to go to his hog ranch for four weeks before starting to work before the camera again. Mae Murray and Charlie Murray are not related to each other, although Charlie says he wishes they were. Tom Forman is now with the Coast Artillery in San Pedro, California. He enlisted four months ago, and is now a corporal. If you want to reach him by letter, write to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and they will forward the letter to him immediately.

Beatrice S.—My goodness, Beatrice, how do you expect me to answer your questions when the majority of them are against the rules of the Oracle Department? Better take your Picture-Play and read the rules at the head of the department before you write again, so I won't have to go without answering so many of your questions. Pearl White was born in 1889. Yes, Mary Pickford was very good in the "Poor Little Rich Girl." This and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" are two of her greatest pictures. "The Little Princess," which has just been released, is also a very good film, and bound to please all the Pickford admirers.

The Duke.—Myrtle Stedman is the only film star touring the country, and appearing in person at the leading picture theaters at the present time. Myrtle has made a great hit, and is now five weeks behind in her schedule, on account of being held over at different theaters for a longer period than she expected, in response to popular demand. Olive Thomas will get any mail you may send to her in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, Culver City, California. Gladys Hulette gets all her letters at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York. I'll speak to the editor about your request for a write-up on Mary Miles Minter. No, I don't think you are pessimistic. I think that as yet you haven't become quite settled in your ways.

Cachita.—Cleo Ridgley has not been on the screen for some time now. I don't know whether she ever intends to return to the realm of the silent drama or not. There is a constant demand for good stories, and real good ones are very hard to get. This is the reason that every once in a while you see a film that has a very poor story. It is simply because they couldn't get anything better for the star. Stories have to be written around the star of the film. They don't cast their actors around the story, as I am hoping they will some day. They try to get a story that will show the star off to her or his best advantage. Of course, they have their troubles in getting suitable stories, and sometimes it is impossible to get a very good one before the time for production starts; so they have to take the best thing they can get, and nine times out of ten it is not suitable to the star's personality. Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno are not playing opposite each other now. Antonio went to the Pathé Company when he left the Vitagraph, and Edith was signed up by the Metro Pictures Corporation when her contract with the Vitagraph ran out. You can write to Antonio Moreno in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, and to Edith Storey at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California.

Ridley S-P.—The only suggestion I can offer you as to getting before a motion-picture camera is to apply at the various studios for extra work. The studios are always using extra people, and it won't be long before you will get a chance. You can then see yourself on the screen, and decide whether you photograph well enough to stick to it.

Lockwood Lunatic I.—The director selects the leading ladies for Harold Lockwood. He picks out a type of woman who will look well with the popular leading man. I don't know what to think of it. You say you have the fever for both, yet don't want to be in either. That certainly is very strange. Mary Pickford has been one of my favorites ever since the old Biograph days, when she was doing little bits. I guess that is sticking some to a favorite, eh? Most of my readers change their favorites with each new picture they see. The best way is to have a raft of favorites. You will find it very hard, indeed, to try and stick to one favorite with so many good ones constantly appearing.

A. M.—If you have not received your copy of the market booklet that you sent for, write to the editor immediately, because you should have received it by this time unless it was lost in the mail. The new edition is just off the press, so you will just be on time for a brand-new one. You remember the old saying that "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Moving-Picture Fan.—Harold Lockwood has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Raymond Hatton was the Frenchman in "The Little American," Mary Pickford's picture. I thought that it was quite a thrilling little picture; and there were some fine lighting effects in it, too, which added a great deal to its effectiveness. Mary Pickford made a very spirited little heroine.

Pickford and Murray Admirer.—The winners of the Screen Opportunity Contest were all picked by the judges. Maybe there are no more Mary Pickfords, Marguerite Clarks, or Theda Baras. "Tess of the Storm Country," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" stand out as Mary Pickford's three best films, to my way of thinking. Write again soon.

Answer Me.—Miss Payne and Miss Davidson are very pretty, and are very fortunate to have won prizes in the Screen Opportunity Contest. It will give them the chance of their lives with a real producing organization of national repute. It was a great thing for all of the winners, and the only regret we had was that we were unable to have more winners, and give other girls the chance they have been wanting for so long. Yes, some one with the same pen name has written to me, but you are just as welcome. D. W. Griffith has been filming a great war picture over in Europe. He is back in Los Angeles now, where he is taking other scenes, including the interiors for the forthcoming feature. Bobby Harron, Lillian and Dorothy Gish head his cast of players. Lillian, Dorothy, and Bobby all accompanied D. W. Griffith to Europe, and acted in scenes right among the fighting lines. They say that Griffith secured some wonderful scenes "over there."

E. R.—Fannie Ward receives all her mail at the Pathé Studios, Glendale, California, now that she has severed her connections with the Lasky Company. Mae Murray continues to get her daily letters at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Marie Doro will receive any mail you may send to her in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Lenore Ulrich has deserted the screen for the time being for the legitimate, but the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, where she was working before the camera, will forward all her mail to her. Ann Pennington should be addressed in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dorothy W.—Mitchell Lewis had the leading rôle in Rex Beach's "The Barrier." Yes, it was Seena Owen who played the part of the *Princess Beloved* in "Intolerance." Address her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. No, "Fatty" Arbuckle is far from being dead. As soon as a person becomes famous all kinds of rumors about him begin to circulate. He is either deaf, blind, dead, or married, has sixteen children, or has been divorced three times. Fatty Arbuckle is happily working on his Paramount comedies at the Balboa Studios in Long Beach, California. I think Wallace Reid would send you one of his photographs if you write to him asking for one. Better inclose a quarter with your request, as it is customary. Photos cost twenty-eight cents to send out now, with the war tax. Address him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. That must be some boarding school where you are, with nothing but cut-and-dried magazines to read. How do you manage to get Picture-Play Magazine every month if they don't allow motion-picture magazines at the school? Who wouldn't miss the opera in P. A. to read Picture-Play?

Lois.—The editor has no set rule for the way to begin a letter to me. Anything at all will do. Nearly all of the movie folks charge a quarter for their photographs, though, as a matter of fact, they lose money on every one they send out. Each photo costs a player two bits, and three cents for postage, making twenty-eight cents altogether; so you see how it works out. Can't tell when "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will appear at your theater. You will have to ask the manager. It has been released three months now, so it ought to have appeared at your theater by this time. Gladys Smith is the real name of Mary Pickford. Your second question regarding her is against the rules of the Oracle, so I'll have to omit answering it. Address Alice Joyce in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Lois Wilson receives all of her mail at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. Write Mollie King in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks gets all his letters at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Charles Chaplin should be addressed in care of the Charles Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California. Francis X. Bushman's address is in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Henry Walthall's address is the same as that of Lois Wilson. Marshall Neilan receives all of his mail at the Lasky Studios, or at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California. Carlyle Blackwell receives his correspondence at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Harold Lockwood should be written to at the same place you address your letters for Francis X. Bushman. I didn't have any trouble to read your writing. Did you think it was that bad? Your last Douglas Fairbanks question is against the rules. Read them over carefully before writing your next letter.

Miss Carmelita M. R.—Tom Forman is not with the Lasky Company any longer. He has joined the Coast Artillery, and is serving Uncle Sam. He is stationed near San Pedro at present. Yes, he will send you one of his pictures. Write to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and they will forward the letter to him. Can't answer your last question regarding Tom, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department.

Patsy.—No, I don't think that Clara Kimball Young and J. Warren Kerrigan would make a good team to play opposite each other, because their styles of playing are so different, and the type of stories in which they appear do not match up at all. Lois Wilson is Kerrigan's leading lady.

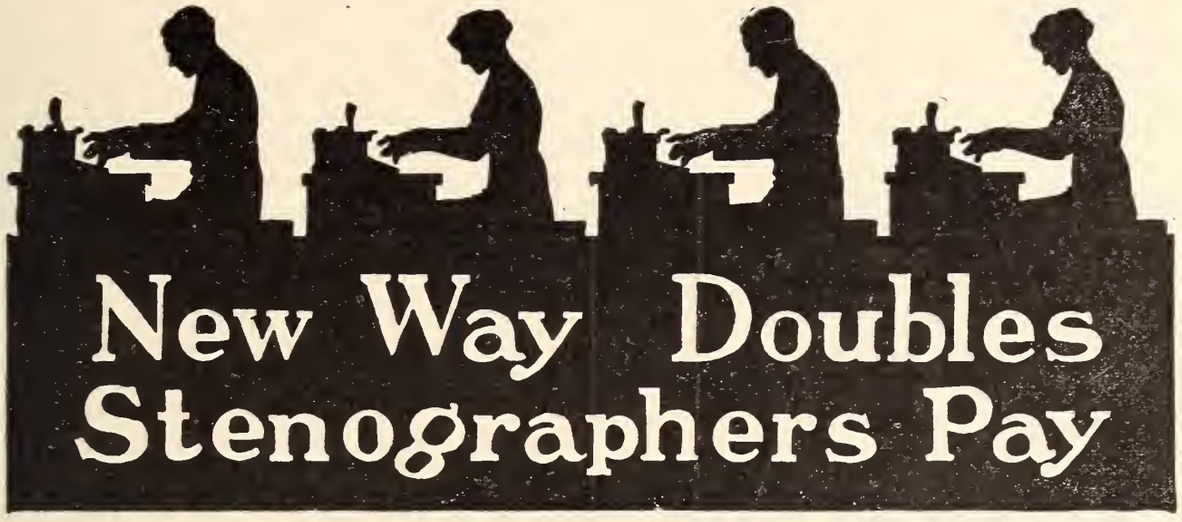
P. A.—Paree.—That is what I would like to know, too, Paree. What difference does it make if an actress is fifty, so long as she looks her part, and acts it accordingly. I don't see what age has to do with it. Fannie Ward picked Jack Dean as her permanent leading man. She has severed her connections with the Lasky Studios, and is now working for Pathé at their studios in Glendale, California. Bessie Barriscale is appearing regularly on both the Triangle and Paralta programs. She now has two films released at almost the same time. Her latest for the Paralta Company is "Madam Who?" a woman spy story that shows Bessie at her very best. She is now working on "Within the Cup," under the direction of Raymond B. West. The poem was very clever, and now I see where you got your little title from. Drop me a line any time you want to know anything more.

A Potatriot.—You are referring to "The Honorable Algy," in which Charles Ray was featured. Yes, he played the young noble who came to America to find a girl with a fortune, and save the family estate. Marjory Wilson was the young lady who played his sweetheart in this film. Chester Barnett was the young man with Clara Kimball Young in "Trilby." No, Edwin August has not appeared on the screen for quite a while. Don't know whether he intends to return at some early date or not. There are four Moore brothers in motion pictures. They are Tom, Matt, Owen, and Joe. Joe Moore, the youngest of the four, has been drafted into the national army, and is now in training at American Lake. Yes, Geraldine Farrar is still in motion pictures. She has just started work with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, in a series of features. Antonio Moreno has a very likable personality. He is still with the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Cleo.—Ah, here you are back again at last! I didn't even think I would get far enough into my pile of letters to reach your red, white, and blue stationery, but finally I came upon it. Yes, Mary Garden is back in pictures. In fact, that is her chief attraction, which is so widely commented on—her back. I agree with you that Theda looked more "Bear-a" in "Cleopatra" than in anything else in which she has ever appeared. But the story called for it, so what could the poor lady do? No, Olive, junior, has not written to me for ages. Don't you ever run off and desert the Oracle Department the way she did. King Baggot is back in pictures again. He is playing in a serial now for the Wharton Brothers. It will seem like old times again to have King's smiling face and lock of gray hair on the screen before us once more. I wonder what has been keeping him from in front of a camera for so long?

Mrs. L. L. G.—Write to the editor of Picture-Play Magazine, and inclose six cents in stamps for one of the new editions of the market booklet, which will give you a complete list of all the film companies and their needs.

Joyce G.—Yes, Joyce, most of the actors and actresses play under their own names. Especially the actors. There are quite a few actresses whose names on the screen are foreign to them when not before the camera, but not so with the male members of the profession. The reason I don't answer matrimonial questions is because the editor has a set of rules which prohibit answers to such questions. His reason for this is that he doesn't think a player's personal affairs should be spread broadcast by a magazine if the player objects to it. Hence the rules. If you want the rule changed, you will have to write to the editor, and not to me, because I had nothing to do with its being there. The pronunciation of Farrar is Farrah. Wallace Reid was born in 1892. If you are good at arithmetic it won't take you long to figure out how old young Wallace is. He is being featured alone now by the Lasky Company. "The Hostage," "The Squaw Man's Son," and "Nan of Music Mountain" are the late releases of Wallace Reid. "The Fatal Ring," the serial in which Pearl White is featured, shows Earl Foxe as her lover. He is now doing "The Honeymooners" with Norma Talmadge, for Selznick. H. B. Warner is not playing in pictures at present. He was last with the Selig Company. He is a mighty fine actor, and I have enjoyed some of his screen work immensely. Henry B. Walthall was born in Shelby County, Alabama, on March 16th, 1878. H. B. Warner first saw the light of day in London, England, on October 26th, 1876. Walthall is now with the Paralta Plays, and is doing some of his fine old work again. To me Walthall is one of the greatest actors on the screen. Do you remember him in D. W. Griffith's "Avenging Conscience?"



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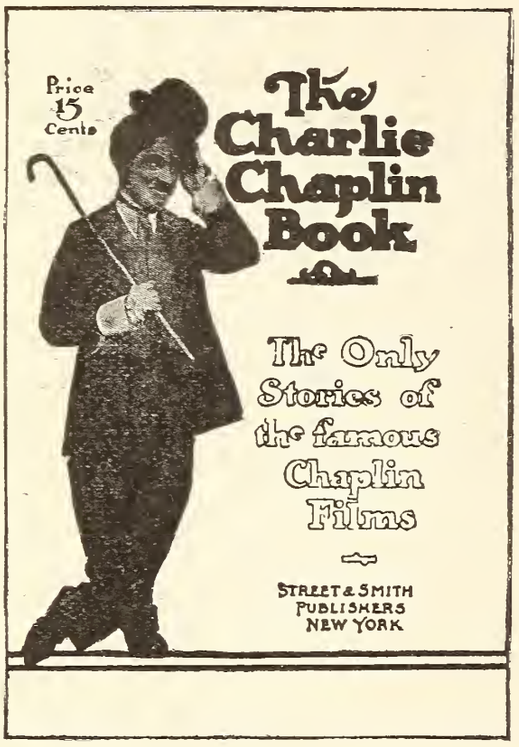

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

E. E. D.—Can't say whether there is a film company about to commence making pictures in Arizona or not. If I hear of one, I will certainly let you know. There is one company now making a Bible story, and there has been a rumor of one forming for the sole purpose of making biblical plays. I don't see why they shouldn't, because some of the most interesting stories ever written are contained in the Bible, and some wonderful features could be made from them.

FREDERICK K.—You can obtain a picture of Miss Vivian Martin by writing to her at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. You had better inclose a quarter with your request, because a player has to pay twenty-eight cents for every photo he sends out.

W. H. M.—It is all right for you to speak of that Costello one-man film being a masterpiece. True, it was in its day, but not now. Just for the fun of the thing I got hold of a copy of this picture, and ran it off for the benefit of myself and the editors. Really, it is astonishing how times have changed. The film has a hundred flaws, according to the standards of to-day. A few years ago few of them would have been recognized. Chaplin's "One A. M." looks like a feature compared to it. You are thinking back a little too far, W. H. M.

ANGEL.—Theodore Roberts was *Anton the Terrible* in the play of that title, a Lasky production. Stuart Holmes, Helen Holmes, and Gerda Holmes are not related to each other. Neither are Peggy Burke and Billie Burke, nor the Fairbanks twins and Douglas Fairbanks. Grace Cunard and Mina Cunard are sisters. Irene and Jay are not related. Montagu Love and Bessie Love are not related. Clara Williams, Earle Williams, and Kathlyn Williams are not related. Rosika Dolly has played in a feature for D. W. Griffith. Yes, they were married in the end of "Wild and Woolly." I haven't any assistants to help me answer these questions. It's a good thing you have stamps enough, with the war tax and the high cost of everything. Write Marc MacDermott and Webster Campbell in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Arthur Johnson and Fred Mace are dead. Richard Stanton gets his mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Muriel Ostriche, Carlyle Blackwell, Barbara Tennant should be addressed in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. John Bunny has been dead for several years. Jerome Storm is directing for Thomas H. Ince at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Your letter was the longest this month. Mignon Anderson receives her mail at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York. Frank Borzage, Roy Laidlaw, and Walter Edwards get their mail at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Shorty Hamilton finds all his at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Walter Belasco at Universal City, California.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

AUTUMN RAWLINSON.—I could tell from your letter that you were quite an admirer of Herbert Rawlinson's. Of course there is a chance for a Canadian girl to get into the motion-picture game as well as any other girl. The only thing I can suggest is for you to go to some of the studios and apply for extra work. Should you show any real ability, it will soon be discovered.

MISS RUTH A. R.—The Screen Opportunity Contest closed some time ago, and the winners are already at work in the studio.

CONNIE W.—Your sketches were returned to you. I don't see why you haven't received them. You can get a full set of names of the different film manufactures by sending six cents in stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY for a copy of the Market Booklet.

U. R. RIGHT.—Address Corinne Griffith in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Her latest vehicle is "Heredity," which is being directed by Mr. Robertson, who produced "Baby Mine" for the Goldwyn Company. Can't answer any matrimonial questions. You should read the rules at the head of the Oracle Department before writing.

CURIOSITY.—Yes, Grace Cunard has a sister by the name of Mina Cunard, who also plays in pictures. Francis Ford has a brother Jack who plays for the Universal Company. Can't answer your third question about Francis, as it is against the rules. Your fourth question is also against the rules. If you would read the rules over carefully before writing, you would save both yourself and the poor little Oracle a whole lot of trouble. There has not been any announcement as yet about Grace Cunard appearing in another serial for the Universal. Grace likes roses best, and seems very fond of peaches. Her favorite pastime is riding about in her car and fixing up her little home.

L. W. H., WATERBURY CENTER, VERMONT.—Yes, Creighton Hale was one of the "Laughing Masks" in the serial "The Iron Claw," in which Pearl White was featured. Priscilla Dean and Jack Dean are not related. Harold Lloyd is the fellow who impersonates *Lonesome Luke* in the Pathé comedies. Are you sure that you had the envelopes addressed correctly to the players whose photos you wrote for? You know that is the most essential thing of all. "Bull" Montana had the part of *Red Mike* in the Douglas Fairbanks feature, "In Again, Out Again." Yes, Geraldine Farrar is a great singer. Don't mention it.

JAKEY.—True Boardman is the gentleman who played the rôle of *Stingaree* in the series of that name. S. Rankin Drew played opposite Anita Stewart in "The Girl Phillipa." Ethel Teare is now with Mack Sennett's company.

ORACLE'S PAL.—That hand-written magazine of yours is very funny, indeed. You thought of a fine name for it when you called it "The Fan's Howl."

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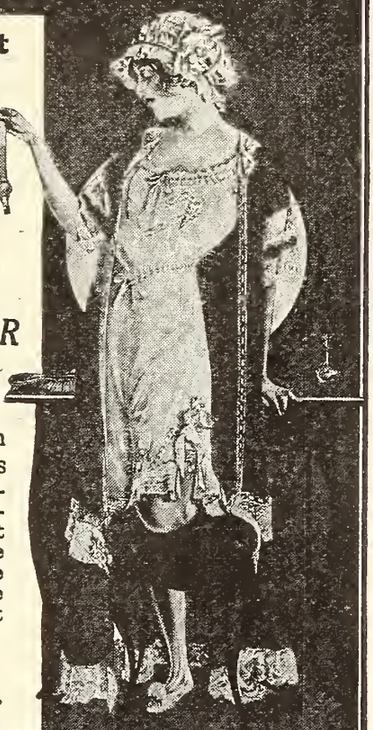

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

DOROTHY DALTON ADMIRER.—Write to Dorothy Dalton in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Kenneth Harlon was the stranger in "The Flame of the Yukon." Write to him in care of Universal City. California. Dorothy Dalton's latest picture is "The Price Mark."

PEGGY H.—It certainly did take you a long time to get up enough courage to write to the Oracle, didn't it? Did you think I was a giant and would come and devour you, Peggy? I'm a perfectly peaceable person, and quite harmless. Address a letter to Jack Holt, in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and he will receive it. I am sure he will send you one of his photographs. Can't answer the matrimonial questions you ask about Jack, as they are against the rules of the department. Yes, "The Little American" impressed a great many people. I don't think you asked many questions. No cause for an apology that I can see. Of course you may write again. You're always welcome.

AGUSTA WIND.—Yes, I like Douglas Faibanks' work very much. Florence Lawrence seems to have retired from the screen for good. She hasn't appeared in pictures for a long time. Her last feature was "The Elusive Isobel," for Universal. George Walsh used to go to Cornell, and played on the football team.

HELEN M.—Don't know the address of the dramatic school you mention. Florence LaBadie recently died in New York as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident while motoring one evening. She was a very good actress, indeed, and was one of the most popular, too. Her loss will certainly be mourned by the thousands of film fans who loved her work. Yes, every one seems to have the movie fever nowadays.

K. G.—Address Charles Ray at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California; Bessie Barriscale at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California; Helen Holmes in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California; Vivian Martin at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California; Harold Lockwood at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City; Mrs. Vernon Castle at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City; Theda Bara at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City; Mary Miles Minter at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California; Pearl White's address is the same as Mrs. Vernon Castle; Grace Darling, too. Stuart Holmes gets his mail now at the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. He is not related in any way to Helen Holmes, the daring railroad girl of the Mutual. Carlyle Blackwell receives his letters at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. They will all undoubtedly send you their autographed photo upon request. You will have quite a collection when you get them all.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

A. E. W.—June Caprice gets all her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Can't answer your second question regarding her, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Yes, she is still being featured by the Fox Company. One of her latest features was "Miss U. S. A." I shouldn't be at all surprised if she would answer a letter from you. In fact, I am sure she would. No, this magazine does not sell photos of actors and actresses. There are several companies who have photos of your favorite stars for sale, but the best way to do is to secure one from the player yourself, autographed.

IGNORANCE.—Sorry, Ignorance, but I haven't a single photo to send you, even if you did send twenty-five cents for it. In the first place, I haven't any, and, in the second, the editor wouldn't let me send them out if I did, as it would give away my identity, and spoil all this mysterious business of not having any one know who you are. It's lots of fun. Sometimes I wonder if I really know who I am. Don't waste your twenty-five cents for one of my likenesses, as it would cost me three cents to send the money back to you. Crane Wilbur is playing in stock at Oakland, California, at the present time, but will soon be back in the films again, starring for a brand-new concern. Any mail addressed to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, will be sure to reach him. Robert Harron has just returned from Europe, where he has been with D. W. Griffith, making part of a big new feature. He is now in Los Angeles, California, and gets his mail at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Roscoe Arbuckle is putting on all of his comedies now at the Balboa Studios in Long Beach, California. Write to him at this address.

122-3RD.—I had nothing at all to do with the rules of the Oracle Department. All I am paid to do is to answer questions asked by the readers which do not conflict with the rules set down by the editor. If you have any kick to make about the rules write the editor, and not me. I suppose he considers the players' personal affairs their own business, and thinks that if they want their personal history published they will see to it themselves. Marguerite Clark's family live in New York City. It was Constance Talmadge that played the rôle of the wild girl in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," and not Norma. A number of Robert W. Chamber's famous novels have been filmed on the screen. No, the Fox Film Corporation and the Paramount Pictures Corporation are in no way connected with each other.

ETTA.—William S. Hart gets all of his mail at the William S. Hart Studio, Hollywood, California. He had a very successful tour of the leading Triangle houses in all the cities of the United States, but it was a very tiresome one for Bill, as he slept in a bed but once during the entire trip.

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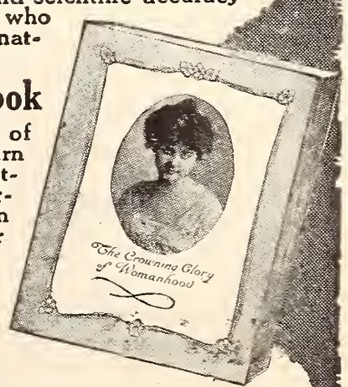

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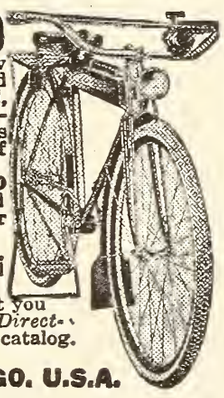

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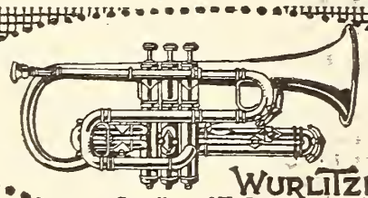

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

HELEN BILLIE-21.—A very appropriate little stamp on the back of your letter. You seem to have Henry King down wrong. He did not play with Douglas Fairbanks in "In Again—Out Again." Henry has left the Balboa Studios at Long Beach, California, to be sure, but is not acting any more. He went up to the American Film Company at Santa Barbara, California, to direct Mary Miles Minter for that concern. Henry is a very fine director, indeed, and became famous at the Balboa plant for his "Little Mary Sunshine" features, which he directed and acted in at the Balboa. Ruth Roland has been making a vaudeville tour on the Pantages circuit of theaters in the West. She expects to return to the screen very soon, however, and get in the way of a motion-picture camera once more. Mary MacLaren is working for the Pathé Company at Glendale, California. Lois Weber has her own studio now. There are twelve directors working at the Triangle Studios in Culver City, California. No, not too many questions at all. There is no limit to the number of questions you can ask in the Oracle Department.

ANITA STEWART FAN.—You are keeping right up with the Oracle Department every month, and sending in your questions like a good little girl. The contest referred to was the Screen Opportunity Contest, which was conducted so successfully by this magazine. Did you enter? Anita Stewart and Charles Richman were both very fine in "The More Excellent Way." Both Dorothy and Lillian Gish are with D. W. Griffith. They have just returned from Europe, where they have been doing a picture under Griffith's direction. Write Earle Williams at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

JUNE O.—The Fine Arts' kiddies were the juvenile players with that company who were doing kid pictures for the Triangle under the direction of the Franklin brothers. These same kiddies are now working at the Fox Studios, and the Franklin boys are still directing them. Theda Bara's name off and on the screen is none other than Theda Bara. You should know better, June, than to ask if Pearl White is married. An old customer like yourself should know the rules of the department by this time. Yes, Zoe Rae, the Lee Kids, and Baby Marie Osborne, all send their pictures to their admirers just like the grown-up stars do. The baby that Helen Holmes adopted appears in several scenes in "The Railroad Raiders" serial which the star did for the Mutual Film Corporation. She is a very cute kiddie, and a bright little girl, too.

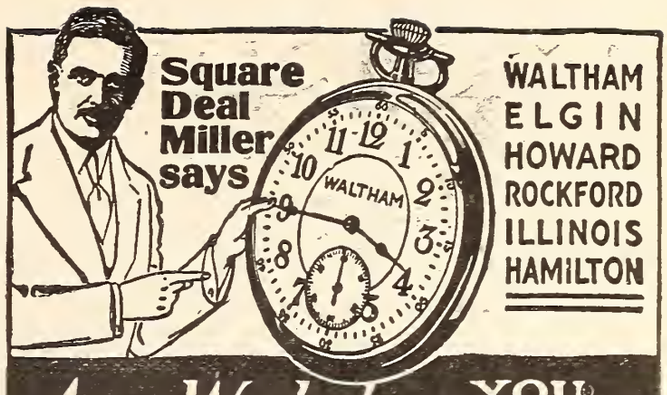
ISABEL B.—Write to Clara Kimball Young in care of the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation, Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York. Alice Brady will get any mail sent to her in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Margarita Fischer now receives her daily mail at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

SHORTY'S ADMIRER.—Yes, it was your friend Harry Hilliard that played opposite June Caprice in "Caprice of the Mountains." No, Lillian, John, and Mahlon are not related in any way. Address Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, and Douglas Fairbanks in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. William S. Hart now gets all of his mail at the William S. Hart Studio, Hollywood, California. Lillian Hamilton has left pictures for the time being. You can reach her at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, where she has all of her mail sent while she is on vacation. Margarita Fischer is now with the American Film Company in Santa Barbara, California, where all of her mail is sent. Charles Chaplin has his own studio now, the address of which is the Charles Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California. Shorty Hamilton should be written to at the William Clifford Film Company, Los Angeles, California, and Theda Bara at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Tom Meighan is now playing opposite Billie Burke in Paramount pictures. You can reach him via the postman at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Sorry, but I can't answer your matrimonial question about Shorty Hamilton, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Didn't you read these famous rules over before you wrote your letter?

RUTH S.—Write to your friend Mabel in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

KULLY.—I was commencing to wonder what had happened to you, because it has been quite some time since you wrote to the Oracle last. Welcome home again. Betty Nansen has not been in America for some time. She returned to Denmark right after her engagement with the Fox Film Corporation, and has not returned to this country since. Don't know where your friend Marie is at the present time. Jack Pickford played opposite his sister Mary in that picture. Niles Welch played opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." Howard Estabrook has been directing lately. His most recent feature is Eva Tanguay in "The Wild Girl." "The Fatal Ring" is the latest Pearl White serial. Mrs. Vernon Castle is appearing in features right along for the Pathé Exchange. Quite a bunch of the movie actors have been drafted into the army, and a great many have enlisted. Enid Markey's latest starring vehicle is "Responsibility" for the Fox Film Corporation. She is now taking the leading rôle in "Tarzan of the Apes" for the National Film Corporation. Yes, Stuart appeared in both plays. Alan Holubar was *Captain Nemo* in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." The under-sea stuff was made by the Williamson Brothers. Did you have the right address for your Pearl White letter? It should have been sent to the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Why not write to her again? She may not have received your letter.



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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

I. C.—You can reach Crane Wilbur by writing to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. He has left the screen for a few weeks, to be featured in stock at Oakland, California, while his new feature is being prepared for filming.

STAR STRUCK.—Mary Pickford's latest play is "The Little Princess." Harold Lockwood has fair complexion. He is twenty-nine years old. Tom Forman has enlisted, and is now a corporal in the Coast Artillery. Any mail addressed to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will be promptly forwarded to him. I am sure the actors and actresses appreciate letters written to them from screen fans. It is the only way they have of knowing how the public likes their work before the camera.

ALICE R.—No, Romaine Fielding is not dead, as you suppose. He has not been acting on the screen for quite a while, but he is still in the film business. He has been devoting his entire efforts to directing of late, which explains why you haven't seen him on the screen. Previous to this he had a Western act out in vaudeville on the Pantages circuit.

MISS MARIE H.—No, Chester Barnett did not play opposite Ruth Stonehouse in "The Limb of Satan." Alfred Vosburgh's name is known now as Alfred Whitman. The Vitagraph Company thought it best to give Al a new name because some fans might think him German, and he isn't. Al was born and raised in this country, and so were his parents, and parents' parents. He is a real American through and through, so the Vitagraph Company decided on the change from Vosburgh to Whitman. You can reach him in care of the Western Vitagraph Company, Hollywood, California. Harold Lloyd gets all his mail at the Rolin Studios, Los Angeles, California. Eugene O'Brien will receive any mail you may send him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. S. Rankin Drew is now over in France in the aviation section. He went over as an ambulance driver, later joined the aviation corps, and is making good. Maurice Costello is an American. Harold Lloyd is one of the featured comedies at the Rolin Studios. He is known as *Luke* in the films in which he appears, as that is the name he gives his character. Write to Chester Barnett in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

FRANCIS, RUBY, and ELLEN.—Francis X. Bushman will receive any mail that you send him in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City.

HELEN M.—All studios use extra people. What you want to do is to register at the studios, so that you will be called upon when they want some extra people, and will have an opportunity to get before a camera and see how you photograph on the screen.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

ONLY MOLLY.—The second time you sent your entry to the Screen Opportunity Contest it probably came back because it was received too late at the office of PICTURE-PLAY to be entered in the contest. Enid Bennett's sister played with her in that film. Norma Talmadge is still very much alive in pictures. She is starring in her own company, and her features are released by the Selznick Enterprises. A letter addressed to her in care of the Norma Talmadge Film Company, 729 Seventh Avenue will reach her all right. "Broadway Jones" marked the first appearance of George M. Cohan in motion pictures. His next feature was "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Both were very good films, indeed, and went over big with the public. I certainly do hope that George decides to remain before the camera. "The Little Princess" is the latest Mary Pickford subject to be released on the Artcraft program. The last Screen Opportunity Contest was such a success that there is every reason to believe that PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE will hold another one on similar lines. If so, be sure you get your entry in earlier.

A. M.—You should write to Joseph J. Dowling at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. May Allison is five feet five inches in height, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

A MOVIE FAN.—Earle Fox is the right name of the young man that has the leading rôle opposite Pearl White in her latest serial, "The Fatal Ring." Write to him in care of the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. He is now playing opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Honeymooners," which will be released in the near future.

P. S. H.—Albert Duncan was the name of the little fellow who played *Bud* opposite Lloyd V. Hamilton, *Ham,* in the Kalem comedies. Lloyd is now making comedies for the Sunshine Comedy Company, which are released on the Fox program. Chester Cooper Conklin is the correct name of the Keystone comedian. Chester was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

S. M.—Wallace Reid has light-brown hair and blue eyes. You can get one of his photos by writing to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Better inclose twenty-five cents with your request, as photographs cost the player twenty-eight cents to send out these days. He lives in Hollywood, California. Can't answer a few of your questions concerning him, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Read over the rules, and you will discover what these questions are. Wally was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on April 15, 1892. Quite a youngster to be so popular, eh? Write Dorothy Dalton at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California, for one of her photographs. Write Earle at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

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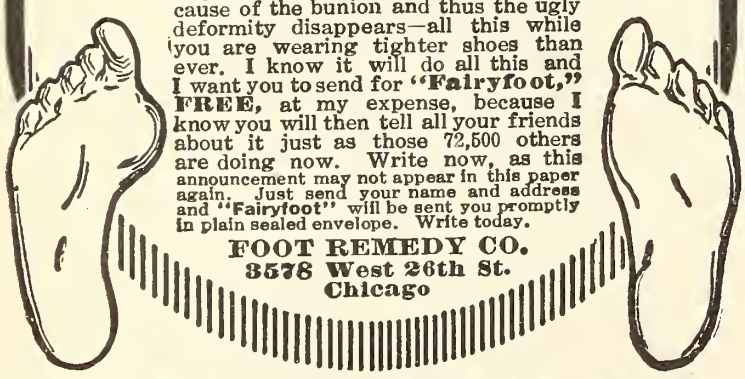

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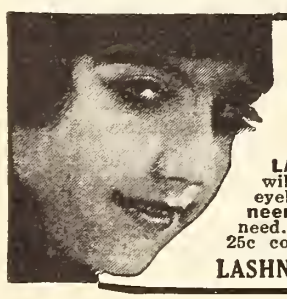

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

DISAPPOINTED.—Quite a few of the film fans seem to appreciate Stuart Holmes. You are not the only one who does, as you seem to think. I don't know where they can find any one to fit your description. I don't think there are any of them. Theda Bara is five feet six inches tall, and tips the scales at one hundred and thirty-five pounds when she gives herself away. She has dark-brown hair and eyes, and is twenty-seven years old. Write to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

DOROTHEA HART.—William S. Hart was born in Newburgh, New York, but moved out West when he was very young, and grew up with the country. Marguerite Clark is thirty years old. It is her name both on and off the screen. Theda Bara will get any mail you may send her at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. She looks just the same off the screen as she does on.

VIOLET BRANDON.—The Fox Film Company uses more children in its plays than any other company. In fact, it has three companies which feature little tots. Jane and Kathie Lee had the leading rôles in Fox's "Two Little Imps." Any time at all at a studio. They always have some one on hand to take care of the applicants for work. You cannot tell how a person will photograph until you see her on the screen. Of course you can guess, but you can never be certain. Many beautiful women off the screen have photographed poorly before a motion-picture camera, and vice versa. The camera is a very funny little instrument.

DOTTIE.—See the above answer, Dottie. It will answer your questions fully.

LOU IN IOWA.—Write to William Lord Wright, who is now in charge of the PICTURE-PLAY scenario department. I am sure he will be only too glad to be of assistance to you. Drop him a self-addressed stamped envelope with your queries, and he will answer them. No charge for this service. Yes, indeed, there are so many good plays and so many good players that it is hard to pick favorites these days.

JANE A.—How can I send you a personal reply when you didn't inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, and even forgot to put your address on your letter? The only clew I have as to where you live is your statement that you reside three miles from the Rio Grande River. I suppose I might address you "Somewhere in Texas." It is a very simple photographic trick to show a hand moving about, and not the body. It is done by means of double exposure. Black velvet is thrown over the rest of the body, and the camera catches only the hand. Then this is double-exposed into the scene, or it can be done without the double exposure if the set is dark enough, so as not to pick up the black velvet. Are you thinking of trying this?

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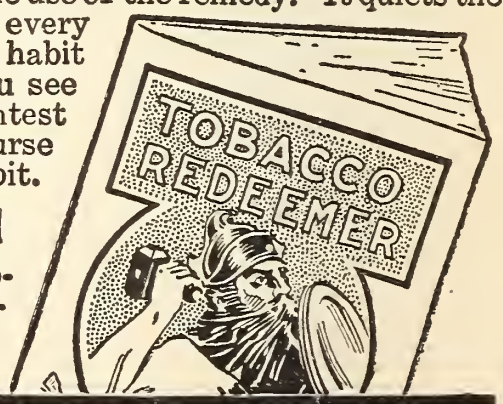

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APRIL 1918

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

HEL CLAYTON

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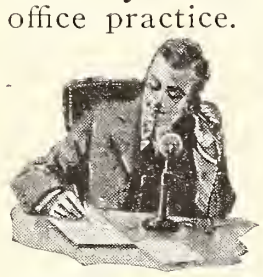

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Try This Lesson Now

Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain /. This is the Paragon symbol for **D.** It is always written **downward.**

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 — 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.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix abbreviations and one rule of contractions. That is all.

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Let's live a life in two hours—

OUT goes the library lamp.

Be sure you have the key!

We're bound for a chair in a theatre that *knows* and *shows* what we want to see in photoplays.

We don't have to hunt for it—don't even have to take a chance on what we'll see. The name of the play? Who cares? It's a Paramount or Artcraft picture; and that's saying we'll see foremost stars, superbly directed in clean motion pictures.

* * * *

Time? Who counts the time of clocks in this wonderful land?

Our heart is the time-table of our emotions. A magician somewhere waves his wand, and we're off on our travels into the realms of laughter and tears; of sighs and regrets; of love and adventure.

(Please be reminded that these are Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures, not just "motion pictures.") We're heroes; we're against the villain and all his wiles; we're lovers, hanging on the "yes" of the heroine; we're fond mothers and stern fathers; we're ambitious youths; we're struggling girls; we're Cinderella and Prince Charming; we are the king and we are the beggar—we are all things and all men.

We are not forty or eighty or sixty-two during those magical hours we watch Paramount and Artcraft stories on the screen. We are youthful romancers living in another world.

* * * *

And when those two absorbing hours have flitted past—we rouse ourselves and readjust our viewpoint to taxes and potatoes.

But we can't forget the pictures that work such a happy transformation in us—we remember they're Paramount and Artcraft pictures—

the ultimate in the genius of great stars

the ultimate in directing craft

the ultimate in character of their stories

all combining to produce *better* pictures, *clean* pictures—pictures worth your while and mine.

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"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

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NEW YORK

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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NEW SECRET WAY TO REMOVE WRINKLES LOOK YEARS YOUNGER

New method of removing wrinkles—no massage—no plasters—no masks—no rollers—no exercise. Something entirely new now being introduced to American women.

How do Japanese women keep their faces forever young looking? Their youth seems never to fade! How do they keep their complexions so flawless—so entirely free of wrinkles and any other sort of blemish? American women have been asking these questions for years. Now at last comes the wonderful message that you can make your skin as smooth, as lovely and as clear as the Japanese women's—you can get rid of all wrinkles, marks or lines—in fact, any kind of facial blemish, since The Princess Tokio secret wrinkle treatment is being introduced in America.

A Few Days—And Lo! All Your Wrinkles Are Gone

The Princess Tokio treatment is a simple secret. It is used in the privacy of your own home; will not inconvenience you. Takes just a few minutes. In practically no time it banishes all wrinkles and at the same time restores the lost lustre of your skin. It puts youth in your cheeks! American women who have taken advantage of our offer consider the Princess Tokio treatment a most precious treasure, for this secret treatment is the means of making them look as fresh as a rose. Stage, movie and society celebrities recommend it. This testimonial from the famed Miss Edna Hunter is only one of the many we could show you.

MISS EDNA HUNTER

Miss Edna Hunter, celebrated beauty among moving picture stars, now appearing in the great Monmouth Film serial, "Jimmy Dale, alias The Gray Seal," writes:

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We have just published the Princess Tokio Beauty Book, which gives you full information about this treatment, and we will gladly send it free to any woman who writes for it. Any woman who has wrinkles and does not write for this book is her own enemy. She is standing in her own light by passing up an opportunity to learn how to look as young as see feels — how. to make her face youthful looking and charming.

Princess Tokio Co.
Dept. 417
159 N. State Street, Chicago

Please send me free and without any obligation on my part the Princess Tokio Beauty Book in a plain sealed envelope.

Name ----------

Address ----------

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Just send the coupon or a postal asking for the Princess Tokio Beauty Book and you will receive it promptly, postage prepaid in plain sealed envelope. For your own benefit write for the Princess Tokio Beauty Book at once.

This Book Free

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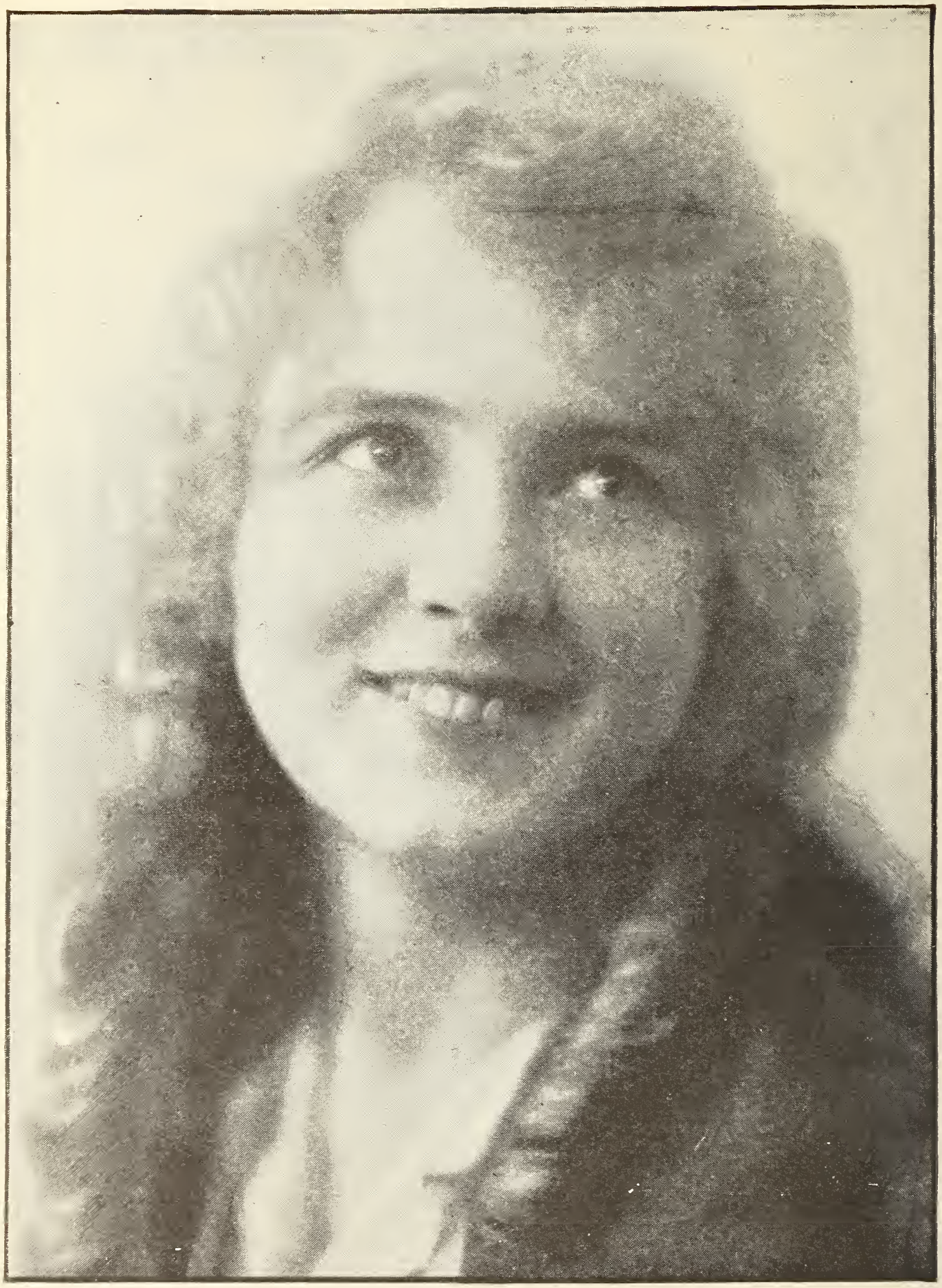
MAR -2 1918

Favorite Picture Players

DOROTHY GISH

is one of that band of famous stars who began in the obscurity of the old Biograph Studio, and who were developed under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Most of the players of that school left Griffith long ago, but Dorothy and her sister, Lillian Gish, are still working with him. They will be seen in his next spectacle, based on the present war. Dorothy and Lillian returned from Europe last winter, where they had been working with Griffith, preparing for this forthcoming production.



GLADYS LESLIE

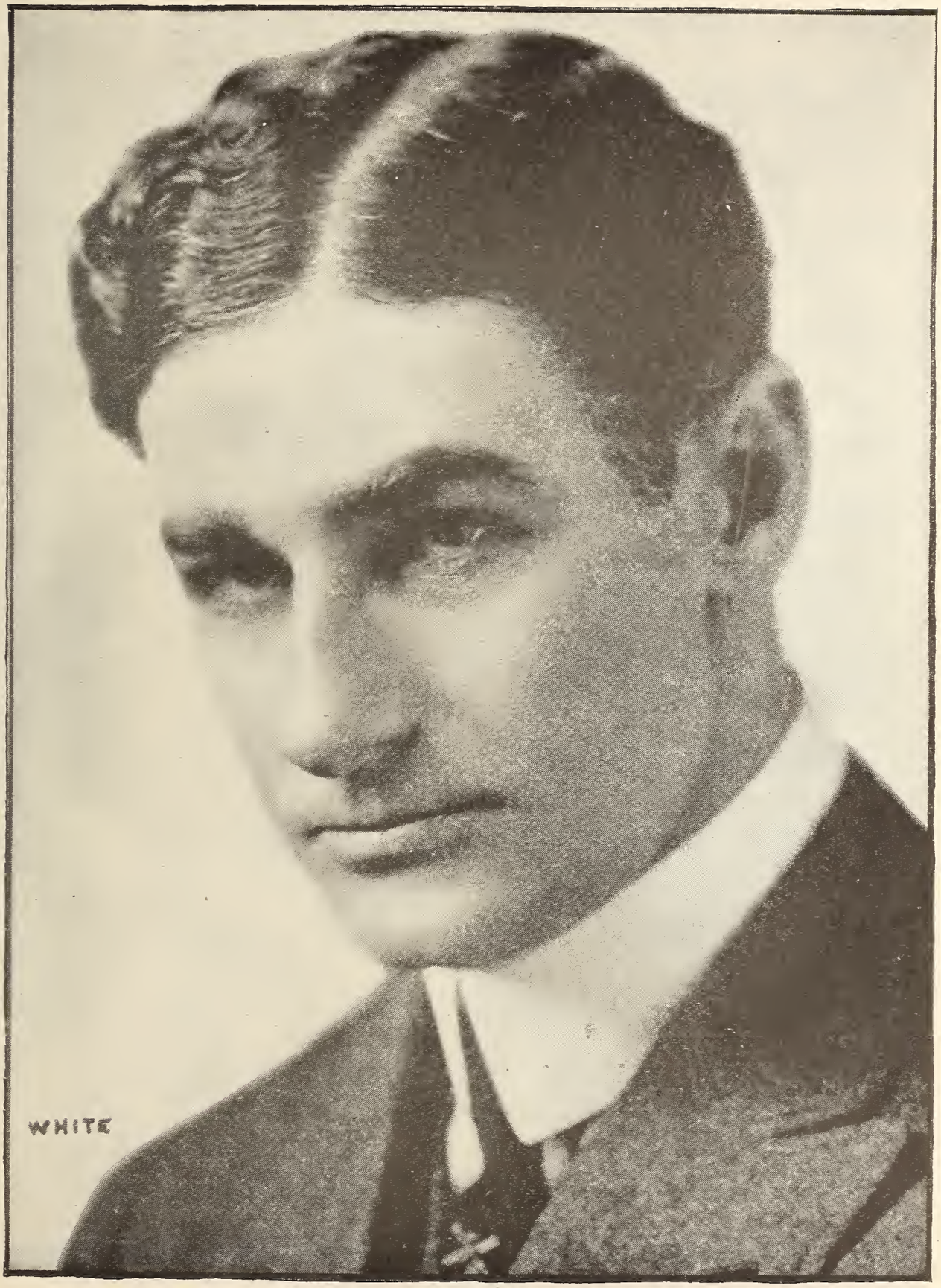
is a New York girl. She is one of the most petite of screen actresses, as she is but five feet tall and weighs less than one hundred pounds. She began in pictures three years ago, playing small rôles in the Edison Company. A year later she went to Thanhouser, where she played leads in such plays as "The Vicar of Wakefield." Recently she has appeared in "His Own People," and "The Wooing of Princess Pat." She is now with Vitagraph.

HERBERT RAWLINSON

was born on the south coast of England. He was educated in France and came to Canada in his teens. He soon obtained a job with a repertoire road show, at six dollars a week. Then came experience in stock and road companies. Rawlinson finally reached New York, played on Broadway for several seasons, and then decided to become a manager, which he did. He entered pictures through a desire to settle down, playing leads with Selig for two years. For several years he has been with Universal. Recently he has appeared in "Come Through," and "The Flash of Fate."

ENID MARKEY

was born in Colorado. She first appeared on the stage in the Burbank Theater, Los Angeles. Then she acted with Nat Goodwin, in "Oliver Twist," and later with William Collier, Willard Mack, and Frank Keenan. She entered films three years ago through Triangle. Her latest work was in the Fox picture play, "Cheating the Public." Before that she played opposite George Walsh in "The Yankee Way."



FRED STONE

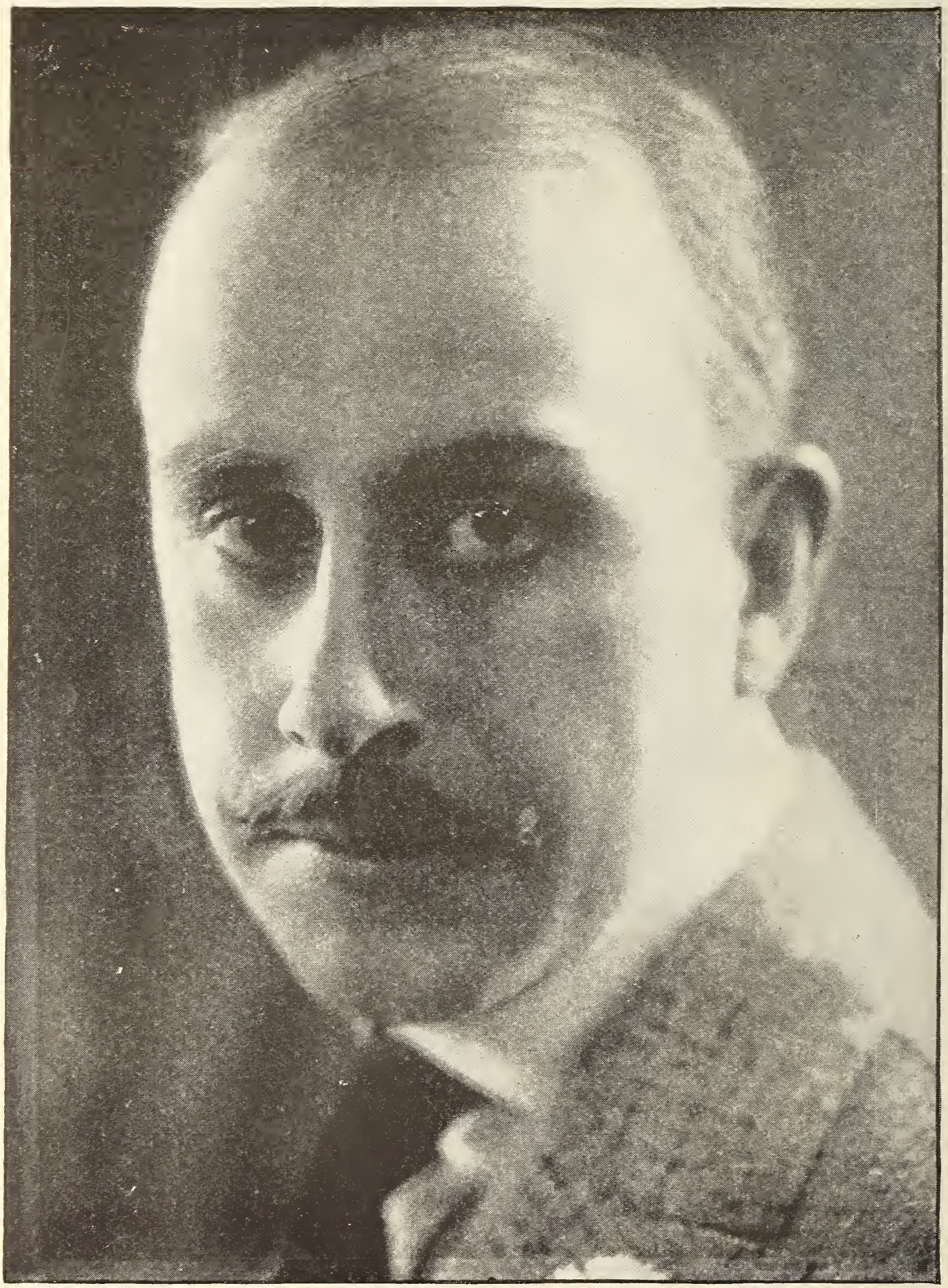
is the latest stage star of the first magnitude recruited for the screen. Since the first performance of the "Wizard of Oz," in which he and his late partner, Dave Montgomery, jumped into fame, he has ranked as one of the greatest of character comedians. He will begin work for Paramount at the close of the present season in "Jack o' Lantern." Stone is an unusually versatile acrobat, and owns a New York skyscraper, which he built from his stage earnings.

EDNA PURVIANCE

was discovered by Charlie Chaplin a few years ago, when he chanced to see her in an amateur performance in San Francisco. Since then she has been his leading lady. Miss Purviance was born in Paradise Valley, Nevada, and was educated at Vassar. She is an expert horseback rider and driver.

CHARLES CHAPLIN

was born in Paris of English parents, twenty-eight years ago. He attained his first popularity as a slap-stick comedian in the vaudeville skit, "A Night in an English Music Hall." Chaplin's first appearance as a film comedian was with Keystone. He then played for Essanay and Mutual—one year for each company. He is now under contract to do eigth pictures a year for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, from which he will derive an annual income of about one million dollars.

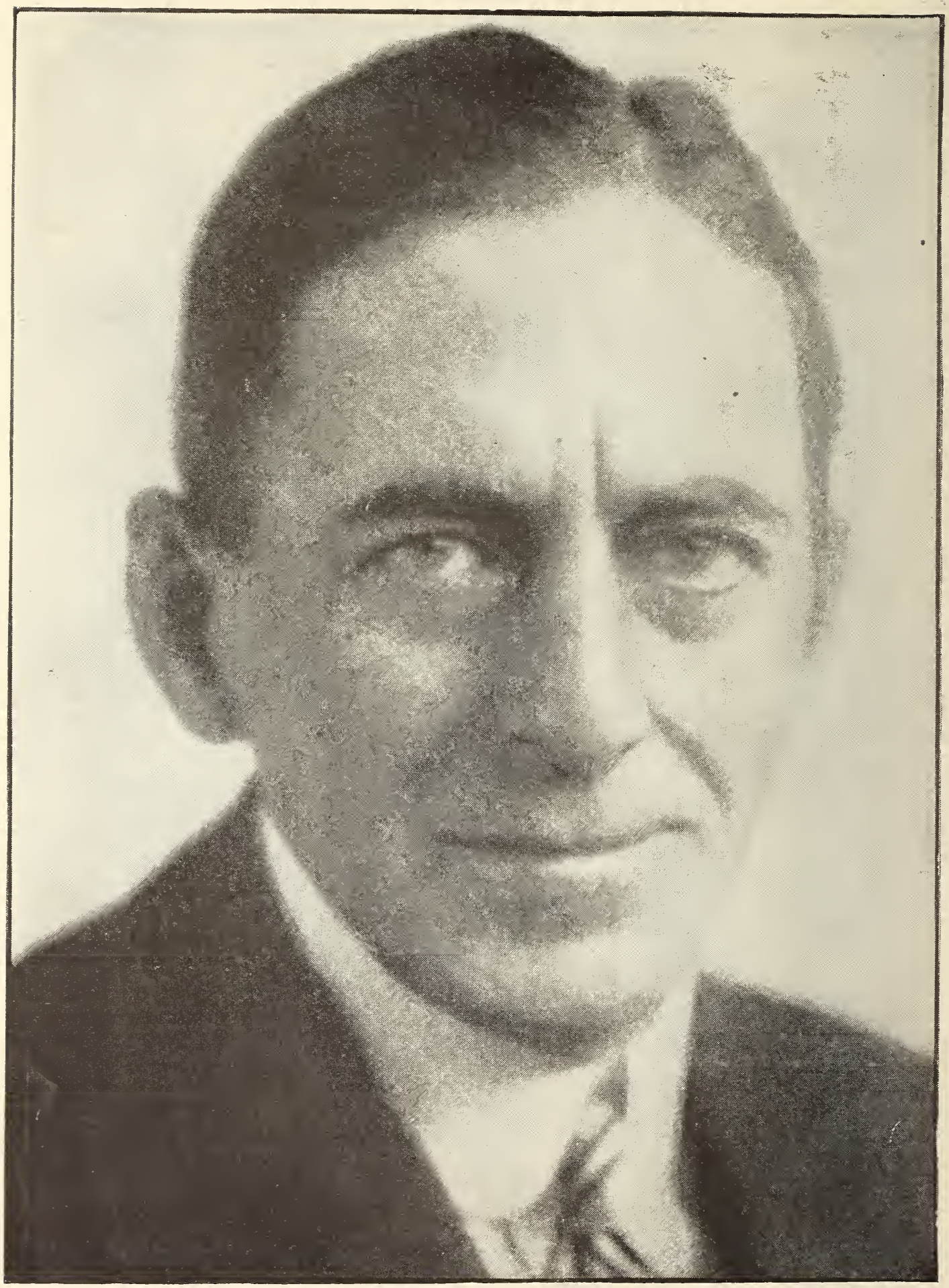


STUART HOLMES

is famous as a portrayer of villain rôles. He has not always played such parts, however. He began his stage career with Henry E. Dixey, in "Mary Jane's Pa." Early in his screen career he was identified with the famous group of Biograph players. He has appeared in three Fox productions, "The Scarlet Letter," The Derelict," and "The Broadway Sport." Recently he acted with Norma Talmadge in "Ghosts of Yesterday."

GAIL KANE

was born and bred in Philadelphia. Six years ago she went on the stage, making her first appearance in "Discovering Clementine." This was followed by engagements in "The Seven Keys to Baldpate," "Anatol," and "The Miracle Man." Her first appearance on the screen was with Pathé, in "Via Wireless." She then played in three pictures for the World Film Corporation. A year ago, she joined Mutual. Her recent pictures are "The Upper Crust," "Southern Pride," and "The Game of Wits."



SIDNEY DREW

comes from a long line of theatrical ancestors. His mother was the Mrs. John Drew who for years was one of the foremost comediennes in this country. Sidney Drew began his stage career in light comedy. In 1896 he entered vaudeville. Two years ago he turned his attention to pictures, joining the Vitagraph forces. There he met Lucille McVey, whom he married. Mr. and Mrs. Drew have created a field of their own in their comedies of domestic life. He is now with Metro.

MAE MARSH

was born in the little town of Madrid, New Mexico, in 1895. Her family moved to San Francisco when she was ten years old. Later they went to Los Angeles, where Mae began acting under Griffith for the old Biograph Company. She remained with Griffith when he went to Reliance, and later to Majestic and Triangle, but finally left him a year ago to become a Goldwyn star. She has recently appeared in "Polly of the Circus," "Sunshine Alley," "The Cinderella Man," and "Fields of Honor."

EUGENE O'BRIEN

studied medicine at the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, where he was born in 1884. But he abandoned his textbooks when he decided to become an actor. His stage début was in vaudeville. Later he acted with Irene Bentley. Engagements followed with several of the leading stage stars. Then came his screen début in "The Moonstone." After acting in pictures with Clara Kimball Young and Olga Petrova he returned to the stage, but came back to the screen when Noram Talmadge decided to produce "Poppy" and "The Moth."

HEDDA NOVA

was born in Odessa, Russia, and was educated in a convent in Germany. Her first experience on the stage was as a dancer in France and Germany. She appeared in America first on the vaudeville stage. She attracted the attention of an official in the Lubin Company, and was engaged to play in "The Light at Dusk." Miss Nova will soon be seen with Frank Glendon in "The Woman in the Web," a forthcoming Vitagraph serial.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL

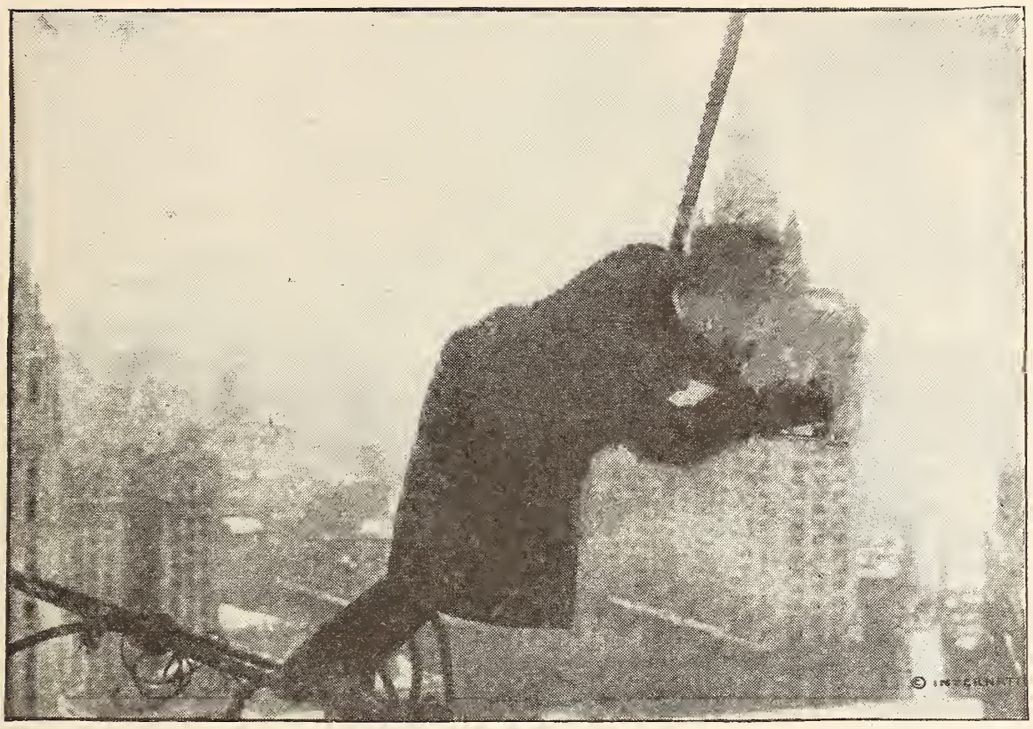
veteran screen star, has appeared in four hundred pictures. He was born in Syracuse, New York. After spending some time at Cornell University, his father sent him out to fight his own way in the world. He went to Oklahoma and became a cow-puncher. Then he tried vaudeville, doing a singing and dancing act. His first engagement in pictures was with Vitagraph. Then followed a long engagemet with Kalem, after which he organized his own company of "Favorite Players." At present he is starring in World pictures. He has recently appeared in "The Good for Nothing," and "The Burglar."

MAY ALLISON

was born in Georgia. Against the wishes of her family she insisted on attempting a stage career. Her first engagement was with Henry W. Savage's production of "Everywoman." For two seasons following she sang in musical comedy. Her screen début was in "David Harum." After joining Metro, she became a co-star with Harold Lockwood. She had left the screen to sing in a London musical production this season, but recently decided to abandon the venture, and has returned to Metro to appear with Lockwood again.

Maintaining the Fairbanks Balance

Mr. Fairbanks has not gone into business making Fairbanks scales, though this picture suggests that he is quite capable of it. Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford appear to balance up pretty well both in popularity and as money-makers, and, what is more, they don't seem to experience any difficulty keeping their balance. And as for Fairbanks, we understand that he banks enough to keep up a very respectable balance, also.



While posing in a dare-devil stunt for his camera man. Charles L. Matthieu, editor of a celluloid newspaper, snaps a bird's eye view from the top of a skyscraper.

Making a Celluloid Newspaper

Editing a news reel is a job for a wide awake journalist, for it is a game demanding speed, and full of thrills.

By Ray Ralston

WHEN the famous "Black Tom" explosion shook New York City early one morning nearly two years ago, late risers living in the metropolis had no sooner devoured the news of that munitions disaster and had started out for their morning walk, than they were amazed to see announcements on the billboard that motion pictures of that sensational catastrophe would be shown that evening at one of the leading theaters devoted to films. Nor were they disappointed. When the reel of news events was run off that night, the crowds which filled the theater saw on the screen the falling walls, burning buildings, the bursting shells, and other incidents, taken at the scene of the disaster but a few hours before.

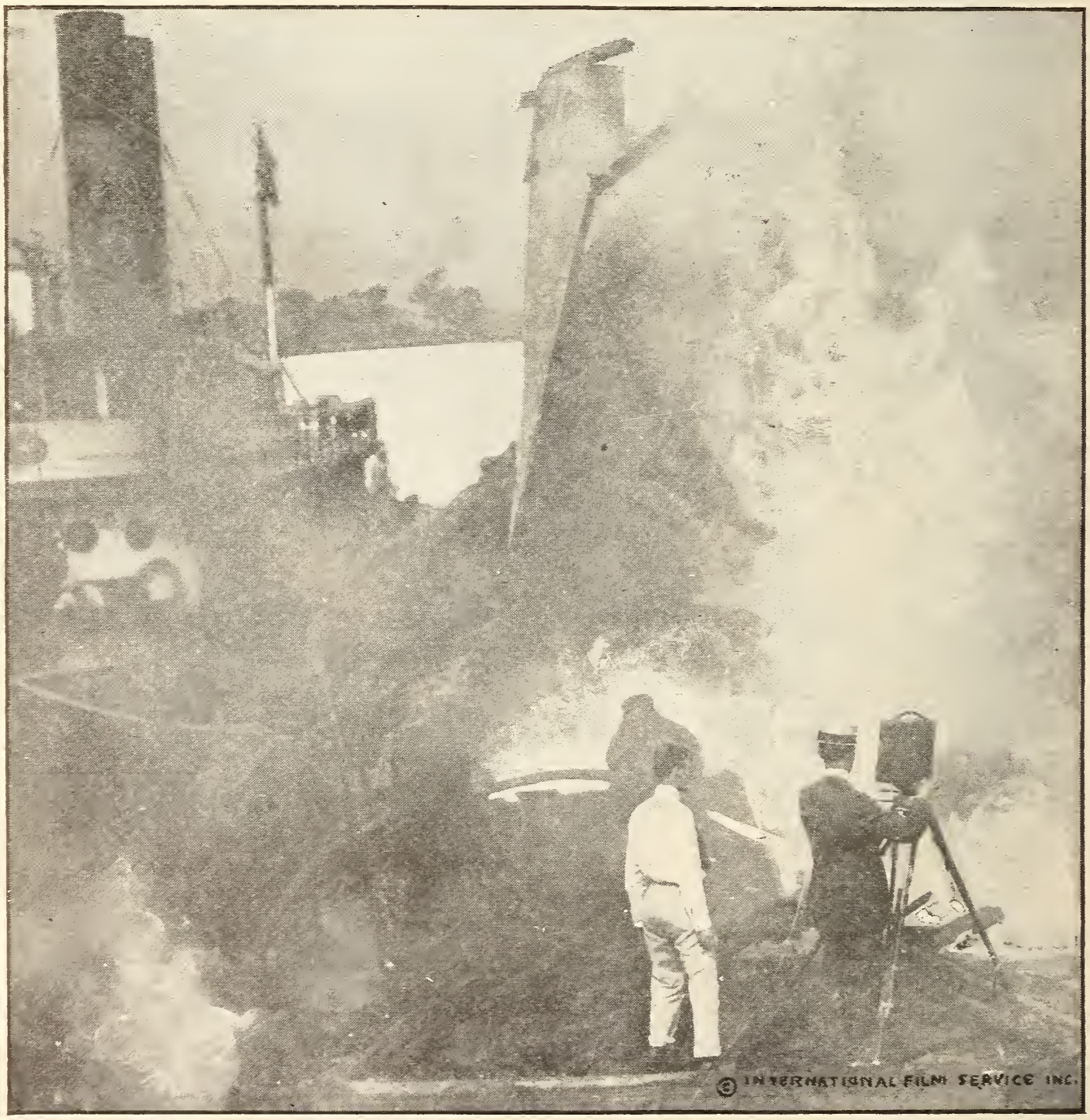
More than one person, watching the spectacle of that all-absorbing topic of news, asked himself: "How is it possible that these pictures can be shown here almost as soon as the newspapers have been able to get to us the first accounts of this awful occurrence?"

The answer is suggested in the question. The news reel is a newspaper—a newspaper on celluloid. It is managed, edited, and distributed by the same sort of men who take part in the making of the daily journals. Incidentally, it has features that correspond to nearly every department of a metropolitan journal, except the advertisements.

On the night of the "Black Tom" explosion, Charles L. Matthieu, director of the Hearst-Pathé News—a position similar to that of news editor on a paper—was awakened by a call from his office, telling him of what had happened.

Matthieu scrambled into his clothes and dashed for the office. When he arrived, he found that part of his staff of camera men had heard the explosion, reached the office ahead of him, collected their apparatus, and started for the scene on their own initiative before he had arrived. The others, like himself, had been summoned and were on their way to the office.

A moment later, two of them arrived, and off they started, Matthieu in charge. His first expeditionary force, he learned, had caught a train—the last one due to leave for some time. Matthieu instantly planned his campaign. He decided to follow by water. He reached the Battery and chartered a seagoing tug as a transport. They ar-



Helping the camera man at this fire was no outing, even though Matthieu did happen to be in outing clothes.

rived at Black Tom Island and set to work, taking pictures in the glare of the burning ruins. Shells were popping right and left, and walls were falling, but they kept at work. They had gone halfway around the island when suddenly they met their other party, just as Matthieu had planned. Between the two groups of operators, every feature of the fire had been filmed in record time. The tug was waiting. They jumped aboard and started back.

At the factory where the films are finished men had long been waiting, with everything in readiness. Matthieu and his camera men came rushing in with their films. Into the developer they went.

Meanwhile, Matthieu remembered that there was an old hand printing press in the establishment. He rushed to the type case and set up himself the bulletin announcing that the films would be shown that night.

There were some stock posters in the office. The press was too small to print all the way across them at once, and they had to be run through twice. But by the time the average housewife opened the door and reached for the milk bottle that morning, the posters were being delivered and the first films were almost ready to be distributed.

A celluloid newspaper editor is often brought in touch with distinguished personages. Matthieu seems quite at home with President Wilson.

"It was just a matter of organization," Matthieu told me a few weeks ago, as we sat at luncheon talking over some of his adventures—for he has had some exciting experiences while accompanying his camera men. "We never knowingly leave anything undone which will help to strengthen our organization in being prepared to get all the best picture news at the earliest possible moment.

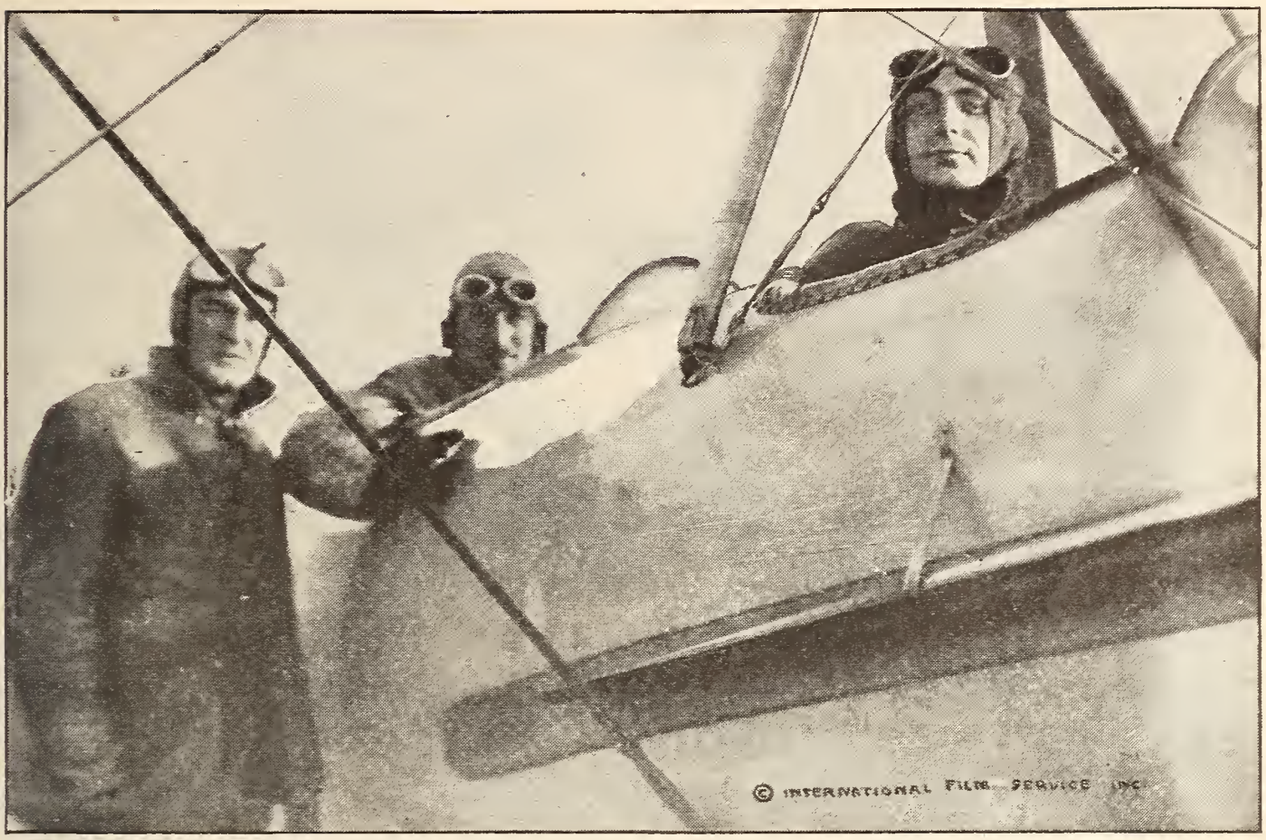
"There are no end of details, but our general working plan is simple. In all the principal cities we have a camera man always on the job, ready to get after anything that breaks in his terri-

tory. Then in the other towns we have representatives like the correspondents of a newspaper, who are paid for whatever they do for us.

"Our celluloid newspaper—if I might use the term—comes out twice a week. That means that every day I have to keep my eye on the news of the entire country, watching for every item of interest which is suspectible of pictorial treatment. Every one I pick out means an order for some camera man—perhaps here in New York, or quite as likely in San Francisco.

"When the films come in from all over the country—or, rather, from all over the world—they're run off quickly in a projection room, and then we select

Prominent men appreciate news reel. Charles M. Schwab certainly didn't appear displeased at Matthieu's suggestion that he pose for the camera.



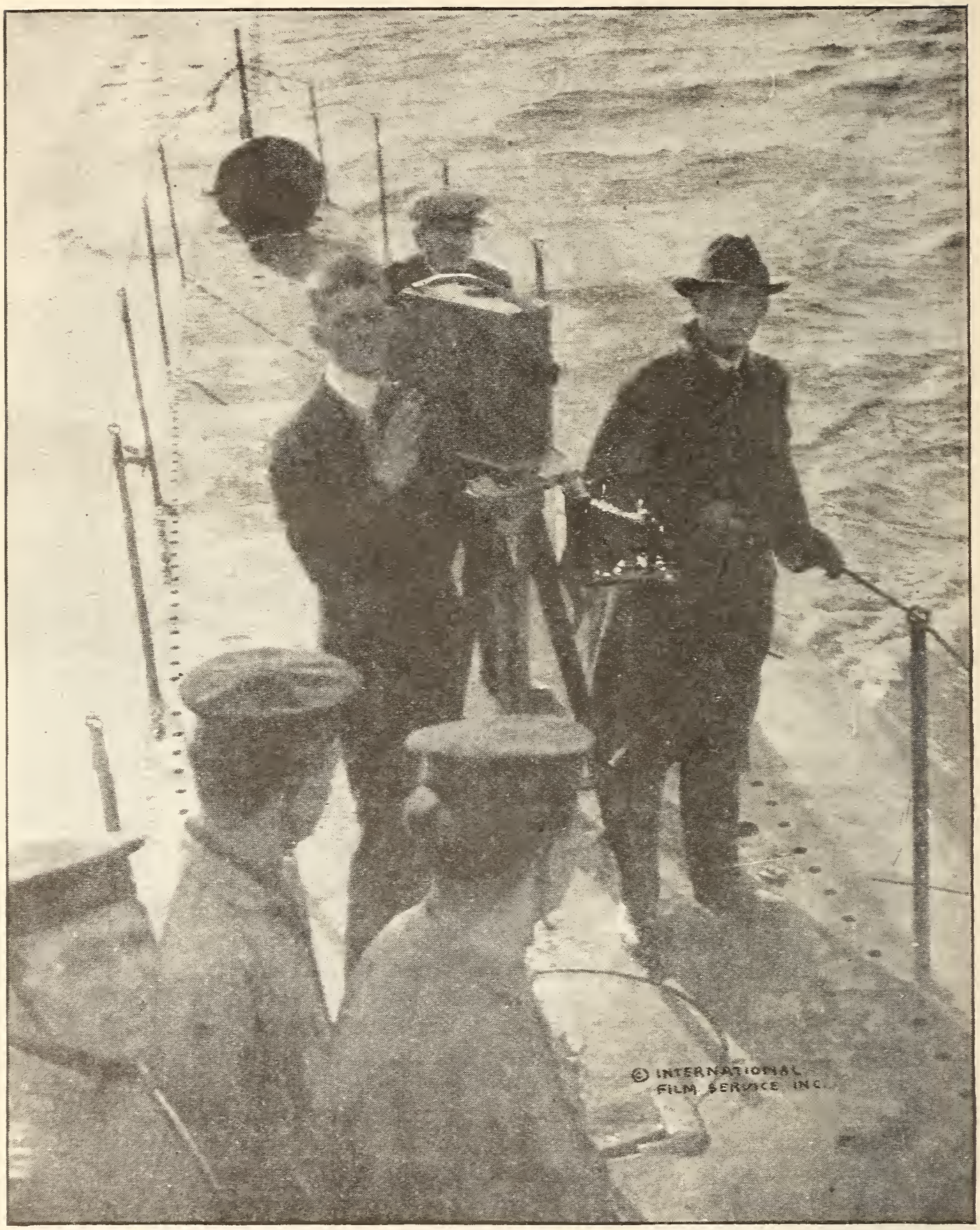
Matthieu never asks a camera man to take any risk he is unwilling to share. Here he is shown in the front seat of an aëroplane.

the best, arrange and edit them, write the explanatory titles, and the celluloid newspaper is ready to be distributed. No other newspaper has so great a circulation. Ten million people see it twice a week."

The office of a film newspaper is a quiet place. There are no reporters banging on typewriters. But into this office, day and night, comes from over the wire a steady stream of all the world's happenings. Each item is carefully scanned by the editors, who are constantly watching for items that will lend themselves to pictorial treatment. In the case of an occurrence like the "Black Tom" explosion, or the Halifax disaster, the problem is mainly one of rushing camera men to the scene in the shortest possible space of time—a matter of knowing the routes of travel, train and boat schedules, and being able to get word immediately to camera correspondents.

Some of the most momentous pieces of news, however—subjects which cannot be ignored—have no connection with any specific occurrence which can be filmed. An example is the recent taking over of the railroads by the government. This subject was treated by collecting films showing some of the great railroad terminals, freight in process of being moved, and the like, while the timely interest was heightened by flashing, in the subtitles, figures explaining the size of this great industry which Uncle Sam had undertaken to control.

The celluloid newspaper is able to present nearly any subject with much more vividness than it could possibly be presented in type. This is particularly true of news events concerning persons of interest or note. And the value of this kind of publicity is recognized by prominent men. When President Wilson spent his first vacation at Shadow Lawn, his summer home, Matthieu sent out at once to get a pictorial



One of Matthieu's biggest scoops was a reel of the first pictures showing a submarine in action.

account of how the president spends his vacation. Newspaper correspondents and photographers already had been cooling their heels, waiting for an opportunity of seeing the president at play. But Matthieu, once he had suggested the possibilities that the celluloid newspaper offered for giving to the entire country a faithful, living reproduction of the president at leisure, had no trouble in getting an appointment.

"And to show you how timely and up to the minute our news often is," said Matthieu, "President Wilson laughingly remarked, as we were taking the pictures, that the scenes we were taking of him walking about the grounds, playing golf, and the like showed him in activities in which he had not yet had time to indulge, and probably would not get around to until the time our pictures were shown."

The game of gathering news for the celluloid newspaper is full of thrills, and Matthieu has had his share of these. For on difficult subjects of great importance he usually accompanies his camera men, and never asks a camera man to risk any hazard which he himself is unwilling to undertake. On one occasion he had arranged for pictures taken from an aëroplane during a flight over New York City. The camera man had sudden visions of his wife and two children starving after he had been picked out from the ruins of the aëroplane. Matthieu made the trip first to encourage him. The pictures were made.

Matthieu has put over several scoops in his chase after celluloid news. One was the first set of motion pictures showing a submarine in action, and pictures of the interior of a submarine. Another was at the time of the arrival of the *Deutschland,* the German merchant submarine, on its second arrival in the United States at New London, Connecticut. The *Deutschland,* for obvious reasons, had been very carefully guarded.

When Matthieu arrived at New London, twenty other operators were on the ground before him. The submarine, safely snuggled in the corner of a slip, was entirely hidden from view from every land side. Matthieu, looking around, caught sight of a house on a hill. He rushed with his men to the house, got permission to go onto the roof, and, looking down from the chimney top, caught pictures of the hiding submarine by using a long-focus camera.

When the other operators saw what Matthieu had done there was a mad scramble for that housetop. But, fortunately for Matthieu, the next train for Boston left in fifteen minutes. His pictures—and his alone—reached the station just in time to catch it. Not satisfied with this achievement, Matthieu cast about for some means of getting a closer view. He caught sight of a pile driver at work on one of the piers. It gave him an idea. After some scouting, he found another pile driver, not working, five miles up the river. He chartered it, had it towed to the *Deutschland's* pier, and there took close-up views of the skulking craft.

In winter, subjects for pictures often become scarce. There are few big out-of-door events. At such times feature pictures have to be made, to bolster up the news. One day not long ago Matthieu suddenly discovered that he needed another picture to complete his issue, and he had to have it at once. He thought a moment, and suddenly recollected that on that morning he had noticed a crowd of people breathlessly watching a structural ironworker performing a hazardous task on a near-by skyscraper that was undergoing construction. He called a camera man, and hurried with him to the building. A few minutes later Matthieu himself was performing dare-devil feats that were being recorded to thrill people, and to show them what the view from the top of a skyscraper is like.

The Earle of Flatbush

By Charles Carter

How this titled man of the movies beats the girls at their own game.

On trips between his home in the Bronx and the Vitagraph plant in Flatbush, Earle always takes his dog along to keep the girls away.

WHO would ever guess that Edward Earle, the vampire man of the movies, takes as much care of his good looks and general health as a society débutante? But that's just what he does, every day in the week, except on "goo" night.

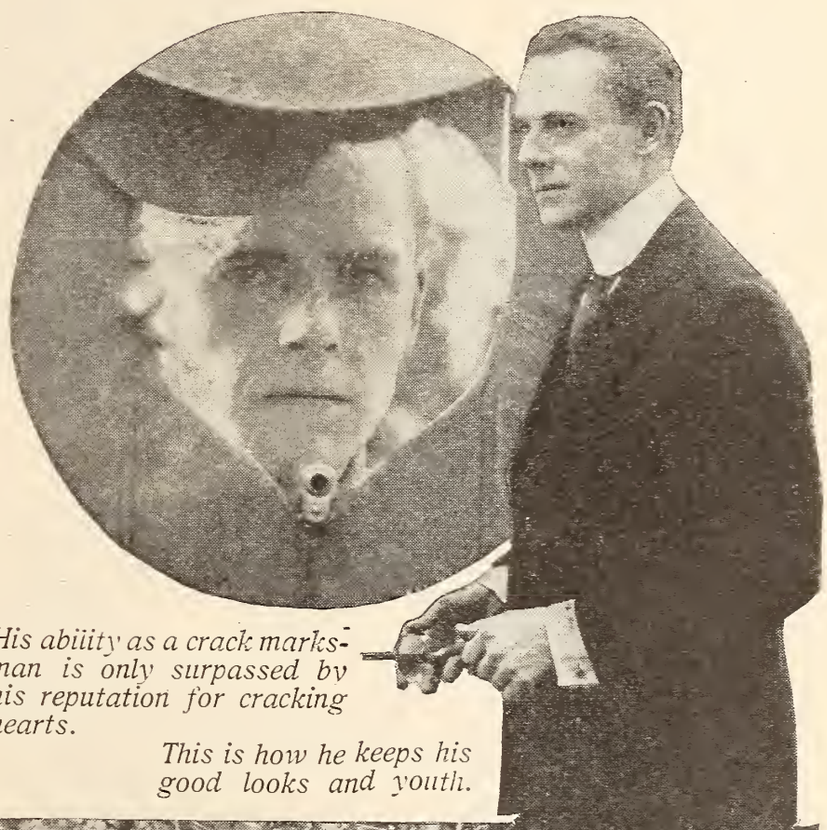
Now, "goo" night is the one time in the week of "early to bed and early to rise" which this earnest young movie

actor sets for himself when he allows himself to frivol. And this is how he does it: He gets a lot of friends together who trust him with their lives, and a lot of eggs together, and he puts on a white apron with a lace border, which one of the girls in his company kindly lends him, and he goes off on a cooking orgy. And Monday morning he and most of his friends are able to go back to work again.

The rest of the time Mr. Earle retires not later than ten-thirty, and rises as fresh as a Flatbush lark at seven, with such regularity that he has earned for himself the nickname of "Earley." The summers he spends out in the open, putting on a glorious coat of tan and a glow of health that gets right across the black-and-white screen to his admirers.

Mr. Earle has the distinction of having been Mary Pickford's first leading man, when the immortal Mary was the ragged girl only eight years old, and Earle was the hero at fifteen years in "The Silver King."

Since that time he has been doing different things, including much work on the legitimate stage, playing juvenile leading rôles with De Wolf Hopper, Marie Cahill, Ralph Herz, and other actors of note. In fact, he has only been with the Vitagraph people for a few months, playing in light comedies. Before that he was with the Edison Company, and made several features at the Metro Studios.



His abiiity as a crack marksman is only surpassed by his reputation for cracking hearts.

This is how he keeps his good looks and youth.

The naughty matinee idol and two pals are trying to josh the bronze idol in front of them.

Mr. Earle doesn't mind recounting some of the hardships of the one-night-stand work on the stage with Hopper, as he basks in the comfortable rays of the acetylene lamps of the studio during the lunch hour. One of his stories is about the time when the De Wolf Hopper troupe arrived in a little town where there were but two dressing rooms in the theater—one for the ladies of the troupe, the other for the men. Hopper turned all the men out of one dressing room, taking it for himself; and Earle, with the rest of the men, retired to a room underneath the town saloon and used the top of a beer keg for a make-up table. Again, Earle suddenly came to in the midst of shaving to find he had five minutes to catch a train to a one-night stand twelve hours away. "Earley" did it!

Wesley Ruggles, the Vitagraph director, who is now training for aviation, is an obdurate schoolmaster. Recess is over, but Eddie Earle and Betty Howe would rather play outdoors to kill time than play in the studio.

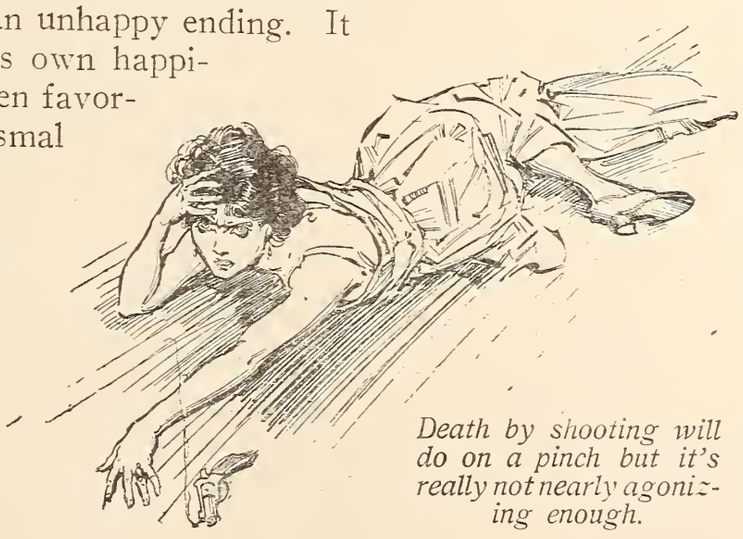
Where Pain Is Pleasure

South Americans demand realism in strong doses when they go to the movies.

By J. Gamble Reighard

WHEN I went to South America, I discovered that the hitherto reliable compass which had always pointed north suddenly veered around and aimed at the south pole. This means that people's heads are up when they are down and down when they are up. Their heads are where their feet ought to be, and their brains, being upside down, naturally assume an angle entirely different from those of the North Americans. So they eat soup for breakfast and demand things in motion pictures which we would not tolerate for a moment.

Of course the most important part of a film drama is the ending, and, as one would expect, here is where the South American, with his topsy-turvy brain, makes the most curious demands. His soul yearns for an unhappy ending. It is essential to his own happiness that his screen favorites end in abysmal misery. It is particularly desirable that the heroine die, and, as death by the poison route affords the best opportunities for spectacular suffering, that method is most frequently employed. There is nothing that pleases the Latin heart more than to see a beautiful young woman writhing in horrible death agonies while the hero bends over her and assures her that it was all a mistake and that the poison was intended for the cat which ate the pretty songbirds whose sweet music she loved so well. A revolver shot or being jerked to death by a wild aëroplane will do in emergency, but both are likely to result in a messy, quick death, and so poison is used in disposing of the characters whenever possible.



Death by shooting will do on a pinch but it's really not nearly agonizing enough.

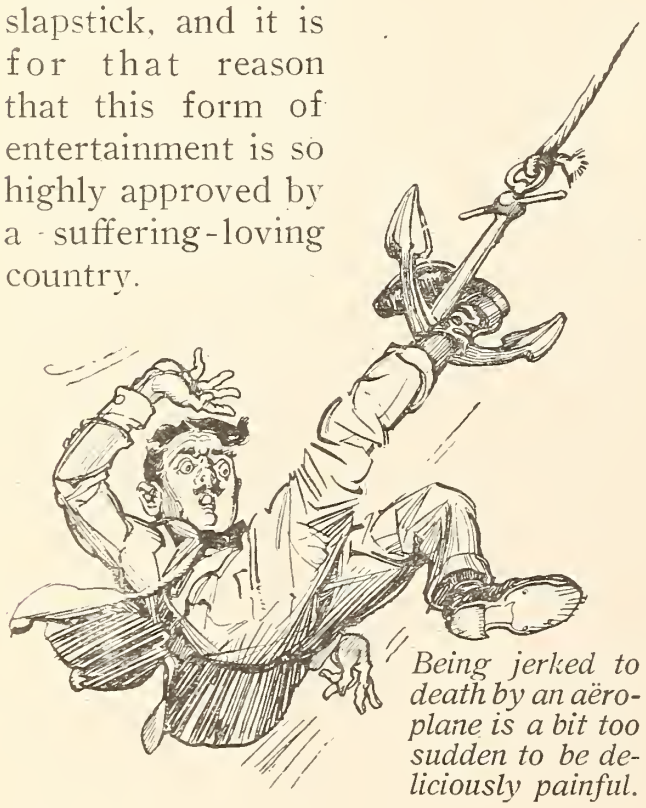
In the United States, a happy ending for a photo play is demanded. Pictures are frequently shown which are perfectly logical tragedies, yet, because of the demand for the happy ending, the author is forced to twist and distort his plot. In South America, just the opposite is true. The picture will have no excuse whatever for anything but joyous wedding bells, but popular demand says "this must not be," and the author is compelled to show how the heroine, already dressed in her wedding finery, asks for a drink of clear, cold water, inadvertently takes hydrochloric acid by mistake, and perishes miserably, to the complete delight of the audience.

For this reason, the film dramas from the United States have not gained a strong foothold south of the equator. Occasionally one is shown, but they lack in harrowing death scenes, and so are only mildly approved. South American au-

diences regard our pictures with about the same degree of enthusiasm as a man used to champagne would greet root beer. The Italian film rules supreme, and, though their photography cannot compare with ours, the scenery is neither so well selected nor so diversified, and their casts—in the main—are inferior, there seems to be no immediate prospect of the *film Americano* replacing the European in popular esteem.

One kind of American picture has succeeded tremendously; that is the Chaplin comedy. There is even a South American imitator, going under the name of "Carlitos." These films are as certain to fill a theater in South America as in the North. The Latin audience enjoys these comedies hugely and noisily. There are screams of laughter, much applause with hands and feet, shrill whistles, every sign of delight.

Yet this does not disprove the assertion that unhappiness is demanded. It rather tends to confirm it. The slapstick, burlesque comedy is based upon the semblance of suffering assumed by the actor, not upon any unalloyed joy he may feel in falling downstairs and being walked upon. His suffering is essential to the slapstick, and it is for that reason that this form of entertainment is so highly approved by a suffering-loving country.



Being jerked to death by an aëroplane is a bit too sudden to be deliciously painful.

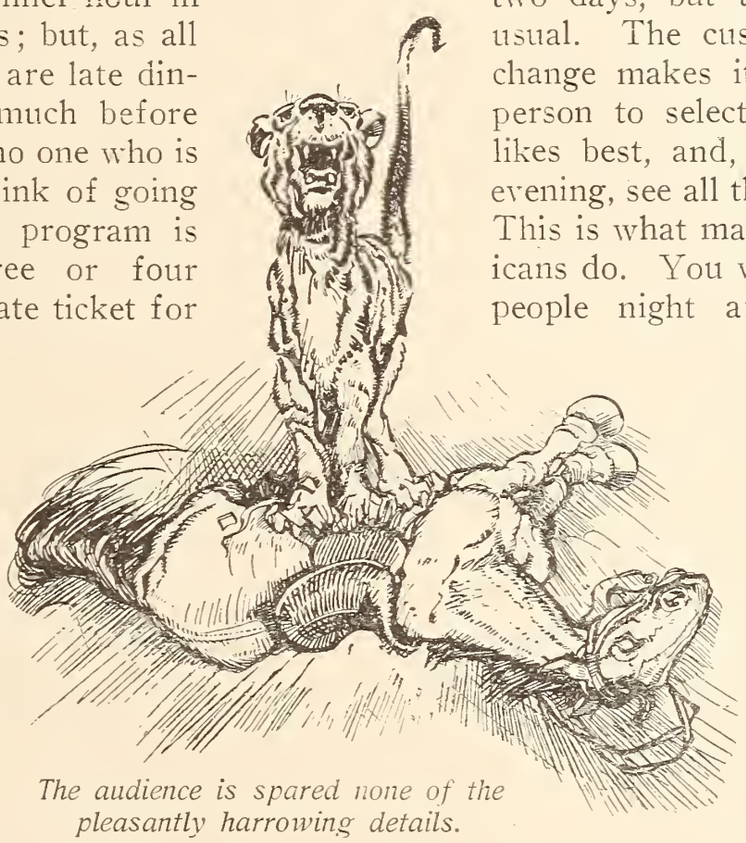
Greater realism is demanded by South American audiences than by those in the States. For instance, if there is to be a death, it must be on, not off, the screen. In a film version of "The Wandering Jew," the killing of *Dagobert's* horse by the tiger is portrayed in detail. The tiger leaps, but, instead of cutting the film at that instant, the horse is actually slaughtered before the spectators' eyes. Our audiences would turn away in horror from such a spectacle, but it seemed to meet with high approval in Rio de Janeiro.

Then, too, there is no question of censorship concerning what may properly be shown. Pictures which would never for a moment pass our boards of review are displayed in houses patronized by the most refined people, and no question as to propriety is raised.

One program I saw in one of the best *cinemas* in Montevideo particularly impressed me because, while it was apparently acceptable to the audience—made up exclusively of refined people—no part of it would be tolerated in the United States. The first picture shown represented a woman, unhappily married, who falls in love with an artist, with whom she runs away. In the end she returns to her husband, of whose existence the artist has been ignorant; and the final scene shows the artist, quite mad, playing with paper toys. This theme could have been treated in a refined way, but instead of that every effort was made to achieve the frankest realism.

This frank drama was followed by a play based squarely upon a pro-Ally war thesis. There is no attempt at neutrality. The Allies are heroes and the Teutons villains. And, of course, the hero ends, disappointed in love, by dying a horrible death in a barbed-wire entanglement.

Discussion of this particular program brings me naturally to the program in general. In the Spanish cities, a whole evening's entertainment is the rule. The hour of beginning the performance varies with the dinner hour in the different cities; but, as all South Americans are late diners, it is never much before nine o'clock, and no one who is any one would think of going before ten. The program is divided into three or four *secciones,* a separate ticket for each of which may be bought, or one for the whole evening at a slightly reduced cost. Each *seccion* is usually separate and distinct, though an unusually long picture may occupy two. The price of tickets is about the same as with us, except in Buenos Aires, where a price of about sixty-five cents is charged for the more desirable seats. These are almost always in the gallery, the cheaper seats being on the main floor. Loges and boxes are, of course, more expensive.



The audience is spared none of the pleasantly harrowing details.

In Brazil, a system more like our own is maintained, one long picture and sometimes one or two short ones constituting a performance, after which the theater is cleared and the pictures shown again. One peculiar custom prevails in Rio, where, adjoining the theater, is a waiting room holding as many people as the theater itself will accommodate. Sometimes there is a second orchestra to furnish entertainment to those waiting. No one is allowed to enter the theater while a picture is being shown, but all are compelled to wait until the end.

In Santiago, Buenos Aires, and Montevideo it is the custom for the theaters to change their entire bills every day, the pictures going to other houses. A particularly popular film may remain two days, but this is very unusual. The custom of a daily change makes it possible for a person to select the theater he likes best, and, by going every evening, see all the good pictures. This is what many South Americans do. You will see the same people night after night, and when a habitué is absent you will hear solicitous friends inquiring whether or not he is ill. A person whom I was describing to an Argentine acquaintance was promptly identified when I mentioned the *cine* which he invariably patronized.

One goes to the moving pictures, indeed, to see his friends as well as to watch the pictures. It is a social affair. This is encouraged by the universal plan of splitting the reels many times and turning on the lights for a moment between. Lights are on but a short time, but that insures the audience that it is getting its money's worth, and the motion-picture houses can advertise "The Avenging Conscience, in twenty parts." That sounds like a lot more than five reels!

In Brazil the theaters are unattractive, many of them being converted stores like our own movie houses of a few years ago. But the houses of the rest of South America are quite up to North American standards as to artistic decorations. There is none to compare with places like the Rialto in New York, but, though small, the theaters are pleasant, comfortable places in which to pass an evening. Nearly all have been built especially for motion pictures, most of them are well planned, and the ventilation is usually better than in our own establishments.

The best houses in Buenos Aires are a revelation to the tourist from this country. At the entrance several men clad in splendid uniforms are in attendance to open the door of your limousine —for nearly every one goes in his own car or taxi. Within, you are ushered to your seat by men in the same resplendent garb, and you sit in a remarkably comfortable seat and listen to the music furnished by a first-class orchestra. Evening clothes are everywhere in evidence, and a person in an ordinary business suit feels distinctly uncomfortable in the gallery among the men and women in faultless evening dress. In the intermissions the men move about, calling upon friends in the various boxes, just as they do in the opera season at Teatro Colón.

The war has greatly increased the attendance and contributed to the success of the wordless drama. It is infinitely cheaper than the "legitimate" theater, and South American business has been hard hit by the changes wrought by the war. Indeed, many of the old-line houses have been forced to close their doors, curtail their seasons, or become picture theaters themselves in self-defense. Some idea of the extent to which the craze for movies has gone in South America can be gained from the fact that in one of the daily issues of a Buenos Aires newspaper I counted the advertisements of twenty-one cinematographs, and of course there are many more which do not advertise at all.

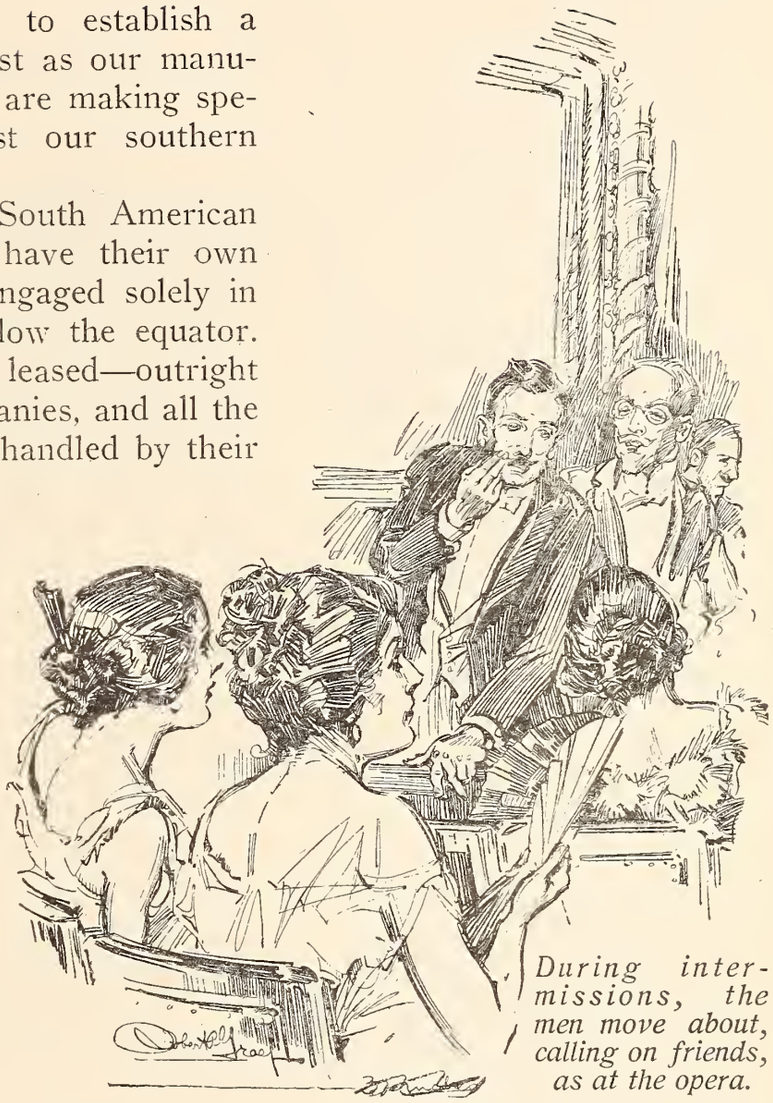
The woman, unhappily married, falls in love with an artist.

Although nearly all the films shown in South America are imported, there are a few producing companies there engaged in the business of making motion pictures. Most of them are small concerns, chiefly located in Buenos Aires, which make no attempt to produce picture plays of cosmopolitan interest. Their work is confined to local and patriotic subjects, and their films are seldom shown outside of the South American cities.

Though, as I said before, the European films hold the ascendancy in the estimation of South American patrons, conditions that have arisen through the war have opened the market more and more to the films made in the United States, and the export departments of our manufacturing companies are con-

stantly making greater efforts to establish a firmer foothold in this field, just as our manufacturers of other commodities are making special endeavors now to interest our southern neighbors in their products.

There are, in fact, several South American distributing firms which now have their own special buyers in New York, engaged solely in purchasing films for release below the equator. These films are purchased—or leased—outright by the agents of the Latin companies, and all the details of their distribution are handled by their home offices.



During intermissions, the men move about, calling on friends, as at the opera.

It will be of the greatest value to the United States if this business continues to grow, for there is no other means of spreading information which could do more to create a better understanding of the United States, of our life and customs, and to establish a more neighborly feeling for us, than motion pictures. With our higher standards of picture-play production, it ought not to be so very difficult to gain greater recognition for our films in South America. But how much easier it would be if our Latin neighbors didn't demand so much pain and agony in their amusements!

A FAN'S COMPLAINT

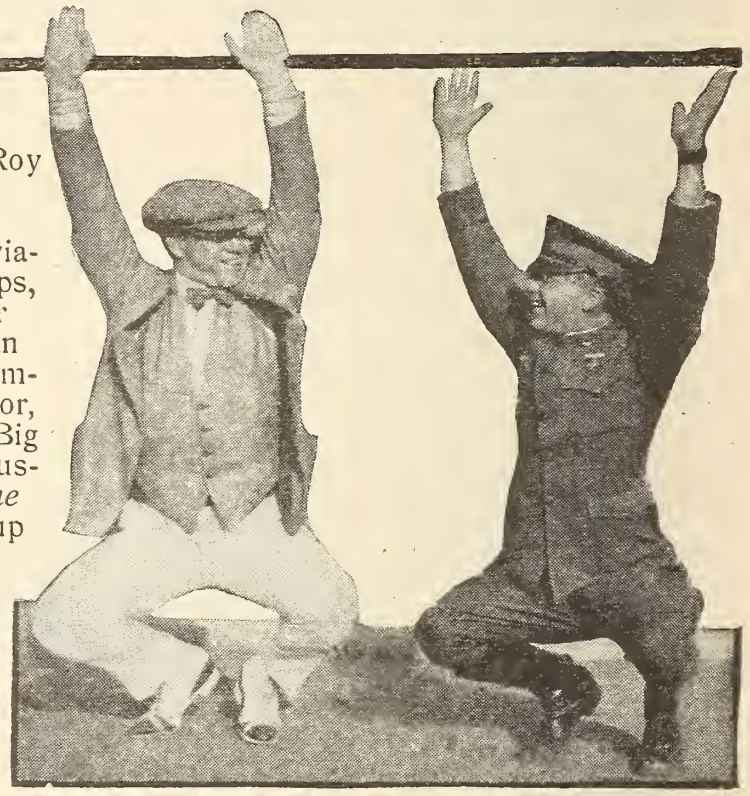
(Written during the last cold spell, and dedicated to a popular emotional screen actress.)

DEAR lady, you're clever and charming;
Your acting is simply immense.
You can register anger alarming,
Love, hatred, devotion intense.
You can register jealousy's yearning,
Calm, resolute, grim-faced despair,
The pure flame of mother love burning;
You can register worry and care.
You can play the grand dame to a gallant,
But—gosh, what a draft at my feet!
You don't seem, with all of your talent,
To be able to register—heat!

EVERETT LEIGHTON.

What's Happening

Fay Tincher breaks ground for the new Willis and Inglis Studio.

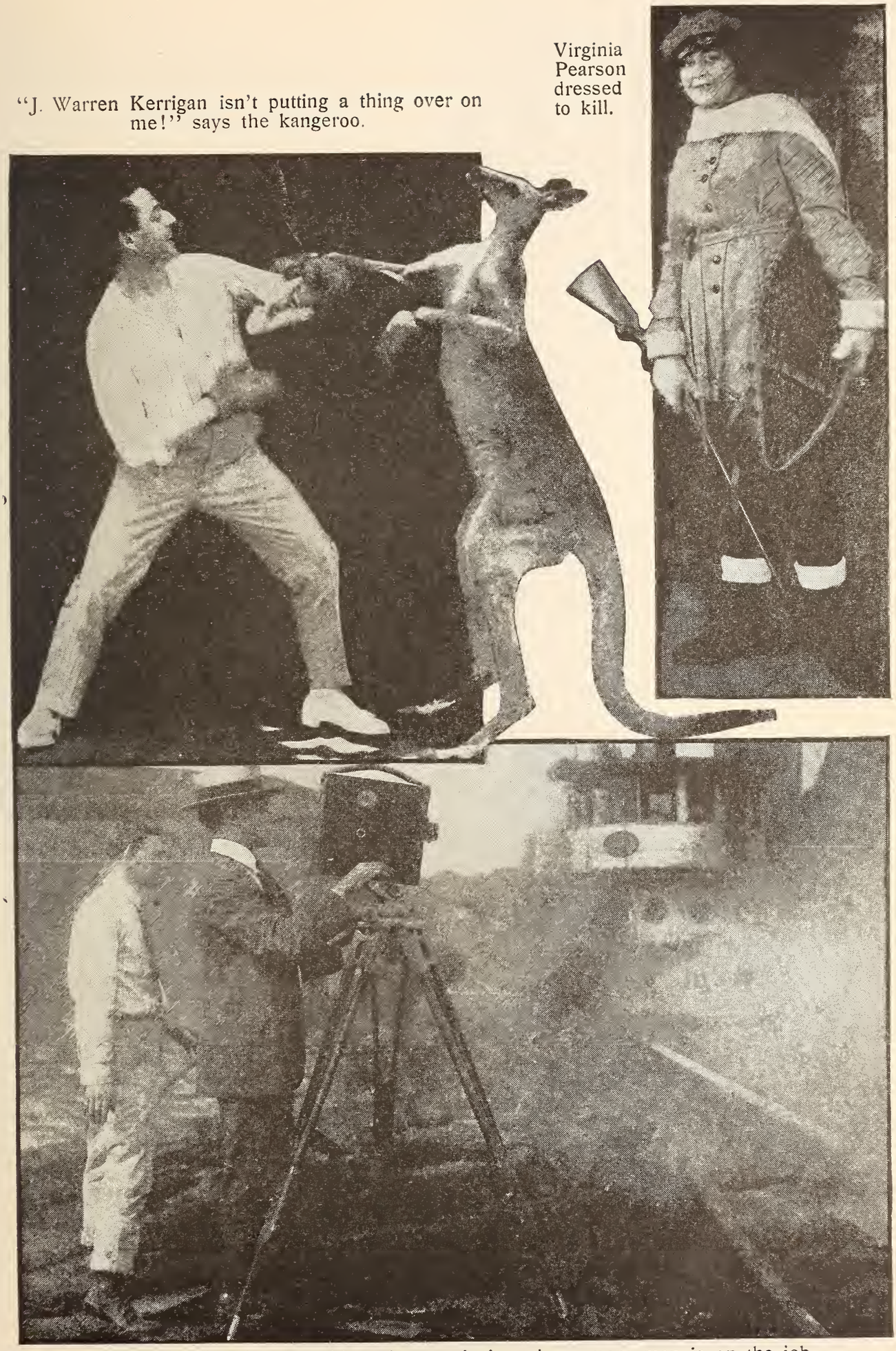


Lieut. Roy Edward Wales, U. S. Aviation Corps, a former American Film Company actor, gives "Big Bill" Russell *some* setting-up drill!

"Yes, Miss, this is a regular belaying pin," says the salt to Sonia Markova.

"J. Warren Kerrigan isn't putting a thing over on me!" says the kangeroo.

Virginia Pearson dressed to kill.



Whenever there's a munition plant explosion, the camera man is on the job.

If Mae Marsh seems to have a proprietary air about her limousine, it is because she earns enough to pay for a year's repairs on it in a single day at the studio.

"How shall we do 'Tosca'?" Pauline Frederick discusses her newest Paramount play with Edward J. Jose, director, and Ned Van Buren, camera man.

This is the little anklet watch which movie fans remember Douglas Fairbanks invariably wears when jumping from a moving train. The faithful timepiece recently got enlargement of the joints, and had to be removed. Fairbanks is using it here to time a scene which is being discussed by Allan Dwan and Art Rossom.

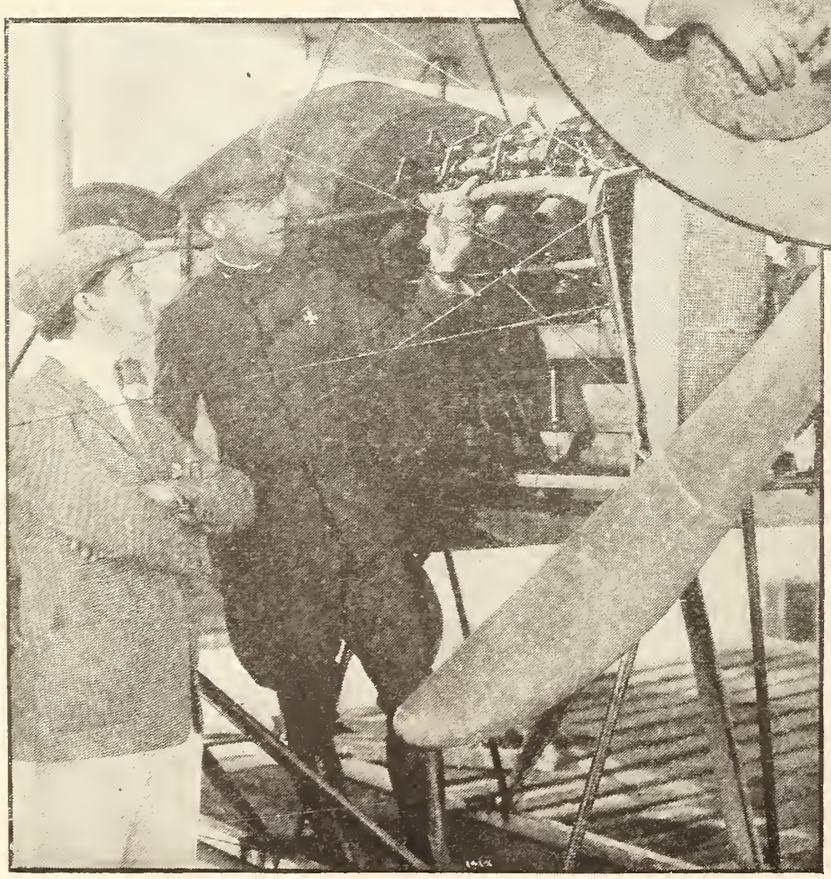
Ben Wilson's life is a paradox. His work is playing, and his play is sometimes pretty hard work.

Charles Giblyn, director, reads the script of "Calvary Alley" to Ann Pennington, Paramount star. Miss Pennington is dividing her time between the Century Revue and the Paramount Studios.

Raymond Hatton beats it with the cash, George Beban beats the eggs, Norman Carey is beating the drum in the background, and Mary Pickford beats them all in looks. Can you beat it?

Mabel Normand, star of Goldwyn's "Dodging a Million" stops starring it long enough to watch another luminary, Mary Garden, who is acting in "The Splendid Sinner." Edwin Carewe leads the cheers.

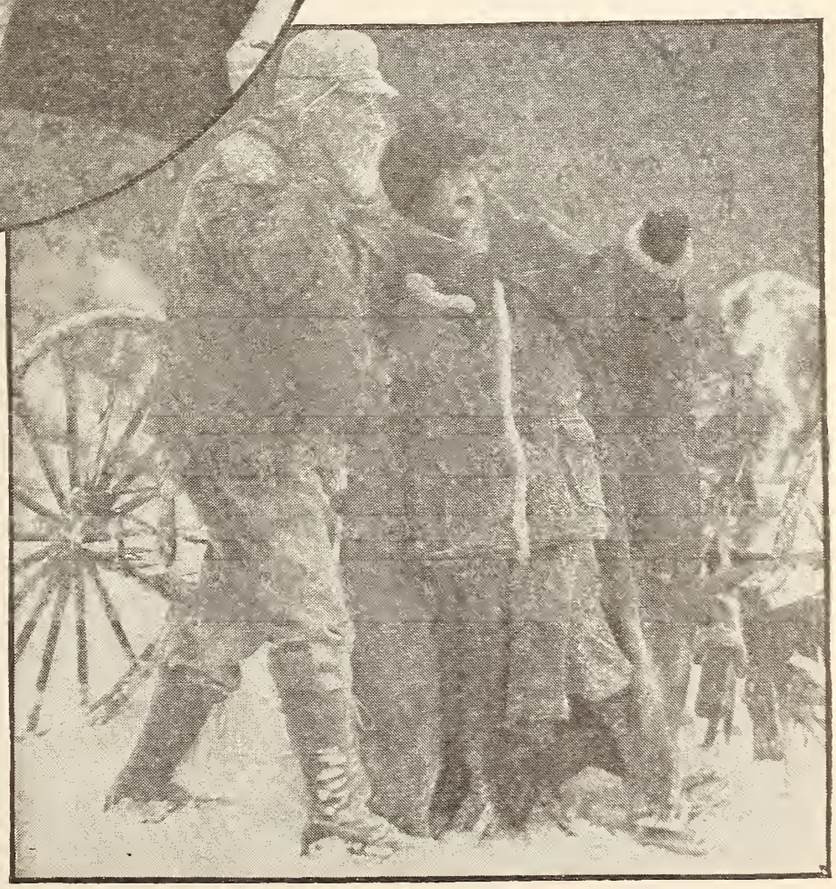
Katherine and Jane Lee playing "make believe" that they're eating soup. N. B. The grown-up actors do the same thing nowadays in the dinner scenes.



Big Bill Russell, again, taking a lesson on what makes the aëroplane go.

George Walsh visits Jim Jeffries, the prize fighter, on the latter's ranch in California. Jim is pointing to his prize bull. "Some bull," says George.

Billie Burke and James Kirkwood, thrashing out a problem in "Eve's Daughter."



When "Nan of Music Mountain" was being produced, a blizzard obligingly provided itself for the film in Truckee, California. Theodore Roberts and Ann Little supporting Wallace Reid, the Paramount star, were acting in the raging blizzard all day long. Miss Ltttle is pointing out the approach of the hero, and Mr. Roberts is interested in whether or not his ear is frost-bitten.

R. A. Walsh, the director, and William Eagle Shirt, the celebrated Indian actor.

Gladys Brockwell's busy day with two telephones. And by the way, is she setting a new style for a business woman, or did the artist "draw rings around" her finger?

Sweater making is a new Caprice with June. It almost makes you want to spend a week-end in a trench to think of this little lady outfitting you, doesn't it?

Everybody happy? Everybody, including J. Stuart Blackton and George Melford, director of the Lasky Studios.

A rather expensive Beast, valued at $1,000, and a Beauty named Billie Rhodes, who captures hearts as a Strand-Matual comedienne.

Strong, with lemon and no sugar, when Mae Murray takes tea between scenes of "The Eternal Columbine."

The Splendid Sinner

A story of a woman's redemption through sacrifice.

By A. Clancy

THE maid, having put the finishing touches to her mistress' toilet, had left the room for a moment. Dolores Fargis stood regarding herself in the glass. The reflection was that of a splendidly beautiful woman of twenty-six or seven, graceful, alluring, black-haired, black-eyed. Now, however, with no one to see, the beautiful eyes suddenly dilated with disgust and self-scorn. The olive cheeks flushed, and the delicate, jeweled hands clenched.

The chattel of Rudolph von Zorn! That was the thought that was eating into her soul day and night. And hers was the fine, high-strung soul of an artist. She was an accomplished musician, and had been a famous violinist. Then had come trouble, disappointments—and then Von Zorn, the capitalist, with his money, his power, with his offers of anything that the heart of woman could wish for, with his iron will and magnetic, if brutal, force, before which others bent like saplings.

She had fought against him, but there are some things against which a woman alone in the world cannot fight for long; sometimes the battle is more than frail woman nature can stand, and in a wretched battle of that kind Von Zorn always won. And now he was waiting downstairs to receive her, to exhibit her to his guests. Dolores put her hand to her throat, as though the idea of tearing the glittering necklace from it had leaped to her brain.

But the gesture was arrested, for Louise, the maid, returned at that moment.

"Mademoiselle," said Louise, "monsieur sends his compliments—he and the guests are waiting."

Dolores turned from the glass, her expression now calm, her eyes cold, her manner that of a woman who has steeled herself to go on with what must be endured—to go on with a bargain. "Very well, Louise," she said. "I suppose they will want me to play—see that my violin is ready."

She passed from the room and a few minutes later, self-possessed, smiling, she stepped into the magnificent and famous dining room of Von Zorn's Madison Avenue house. Von Zorn, a tall, forceful-looking man, power flashing in his dark eyes, presented her with a sweeping gesture to the twenty-odd guests and led her to the place of honor at the table.

It was a gay, luxurious dinner; one of the costly, hothouse banquets for which Von Zorn was famed. The women were beautiful and attractive; only such women were welcome at Von Zorn's table. The men were his vassals, his creatures in business, or men who fawned on him for his dinners or for the stock-market tips they hoped to receive—and never did.

Dolores played her part skillfully; she did what she was there to do. She was witty, charming, fascinating. Flushed with champagne, Von Zorn sat back satisfied, his eyes drinking in her beauty, her charm. As usual, he had made no mistake! Dolores Fargis was the queen of them all; she was a credit to him in every way; these people were her slaves, and therefore his.

Then some one, knowing that it was expected, suggested that Dolores enter-

tain the party with her violin. Amid applause, the suggestion was echoed around the table. Smiling her acquiescence, Dolores made a sign to a servant, and in a few minutes her violin was placed in her hands. She rose and stood back from the table. A hush fell on the room; then a slow, haunting strain drifted from Dolores' instrument, seeming to search out the secret souls of the diners. They looked at each other uncomfortably; men puffed at cigarettes nervously; women frowned; a subtle resentment and disapproval went around

Dolores sprang nimbly to the table and capered up and down, playing a gay, rollicking popular air.

the table. At length the poignant, unwelcome melody died away, and Dolores stood in silence, her arms listlessly at her sides, a strange, sad light in her eyes. An awkward pause followed; then it occurred to some one that applause, some expression of appreciation should be given. There were a few scattered handclaps; then silence again.

"I have played you the song of my heart," said Dolores, her eyes, sad and thoughtful, going from face to face. Some one laughed.

"Nix on that, Dolores," called a weak-faced young man sitting at the far end of the table. "Give us something with the jazz in it—hit it up, Dolores!"

For an instant the angry color flamed in her cheeks; then a scornful, cynical light flashed in her eyes. Before they realized what she was doing, she was standing on her chair; then nimbly she sprang to the table and, her violin tucked under her chin, she capered up and down the board, playing a gay, rollicking popular air. As she brought the tune to a whirlwind finish and jumped to the floor amid a storm of approval, a servant approached her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "there is a young man in the hall, a very insistent person who says he must see you—he will not take no for an answer."

Wonderingly, Dolores turned from

the noisy room and went out to the hall. A good-looking but poorly dressed young man was standing there, nervously fumbling his hat. At once Dolores recognized him as a struggling young musician whom she had befriended and whose first concert she had attended a few days previous.

There was positive worship in the youth's fine Italian eyes as he hurried forward. Before she could stop him, he had seized her hand and kissed it. "Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. "You did not tell me where you lived; only to-night have I found out! And I have longed to see you; I could not wait. You are so good and so beautiful——"

"Hush!" said Dolores. "You are only a foolish boy; you must not say such things, and you must go at once. I am very glad if in any way I helped to make your concert successful. There—continue to be successful and happy—but you must forget me."

She put a kindly hand on his shoulder, a hand that was roughly removed by Von Zorn, who suddenly stood between the pair. "What's this?" he demanded angrily. "Another of your bohemian conquests, eh? I tell you, Dolores, I won't have it!"

"Nonsense!" she said, striving to control her voice. "It's only David, whose concert I attended the other day. He has merely come to thank me. Don't make a fool of yourself and of me. Go, David; you should not have come here."

She turned and stepped back into the dining room, outwardly calm, but her soul in hot rebellion—a rebellion that had been seething for weeks and which needed but a spark or two more to kindle it into flame.

Von Zorn followed her. He had been drinking heavily, for him. He stopped her before she could sit down, and angrily denounced her. Some of the guests overheard and they looked at the pair curiously. A hush fell on the room. Then suddenly, her cheeks white, her eyes burning, Dolores snatched a glass of champagne from the table. "I drink to myself!" she cried. "To one woman whose wretched soul forbids her to be a parasite any longer!" With a quick movement, she flung the wine into Von Zorn's face and fled from the room.

In a lonely but cozy lodge in the country, two weeks later, Dolores Fargis sat in the living room, having supper. For the first time in many a year, the woman of many trials and bitter experiences was happy. Her soul was at peace. She had left Von Zorn's house that night of the dinner, and she had left more than that—she had put the old life completely behind her. Von Zorn did not know where she was, though he was turning New York inside out in savage efforts to find her. She had stolen away with Louise, her maid.

Louise was sitting in front of the log fire, impatiently turning the pages of a novel. Dolores had been too happy to note that her maid, perhaps, was not so content with country life as herself.

Suddenly, Louise flung aside the magazine. "Mademoiselle," she exclaimed, "it is terrible, this place! It is so quiet—so dull! At Monsieur von Zorn's—ah, it was so different! Why you not make up with him? It is all so silly! And that young neighbor that comes calling—that Doctor Maxwell—what is he beside the great Von Zorn? Bah! I am going back to New York."

Dolores smiled as she finished her coffee and joined Louise by the fire. Hugh Maxwell! She recalled her second day at the lodge. She had gone for a stroll in the woods and had come across a rabbit caught in a trap. She had stooped to release the animal when she became aware of a tall, pleasant-faced young man smilingly observing her. He stepped forward and helped her. Then, holding the rabbit in his

arm, he introduced himself as Hugh Maxwell. It was the beginning of a real friendship. He walked home with her and confided that he was a young doctor and her next-door neighbor, half a mile away. They saw each other every day. It was a new and wonderful friendship to Dolores; she dared not let this clean, straightforward, and interesting young fellow see how much it meant to her. Maxwell, however, was beginning to let her see plainly that his interest in her was becoming something stronger than friendship. And he was taking her on faith, for she had told him little about herself; nothing beyond the fact that she was a musician and was resting up in the country.

Louise, in a fit of temper, made good her threat. She packed up that evening and left for New York. Dolores was rather glad than otherwise, for she wanted no single discordant note in her new and happy surroundings. She hired a woman from a near-by village to come and cook for her. The woman was a lady of uncertain habits, however, and one day—an afternoon on which Dolores had invited Maxwell to luncheon—the unreliable cook failed to put in an appearance.

Dolores set to and prepared the lunch herself. It was to be quite a picnic. She had just received a box of new books from the city and was eager to read and discuss them with Maxwell. As she was setting the table there came a tap at the door. "Come in!" she called gayly. "My chaperon has deserted me, but I suppose we can get along without her—even though she can cook so wonderfully!"

The door opened, and Von Zorn stepped into the room. "Good afternoon!" he said, with an ugly smile.

Holding the rabbit in his arm he introduced himself as Hugh Maxwell.

"A table for two, I see. Doctor Hugh Maxwell—so my good friend Louise reports—and yourself, I suppose? Sorry to interrupt your little tête-à-tête, Dolores, but I've come to take you back to New York. I've had quite enough of your nonsense." Calmly he threw off his hat and coat and faced her with the air of a man who feels quite at home.

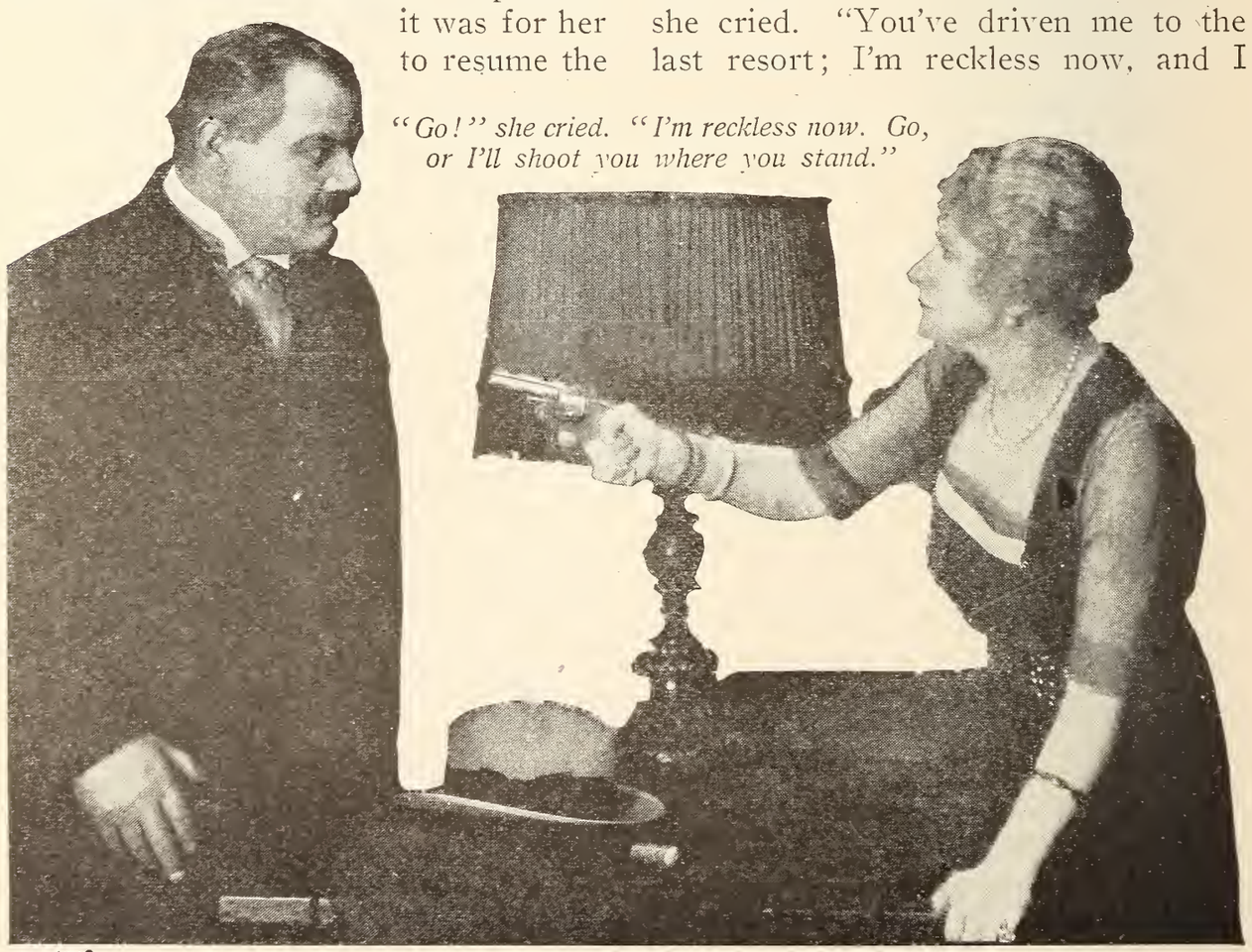
Dolores, her face white, her eyes like those of an animal at bay, shrank from him. She moved to the rear of the room and stood with her back to a writing desk. Behind her, her hands strayed to the knob of the desk drawer and rested there, her fingers twitching. Then, striving to control her voice, she made her plea to him; the plea of a woman striving to reach the heart of a man, to seek out some human, responsive chord in him. She pictured the truth, the wonderful new life that had come to her, with all it meant to her. She tried to show him how impossible it was for her to resume the old life. She called on his common sense; asked him to be reasonable, at least, and to go away and leave her in peace.

Von Zorn listened, with his ugly smile, until she had finished; then he laughed brutally. "A very fine piece of acting, Dolores," he said, "but it won't do. What I want I get! I'll be kind this time. I won't punish you for this running-away trick—but you've got to come back! Now—at once!"

"And if I refuse?" she asked, in a low voice, her fingers grasping the knob of the drawer behind her.

Again Von Zorn laughed. "Then I shall stay here until Doctor Maxwell arrives, and I shall tell him what you are—tell him the things that no doubt you have carefully concealed from him."

In a flash Dolores' attitude changed. She pulled open the drawer behind her, and Von Zorn found himself looking into the muzzle of an automatic. "Go!" she cried. "You've driven me to the last resort; I'm reckless now, and I



"Go!" she cried. "I'm reckless now. Go, or I'll shoot you where you stand."

shall not hesitate—I'll shoot you where you stand! Go, and go back to the city at once!"

It was not the pistol alone that made Von Zorn quail; it was something in the woman's eyes, something which told him that she had spoken the truth—that she was done with him absolutely. He picked up his hat and coat, and, without a word, turned and left the lodge. Dolores watched him go—watched until she was sure that he had really gone; then slowly she put the pistol back in the drawer. She took a step toward the table, then crumpled down on the floor in a dead faint.

So Maxwell found her when he came in, ten minutes later. His face blanched. Then, suppressing the emotion that surged through him, he picked her up, tenderly placed her on the sofa, and set about reviving her. At length she opened her eyes and sat up weakly. She held out her arms to him. With a cry, he caught her to him, his lips murmuring the things he could no longer keep back, and which Dolores longed to hear.

They were married that week, and Dolores was supremely happy for the first time since she was a girl. They moved to New York, Maxwell, aflame with ambition, determined to make a name for himself in the great city.

But somehow things did not work out right. Hugh Maxwell failed to establish himself as a metropolitan physician. A year slipped by, and, though they were happy and living an ideal married life, material success had not come to them. In fact, they were very near actual want. The unsuccessful fight began to have its natural effect on Maxwell. He became despondent and began to drink. Never was a woman more sympathetic and loving than Dolores in those trying days. She did everything she could, but a paying practice did not develop for her young husband.

Unknown to Maxwell, Dolores little by little pawned her jewels—jewels the existence of which Maxwell did not even suspect. This helped for a time, but the day came when something more had to be done.

Dolores determined to play her trump card. She still retained a magnificent necklace which had been the envy of her friends in the old days. Making some excuse for spending the evening away from home, Dolores took this necklace to a big gambling house with which she had been familiar in the past. She knew that the house was secretly run by Von Zorn, but now that did not matter.

The manager, recognizing her, admitted her at once. "I want to play," said Dolores. "I have been told

With five thousand dollars in her hand Dolores began to play.

that this necklace is worth five thousand dollars. Will you give me that for it?"

Telling her that he would let her know in a few minutes, the manager took the necklace into an inner room. Von Zorn was sitting there, looking through some papers. Briefly the manager told him who was outside and what she wanted. His eyes flashing, Von Zorn rose, evidently with some idea of going out to see Dolores himself. However, he checked the impulse as if some other plan had occurred to him. He resumed his seat. "Of course it's worth five thousand," he said, in an indifferent tone. "I happen to be the man who bought it for her. Give her five thousand and let her play—but don't let on that you saw me."

A few minutes later Dolores, with five thousand dollars in her hand, went to the roulette table and began to play. Luck was with her and she won consistently. She left the gambling house with a little over ten thousand dollars in her bag.

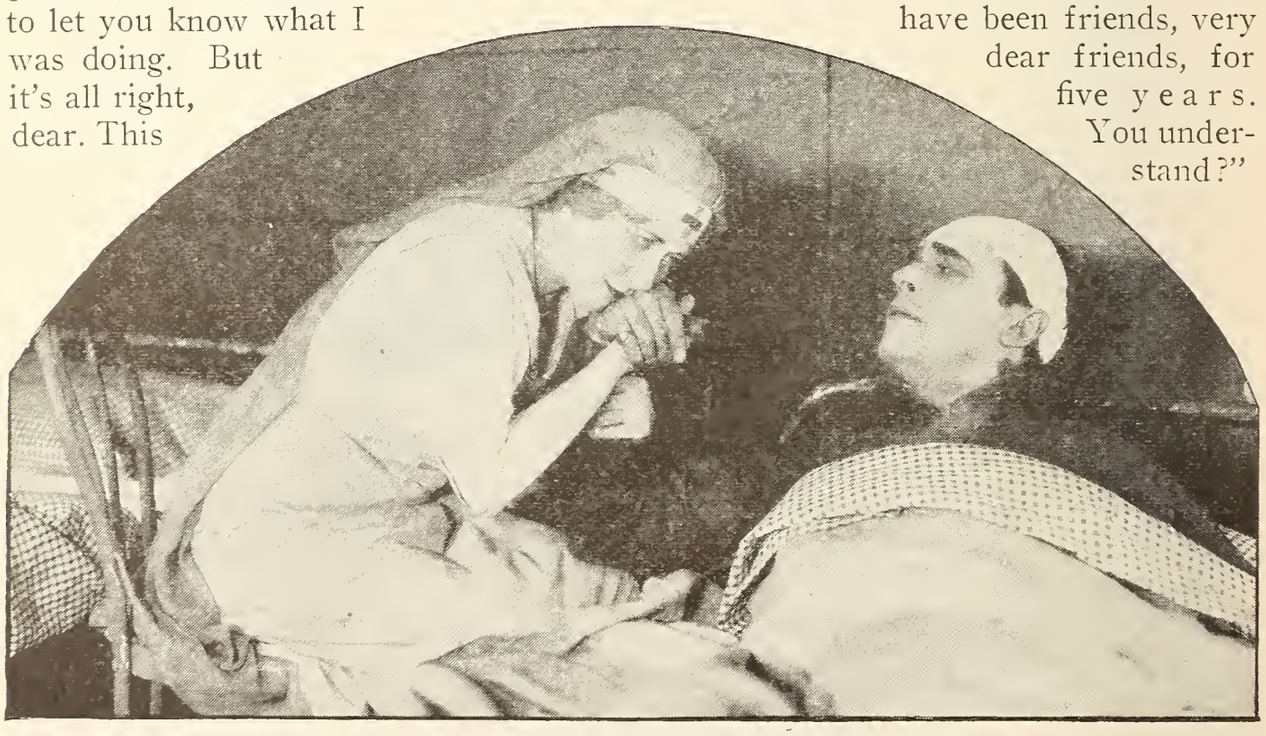
Maxwell was waiting up for her. She placed the roll of bills in his hand. "I had a wonderful necklace," she explained, "and I pawned it. I was afraid to let you know what I was doing. But it's all right, dear. This money will give you the start you need. Now you can outfit a fine office, and we'll be happy and successful."

Maxwell looked at her for a moment, then caught her in his arms. He did not question her; she was right—the money would put them on their feet. But how dear and brave she was!

The next morning, when Maxwell had gone out to deposit the money in a bank, the apartment bell rang, and Dolores opened the door to find Von Zorn standing there. With his ugly smile, he pushed into the living room. Dolores was too startled and dismayed to stop him.

"I've come to return your necklace," he said, flinging it on the table. Then, unable to control himself any longer, suddenly he drew her to him and kissed her. Dolores struggled, but could not get away from him. At that moment the door opened and Maxwell came briskly into the room.

Then he stood like one turned to stone. Before his lips could form the words he would speak, Von Zorn, with a laugh, released Dolores. "Ask your wife what it means," he said. "But perhaps I should tell you—Dolores and I have been friends, very dear friends, for five years. You understand?"



She sat down at his bedside and lifted his hand to her lips.

Maxwell turned to Dolores. She bowed her head; there was no hiding the truth now. "It is true, dear," she said. "I never told you about the past. You came and offered me a wonderful happiness, and I seized the precious chance. That is all."

With a strange cry, Maxwell flung himself on Von Zorn, striking him full in the face. The capitalist went down like a log. Then Maxwell stood looking at his wife. She made no move, could not look at him. It was all too wretched. But Maxwell could not understand what her silence meant—that she was heartbroken, a poor, bleeding soul. He could only think of the horrible fact—it was true! A terrible sense of disillusionment was on him. He gave her one tense glance, then calmly walked out of the apartment—and out of Dolores' life.

Two years went by, and the great world conflict was on. In a base hospital in Belgian territory conquered by the Germans, a Canadian soldier lay wounded. The Germans were forcing French and English doctors and nurses to tend the wounded prisoners.

There was one American nurse there, a beautiful woman known as Miss Adams. No one knew anything about her, but it was said that there was a story connected with her and that Adams was not her real name. She worked day and night; in fact, her work of mercy seemed all she cared to live for.

In the course of her work she came to the bedside of the wounded Canadian soldier. He looked up in her face, and then a startled cry escaped them. "Dolores!" said the soldier weakly. "You forgive!"

She sat down at his bedside and lifted his hand to her lips. "Hugh!" she breathed. Then Dolores, suppressing a sob, went about the adjusting of his bandages. The little talk that followed showed that there was nothing to forgive on either side. Their love had survived, and the horrors of war had brought them together again.

They talked of themselves for a while; then, speaking in a whisper, Maxwell drew Dolores close to him. "Dolores," he said, "I'm not merely a soldier; I'm a spy. If they search me, I'm done for. I have papers on me that must get to French headquarters before morning. My life is nothing compared to that necessity. And here I am, helpless. You must help; you must do it for me somehow. You will?"

Dolores nodded. "Give them to me now," she whispered.

Maxwell took out a small package, but as he gave it to her a German officer stepped from behind a door and snatched it from her hands. "So!" he said, in perfect English. "It is as we suspected! Go on about your duties, nurse; I'll send some one to take care of this man, and I'll take charge of this little packet."

Dolores went away, first making a quick sign to Maxwell to say nothing. The officer tramped off, and in a minute a German soldier came and stood guard beside Maxwell's bed.

Late that night, however, the guard was mysteriously removed. A little while after he had gone, Dolores appeared at Maxwell's bedside, a bundle under her arm. "Hugh," she whispered, "you told me you were able to walk. Here is a German uniform—put it on. I've stolen your dispatches from the officer's room. Here they are. You must go at once. The French lines are close by; you can reach them easily once you are through the German sentries. This is the password." She spoke a few words in German. "You are supposed to be returning to the German front-line trenches. Quick, dear Hugh! You can do it, but there is not a minute to be lost!"

She helped him don the German uniform, and a few minutes later led him,

Clenching his fist, lest his hand should tremble, Von Zorn pronounced the grim sentence

stumbling, from the hospital; then she stood, her heart in her mouth, as he disappeared in the darkness.

Half an hour passed; then, convinced that he had succeeded in getting through the German lines, Dolores turned and made her way back to the building where the officers' quarters were. Early that evening she had been taken there and told not to leave. For some reason, however, they had not placed a guard over her; possibly they did not think it necessary, seeing that they had the dispatches.

Her husband had escaped; but in her heart Dolores knew that her own case was hopeless. She had known that all along, but it did not matter. She had risen to a great moment, and a wonderful peace was on her. Hugh still loved her—and he was safe! Quite calmly she awaited the fate in store for her.

It was not long in coming. The loss of the dispatches was discovered, and the disappearance of the wounded soldier. That Dolores was responsible for both scarcely needed any proving.

They came for her at midnight and led her into the council room. A group of German officers was gathered about the table. Dolores stood before them calmly; stood before them and calmly met the flashing eyes and ugly smile of the general who presided at the head of the table. For months she had known who that general was, but until now she had not met him. A startled exclamation had escaped him when she was brought into the room, but he quickly suppressed it; suppressed whatever emotions and thoughts were surging through him.

The general was Rudolph von Zorn. Everybody knew now that Von Zorn had been a secret agent of Germany; and now, by some strange trick of fate, here he was at the head of a harsh military tribunal, about to pass judgment on the woman whose life he had wrecked!

Some human feeling stirred within him as he looked at her. He attempted to argue against executing a woman, but his brother officers were firm—the verdict must be death. Clenching his fist lest his hand should tremble, Von Zorn pronounced the grim sentence.

Dolores did not seem to hear. She was gazing unseeingly beyond him. There was a smile on her face; never had Dolores Fargis looked so beautiful.

The soul of a big woman shone in her calm eyes; the light of one who gladly dies for those one loves, and for a great cause.

Cast of "The Splendid Sinner"

Written from the Goldwyn picture play

Dolores.....Mary Garden
Hugh Maxwell.....Hamilton Revelle
Rudolph Von Zorn.....Anders Randolph
Dolores' Maid .....Roberta Bellinger

In the gray dawn of the following morning a wounded Canadian soldier wearing a German uniform dropped unexpectedly into a French trench and fell exhausted. Weakly he held up a package of papers to a startled lieutenant. "Take these to your general at once," he said, and then sank into unconsciousness.

The morning was strangely quiet; not a single gun was being fired on either side. But as the lieutenant took the papers and stood gazing at Maxwell there came the sound of a volley of musketry fired somewhere within the German lines. The lieutenant frowned; he knew the grim meaning of that sound, but the unconscious man at his feet was mercifully unable to hear it.

Then a French battery roared and broke the morning stillness. It was like a salute to the martyred soul of Dolores Fargis.

MISS BLACK AND WHITE

I DO not sing the praises of
My sweetheart's ruby lips,
Her golden hair, her eyes of blue,
Her rosy finger tips.
Nor do I laud the color schemes
Of all her pretty gowns—
Tell how her cheeks flush when she smiles,
And whiten when she frowns.

Of her complexion, peach and milk,
From *me,* you'll never hear,
Nor of the coral pinkness of
Her dainty little ear.
It's not that I am color blind—
The only place I've seen
The girl that I'm in love with is
The motion-picture screen.

RONALD OLIPHANT.

Six Ways of

Much-Married-Madge Kennedy shows six "never-fail" methods of tying Hymen's knot into a square knot instead of a slip-noose. Rule I.—Kid the minister along. Some little kidder is "Our Little Wife."

The Second Way: Madge not only leads her captive to the brink of matrimony, but she puts her little white glove on his shoulder and makes him drink it up. Incidentally, it's too bad "Our Little Wife" couldn't take a feller her size.

Oh, boy! Isn't the little bride below worth waiting for a long, long time? Rule III—Be a fat man, if possible. Then you're sure of being "Nearly Married" at least. And by the way, looking at the charming picture before us, we should like to know what could be much "nearer" speaking both figuratively and literally.

Getting Married

Rule IV.
A double wedding is sure to seal the compact more securely, as in "Baby Mine." For there's bound to be more or less rivalry as to who's the happier pair.

Rule V.
"Waiting at the Church" is an A1 appetizer for the wedding breakfast, provided you follow Madge's example in "Nearly Married" and succeed in keeping him waiting as well.

Rule VI.
Have a little competition. Here are we boys with "Our Little Wife." It's perfectfully evident, from the expressions, that this rivalry makes it much more interesting, not to say exciting, for the lady concerned in this affair.

Posing the hero and heroine for the film, "The Dream Doll." The actors are nearly all dolls.

The Doll Actor Makes His Bow

Lifting the adventures of toyland into the realm of reality.

By Robert H. Moulton

BEFORE you became a Grown-up, you sometimes went to sleep and found that all the toys in your nursery became alive. You went a-venturing with them in a little painted toy boat on a painted sea. The woolly lamb followed you about on wheels as if your name had been Mary, and then, after breath-catching encounters, you suddenly woke up and found that it was a dream, after all, and Lambikins was just stupidly snuggled under the tea table on the floor.

So, unless you've always been a Grown-up, you can understand the half genius, half child impulse that led Mr. Moss, a Chicago director, to conceive of bringing toyland to life, which, after months of infinitely patient work, he is presenting to the world in a film entitled "The Dream Doll."

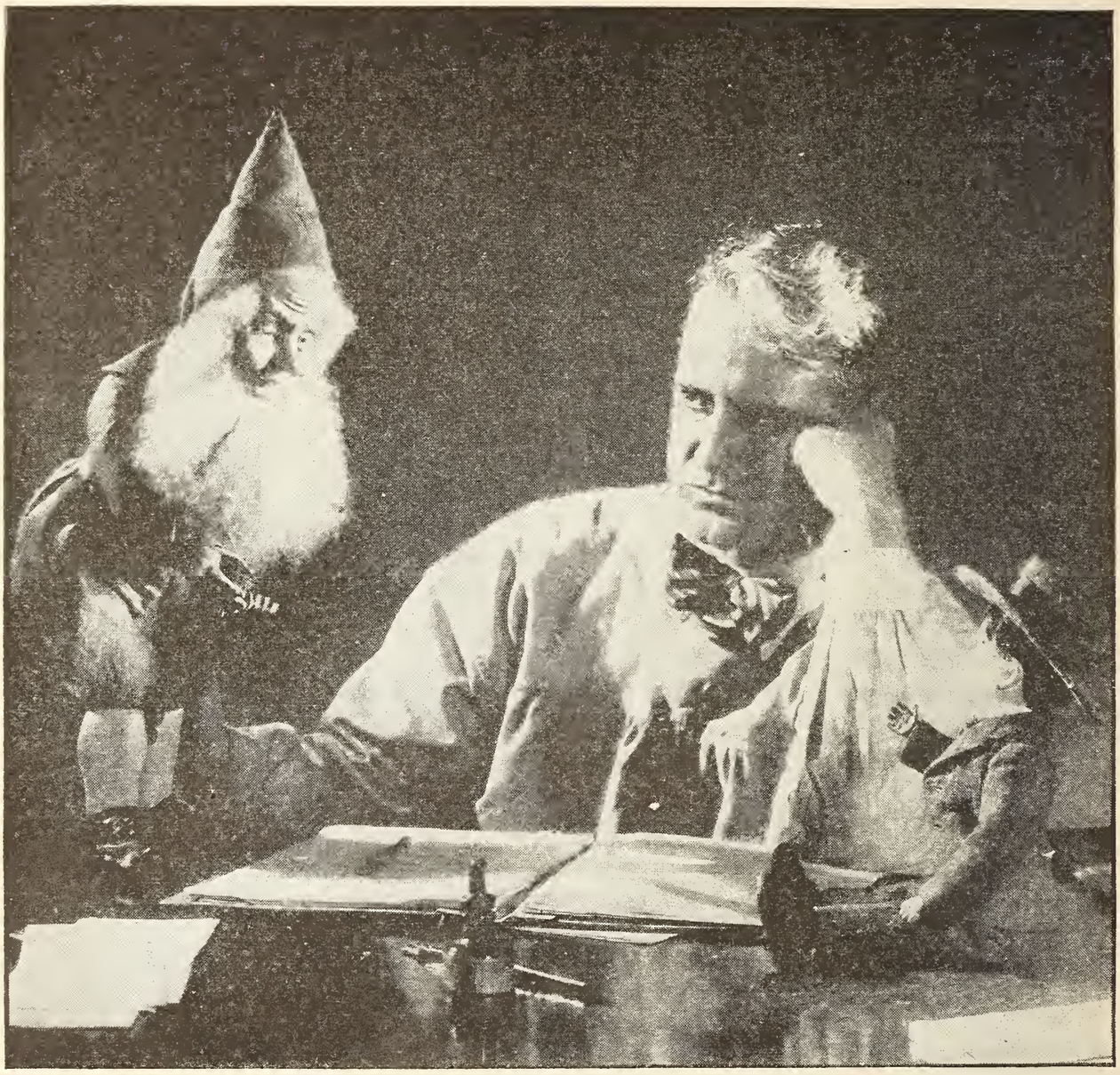
Now, the thing which gives this particular production a scientific significance, and marks the achievement as an entirely novel departure in motion pictures, is the fact that, although the actors are really just dolls, they have been made to act in as finished a way

as many a human actor. This not only means that the dolls move their arms, legs, and heads with the graceful, uninterrupted movements that an ordinary person uses—instead of the jerky motions of the animated cartoons—but that they are also endowed with facial expression. They may be made to frown, pout, wink, smile, and exhibit other emotions. Of course, the means by which Mr. Moss has accomplished this remain a secret with him, but he does admit that many of the effects are gained by the use of strings, invisible wires, and pins.

The action of "The Dream Doll" takes place in a toy shop, where the toys get hold of an elixir which brings them to life, and immediately start out on the wildest adventures that can be thought or imagined. The human child who visits the shop tastes the elixir also, which has the effect of making her about the size of the doll hero, and together they wander off, encountering all sorts of bungling, life-size human beings on the way. There is any amount of humor running through the five reels of the play, and the plot is framed to interest grown folks, as the use of dolls in the picture is calculated as sufficient to amuse the children.

Some of the stupendous difficulties of performing the feat may be imagined when one hears that the making of this five-reel picture required the concentrated efforts of Mr. Moss and his assistants for six months. In order to have each action smooth, the doll's members had to be posed, moved a fraction of an inch, and then posed again. When it is taken into consideration that it takes some twenty exposures to photograph the raising of an arm in ordinary picture drama, and that the action occupies at the most a

The doll adventurers stop a farmer by the wayside to inquire the way to the nearest marrying minister.



The director and two of his high-priced film stars; these tiny actors are often as temperamental as human actors, and nearly as expensive.

few seconds of time, something of the size of the producer's task will be realized from the fact that to photograph one such gesture took from fifteen minutes to half an hour.

Other hindrances, too numerous to mention, also cropped up along the way as the play progressed. At first the director planned to use only dolls, so that with the introduction of human beings into the cast the problem of making the human actors and the doll actors move synchronously came up.

Scenery had to be made, much of it being put together with as much care and expense as would be devoted to any other first-class production. The dolls, moreover, are carefully jointed, and have of course been specially made under the direction of Mr. Moss, as have the costumes.

And don't think that the director's difficulties in "managing the star" are absent with the puppets. For one of these little doll actors is as likely to have a temperamental tantrum as a half-million-per-annum star. It may be entirely attributable to the pure "cussedness" of inanimate things, but after a peep into those winking, twinkling, naughty eyes of the doll actors, it is hard to believe it.

Laugh and the Fans Laugh With You

WHEN Enid Bennett, Paramount star, laughed so hard that she dropped a stitch in the army sock she was knitting, and then didn't even mind, C. Gardner Sullivan, the renowned author of the Ince Studios, felt assured that this scenario was the most successful bit of humor that he had yet written for the screen. Mr. Sullivan, who has already scored some of the greatest dramatic successes of the screen, says he finds Miss Bennett's personality so appealing that for some months, at least, he will confine his creative genius to furnishing stories for her use.

The Girl on the Cover

Ethel Clayton discloses her secret longings to have a home and to run a chicken farm.

By Warren Reed

I SHALL not always be in pictures or on the stage," announced Ethel Clayton, leaning back against the blue velvet cushions which made a vivid contrast with her coppery hair and accented the blue of her sparkling eyes. Miss Clayton, or Mrs. Kaufman, to be more exact, was having a brief rest between scenes.

"I am planning for the day when I shall be free from care and worry. I shall then retire to a little farm with Joe, where we can live just for each other." She paused meditatively. "Live with all the abandon that can only be thoroughly enjoyed far away from the whirl of things—the humdrum of a big city.

"Children—oh, how I love them! A farm where they can romp around and live from the fat of the land, where I can raise chickens and have a garden. I want the freedom of which no one can enjoy in a city residence or in following a profession. I can have my own little home to supervise, where I can do my own cooking, mend my own clothes and Joe's, and tell him how to sow our own potatoes. My, but I am longing for those days!"

Meanwhile, Joseph Kaufman, director by vocation, husband by avocation, had dropped in and was listening approvingly. There is probably not another screen marriage in which two people are so well mated. There is never a contrary whisper, never a scold, never one voice raised above

With the prospect of working under the direction of her husband, after two long years of separate work in the films, Ethel Clayton sees her best work yet to come in the near future.

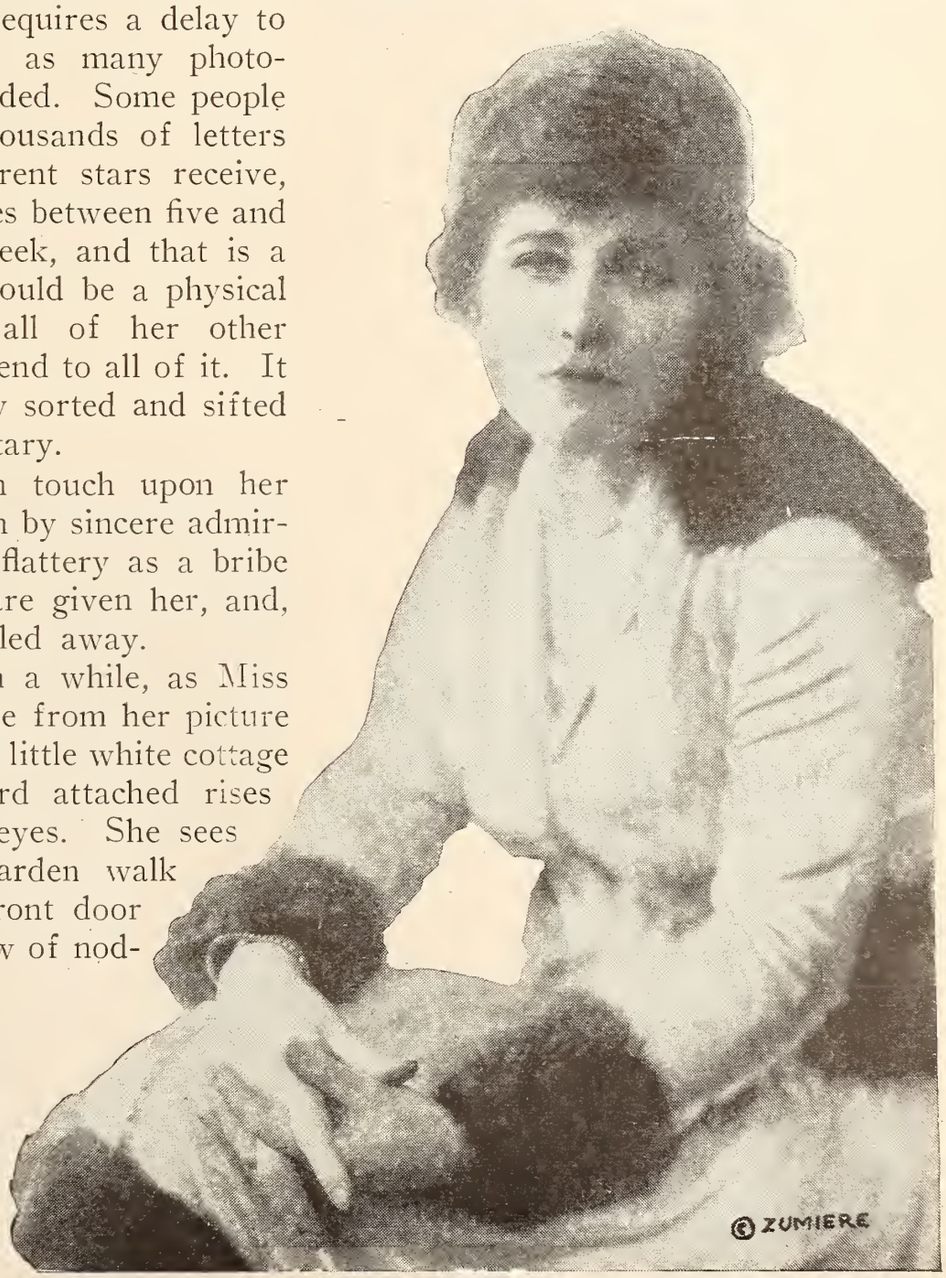
another. Ethel and Joe, if we may get intimate, love each other even more privately than publicly, instead of loving in public and quarreling in private. Neither are they in fear lest the film fans should learn that they are man and wife.

Many admirers of the "Fair Ethel" write to ask whether or not she is married, and, if so, to whom. To these only she sends a little note, stating that she is the proud wife of Joseph Kaufman, the eminent director, and she always incloses a little home picture of herself and her husband. The other letters go unanswered, though requests for photographs are always filled, even when it sometimes requires a delay to autograph and mail as many photographs as are demanded. Some people tell us about the thousands of letters from fans the different stars receive, but our Ethel receives between five and six hundred each week, and that is a large number. It would be a physical impossibility, with all of her other duties, for her to attend to all of it. It is therefore carefully sorted and sifted by an efficient secretary.

The letters which touch upon her work—letters written by sincere admirers and not merely flattery as a bribe for a photograph—are given her, and, after reading, are filed away.

But every once in a while, as Miss Clayton gets a respite from her picture work, the vision of a little white cottage with a real barnyard attached rises before her dreamy eyes. She sees the little flagged garden walk leading up to the front door between a double row of nodding hollyhocks, and a couple of babies tumbling about in the sunshine and getting all mixed up with the puppies and the family cat.

On the kitchen window sill stand the jars of bright red jelly which she has made herself; for all her intimate associates, Joe Kaufman more loudly than the rest, pronounce her as good a cook as the "Queen of Hearts who made some tarts all on a summer's day." Only there isn't going to be any Knave of Hearts in Ethel's household to "steal them right away," because she is going to have her house systematized. Everything is going to move like clockwork, for she believes that order is one of the



She doesn't look as if she had anything to wish for, but she does. She wants time to write a book, to raise a family of babies, and to run a chicken farm.

Ethel Clayton autographs every photograph that goes out, even though that's a good many sometimes.

essential and basic laws of happy family life.

When there is quite a wait between scenes, and Miss Clayton gets to thinking really hard about the three-hundred-and-sixty-five-days-a-year picnic she is going to have keeping house on her model plan, she sees herself doffing her pink gingham apron when the day's work is done and gathering her little family around the fireplace for the evening hour. And then there is the slow "fade-out" as she goes back to the "set."

Both Miss Clayton and Mr. Kaufman were on the stage together several seasons ago, and it was then that they first became interested in each other. Leaving the stage, where she had appeared in such well-known productions as "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Country Boy," "The Chorus Lady," and "The Traveling Salesman," Miss Clayton joined the Lubin Company, where she was featured in no less than sixteen big pictures in three years. At the Lubin Studio she was cast to appear in pictures with Joseph Kaufman. First, he was her leading man; later, her director. Their joint film work began to command attention, their personal interest in each other grew, and finally—well, everybody told them it wouldn't last, but they have now been happily married four years. And they are a living example of what their friends predicted positively could not happen—happiness for more than one year!

After coming to New York and engaging with separate film concerns and working away from each other—that is, at different studios—for two years, they will be brought together again under the Paramount banner June 1st. It will be an ideal combination, "Ethel Clayton, directed by Joseph Kaufman." It will be great news to her vast army of friends and followers, and the just reward of those who persevere, not allowing the little reverses of the day to prevent them from planning for the future. Here they will have an opportunity of achieving big things together, for Miss Clayton will be given vehicles properly adapted to her talents. She is to assist in selecting her scenarios.

She was a home body, was Ethel Clayton, first and foremost, long before she became a screen favorite.

Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman expect to leave in April for a two-month vacation to Japan. When asked the nature of her visit, Miss Clayton replied: "Rest, recreation, and 'riting." For she proposes to write a book to be called "Home Philosophy," which, she says, is the most vivid subject of the day next to that of the war.

"There will be a chapter in it," she said, "on the philosophy of washing dishes—without making a mess or getting mad. There will be a chapter devoted to making beds without mountains or valleys. There will, of course, be several chapters about good health and air. The woman who fills her home with knicknacks will receive a gentle chiding; and the man who litters the house with tobacco ashes will receive a mild scolding.

"The man who never stays at home evenings will get what he deserves, and the woman gadder will get hers, too. The dear home-body woman will receive full credit. The man who works and thinks and lives for his home will be remembered."

At this juncture Husband Joe interrupted to add: "And it will contain

Miss Clayton looks forward to reading and selecting scenarios shortly with her husband and director, Joseph Kaufman.

She wants to exchange this dainty dressing room for a nursery on the second floor of a little white farm house.

'How to Run Your Furnace,' three chapters. I'll attend to that. 'How to Keep on Good Terms with the Janitor,' five chapters. This is an important matter and will require a lot of thought."

"But there won't be any janitor," Mrs. Kaufman broke in reproachfully, "except yourself. You see, in the ideal home, the husband comes in for a little of this systematizing as well, and I believe that if husbands had more to do with the running of the home they would be in it more." And here Joe heaved an enormous sigh, which sounded more like contentment than anything else, while his wife went on to explain the new book on homemaking and husband-remaking.

"But there are lots of ways in which modern improvements have entirely changed the mode of housekeeping, even within the last ten years. In fact, with the entrance of the country into the war, we entered upon a new phase of household economy that will revolutionize things, not only for the duration of the war, but 'for keeps.' And all these things I am going to treat of in my 'riting," she concluded.

ALL THE WORLD'S HIS STUDIO

THE white-clad knight of the clicking camera standing in front of the temple in Nikko, Japan, is Herford T. Cowling, camera man for Burton Holmes, of travelogue fame. Though Mr. Cowling had been head cinematographer for the United States reclamation service for several years, and had accompanied Mary Roberts Rinehart on some of her expeditions, he had never, never been abroad until he joined Holmes a year ago. Just to break him in easily, that professional traveler took him on his first summer's jaunt through China, Japan, the Philippines, New Zealand, Australia, and the South Sea Islands. At that rate, it won't take him many years to work out all the available territory.

Applause by Mail

How the film artist regards the fan's missive of admiration.

By Louise Williams

THE theater resounds with a storm applause as the hero on the screen, having rescued the lady from the burning building, clasps her in his arms for the final kiss before the fade-out. Perhaps, just before the picture ends, the leading players appear on the screen to smile as though in recognition of the audience's appreciation.

But when the actors really did that scene in the

When Corrine Griffith comes downstairs in the morning, such a pile of letters from admirers awaits her, that it's a wonder she ever gets to breakfast on time.

studio there was no audience beside the director, camera man, and perhaps an electrician or two. The applause, save for an occasional significant nod from the director, had to be imagined.

There would be meager encouragement for the film players were it not for the immense amount of "fan mail" that each day covers the desk of every big actor and actress in the film world. Perhaps, in a way, this is even more sincere applause than that given in the theater to the star of the legitimate stage. For, after all, it is easier to flatten your hands against each other once or twice and make a noise than it is to sit down and write your praises on paper and remember to mail it to the right studio. At any rate, the film star may find consolation in a wider audience, for letters come to the different actors and actresses from all over the world—from the interior of China to a trading post far north in Alaska.

Sometimes the letter comes from a little girl as far away as South Africa, who had seen and admired a star in some production that came out here years ago. Virginia Pearson is trying to recall an incident in an old play, referred to in her mail.

Yet this applause finds different welcomes in different quarters, despite the fact that the stars all admit its value.

Corinne Griffith believes emphatically in the value of receiving letters and of answering them. "Anything that fosters the personal relation of the actor to the men and women and children that make up the audience is of inestimable value. That is just what this sort of admiration and criticism does for the screen actor, which the actor on the legitimate stage gets direct from the audience. It is a personal tie that helps mightily in the long and often discouraging days in the picture studio."

Bessie Love regards this keeping up of the personal relationship as a definite part of her film work. "I want people to love me," she said, with that engaging frankness of hers. "I love them. If I did not I should not be in this work, for screen acting is largely a labor of love for the lonely hearts—and the glad hearts, too—in the audience."

Francis X. Bushman long ago went on record as one of the busiest letter writers in filmdom. He answers all his mail, and does it as promptly as he can, although this sometimes means that several months elapse between the time the letters reach Bushman and the time he sees them. He believes that these letters are the sincerest form of applause, and that it is only courtesy to answer them.

Vivian Martin acknowledges some of her applause by mail while waiting between sets.

"They're a source of help to me, too,"

he declared, when questioned regarding his sentiments toward the mail bag, "for these people write and tell me what they think of my work, and of me. Not infrequently they give me material for scenarios—bits of family history, or old romances that they think would film well. And some of this material is really available and later appears in one form or another on the screen. These letters also help me by informing me every once in a while of some benefit that one of my pictures has been to some one. Once a mother wrote to tell me how 'Pennington's Choice' inspired her son with a desire to become a boxer, and made him drop 'the gang.' Another letter came from a young girl who decided that if she had to work day and night on a picture, as I'd written her that I did, she ought not to mind getting a job and helping her widowed mother to pay bills. That's why I answer even the smallest note—so that I won't miss even one of these chances to help somebody."

Mr. Bushman has been forced to resort to the typewriter instead of the pen as a medium of expression, since his list of correspondents numbers something over seven thousand, but by seizing every possible moment he manages to keep up with his mail as a general rule.

Marguerite Clark, one of the most popular stars in filmland, keeps a careful record of her correspondence, which is just about as long as Marguerite is short.

Convincing as his arguments are, they are perhaps no more so than those of Bryant Washburn, who leads the opposition.

"I don't believe in answering letters," declares the wearer of "Skinner's Dress Suit," "and that's not because I don't appreciate getting them, because I do. I'm only too glad to know what people think of my work, and I do feel that the letters from the fans are a sort of crystallized applause. Certainly I'm glad to get them. But I don't believe that fans expect replies. I think they know that I'm too busy to write letters. Besides, I believe that my pictures speak far louder than words can, and that if I work from nine to five at my studio, it's a more effective day's work than it would be if I spent part of it at my desk, telling people that I'm married and that I haven't any favorite color. Once in a while I receive an especially good letter, and in that case either Mrs. Washburn or I reply to it. But as a rule my mail, with the exception of letters from personal friends or business correspondence, goes into the wastebasket.

Autographing and mailing out photographs is a considerable part of the star's vocation. Here is Bessie Love going at it most systematically.

How to Act

Words of wisdom to lighten the way of would-be stars from one who has reached the top of the ladder.

By Pearl White

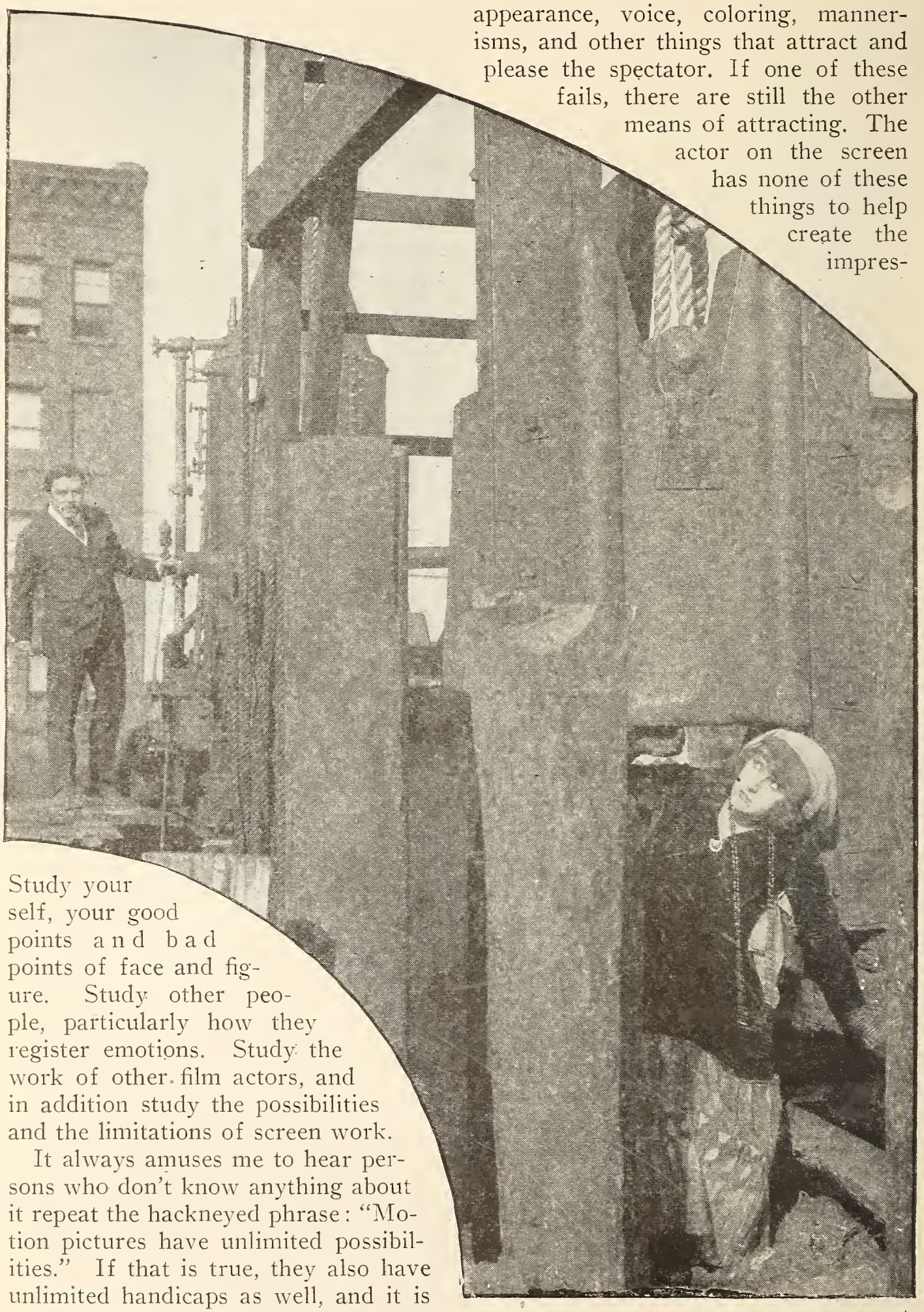
MY advice to any girl wishing to become a motion-picture actress is—first get a physician's certificate testifying that you are physically fit. For the first requisite for acting in the movies, according to my notion of things, is supreme health. You may think you have a cast-iron constitution, you may be able to dodge the doctor, the dentist, and the undertaker for years, but go into pictures, and you are likely to call for all three of them in rapid succession, with a coroner thrown in for good measure.

Go into a gymnasium and train yourself into shape; get over the first soreness that exertion always means to the person with untrained muscles, and work till they are as hard as steel, with never an ounce of superfluous fat. Out-of-door exercise is better, provided it is stiff enough, and regular as clockwork, but for most people in the city a "gym" is more accessible.

Study the motion of your hands—they are eloquent if used properly.

From the time of my first serial, "The Perils of Pauline," I have been in training. Incidentally, I like acting in serials better than I do in features, although a feature, if a good, snappy one, varies the strenuous work I do in serials. For a long time I took regular lessons under a competent instructor, hardening my muscles by the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, pulley machines, and rowing machines. Now I find that fifteen minutes to a half hour daily keeps me in good trim, my muscles hard, and makes me fit for the day's work.

My second word of advice to the aspirant to movie fame is study. Study, study, study! I cannot overemphasize this part of your training.



appearance, voice, coloring, mannerisms, and other things that attract and please the spectator. If one of these fails, there are still the other means of attracting. The actor on the screen has none of these things to help create the impres-

Study your self, your good points and bad points of face and figure. Study other people, particularly how they register emotions. Study the work of other film actors, and in addition study the possibilities and the limitations of screen work.

It always amuses me to hear persons who don't know anything about it repeat the hackneyed phrase: "Motion pictures have unlimited possibilities." If that is true, they also have unlimited handicaps as well, and it is these that the girl who wants to be a success in picture work must consider.

The actor on the legitimate stage has

A star should combine the dramatic ability with the capacity for getting around and doing stunts.

sion he is after. He has only himself as he really is—and the camera is a startling revealer of physical defects—in addition to whatever personality or magnetism he has to help him in putting across what he really wants to get over to his audience.

For this reason it is my claim that the actor of the screen must be more of an artist than the actor on the legitimate stage. For when the latter appears in an ordinary performance, if he does poorly he can remedy his acting another time by profiting by the advice of his friends, the criticism of the newspaper critics, and he can have the benefit of the constant advice of a good stage director.

When an actor appears on the screen, or, rather, when his picture is taken and thrown on the screen, it is immutable. And so it remains, as long as the picture is shown. The impression he has made as an actor may be good, bad, or indifferent, but no matter how much he himself can see his own mistakes in the picture, he cannot change it.

"You must be able, on the slightest pretext, to throw yourself into the situation and live all kinds of parts."

When I began my screen work most of the directors had the idea that it was action that carried pictures, instead of acting. Dramatic ability did not count for so much as the ability to move around and do stunts. To-day there has to be a combination of both. You have to act, you must have personality to get the situations over, and then, if you have the ability to do stunts, to put up a good fight and stand the game, you will get over.

By study I don't mean so much that you should go to dramatic school, although this helps mightily, as it gives you an idea of how to express emotions, and trains you to bring certain facial muscles into play when the director tells you to register sadness, gladness, madness, or badness—but I mean study yourself diligently before a mirror at least one hour a day. Don't get up in front of the mirror and think how nice you are, how pretty you are, but look at yourself from the point of view of the most critical director and the most crabbed individual in the audience. Go to the motion pictures, study not only the picture, but the faces of the persons in the audiences around you. See whether the action of the actors really gets over—comes right off the screen and affects the audiences as it was intended to affect them.

Then, when you are studying yourself before the mirror, pick out, in your mind, the man in the audience who looked the picture of gloom—who looked as though nothing on earth or in the movies pleased him—and try to figure to yourself what you would do to get over the same action as the girl on the screen, so that he would be won by it.

When you go at this work seriously and critically you will get your first idea of how discouraging it is, and how dif-

ficult it is to be an actress. Most girls think it is just a mere matter of looking pretty, wearing nice clothes, and walking into the hero's arms.

When you start to study before the mirror you will find that your hands and your feet loom larger and bulk bigger than you ever thought they would, could, or did. What to do with the hands is one of the big problems of the motion-picture actress. So many times they hang down like knobs at the end of two dead sticks—your arms. You try to move them naturally and gracefully, and you are conscious of the desire to do so, but you move them awkwardly and uncertainly. Study the motion of your hands. They are eloquent if used properly. Watch how actresses on the stage and on the screen use their hands, and, while not affecting their mannerisms, try to use your own hands in a graceful and natural manner.

Few girls know how to walk gracefully. They lumber along, and the camera reveals all defects along this line. No matter what natural ability for acting a girl may have, if she cannot walk across a stage gracefully, if she is clumsy, she must overcome these defects before she can hope to attain to the heights of stardom. Here again the girl should put herself through a rigid training before she goes into acting or into the motion-picture game, and this training will stand her in good stead. The most graceful animals in the world are the tigers. They have forms of well-muscled sleekness, and they move with ease and grace. These animals have healthy bodies because they do not stuff themselves with dainties; they eat only when they are hungry, and they have to scramble so hard for what they do eat that there is no chance for them to acquire layers of useless fat. If the average girl would eat less and take plenty of healthy outdoor exercise, there would be more opportunity for her in the motion-picture game than there is at the present time.

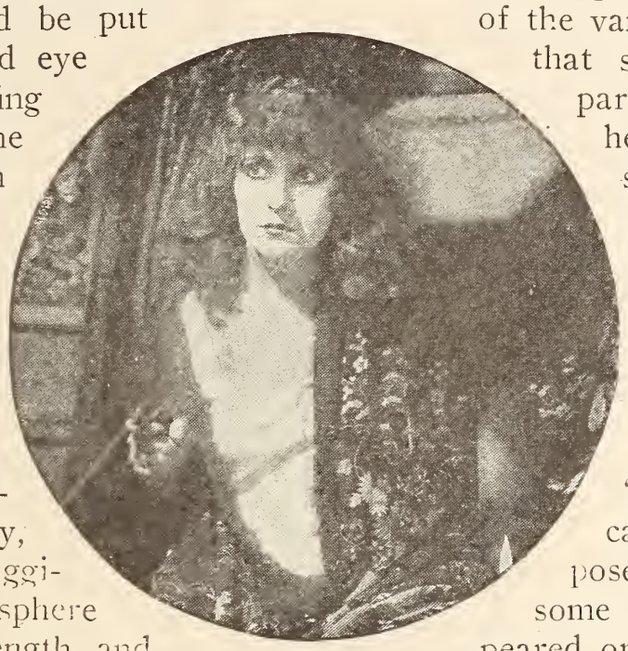
To become a really good actress, you must always act a part except when you are really acting. In other words, you must put yourself into all kinds of situations and rôles, and be forever considering the possibilities of characterizations you will or might be called upon to play. Then, when you go before the camera you are not taking the part of the character; you are that person herself.

My first two precepts to the budding star would be—become healthy and become graceful.

The third precept is—become a good soldier. The director is your commanding officer. He gives orders you are supposed to obey to the best of your ability. If he

Pearl White is a glowing example of her own rules for health, which include riding, swimming, plenty of gymnasium exercise, and a well-regulated, rather scanty diet.

is a good director, he will try to bring out whatever latent possibilities there are in you. He will give you the scenario to study, will let you put yourself in the rôle of the character you are playing, and will let you show him how you think it should be put over. If his trained eye sees that it is not going to register on the screen, he will coach you, telling you what you must do until you are perfect. Here is where good health comes in. It is sometimes trying to work in a hot studio on a sweltering summer day, when there is a mugginess in the atmosphere that saps your strength and you have to work under hot electric lights. If you are not healthy your temper gets worn to a frazzle, you think the director captious, you think your fellow players a bunch of dubs. You want to be any place but the place where you are after you have rehearsed the same scene for three or four hours, and the director is still dissatisfied with the way it is done.



Being physically fit is necessary for the nervous strain of an exacting part.

If you have good health and strength, you are more easily able to keep your temper, figuring that it is all in a day's work. If you lack this essential you become nervous and go to pieces. The result is that, when the director casts for another picture, he remembers you all right—but he remembers to leave you out in the cold.

You may think that you have beautiful neck and shoulders, and want to show them, but it is best to consider and study how to show them in a natural way, instead of showing your neck as a swan would show its neck. I knew one girl, a local beauty, who had been told by her many friends that her neck was beautiful and graceful. When she got into the pictures she spoiled the first production she was in by the way she maneuvered her neck. Another girl I knew was supposed to take the part of the vampire. She believed that she could play this part best by drawing her head down and shoving her shoulders upward. She looked deformed on the screen. And this posture was taken against the protest of the director. The girl "got by" with it because she was supposed to be an actress of some ability, but she appeared on the screen as lacking a neck.

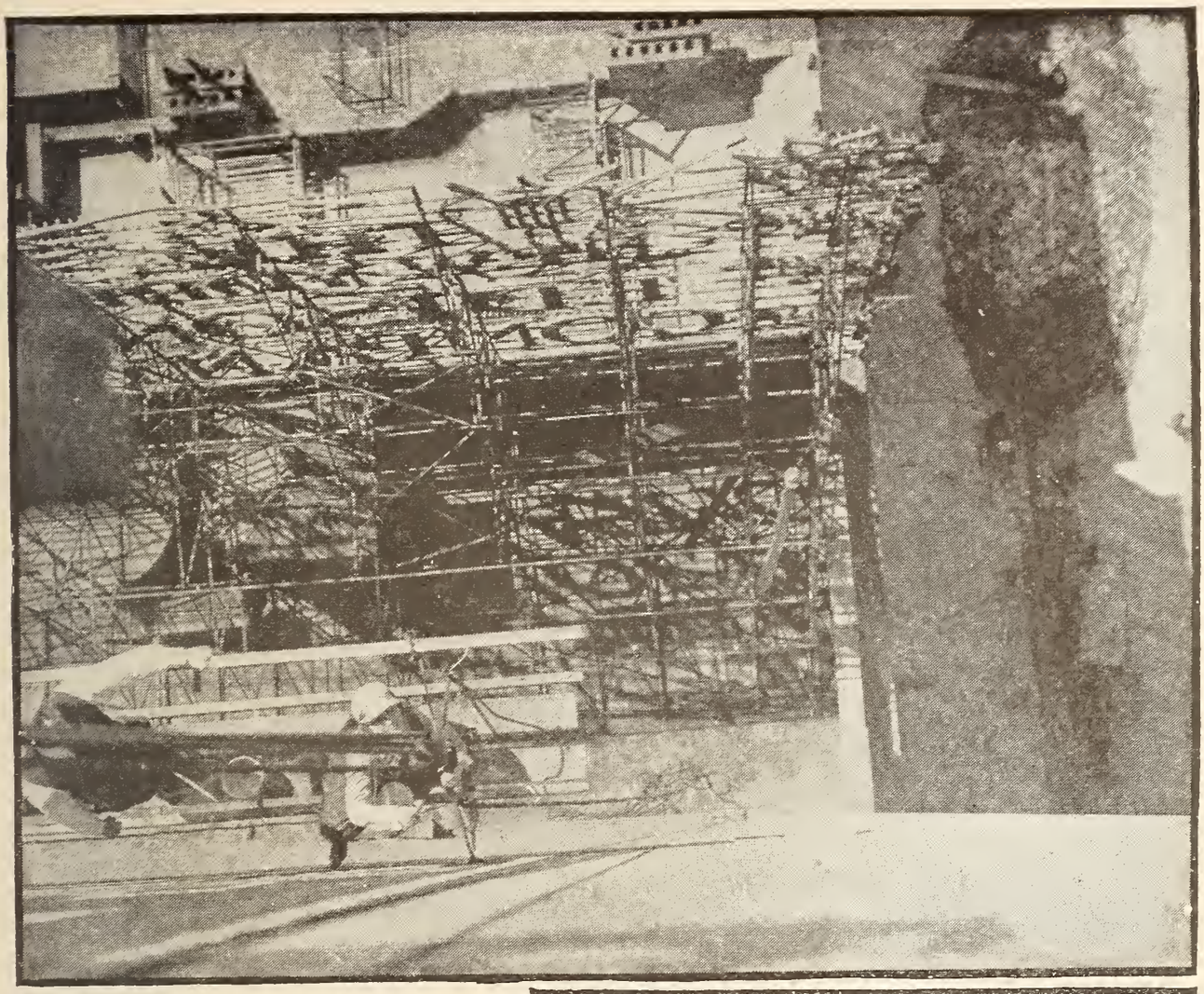
From dubdom to stardom is, in most instances, a long, long journey. You will find your best helps on the way to be your own critical eye, the critical eye of a friendly director, the mirror before which you must register and keep on registering thousands of different kinds of emotions, and a good constitution. You must be able to "emote" on the slightest pretext. You must be able to throw yourself into any situation, conceive you are the victim of any kind of circumstances, and live all kinds of parts.

If you don't know how to ride horseback or swim, you should learn at once, for in these days there is not so much doubling—the substituting of a trained athlete for the principal—as there formerly was in motion pictures. Nowadays the lead plays the part right straight through. Boxing lessons will help you, particularly if you are going in for serial work. Even if you are not, they will help keep you in trim.

For Publicity

What won't they do to keep in the spotlight?

By J. B. Waye

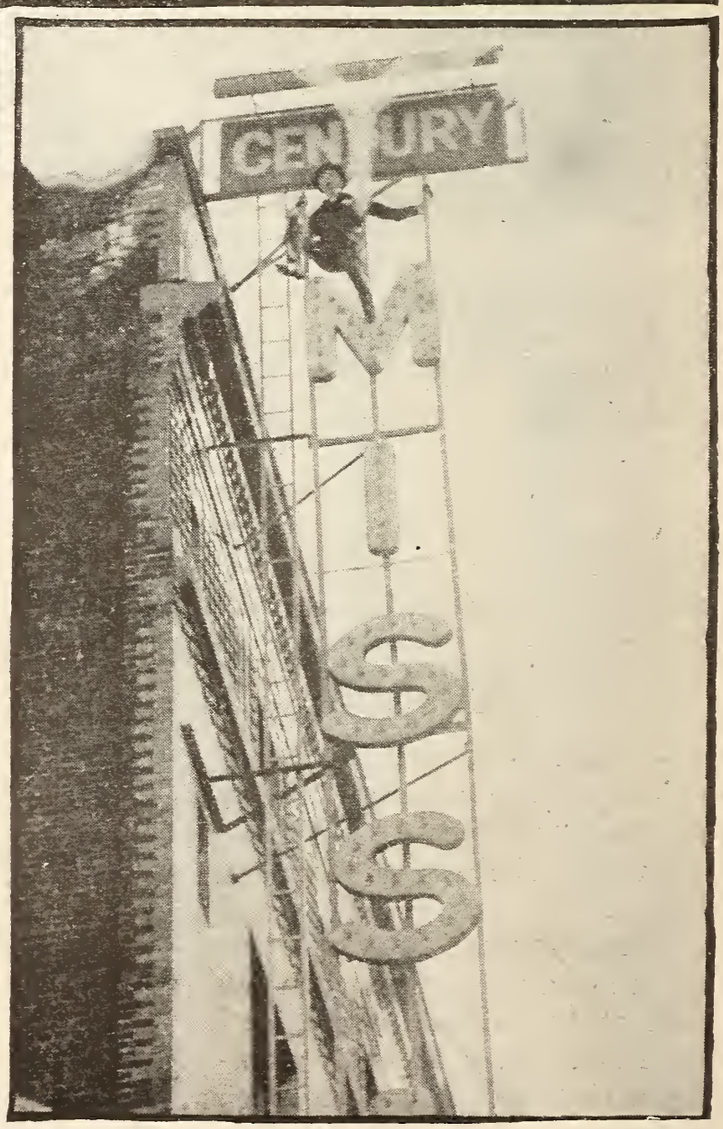


HAIR-RAISING stunts are performed every day by picture folk for that much-desired reward—a press notice.

The look of terror on the face of Owen Moore, above on the opposite page, might well have been real. He was hanging from the Harlem River Bridge, in New York City, at a height that was really perilous.

Virginia Pearson, below, smiled as she posed with the elephant. "But please don't tickle his toes," she begged the zoo keeper.

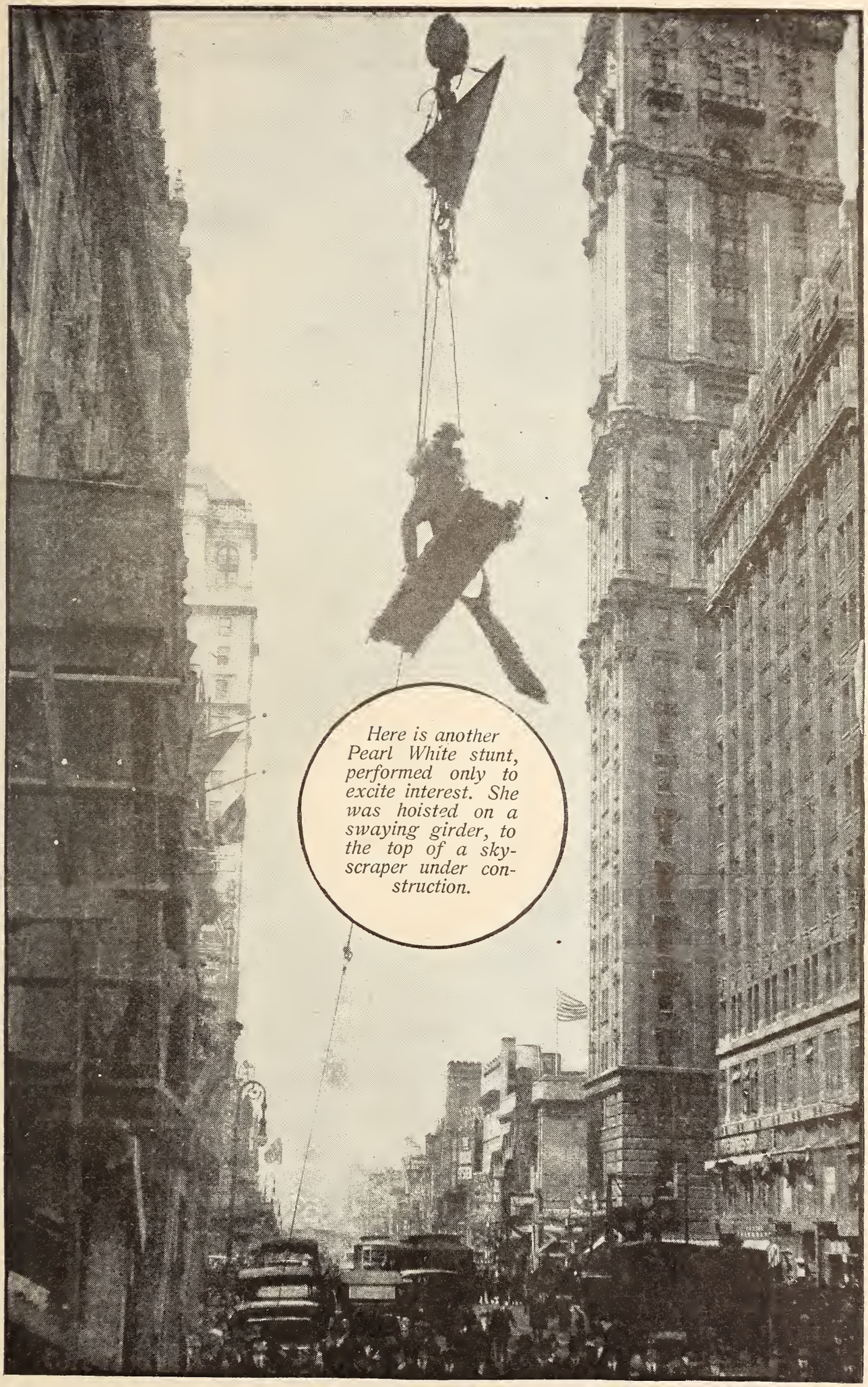
Fancy yourself leaning from the top of a skyscraper when you look at the picture above, and see Pearl White at work painting a sign while swinging high in mid-air. The sign was to stimulate recruiting. It also ad-



vertised Pearl. Below her, "Doug" is up to one of his stunts for the very same reason. What other object could he have for climbing a flagpole? And you observe that he saw to it that the photographer was on hand.

Mrs. Vernon Castle has acquired a reputation as a performer of thrilling athletic feats that almost equals her fame as a dancer. Above you may observe her attracting attention by climbing down the side of a house on a narrow rope ladder.

Sym N. de Conde, not being an electrician, could hardly have climbed out onto the sign of the Century Theater, New York City, for any other purpose than to do something out of the ordinary, which might be the means of spreading his name and fame.


Here is another Pearl White stunt, performed only to excite interest. She was hoisted on a swaying girder, to the top of a sky-scraper under construction.

The Observer

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

Business is Sound

AT irregular but frequent intervals of late we have heard howls of anguish from certain film magnates who claim that the motion-picture industry is going to the dogs, followed by whoops of joy from other manufacturers who criticize their opponents' business judgment and exclaim that the business is healthy and is running speedily along a straight, though perhaps a bumpy, road. This verbal sparring is interesting, but when one examines it and gets down to facts, what is the reason for it? The motion-picture industry is not in bad condition, for its two important features, supply and demand, which are the pillars that keep any industry going, are very sound and are not likely to experience any sudden changes.

The common question, "What effect will the war have upon the business?" is best answered by pointing to France and England. People in those two countries are even more anxious to see pictures now than they ever were, because they must have relaxation, and motion pictures represent the only form of good entertainment which they can and are willing to afford. As no more pictures are being made abroad, American films never before brought such high figures as those for which they are selling to-day. So long as the producing end here is able to manufacture the supply, the industry is in no danger. The demand exists and will continue to do so. There is considerable chaos within the business, but that is a matter of mechanical detail—mere clerical work. Some of the manufacturers' organizations have a cold and think that the whole business has pneumonia.

"Over the Top"

ONE of the biggest announcements of recent days is that of Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey's signing a contract to appear in a special feature to be called "Over the Top." The story of this man, and the book which he wrote upon returning from the trenches in France, has been one of the year's sensations. Empey is an American who volunteered for service with the British expeditionary forces in France after the sinking of the Lusitania. Upon his return, after eighteen months in the trenches, he lectured here, collecting large sums for organizations devoted to the comfort of the soldiers abroad. He received a number of vaudeville and stage offers, but as he put it, he "had no desire to make a show of the sufferings which the American soldiers and their allies are undergoing in the cause of civilization."

He consented to appear in pictures in the hope that a picture correctly produced might help to further awaken America to a full realization of the situation abroad. Empey's motives are patriotic, and, after being shown how he could serve the cause by appearing on the screen, he readily consented to do so. It has taken a long time for the executives in Washington and the military and naval officials to realize the strength of the motion picture, but they see it now and count it as their most valuable aid. The missions intrusted to ambassadors scarcely equal the achievements which the motion pictures are now expected to accomplish for the government.

Pictures of much the same spirit as that in which Empey will appear are circulated constantly in foreign countries which need to be convinced that America is in this war to see it to a finish. President Wilson said that the motion picture would have been of more use in Russia than a hundred thousand troops. Once the newspaper was supreme, but now the film is the purveyor of official announcements and public sentiment; it talks in a language that every one can understand.

Better Productions

MANY good pictures are being made, but the number of these, compared to the total number produced, shows a percentage of good ones much too small. Fewer pictures would mean better pictures, and better pictures would run long enough in theaters to make it possible for fewer pictures to meet the demand. But how is a manufacturer to determine what kind of pictures he ought to make? In other words, how is he to know what the theater patrons want? He obtains some small idea from his record of bookings, but this is a haphazard method at best. The solution of the problem lies with the public.

If the people will write or tell the theater manager what kind of pictures they would like to see, or what pictures they have seen and liked, he will soon be able to gauge the desires of his patrons. Audiences are pretty much alike, whether they see pictures regularly in Sioux Falls or attend the weekly exhibition in the picture theater in Harrison, Maine; and in time, from the reports from exhibitors, the manufacturer will know the types of pictures which are most in favor. Keeping the manager of your local theater in touch with your picture appetite will insure you from being bored by a picture which to you is flat, or one that you find offensive, and your reports will furnish a guide to the producer whose thought in making a picture is that it be to your liking.

The Home of the Film

A NEW YORK magazine recently printed some startling information in an article pertaining to the opening of the Rivoli Theater, Broadway's newest playhouse, devoted to motion pictures. It quoted the aggregate rentals of the Rialto, Strand, and Rivoli Theaters as approximating $45,000, $128,000, and $34,000 respectively, a sum total of $208,000. When we consider that three motion-picture theaters located within a stretch of seven blocks in the greatest theatrical district in the world can afford to pay this enormous amount for ground space, we gasp for breath.

Eight or ten years ago, the only places in which pictures were shown were old store buildings, tents, and vaudeville theaters, where they filled obscure places

on the programs. At that time, when a man was inspired to become an exhibitor of motion pictures, he usually had the front of a store broken in, covered the foyer with tin and lithographs, and called it a theater. Even now, in hamlets and in mining towns, this method is followed; but as a feature of city life this grizzled old specimen is all but extinct.

The opening of the Rivoli carries a great deal of significance both in motion-picture and financial circles. That the theatergoing public of New York welcomes this big house of 2,360 seating capacity, when the playhouses are literally begging for patronage, is surprising. Over twenty so-called legitimate theaters grace the half-rate list regularly, while the Strand, Rialto, and Rivoli, right in their neighborhood, are packed four or five times each day. The motion-picture theater has long been considered a good investment by bankers, but as a rule only in a small way. The opening of the Rivoli, in the face of such strong competition, proves that the financial interests are willing to demonstrate materially their regard for the motion-picture business at a time when money is distressingly cautious. The impression which this evidence will make on bankers throughout the country doubtless will be great. The film industry has stumbled often and probably will make other false steps in the future. But through it all it maintains its equilibrium and each time settles down on a firmer foundation.

Seeing Pictures Made

NEARLY every one who sees motion pictures is excited by a curiosity as to how they are made. It is natural that they should be. Many things happen upon the screen which are mystifying. Many apparently impossible feats are enacted too plainly to allow a suspicion of trick photography, so it is to be expected that people within reach of a studio will apply for admission behind the scenes.

This is not much of a problem in and around New York, partly because the city is so disinterested in the happenings within it, and partly because most of the studios' locations are not easily reached. But in the West, where the film colony ranks with the Grand Cañon as one of the sights, the matter of allowing people into the studios has been given a great deal of thought. Nearly all of the companies extended this courtesy until they could stand the strain no longer, and then some of them excluded visitors entirely. One or two of them which were more inaccessible continued the privilege, and a few charged admission. This latter method diminished the crowd to reasonable numbers for a while, but finally even that had to be given up.

So now those who visit California, anticipating seeing pictures made while there, are often disappointed and sometimes they take the refusal to heart. If they were to take into consideration the disorganization visitors cause, they probably would not feel this way about it. Players are at a great disadvantage in working in a "cold" set where they must stay within the lines, keep the action before the camera, and at the same time feel the spirit of their parts. Add to this the natural embarrassment which comes from acting before people, especially when they are laughing, talking, or moving about, and throw in for good measure the disconcerting racket made by the stage carpenters, and you have a whole bag full of trouble. The only disturbing element that can be eliminated is the audience, and the manufacturers are therefore wisely closing their studios to visitors.

Imitators

IMITATION is the respect that the commonplace pays to the exceptional. It is pleasing for a person to know that he is worthy of being imitated, but beyond that it is a nuisance. People who imitate do so from a desire to share in a market created by the other fellow, and in their larceny there is no consideration for the artist whom they are endeavoring to bring down to the level of their own production. Stars ought to have legal recourse to protect themselves from those who would stamp as cheap and common what they have made an art. No doubt the public would also be relieved if the performances of bungling imitators of clever favorites were not forced upon them from the screens of the theaters.

As soon as Chaplin gained recognition for his type of comedy and had started on the road to reward and fame, at least five other shuffling, mustached duplicates, male and female, made their appearance in pictures. These doubles thinned out in time to one or two. Chaplin's pictures furnish them with their lead, and they struggle along in an alleged humorous way in his wake, reaching the screens of theaters which will not pay for really good product but try to satisfy the Chaplin demand of their patrons with something "just as good." Previous to Fairbanks' début into pictures, there was no athletic, smiling American type on the screen, or at least there was no one character which was recognized as the ideal, red-blooded American we like to see and read about. Fairbanks established a certain type, and now several actors are trying to help him supply the demand for the kind of picture he made popular.

Mary Pickford has had, and still has, a number of followers on the screen, girls whose companies have them shake down their curls and practice the winsome smile and cute mannerisms which are known as Pickford characteristics. A certain film-manufacturing concern has a duplicate for about every successful star and troupe in pictures. They do not experiment themselves, but wait until some one else strikes an idea, and then launch their parallel. There must still be ideas and types which have not yet been developed for the screen. Genius will from time to time create these new ideas and types, and then "copy cats" will get busy again, unless the present order of things changes.

Stage Stars and the Screen

ONE by one the celebrities of the speaking stage have entered the realm of the cinema, until now there are not more than ten—perhaps not more than four or five—actors and actresses of note who have never appeared upon the screen. A theatrical publication which has long maintained that the motion picture is a poacher in thespian preserves, and which has taken a fiendish glee in censuring the actors who have left the stage for the film studio, printed an article not very long ago in which it centered imaginary glory about David Warfield, Fred Stone, and one other personage of the stage for having dignity and sense enough to keep out of pictures. The editor evidently did not know that before his publication went to press the very persons he was eulogizing for confining their talents to the stage had entered into negotiations with members of the motion-picture industry and would probably appear in pictures as soon as their contracts allowed.

The magazine's claim that celebrities belittle themselves and their ability by entering pictures is wrong. Talent as great as David Warfield's should not be

limited to the small scope of the stage. It may be that this famous actor will not be as effective on the screen as he is behind the footlights. Only the result of the test will tell. Certainly his wonderful talent should be recorded on film and made available to the people in the small towns who will never have a chance to see Warfield on the stage. Opera stars, when first approached by the phonograph companies, thought that they would cheapen themselves were they to have their voices recorded, but none of them feel so to-day. It took some little time to get the stage stars to look upon pictures seriously, but they finally came around to the broader point of view. The few now who have not yet acted before the camera probably will do so within a short time.

Screen and Politics

ARTHUR BRISBANE, editor of the New York *Evening Journal,* was quoted once as saying, at a gathering of motion-picture people: "The time will come when the motion picture will be the greatest factor in politics, and then we newspaper editors will be back numbers and unimportant." Recent political campaigns make it seem as though that time were close at hand. Political parties urging the election of a candidate for any important public office these days invariably include the motion picture as a means of circulating their campaign propaganda.

Mr. Brisbane in his speech said that in the political campaign of to-morrow we would view motion pictures in which we would see the city "boss" eating beans with his knife, enjoying the idleness of autocracy, and riding home in his big limousine, while the ordinary citizens swung from the straps of crowded subway trains and street cars. Possibly the to-morrow of which he spoke is the next step in the evolution of political progress, for the destructive film argument has not as yet been used. The constructive, testimonial kind, however, has worked wonders for candidates.

Pictures have been made showing men who have been nominated for office performing the duties of their past positions, at home with their families, engaged in sports; and the display of these films has been very effective. During the few minutes required to project the film on the screen people were shown the candidate's appearance of ability, the honest and wholesomeness of his pursuits, and were convinced that he held the home as dear and sacred. Later on, we will probably see pictures with the undesirable traits of the opposition shown in contrast. It is done now in print, and there is no reason why the parties cannot be just as daring and more effective in the use of the motion picture.

A Petticoat Pilot

South Harniss was like most any sleepy little Cape Cod town till the girl with go and grit came along and shook it broad awake.

By Gorman West

"WHAT'S goin' to become of that child?" was upon every lip in Ostable, from Mrs. Judge Baxter to the village simpleton. Mary-'Gusta herself was the least concerned of all. The death of her father—properly speaking, her stepfather—Captain Marcellus Hall, meant nothing to the little girl, except that he had gone to a

"Oh, Crawford!" she cried. "Dear Crawford, this is all wrong."

place where he was to be happy forever and ever, and that it was strange people should act so sorrowful about it. What interested her most was that the "best parlor" was to be opened for the funeral, and a crowd of folks coming. Moreover, she was an orphan on both sides now, and that lifted her out of the common plane. She felt something of the lonely grandeur of her estate.

Mary-'Gusta, the "queer young one," as she was called in Ostable, was sitting in the old dilapidated surrey in the Hall barn, playing with her dolls and David, the tortoise-shell cat, while preparations for the funeral service were under way at the house. That rickety surrey was her favorite retreat, where she lived in a world of her own, and where she staged all her childish stories and dramas. At will, it was her gypsy tent, her store, her prison, or enchanted castle. She was thinking of heaven and picturing the meeting of her mother and Captain Marcellus, when she was startled back to reality by a raucous voice demanding to know where on earth she was. It was the cross-grained housekeeper, Mrs. Hobbs, looking for her.

Mary-'Gusta was sitting in the old surrey, playing with her dolls.

"Here I be," called back Mary-'Gusta. "I'm a-comin'."

"I've been hunting all over creation for you," cried Mrs. Hobbs irascibly. "Come right along into the house. It's high time you was gettin' ready for the funeral."

The child noticed that the housekeeper had on her best clothes.

"Do folks dress up for funerals?" asked Mary-'Gusta.

"What a question!" exclaimed the woman. "The idea!"

"I didn't know. I—I've never had one." The little girl wished to placate the irascible lady.

"Mercy sakes! Never had one! Just listen to the child!" Mrs. Hobbs had fresh cause for her annoyance.

However, Mary-'Gusta was taken in hand and arrayed fittingly for the solemn occasion, new black stockings and two black bows on her "pigtails" being the particular symbols of her grief. Mrs. Hobbs put her on the haircloth sofa in the "back settin' room" off the parlor and warned her against making a move or daring to say one word.

The mourners arrived in a steady stream. Among them were two former partners of the deceased, who had driven over from South Harniss to pay their last respects. Zoeth Hamilton was a quiet, soft-voiced, middle-aged man, who gave the impression of sorrow sustained by religion, of resignation tinc-

tured with sweetness; Captain Shadrach Gould, on the contrary, was a hearty, blustery fellow, whose quick temper and peppery tongue were more than offset by his kindliness. Years ago they had gone into partnership with Marcellus Hall and another, Edgar Farmer, and had prospered until the fourth member of the firm, Farmer, had absconded with their capital and never was heard of again. At present Mr. Hamilton and Captain Shadrach kept the general store in South Harniss, a characteristic Cape Cod emporium which supplied everything to the town, including credit, and were highly respected citizens.

She supervised the polishing of their boots.

Mary-'Gusta was watching the assembling company with intent curiosity. There were many extra camp chairs in the rooms for the guests, but she was wondering apprehensively if any one would take the "music chair." It had been pushed back in a corner out of the way, but the little girl was held fascinated by the thought of what would happen should one of the persons present seat themselves in it. Under its upholstered seat was a music box that played the tune of "The Campbells Are Coming" when one sat down. Once the mechanism had been controlled by a catch in one of the arms of the chair, but the catch had been broken by Mary-'Gusta after she last wound the music box. So at the present grave moment the chair was ready to greet its occupant with its lively jingle. Mary-'Gusta gasped at her reflections, and would have tried to do something to warn the folks, only Mrs. Hobbs' severe injunction held her mute. She did jump off the haircloth sofa in her excitement, but the "soothy" undertaker put her back. When Mrs. Hobbs seated herself beside the child, Mary-'Gusta could not contain herself.

"Oh, Mrs. Hobbs!" she whispered tremulously. "Oh, Mrs. Hobbs!"

"Sshh!" said the woman. "Be still!"

"But—please, Mrs. Hobbs——"

"Sshh, I tell you!"

At that moment Captain Shadrach put his burly body into the music chair. Immediately the tune tinkled out about "the Campbells are coming, hurrah, hurrah," and there was consternation on every face. Somebody tittered. Captain Shadrach arose as if he had sat on a tack, and his bald spot blazed a fiery red. The undertaker came to the rescue and fought with the refractory catch on the arm of the chair. It

was no use. Blithely the music box tinkled on. Finally he carried out the music chair. Mrs. Hobbs almost collapsed. Mary-'Gusta was white and frightened. She felt guilty. The minister cleared his throat and began the service.

Nothing more untoward happened, and the funeral rites were soon over. Judge Baxter invited Captain Shadrach and Zoeth Hamilton to his office. To their utter astonishment, the judge read them a letter from the dead man, in which he begged them to take care of Mary-'Gusta. The letter reminded the two men of old times and ties, when the firm of Hall & Co. had been a happy; successful partnership, founded as much on friendship as on commercial benefit. The will of Marcellus was also read by Judge Baxter, wherein, aside from small bequests, everything was left to his stepdaughter, Mary Augusta Lathrop. General opinion had it that Captain Marcellus Hall was well off, and that Mary-'Gusta would be an heiress to considerable property. But Judge Baxter told Captain Shadrach and Mr. Hamilton that not much was left of the rumored fortune, so that Mary-'Gusta virtually needed some one to support her.

These revelations were as extraordinary as unexpected. Zoeth Hamilton listened without comment for the most part, but one could see he was greatly disturbed. Captain Shadrach put his feelings into vociferous words.

"Heave to!" he interrupted. "Come up into the wind a minute, for mercy sakes! Do you mean to say that me and Zoeth are asked to take that young one home with us and take care of her and dress her and—and eat her and bring her up and—and—— Was Marcellus out of his head? Was he loony?"

Judge Baxter admitted it was an unusual legacy—a little girl for two men advanced in years to bring up—but he considered the fact that the late Marcellus Hall had thought more of them than of any other living being.

"Jumpin' fire!" broke in Shadrach.

"Hush, Shadrach!" said Zoeth. "We must give thought to this matter."

"I swan to man if it don't beat all!" cried the irrepressible captain.

"Poor little critter!" mused the gentle Zoeth, thinking of Mary-'Gusta.

Pro and con they weighed the matter, and then decided to have the child come to them for a visit. They drove back to the Hall house. Here they found Mrs. Hobbs in a temper. She was fuming over the music-box incident at the funeral service. Mary-'Gusta was nowhere in sight. Shadrach and Zoeth made known their errand. The housekeeper was properly amazed at the news. Search for Mary-'Gusta led to the barn and the old surrey. She had gone for consolation to her dolls and David. They found her frightened and sobbing. Because of the awful music-chair accident, Mary-'Gusta was afraid of being arrested, and, to add to her fears, Mrs. Hobbs had told her that Captain Shadrach would surely knock her head off. This bit of information sent the explosive mariner into a paroxysm.

"Hush, Shadrach!" cautioned his partner, taking the child on his knee.

"By fire!" swore the captain. "I won't hurt you for nothin', sis."

Mary-'Gusta was reassured and comforted. They asked her if she would like to come to South Harniss for a visit. The little girl thought it over seriously.

"I guess maybe I would," she said at length, "if I could take my dolls and David. I wouldn't want to leave David. Mrs. Hobbs don't like cats."

The men agreed to include her family in the visit. That journey to South Harniss was memorable. To the little girl it was an adventure into wonderland. To the two middle-aged men it was a responsibility fraught with un-

certainty and danger. To David, the cat, it was an imprisoned horror, for she—despite the name, David had been the mother of many kittens—was locked in a basket and knew not what was happening.

Perhaps it would be only fair to state that none of the others knew what was happening, either; for Mary-'Gusta was destined to play a leading rôle in their humble lives.

And she began on her part in a short time, too, and in a fashion that gave indication of her future importance. Captain Shadrach and Zoeth had a man for cook and general housework. Their store took all their time, and Isaiah Chase was lord of domestic affairs. Isaiah was long on grumbling and short on elbow grease, but he was devoted to his masters. The night of Mary-'Gusta's appearance Zoeth spoke gently of the spotted tablecloth, and Captain Shadrach backed him up, declaring it looked as if it were breaking out with the chicken pox. Isaiah, whose pet retort was a threat to leave their service, expressed himself according to formula.

"Give me that cat here," ordered Abner.

"I guess I could wash a tablecloth," said Mary-'Gusta meditatively. The three men were taken aback.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Captain Shadrach.

"Yes, sir, I do. And"—the youngster glanced at the silver—"I can scour knives and forks and spoons, too."

"Sho! Well, I cal'late you can," agreed Zoeth.

Mary-'Gusta proved her statement. She tackled the housework like an old-timer, and Isaiah could scarcely believe his eyes. Under her quick, tiny hands beds were made as he could not make them, floors were swept, dishes washed, and things in general kept spotless. She was daily a prodigy to Isaiah. And her advice and managing ability were as freely distributed as her manual labor.

"I never see a young one like that in this world," declared Isaiah.

Without seeming to direct matters, she even extended her activities to the "Hamilton & Co." store, and arranged the rather helter-skelter stock in neat order. To Captain Shadrach and Zoeth she offered some sage counsel. Some of the suggestions were, of course, childish, but they were an evidence of a busy, helpful brain. Of their personal appearance she was particular, and prescribed neckties and other haberdashery. She supervised the polishing of their boots, much to the men's amusement and pleasure. Before many

weeks had passed, Mary-'Gusta decided that having no relations was in some way a smirch on one's character. A playmate, Jimmy Bacheldor, had brought this to mind insultingly, and therefore she adopted Captain Shadrach and Zoeth Hamilton as uncles.

By this time her "visit" looked like a permanent one. Her stepfather's friends were won over. As for Mary-'Gusta herself, she enjoyed life in the South Harniss home. There was no nagging, disagreeable Mrs. Hobbs, and she had the beach and a wonderful attic for playgrounds. She had one interesting but guileful playmate, the aforesaid Jimmy Bacheldor, and they had splendid hours of make-believe. But Jimmy, while he liked the beach and attic well enough, found an irresistible attraction in the best parlor, which was forbidden territory, and often he got Mary-'Gusta into scrapes by persuading her to invade this sanctum with him. Once, by luring her into such disobedience, Jimmy Bacheldor was almost the cause of her being kept home from the Sunday-school picnic, which would have been hard on Mary-'Gusta, it having been the first to which she had had an invitation.

But the most tragic circumstance concerning Jimmy Bacheldor was when his father, Abner, threatened to kill David, the cat, for stealing chickens. This was a crisis in the life of the little girl. Abner Bacheldor, a shiftless fellow, with a large family, blamed David for raids on his chicken coop. He said he saw the cat kill a fowl, but Mary-'Gusta contradicted him, telling him he had mistaken the cat. She knew where David was at the very minute when Abner said he saw the animal at his depredations. Nevertheless, Abner, determined on his revenge, came to the home of the storekeepers and borrowed the gun belonging to Captain Shadrach. Isaiah, without knowing his murderous plan, lent him the rifle.

Mary-'Gusta was watchful and wary. She saw Abner skulking for a shot at David, and, catching the cat up into her arms, defied the man.

"If you shoot him you'll have to shoot me, too!" screamed the child. Her grip upon the cat tightened.

"Give me that cat, here!" ordered Abner. "He's been stealing our chickens, and I am goin' to kill him, by grab!"

"You shan't, you shan't, you shan't!" she cried frantically.

David himself—or herself—solved the question by escaping from the arms that held so fiercely, darting between Abner's legs before he could wink, and disappearing in the brush.

When Captain Shadrach heard of the affair, and learned it was his gun that Abner had had the audacity to borrow to kill his own cat with, his anger knew no restraint. He dashed over to the Bacheldor house and gave Abner "what for" in land and sea language, winding up his dissertation with a threat of annihilation if anything happened to David.

Later the captain questioned all parties connected with this dramatic episode, and discovered that Mary-'Gusta and Jimmy Bacheldor had been playing pirates in the forbidden best parlor at the time of the chicken stealing, and David had been one of their crew!

At play in the garret, Mary-'Gusta came across an old photograph showing the figures of Marcellus Hall, Zoeth Hamilton, Captain Shadrach Gould, and Edgar Farmer, the four partners in business of long ago—the business that the man named Edgar Farmer had ruined. Mary-'Gusta was curious about the traitor. She asked Isaiah for the story. But he was so "flabbergasted" by the photograph and the mention of Farmer's name that the little girl grew frightened. Isaiah wanted to tear up the picture, but Mary-'Gusta managed to save it and put it back in its place.

"Farmer was a dummed blackguard," said Isaiah, "and his name ain't never mentioned in this house. You mustn't ask any more questions." At the time, this event made a great impression on Mary-'Gusta, and she speculated a great deal on the probable fate of the blackguard.

But summers and winters came and went, she grew taller and more mature, and her place as assistant housekeeper was acknowledged even by Isaiah. And in the store her influence was dominant. She introduced new ideas, and became a clever saleswoman. It was in this capacity of seller that she first encountered Crawford Smith, a Harvard freshman, with whom she had an amusing experience. Crawford was visiting the Keiths, a fashionable family of the summer colonists, and he was "showing off" before one of the Keith daughters when Mary-'Gusta became aware of his existence. Too occupied with his own wit and worth, Crawford did not realize that he had sat down on a sheet of flypaper in his immaculate white flannels. Tactfully Mary-'Gusta maneuvered in getting the Keith girl out of the store, then rescued Crawford from what would have been painful humiliation before his admiring Keith audience of one. The boy was profoundly grateful for her kindness. Afterward he sent her a five-pound box of candy and a note in which he said:

"You were a perfect little brick."

Mary-'Gusta found herself interested in Crawford Smith, despite his rah-rah phase of development. There was something tantalizingly familiar to her about his face—as if she had met him before his advent in South Harniss. Of course this was impossible and ridiculous; nevertheless, the thought persisted, especially when Captain Shadrach agreed with her that the boy's face had a haunting quality. However, Mary-'Gusta was too busy managing the house, the store, and her menfolk to give much attention to such nebulous impressions.

And a great new life opened to her about this time. Her "uncles" insisted that she go to a select Boston "finishing school" kept by the Misses Cabot. She protested against the order, but for once the men had their way. The only consolation she could draw from this extravagant course was that her own money was paying for it. Mary-'Gusta had always remained under the illusion that her stepfather's fortune was being used in her behalf. Natives of Ostable and South Harniss had cultivated this idea in her from childhood—she had been Marcellus Hall's heiress. Neither Zoeth nor Captain Shadrach had undeceived her. So, after arguing out the matter of the finishing school with her uncles, she consented to go.

For nearly two years she had a glorious time, her body, mind, and soul expanding to their full flower. She boarded with an aristocratic old lady, Mrs. Wyeth, attended the school, met charming and cultured people, and renewed acquaintance with Crawford Smith. He, being a chum of the Keith son and heir, and the Keiths being related to Mrs. Wyeth, it all came about very naturally.

Crawford had matured to great advantage in the interim. He had become a football hero at Harvard, and intended to study medicine. Mary-'Gusta noted his improvement and growth with pleasure. She grew to like him. As for Crawford Smith, he made her his special confidante. He sought her society. With her he talked much of his father, who was a rich mining man, though not in good health. The son was devoted to his dad. They were close companions. It seemed that Smith, senior, had been married twice, Crawford being the child of the second marriage. His mother was dead. Crawford showed Mary-'Gusta a snapshot of his father. The son resembled

his father. And once more Mary-'Gusta was struck by the likeness of both father and son to somebody—somebody. Who could it be?

She was puzzled, but gave it up. Another source of wonderment was the attitude of the elder Smith toward his son's preference for the East. Crawford's father hated the East, and had implored his son to take up his medical course in the West after graduation at Harvard. The older he grew the more Edwin Smith appeared to dislike the East.

Crawford told Mary-'Gusta these troubles of his, and asked her advice concerning the study of medicine in the West. The young man himself preferred Harvard and the East. Mary-'Gusta told Crawford to obey the wishes of his father. She was firm as to that. Then Crawford told her of his love for her. Passionately he vowed himself her worshiper. But Mary-'Gusta held the torrent of his soul in check.

"We must wait, Crawford," she said, softly but determinedly. "You must think first of your career, and I must do a great deal yet for my uncles. There is plenty of time for us."

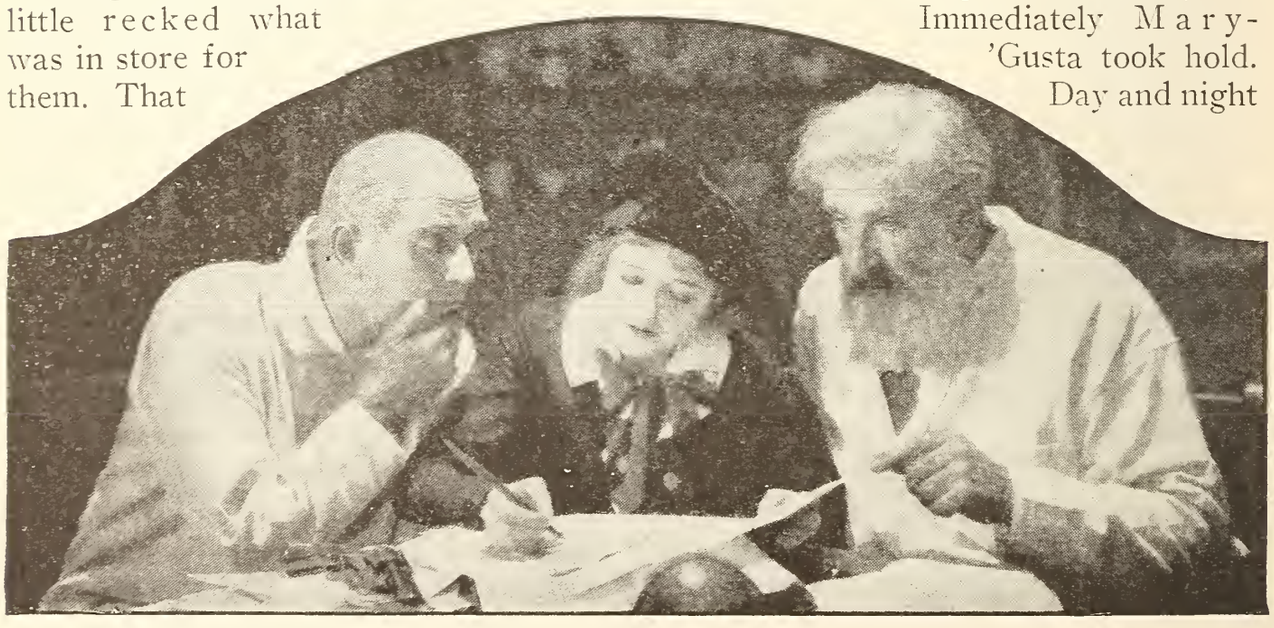
"Dear, will you wait?" cried Crawford eagerly.

She promised. But she little recked what was in store for them. That very night, at dinner with one of her wealthy girl friends, she learned from a stranger, who proved to be a big wholesale commission merchant, that Hamilton & Co., of South Harniss, faced bankruptcy. Mary-'Gusta could not credit her ears. Uncle Zoeth and Captain Shadrach had allowed her to take for granted their continued success. On her vacations home they had said nothing of financial worry or stress. It was incredible!

Yet it was true. Packing up her belongings, Mary-'Gusta took the first train she could get for Ostable and South Harniss. In the former place she stopped off to see Judge Baxter, who was the one who would know all about her fortune, as he had been her stepfather's lawyer and executor. From the old jurist she learned the truth. She had gone to Captain Shadrach and Zoeth Hamilton almost a penniless orphan. They had given her everything.

Her heart full of love and tenderness, Mary-'Gusta burst in upon her startled uncles. They realized that denial was useless. Shamefacedly they confessed. One would have thought they were guilty of heinous crime. As for business, there were rival stores in town now, and Hamilton & Co. were making slow headway.

Immediately Mary-'Gusta took hold. Day and night



Immediately Mary-'Gusta took hold, working day and night.

she worked with and without the assistance of the old fellows. Her energy and reformations were inexhaustible. Within a few months she had saved the business from failure. But there remained the difficult task of building it up again. Nothing daunted, Mary-'Gusta began on the job. Slowly the store took on an air of prosperity.

"Gosh-a-mighty ef she ain't a pilot!" exclaimed Isaiah.

"An admiral, by fire!" echoed Captain Shadrach.

Putting the store on a paying basis did not wholly satisfy the ambitions of Mary-'Gusta. She opened a tea and gift shop, original and quaint, and called it "The For'ard Lookout." After a few months of experimentation, it became a popular resort for the summer colony. Profits were large. But all the time in the back of Mary-'Gusta's mind lurked unhappy thoughts of Crawford Smith and his father, and her heart was heavy.

Letters from Crawford betrayed the fact that his father opposed bitterly any sort of friendship with Mary-'Gusta. The elder man appeared to his son as insane on the subject. It was altogether inexplicable.

But Mary-'Gusta solved the mystery among her dolls in the South Harniss attic. Looking at the faded old photograph of the four partners of Hall & Co., she came to the startling conclusion that Edwin Smith and Edgar Farmer were the same individual. Farmer had gone West with his ill-gotten money and multiplied his possessions. He was the father of Crawford.

Poor Mary-'Gusta resolved to keep the dreadful secret, save her uncles from the revelation, and toward that purpose deny herself love and happiness. The secret, however, was not solely in her keeping. Edwin Smith wrote Zoeth Hamilton a letter of disclosure, which resulted in a paralytic stroke to the gentle old man. For Edgar Farmer, alias Edwin Smith, was the man who not only ruined Zoeth financially, but had run off with his young wife.

Sorrow and sickness, however, were not confined to the South Harniss household. The father of Crawford died in the Western city he had chosen for his concealment, and before his death confessed to his son.

Undeterred by his grief or shame or horror, the young man came straight East to the little Cape Cod town that sheltered his sweetheart. He sought her out in the garden of her tea and gift shop, which was being dismantled for the winter season. Mary-'Gusta had been through purgatory. She was wan and wistful as she faced him.

"I *had* to come, Mary—I had to come—or go crazy!" faltered Crawford. He told her everything.

She listened, dazed and tearful. "Oh, Crawford!" she cried. "Dear Crawford, this is all wrong. It can't be. It mustn't be. Don't you see it mustn't? We have forgotten Uncle Zoeth——"

"Uncle Zoeth, the saint, will not keep us from our rightful happiness, Mary, I am sure." His arms were about her, his kisses upon her lips. And he told her the words of comfort which are repeated at such times.

Later, Uncle Shad more than confirmed the words of Crawford. "Bless your heart, dearie!" he said to Mary-'Gusta. "It's all right. Zoeth and me were talkin' about this very thing a little while ago. And do you know what he said? He said: 'What wrecked our lives thirty-five year ago shan't wreck these two lives if I can help it. If Mary-'Gusta cares for him, and he for her, they shall have each other and be happy. And we'll be happy watchin' their happiness.' That's what he said. I don't know as I said 'Amen!' exactly, but I thought it, anyhow. God bless you, Mary-'Gusta! Now, you and Crawford go an' see your Uncle Zoeth.

You just run along and tell him about it."

They did; and the lovable Zoeth, frail, but with the soul of a son of Heaven, gave them his blessing.

A voice came from the kitchen. It was the nasal falsetto of Isaiah lifted high in the old hymn:

"There shall be showers of blessin's,
Send 'em upon us, oh Lord!"

Mary Garden Entertains

IT seems to be quite the thing of late for friends of distinguished screen players to drop into the studios for a chat. Here is Mary Garden, snapped at the Goldwyn Studio, in company with two old friends, both stars of the operatic stage. The one at the right is Alice Neilson, famous to-day, and in the center stands Minnie Methot, a well known light-opera favorite of yesteryear.

Miss Methot was a fellow pupil of Miss Garden in Chicago, before either became known to fame, and in Paris they shared the same garret. Miss Neilson, during the visit, expressed a desire to appear in pictures, which seem to have an ever-increasing lure for the operatic songbirds.

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.

Write Clean Drama

When Miss Josephine Potee, who sings alto in the choir of the Bloom Center church, turns her attention to scenario writing—just decides to "dash off" a few plots for recreation during the long winter evenings—why does she persist in "dashing off" sex-problem plays? Miss Potee's maidenly cheeks would mantle with blushes should any one at the Ladies' Art Embroidery Club sessions call a "limb" by any other name. And yet—whisper it not in Gath—Miss Potee, placing pen to paper, will insist on writing the most erotic yarn that could ever pass Uncle Sam's mail-carrying department.

It is a deep, dark mystery, too! The fact, nevertheless, remains that most of the so-called "sex stuff" is written by coy maidens. Experienced editors of scenarios have remarked on this strange psychological fact. Nine times out of ten, when the risqué picture play comes tumbling into an editorial sanctum the return envelope bears the address of some lady who leads prayer meetings, and is president of the Bird Center Chatauqua.

I shall quote from a letter bearing on this subject, and written, no doubt, by a very estimable woman: "Why is it that firms in general do not wish stories dealing with certain sex problems? Yet they state that heart-interest material is needed? I find that heart interest in eight out of ten stories is conveyed through means of sex pictures. Can you explain this?"

Differ I must from this young lady's assertion that sex-problem plays are the heart-interest plays. It is true that one or two concerns specialize in sex stories, and it is also true that these companies are in no small way to blame for the rigorous censorship now effective for the motion-picture theaters in many cities and States, and the taxes and the politics incident thereto. There is, however, no place for sex stories on the motion-picture screen. With the possible exception of a few of the larger cities, the motion-picture theaters are patronized largely by women and children. Parents do not wish to see their children—their young girls—forming tastes for near-suggestive picture plots, and prejudice against the industry as a whole may develop through overproduction of sex stories.

Let those ladies who seem inclined to write the sex plays desist and write of other life problems. The sex play can be easily turned out by the hack writer on small salary. There are only two formulas—viz., the man and the two women, or the two women and the man. Write drama, but—take a tip—write clean drama.

As to Comedy

A well-meaning, but somewhat misinformed, correspondent writes that no movie firms seem to be willing to purchase comedy scripts, and that Keystone is refusing all outside contributions. The reason that many concerns specializing in slapstick comedy refuse outside contributions is easily given. It is because the "outside contributions" are not comic. To write movie slapstick comedy is the most difficult thing in the world. It isn't really written—it's rewritten, and then torn to pieces and produced all over again. We touched upon the production of comedy in a previous number in this magazine. It is really a waste of time to submit "slapstick" comedy to studios producing such plays. The scripts cannot be produced as written, and the ideas—well, once in a very long while there is an idea, but not often—not often!

Watch the Censor

In writing your motion-picture plots, do you keep the censors in mind? If not, why not? Do you know that several States and cities in this broad land of ours have boards of censors whose ways passeth understanding? Said boards, nevertheless, must be obeyed. For example, one board of self-constituted guardians of the public morals will not permit more than the merest flash of a snake to be seen on the screen. Down in Ohio the board objected, not so very long ago, to a close-up of the bandit Villa, said close-up appearing in a film news weekly. In a big Western city no scenes nor plays can be presented that show the police in an unenviable light. As for the actual showing of murder, arson, housebreaking, et cetera, these scenes are, of course, taboo, the restrictions being more or less severe according to rulings of various boards. It would be a good idea for would-be scenario writers to get in touch with the State boards of censorship of Ohio, Kansas, Pennsylvania, and the national board of censorship, New York City. The secretaries of these boards have printed admonitions, and it is well to get on the mailing list. Whether writing synopsis or continuity, the restrictions and rulings of the censors should be kept in mind.

"Screen Interpretation"

"Screen interpretation" is being studied by Monte Katterjohn, formerly of Boonville Indiana, now one of the elected writers of motion-picture continuity. The *Exhibitors' Trade Review* published a lengthy article from Mr. Katterjohn's pen recently. We take the liberty of quoting in part, so that those who write may read.

"When each subsequent scene, flash, and title constituted a step in the unfolding of a story, without interruption by fade-outs, iris-outs, or any of the other photographic transgressions, you have direct-action continuity," states Katterjohn. "A story with a multiplicity of plot episodes renders the picture utterly mechanical and loses the desired effect of realism—taxes the brain, in that it is difficult to understand, and permits unlimited padding. Direct-action continuity is ever intelligble. I cannot say as much for other methods of constructon. Why a picture story should be constructed in from fifteen to twenty-five, and sometimes thirty, episodes, is something I cannot understand. When the audience knows that a character is going to take a train for New York

City, and the real drama does not pick up again until that character is hitting it up on Broadway, it appears foolish to add a short episode showing the hero gazing out of the car window, dreaming of the sweetheart he left behind. Better to suggest his going to the big city and pick him up again on the job and about to launch out on his gay career. This is all the audience cares about.

"Direct-action continuity permits fewer episodes, with swift-moving action, each episode running never less than fifty scenes. In some instances episodes will run one hundred and fifty or even two hundred scenes without a break or photographic interruption of any sort. This is true in 'Madam Who,' also in 'Carmen of the Klondike.' Both of these pictures clarify my belief of what constitutes straightforward story-telling. Both are of seven-reel length, the first told in eight episodes and the second in seven. I employed direct-action continuity for the first time in 'The Flame of the Yukon,' and, I believe, with success. I had been fighting against the studio's rule of continuity structure for some time. The fade-out and the iris-out had long evoked my contempt. So, at a moment when every writer, even to the supervising director, were busied in their own work, 'The Flame of the Yukon' was written and ordered produced without the usual amount of close scrutiny. The result was gratifying.

"The day will come when we shall have five, six, or seven-reel pictures told without a single break in the story. There will be but one episode. I have not worked out this continuity to my own satisfaction as yet, but I have certain stories in mind, in the writing of which I shall try to improve to the point of employing but two or three episodes in a seven-reel story. This construction destroys the idea of introducing characters before they are needed; nor can there be two or three-plot threads being carried as distinct story divisions at one time. They all become a composite part of the whole, each character being introduced in order as the plot unfolds. This is hard to understand, nor can I explain it clearly."

Mr. Katterjohn truthfully asserts that picture producers have about attained the ultimate in sets, photography, acting, and stories. Money will not purchase better than we have. But there is room for a vast improvement in story interpretation; and the continuity writer and director are the only persons who can do this with any degree of judgment. It is a fact there are too many iris-ins and iris-outs in picture-play construction. We'd like to hear from our old friend, Pop Hoadley, and from others on this all-absorbing subject.

The "Shut-in" Lady

We consider this letter from a lady in a small Pennsylvania town worthy of special mention. She is but one of many who have been striving for success who, perhaps not physically strong, must find a means of livelihood. Many of these people have turned to the writing of motion-picture plays. Some few have met with success. The majority spend their savings with the "schools" and "professors" who prey upon the unfortunate and the credulous. Here is the letter from the Pottstown lady:

"Will you please advise me? It is five years since I wrote my first scenario, and it was rejected. Two people who should have known said it was above the average. I wrote others. They all came back. My guide was a book on scenario writing. I destroyed all my manuscripts and stopped writing until a

year ago. A New York literary bureau criticized one and offered to place it, I paying postage. It was rejected by ten companies, they said. Each time I write I think will be the last, and then a story runs through my mind, and I have to bring it to life. I have tried sending forth only a synopsis, and then again writing them out into scenes, subtitles, and in detail. Last June there was an article in a weekly magazine denying the stealing of plots. Later on a monthly magazine contradicted nearly everything the other publication said. The latter writer said they still stole them. According to him, it was useless to try to sell a photo play unless the author was prominent. Is there any honest person who will read a play and tell one if it is hopeless or not? I am afraid I am afflicted with the 'artistic temperament,' as all my tastes are artistic and literary. I have been a 'shut in' for years, because of spinal trouble, and have never seen a movie. Friends have told me of the plays they have seen. I've read the magazine stories. I have only one near relative, a sister, with whom I live, and I must support myself. My last story came back last week. Please pardon this long letter. I will more than appreciate your advice. To write or not to write?—that is the question. I live in a village that God forgot. If only I could get in touch with some one interested in photo-play writing and we could work together! I have a bunch of finished scripts. Oh, for the criticism of some one who knows!"

Isn't there some one of our large family of readers who can find time to correspond with this lady? We will gladly furnish her address. Our best advice to her is to try some other field of endeavor. To one who has never seen a picture much of the mechanics and the inspiration of photo-play writing must necessarily be lost. Just the same, if she has the "artistic temperament," if stories persist in running through her head demanding life—there is something that may bring results. More power to the lady of the "village that God forgot," and to those who may wish to help her!

The Best Way——

"I have for a long time had a great desire to write scenarios, short stories, et cetera, and am anxious to know where I can get proper instruction to help me go at it in the right way. What do you consider the best way to do—just go ahead and write my ideas and keep making a stab at it, or is there some plan to follow that will make my product more liable to be marketable? I realize that reading and criticizing scenarios of others would no doubt help." Go to it, old top! If you have ideas for stories, write 'em out in synopsis form and submit them. The only way to make your product marketable is to write the kind of stuff the producers long for!

The Synopsis

There seems to be a conflict or ideas regarding the meaning of the synopsis. We thought we had gone into this matter thoroughly, but we are going to devote additional space to it this month. As previously stated, the motion-picture synopsis should present clearly and concisely plot and action. If the synopsis is submitted with the continuity or "working script," it should clearly and concisely present the "high lights" of the continuity. It is best for new writers to submit synopsis only. Tell clearly, without "word paintings" or dialogue, just what your idea is,

the strong episodes of the plot, the climaxes, the locale, et cetera. Avoid "hints to directors" and such bunk. Submit your synopsis as you would a magazine story, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do not write personal letters to the editor telling him of your hopes and fears. He has hopes and fears of his own. If you have goods to bring to market, bring them attractively and in a businesslike way.

A Philadelphia lady writes: "I am puzzled to know how to arrange my synopsis. Hitherto I have made mine run along like a story, omitting description, and arranging events around the characters. I have used very little conversation, in some cases none. My five-reel synopses have run about two thousand words." In the main this conception of a synopsis is good. It is not necessary to use conversation or dialogue.

A Brockport, New York, attorney writes: "Will you kindly inform me whether, when you say that producers now want a synopsis only, you mean they want only a brief narrative? Or should the story be subdivided into acts and scenes with an outline showing just where each scene is laid, and in a very general way what is done with that particular scene?" The story should not be subdivided. It should be a synopsis in the true meaning of that word. To "divide into scenes" means continuity, and the layman cannot do this with success.

A Baltimore, Maryland, friend says "he has been discouraged at his ignorance of the technical end of the game." Why? Leave technique to those who have enjoyed years of studio training, and who yet occasionally fall down on technique. Have a story to tell in attractive form, and tell it. Leave the rest to others. The story is the thing. Douglas Fairbanks, as well as the others, is crying for good, original ideas appropriate for his line of work. The technician or the scenario writer, nine times out of ten, is written out. Yet he or she can take your idea and whip it into proper working form. So, you see, it is "fifty-fifty," and without your idea little can be accomplished.

This one comes from Winnipeg, Canada: "Having suddenly come upon what I think is a good plot for a photo play, I am writing you for advice concerning it. Is a synopsis without technical terms considered fit to submit for moving pictures? Is it advisable to put in subtitles? Do you think it advisable to submit, with the play, a pencil sketch to permit the reader to grasp detail of the plot easier? Can you let me have a sample synopsis." What do you mean by technical terms? Good common sense should teach you that one cannot submit "technical terms" without a working knowledge of technique. The less of "technical terms" the better! When writing and mailing a synopsis, leave subtitles, "pencil sketches," et cetera, alone. As we have said time after time, write a synopsis in narrative form, presenting your ideas as clearly as possible, and including all the strong points of your story. Avoid "the-sun-is-rising-in-the eastern-heavens" verbiage. Tell your *plot*—your *story!*

Here's a Detroit correspondent who remarks that she can write a very good idea for a motion-picture drama much better in synopsis form than otherwise, and do we think a company would accept a neatly written synopsis instead of a "model scenario?" Ye gods! And after all we have said! Dear lady, you cannot write a model scenario. It has never been done. No scenario in the broad world of ours was ever presented on the screen exactly as written. If you have an idea, forget about model scenarios, and just mail your idea, typewritten, to any of the dependable film companies. Read the motion-picture trade journals for the kind of stories being released by the various companies.

Minneapolis writes that she finds it rather difficult to crowd a five-reel photoplay story into a synopsis of two or three pages. Three pages of typewritten copy means about fifteen hundred words. If your story will not go into three pages, put it into four pages, or five pages. Do not take us too literally. When we urge you to write briefly and clearly, we do not mean to cut out your action, plot, and climaxes. We mean to avoid "word paintings" and unnecessary words. If it takes five pages to outline your idea—then five pages be it!

It Can Be Accomplished

A Virginia lady asks if it is possible to collaborate successfully in writing for the pictures. Certainly it is. There are several notable examples. For one, there is Arthur B. Reeve and Charles Logue. Reeve dopes out the plots and Logue writes the motion-picture continuity. Their serials net them each a good income. Teamwork is frequently of value. The Virginia lady writes: "I wonder, Mr. Wright, if it could be possible that among all the motion-picture playwriting people there is such a thing as collaboration? I have several stories that could be collaborated upon. I have wondered if some one would join me in my work? I can prepare the story for the director, as I have made that a study. I can write the short synopsis or the long story in synopsis form. I would like to divide profits. Some one who is in touch with the markets and can write continuity." We have numerous requests such as this one. If you can collaborate successfully, write this lady in care of this department.

The Hall of Fame

Giles R. Warren, who invented the rejection slip when first scenario editor of the old Imp Company, seven years ago, has joined the New York scenario staff of Pathé.

Marc Edmund Jones and his wife, Lela Lebrand, are freelancing.

Horace Vinton, long-time editor of the American Company, is now in Toledo, Ohio, in the publicity game.

Bert Adler, who once read them for Thanhouser, is conducting his own publicity bureau in New York.

"Pop" Hoadley is writing excellent continuity stuff on the Pacific coast.

Emma Bell, formerly one of the leading scenario writers for Selig, is freelancing in New York. She has written some excellent material for Petrova.

Plot Stealing and Copyright

Remember, Genevieve, no reputable company in movieland will steal that cherished plot of yours? Camouflage? Not at all, miss, not at all! The time has arrived when dependable film companies conduct as honorable editorial departments as any magazine. For example, take the great house of Pathé Frères. Mr. J. A. Berst, the able vice president and general manager, recently appointed Herbert Case Hoagland manager of the Pathé scenario department. Now, Herbert Case is a genius in his way. He was the inventor of the movie news reel and a lot of other clever things in filmland. He has a story committee, headed by the veteran scenario writer and editor, Wallace C. Clifton. This committee of three pass

upon every story in synopsis or continuity submitted to the company. If O. K.'d by these experts, the idea then goes to Mr. Hoagland for final approval. Each member of the committee turns in a report on the stories submitted. Then, when the synopsis is passed and paid for, the continuity is written, and must be O. K.'d by a special committee before money is paid over. Mr. Berst welcomes ideas, whether in synopsis form or in continuity. The Pathé company pays five hundred dollars for synopsis and an extra five hundred for satisfactory continuity. Several other film companies are as careful regarding their scenarios. High-salaried experts are in charge, and the most careful attention is given to offerings. And so let the cry of "plot stealing" subside. If your plot is stolen, the chances are ten to one that you have mailed it to some obscure concern. And why copyright your photo-play idea? Do you copyright your short story before submitting it to a magazine? No. Well, give a fair face to the film-writing game also.

Too Many Visions

We believe a biblical quotation has it that "the young men shall dream dreams and the old men shall see visions." To paraphrase, it appears that everybody is seeing visions in some picture plays. The vision, so-called, has accomplished much to harm an evening's entertainment at the movies. We see a feature story open well. Then one of the characters takes on a far-away look, leans forward in his chair, and we know that a vision—a story within a story, maybe two or three—are about to be inflicted on us. Nine times out of ten the story within a story is faulty construction. One story at a time is plenty. We sometimes wonder if it were not best to start, if necessary, with a prologue, rather than break into an interesting continuity with something entirely foreign to atmosphere and plot. Try to refrain from "visioning back" in your motion-picture plots.

Some Questions and Answers

Here are some of the questions most frequently asked and their answers:

Q.—Will you please tell me how to sell a scenario? *Ans.*—Write clearly a synopsis of action. Put your name and address on the top of each typewritten page. Number your pages. Submit your idea of a story to any one of a half dozen dependable film-manufacturing companies. Inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Q.—To whom should a scenario be addressed? To whom should it be sold? *Ans.*—Submit your idea direct to the film-manufacturing companies. A Market Booklet, giving the names and addresses of the leading firms, will be sent by Picture-Play Magazine for six cents in stamps. Avoid all agents.

Q.—Is it essential to have a scenario typewritten. *Ans.*—Yes. Authors receive less consideration if the manuscript is submitted in handwriting. Some editors refuse to read scripts unless typewritten. Among these are the editors of the Kalem, the Universal, and the Vitagraph companies. Kalem, by the way, is not now in the market for scripts of any kind.

MUSICIANLY MAMIE

By Matthew Allison

THE heart of Pad'rewski is trembling with dread;
And Hoffman is shaking with fear,
Liszt turns in his grave; Chopin tears at his head,
As his laurels grow faded and sere.

For Mamie—sweet Mamie—is learning to play,
On the dollar-a-week upright grand.
No mere pianola can lure her away,
From the fine art of playing by hand.

The Flower Song, the Scarf Dance, the Spring Song, Il Bacio,
The Maiden's Prayer, Say Au Revoir—
Black Joe (variations) and Ridi Pagliaccio,
Are all in her vast repertoire.

The people downstairs tremble, shudder, and cow'r,
As if with some nervous disease.
They shiver and moan and contort by the hour,
When Mamie—sweet Mame—bangs the keys.

The long-haired musicians are pretty well jarred,
Their faces are lividly green,
For Mamie—sweet Mame—plays their stuff by the yard,
And Mamie is only fifteen!

She has just bought a volume of themes and motifs,
Spanish, Indian, negro, Hawaiian,
Expressing emotions, loves, hatreds, and griefs,
And tunes for a person to die on.

There are themes of pursuit, dance-hall music and such,
Quick music for galloping horses,
And soft trembly twiddles that sound very much,
Like moon-silvered watery courses.

When Mamie grows up to attain fame and pelf,
And can play just a little bit better,
She'll tickle the iv'ries—she told me herself
For the films in a movie theater.

Life for Mamie will then be one joyous, sweet song.
Mamie always was clever and knowing!
Each day to the movies for ever so long,
She'll go—and be paid, too, for going!

Scenario Writing From the Director's Viewpoint

Practical information based on the actual experience in the studios of one who produces successes.

By Allan Dwan

Director for Douglas Fairbanks

MAKE THEM SMILE

IN this hour of stress and war, when the whole world is plunged into a state of pessimism, it is the duty of every scenario writer to dwell upon optimism. Select cheerful subjects for your themes.

In the next six months there will be produced hundreds of war pictures. One of the failings of our profession is the commercializing of a national condition—yes, a world calamity, such as we experienced when the Russian situation was at its worst.

There are two reasons that prompt me to warn scenario writers to avoid war stories. The average war story exploits the deeds of valor in which the hero, after being responsible for the biggest victory of the time, is decorated with medals just as he breathes his last in the general's tent.

The old folks at home, particularly middle-aged women who attend motion-picture theaters, upon seeing these harrowing scenes immediately imagine that their own sons are faring the same way, with death as the accepted end.

By producing plays of this sort we fill these women with fear and dread of something that may never happen. They go out filled with pessimism and with a greater burden to bear than when they entered the theater.

Another reason why this type of play should not be produced is that staged war scenes fall far short of the real thing, and when compared with actual war scenes, as shown in the various weeklies, they are at times almost ridiculous. Unless a picture is taken at the battle front, where real battle pictures are obtainable, you are misrepresenting conditions to the spectators.

If a writer can show the optimistic side of war—and they say everything has a cheerful side—he might be doing some good. To do this, a writer would have to dwell on the spiritualistic rather than the materialistic side of it. Such an angle, however, is worthy of the treatment of a master like Maeterlink and is hardly motion-picture material. Therefore, why not avoid war themes?

The subjects that count in the motion-picture world, and appeal to producers have little to do with war, unless they deal with the termination of war through optimism. Pictures like "The Habit of Happiness" are in vogue today. People go to the theaters to get a brighter, happier outlook on life. They can get all the pessimism they want without going to theaters.

Keep in mind when you are writing a story that everything has its optimis-

tic side—and that is the side the public prefer to see depicted in pictures. Why not give them what they want? The poor man who accepts poverty gracefully is just as happy as the rich man who is surrounded by servants.

The great sorrows of life, such as having your loved ones taken from you, need not necessarily wreck your life. If you have a cheerful outlook on life, followed by a smile, you will make good despite all obstacles.

If scenario writers must dwell on patriotic subjects, they should dwell on the removal of the horrors of war rather than encouraging the love of battle. Scientific and educational weeklies are doing their share in the true representation of conditions.

Study the faces of an audience who have just seen a brilliant comedy and compare them with those who have been sitting through a melodramatic war subject. The former will come out smiling, glad they are alive, while the latter will look very depressed—and depression is like the measles, very contagious.

The public would rather see a Douglas Fairbanks film than a matinée idol in a war picture made somewhere in New Jersey.

What is more ludicrous than to depict trench life to the audience who a few minutes before has watched the real thing in a current weekly?

Scenario writers should try to lighten the burden of the war rather than add to it.

War times aside, there are always numberless pessimistic people in the audience who need to get a new grip on life and see it from the sunny side. If you send one person away with the idea in their mind "that it's better to grin and bear it" than to "grouch" along, you've done your bit toward the world's happiness.

Give the public what they want—what they need!

MAKE THEM SMILE!!!

MAKE CHARACTER

IN a previous article I dwelt at great length on "characterization." I mean "characterization" in every sense of the word. Arrange your scenario so that "characterization" will not be sacrificed when the film goes through the process of editing. At times we set out with an ambition to create a character that will be absolutely distinctive. However, at this particular time it was not in the scenario, the result being that the human angle of the characterization was neglected for the action.

If it is action that the director demands, make your principal active, aggressive, the fellow who does things impulsively.

But you can't treat a bookkeeper that way, the fellow who has been indoors all his life and doesn't know the first princples of athletics. Consequently, when constructing a story with such a character, the scenes must necessarily be longer to allow your bookkeeper to do the things in a natural manner.

Many writers have the idea that a successful comedy must be farce from A to Z. This is all wrong. Motion pictures are a medium to portray human emotions, and while some of us may live farcical lives there is always in every life a human dramatic moment in which our best qualities come to the surface. Consequently, never allow your principal to become the continuous butt of abuse, because it is unnatural for the stupid type to awaken suddenly and put it over in the last five hundred feet of your story.

It is necessary to disassociate the personality of the actor as an individual from the personality of the character portrayed. The best character to take for your picture is one desirous of get-

ting off the beaten path—a man with an ideal, an ambition to climb above the ordinary.

Have your character express some ideal to your audience, an ideal that has never been expressed in his particular environment. Everything should be worked out by contrast. For instance, if your character is trying to teach a certain lesson—say, that of laughing—one must first show a portion of the world that doesn't laugh, then have your character come in and show the effect of his personality on the people he comes in contact with. To make the value of optimism stand out the opposite must be shown.

Character gives scope. You can take a likable, attractive character and place him in any environment or situation and he will be just as well loved by the audience. He can be handled anywhere. You can put him in a Mexican story, an American story, a Western story—and he won't lose any of his characteristics.

I object to burdening myself with plot. The average plot can be figured out before the first reel is finished. If your character is distinctive enough your audience will be willing to follow him through any sort of a plot. Any famous character of fiction could go on through innumerable volumes because of their distinctive character, and they only end because of their death.

Inasmuch as Shakespeare has proven that there are only seven distinct plots, it is ridiculous to try to create any new ones. We must therefore concentrate upon making the character distinctive. The popular writer is the one who writes about the things he sees around him every day. The imaginative writer is becoming a thing of the past. This is largely the fault of some of our scenario writers. People want to read about the things that really happen to them every day—the ideals that are applicable to their own lives.

I believe that every story on the screen should have universal appeal. What might be a story of great interest to Podunk would be absolutely without appeal in other parts of the country. A character actuated by some big ideal is equally interesting in any part of the world.

As a boy you perhaps read the stories of "Diamond Dick" and "Huckleberry Finn." You can't remember now what they did, but you can never forget their lovable characters.

Send your audiences home impressed with your character. They're likely to forget the story, no matter how interesting it is, but the memory of the character and his ideal is not apt to leave them. Then you have accomplished something worth while, and the reflected happiness will be your inspiration for greater successes.

I'm waiting to hear from some of you fellow writers.

A Sixty-acre Studio

COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON has an out-of-door studio at Oyster Bay, Long Island. It was here that Sir Gilbert Parker, the noted English novelist, spent much time conferring with the director about the dramatization of one of his novels.

On the sixty-acre estate which overlooks the Sound, author and director spent long days of collaboration on the production of the film, utilizing the woodland, hills, and rippling water which the grounds afford in the filming of the book. Here are lily ponds and stately groves, log cabins, huts "built on the frontier," plains and prairies, rose gardens, tea houses, and a formal mansion, and every sort of out-of-door property that the heart of a director could possibly wish for almost any scene.

In fact, very many of Commodore Blackton's productions are filmed in this setting, where every kind of artificial background, and many natural ones, provide local color for everything, from scenes of the "frozen North" taken in the winter time to certain scenes from the "sunny Southland." The big difficulty that a director often meets with is that of doing something to get a certain effect, which unsympathetic neighbors object to. On his own extensive grounds he can have a forest fire if he wishes, and run no danger of spoiling his own clothes on the wash line or any one else's. He may burn down a house and stage a daring rescue without running the danger of having half of the townspeople crowding onto the scene of action and spoiling the picture, as they often do on unrestricted location.

Sir Gilbert Parker on the left, arguing a point in the production of his novel with Commodore J. Stuart Blackton.

The Screen in Review

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

By Alan Dale

"Innocent"
(Pathé)

NOT a day over nineteen does Miss Fannie Ward look in the new picture, made from the George Broadhurst play, "Innocent." Such ebullient youth makes one gasp. It is all very well to speak of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's defiance of Father Time. Miss Ward simply laughs in the old reprobate's face. She is quite the youngest thing on the screen to-day. She could easily play Mary Pickford's younger sister. I suppose that it is impolite always to harp on the unpleasant topic of age, but sometimes it is quite necessary to do so.

In "Innocent," Miss Ward really does some extremely good work, from a dramatic standpoint. She has some emotional moments that are better than any I have seen her do. She has further cultivated the more difficult art of repose, and there is a certain restfulness and surety about her acting that is worth studying. She has everything her own way, of course, in this new film. All the available men are in love

Altogether, "Innocent" is rather an ideal rôle for any star.

with her—and they are nice men, too. She has nobody to conflict with her in the slightest. Altogether it is rather an ideal rôle for any star. Just the same, Miss Ward might have spoiled it by too much emphasis, or too much self-consciousness, and she is to be congratulated that she avoided those pitfalls.

The photography of the picture is delightful. The scenes in China, while not very far-reaching, are well done. The old high-walled Chinese garden is picturesque, and there is no jar. Later, when the action of the piece is moved to Paris, the scenes are equally good. Miss Ward manages to wear some particularly shimmering gowns, but I must confess that to me she looked her best in the very final episode, when she return to the old Chinese garden and to the man who loved her. At that time, she was garbed in the simplest and demurest and most unobtrusive clothes.

Henry B. Walthall gave a singularly adroit performance in "His Robe of Honor."

Three admirable actors supported the little star, to wit, John Miltern, Armand Kalitz, and Frederick Perry. Mr. Kalitz, in the rôle of the Frenchman, was emphatically good, and a capital contrast to the others. He has the smile, and the captivating demeanor of the late Maurice Farkoa, whom he strongly resembles.

"His Robe of Honor"

(Paralta)

THERE is a certain quality about the Paralta pictures—and I don't know that I can exactly analyze it—that seems to bring the screen close to the spoken drama. The attention to detail, the explicit photography, and the careful selection of casts make these pictures, to my mind exceedingly valuable. And all these remarks refer particularly to "His Robe of Honor." This is a singularly clever story by Ethel and James Dorrance—a story that only journalists could evolve, with its graphic pictures of politics, and its keen analysis of public men.

This story is not at all what one could call "pleasant." It shows the very seamiest side of big men, who occupy positions to which they are presumably elected by popular vote. It gives one a few cold shivers at the realization of certain horrible political possibilities, and the types to which it introduces us are detestable. As it is not the fashion to call anything immoral that does not deal with sex—to the gemeral public, sex is the only immoral topic—it is not necessary to inveigh against the characters in "His Robe of Honor." The story is so well told that it would be ten thousand pities to inveigh against anything. However, it may be said, that the nefarious judge changes his life under the refining influence of the usual lovely girl, and that his evil doing ceases with the close of the story. It was good to know that it did cease. Per-

sonally, I don't believe that it could. This judge was a grafter, a shyster, a jury packer, and a trainer of perjurers. Apart from that, he was a pleasant gentleman. The rôle was acted by Henry B. Walthall, who gave a singularly adroit performance. He suggested thought; he was keenly mental; one could perceive processes of logic evoluting in his brain. His varied expression, his amazing stability, and his poise, place this picture where very few manage to get. In fact, it was a genuine pleasure to watch the acting of Mr. Walthall. With a few such actors, the pictures would be "uplifted" into those regions where the usual complaint would be impossible. There was not the slightest staginess about Walthall. He was simple in his archest manner, and with his eyes he secured effects that are distinctly unusual.

Mary Charleson and Lois Wilson were the feminine "relief," but Walthall really wanted no "relief" at all. He is one of those rare actors who are hosts in themselves.

"Limousine Life"

(Triangle)

"Limousine Life" had no other purpose than to exploit the pleasing personality of Miss Olive Thomas.

HAVING seen Miss Olive Thomas' first picture, I am at least able to say of her latest, "Limousine Life," that it gives her every opportunity to do that which she can do. I am also able to say that she can and she does look extremely pretty, and I take it that comeliness is a film essential. Miss Thomas' work has improved in its quality. She is less strained, more "natural," and infinitely more vivacious.

"Limousine Life" is not at all an exciting affair. It is so gentle, so completely affable, and so polite, that its career will be entirely free from reproach. The sweet little heroine, who secures employment in a fashionable modiste's shop in Chicago—in Chicago, if you please—emerges pure as the undriven snow. This, in spite of the fact that ruin stared her in the face. She was constantly in the tow of a particularly wild young man, with a particularly wild reputation, but the evident aim of the picture—if it had an aim—was to show that innocence is its own reward, and most assuredly this heroine *was* innocent. She accepted the handsome limousine offered by the infatuated swain, as his price for breaking with her and avoiding the marriage that had been imminent. Thereupon the maiden went back to Three Oaks, wedded the boy she had always loved, and lived happily ever after.

There was one "fly" lassie introduced into the story, but for no very elaborate purpose that I could see. As a matter of fact, "Limousine Life" had no pur-

pose other than that of exploiting the pleasant personality of Miss Thomas, and nothing else mattered. Miss Thomas has now registered a smile that may possibly become popular. It is not precisely dentifrician, but it is wide, agreeable, and contagious. This may become her most valuable asset, but I should advise the young woman not to trade too emphatically upon it. It *is* nice to possess one stock trick, but as time passes, that one trick is apt to grow monotonous. I have seen so many ladies with winsome smiles, who were never able to get away from them. This, of course, is quite gratuitous advice, but it is meant well.

A cunning baby is introduced in "The Widow's Might" to eke out the plot.

"The Widow's Might"

(Paramount)

THE "art" of Mr. Julian Eltinge has never appealed to me very strenuously, but just the same it is "art," and is therefore entitled to consideration. In "The Widow's Might" he is furnished with another of those rôles that give him the necessary opportunity to wear handsome feminine gowns in the usual "stunning way." Just as there are people who would willingly go to the theater to see a railroad train on the stage—though they would not trouble to enter a railroad station to see it—and would rejoice at the chance to view a fire in the playhouse—in fact, just as there are always people anxious to look at things in the wrong place, so there are folks who revel in the sight of a man in woman's clothes.

In "The Widow's Might," Eltinge is precisely as sumptuous as ever, and the garbs he dons defy criticism. Further, he wears them dazzlingly, and—still further—he never seeks to convey the impression that he is anything but a disguised man. Of course, that *is* art of a kind. No sooner had the picture opened with the view of a woman donning a wig, than I became convinced that the wig was merely preparation for the subsequent Eltinge exploits. And

I was correct in those ideas. In the story arranged for this picture, Eltinge plays the rôle of a man obliged to disguise himself as a woman in order to entrap a crook who is trying to steal his farm. Naturally, he does win back the farm, and equally naturally, a charming girl whom he loves. The episodes are not startling, but there is incident enough to satisfy the usual incident seeker. A cunning little baby introduced to eke out the scanty plot is of valuable assistance to that plot.

Perhaps descriptions of the gowns worn by Eltinge would be more interesting than anything I can write. Unfortunately, I am bad at such descriptions, and refuse to star my ignorance. Effulgent frocks, effervescent wraps, marvelous headgear—and jewels abound, and Mr. Eltinge's nonchalance in sporting them is at least entertaining. The quick changes from the feminine to the masculine may also be commended. In fact, for those who like that sort of thing, "The Widow's Might" will be an excellent picture.

I may add that the story of "The Widow's Might" was written by Marion Fairfax, and directed by William C. De Mille, and that the cast includes Florence Vidor, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Mamy Kelso, and James Neill. Nuf sed.

There is a good deal of "atmosphere" in "Thieves' Gold."

"Thieves' Gold"

(Universal)

THE Rio Grande and the revolutionary activities in Mexico seem to me to be very much overdone, and in "Thieves' Gold" this condition is not at all relieved. To me, the picture was extremely difficult to follow, and needed an amount of con-

centration that I rarely take to the screen with me. In the matter of pictures, I adopt the attitude that the tired business man adopts toward the drama. I want easy relaxation.

These ranch stories, with their monotonous characters, their incessant shootings, and the horseback exercise that their leading figures indulge in so flamboyantly, are a trifle tedious. The hero of this particular tale is *Cheyenne Harry,* who is in charge of the grazing herds of the ranch. He is tired of his lonely ride, and is persuaded to become the partner of a highwayman who has been sentenced to death, and has escaped. Later on, *Cheyenne Harry* kills a card shark while intoxicated, and the agony sets in. There is the lovely maiden whom he rescues in the approved manner, and there is his crime weighing upon his conscience.

Can you not weave the rest of the story for yourself? Oh, I'm sure you can. There is a good deal of "atmosphere" thickly laid on, and there is little escape from it. There is also a rather exciting card game—very well done, and realistically shown. Card games rarely fail. There is a certain fascination in them, and the screen is able to show this more forcefully than the stage. One can see the hands dealt, in such magnified prominence!

A card game is a great relief from the shooting frays, and the "encounters" that are the stock in trade of pictures of this caliber. They seem almost human! Harry Carey was the hero in "Thieves' Gold," and there was a certain dogged vigor in his work that gave it value. Miss Molly Malone was the heroine—not a very arduous rôle. In fact, the lack of feminine interest in the film was, to me, its weak point. *Cheyenne Harry* and *Uncle Larkin* and *Colonel Betoski* and the others grew tiresome. They were vigorous, but too emphatic. They suggested the old dime novel, but were wanting in its contrasts. The entire picture reminded me of the literature that youthful readers used to devour in the good old days—if one can call them good old days.

"Masks and Faces"

(World Film)

THIS is a picture that is worth while—and even more than while. It is introduced by a discussion in the interests of raising war funds, and in that discussion we see such eminent lights as George Bernard Shaw, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir John Hare, Sir Arthur Pinero, and Barrie. They plan to produce a memorable picture, and "Masks and Faces" results therefrom—and very electrically.

All the leading figures of the London stage appear in this film—names that are potent everywhere, and most of them familiar to American audiences. These include Irene Vanbrugh, Denis Neilson Terry, Gladys Cooper, Ben Webster, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Nigel Playfair, Lillah McCarthy, Dion Boucicault, Henry Vibart, Gerald du Maurier, Winifred Emery, H. B. Irving, Lyall Swete, Weedon Grossmith, Gertrude Elliott, Lilian Braithwaite, Lottie Venne, Stella Campbell, Viola Tree, and Phyllis Hart.

There's a collection! This is a star cast with a vengeance. I can recall no star cast in any picture that I have ever seen. It is as though all the most costly stars of the American stage were grouped in one film—if you can imagine that, and it is not easy to imagine. Yet this was actually done in England, and "Masks and Faces" supplies the proof.

I don't say that a star cast is any better than an unstar cast—usually it is inferior—but in a picture it is at least a curiosity, and you feel that you are getting your money's worth—multiplied several times.

The story is the familiar one that deals with the love and humanity of

Peg Woffington—the story that was first woven into drama by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. It is very beautifully acted throughout, even to the very minor rôles. *Peg,* in the hands of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, is interesting from the very start, and her most pictorial career loses nothing in its screen version. The episode in which *Vane* appears as her devoted admirer is the mainstay of the picture. The grand banquet given in her honor by the fascinated swain, is a capital scene, and the drama emerges with the appearance of *Mrs. Vane,* who is startled to discover the truth. After that, *Peg's* sacrifice forms the theme in the usual "sympathetic" manner. So does her remarkable charity toward the poor artist, *Triplet.* The famous scene in which the actress vitalizes his portrait by sticking her head through a hole cut in the canvas, is, of course, not neglected. In this way, she flouts the critics, who, in those days, were evidently as floutable as they are in ours. (And if they were not floutable, how many pleasant quips would be lost!)

It is while she is vitalizing her own portrait in this way, that she hears the story of *Vane's* deserted wife, and is thus led to her sacrifice—if it was a sacrifice! At any rate, *Peg* restores the husband to the anguished lady, and all ends as a picture should end—and insists upon ending.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson as *Triplet* was admirable, and so was Miss Gladys Cooper as *Mrs. Vane.* In fact, this picture will give to the public a chance to see all the most remarkable figures of the English stage in one group. It is therefore unique—quite the most interesting thing I have seen on the screen. It is almost an education. I don't say that in its favor—because I thoroughly realize how keenly people hate being educated—but mention it as a fact. Apart from the educational idea, it is a sort of stage monument. It seems almost a pity not to write ten pages about it. However, brevity hath its merits.

"A Petticoat Pilot"

(Paramount)

DEAR little Vivian Martin! I fancy I used to be rather harsh toward her when she decorated the legitimate. Now it is my punishment to see all her films, and to be required to analyze them. I think I am growing to like little Vivian. I love her when she is kissed—and she always is in her pictures.

So her latest, "'A Petticoat Pilot," interested me immensely, because Vivian was not kissed until the fifth reel—which was very late, indeed. Usually the kiss occurs in about the second reel, so that it can be resented in all the others. In this picture, she was *Mary 'Gusta,* who was adopted by two old captains.

Years passed! And years do pass so admirably in pictures! *Mary 'Gusta* grown up to be quite lovely and loveable met the conventional admirer, and was further induced to believe that she was an heiress. The two old captains did their best to foster this idea in the neatest storybook way.

Little Miss Vivian Martin came into her own when she learned the truth about her fortune—or lack of it—and it was further shown that the man she loved was the son of the man who had ruined her father. Poor little girl! Oh, she was very plaintive and exquisitely pathetic in those melancholy complications. Her love affair was in a sad way, and her life would have been blighted if Miss Martin's life could be blighted—and, of course, it couldn't.

So, in the end, the old captains realized that the beloved youth was absolutely necessary to her happiness, and we saw the two together as the picture ended. It was, if I mistake not, an ending that I have seen before.

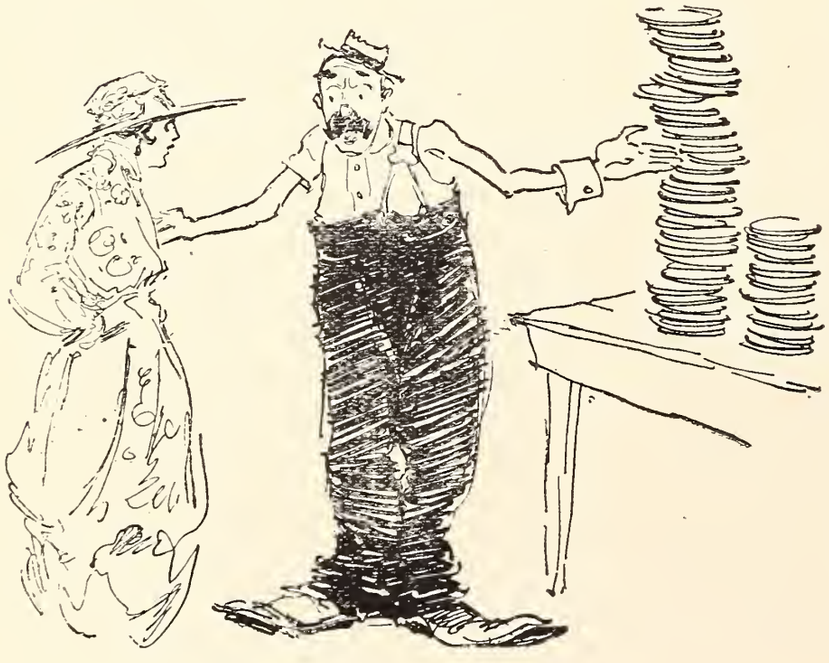
Where Tem-

Molehills loom into Moun- much Temperament — and

By R. L. Lambdin

"And they expect an artist to put realism in his work while he's drinking cold tea!" growls the extra, whose nose needs no grease paint to redden it. "Why, it's worth this five dollars a day they pay us just to swallow the stuff!"

"Look here!" roars the director to the property boy. "This Van Squiller library set calls for class. Whaddo you mean by bringing in a veneered table.



"Food saving's all right, but these imitation pies sort of take away my enthusiasm," complains the sensative slapstick comedian.

perament Prevails

tains under the Magic of too
every one in the studio has some.

The press agent pleads and raves—all to no purpose. Walter Wavylocks, matinee idol, can't be persuaded to run for President of the United States, despite the publicity he'd get.

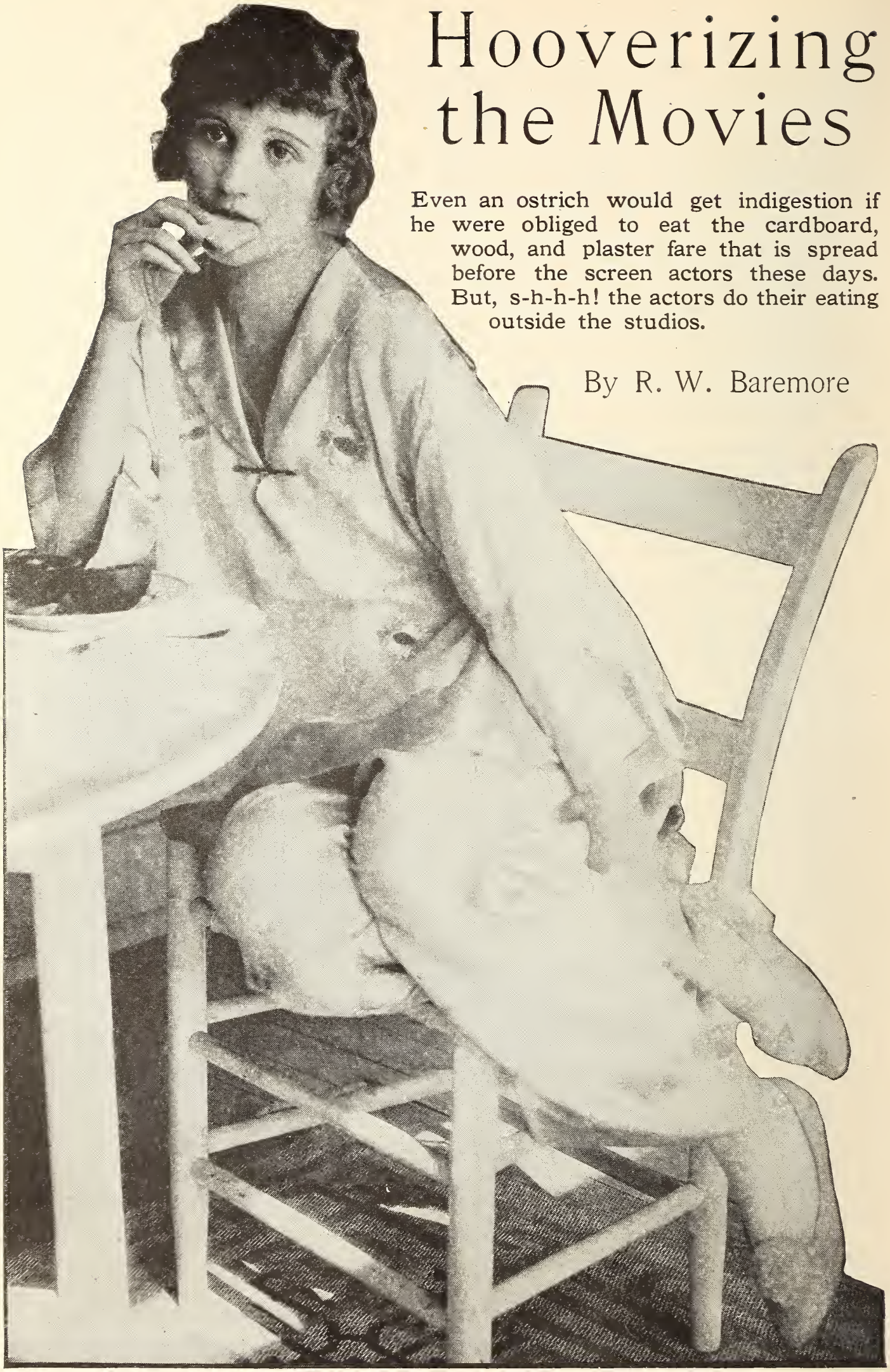
Miss Trajah Dee, emotional star, who has just obtained her fourth successful divorce, burst into a storm of protest when given the script for a new play, "Love Eternal."

"Makes no difference whether the colors photograph or not," cries the perturbed art director. "I won't stand for this color combination—yellow lamp shade, red roses, purple vase, and blue table spread!

Hooverizing the Movies

Even an ostrich would get indigestion if he were obliged to eat the cardboard, wood, and plaster fare that is spread before the screen actors these days. But, s-h-h-h! the actors do their eating outside the studios.

By R. W. Baremore



ORANGES are given away in California, but Louise Huff, you will observe on the opposite page, appears to be trying to decide whether or not she dare eat the cracker. For food economy has extended to the studios, and the use of any and everything edible is under the ban.

There is a little story about some Greek maiden of ancient mythology who became so hungry from six months of starvation that when she held a pomegranate up to smell how good it was six seeds of it just accidentally found their way into her mouth, and she was punished severely for it.

Well, it's terrible to consider what might happen to a screen star who got into such a lamentable predicament, and Miss Huff, partaking of her meager breakfast, looks as if she had just about reached the dead line of Hooverizing.

According to all reports, "property bread" is used entirely in banquet scenes, when, indeed, any food is used at all. The soup on such occasions is really only water, colored brown. Why brown, by the way, unless it is to provide a touch of realism for the actors? For red or purple soup would screen just as well, and, after all, some coloring paste other than brown might be found a little cheaper. In one such scene the actors sit down to a feast of canvas bread, wood cutlets, and ginger-ale "champagne."

But the dictum which has gone forth in regard to eliminating food waste in the movies strikes especially at the use of the custard pie to decorate a deadly rival's face with, and the scenes which used to be so popular in which the fat man sat down to a full table and gobbled up an enormous meal. The latter comes in for criticism, not only because it presents an opportunity for wasting food, but because of the psychological effect that seeing such a picture is

Look closely and observe that this screen dinner consists of "prop" turkey, uncooked potatoes, which can be used until the eyes sprout out another full crop of potato-lets, and a few slices of bread and bologna.

No wonder the actors all look gloom. A complete banquet from cocktails to nuts has just been served in Norma Talmadge's latest production, without a crumb of real food being used.

bound to have on the audience, inculcating a spirit of waste in the mind of the beholders. So that now the screen comedian has to get his laughs in some other way than by throwing eggs around the room and otherwise wasting the nation's resources.

They even tell a story of an important production which was held up recently for days because the director, the star, and the property man were all on a still hunt for—a lump of sugar. That may or may not be true, but during the days of the sugar famine in the East a good many credulous people believed it. Of course it is not necessary to go into all the heart-rending details—to relate how the star lost sleep over it, and the director anguished on the job, and how the "props" almost had nervous prostration. But if any one ever wants to write a melodramatic tear-jerker of a movie, this incident will furnish a plethora of material for the "Search for the Sweet."

But the fact still stares us in the face that the movies have been Hooverized. The wolf of want wails round the property door. Heaven help the poor actors! No longer can they appease their honest hunger by eating the free lunch off the counter in the bar-room scenes. In the first place, it wouldn't be realistic to have free lunches nowadays, and, in the second, if any misguided scenario writer made the mistake of writing a free lunch into his story, it—the lunch, not the story—would be made of wood and papier-maché.

The good old days have gone forever, thanks to the Hoover administration. Every one knows that the actors didn't really eat, so why put real food before them in the scenes where such

food was supposed to be used? Hadn't other things been "faked" in the movies? Then let us have "faked food" by all means.

After all, the directors found, sawdust soup looked pretty much like real soup as it was ladled, smoking hot, out of a soup tureen, and the turkey brought from the novelty store was good for everything except carving. "Fatty" Arbuckle agreed to cut out the flour-and-water custard pies and use a sledge-hammer to get the laughs instead. Then, again, there was the good old Raines Law sandwich. Sure there was, and now it's on the job again. And if you don't know what it is we'll have to let you into the secret. It is the sandwich they put on the tables where drinks are sold on Sunday in New York. It does its unflinching duty from week to week, month to month, and year to year, passing through the calendar from New Year's to Christmas. But, though it is always on the job, no one would ever dream of attempting to eat it. And in some places, so they tell me, the sandwiches have waxed so ancient on the honorable job that they put rubber bands around them to keep the darn things from falling apart.

For a time, too, it looked as if the good old Scotch "tea," which brought more than the usual quota of men to scenario "tea fights," would be shrouded by the administration. That and the "champagne." But finally it was decided that too small a quantity was ever wasted to make it necessary to bring these particular "food props" under the general "Hooverizing" idea.

Potatoes also may be used, provided they are uncooked, for in that way they are never wasted. They may be used over and over, and, of course, no one would eat raw potatoes.

But isn't it a shame the way they've cut out the real eats? Don't you feel like crying at the way they tease the poor actors and fool us? Well, then, dry your tears. We've been fooling you, too, for they "Hooverized" the movies long before we ever thought of such a thing as a food administrator. The movie manufacturers can see a dollar bill a long, long way off, and they beat Mr. Hoover to it by a good few years.

So accustomed have the directors become even in this short space to the idea of "Hooverizing," that some of them no longer consider it necessary to provide even property food.

Cheating the Public

The story of a factory girl and her fight for her fellow workers.

By Ted Evans

THE gas jet hanging from the ceiling of the mean and almost bare tenement room flickered miserably. A slim, pretty girl of about seventeen stood at a small sink in the corner of the room, drying a small assortment of cracked dishes. Her splendid dark hair flowed loose over her thin shoulders; the miserable atmosphere of the badly lighted room was reflected in her dark eyes. At the kitchen table in the center of the room two children, a boy of ten and a girl of eight were pawing over a cheap picture book. It was easy to judge that the children were the slender girl's brother and sister—and it was just as easy to understand that no one else lived in that flat, only the three of them.

Mary Garvin was home. She was finishing the last of her tasks for the evening. She had fed her motherless brother and sister on the usual meager supper as soon as she returned from work at the canning factory, and, one by one, the dried dishes were being placed on the improvised shelf over the sink. In a few minutes Mary would be at liberty to drop on the bed for half an hour's rest before the nightly and heartbreaking task of trying to master the mysteries of stenography self-taught—and then put the children to bed.

Suddenly there came a sharp knock at the door. Evidently it was a familiar knock, and one that inspired dread—some final touch to the general misery, for the girl put a hand to her throat—and let a cup slip to the floor in so doing. "Come in," she said, her eyes on the shattered cup. As the door opened and a heavy step sounded in the room, she turned and faced a large, heavy-jawed young man who stood grinning at her, his soft hat on the back of his head.

"Evening, Mary, dear," he said. "Still slaving away, eh? Quit it—don't be a fool! Come on down to Casey's and have a dance—the kids'll be all right. Good bunch down there to-night."

The girl stood looking at him, the dish towel still in her hand. She twisted it nervously. Her lips were moving, but she said nothing. "Bull" Hurley was the foreman at the factory in which she worked. For two weeks now—almost every night—he had visited her this way and with the same proposition, and had kept up the same sort of siege at the factory. She knew Hurley, and she knew what the notorious Casey's stood for. She felt that to-night she could stand it no longer.

"Well?" asked Hurley, a glint in his eyes, a touch of anger in his voice. He, too, had decided that "something had to happen" to-night.

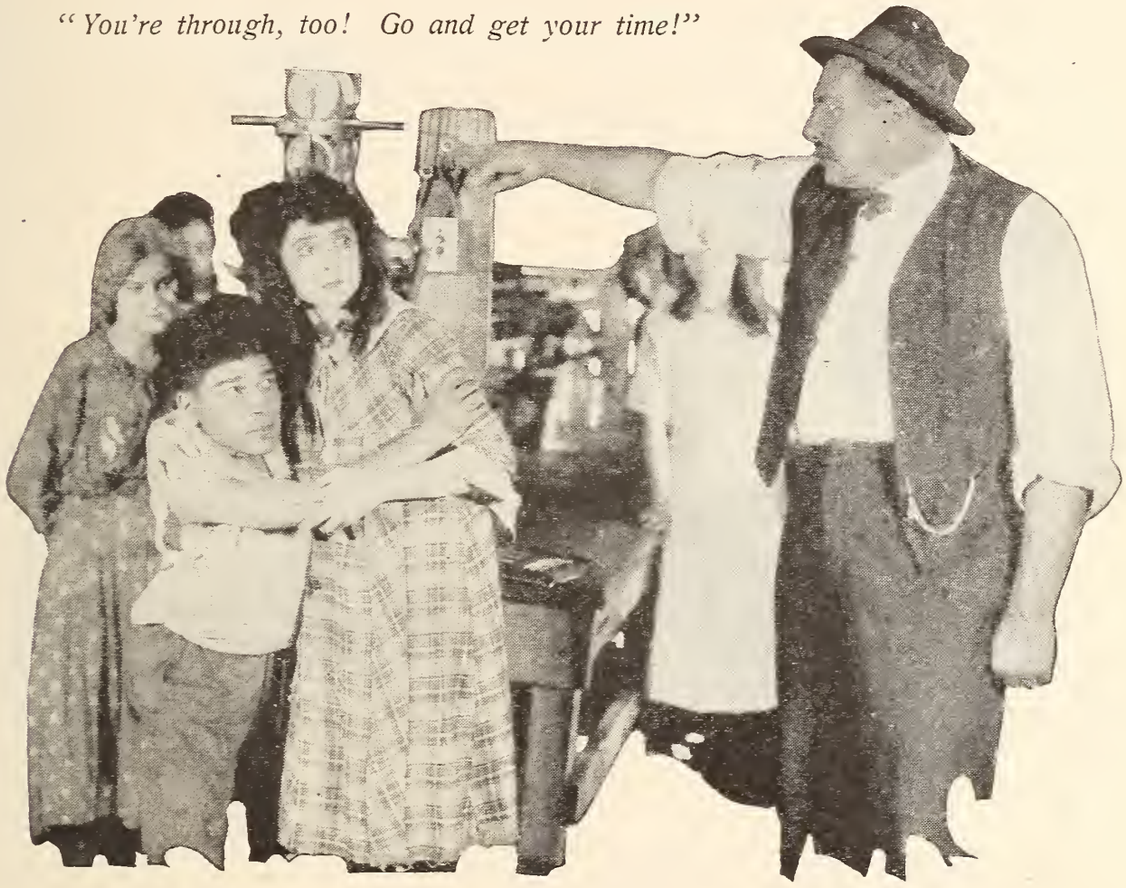
"It's no use, Bull," said Mary finally. "I don't—don't love you—and I won't go to Casey's ever. Can't you understand—won't you let me be? I'm going to—to work for my living. I'll make out somehow. Please—please go."

Suddenly the man stepped forward and seized her roughly in his arms. There was a look of determination in Mary Garvin's eyes. Bull Hurley looked into them intently. He was a reader of men and women, and he could

see in her eyes that she meant just what she said—that there was no hope for him; none at all. He threw her from him, a nasty scowl on his face. "All right, kid," he said, in a hard, level voice, "have it your way—but look out for squalls!"

Mary one afternoon of the following week. There were children employed in the factory, and alongside Mary worked a crippled boy. For a trivial mistake, Bull Hurley let loose a torrent of abuse on the boy and discharged him. Stung to the quick at the injustice of

"You're through, too! Go and get your time!"



The door closed behind him. Mary stood for a moment, trembling. Bull was known as a "bad actor" at the factory in such cases as this. Mary looked toward the two children. They were staring at her in a frightened way. Tears filled her eyes; she ran to the narrow bedroom and flung herself on the bed, her thin frame wracked by a storm of sobs. The two children crept in and nestled on either side of her, their arms around her. Then in a few minutes she became quiet and her arms went around them. Through the tears Mary's wealth of character shone forth in her eyes.

The squall threatened by Bull Hurley was not long in coming; it enveloped it, Mary, her face flushed, her eyes shining, faced Hurley and interceded for the youngster.

That was precisely what Hurley wanted. "That's enough, Mary Garvin," he said. "People who talk back to their bosses are not wanted in this factory. You're through, too! Go and get your time!"

At first Mary could not realize it. She, without a cent in the world and with a brother and sister to take care of, was discharged! With unseeing eyes, her brain numbed, she walked to the office and received her meager pay. Slowly she left the building, passed through the yard, and wandered out into the streets of Granton. What was

she to do? One had to work in the canning factory or starve; there was no other occupation in Granton. Unable to fully realize her problem as yet, instinctively she turned her steps toward home.

Unknown to Mary, there had been the same way as Hurley, and with no better success. So Hurley was discharging her! Well, he would not interfere; he would let Hurley get away with it. Quickly a little scheme was developing in Chester's mind—a scheme to even up matters all around.

"I'll show that crowd that they can't beat me!"

another witness to her discharge besides Hurley and the employees. This was a well-dressed, handsome, but rather dissipated young man who had stepped into Hurley's section of the factory just as Mary was making her plea for the boy. It was Chester Dowling, son of John Dowling, the owner of the factory and the "big boss" of Granton.

Chester's first impulse was to step forward and come to the girl's defense. There was little love lost between Hurley and the owner's son; they had quarreled over another girl a year previous. But on recognizing Mary Garvin, young Dowling checked the impulse. He drew back behind one of the machines, a peculiar smile on his face. He, too, had been paying court to Mary—in much

Quietly he slipped from the room, without being observed, as the attention of all was on Mary and Hurley. He waited until he saw Mary leave the factory, then he followed her. She had not been in her flat five minutes when he knocked at the door. Mary admitted him. She was too wretched to speak, to question him as to the reason of his visit.

With an air of understanding and sympathy, Chester drew forward one of the rickety chairs and motioned for her to sit down. She did so obediently, looking up at him with dull eyes.

"Mary," he said gently, "I know that I am not welcome here—that you told me never to come here again. But I know what happened this afternoon at

the factory. Indeed, I witnessed the scene. I—well, I know what this discharge means to you, Mary. Will you let me help you? You would never let me do anything for you, but this is something different. Hurley was within his rights according to our regulations, and he is given a free hand with the employees. However, I can guess at Hurley's secret reason for firing you, and I shall speak to my father about it. I'll get an order direct from the old man, reinstating you."

Mary rose and held out her hand. "Thank you," she said simply. "Yes, I shall be glad if you will do that. I must have work—and the injustice of it is so terrible! Chester, why don't you try to look at things in a different way? Why don't you help the people who are making your father's fortune—the fortune that will be yours some day? Why do you let such men as Bull Hurley rule the factory? I don't believe you are like him at bottom, Chester. I have no right to be talking this way, perhaps, but if you will try to show the fine qualities that you really have, I'll forget those—those things you said to me the last time you were here."

"I'll do it, Mary," he said, pressing her hand. "It's an idea! I'll go to the old man at once about your case, and when he is in the right mood I will tackle him about a general investigation of the factory management."

Chester left the mean room and picked his way down the dark stairs. There was a cynical smile on his face—his scheme was working. But something not quite cynical was stirring in Chester's conscience.

John Dowling was a power in the financial world. The Granton canning factory was only one of his many interests. He had just succeeded in cornering the food market in that section of the country. He was putting up the prices on all necessities of life. That he was causing untold suffering to the people did not interest him. The men, women, and children who worked in his factories interested him still less.

He was sitting at a desk in his library in his splendid mansion this evening when his son Chester sauntered in and sat down in an easy-chair beside the desk. "Well," said John Dowling, swinging around on his son, "you look as if you want something. What is it?"

Chester took a pull at his cigar. "Just a little matter this time," he said. "Bull Hurley has fired one of the girls at the factory—a girl I'm rather interested in. She needs the job badly, and is a decent kid. I want to enjoy the sensation of doing a worth-while, human act. Give me an order reinstating her. Hurley framed her up, so you'll be doing the right thing."

John Dowling eyed his son. "Chester," he said, "I don't approve of your taking any sort of interest in the girls working in the factory. That stuff is bad business, also small business. What

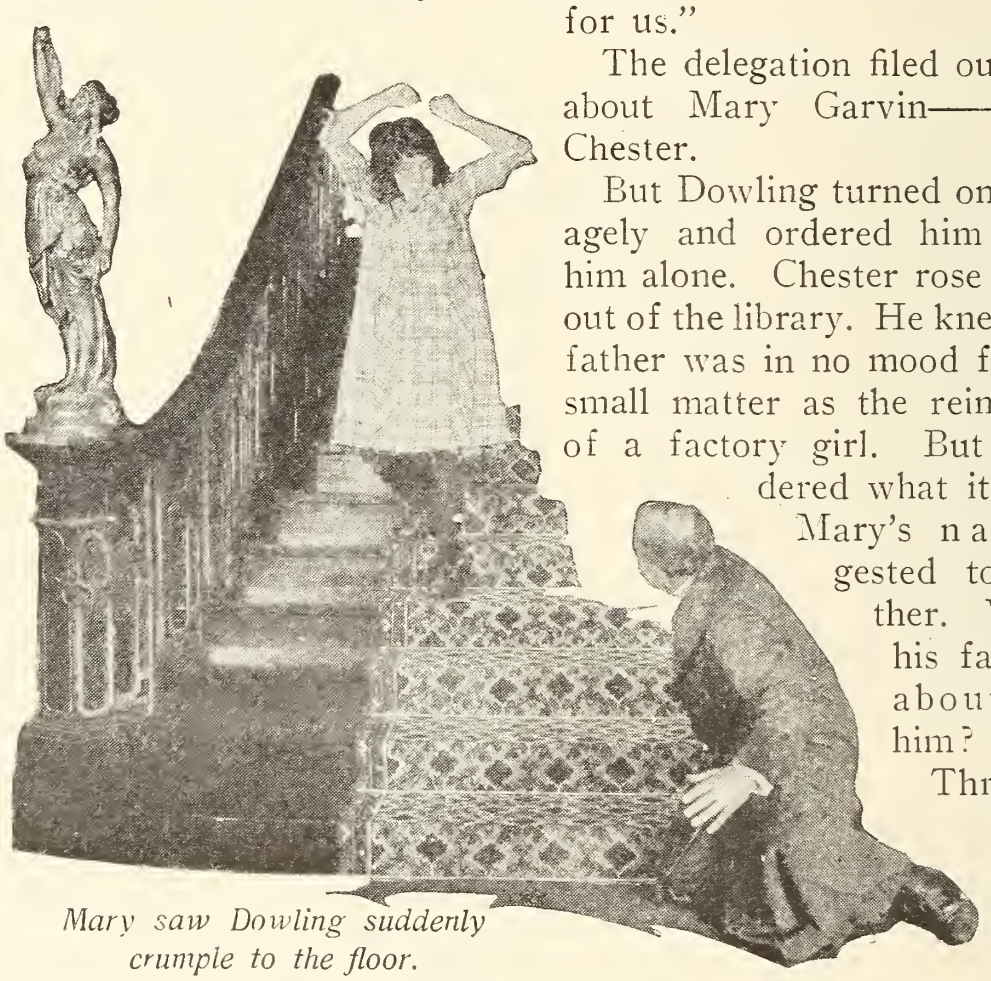
The girl tore herself away and stood with blazing eyes.

do you mean by coming to me with such trivial matters? However, I'll give you the order you want. Hurley needs a little dressing down now and then, and this will be a good way to do it." He drew a pad to him and took out his fountain pen. "What's her name?"

"Mary Garvin."

The effect of the name on John Dowling was startling. A savage expression came to his face; his eyes flashed. "By Heaven, Chester!" he cried. "Is that girl after you? So that's it, eh? Look here, boy; I'll tell you something that——"

He was interrupted by the sudden entry of the butler. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, who was visibly trembling, "but that delegation that you dismissed an hour ago has returned, led by Bull Hurley. I can't keep them out, sir—here they come now!"



Mary saw Dowling suddenly crumple to the floor.

As he spoke, six determined-looking men, workers in the factory, came tramping into the room. Bull Hurley was in the lead, and he paused beside John Dowling's desk. "Mr. Dowling," said Hurley, his eyes dropping before those of the outraged magnate, "the workers have chosen me to make a last appeal to you about a general raise in wages and a reduction in the cost of food in the Granton stores, and——"

"Go back and tell them that they've had my answer!" thundered Dowling. "Get out of here—all of you! And as for you, Hurley, you're through. Understand? Get your time first thing in the morning!"

Hurley stood for a moment, his face livid. Then he spoke: "So I'm fired, eh? All right, Dowling. But mark my words: I'll fix you for this, big as you are! Come on, men—ain't nothing here for us."

The delegation filed out. "How about Mary Garvin——" began Chester.

But Dowling turned on him savagely and ordered him to leave him alone. Chester rose and went out of the library. He knew that his father was in no mood for such a small matter as the reinstatement of a factory girl. But he wondered what it was that Mary's name suggested to his father. What had his father been about to tell him?

Three weeks later, a large assembly hall in Granton was jammed to the doors with a seething crowd of toilers—men, women, and children. A big, grim strike was on. Granton, unable to stand conditions any longer, had declared war on John Dowling. Bull Hurley was addressing the meeting, and he was urging the crowd to violence—an attack on Dowling's house.

In the midst of his speech, a slim, girlish figure stepped out on the platform and came to his side. It was Mary Garvin. She put a silencing hand on his shoulder. Hurley ceased speaking and turned to her inquiringly. A

hush fell on the crowd. "Bull," said Mary quietly—and there was something compelling in her voice—"there is a better way. Perhaps John Dowling does not understand the terrible hardships he is causing. No one has talked to him quietly." She turned to the audience. "Folks," she said; "I shall go myself, alone, to-night to see Dowling and plead our cause. Perhaps he will listen to a woman. Will you delegate me to go?"

There was an atmosphere about the girl, as she stood there, her hauds outstretched, her eyes shining with the light of genuine leadership. There was a minute's startled hush; then the hall roared its indorsement. It was a new idea, and somehow it struck home.

Half an hour later, John Dowling, sitting at his library desk, was startled to hear a girl's voice speaking his name. He sprang to his feet to find Mary Garvin standing in the room. "How did you get in here?" he demanded, in a hard voice.

"I managed to get in through the kitchens," she replied. "The butler refused me admittance at the front. I have——"

"What do you want? Quick!"

Quietly, her voice thrilling as she went on, Mary began to plead the cause of the workers of Granton. It was a dramatic recital, made more so by a thunderstorm that had come up. The room was in semidarkness, the only light being a shaded electric over Dowling's desk; hence the vivid flashes of lightning flamed through the room, to the crash of thunder. But Mary went on with her plea.

Suddenly Dowling stepped to her and seized her roughly by the arm. "That's enough!" he cried savagely. "I'll show that crowd that they can't beat me! To-night I'll have all foodstuffs thrown into the river if they don't come to terms! And now, Mary Garvin, let me tell you something: Leave my son alone! Oh, I know your breed. I knew another Garvin—your mother! She refused me and married your father—turned down the big man for a brainless clod! I never forget or forgive, girl, and I've never forgotten your mother's scorn of me. And now another of the breed is monkeying with the Dowlings. Now do you see what chance you have, coming here and whining to me?"

The girl tore herself loose and stood with blazing eyes, her white hand raised clenched. Her mother!

But now Dowling's eyes were glittering. It was doubtless true that he had really loved Mary's mother—so far as such men understand love. And the daughter was a living image of the mother as he knew her in the days of his youth. The daughter was supremely beautiful, desirable!

He took a step toward her, but Mary had caught that light in his eyes. There was a pistol on the desk; Dowling kept it there, ready, for he expected actual violence to break out any hour. Mary, moved only by a natural protective instinct, snatched up the pistol. She turned and ran from the room out into the hall. There Dowling caught her, but again she broke away and pulled at the street door. It was locked, and she could not find the catch. In an instant she turned again and sprang up the broad staircase; but just then the butler appeared at the top. Mary faced about, halfway up, the pistol in hand. As Dowling was about to place his foot on the bottom step, there was an extra loud crash of thunder, an extra vivid flash of lightning. Mary saw Dowling suddenly crumple to the floor—and the butler saw the pistol in Mary's hand. And so it was that a little later Mary Garvin was arrested for the murder of John Dowling.

The untimely death of his father wrought a great change in Chester Dowling; it made a man of him. And

his was a terrible situation. He knew now that his love for Mary Garvin was deep and real; but she had killed his father! Torn by conflicting emotions, there was little he could do. He took up the direction of his father's vast interests, and within a few short weeks he proved that his régime was going to be entirely different from that of John Dowling. Wages were raised at once, and the stores of foodstuffs which John Dowling had kept hoarded up to maintain exorbitant prices were thrown on the market at prices which people could pay.

Chester Dowling became the idol of Granton. Furthermore, all sympathized with him, for he made no attempt to hide the fact that he was in love with Mary Garvin. He looked upon the death of his father as one of those human accidents which cannot be avoided.

The jury that tried Mary, however, did not so regard the case. Mary refused to plead not guilty. Dazed, wretched, she admitted that she had shot John Dowling. She had no recollection of actually firing the revolver at him; but one shot had been fired, and Dowling actually had been shot. There seemed no getting away from the evidence. The Granton lawyers who came to her aid and took her case tried to justify her act, but they failed to do so satisfactorily. The verdict was guilty, and a day was set for her execution.

Hopeless and helpless, Chester Dowling brooded over her predicament hour after hour, day and night. Was there no way out, no hidden explanation? In his heart he knew that his father had met a fate he richly deserved; for now Chester knew the story of Mary's mother. When the man she loved and had married died, John Dowling let her die in poverty, and put the daughter to slave in his factory. Chester knew, too, from Mary's own lips, the story of what had taken place just preceding the shooting.

Then came the night before the morning set for Mary's execution. Haggard, almost insane, Chester sat at his father's desk in the library. The hours dragged on. He had tried every resource known to law and man, but it had all ended in failure.

Near midnight there came a ring at the door. The butler came in and touched Chester on the arm and pointed silently to a man who had entered the room with him. It was Bull Hurley, who had not been seen in Granton since his discharge from the factory. Chester swung around and sat staring dully at Bull. "Well?" he asked.

Bull's lips moved for a moment, but no words came forth. Then Chester began to notice that Hurley was different from when he had last seen him. All the arrogant qualities of the man were gone. His face was haggard, twitching; his shoulders were slumped, and there was a strange light in his eyes. At last he spoke. "Chester," he said, gripping the back of a chair. "I—I can't stand it no longer! I been in a hell—a mental hell! I got to tell you. I can't see that girl die for it. Chester, it was me—I shot your father and——"

With a cry, Chester sprang to his feet and clutched the man by the shoulders. "Go on, Hurley!" he said hoarsely. "Tell me the truth!"

"It's the truth I'm telling," said Bull, his voice now steady. "I had it in for your father—for many things. I'd sworn to get him. How I picked on that particular night I don't know, but I must have got into the house right after the girl. I heard the whole thing; I seen her run up the stairs, and I seen her gun—and I seen my chance to shove the killing onto her. I fired when it thundered. I was hidden behind a bookcase—that one there, facing the hall—and it was natural for Mary to really believe that it was her shot did

it, and natural for the butler to think so, too. I guess her firing was a accident—fright made her pull the trigger. There's the truth! Now—save her! I can't stand it no longer! Quick—take me to the police!"

In five minutes the two men were in Chester's roadster, and twenty minutes later Bull Hurley was dictating a confession to the district attorney. Two telegrams were sent—one to the governor and one to the warden of the State prison.

But, filled with impatience and doubt that things might not go right, Chester insisted that they go to the prison at once. The last train had gone, so Chester and the district attorney, with two policemen taking charge of Bull, got into the roadster and began the trip, which was one of fifty miles.

Some instinct must have prompted Chester that night, for when he arrived at the prison in the gray dawn he came on a heartrending scene in one of the corridors. He beheld Mary, with a guard on one side and a priest on the other, being led to the chapel for a last prayer. Behind her were her two lawyers, who were still hoping against hope. It seemed that the warden was away and the telegram to him had not been acted upon. Also, the governor was on an overnight trip on a train and could not be reached.

In the gray dawn he came on a heartbreaking scene in one of the corridors.

The district attorney, however, quickly put a stop to the proceedings, and in an hour succeeded in locating the warden, who reached the prison late in the morning.

That evening Mary was taken to the warden's room and told that she was free. They told her the whole story of Bull Hurley's confession. They left her alone for a few minutes, while she sobbed out her relief at finding that she was guiltless of the crime. They did not tell until several days later, however, that Bull Hurley, outwitting one of the prison guards, had taken the law into his own hands and committed suicide.

When at last Mary was sitting quiet and composed and beginning to wonder why they had left her alone so long, the door opened and Chester Dowling stepped in. She rose, her face flush-

Cast of "Cheating the Public"

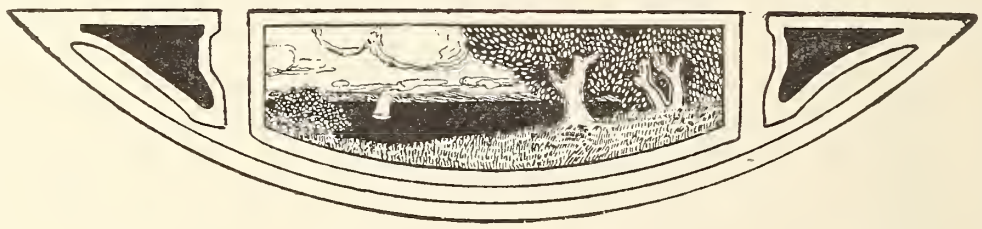
From the story of Mary Murillo

John Dowling.....Ralph Lewis
Chester Dowling.....Bertram Grassby
"Bull" Hurley.....Tom Wilson
Mary Garvin.....Enid Markey

ing. "Chester," she faltered, "I—don't know how I can thank you! And they tell me that you have done all those things you promised to ask your father to do, and——"

"And now perhaps you will let me take you home?" he interrupted her, smiling and holding out a cloak.

Mary hesitated just for an instant, and for no particular reason. Their eyes met, and then she held out her arms for the sleeves of the cloak. He turned her gently around to button the cloak—and Mary returned the quiet kiss he gave her as he opened the door and led her out toward home.



WHEN CYNTHIA SMILES

WHEN Cynthia smiles, "close-up," 'tis plain
Her teeth are filled with porcelain.
Fair Julia's sweet incisor has
A golden cap that fairly daz-
Zles blackly when she beams; and Kate's
Rich, wholesome laugh displays two plates
Of gleaming, perfect, milk-white teeth,
Complete on top and underneath.
Clorinda's smile reveals, perhaps,
Three dainty little porcelain caps—
Perhaps they're four—the work's so fine,
You can't be sure. Then Caroline
Shows rows of pearly white in front,
Unmarred by any dentist's stunt,
But once release her laugh controllers,
And, lo! gold bridgework on her molars.

Oh, ladies of the screen who land
Beneath the tyrant dentist's hand,
Poor patch-toothed victims of his guile,
'Tis best in close-ups *not* to smile!

HUGH CREA.

Contrary Mary

"The Little Princess" tries to hector
Marshall Neilan, her director.
He puts her in a giant vase,
And Mary Pickford mends her ways.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

FRED STONE, probably America's foremost character comedian—famous for his creation of the rôle of the scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz," the star—with his partner, the late Dave Montgomery—in a dozen of the most successful musical comedies ever staged,

Caught at last. Fred Stone enters the film field.

and now the featured player in "Jack o' Lantern," at the Globe Theater, New York, has at last succumbed to the lure of the movies. Attempts galore have been made in the past to ensnare him; scarcely a motion-picture manufacturer of note but has offered Stone a contract to appear in his brand of films—in fact, once last year it was even announced that Stone had been signed. But this time the comedian himself has gone on record as being party to a motion-picture contract. It is Jesse L. Lasky and Paramount Pictures Corporation who are to have Mr. Stone's services. Immediately upon completing his stage season in the spring, Mr. Stone is scheduled to journey out to California, and during the summer months will appear in several films, scenarios for which are already prepared and adjudged suitable for Mr. Stone's whimsical personality.

Arthur Guy Empey signs a contract with Vitagraph to act in "Over the Top." Empey stands at the left. The man sitting down is Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph. Robert G. Anderson, Empey's manager, is behind him, and Lois Meredith, who will play the leading woman, is at the right.

Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey is the first of the war lecturers to appear on the screen. Vitagraph has signed him to do in pictures a film version of his famous story, "Over the Top," which has been sold in book stores the country over for the past year, and is said to have been read by more than two and a half million people. The picture will bear the same title as the Empey book, "Over the Top," and will be a drama which depicts the actual experiences through which Empey passed while

with the British expeditionary forces in France. It will show Empey as a machine gunner and bomb thrower, and introduces an air-plane episode wherein Empey at the point of a revolver forces a German flyer to carry him from behind the German lines to those of his own comrades. Lois Meredith enacts the rôle of the heroine. You will recall her on the speaking stage for her work in "Everywoman," and "Peg o' My Heart," and in pictures for such plays as "Help Wanted" and "The Woman" for Paramount, "The Antique Dealer" for World, and "Sold at Auction" and "The Precious Packet," Pathé.

Edith Story has followed "The Legion of Death" by a melodrama entitled "Revenge."

Edith Storey, whose last Metro picture, "The Legion of Death," is still fresh in your memory, no doubt, has just completed another subject of sure-fire appeal. It is entitled "Revenge," and is an adaptation of the novel "Hearts Steadfast," by Edward Moffatt. Tod Browning directs Miss Storey in this picture, which is decidedly melodramatic in places — one scene in particular calls for the burning of a stage coach, which frightens the horses and thus causes a runaway on a dangerous road. Miss Storey escapes from the coach just as it leaves the roadway and plunges over a cliff to fall a mass of wreckage a thousand feet below. Wheeler Oakman and Ralph Lewis, both sterling players of note,

appear in support of the star.

Vivian Martin in "A Petticoat Pilot."

Vivian Martin's next Paramount picture is "A Petticoat Pilot," an adaptation of Joseph C. Lincoln's story, "Mary Gusta." Director Sturgeon has as leading man of his picture Harrison Ford, whom you will probably recall as Miss Martin's lover in "Molly Entangled," released some time ago. Two of the other big rôles are enacted by Theodore Roberts and James Neill, while numbered among the others in the cast are Jane Wolff, Helen Gillmore, Richard Cummings, Bert Hadley, and John Burton.

At the same California Metro studio, Viola Dana is beginning the production of a human-interest story of excellence, having finished "The House of Hearts," an adaptation of Myrtle Reed's novel, "A Weaver of Dreams," in the cast of which are included such favorites as Clifford Bruce, Russell Simpson, and Vera Lewis. Bruce you will instantly recall for his splendid portrayal of the male lead in "Blue Jeans," as well as his work in "The Winding Trail."

Triangle's scenario department is said to be sitting up nights in its endeavor to keep ahead of the production department. Stories, stories, and yet more stories, is the insistent call of the directors. Jack Cunningham, who wrote the scenario for "The Hopper," in which you probably saw William Mong, is now adapting William V. McCoy's "Little Red Decides;" Catherine Carr, author of the seven-reel Janu-

Bessie Love is to be directed by Frederick Thompson.

ary release, "I Love You," which starred Alma Rubens, has completed another original story, entitled "A Soul in Trust." Other subjects ready for production are "Woman's Love," by Lillian Ducey, and "The Day of Knights," by Gardner Bradford.

Frederick Thompson, whom Pathé alleges is the first legitimate stage director ever to enter the motion-picture field—the same Frederick Thompson who directed Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl" for Paramount, a picture that fans everywhere are still talking about, is now Bessie Love's director. He is superintending her work in "How Could You, Caroline?" a story by Zola Forrester, the scenario for which was prepared by Agnes Johnston, who prepared her first Pathé picture, "Spring of the Year," from Henry Kitchell Webster's novel, "The Painted Scene." In taking up the direction of the fair Bessie, Mr. Thompson said, when

interviewed by a big Eastern trade journal: "I joined Pathé because I consider Bessie Love absolutely the biggest bet in pictures. She is a mere child, and her future is absolutely unlimited."

Grace Darmond has just been signed to a long-term contract with Vitagraph.

Grace Darmond, whose work on the screen you have doubtless enjoyed for the past three years, during which period she has been with Selig, Pathé, Technicolor, and of late Vitagraph, has just been signed to a new long-term contract by President Albert E. Smith, of Vitagraph. The signing of this contract is the direct result of the tremendous hit she scored in the picture titled "In the Balance," in which she appeared opposite Earle Williams. President Smith announces his intention of starring her in a series of Blue Ribbon features, which will display her beauty and talent to their fullest extent. He begins the carrying out of his promise by staging "The Other Man," in which Miss Darmond, sometimes referred to as "The Lillian Russell of the screen," is starred, supported by a splendid cast headed by Harry Morey and Florence Deshon.

What looks on paper like a corking cast is supporting Nazimova in her second Metro release, staged under the direction of George D. Baker, at St. Augustine, Florida. Charles Bryant, who had the male lead in Nazimova's first Metro picture, "Revelation," is also the leading man in this new picture. He is well accustomed to assisting the star, as he was in her support in both the vaudeville and the screen versions of "War Brides," and also in the dramatic production of "Bella Donna." Irving Cummings has a strong rôle, and Dodson Mitchell is cast as Griswold, the character upon whom a unique revenge is planned by the gypsy maiden—Nazimova. E. J. Connelly, who played the name part in "Rasputin, the Black Monk," and *Doctor Zulph* in the Metro serial, "The Great Secret," portrays an important rôle, as does Nila Mac, who was seen

Pauline Frederick is to appear in a Paramount production of "La Tosca."

with Nazimova in "War Brides," and Frank Currier, who has been associated with every star in the Metro constellation, and has a long list of character delineations to his credit.

The opera "La Tosca," written by the French master of dramatic art, Victorien Sardou, upward of thirty years ago, as a play for Sarah Bernhardt, has been chosen as the next starring vehicle of Pauline Frederick. The plot of "La Tosca" affords some powerful situations for emotional acting, of which Miss Frederick will surely take advantage. As you perhaps recall, the story concerns Floria Tosca, one of those strange women, beautiful and yet willful, who attempts to save her lover from the clutches of Scarpia, the minister of police. Faced by the fearful alternative of yielding herself to Scarpia or seeing her lover shot before her eyes, she pretends to surrender, and then kills the official. Later her lover is indeed killed through a mistake of the soldiers, who failed to remove the bullets from their guns as instructed. Then Tosca ends her own life. Just whether the original story will be adhered to in making the film is as yet unknown. The interesting thing is that "La Tosca" will be presented under the Paramount banner with a degree of splendor that should prove startling, it is asserted, even in these days of superior films.

Olive Thomas, whose Triangle release,"Limousine Life," scored a hit in every theater it played, has just completed another story in which abundant opportunity is given her for the wearing of fashionable gowns and playing the rôle of a social butterfly. The title of this new offering is "Heiress for a Day." Jack Dillon directs. Roy Stewart, who is rapidly coming to the front as a Triangle favorite, and whom perhaps you have recently seen in "The Law's Outlaw," an unusual story of the West, has just finished the last scenes of the film version of the Randall Parrish story, "Keith of the Border," and

is now doing the Charles Alden Seltzer novel, "Boss of the Lazy Y."

Irene Castle will next be seen in a Pathéfeature called, "The Mysterious Client."

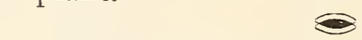
Irene Castle, the wife and dancing partner of Vernon Castle, immediately upon completing the last scenes of "Convict 99," her first Pathé play of the 1918 season, began work on another Pathé feature. Fred Wright is directing this new production, which is titled "The Mysterious Client," and is a mystery story of the most absorbing kind. Included in the cast supporting Mrs. Castle are Milton Sills, Warner Oland, and Cæsare Gravina. As usual with the Castle pictures, action of the most exciting and vigorous kind will be found throughout the entire length of this feature offering.

"Jack Spurlock—Prodigal," written by George Horace Latimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* has been purchased by William Fox for film purposes, and already Director Carl Har-

baugh and George Walsh, the popular Fox star, are busily recreating it on several of the big Fox stages. From the moment that *Spurlock* is seen awaking after an all-night spree to discover a bear, with boxing gloves on his feet, in his bathroom, the fun is fast and furious. Surely all of us who have seen George Walsh in action can feel certain that he will get everything possible out of such a rôle. The picture is to be released, when finished, as one of the regular Fox productions, which means no extra prices will be charged at the box office, even though the story cost the Fox organization a small fortune to secure.

You are, of course, familiar with the Burton Holmes Travelogues, as presented at even the smallest of theaters. Now another famous traveler is going to adopt the screen as a means of reaching an even larger audience than he has been able to visit in person. E. M. Newman, of international fame, has contracted to permit the Newman Travel-talks, to be released by the Educational Films Corporation of America, and soon the theater-chair traveler will be able to personally inspect the most remote quarters of the globe. Among the first of the Newman Travel-talks to be issued will be subjects entitled: "The Forbidden Isle," "The Egypt of the Southwest," "Tidbits of Travel," and "Through the National Parks."

Vice President and General Manager Davis, of Triangle, has recently arranged for the presentation of films of a number of the most famous stories and plays of our day. Mr. Davis crossed the continent from Los Angeles to New York for the special purpose of procuring certain of these subjects, and, although he had the picture rights to at least a half score of them when he returned West, the only one he would comment upon was Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," which will probably be the first of the big subjects to be staged as a multiple-reel feature at the Triangle's west-coast plant.



Very shortly you will be seeing something new in motion pictures, if you have not already been afforded a glimpse of the innovation by the time this issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is in your hands. It is termed The Motion Picture Plus, and is offered by W. W. Hodkinson, the man who used to be president of Paramount, but who recently came back into the film game after a long absence, as the sponsor and distributor of Paralta Pictures. The Motion Picture Plus will give, it is claimed, the stereoscopic effect to the figures on the screen which has been so long sought. Remember the old-fashioned stereoscope you used to own —the double-lensed device by which you looked at a card holding two photographs, and the pictures seemed to have all the depth of reality? If the scene showed mountains in the distance, the mountains, instead of appearing flat as in the photograph, looked to be really a mile or more away. Well, that is the effect which The Motion Picture Plus is claimed to give on the screen—only you won't have to look through two lenses, but simply at the screen. In addition, the field of the picture is much wider than in the pictures to which you have long been accustomed. The result is obtained by projecting the film through a new type of projector, which runs the film *across* the projection opening, instead of from top to bottom of it, as is done at present. Furthermore, two "frames" of the picture are shown on the screen at the same time, which necessitates the film itself being twice as long as at present. A Bessie Barriscale picture made by Paralta is the first of the Motion Pictures Plus which will be released.

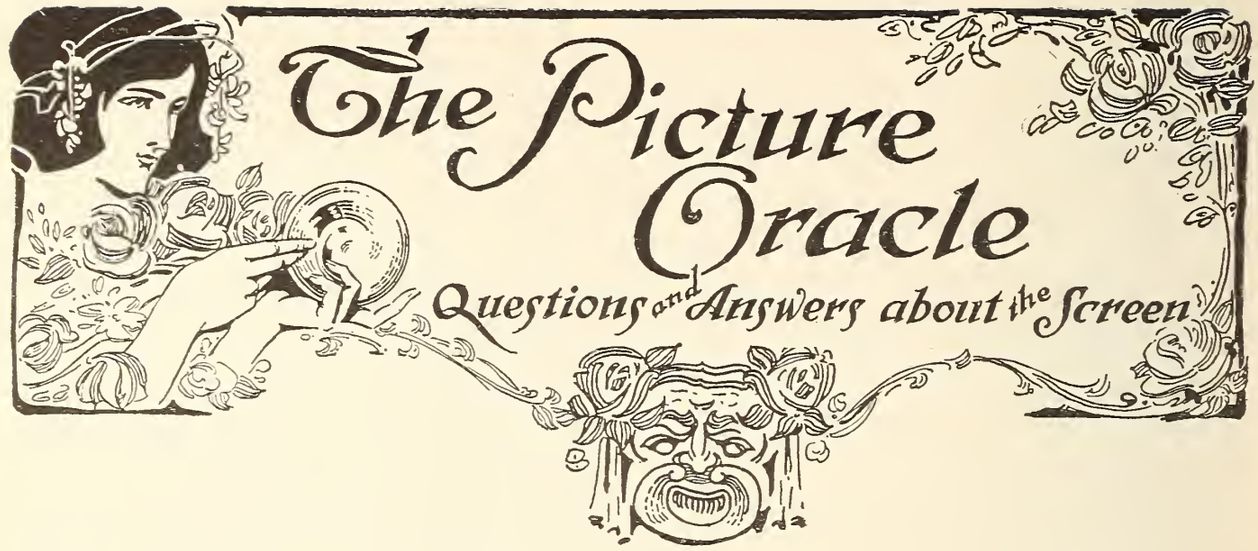
Madame Petrova, whose second picture made by her own company is now showing at leading theaters everywhere, has signed Wyndham Standing, the English actor, who is a brother of the late Guy Standing, as leading man in her third production now in the making. Frank Crane is directing, and Thomas Holding, who plays *Doctor Leslie* in the current Petrova offering, staged by Director Larry Trimble, is again enacting a leading rôle. "The Life Mask" is the title by which the story now nearing completion is known.

Wilfred Lucas, who endeared himself to screen fans the country over throughout his career as a Triangle star, is now a Bluebird director. His first Bluebird production is already on the screens—it being "Morgan's Raiders," starring Violet Mersereau. It was made at the Bluebird Studios, in Leonia, New Jersey. Lucas is now out at Universal City, California, and superintending the staging of "The Heart of the Desert," which stars Ruth Clifford and Monroe Salisbury. This is an adaptation of Honore Willsie's novel of the same title, and affords both Miss Clifford and Mr. Salisbury some remarkable opportunities for the display of their talents. On the same Bluebird "lot," Mae Murray is completing "The Eleventh Commandment," an original story by F. McGrew Willis and Carmel Myers, whose last production was "The Green Seal," by Charles Edmund Walk, is putting the finishing touches on "Bona," a story by Harvey Gates, which is being directed by Stuart Paton and in which Kenneth Harlan has the leading male rôle.

Peggy Hyland is now a Fox star. The fair Peggy, who only came to the United States from England some eighteen months ago, and leaped into almost instant popularity, is at work at the Fox Eastern studios at the head of her own company. For his newest star it is announced William Fox has secured a suitable subject, but as yet its title or the name of the director who will stage it has not been made public. The announcement of Miss Hyland's acquisition reads, in part: "In Peggy Hyland picturegoers found an exceedingly winsome girl—one whose charm lay chiefly in her possession of the unique combination of appealing demureness and an irresistible spirit of fun and good spirit. We now anticipate an even greater success for Miss Hyland than has been hers in the past."

All of you who enjoyed "The Seven Swans," the holiday release of Paramount, featuring Marguerite Clark, will find equal delight in her current vehicle, "Prunella." This is the film version of the famous play fantasy of the same name which was produced by Winthrop Ames in 1914, with Marguerite Clark in the same rôle she has now enacted for the films. Incidentally the little star has a sentimental interest in this play, for it was while appearing in this that she was seen for the first time by Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and straightway offered an engagement in pictures.

Eugene Walter's famous drama, "The Knife," is the third vehicle chosen for Alice Brady as a Select production. In it Miss Brady appears as a pretty Southern girl whose mind has been filled with superstitious beliefs by her old negro nurse. Many of the early scenes are laid in the South, and were actually photographed on the Emerson plantation, near Jacksonville, Florida. Miss Brady has for her leading man in this production Frank Morgan, and others in the cast are Johnnie Walker, Anne Cornwall, Helen Lackaye, and Myra Brook.



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.

HOPE.—It is no wonder that you landed at the top of the Oracle this month, Hope, because you wrote so many letters. One of them had to land in the right spot, and it did. This makes the second time in about fifteen months that you have headed the Oracle Department with your questions. You should consider yourself a very lucky little lady, as I know several readers who have been trying even longer to land just one of their letters at the top, but so far have not been successful in having their letters quite hit the bull's-eye. It didn't look as though your green envelope would come to the top for the first questions of the month, but as I continued down the pile filling up last month's Oracle, the last letters did not ask any questions, so it took a great many of them to fill up. Hence your letter landed at the critical time. I see that you have drifted away from your old favorite, Wheeler Oakman. Yes, it was William Shay that played the part of *Wertheimer* in Herbert Brenon's "Lone Wolf" production. He is the same fellow that you have the magazine cut-outs of. You are correct about Bessie and Bert in "The Rose of the Rancho." King Baggot has returned to the screen. He is now playing the leading rôle in a new serial being produced by the Wharton Brothers. So you have transferred your affections from Wheeler to Harold? And in such a short time, too! Wheeler has been playing right along. Didn't you see him in the "Princess Virtue," with Mae Murray? He has been playing regularly with Fox, Universal, and Triangle. His latest picture is "I Love You," a seven-reel special Triangle feature, in which Wheeler has a very good part and acts it in his splendid manner. You may transfer your affections back again when you see him on the screen once more. May Allison is not doing anything at the present time. She has not appeared in a picture since she last played opposite Harold Lockwood. "Polly of the Circus" was a very good play indeed, and I enjoyed it very much. Mae Marsh's "Sunshine Alley" was also a very cute picture, with Bobby Harron playing the leading rôle opposite Mae.

CHARLES CHAPLIN FAN.—Your favorite comedian's last picture was the "Adventurer," which was released by the Mutual Film Corporation. It was the last one he made for that concern. The first comedy he made for the Exhibitor's circuit since leaving the Mutual and forming his own company has not been released yet.

MARIAN S.—Forrest Stanley has gone back on the stage. He has not appeared in pictures since he left the Morosco Company. Blanche Sweet has not left for Europe. She has not acted in pictures for a long time. Her last work was with the Lasky Company. You will have to get a special permit to go through Universal City. They used to let the public in to see them make their films, but this custom has been abandoned now. I don't know whether PICTURE-PLAY will hold another contest like the Screen Opportunity Contest or not.

MRS. E. H.—You can get a complete list to all the studios by sending six cents in stamps ot the editor of this magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet.

SHORTY.—Chester Barnett was *Billy* in Clara Kimball Young's "Trilby." Theda Bara has a secretary, of course, but writes or dictates her own letters. You can reach Chester Barnett at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

JULIA DAY ADMIRER.—Julia Day only did a few pictures for the American Film Company, but will probably return to that company again to do more. Your matrimonial question is against the Oracle rules.

CUTIE.—Your letter addressed to H. B. Warner will be forwarded to him as soon as it arrives. Yes, I enjoy writing the Oracle. If not, it would be very poor policy for me to do it, as I could not do justice to my work if I didn't enjoy doing it. Nobody can. It was "The Millionaire Vagrant" that you saw, and not the "Vagabond Millionaire," with Charles Ray in the stellar rôle. Of course Theda Bara is taking vampire parts now. Bryant Washburn is now with the Pathé Company and is working at their Pacific-coast studios, Glendale, California. People certainly hear some funny rumors about motion-picture people. The latest one that you heard about William S. Hart shooting himself is as funny and untrue, like most of the other stories you hear repeated. Hart is working every day at his studios in Hollywood, California, making features for the Artcraft program. The black-and-blue marks that you see on a player after a fight are done with the aid of grease paint, though very often some of the marks are natural. Yes, I heard that song quite some time ago. Francis X. Bushman is still with the Metro Pictures Corporation, and is making features for them at their New York studios.

E. J.—Write to Francis MacDonald in care of the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. He was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, on August 22, 1891. He is five feet nine inches tall, has black hair, brown eyes, and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. It is very seldom that persons to be used as doubles are in demand. It is only when a certain story requires it, and nine times out of every ten it is done by the means of double exposure, the one man playing both of the characters.

RALPH, GRACE, AND LEON LOVER.—Why not write Leon Barry yourself, and tell him that you are proud of him? You can reach him by mail in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. I don't know whether they have made a novel out of the serial or not. Why not inquire of your bookstore or library? They can no doubt tell you. I am sure that they will most likely have it in book form on account of the advertising value it will have. "The Lust of the Ages" is the latest Lillian Walker picture, which she did for the Ogden Pictures Corporation. Why should I think you a bore? Your letter was very interesting.

BILLY B.—Yes, I am sure that Douglas Fairbanks would send you one of his photographs. Write to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and the letter will be sure to be received by him. His latest film is "A Modern Musketeer." "Reaching for the Moon," "The Man from Painted Post," "Wild and Woolly," and "In Again, Out Again," are his latest releases on the Artcraft program. Can't answer your matrimonial question regarding Douglas Fairbanks, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department, which you will discover by reading them over. The "Bab" stories are the latest Marguerite Clark pictures. They are also reissuing some of her older pictures. "Still Waters" and "The Seven Swans," for instance. Can't answer the matrimonial query about Marguerite. Same reason as the one for Doug.

ANNA ADMIRER.—Received your letter, all right, but not the six cents in stamps which you said was inclosed. Did you seal the letter and forget to put the stamps in? Better send along the six, so I can have the editor send you a copy of the Market Booklet which you requested.

O. IMA PHULE.—Well, my friend Ima, you are geting to be right on time with your letters every month now. That's a good girl. Be sure and keep up the good work. If you can give me the name of the serial I can name the fellow you mean. It sounds very much like Harry Fox, in the "Beatrice Fairfax" serial, produced by the International Film Company. Just write to the actors for the autographs you desire. Yes, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks are all very popular in Europe. There are hundreds of screen actors in the United States. Charles Chaplin has his own company now, and is making comedies for the Exhibitor's Circuit, which will be released very shortly. Anything else?

A. E. P.—Grace Darmond is now playing opposite Earle Williams in films for the Vitagraph. You can reach her by mail at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. I am sure that she will willingly send you one of her photos. Better inclose twenty-five cents with your request, as photos cost money these days, and it costs every player twenty-eight cents to send out a picture to an admirer.

A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE.—Glad to hear that you thought so well of the Bessie Love article that appeared in PICTURE-PLAY. Bessie is now working in Florida, but expects to return to the coast very shortly. You can reach her by mail if you address her in care of ? ? ? ? ?

RHEA ADMIRER.—Your favorite, Rhea Mitchell, is now with the Fox Film Company, doing a seven-reel feature under the direction of Frank Lloyd. She was last at the Paralta Studios, where she did two features in which she was starred. Previous to this her last work was with the American Film Company, opposite Richard Bennett. Rhea is one of the popular stars of the old school, having started with Tom Ince about five years ago. Yes, she appeared with William S. Hart in one feature, "On the Night Stage," and also opposite him in several two-reel dramas on the Mutual program.

DORO LOCKWOOD BROWNSBURG INDIANA.—James Cruze is not working in any feature at the present time. He does not play opposite Marguerite Snow any more. Marguerite is playing opposite King Baggot in a new serial being produced by the Wharton brothers at the studios in Ithaca, New York. You can reach Crane Wilbur by mail if you address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Mary Pickford has blond hair and blue eyes. Most of the film companies go to California during the winter, as the weather conditions are more favorable there than they are at the Eastern studios during the winter months. Some acrobats have lived to be very old, and others haven't. There is always the risk of their being injured in some way while doing a stunt, so the odds are always against them. The Thanhouser Film Company is still situated at New Rochelle, New York.

ENID MARKEY'S BOOSTER.—Enid Markey has returned to the Fox Company after starring in "Tarzan of the Apes" for the National Film Corporation, and is now playing opposite Tom Mix in his latest Western feature. Her last feature for the Fox Company, in which she was starred, was called "Responsibility," but there is some talk of changing the title of the picture. "The Curse of Eve" is the current Enid Markey feature which is now being shown. It was produced by the Carona Cinema Company several months ago.

OFFICER 666.—Teddy Sampson is not working at the present time. She was last at the Triangle Studios doing a Japanese picture. Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are still with the Universal, making one-reel comedies. Eddie and Lee have certainly been at it a long time. Ford Sterling is still in pictures. He is appearing in Sunshine Comedies, which are released by the Fox Film Corporation.

LOTTA CLASS.—You must not believe all you hear, Lotta. There are always wild rumors going about concerning professional people which should be taken in one ear and out the other. First, Charlie Chaplin is dead, or deaf and dumb; then Mary Pickford has six or seven children, and Roscoe Arbuckle insomnia. On top of this some fair damsel will inquire if it is true that Crane Wilbur was killed while doing a scene, et cetera. You mustn't take in everything you hear. Wait until you read it in some reliable paper. Douglas Fairbanks has his company of players in Tucson, Arizona, at the present time doing a big Artcraft picture. "A Modern Musketeer" is his latest release. You can reach him by mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

LITTLE SONG BIRD.—Harry Williams and Vincent Bryan are about the only song writers that I know of who are directing motion pictures at the present time. Harry Williams is directing at the Sunshine Studios, while Vincent Bryan is busy in the East with a new company.

RABBID RUDOLPH.—Mildred Harris is the name of the young lady who had the leading rôle in "The Price of a Good Time." Kenneth Harlan supported Miss Harris in the film, which was directed by Lois Webber.

H. E. S.—Harold Lockwood is in New York City at the present time. He is working at the Metro Studios there. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are still working for Metro.

ANXIOUS.—Earle Williams is with the Vitagraph, but at the Western Studios, now in Hollywood, California. Grace Darmond was brought out from New York City to play leads opposite him. Hank Mann is not working at the present time, but expects to start in very shortly. "It's a secret as yet," says Hank, so I can't tell.

D. L.—This is your second letter this month, Dorothy, and you ask almost the same questions in this one that you did in the one previous. Florence La Badie died several months ago as the result of injuries she received in an automobile accident. She was last with the Thanhouser Film Company, at New Rochelle, New York. Crane Wilbur has been acting in special features of late. You can get in touch with him via letter by writing to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. No, he has not gray hair, by any means. His hair is dark brown. He looks just the same off the screen as he does on. You should write to the players whose photographs you want, and ask for one. Inclose twenty-five cents with your request, and they will send you an autographed photo of themselves in return. There are no set places where actors and actresses go for their vacations. Each player has his or her own taste, so they naturally go to any place that strikes their fancy, just like any one else. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne still play opposite each other. A great many of the play-

ers started their careers as extras, and worked themselves up in the business. Are you thinking of doing the same?

RUTH.—Yes, Ruth, there are two motion-picture studios in Chicago. The Selig Company has a studio there, and the Essanay Film Company also has a studio in the wicked city. The Essanay Studio is located at 1333 Argyle Street. So you have a strong desire to express your emotions before a motion-picture camera? A great many of my readers have that very same ambition. Yes, I think that your favorite, Harold Lockwood, is very good looking.

SEE COO.—Lloyd Hamilton is now with the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, and not with the Kalem Company. Bud does not play opposite him any longer. His comedies will be released by the Fox Company. He has appeared in two pictures for that concern. His first release was "Roaring Lions and Wedding Belles," while his latest is "Hungry Lions in a Hospital." He is now working in his third picture, which has nothing to do with lions. From the titles of the two pictures he has done, one would be led to believe that he had decided to take up animal training.

BROWN EYES.—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 film companies and everything else that you wish to know about them. I know that you don't know who I am, Brown Eyes, by the way you try to let me believe that you do. You should try a better scheme than that, because it is ripe with age.

PEARL.—The locale of the last Pearl White "Fatal Ring" episode is laid in Arabia. There are numerous murders in this film that ought to give you quite a thrill. Pearl and her lover don't find the diamond.

LOVE.—Well, here you are again! William S. Hart's address is contained in the answer below you. I don't think there lives such a person as the one you would like to hear from. In other words, there is no such animal.

MRS. W. E. K.—Address Arline Pretty in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Theda Bara is now in New York City. You can get in touch with her by writing to her at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Theda is a very nice young lady off the screen. She has been in motion pictures about two and a half years. William S. Hart gets all of his mail at the William S. Hart Studios, Hollywood, California. He has been in motion pictures for a little over three years. Anita Stewart is still with the Vitagraph. Write her at the Vitagraph Company of America. East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. The scenes for "The Girl Phillipa" were laid in France, but were taken in and around New York. Of course that was an actor, and not a real tramp. He must have played his part mighty well to make you think him the real thing.

CHARLIE'S PAL.—No, it is not true that Charles Chaplin and Charles Ray did a Weber and Fields act in vaudeville. It was Chester Conklin that appeared with Charles Ray in this type of sketch, and not Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin is now in business for himself, and is making comedies for the First Exhibitor's Circuit of theaters. His contract calls for him to make eight comedies a year, for which he is to receive $1,075,000. Pretty good for a little fellow, isn' it?

KANGAROO.—I don't see why you wouldn't receive a reply. Write to Douglas Fairbanks in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. I am sure that Fairbanks would send you one of his photographs if you asked him for one.

LITTLE MISS TAKE.—You are just what your title implies—mistaken in several of your ideas. It was George Berranger, and not Henry Walthall, who played in "Flirting with Fate," with Douglas Fairbanks. They look a great deal alike, but are entirely different persons. They both played in "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," as it was called in some States, but they did not look so much alike at that time as they do now. Anita Stewart is with Vitagraph, and not with the World Film Corporation. Lillian Walker has not been with the Vitagraph Company for a long while. She left them to join the Ogden Pictures Corporation, but is now with the Crest Pictures Corporation. Charles Chaplin is the gentleman's correct name. You can reach him by letter in care of the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. He is not deaf and dumb. Charlie is perfectly normal in every respect. Your nom-de-plume should have been Miss Informed.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY.—Harry Williams is the song-writing director to whom you refer. He wrote "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," "Rocky Road to Dublin," "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and many other hits. He has been directing about two years. He started his picture career in the scenario department of Mack Sennett's Keystone Company. He did not write the "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" song, however. That was written by the wife of William Jerome, the well-known song writer. William Jerome was in the Keystone scenario department for a while, but went back to his song writing.

MARGIE'S ADMIRER.—Your letter was a little late in arriving, probably due to the censor, so your questions were late in being answered. It was Margarita Fischer that had the leading rôle in the Mutual production, "Pearl of Paradise." She is now with the American Film Company at their studios in Santa Barbara, California, where you can reach her by letter. She was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa.

ALFRED VOSBURGH, JR.—There is no such person as Alfred Vosburgh in pictures. Dead, you ask? Yes, the name, but not the fellow. Vosburgh did not sound right for such a fine little American as Alfred, so the Vitagraph decided to change it to Whitman, so now your favorite is known as Alfred Whitman instead of Alfred Vosburgh. His latest film is "The Home Trail," a costume picture of the days of 1870. He is still with the Vitagraph. You can reach him by writing to him in care of the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California.

MARY'S ADMIRER.—Strange to say, right on top of your letter above, under "Margie's Admirer," comes your one with "Mary's Admirer" for a heading. Mary Miles Minter tells me that she was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902, but as April 1st is April Fool's Day you never can tell. Still, Mary ought to know, if any one should. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, and has golden hair with big blue eyes.

GRACE CUNARD ADMIRER.—Grace Cunard is not with the Universal Film Company any longer. She is thinking of making a personal tour of the leading picture theaters in the United States, and meeting her many admirers personally. She has received so many requests from fans and exhibitors throughout the country, that I think she will consent to make the trip in the near future. I admire her work very much. You start off your list of questions with one which is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Shame on you! The last picture that Dot Farley appeared in was a comedy entitled "She Didn't Want to Do It," which was released by the Fox Company. Of course she will send you one of her photos if you inclose the twenty-five cents. Florence Reed is playing in "Chu Chin Chow," the big New York success, but is doing pictures right along as well. Florence is certainly a busy little lady, between her stage and picture work.

ANNA M. C. F.—We don't give the personal addresses of the players. You can get in touch with Pearl White by writing to her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

ELLEN F. C.—Write to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE and tell him about the articles and picture on the cover of the magazine that you would like to have published. He attends to all of that—not I. I have all that I can handle in answering the questions for the Oracle Department.

ANNETTE and OTTILIA.—Mae Marsh's correct address is in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. Roscoe Arbuckle was born in 1887, in Kansas. George Larkin is not working in pictures at the present time. Yes, he was very successful in the Universal serial, "The Trey o' Hearts," opposite Cleo Madison. The small photos like the one you inclosed in your letter were given away with bread and cigarettes at one time, but I don't know whether or not it is still done. Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. She is five feet three inches tall, and has gray eyes, and auburn hair. She weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds. "Snow White," "The Old Homestead," "Exploits of Elaine," "Romance of Elaine," "Charity," "The Iron Claw," and "The Seven Pearls," are the best-known Creighton Hale features and serials. You can get a picture of Muriel Ostriche by writing to her in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Claire Whitney should be addressed in care of the Fox Film Corporation at the same address as the World Film Corporation.

MONROE SALISBURY ADMIRER.—Monroe Salisbury is now starring for the Universal Company in "Bluebirds." It has been over two years since he played *Allesandro* in "Ramona." After that he did "The Eyes of the World," for the same company, and several features for Fox, Morosco, and Mutual before joining the Universal. A letter addressed to him in care of the Universal Studios, Universal City, California, will reach him.

I LIKE CHARLEY RAY.—There are a great many other fans that do, too. "The Hired Man" is the title of his latest picture on the Paramount Program. It was directed by Victor Schertzinger. "The Son of His Father" was his first picture on the Paramount program. He was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, just twenty-five years ago. He has been in the films for the last five years, but has never played for any one but Tom Ince during his screen career. He is not related to Baby Zoe Ray. Her right name is Zoé Rae Bech. Charlie started on his theatrical career about ten years ago, when he was a mere youngster.

M. E. F.—Sorry, but you will have to help me a little better than that if you want me to name the leading man who played in the 101 Bison Film. There was no picture by the name you mentioned released by that company. If you can remember something about the story I may be able to help you out.

"Peggy."—Thank you very much for those kind words. They bring a ray of sunshine into the Oracle's office. There is no one at Universal City by that name now. How long ago did you hear that there was? I can't make any excuses, "Peggy," because I am always too busy, so you needn't be afraid that I will.

Mr. August M.—The editor is sending you one of the latest copies of the Market Booklet, for which you inclosed six cents in stamps. I am sure that you will find it very helpful to you in your work, as it gives some very good market tips and other useful information for the writer. If there are any questions that you want to ask regarding scenarios, write to the scenario editor of the Picture-Play Magazine, and he will be glad to advise you. All you have to do is inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter. "He will do the rest."

William Hart Admirer.—Set your watch ahead, Admirer. William S. Hart is not with the Triangle Film Company any more. In fact, he hasn't been for some time. He is making features for the Artcraft program under the supervision of Thomas H. Ince, and has a studio of his own in Hollywood, California. His first Artcraft picture was called "The Narrow Trail," and not "The Cold Deck." The latter was his final picture for the Triangle, which this company sold outright to the Exhibitor's Circuit of theaters. A letter addressed to Hart in care of the Hart Studios will reach him.

Where is Lottie?—She's doing a Lotta gadding! Your favorite is not playing in pictures at the present time. She is visiting Mary Pickford in California. Yes, she appeared in a few pictures after she finished "The Diamond from the Sky" serial for the American Film Company. A letter addressed to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will reach her.

Gladys W.—The only way for you to do, Gladys, is to apply for extra work at the different studios and try to work yourself in that way. If you have any talent it won't take long for it to be discovered. If you haven't, you will soon find it out and can then step out. The best place for you is around New York and New Jersey, where there are a great many studios where extra people are continually being employed. Some of the studios secure their extra people through agents. If you find that to be the case, apply through the agents. Of course fifteen is quite young to begin, but it all depends on your maturity, et cetera. And you know it's the "early bird that gets the worm." 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 studios. Yes, there is a very popular motion-picture actress by the name of Peggy Hyland.

Kee Stone.—Mack Swain is not with the Mack Sennett organization now. He left the company to make some comedies for the L-Ko Company. Yes, Chester Conklin is still on the job making comedies for Sennett. The Paramount program is releasing the comedies from the Sennett Studios. Dick Jones is directing Conklin at the present time. Ora Carew is not appearing in the Sennett comedies now. Now we've untangled a few fishing lines, haven't we? There has been some talk lately of Ora having her own company. Yes, I think she is as clever as she is pretty, and that's going some! Walter Wright, who used to direct her, is back with Mack Sennett again, directing Mary Thurman. Charles Conklin and Chester Conklin are no relation to each other, although both of them are working for the same company. No wonder the trusting public gets all mixed up.

Pretty Baby.—Arline Pretty is not with the Vitagraph Company any longer, and hasn't been for many months. She played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "In Again, Out Again," after leaving the Vitagraph, and is now appearing in the Pathé serial, "The Hidden Hand."

S. J. F.—The names of the players you mentioned in your list are just the same off the screen as they are on. Enid Markey and Howard Hickman had the leading rôles in "Civilization." Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Arline Pretty was born in Washington, D. C., in 1893. Louise Lovely first saw the light of day in Sydney, Australia, in 1896.

The Girl from California.—Glad to have you back again this month. Charles Ray is starring in Ince features, which are released on the Paramount program. His latest film is "The Hired Man," and it is a rare treat. We have had several write-ups on Fannie Ward in Picture-Play. Write to Marie Doro in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, for one of her photographs. Louise Huff and Vivian Martin should both be addressed at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Jewel Carmen gets all of her mail at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California; while Alice Joyce answers all of hers from the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. I am sure that all of them will send you photos. Kathlyn Williams is not working before the camera at the present time.

M. J. P.—Address Shirley Mason in care of the Edison Film Company Studios, East Orange, New Jersey.

California.—Tom Meighan's address is in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. You will have to write to the editors of the magazines and ask them that question yourself. I'm sure I don't know why they don't.

D. E. L. F.—You must have felt very proud indeed when you received that nice little letter from Mary Pickford, and that fine photo from Marguerite Clark, eh? Yes, Marguerite Clark is her right name. She was born on February 22d, George Washington's birthday. The curls were Mary's very own. Marguerite Clark's hair is dark brown, while Mary Pickford is a pronounced blonde. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department.

Susie.—You can reach Billie Burke by mail if you address her in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Charles Ray will send you one of his photos if you write him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. He and Frank Keenan were very good when they appeared together in "The Coward." Frank Keenan is his name off the screen as well as on. Charles Edwin Ray is his full name off the screen, and he is just as happy as can be. That is merely a matter of opinion about Mary Pickford. Some like her better than all the rest, and some not as well as they do others. It all depends on your own taste. Margery Wilson is still with the Triangle Film Corporation, Culver City, California. Edna Goodrich is not Theda Bara's name at all. Edna Goodrich is a very popular stage star, who has appeared in pictures several times. Theda Bara is the young woman's legal name. I don't keep track of the extra people of filmland, Susie, because it is impossible. Imagine me trying to keep up with the doings of thousands and thousands of extra people! My brain would feel like a city directory. It is hard enough to keep tabs on the stock people at the different studios without going any further. There may be a company at San Antonio pretty soon, or any other place. New companies are springing up all the time, but the majority of them never last very long. It is almost impossible to see the film actors and actresses at work without receiving special permission from the company management. Universal used to let people come in and watch their stars at work, but they have discontinued this privilege now. Madame Olga Petrova has auburn hair, but it photographs black. William Shay was the *King* in "Neptune's Daughter," with Annette Kellermann. Hobart Bosworth is with the Lasky Company. Madeline and Marion Fairbanks were known as the Thanhouser Twins when they were with that company. They are back on the stage at the present time. Charlie Chaplin is now producing comedies for himself at his own studio in Hollywood, California. Yes, Mae Marsh played in "The Birth of a Nation." She played Henry Walthall's youngest sister, the one who jumped over the cliff when chased by *Gus,* the negro. Do you remember the part she played now? Ask the scenario editor of Picture-Play anything you want to know about your story. He will be glad to give you any advice free of charge, if you inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Send six cents in stamps to the editor of the magazine, and he will send you a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of all the film companies who are in the market for scenarios, and the kind of stories they want. You're entirely welcome.

Jennie S.—The Lubin Film Manufacturing Company has been out of business for some time, so there is no way that I can give you the names of their managers. I guess that Lubin made about all the money out of the motion-picture business that he wanted to, and retired.

Billy C.—Write to Francis Ford in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City; Bessie Barriscale at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California; John Bowers at the Famous Players Film Company, New York City, and Mary Pickford at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Henry O.—When you were talking about strong-armed people, didn't you rather overlook one Bill Farnum, Tom Santchi, and Elmo Lincoln? They are all big huskies, and some of their screen battles will never be forgotten. What is believed to have been the most sensational screen battle in the history of films was put up by Bill Farnum and Tom Santchi in "The Spoilers." I have a couple of additions for your drawing-room comedy that may help. How about Bryant Washburn, Taylor Holmes, and Charles Ray?

L. O. J. H. C.—Yes, you certainly were lucky to be right on hand when Jack appeared at your favorite theater in person. I guess you are not the least bit sorry now that you didn't go to Detroit, are you? Kerrigan is a mighty nice chap off the screen, as well as on. Several of the movie stars are making tours now, or are planning to do so. Myrtle Stedman is now in the last lap of her tour through the United States and Canada, appearing in person at the leading film houses. She gives a song recital as well as a short talk, which is different than the program adopted by any of the other stars. I am a very poor judge of a person's age by their handwriting in most cases; so, believing in that old adage, "If you can't do a thing well, don't do it," I wouldn't dream of hazarding a guess, much as I'd like to know.

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L. R.—You are referring to Joseph Kaufman in "The College Widow." Edith Storey is with the Metro Company now. Antonio Moreno is with Pathé. George Soule Spencer had the leading rôle in "The College Widow," should you mean him.

Izzy Write.—Crane Wilbur is playing in stock at the present time, being featured at the Bishop Theater in Oakland, California, but will return to the screen again very shortly.

Charles Ray Fan.—Write to Charles Ray in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Charles Ray is his right name. His middle name is Edwin.

M. W.—Address Milton Sills in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. House Peters will get any mail sent to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Tillie E.—I am afraid that you will have to write again. Your pencil postal received quite some handling in the mail, and it is impossible to read it because the letters are mostly rubbed out. Luckily we managed to decipher the signature.

Arizona Bill.—"The Son of His Father" was a very entertaining picture, but I think that "The Pinch Hitter" and "His Mother's Boy" were much better Charles Ray features, as Charley had a better opportunity to display his natural acting in the latter films.

Chubby.—Mary Pickford's correct name is Gladys Smith, so quite naturally her mother's name is Smith. Yes, George Walsh is popular. Write to him in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Yes, he has black hair and dark eyes. Herbert Rawlinson's favorite sport is swimming. Address him in care of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford probably will not appear together in any more serials. I don't know of any stars who live in Oklahoma. Perhaps it is too far from the center of the industry, though I dare say some stars rose on the Oklahoma horizon originally. Address Theda Bara at the same address as George Walsh. No, you didn't break any rules.

Anxiously Waiting.—William S. Hart's sister does not play in the movies. You ought to know I can't answer your Douglas Fairbanks question; it's against the rules of the contest. Vivian Martin is her real name.

Essanay Fan.—Bryant Washburn is no longer with the Essanay. He has been working for the Pathé Company at their studios in Glendale, California, for some little time now. His latest release on the Pathé is "Kidd and Ko." Gertrude Selby plays the leading rôle opposite him in this feature. "Skinner's Baby" was the last Essanay picture of that series in which he was featured. Taylor Holmes, and not Washburn, appeared in "Uneasy Money." Jack Gardner was the star in their "Gift o' Gab" feature. Taylor Holmes is very clever on the screen, and threatens even to better his stage success.

Bessie Barriscale Booster.—Bessie Barriscale is still working at the Paralta Studios, where she is being featured by that concern. W. W. Hodkinson releases the Barriscale plays. "Madam Who" and "Inside the Cup" are two of her latest releases. The Exhibitor's Circuit also released "Those Who Pay," in which she was starred just a short time ago. This was one of the features which she made while at the Triangle. Address her in care of the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California.

I Wanna No.—The make-up that Billie West uses is by no means original with him. He is just copying the "get-up" of Charles Chaplin. You will notice that very quickly when you see him on the screen. He amuses, but cannot be compared to Chaplin, who is a real artist in his line and really has no strong competitors.

Scissor Bill.—That must have been a terrible name, whatever it was. You didn't have many questions to answer after threatening me that you were going to ask some quantity of them. When the "Passion Play" was produced in Europe many years ago, they never thought of casting any one's name on the screen. Even in the old Biograph, a cast of characters was never given, and people only knew their favorites by their looks, and not by their names. It is impossible to give you the cast of characters, as the company doesn't even remember who they were. Your favorite, Vivian Rich, is with the Universal Film Company, and was playing opposite Neal Hart in Western pictures when last heard from. You can reach her by letter at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Write again, friend Scissor, and let's have some of those threatened questions.

Snapshot Bill.—I have never tried to keep up with the different players' tastes in foods, so cannot tell you what are the favorite morsels of the players you mention. Why not write to each one, and find out? Cleo Madison is not playing in pictures at the present time.

I Love U.—Crane Wilbur's last picture was a big feature on the drink problem. He has deserted the screen temporarily to be featured at the Bishop Theater in Oakland, California, in the legitimate, but will soon return. Address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

BABE.—Anna Little can be reached through the mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Tom Chatterton has not been on the screen for quite some time now. He has gone into the manufacturing business in Santa Barbara, California. A letter addressed to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will be sure to reach the gentleman.

BEETLE H. M. T. E.—Address Anita Stewart in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Vernon Steele and Mae Marsh get all of their mail at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. Fannie Ward receives all of her personal mail at the Pathé Studios, Glendale, California. Emmy Wehlen and Harold Lockwood collect their mail at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Theda Bara continues to receive hers at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Alma Reuben should be addressed in care of the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Ella Hall is still with the Universal, and her mail arrives daily at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Billie Burke finds all of her letters at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mary Pickford answers all of her correspondence from the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Warren Kerrigan should be written to at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California, and David Powell in care of the Mutual Film Corporation, Consumer's Building, Chicago, Illinois. Yes, Charlie Chaplin is quite as funny off the screen as he is on. He is a most witty chap, and you are always assured of a most enjoyable time when in his company.

A CARLYLE BLACKWELL ADMIRER.—Yes, I'm the only one that answers the questions for the PICTURE-PLAY Oracle Department. Carlyle Blackwell is a very good-looking fellow and a decidedly popular star with the film fans. He is an American. Write to him in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. James Cruze and Florence La Badie had the leading rôles in "The Million-Dollar Mystery." Sidney Bracy was the butler in the same serial. Fannie Ward has been on the stage in London several times. "The Wooing of Sally Temple" was taken in California. Of course she isn't.

CHARLES RAY FAN.—"The Son of His Father" was the first Charles Ray feature to be released on the Paramount program. It was followed by "His Mother's Boy" and "The Hired Man." "Sudden Jim" was his last feature to be released on the Triangle program before leaving that concern with Thomas H. Ince. Charley has been with Ince for the last five years. He did his first picture for Ince, "The Favorite Son," in which he played opposite Grace Cunard, five years ago. Francis Ford directed the picture.

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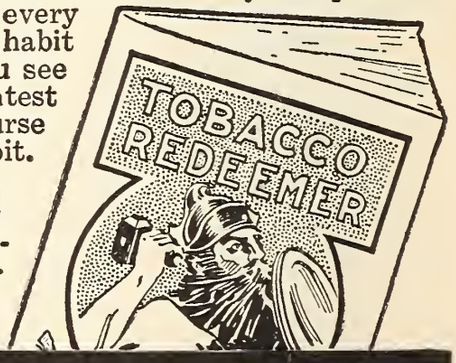

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

VIVIAN P.—All photos, sketches, or any other matter submitted for publication should be sent in to the editor of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and not to the Oracle, as I have nothing to do with this end of the magazine at all. You forgot to inclose the stamps for the return of those photos, Vivian.

MOVIE FAN.—You are getting to be quite regular lately with your questions. More power to you! Your friend Winifred Westover is now with the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, releasing on the William Fox program. Constance Talmadge has been appearing in features for the Lewis J. Selznick forces. "The Honeymoon" was her latest offering, in which Earl Foxe has the leading rôle opposite her. You can reach her by letter in care of the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Winifred Westover is eighteen. You can get a photo of her by dropping her a line in care of the Sunshine Comedies, Incorporated, Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

TWO FANS.—Yes, Mrs. Vernon Castle wears her hair clipped short. It is known as the "Castle Clip." I don't know whether Vernon Castle will return to the movies or not when the war is over. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he did. "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" are considered the greatest pictures ever produced. Probably the one with the greatest appeal was "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," as it was known in some States. There is too much difference of opinion to state which actor is considered the handsomest on the screen, and which actress the prettiest. Mine would be only a personal opinion, while you are seeking the consensus of opinion. It all depends on a person's favorite type of beauty.

T. A. G. '19.—Yes, a very good idea. Louise Huff played the leading rôle opposite Jack Pickford in "Seventeen." Yes, the Pickford question is against the rules of the contest. Yes, Proctor's theaters have been showing Triangle pictures, but I don't know whether they still continue to do so or not. No, Mabel Normand's picture, "Mickey," has not been released as yet, and there has not been any announcement as to when it will be given a public showing. It seems too bad, because it is really a very good picture. Richard Jones is the name of the young man who directed the feature. Write to Anita Stewart in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Blanche Sweet is not playing in pictures at the present time. She has not appeared before the camera since she left the Lasky Company some time ago. The Gish sisters, Dorothy and Lillian, are now working on Griffith's new big film spectacle which he is finishing up in Los Angeles after taking a great deal of it on the battlefields of Europe by special permission of the various governments.

B. B.—Sorry, but I never heard of your friend Myrtle, so cannot give you her address.

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

AN IRISH LASSIE.—The reason that Harold Lockwood and May Allison have not been featured together of late is that Miss Allison, who is a singer as well as an actress, had decided to go to London to take part in a big musical production. But on account of the difficulty of obtaining passports, and because of other conditions brought about by the war, she decided to abandon the venture. So she has returned to Metro, and it is announced that she and Harold Lockwood will soon appear again as costars. Miss Allison's many friends among the film fans will no doubt agree that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Address Mrs. Vernon Castle in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Mary Pickford gets all of her mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. June Caprice receives her letters at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street; and Anita Stewart collects hers at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

AL I. MONY.—So you want to know how much salary Mary Garden receives a week for her services before the camera? I'm sorry that I can't inform you as to the correct amount, as Mary has not confided in me as to just what is her exact weekly stipend. You can rest assured, however, that it is an extremely attractive one, whatever it may be. She is not with the World Film Company any longer. She is now making features for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and her first production is her famous success "Thaïs." A letter addressed to her in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City, will reach her all right. Charles Chaplin is not in England. He is still making comedies at his studios on the Pacific coast. Write him in care of the Charles Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California. David Warfield has not as yet fallen for the lure of the movie camera, and says that he will not. Still, you never can tell. A great many of them have said the same thing, but sooner or later have tossed themselves and their emotions in front of a moving-picture camera. It gets the best of them, and, once it does, they can't get away from it.

FOR OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.—Roberta Courtland has just written me that she has formed a club of girls, which is a branch of the Bushman Club, to write letters to the soldiers and sailors who are fighting for our country, and also to send them tobacco, magazines, and all kinds of good things. Soldiers and sailors who would like to receive letters, tobacco, magazines, candy, and so on, write to Roberta Courtland, secretary, Bushman Club, Service Branch, 58 Copinhill Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia. The girls of this club have pledged to write at least one letter a week, and send the good things along. There is no limit; so come one, come all. 'Tis a very noble deed, Roberta, and methinks that you will soon be overwhelmed with letters from our boys

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

"Over Here" and "Over There." Give this to a brother soldier or sailor and let him in on it, too.

Two Inquisitives.—Yes, it is true that Florence La Badie died as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident, but not Theda Bara. Theda was not in any accident, so the report you heard about her was unfounded. I certainly wish the one about Florence La Badie was, too, because she was one of the nicest little ladies that the screen has ever known, a fine actress, and loved by thousands of film fans. Her loss will be keenly felt by all of those who had learned to love her on the screen, and more so by those who knew her personally. Charlotte Burton and William Russell are both employed at the American Film Company Studios in Santa Barbara, California. In fact, they play together. None that I know of. Can't answer matrimonial questions. You should know that fact, young friends, as this is not your first offense. Billie Burke receives all of her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Creating the illusion of a steam roller running over a person is done by "stop motion." When the steam roller has reached the person, the camera is stopped, a dummy is substituted, and the roller runs over it. Then the camera is stopped again, the actor takes the place of the dummy again, and the camera grinds merrily on. Simple, isn't it? Creighton Hale is playing opposite Mollie King in Pathé serials. His latest is "The Seven Pearls." Pearl White is still with Pathé. No, she did not appear in "The White Diamond." Her last serial was "The Fatal Ring." Marie Walcamp has started work on an animal serial, following the completion of her "The Red Ace," at the Universal Studios. Jack Pickford is with the Lasky-Morosco forces, under the direction of William D. Taylor. You will have to write to the editor about the interviews and covers that you want, as he has charge of all that. The answers keep me pretty well supplied with work without worrying about the rest of the magazine.

William G. L.—The Market Booklet is being sent to you as you requested. I hope so, too.

Jack K.—Yes, Chester Barnett is still appearing before the camera. He is a fine type for a leading man, to be sure. A letter will reach him at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Mr. J. A. C.—What's the trouble, J. A. C.? Didn't you keep track of your little cousin? She is still with the World Film Corporation, Fort Lee Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. You must have been in a hurry, because you forgot to put in the return postage you mentioned.

William McA.—Vivian Martin should be written to at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Mary Pickford receives all of her mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Wallace Reid is now working in New York, instead of California, so mail for him

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

should be sent in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Earl Foxe is playing opposite Norma Talmadge at the present time, and any letter to him ought to bear the address of Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Don't mention it.

HOPE.—Your second letter this month, and close on the heels of the other one. What are you doing so far up in the mountains? Trying to catch a little cold or something? I see that you didn't fail to take your green stationery. There are just two of my readers in the Oracle Department whose letters I can tell by looking at the stationery. One is my good friend "Cleo," and the other is your own little self. I still think that you are a bit fickle, even if you do deny it, because every once in a while you drift your affections toward some new star. You say that they drift back again; but the fact still remains that they drifted, so you must be fickle. You almost forgot even to mention Wheeler in some of your letters, and raved about Harold and a few others. You see, I keep a pretty good record of your letters. It has evidently been your luck to miss your favorite. He has been working all the time since he finished "Mickey," but with different companies. He went to Fox, then to Universal, and from Universal to Triangle. He has just started work opposite Edith Storey in a feature at the Metro Studios, so you see if you don't keep a close watch on Wheeler you can't keep up with him. I agree with you about "The Pinch Hitter." It was one of the best pictures combining comedy and pathos that I have ever seen. Too bad that Charlie doesn't get more stories such as these? I don't know about that. If a person keeps on playing the same part, picture after picture, I think he becomes tiresome, no matter how good he is. Variety is the spice of life, and of picture plays as well. You should have a great collection of stars' photos, judging from the fast rate at which you have been receiving them.

LUCIENNE PAUL.—I don't know whether there will be another Screen Opportunity Contest or not conducted by the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE next spring. Time will only tell. There are several different contests under consideration for the readers of this magazine, and just as soon as an understanding is reached regarding them our readers will be let in on it. Mary Pickford will get your letter at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

M. H. O.—Earl Foxe is playing opposite Norma Talmadge at the present writing. A letter addressed to him in care of Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, will be received by him all right. Chester Barnett is the name of the young man who played opposite Clara Kimball Young. Drop him a line in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Winifred Kingston had the leading rôle opposite Dustin Farnum in "The Spy."

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

BELLE BENNETT CHAMPION.—Your favorite Belle is still ringing in at the Triangle Studios every morning, where she is being featured in a series of five and six-reel dramas. Belle is a very pretty little lady, and a very good actress, too. One of her latest pictures is "The Hell Cat of Alaska." Roy Stewart is the man who played opposite her in "The Bond of Fear." "The Valley of the Missing" was another good picture of hers. Yes, she has returned to the screen. This is not her first experience before a camera, by a long shot. She is the same Belle Bennett you mention in connection with Balboa and Universal. She decided to retire from the screen some time ago, but evidently the call for her return has been too strong to resist, for she has come back, and acts as if she intends to remain.

THEDA'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.—Your favorite's latest feature is "Du Barry," in which she appears to better advantage than she has done for a long time. It gives her some great opportunities, and she certainly makes the most of them. Charles Clary is also exceptionally good in this film, and handles his part very nicely. Theda has not a brother named Paul Bara. You must have gotten that name from the Sunshine Comedy I saw the other day in which the names of two undertakers were M. Balm and Paul Bara. Confess, now, didn't you get it there? Theda Bara has no regular leading man. She changes them with each of her features. Her leading men are chosen to fit the rôles they are to portray, which is a very good idea, and one that is being adopted by nearly all of the leading concerns.

F. B. G.—I don't know of anything I can tell you about going into the movies that I haven't told all my other readers who have asked me the same question. There is only one way that I know of, and that is to go around to the different studios and apply for extra work. Taking some lessons in a school of expression won't help you any in the eye of the film companies. They want people with practical experience, and the only way to obtain this is by getting in some scenes as an extra and learning the ropes. You will have a chance then to see yourself on the screen among real actors and actresses, and see how you shape up.

MISS GUSSIE W.—Edith Robert's address is in care of the Universal Film Company, Universal City, California. Your second question regarding Crane Wilbur is against the rules of the Oracle Department, I'm sorry to say. The question about Harold Lockwood and May Allison is, also. You can get a photograph of Mary Pickford by writing to her for one at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Drop a line to Mary Miles Minter at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California, for one of hers. Earle Williams sends out all of his photographs from the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

DALLAS KID.—Helen Holmes has left the Mutual Film Corporation. Any mail that you wish to reach her should be addressed to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, June Caprice was very pleasing in "Miss U. S. A." It was a very timely picture. Address her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Send us the letter you wish to send to reader Pearl W., and we will send it to her. We cannot give you her address. If she desires to reply to your letter, you will no doubt hear from her.

L. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—I have directed your letter to Olive Tell, which you inclosed with yours to the Oracle, and she should have answered you by now if there was to be an answer. She was very good in "The Unforeseen," and will undoubtedly do several more features before returning to the stage. Write to the editor regarding the write-up and picture that you want, as he is the gentleman that attends to all that work, not poor little me.

IS IT TRUE?—It is quite true that your favorite, King Baggot, has returned to the screen in a blaze of glory. King is now being featured in a serial which is being produced by the Wharton Brothers, and which will soon be released. It will seem like old times to see King's smiling face and that silvery lock of hair that adorns his mantle once more. Address him in care of the Wharton Brothers' Studios, Ithaca, New York.

CLEO.—I must say, "Cleo," that you haven't been as regular with your letters lately as you have been, but when you say that all your time is taken up with Red Cross work and knitting for the sailors and soldiers you are more than forgiven. It must have made you feel miserable to have a sweater so nearly completed and then have your kid brother pull one of the needles out to fetch a collar button under the sofa, and spoil it all. You should have warned him in advance against that. Bessie Barriscale and Ora Carew are sufferers like yourself, because they are always dropping stitches. Bessie Love is not in California now, but is making a picture in the wilds of Florida. No, Roscoe Arbuckle does not follow the "Eat and Grow Thin" book, although he believes in it.

MUMPS.—There has been no split between William S. Hart and the Artcraft, nor is there any truth in the rumor that Hart is to make pictures for the Pathé program. I wrote him about this, and he informed me that he had an iron-bound contract with Ince to make features for Artcraft, so that seems to dispose of your other doubts. Charles Ray is not with the Triangle, and has not been for several months. He has just completed his fifth starring vehicle for the Paramount program since severing his connection with Triangle. "The Son of His Father," which you saw, was a Paramount picture, and not one that Charley made at the Triangle. Thomas H. Ince supervises all of the youthful star's films.

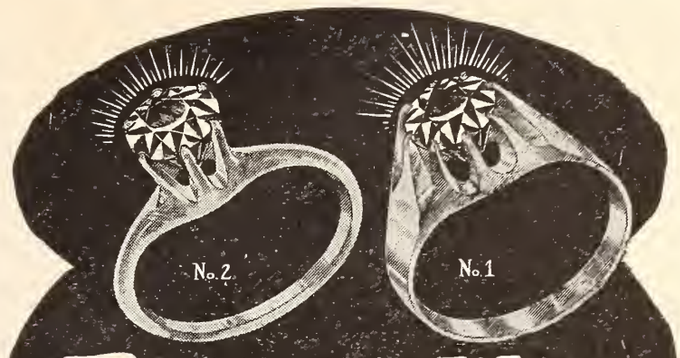
(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

HOPE.—Goodness gracious! You must have written all your letters to me one right after the other, because here lands another right on the heels of your preceding two. Yes, I will forgive you for writing in your own handwriting. I notice that your green stationery has evidently run out, because I see you start off the first two pages in green, but the remaining two are white. Is that what happened? That was a mistake in the print. Harold Lockwood had the leading rôle opposite Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower," and not Marshal Neilan. They may reissue the picture again, as they are doing with several of Marguerite Clark's plays. I claim that you are no real movie fan, Hope, when you say you have never seen William S. Hart on the screen. There shouldn't be a movie fan who hasn't seen Bill Hart or Charlie Chaplin. A publicity man and a press agent are one and the same. They write all the notes about the studios and the studio people, see that publicity photos are taken, and try in other ways to make themselves useful about the place. The play was the "Millionaire Vagrant," and not "The Vagabond Millionaire." No, I don't consider it as good as "The Pinch Hitter." A great many of the film players have either enlisted or have been drafted into the army. They all seem to like the life, and are hoping for a chance to get "over there" real soon.

FERN B.—You are quite right. There are not many of my readers who, like you, don't want to be motion-picture actresses. They are very few and far between. You certainly must have been very studious since you were eleven years old to have read over five thousand books. That is a great many more than I have had time to read. Why should I smile if you say you are writing a story. That's nothing to laugh at—unless the story is very funny. Why don't you send six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of all the companies who buy stories, and also what kind of stories they want?

B. M. L.—Dorothy Green has been playing in pictures off and on. Your friend James has not appeared before the camera for a long while. Yes, Clara Kimball Young was on the stage before she ever thought of going in pictures. In fact, before there were pictures, for she was carried on the stage by her parents in an act when she was a little baby in long dresses.

MRS. A. B. S.—Dustin Farnum and Franklyn Farnum are not related to each other. Dustin and William Farnum are brothers. A letter addressed to Dustin in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, will be sure to reach him. He has left the Fox Film Company. Franklyn Farnum is still with the Universal Company, and continues to receive his mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Kathlyn Williams should also be addressed in care of Willis & Inglis. The same address goes for your friend Howard.



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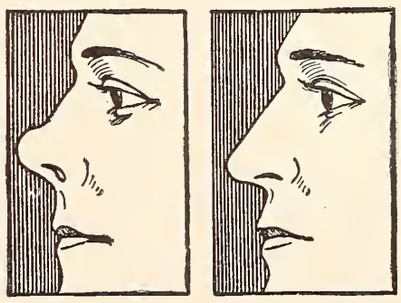

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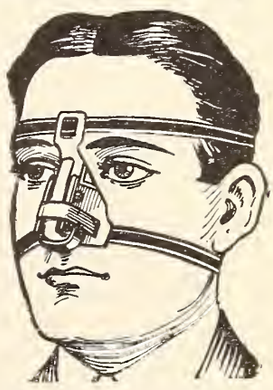

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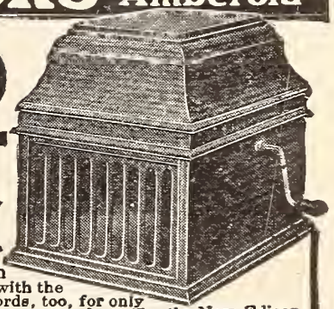

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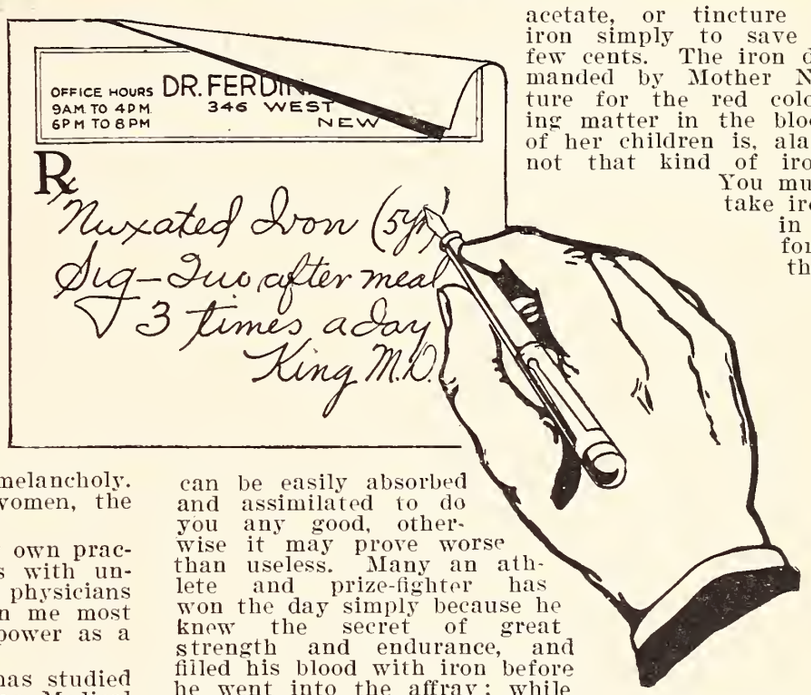

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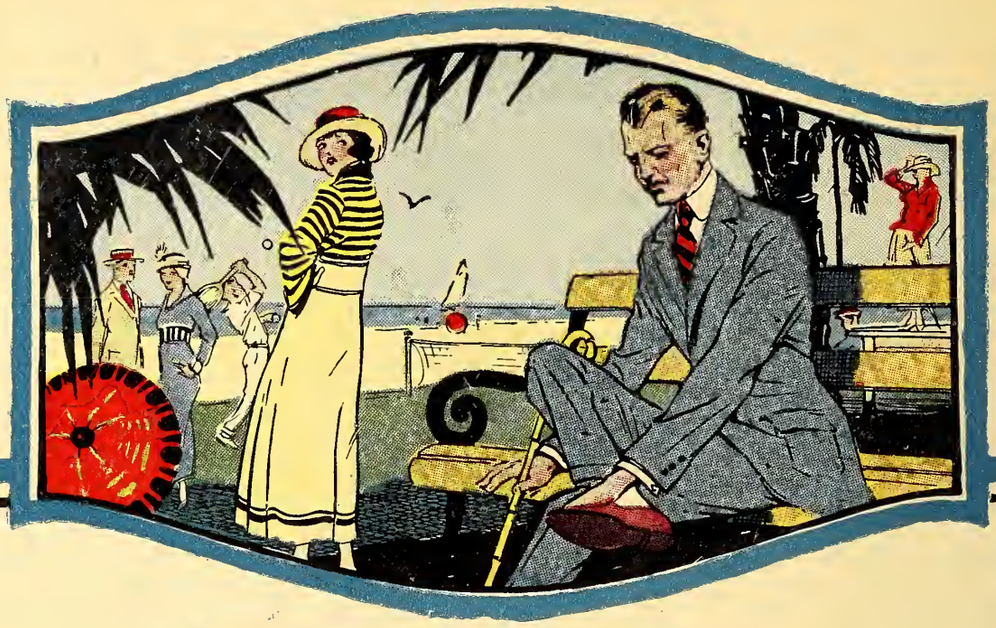

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MAY 1918

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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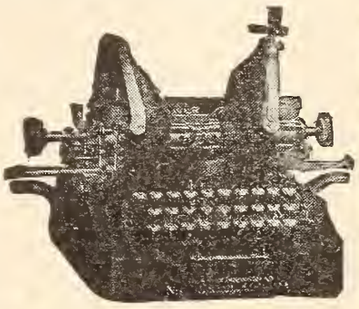

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NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Haven't you many times looked at a picture and said to yourself: "I think I could do as well and maybe better than the man who wrote this picture?" Perhaps you could. But there was always back in your head a lack of confidence. You were afraid you couldn't put *your* story in the proper words.

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We believe that you are eminently qualified to know a good picture when you see one. That's why we are making PARALTA PLAYS. And we also believe that you may be highly qualified to write a good story.

Try it, by all means. Our scenario department is waiting for your manuscript. Send it in.

Address all communications to Eastern Scenario Department, Paralta Plays, Incorporated, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Favorite Picture Players

PAULINE FREDERICK

would scarcely have been recognized in the early days of her career on the musical-comedy stage, as the present-day deep emotional actress of the screen. Born in Boston, she spent much of her early life in upper New York State, and made her first appearance in a roaring farce, "Rogers Brothers in Harvard." Later she made a hit in "It Happened in Nordland" and "The Music Master." She is now signed up to the screen "for life." Among her recent releases are, "La Tosca," "Mme. Jealously," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "The Hungry Heart," and "Double Crossed."

NORMA TALMADGE

decided at a very early age that she wanted to go aroving with the gypsy bands that pitched their tents in New Jersey, and some day become a gypsy queen. When her parents put a stop to her plans in this line, Norma took to visiting the "Movie shows" in Newark, New Jersey, where she lived. At the age of fourteen they gave up trying to keep her in school, and let her try to obtain employment as an "extra" in the studios. Norma's screen-struck fancy proved to be right, for in a short time she rose to the high pinnacle of stardom. To-day she has her own producing company. One of her most recent productions is "Ghosts of Yesterday."

WALLACE REID

has done nearly everything on the screen, from taking falls and starting fistfights, to playing hero parts. He even did a female impersonation, with John Bunny, in the early part of his screen career. Before acting before the camera, he appeared in vaudeville and did editorial work on the staff of a motor magazine. He achieved considerable distinction through his work with Geraldine Farrar in "Joan the Woman," "The Woman God Forgot," and "The Devil Stone." Among his most recent releases are "Nan of Music Mountain," "The Thing We Love," and "The Hostage."

MONTAGU LOVE

was born in India in 1877. He was intended for the clergy, but abandoned this career at the outbreak of the Boer War, in which he served and was badly wounded. He then did cartoon work at the London *Daily Mirror,* one of his assignments being to go as sketch artist to Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War. Later he went into Shakesperean repertoire work, and then toured the United States with "Grumpy." His first motion-picture productions were, "The Awakening," "Broken Ties," and "The Brand of Satan." His greatest achievement so far has been his masterly portrayal of the title rôle of "Rasputin, the Black Monk." A forthcoming production is "The Cross Bearer."

ALMA RUBENS

had no sooner stepped from the doors of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in San Francisco, than motion-picture producers began importuning her to come and play for them. When she started with the Triangle Fine Arts Company, it was not as an humble extra, but as a leading lady. Since her début, less than a year ago, she has recorded individual successes in "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish," "The Half-Breed," "The Americano," "The Children Pay," "Truthful Tulliver," and "A Woman's Awakening." Like a true daughter of California, she is an out-of-door enthusiast, an excellent horsewoman, an accomplished motorist, and an expert swimmer.

WEBSTER CAMPBELL

was starting on a promising stage career when the screen beckoned; and young Campbell capitulated. He starred in a number of features, among them "Satan's Private Door" and "The Evil Eye." After playing in a number of O. Henry picturizations, he was elevated to stardom on the Vitagraph banner, and was seen with Alice Joyce in "The Fettered Woman." He has recently been working on a big patriotic film spectacle which Vitagraph has just completed for the New York State Council of Defense. The scenario was written by Robert W. Chambers, and the cast includes besides Campbell, Corinne Griffith, and Marc MacDermott.

GLADYS BROCKWELL

made her first appearance on the stage when only a few months old, and has been almost continuously in the spoken and silent drama since her first speaking part at the age of three. She was born in Brooklyn, in 1894, and previous to her entrance in motion-picture work in 1913, played with Willard Mack, Orrin Johnson, and Henry Woodruff. She is now with Fox, her most recent releases being "The Moral Law," "For Liberty," "A Branded Soul," and "The Soul of Satan."

MADGE KENNEDY

was studying art in New York City when Henry Woodruff chanced to see her act in an amateur play. To her surprise he offered her a position as his leading lady. Madge accepted and made good. In a short time she established a reputation as a comedienne of great charm and ability. A year ago she left the stage to appear in Goldwyn Pictures. Among her recent releases are "Nearly Married," "Our Little Wife," and "Oh, Mary, Be Careful."

ARNOLD DALY

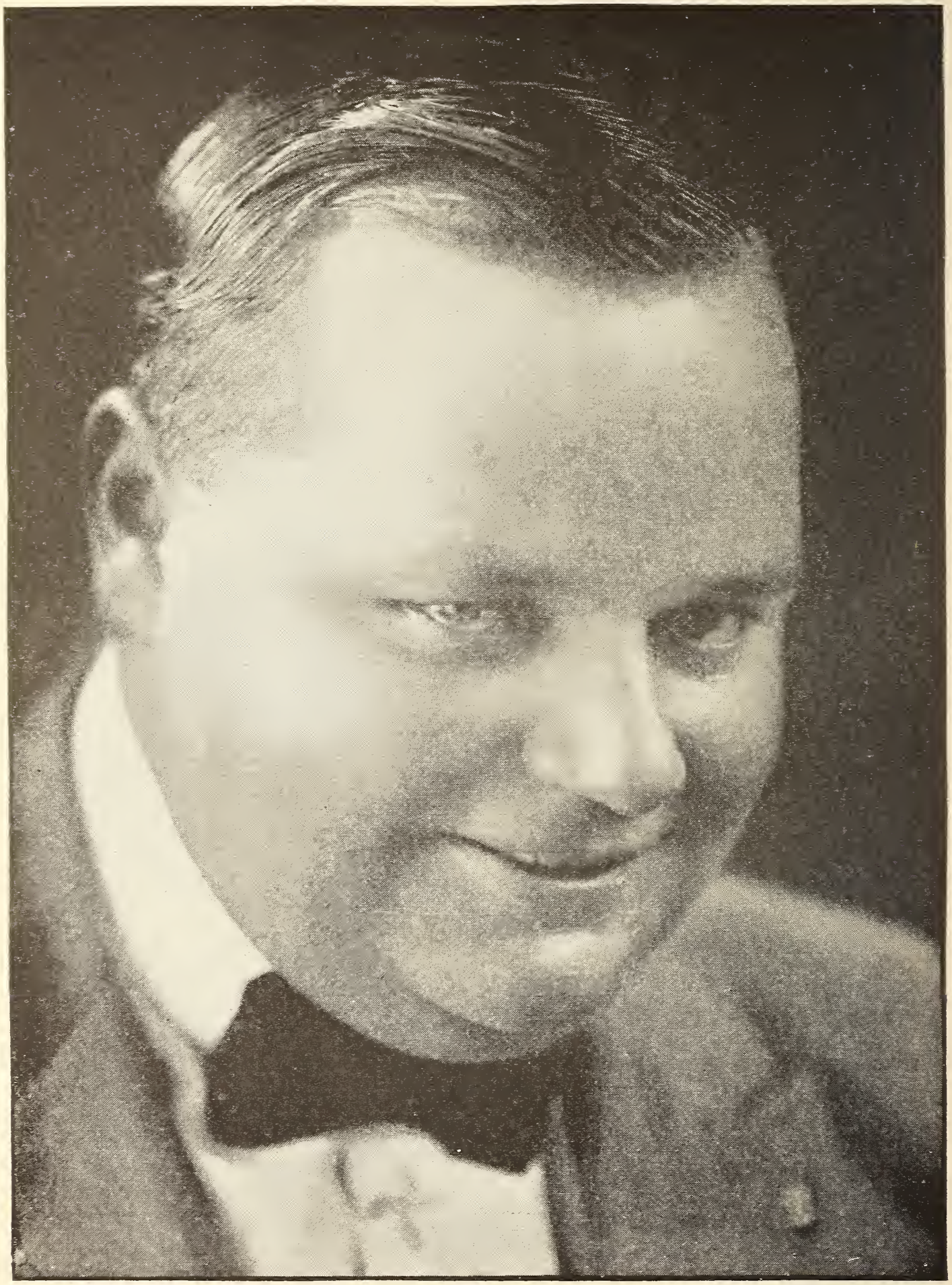
has recently extended by means of the screen his reputation as a satirical actor of high rank. His latest production "My Own United States," is a timely photo play of patriotic appeal, a somewhat elaborated adaptation of Hale's "The Man Without a Country." Daly has long been known on the legitimate stage, particularly for his rôle of the poet in "Candida," and for his work in other Bernard Shaw plays. Somewhat earlier in his career he made a hit in a Craig Kennedy series of detective stories, which were reproduced on the screen.

HARRY CAREY

claims the distinction of having been cowboy, street railway-superintendent, author, lawyer, actor, manager, director, athlete, prize fighter, miner, expert swimmer, and engineer, before he adopted screen work as his life profession. He has been with Universal for the last three years, and is now releasing his own films under the brand name of the "Harry Carey Productions." Among those that have appeared are "Bucking Broadway," "The Phantom Riders," and "Wild Women."

RITA JOLIVET

starring in "Lest We Forget"—the spectacular drama featuring the sinking of the *Lusitania*—was a passenger on the ill-fated vessel. She was, therefore, invaluable to the directors in assisting in the production, as well as being the logical star. She was born in France, and, as she showed marked talent on the stage at an early age, she was put to school under the great Coquelin. In Italy, where she first entered the screen drama, she met Count Cippico, whom she later married. She made her bow to London in Shakesperean drama, and later came to the United States, where she attained success with Otis Skinner in "Kismet."



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

dear to the hearts of the laughter-loving fans as "Fatty," put Smith's Center, Kansas, on the map, by selecting it for his birthplace in the year 1887. His early actions seem to have been prophetic of the future, for he distinguished himself early in life by falling into a custard pie which had been left within reach of his chubby hands by mistake. His screen career began in 1913 when Mack Sennet caught sight of Fatty's dimples, and engaged him on the spot. Some of his recent releases are "The Bell Boy," "Out West," "A Country Hero," "Oh, Doctor," "Fatty at Coney Island," and "His Wedding Night."

CARMEL MEYERS

took her rapid flight into filmdom, which resulted in her becoming a star in an astonishingly brief time, because her father, Rabbi Meyers, happened to be a well-known authority on Chaldean matters. D. W. Griffith came to consult him while he was screening his multiple-reeler, "Intolerance," and so made the acquaintance of his daughter. Within a short time Miss Meyers found herself at work in the Fine Arts Studio. Soon she began to do leading rôles and is now a Bluebird star. Among her recent productions are "The Lash of Power," "My Unmarried Wife," and "The Wife He Bought."

CHARLES RAY

effected a compromise with his father, who opposed his stage proclivities, whereby the young man was to go to a business college first and try business. But business irked him, and his father at last had to give up his hopes that his son would become a merchant prince. After two years with repertoire companies on the road, Ray came under Mr. Ince's notice and was engaged. He took part for some time in hazardous adventures, in two and three-reel pictures, and finally flashed into stardom overnight in the title rôle of "The Coward." Among his most recent pictures are "The Hired Man," "A Son of His Father," "The Family Skeleton," and "His Own Home Town."

ANN MURDOCK

who was always referred to by the late Charles Frohman as his "baby star," began her stage career at the age of seventeen. This happened despite the fact that she was born in Philadelphia and educated in a young ladies' Quaker boarding school. Perhaps the fact that her father was John J. Coleman, a well-known theatrical manager, and her mother Teresa Deagle, a former favorite of the New York stage, had something to do with it. She established herself as a comedienne in "Excuse Me" and "A Pair of Sixes," and last year made a sweeping success in "Please Help Emily." A late release is "My Wife," under Mutual.

Margarita's Maxims

MARGARITA FISCHER believes in raw oysters, raw eggs, and raw prunes. Beside including these things, her "success creed" is threefold.

To be healthy, take a cold shower, and exercise every morning at six-thirty.

To be wealthy, get a good, hard job and stick to it.

And answering questions for two chatterbox nieces will make one as wise as any one need be.

Picture Land in War Times

Out in the California sunshine the movie cameras are clicking to the rythm of fife and drum—while the people of the studios have caught the step and are in full stride.

By Paul Dowling, U.S.N.R.

PICTURE LAND has gone in for war. It is no longer a make-believe playing at war. That was all over a year ago. Player folk and all the other employees of the studios have grown serious for once. For the war has come home to them, as to the rest of us.

During the last year quiet changes have been taking place in the Western home of the picture industry. Few outside persons know to what extent the men and women of the screen have been helping in the war. Perhaps a little comment on some of the things they have been doing will be no more than a proper appreciation. For the services of which I am to write are genuine.

Walter Long, appearing in pictures as a German officer, is actually a lieutenant in the United States Coast Artillery.

As to the studios themselves, there is not one but flies a service flag. There is not a studio which has failed to give up its quota of men for the service. The quiet little town of Hollywood—the capital of the picture-play world—has become almost as martial as a garrison city. Once, not so long ago, producers of films were busily engaged in building great wooden cannon, replicas of the big guns at the front. They were dressing their actors in uniforms of the English and the Germans and the French. Battles raged over the peaceful foothills in an attempt to picturize certain phases of a conflict which seemed far off and in another world. It mattered little to them whether they represented German or British officers. For the war did not seem real in those days before our country was involved.

But, although we may not have realized it at the time, our films were looking into the future. In a film we pictured

our country at war with a nation which resembled Germany, but we did not label the invading enemy as German. We were neutral then. Perhaps those films helped to crystallize our sentiment—and if they did, they have done their part and passed on.

Now has come the actuality of war. Instead of wearing uniforms in film play, the studio people by the hundreds have donned the regulation khaki and the navy blue.

A list of the men who have joined the colors from the studios of Hollywood would require many pages. It is sufficient to say that one of the studios flies a service flag of forty-eight stars, representing volunteers from thirteen different departments of the organization. There were nine from the stock company of players, six from the laboratories, five of the camera men, three of the property boys, three of the assistant directors, four of the stage crew, two from the shops and scenic department, two from the garage, and so on down the list of varied activities.

The scenic artists have gone, and they are performing a difficult and valuable service. They have abandoned their work of building motion-picture sets and have taken up the task—for the time being far more important—of fooling the Germans in France. They are the camoufleurs par excellence! Do you remember the war pictures which we had last year in which we would have sworn that the big guns which

Stars and extras wind yarn for each other, and exchange the "drop one, purl two" sort of information.

"Doug" got his cowboys together and staged a Rodeo for the Red Cross which netted $17,000.

belched forth smoke and fire were real? Do you remember the intrenchments which the scenic artists devised? Well, our scenic artists are devising worse "fakes" than those right on the fields of France now.

That camouflage matter at the front has been a real opportunity for the motion-picture scenic artist to glory in. If a man who used to build sets in the movies can't camouflage, then no one can! So they have gone out in droves from the workshops of the studio and enlisted as camoufleurs. They used to dress up the back yards of the Fox and the Triangle and the Lasky and the Universal studios so we couldn't tell whether we were in Keokuk or Hindustan. Now they're mottling ships and playing hide and seek with German air planes under decorated canvases and wires. Some of the property boys have gone into the camouflage units, too. They used to make over the best five and ten-cent glassware when they got a hurry call for table service in a royal banquet hall.

The picture camera man who used to swing himself up to the top of a half-completed skyscraper on a cable and drag his camera after him has also gone up in the world. He is in the air service as a photographic observer. All he has to do is be able to run an air plane himself and cling to his seat at dizzy heights while he photographs the enemy trenches with a Graflex. If the pilot gets shot, he has to run the machine, too. If he gets shot, the pilot has to play photographer. If they both get shot, the idea is to steer the plane as close to the home berth as possible, in order to bring home the bacon in photographic form. These fellows took chances before, but nothing like they are taking now.

The thinning of the ranks of the juvenile is an interesting thing. Producers of films in the East have tele-

graphed to the West for leading men. Producers on the coast have telegraphed back that of leading men they have none to spare. Out at Universal City, M. G. Jonas is making an experiment which throws interesting light on the search for juveniles. His company, it is said, has been making an effort to train youngsters way below the draft age to the duties of playing leading rôles. The new generation, perhaps, will have its chance. Some time ago, James Neill, a veteran actor of the Lasky Company, in conversation with William H. Crane, lamented the fact that since the pictures had been demanding men who were really young to play juvenile characters, the old-timers never had a chance to play anything younger than a benevolent old father or a country doctor. Now that the young fellows have gone to war, perhaps the versatile veterans of the stage and screen will have their deferred inning.

And when the young men of the scenario field go to war, the women have their inning. Scenario departments have contributed as great a share toward the enlisted men as have the other branches of the industry, and already several young women have stepped into the—breaches, as it were.

As for the films themselves, an interesting example of the changing sentiment which has influenced the character of photo plays is the recent arrest and imprisonment, pending trial, of a film producer who made a production a year or so ago, purporting to be a patriotic appeal, based on the events of 1776. The production hung on the market for some time. Meanwhile, our country went to war with Germany. And now the producer is said to have made his film with pro-German propaganda in mind, for it deals with certain activities of the British in almost forgotten days against our then infant commonwealth. Perhaps the producer enlisted German capital. Perhaps he did not. At any rate, he languishes in jail, unable to secure bond.

While formerly we had the film of war, we have come to be to such an extent surfeited with photo plays of this character that film producers have practically ceased making pictures dealing wholly with war. Now comes the film of intrigue—the German spy, a character which we couldn't use when we yet remained neutral.

The smaller details of our patriotic activities, as well as the larger ones, are mirrored in the films. An ordinary garden party of a year or so ago becomes a scene of Red Cross interest. Our women mobs are armed with knitting needles and plying them as assiduously in the pictures as they do in ballrooms and other public places. When the war first started, a leading actress with a knitting bag was something of a novelty. The novelty has worn off, for every one is actually knitting, whether she is a leading woman or a little extra girl. And they are not knitting for publicity, either, because I have seen them many a time myself in dark and secluded corners where no one would observe them except by chance.

The entertainment of soldiers and entertainments for soldiers has been the means of bringing about the greatest single activity which the people of picture land have ever engaged in, aside from their regular duties. Never were there so many calls for actors and actresses to take part in public affairs. Never did any of them devote so much of their time to charity as now. Douglas Fairbanks has wrung more dollars out of the pockets of business men and women at benefits than ever did the most leather-lunged auctioneer. And Mary Pickford has been the personal inspiration to more soldiers than could be packed into the Polo Grounds or Comiskey Park. Charlie Chaplin has dug down into his pockets at more Los

Angeles benefit affairs than he has fingers on his hands and laughs in his funny pair of shoes. We merely cite these artists among the list of war entertainers—not from partiality, but because they are typical of the photo players who are doing actual service in money and time. The list of their activities would fill a 1917-1918 date book from cover to cover, with no blank pages.

Nearly every phase of social life pictured in the movies reflects the atmosphere of the war.

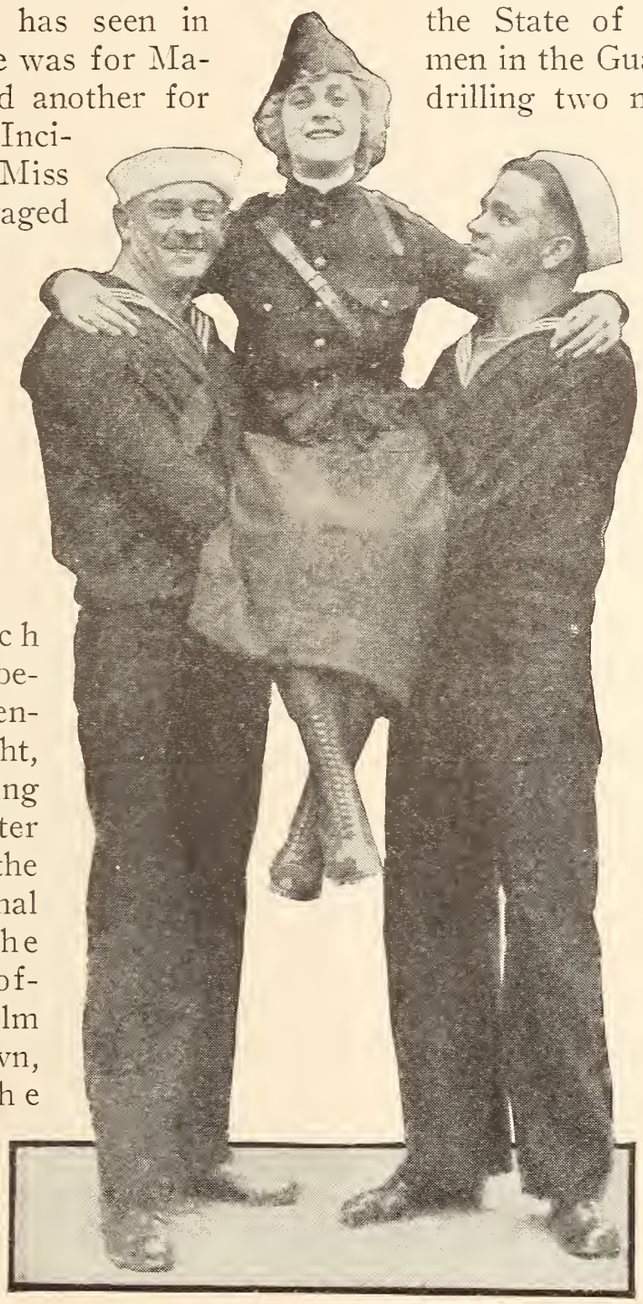
The boisterous Doug, together with Our Mary, Julian Eltinge, Bill Hart, Theodore Roberts, and several other stars, were the headliners in one of the first of the propaganda films, the notable Liberty Loan aggregation of talent. Then Doug made a grand coup when he laughed his way from New York to Los Angeles on a tour of the cities and towns which netted a million dollars for the second Liberty Loan. Every time Doug recruited a nimble dollar on a street corner, he had to cough up himself. In San Diego he put up the first thousand. In New York

he staked a hundred newsboys to their bonds. At a Yuletide festival for charity he auctioned off a baseball, and wound up by buying the thing himself at a handsome figure. Then, being of an athletic turn of mind, he conceived the idea of staging a baseball game with Billy Sunday, from which the proceeds went to buy sporting goods for soldiers and sailors. He made a flying trip to Camp Kearney, near San Diego, leaving in his wake a Christmas outfit for all the boys in a Colorado regiment from his home State. Gathering his clan of cowboys around him, Doug staged a Rodeo for the Red Cross. After the gate was counted and the program advertising had been sold, the Red Cross was netted seventeen thousand dollars. There were four thousand dollars in expenses, but the Fairbanks checking account at a Los Angeles bank was ample to cover that. Now he has made arrangements, at the request of the government, to devote part of his time to making a film which will be distributed among the men of the army and navy, in their stations at home and abroad, to encourage health and clean living.

Mary Pickford started out some months ago by adopting six hundred soldiers of the California Field Artillery. By the time the hardened troopers had become used to calling her "Ma" when she called on them at camp, the little star had cast about for a ready means of income with which to buy things for "her boys." One day she said: "I'm getting so poor on account of all these benefit parties that I'm going to give a benefit for myself, so I'll have something to contribute." Of course Mary was only joking, because the auditor at her studio will tell you how many times he has drawn checks

Here's to Mary and her godsons. Little Miss Pickford has become officially known as "Ma" to the boys of the 143d California Regiment, and spends all her time "mothering" them to a pitch of patriotic fervor.

against her personal account for various and sundry war activities. Within a week Mary Pickford led two parades in San Francisco, drawing the largest crowds to Market Street which that thoroughfare has seen in several years. One was for Marine recruiting, and another for the Red Cross. Incidentally, when Miss Pickford is not engaged in participating in war-time activities, she is appearing before the camera—but only incidentally. In connection with Miss Pickford's war play, "The Little American," which was in progress before this country entered into the fight, there is an interesting incident. Walter Long, then on the roll of the National Guard, played the part of a German officer. While the film is now being shown, with Long in the much-strafed garb, the actor appears in real life as a lieutenant in the regulars of the Coast Artillery. The fact is that the enlistment early in the war of Long, Tommy Forman, Ted Duncan, and others of the Hollywood circle of film boys was instrumental in filling up an entire company of the Coast Artillery from Hollywood, most of the members being from the film studios.



Peggy Pearce "supported" by "Tex" Jordan and Eddie Gribbon, Triangle-Keystone comedians, now in the navy on submarine duty.

An interesting organization was formed at a Hollywood studio before the war began. This was what is now the Fifty-first Company of the Home Guards, sworn into the services of the State of California. Of the men in the Guards, which had been drilling two nights a week under the leadership of C. B. De Mille, as captain, and Henry Woodward and James Neill as lieutenants, twenty-six are now in the regular service of the army and navy, all but two of them having earned berths—due to their previous experience gained in the evenings of drill in the studio yard—either as commissioned or noncommissioned officers.

The folks who stay at home in picture land are coming across with their services whenever called upon, which is all too frequent from a point of view of the business manager, who has a schedule of pictures to make and who can't afford to have his stars running around on workdays, no matter how good the cause. They are busy raising money to buy tobacco and to give to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and a dozen other worthy funds for relief.

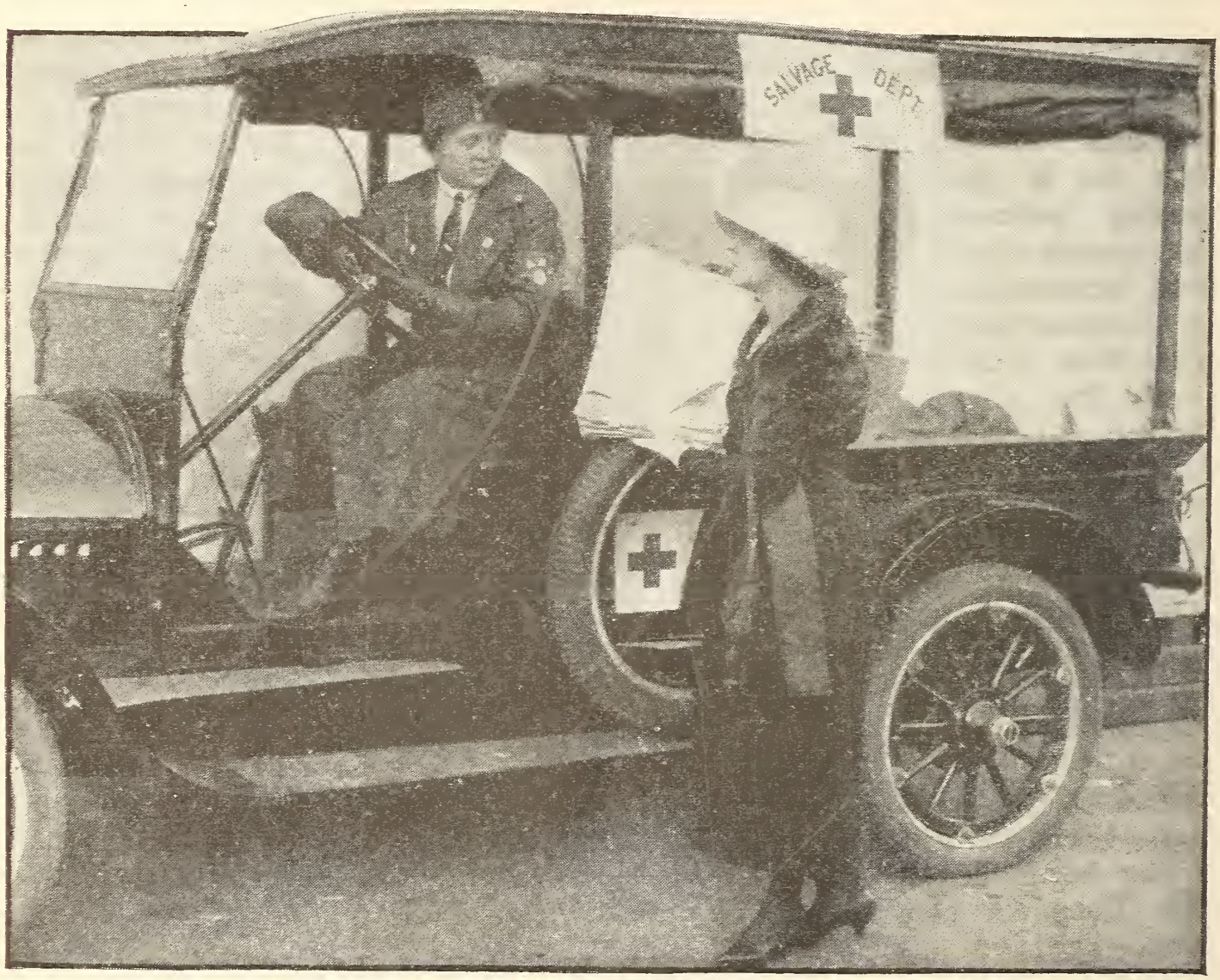
This little message, received at Universal City on a postal card from France, tells a great story:

DEAR FRIENDS: Your package of smokes was handed to me to-night, after four days of tobaccoless discomfort. Can you imagine the pleasure of the first "roll?" How the boys cheered when the packages arrived! Many of the men had been smoking dried leaves in lieu of real tobacco. Many, many thanks!

Another incident illustrates an item of personal contribution. Captain Peter B. Kyne, whose works are becoming almost as well known on the screen as they are in magazine and novel form, dropped into the Lasky Studio recently and launched into an enthusiastic recital of the arrival at camp of a large quantity of tobacco and candy. "You know that little godmother, Vivian Martin, of my battery, has taken her job awfully seriously," he said. "The commissary phoned over the other day that they were forwarding a 'few packages' addressed to Battery A. Picture our hilarious surprise when a huge truck drove up in front of my headquarters containing thirty-six packing boxes full of tobacco and candy!"

More power to the godmothers! Mary Pickford started something when she inaugurated the worthy practice of film stars mothering whole battalions of soldiers.

Bill Hart has a hat which is soon to become very celebrated. Besides having had the honor of being Bill's for



Clara Mosher became official salvage collector for the Red Cross, furnishing her own motor truck, uniform, and not least her valuable time. Dorothy Dalton, Ince star, represents the Red Cross at the Ince Studio.

thirteen years, the Stetson will soon be circulated in this country and abroad, where it will be autographed by President Wilson and the officers of the United States government, the leading army and navy officials, King George of England, the President of France, and the King of Italy, Asquith, Lloyd-George, the generals at the front, and other notables, after which it will be auctioned, probably in Los Angeles, for a war-relief fund. Thomas H. Ince has already bid one thousand dollars, but this is only a start for a relic of this character.

President Carl Anderson, of the Paralta organization, recently staged a unique benefit performance when he and Production Manager Brunton arranged a studio showing of Bessie Barriscale's newest picture, charging admission therefor, the proceeds of which he devoted to Miss Barriscale's chapter of the Red Cross. The Rolin Film Company boys staged a vaudeville show at the submarine base. The leading theater in town conducts a Red Cross tea every afternoon, with such celebrities as Bill Hart, Mary Pickford, Louise Huff, and others officiating. Chaplin and Harry Lauder have helped to prepare a film which is to be marketed for a Scotch relief fund. William C. De Mille's clever sketches have been presented a dozen times at benefits. George Beban, Marie Dressler, Dustin Farnum, Wally Reid, Toto the clown, Henry Walthall, Julian Eltinge, Sophye Bernard, and no end of others appear on benefit announcements and programs. They are always all-star casts, a thing possible nowhere under the sun, only in the shadows of picture land—which has gone to war.

One studio's service flag has forty-eight stars.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

MY sweetheart I could win, I'm sure,
Had I the gift of song;
Because, in wishing I could sing
She spends the whole day long.

I'll for the singing pictures pose!
The singer will be heard; I, seen.
I'll let her think the voice is mine,
And win my sweetheart from the screen.

MATTHEW ALLISON.

From Schoolroom to Screen

How a little country schoolma'am came to be a leading lady.

By Jean Francis

SEVEN red apples shining on teacher's desk. Seven bare-legged little boys and girls bending tousled heads over their lessons in a little mountain schoolhouse. And, sitting up at the desk, the prettiest girl in all Utah! Suddenly teacher rebelled. She didn't want to sit in the stuffy schoolroom when birds were calling and the sun was shining with might and main out of doors.

So, when her second term as schoolteacher was over, Mary Thurman took her small salary and spent it on a vacation trip to Los Angeles—a vacation from which she never came back. For the long, mysterious finger of Adventure beckoned and beckoned to the pretty little schoolteacher, and before she knew it she was led into the old Fine Arts Studio, where she went to work with the famous D. W. Griffith. It wasn't long before Mack Sennett found her there, doing "bits," and, with that same uncanny foresight which has helped him to select many a star before the light of public favor had shone upon her, he engaged Mary and set her to work.

She took leads then, and she is doing leads now, growing steadily bigger and better

as her talent and experience increase. But if the truth must be known, it wasn't Miss Thurman's first experience as leading lady. For when she was in high school in the little town of Richfield, Utah, Mary was called upon to give her talent in this line to the worthy cause of raising money for some class pins. Accordingly, they decided to give a play, and they actually raised one dollar and eighty-seven cents. Mary's father was proud of the event, because he said it was the first theatrical troupe that had ever held together and made money in the Grand Cañon of Colorado. Shortly after that the leading lady of Richfield packed her duds and went to Salt Lake City University, where she learned to roll the log in logarithms, and how to darn the sox of Socrates, and several other useful things. But that was not all. In the college gymnasium she went through a course of the stiffest athletics offered, so that when she was graduated and went home with her A. B. tucked under her arm it not only stood for "bachelor of arts,"

Mary Thurman's degree of A. B. stands for "able bodied" as well as for "bachelor of arts"—and wiles.

which incidentally we'll wager she won't remain very long, but it stood for "able-bodied," too. for Mary had learned to swim a mile and jump hurdles and do the hop-skip-and-jump, besides all sorts of other athletic feats. Then she bought a ruler and a lunch basket, and went back to the little home town to teach the youth of the countryside.

And this is how it feels suddenly to jump from being an idolized teacher in a little, Western schoolhouse to the sudden realization that you are a great beauty, and that every one is interested in everything about you—whether you eat your egg in a glass or in the shell, and why you write upside down instead of right side up, and what color you like best. The most terrible shock is seeing your first photograph staring at you from the pages of a magazine, and to think that it is really you—only Miss Thurman need have only pleasant qualms about that.

"I never had the slightest thought that I was better looking than the ordinary girl," said Miss Thurman, when I talked with her recently, "although I knew, of course, I wasn't ugly, until one day a magazine printed several photographs of me in a bathing suit. Suddenly I had a sort of a jumpy feeling in my heart, and and a lot of fireworks in my brain. But it wasn't much of a triumps, for there's little elation in knowing that one's reputation for beauty is due to scant drapery. But Comedy demands the unusual and insists that I have Mirth for my dressmaker and Fun for my wardrobe keeper."

Why I Did Not Marry a Motion-Picture Actor

No one can successfully maintain that the stage or screen unfits a man for home life. But among actors there are many types. John Manville was a gentleman and a perfect lover, and yet——

I HAD dropped into a little neighborhood theater one evening to see my last picture being shown. I often do that. I think one comes much nearer seeing the picture as it looks to the public than is possible at the private showings in the projection room. I was watching myself critically, finding dozens of little things I wished that I had done differently. The two watchers sitting behind me were not so critical, however. They were very young and very indiscriminating in their praise. They evidently liked my clothes and my face, the way I acted, and the way I did my hair. There was not one disapproving note. But the instant Jack came upon the screen they forgot me entirely. I heard a thrilled, delighted little gasp:

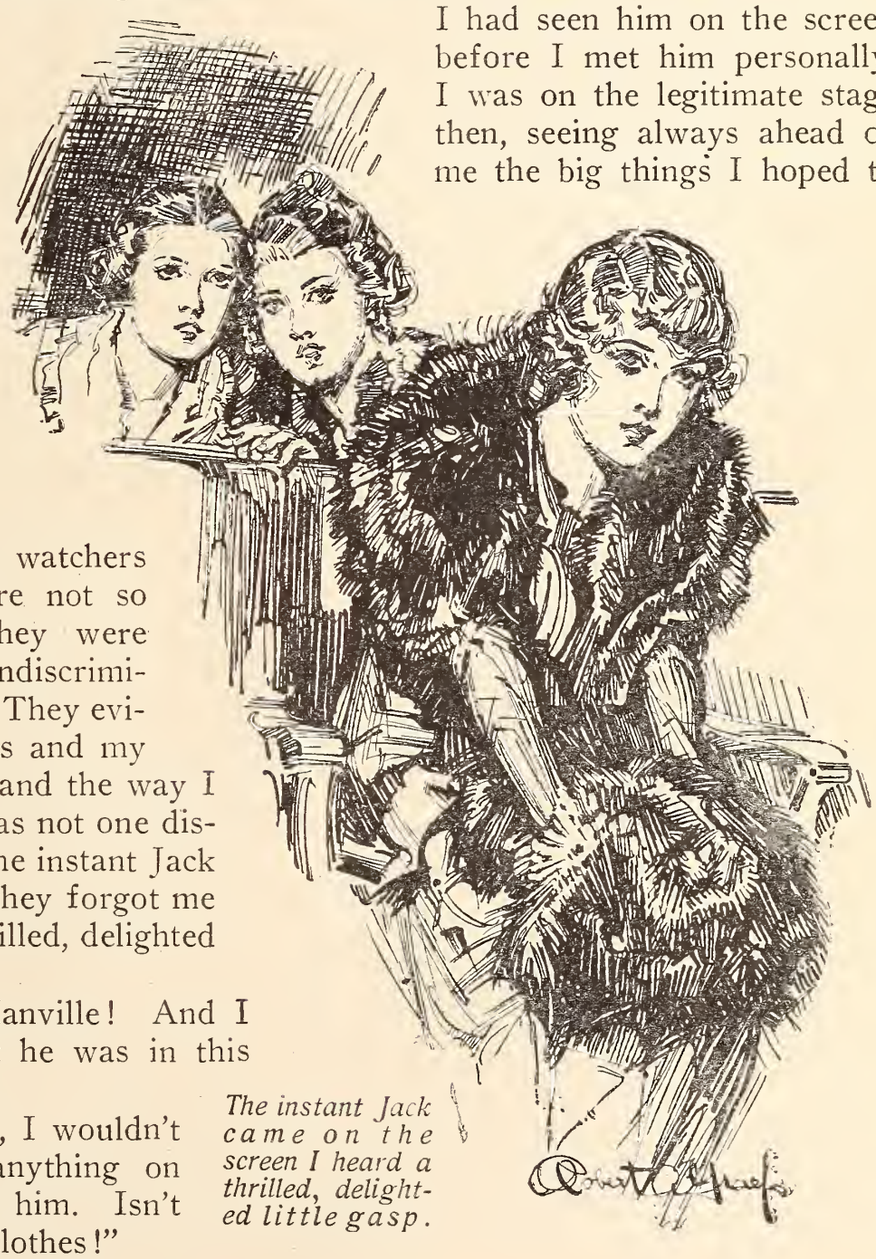
"Oh, that's John Manville! And I didn't even know that he was in this picture!"

"Neither did I. Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for anything on earth. I'm mad about him. Isn't he stunning in riding clothes!"

"Look at him now! She's just the right height for him. Aren't they stunning together? I wonder if they're in love with each other?"

And sitting there, watching the little love scene, seeing myself in John Manville's arms, I was wondering the very same thing.

Four months before, I had no doubts. I had seen him on the screen before I met him personally. I was on the legitimate stage then, seeing always ahead of me the big things I hoped to do. We had finished an extra rehearsal one afternoon about four, and there was nothing to do until dinner time. So Ida North, the ingénue, and I dropped into a movie theater. That was when I saw John Manville's face



The instant Jack came on the screen I heard a thrilled, delighted little gasp.

for the first time. My companion and I went back to the theater, declaring that we had lost our hearts. Besides being so handsome, he had that peculiar quality called "screen magnetism"—one felt instinctively that he was likable.

A very few weeks after that, I received an offer to go into pictures from the producer for whom he worked. It was too good an offer to refuse; it meant much more, very much more, money than I was making. I accepted, but for a time only. I meant to go back to the stage again. I was to play leads, and I played opposite first one leading man and then another. When I heard that my next picture was to be with John Manville, I wrote Ida about it.

"The very idea," she wrote in answer, "of taking money for playing opposite John Manville! They ought to charge you so much per thrill."

I met him the day we were to begin the picture. He was as handsome as he appeared in any of his pictures—tall, athletic, well educated, with the voice and manners of a gentleman. During the first week I did not see him outside the studio, but of course we met daily there. One morning, I remember, the studio was very cold. I had left my furs upstairs in my dressing room. We were all busy, and there was nobody to send for them. During the brief waits between scenes, I sat huddled in his big coat. I believe that was the first time that I realized that he was a little interested in me—as a girl, not as an actress.

During that first week I noticed many likable little things about him. There were two children in the picture, and he was so dear with them, tussling with the little boy, carrying the curly-headed little girl over to the high window to let her see the "horsies." He made a stunning picture with her in his arms, and more than one pair of admiring eyes followed him across the room. The children's mother was a shabby little woman. I imagine the money the company was paying the children was a perfect Godsend to her. Jack was always so thoughtful of her comfort. Several of us were leaving the studio at the same time late one afternoon. Mr. Manville's long gray car was waiting. The shabby little mother was hurrying her children toward the street car when he stopped them.

"Please let me drive you home," he said. "There's plenty of room in my car, and it would be a great pleasure to me."

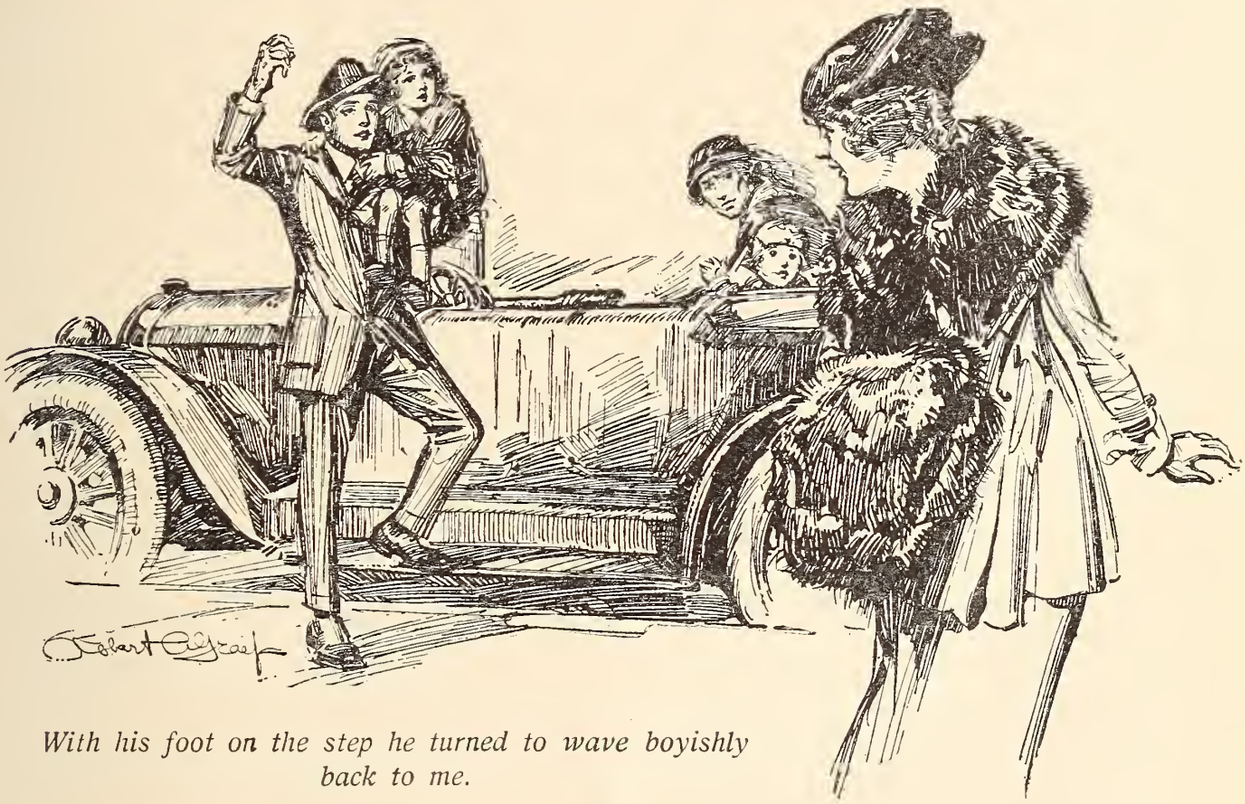
He helped the woman in, tucking the delighted children in beside her. With his foot on the step, he turned to wave boyishly back to me. And then I knew that I had spoken the prophetic truth to Ida several weeks ago. I had lost my heart to John Manville.

It was a tender little heart-interest picture that we were playing, and its pretty love scenes became suddenly real to me. When he "registered" interest in me, I was jealous of the camera, for I knew that the interest was for record, not for me. But one day, at the end of a scene, the director and camera man walked down the studio a way together, leaving us alone among the pink paper apple blossoms. Jack had been holding my hand at the end of the scene, and he suddenly drew me to him. I found myself crushed in an embrace that was not meant for the camera, listening to eager words that were for me alone.

I think at first I was dazzled, unbelieving. I was so much in love myself it seemed too wonderful that he should care, too. He wished me to marry him at once, but I was not quite ready, so we drifted on through a rose-colored month. I played opposite another man for two weeks, then came another picture with John.

It is one of the few perfect memories in my life, the playing of that picture.

There was not one discordant note. Masterful, tender, ardent, protective—he was the perfect lover. He did not try to hide his love; I heard the very charwomen on the stairs discussing us. Under the ghastly studio lights, surrounded on all sides by the settings of make-believe loves, before an amused, understanding audience of property men, camera men, scenario writers, press agents, directors, I played my part, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing but John's presence.



With his foot on the step he turned to wave boyishly back to me.

I do not know exactly when I began to doubt—the first time I can recall was one evening in early December. We had been kept late at studio and he drove me home. We stopped for dinner at a well-known restaurant. Some of the diners were dancing between courses, and we joined them. Just as we were returning to our table, we passed two dancers and I overheard their whispered comment:

"Look quick! That's Rose McKnight and John Manville! Aren't they a stunning couple? I've heard that they're engaged."

I knew that Jack had heard the comment, too. I knew this in a subtle, unexpected way. For, as we seated ourselves again, I felt that he was no longer thinking of me. He was more attentive than before, paying me every lover's courtesy. He was as perfect a lover as in any of his pictures—and exactly the same kind. I was merely a lay figure; he had heard the buzzing comments and was playing to an audience. In a little bit he forgot the others and came back to me again. For the time I forgot the few blank moments, and when I recalled the incident in the studio the next morning it seemed an absurd trifle.

The motion-picture studio is a world apart, a universe in itself. It has its own conventions, its own ambitions, its own argot. While we were there, no doubt of Jack ever crossed my mind. His love seemed only too wonderful to be true. It was outside, in the other world—the real world—that trifles kept coming up one after another to make me wonder.

The night he met my mother, it sud-

denly reminded me of the way he always met the heroine's mother in his pictures. He bent over mother's hand with just the same mixture of deference and poise. I remembered the night that Joe, my sister's husband, had come to dinner for the first time, and how ill at ease he had been. Suddenly, unaccountably, I loved Joe for it—his bashfulness was so genuine. It seemed to me that Jack was a bit overrehearsed.

Then there was the snowy afternoon that we went Christmas shopping. We took my sister's little son with us. Jack and I were going to a tea afterward, and he waited, quite ignoring the little boy, frankly bored, while Buddy and I picked out a present for daddy. Two girls were shopping at the same counter, and by their nudgings and frank stares I saw that they had recognized us. Suddenly Jack turned and caught their looks of admiration. At once he became all indulgent interest. He showed Buddy how the cigar lighter worked, he teased him a little, and finally carried him out of the store on his shoulder, evidently enjoying as keenly as the two girls at the counter the pretty domestic picture we made.

I could never explain how that little incident hurt me. I knew it was a trifle, but it set me to looking for others.

And there were many others. While we were in the make-believe world of the studio, I never saw them; but outside, almost every pleasure had its tiny bitter edge. I remember having thought Jack modest. The first day I met him, a reporter had happened to be talking to him, praising his work extravagantly. Jack had nodded toward the director and said:

"He's the man for your compliments. He furnishes the brains for the pictures —I'm nothing but the brawn."

I had liked him very much for that little speech. One does not expect modesty from a screen idol. But as we grew better acquainted I realized that that remark had been like his Christmas-store attentions to Buddy—for an audience. The public likes modesty in its heroes, and Jack was merely playing up. When we were alone together, he would make the most brazen speeches about himself. I tried to overlook them. Surely I, if any woman, should be able to understand. An actor's stock in trade is himself, his looks, his manners. A contractor would not be judged conceited if he showed a proper pride in a factory he had built. Why should Jack not appreciate the gifts by which he made his livelihood? But I could not reason away the little edge of resentment. The contractor would have another side, would at times have put away his factories and lumber yards. John's pride in himself was so much a part of him that every other interest was dwarfed beside it. He was fond of billiards and was a rather good player, but he never really lost himself in the game as some of the other men did. At times it seemed to me that his every movement was a conscious picture. At first I had thought him delightfully natural, bit by bit I came to understand that his very naturalness was a pose. Underneath it he was unconsciously, completely self-centered.

One winter afternoon we stopped in the company's office. One of our pictures was being shown in the projection room. We sat side by side in silent darkness to watch it. Jack's shoulder brushed lightly against mine, and there on the white screen our shadows smiled at each other. And the sweetness that came rushing back with the memory, the touch of Jack's hand on mine, the thrill of his remembered kisses! I scarcely saw my own figure. I knew dimly that there was a fluffy-haired girl whose head came just above his shoulder. For me he was the picture, his eyes, his smile——

He caught my hand in the darkness. How wonderful for us to be watching it together, this dream-laden record of our love! It was the last scene, and my shadow was in his arms. I was trembling with the thrill of its memory when Jack bent closer to me.

"I'd like to play always with you," he whispered. There was a little pause. "I didn't realize that I was so tall."

My heart turned sick. That was what he saw in the picture—"I didn't realize that I was so tall." I was nearly his height; I had worn little heelless slippers to lessen mine. If I had stood a bit straighter he would not have seemed so tall.

That was what he saw in the picture—himself. Was that what he saw in our love, too—always himself? When he told me my light hair was beautiful, I wondered if he liked it because it made him look darker by contrast. The idea had sunk into my mind, poisoning all other thoughts. I began to wonder if he was ardent, tender, because he liked to appear ardent and tender. Perhaps that was the way he loved me—merely as a foil for himself. I was slight, the "ultra-feminine" type, one director had said. I knew that, playing together, I brought him out—his masculine attractivenesses became doubly attractive. Did he feel that, too? Was his love for me merely an unconscious, instinctive widening out of his love for himself?

It was so unpleasant a theory that I tried to put it aside, to excuse it. It was only natural that a man in his position should become abnormally self-pleased. I would look at him sometimes, at his perfect profile, the dominant poise of his head, and think he was too handsome; would wish for just one little homeliness, one dear, human defect.

I overheard him arguing one day with one of our publicity men. He was tremendously in earnest. I imagined some vital issue was at stake. I found

While Jack waited, frankly bored, I saw that the girls had recognized us.

afterward that, in writing of a picture, the press man had said that Jack was co-starring with Grace Rues, another girl in our company.

"Except when I am playing with Miss McKnight," Jack had said hotly, "I am not co-starring with anybody. Miss Rues *was in my support.* And, as though that mistake weren't bad enough in itself, you've put her name first!"

Finding Jack jealous of another man would not have affected me as this did —to find him jealous of a woman. He had never shown that side to me. That was because he was in love with me; my success was his.

We both had a two weeks' rest between pictures, and we saw each other daily, always away from the studio. And in the commonplace, real world, the doubts which always vanished beneath the blue-green studio lights came out clear, crowding around me. I remembered his kindness to the shabby little mother; but then we had all been about to see. I remembered his adorable way with her sturdy little son and curly-headed daughter; but there was an audience then. I tried to fancy him alone with a sick child at night.

I had thought him thoughtful, generous. Now I did not know. I could not tell which of his qualities were deeply his own, which were merely a veneer worn for the public. Was he a fine, manly man, spoiled a bit on the surface only by too much adulation; or was he really vain, shallow, wearing the traits and opinions of a bigger man, much as he might wear a becoming suit of clothes?

I did not know. The make-believe world had taken such a hold of him. He had grown used to smiling for the camera, talking for the interviewers. Sometimes it seemed to me that the public he was serving so well had taken all there was of him, made his surface qualities what they liked best and left him nothing beneath them, nothing that was all his own; that curiosity seekers had pried into his individuality, questioning, surmising until he had left no personality that was really personal; that he himself had opened the door and let the make-believers into the very sanctuary of his life, let them roam about, making it a public showroom, touching up his virtues, twisting about his opinions, hopelessly cheapening the "inmost self, where the unknown God abides."

There were other times when I knew nothing but the glory of his love; when I forgot every question, praying only that he might always love me. But these times, worn by doubt, grew farther and farther apart. As we drove home in my little car in the wintry evenings, I would see other men bidding good-by to their sweethearts, and I envied these other girls—their lovers were often awkward, but they were real. When Jack kissed my hair, I would remember how often he had done it for the screen, wonder if he was thinking how pretty a caress it was. In his arms, I would suddenly find myself listening for the grinding of the camera.

At last I told him that I could not marry him. He was horribly hurt, of course. He could not understand; he thought I was angry at some action.

"Oh, it's not that, Jack!" I cried. "If you only would do some thoughtless, blundering thing! But you don't; you are too perfect an actor. Jack, dear, I've loved you so much that I can't bear to hurt you. But I can't marry you. You belong in the studio. There you are all I dreamed you would be. But we'd have to live out in this other world, we'd have to grow old together. Don't you see? And you don't fit here. There'd be so many times when there'd be no audience, so many real problems that being a good actor wouldn't help to meet. I'm sick of make-believe—I'm going to speak the

real outdoors truth, no matter how it hurts you. You are a good actor, you are a perfect lover; but, oh, my dear, I am afraid you aren't a man!"

That was two months ago, and I have not seen Jack since. He left me that night, saying that he would prove to me that he was worth my loving him, then he would come back to me. I saw by the papers that he had left the picture company and joined a branch of the light artillery. There were the customary press comments on his bravery and sacrifice, the regrets for all the moving-picture world was losing. But there was no picture of him in his uniform, no interview in which he stated his reasons for going.

He has enlisted as a private. War is a real thing, and the private has no audience. I am forgetting all the other days, remembering only the glory of that first time when he held me in his arms among the pink paper apple blossoms. And I am praying that he will come back to me—a man.

THE AMATEUR

YOU know, I got a bee one day—
Thought I could write a picture play
Like those you see down at th' show
Where all your friends an' fam'ly go.
But durn it all! All I could do
Was scratch my head an 'spit an' chew,
An' twist an' squirm an' rub my chin
An' wonder why I couldn't begin!

I kept that up, oh, 'bout an hour;
An' guess I was a-gettin' sour!
My legs were stiff; my eyes did ache,
My back felt like it sure would break!
My tongue—I got afraid to trust,
An', wow! My head was 'bout to bust!
But still no hint could mem'ry bring
To show me how to start the thing!

It sure looked bad; no hope in sight;
My collar was a-gettin' tight!
An' gloom so thick, despair so rife
You could 'a' cut it with a knife.
Wow! How I sweat! But 'twarn't no use,
I simply couldn't cut 'er loose!
An' so I put away my pen
An' solemn swore—*Nev-er Again!*

HOMER F. KELLEMS.

Shifting Seasons to Fit the Scenes

"Chinatown, my Chinatown," feels quite different when the lights are low from the way it does when the mercury is low. This Chinese street used in the Pathé production of "Innocent" became snowed under before the summer scenes called for could be taken. So the snow was sprayed with brown "juice" to disguise it, and work went on. Director George Fitzmaurice in the fur-lined coat looks comfortable, but John Miltern, leading man looks frozen in his Palm Beach suit.

"Winter rages," in the guise of a row of grinning camoufleurs who squeeze torn paper down on the actors and scenery in the L-Ko picture below, while the director and his assistants mop their brows and grin because they don't have to dress for "weather."

La Tosca

There was the man she loved, and the man she hated—and Fate.

She stopped, fascinated. The portrait resembled the hated marquise.

By Selma Howe

FOR little women, life is easy. A primrose road, set with an occasional thorn, perhaps, but in the main a safe and a pleasant one. With the superwomen of the race it is different. They neither expect nor desire an easy time of it. They must suffer, bear burdens, make difficult decisions. Thus it was with La Tosca.

It was a time-old problem that confronted her—the choice between a great art and a still greater love. At her feet an adoring Rome proclaimed her the greatest singer in the city, and hence in all Italy. The rich old city showered its gold upon her lovely head. The palazzi of the ancient families opened wide at her approach, vying with one another in bidding her to their fêtes to entertain distinguished guests. The Pope had wept to hear her sing, and had eagerly sought to become her patron. Rome lay in the hollow of La Tosca's hand.

In the little church of Saint Andrea on the outskirts of the Eternal City, whither with downcast face the

prima donna now hastened, was to be found that other perplexing element in her glorious life, her lover, Mario Cavaradossi. An artist of no small recognition, but—alas for the beautiful singer!—a political outcast, while she had the entré to the royal court, and enjoyed the adulation of the entire city. For, besides being a pupil of David and inclined to Jacobinism, he was but part Italian, his mother having been French. Hence he was under the dark cloud of suspicion of being a traitor to his country, and of aiding and abetting Napoleon, who at that time, the year 1800, was endeavoring to subdue Italy.

For this reason, La Tosca reflected, as she made her way through the circuitous streets of the old city, she must either give up her art or Mario. For she could never be united with him in the rites of the church without endangering, perhaps forfeiting forever, the popular recognition which she had attained after years of struggle, and such hardships as only she herself knew.

Nevertheless, it was her custom to take Mario some light refreshment when the fading light put an end to his artistic endeavors for the day, in the Church of Saint Andrea, where he was engaged in painting an altarpiece. Floria's face brightened as she approached the door and raised the heavy knocker, then waited eagerly for the sight of him and his warm handclasp. But only the dull echoes resounding far within the quiet church answered her summons mockingly, and, frowning, she again knocked, this time imperiously. His unaccustomed slothfulness vexed her fair face, twisting it into ugly lines of impatience.

At length there was a hurried step along the stone floor, the door swung open, and Mario stood before her, smiling, one arm outstretched to clasp her, while in the left hand he still clutched his palette absent-mindedly. Ignoring his embrace, Floria swept past him, preceding him into the chapel.

"What has delayed you in answering my summons?" she demanded haughtily. "Are you then hiding something from me? Do you dare to deceive me, the great La Tosca, to whom all Rome bows nightly?" In her voice and gesture as she said these words, proud though they were, Mario read, and read aright, her consuming passion for him. But it was in vain that he tried to appease her anger. With all the suspicious jealousy that seems to be an inseparable part of some manifestations of love, she pursued her course of cross-examination relentlessly, even taking occasion to regret the circumstances which had led up to their meeting. Meanwhile, silently, and with deft touches, Mario worked away feverishly at his painting, taking advantage of the last precious rays of the setting sun.

La Tosca had not always lived in Rome, the artistic and political center of all Italy, where she had met her lover. As a peasant girl, chanting hymns in a pastoral chapel, she had been "discovered" by a pious young priest. He had recognized her voice as quite out of the ordinary, and had proceeded to educate her for the holy service of singing in the choir, in order that she might bring God's work nearer to the hearts of his flock. As she grew older, her talents increased, so that a young musician, hearing her, begged her to join his opera company. The good fathers were at first shocked at the idea of the innocent young girl engaging in so worldly a career. But the musician was so persistent that he finally secured permission from the pope to have the girl sing before him.

"Never shall I forget my first visit to Rome when the Holy Father sent for me to sing before him," declared La Tosca, her lovely voice rising and falling in cadences as she recalled the beginning of her struggle for recognition.

Still Mario painted on deliberately, lovingly, while the face of a Magdalene took shape under his ready brush.

"I can recall as though it were yesterday my fright at going into the huge, dazzling rooms of the Vatican. I can see now the kindly face of the Holy Father as he bade me sing. At first I was too frightened to sing at all; but, as I remembered the country at evening song, and the peace of the little chapel near my home, my voice grew quite clear, and I ceased to be afraid. When I stopped there were tears in the pope's eyes. He spoke to me, bidding me join the company, saying that it would be a sin to deprive the world of a voice so beautiful. He said that God would not have made it so wonderful if he had not intended people to enjoy it and to be lifted up by it.

"And so it was that I came here to study and met you," the singer continued, suddenly remembering the incident which had aroused her jealousy, and started her on the train of thought. "You painted my portrait, the portrait of La Tosca, never once dreaming of the fame that would be mine some day.

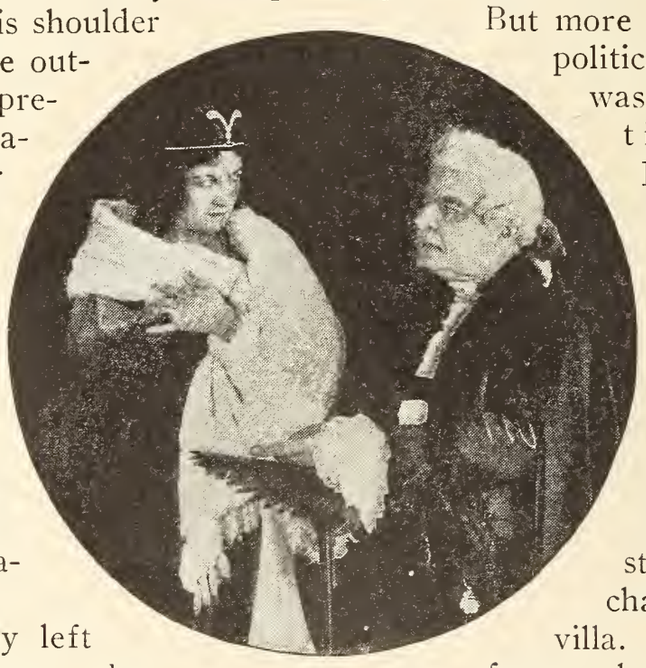
Every afternoon it was her custom to bring him refreshment—and gradually their friendship blossomed into romance.

You made love to me, and I was a foolish enough girl to listen to you." And, as Floria, in her rage, heaped scorn on Mario's head, she approached the portrait, suddenly seeing it in a new light.

"Ah! It is the Marquise Attavanti whom you love. I see her features in this picture. I was a foolish girl ever to have let myself fall in love with

you." Flinging herself on her lover's neck, she clung there, still sobbing and uttering accusations.

After much pleading and explaining, Mario managed to quiet her suspicions, and to persuade Floria to leave the chapel with him. Together they descended the many steps, Floria pausing a moment before the statue of the Virgin Mary. Then they passed out through the dim, wide corridors, Cavaradossi glancing back furtively and apprehensively over his shoulder several times. Once outside the sacred precincts, he accompanied her to her home, where she was to make ready for the grand fête to be given that evening at the Farnese Palace to celebrate the victory of General Melas over Bonaparte's troops at Marengo.



"I found this fan, bearing the crest of the marquise," said Baron Scarpia.

Scarcely had they left the transept, however, when a figure clad in the clothes of the Marquise Attavanti appeared in the chapel, and, mingling with the few worshipers, passed out of the church unnoticed. It was, indeed, not the marquise who had aroused Floria's jealousy, but one Cesare Angelotti, the brother of the marquise, and a political refugee, condemned to death as a traitor to Italy. He had been associated with the defenders of the "Parthenopean Republic," as the Kingdom of Naples was called by the French. For some time he had been concealed in the Castle of Saint Angelo, but had finally managed to escape to the church, aided by his sister, who placed some of her own clothes in the chapel for her brother to use as a disguise in escaping.

During the afternoon he had suddenly appeared in the chapel, where Mario labored on his painting of the Magdalene, and had persuaded him to lend his assistance in getting away from the chapel unnoticed. A fervid and anxious discussion of the whole political situation had followed, when the two were suddenly surprised by Floria's summons. It was in delaying to hide Angelotti that Mario had incurred the anger of La Tosca.

But more immediate than the political fate of Naples was the problem of getting away from Rome, and the constant fear of apprehension dogged the young nobleman's steps as he tried to imitate the mincing gait of a woman along the route fraught with dangers which stretched between the chapel and Mario's villa. For a political conference had been hastily arranged by the two men and set for that evening, when Cesare felt confident that, if all went well, he should be able to clear his tracks and elude the government spies.

But there was one man who was too sharp for him, who had long watched the castle where the marquise had been sheltering her brother, and who pursued political suspects with an almost personal relentlessness. Scarpia, chief of police, was a man of little principle, save the ever-ready one of profiting by the ill fortune of others, and a relentless follower of whatever prey he started to pursue. Accordingly, when the escape of Cesare was discovered, he instituted a thorough search for him, not neglecting the Attavanti chapel,

which, a shrewd guess told him, might be the asylum of safety that the young man would naturally select. Arriving at the chapel, Baron Scarpia was dismayed not to find his victim, but further search revealed a fan of the marquise, a part of the disguise which the desperate young man in his hurry had forgotten to take with him. A cruel leer overspread his features, as the speculation that perhaps Mario, also one of his suspects, was an accomplice, came into his mind.

He determined, with customary precision, on the use of the young artist as a clew to the whereabouts of the refugee from Roman law, and, being well aware of the love existing between Mario and La Tosca, unscrupulously resolved to make use of the fact to serve his own ends.

Calling his carriage, he dashed off to the Farnese Palace, where it was generally known the great prima donna was to sing that evening, picturing to himself as his carriage rolled through the street of the city, the despair of the unhappy woman. A sly smile crept across his face, as the first faint, half-formed purpose of some day subduing her pride flitted through his mind.

In an anteroom of the palace he sought out La Tosca, and, taking her to one side, withdrew from the folds of his cloak the fan bearing the Attavanti crest, watching her face as he informed her that he had found it not an hour previous in the

Floria paused a moment before the statue of the Virgin Mary, as they left the church.

chapel where Mario had been working. For a long moment fierce jealousy and old suspicion battled with incredulity in the plastic face of the singer.

"Impossible!" she half breathed, half hissed into the cruel face that confronted her like some plague raised from heli itself to torment her. In that instant she hated the man before her with all her wounded pride and passion. In the next, the doubts, which Mario had calmed but a few hours previous, leaped into fire from their smoldering embers. In one awful moment she recalled how the features of the Magdalene had borne a striking resemblance to those of the marquise.

Baron Scarpia fixed a pair of black, lynxlike eyes on the fair face which Rome worshiped. The red lips worked uncomfortably.

"I will go now to Mario," she breathed. "I cannot remain any longer in suspense."

"But the guests await your arrival," rejoined Scarpia. "La Tosca surely will not disappoint them," he added, with the cunning which understood how to fan jealousy into a still greater frenzy by delay. At length he prevailed upon the singer to remain until the festa was over.

More beautiful than ever before, resplendent in her jewels, she entered the ballroom amid a storm of applause. Voices were hushed, eyes all centered on her, as she prepared to sing. Suddenly a messenger appeared at the doorway, faint with haste.

"The French have turned defeat into victory!" he cried. "Our army is lost!" At once a hubbub filled the air. All thought of enjoyment and revelry was suspended. No one wanted to hear anything except details of the defeat. For once the beautiful singer was glad to leave unnoticed. Calling for her carriage, she slipped out into the fragrant Italian night, and a minute afterward was being borne on her way to Mario's villa. And close behind her carriage was another, the black coach of Scarpia, in which, accompanied by a few armed guards, sat the chief of police himself, a smile of anticipation lighting his crafty features.

"You may go," was the brief command with which La Tosca dismissed her equipage on arriving at the white villa, gleaming among the fruit trees. Then, quite unnoticed, she slipped into the hall she knew so well, without summoning the servants, and hurried to the studio, where she knew Mario was accustomed to spend many free hours in study.

She was not disappointed. Mad with jealousy, she burst into the room, to behold Mario engaged in an earnest conversation, not with the marquise, but with her brother. Reassured as to Mario's loyalty to herself, she would fain have turned and fled. But Mario had already seen her.

"Floria! What are you doing here?" he demanded a trifle sternly, coming toward her. "I thought you were at the fête."

"The fête has been postponed. The Italian army is defeated. And as for why I am here"—something akin to a sneer flitted across the lovely face for an instant and was gone—"I wish to know how a fan marked with the crest of the Marquise Attavanti came to be found in the chapel less than an hour after you had left the place. Speak!"

Meantime, Cesare, who had been listening to the conversation, turned ashen. He realized in a flash that he had made a grave error, one indeed that might prove fatal. Together, bit by bit, in scarcely intelligible fragments, the two men related the situation, Mario's help to the unfortunate young nobleman, and the disguise used by him to get away.

"I have sinned greatly against you both," cried Floria. "God knows I meant no wrong," and with a despair-

ing gesture the unhappy woman flung herself at her lover's feet, craving forgiveness. In reply to Mario's questioning, she related how the fan had been brought to her notice, and of Scarpia's part in the affair.

"If he has followed you here I am lost," Cesare said simply. His was the serenity of the man who faces death unafraid for his principles.

"Quick! There is no time to lose. The hiding place in the wall." The artist uttered the words rapidly, pushing his friend toward the door as he spoke. "You shall remain there until you hear that all is safe. My servants will bring you food and wine."

Scarcely had the fugitive from justice been concealed in the thick wall which surrounded the villa when there was a knock at the heavy door, and Scarpia and his men sent in their respects, and a demand to be allowed to search the place. Seeing no way out of it, Mario ordered him to be ushered in, realizing only too well that resistance by physical force was out of the question.

"You may be able to tell me of the whereabouts of a fugitive from the justice of the Roman courts," said the baron, with a low bow, as soon as he found himself in the presence of the master of the villa. Both La Tosca and her lover emphatically denied any such knowledge.

"Then," declared the officer of the law, "it is my duty to take the matter into my own hands." With that he ordered two of his men to seize Mario and bind him. Knowing well that Mario would sooner suffer death than reveal his friend's hiding place, he had determined upon the method of torturing the artist in order that Floria might be induced to tell the secret in order to save her lover pain. At first she held out valiantly. Then, as the torture became more brutal, and with a groan her Mario fell fainting to the floor, she weakened and screamed: "I can no longer bear it. You will find Cesare in a secret room in the wall."

When Scarpia's men reached the wall, they found not Cesare, but the dead body of one who had not been afraid to stand up for his political convictions. At the approach of the guard, he had foreseen his doom and had taken poison. The baron's fury knew no bounds. He ordered Mario to be seized and put in prison, intending to kill him. Then, suddenly bethinking himself that La Tosca would try to use her influence with the queen, and knowing that her powers of persuasion were great, he sent for her.

Scarcely had she come into his presence than she sensed a plot. Within the past few hours this man, who had meant nothing previously in her life, had come to be her bitterest foe, her most deadly enemy, the subtle vis-à-vis with whom she was to match wits for life—and death.

"What will you have?" she demanded haughtily.

"A little of that affection which you lavish on this good-for-nothing young Mario," said the official, narrowing his eyes, and fixing them on the lovely face, which resembled nothing so much as chiseled marble.

"Never may you hope for that," replied La Tosca coldly, her lip curving upward in scorn.

"Enough! Take her to the Saint Angelo. It may be that a stone cell with scant food will help to turn my lady's thoughts more kindly toward one who admires her beauty and her passion."

It was the following day, toward evening, that Floria was roused from her sleepless couch by a messenger from Scarpia, demanding to see her. An armed guard had come to conduct her safely from the prison to the house where he plotted and planned the ruin of his political enemies. And Floria

was not averse to going, for the drab day within four stone walls was beginning to tell on her sensitive nerves. Besides, she felt that once she again found herself within the august presence of the wily official, she might use her beauty and wit to further her own ends and those of Mario.

Accordingly she arrayed herself in her best and most alluring gown, and at the appointed hour presented herself before Scarpia. The invitation had been for dinner, and no sooner had the servitor provided their needs when Scarpia bade him be gone, and bolted the only means of exit. Then, turning to La Tosca, who sat like a statue at the feast, he declared that never had he loved as he loved her now.

"Unless this meets with your approval," he added quickly, noting the ominous arching of the black brows before him, "your Mario shall die without even coming to trial—the death of a dog."

She pleaded desperately for the man she loved.

La Tosca pleaded, wept, threatened. All to no avail. Scarpia watched his cards and finally laid down the trump. "In fact, I have given orders that he is to be shot at sundown to-night."

It was this desperate measure which finally made the woman weaken. Fatigue and worry had weakened her powers of resistance, battered down her will. Still there was one string to her promise. On one condition only would she consent—that being that she and Mario be permitted to leave the city that night.

Together they planned the details. Mario, it seemed, was to be shot with muskets. These muskets Scarpia would order to be filled with blank cartridges. On being fired upon, Mario was to drop and remain until Floria came for him later. An orderly was called and the message dispatched. And finally, at La Tosca's insistent proposal, Scarpia went over to his writing table, and, taking his pen and official paper, wrote out two safe-conducts out of the city for herself and Mario.

Meanwhile, the woman's quick mind was busy with plans for finally staving off her part of the bargain and escaping the ordeal that awaited her. But her moment was at hand.

"And now, my girl——" Scarpia came toward her. The lovely face grew pale, the eyes stared past his own as if at some dread thing behind him. It was only a ruse. But the official was taken off his guard. For one instant only he turned. In that moment La Tosca seized the knife which lay near her right hand on the table. Her fingers clutched the handle, the weapon, flashing blade uppermost, in her deft fingers. How she hated him! How she longed to end it all with one quick movement, to make him die the death with which he had threatened her Mario! One thrust into the thick back which presented itself to her, and her woes would be at an end.

With a firm, steady hand she raised the knife and found her mark. With a guttural exclamation, the figure of the man swayed, reeled, and fell limp at her feet—dead! With some vague idea of performing a last rite, La Tosca seized the hands, still limp and warm,

and crossed them on the breast from which the breath of life had departed forever. Next her eye fell on the glass candelabra, with their multiplicity of shining candlelights, which but lately graced the feast. These she placed at regular intervals about the dead man. For a brief moment she knelt in prayer beside the man who had been her bitter enemy and the destroyer of her happiness, praying that God would forgive her for her great iniquity.

Then, suddenly realizing with horror the enormity of her crime, and the personal danger to herself and therefore to Mario, if she remained, she snatched up the passport and hurried away to the prison. All seemed black before her until suddenly Mario's face, peering between the bars that separated them, brought her back to consciousness.

There in the dim half light, clinging to his neck, she briefly told what she had done, how she had stained her hands with murder to free herself and him, too. Mario, on his part, forgave her the confession that disclosed Cesare in the garden wall and hastened the untimely death of his friend. In the few minutes that remained, the lovers clung like tired, frightened children, each declaring undying love for the other. Finally the moment of separation came.

"Do not forget. Drop when the first shot is fired—face down. I shall come for you," whispered La Tosca. And then the men came to take him away. She heard the steps passing out into the courtyard, the hesitation of a moment or two before the shooting seemed like years, and finally there was the boom of the muskets.

With a wild feeling of joy, La Tosca rushed into the courtyard as soon as it had been deserted. A minute, at the most, and all her troubles would be over. Her heart fairly sang as she sped along. She reached Mario's side, placed her hand on his head, called him by name. Still the figure remained inert.

"Mario! It is I, your Floria," she breathed into his ear, her voice growing suddenly anxious. Still no movement. With an effort she rolled the body over and looked into his face. Dead! Scarpia once more had deceived her. He had never even intended to change the orders to his soldiers.

She rose just as the soldiers returned to the courtyard to bear the body away. Seeing that something was wrong, the captain of the firing line gave orders for her arrest, and the soldiers advanced, but La Tosca eluded them.

"Tell your captain that, as I am without a lover, so is he without a master. Scarpia is no longer alive to be a plague and a menace to people on earth. He is dead, for I have killed him myself!"

With a cry that might have come out of inferno itself, so hideous, so mad was it, the woman sprang away and disappeared into the Castle Angelo. A moment later, to the fascinated gaze of the soldiers, who stood with uplifted faces, she appeared on the parapet. Against the sky her figure was silhouetted as she hurried along. Below, the spectators watched in amazement, wondering what the end would be.

Finally La Tosca paused, braced herself, and jumped. Down, down, down she fell, until all that was left of the greatest singer in Italy fell beside the body of the man she had loved.

Cast of "La Tosca"

Written from the Paramount production based on the story of Puccini's opera.

Floria La Tosca	Pauline Frederick
Baron Scarpia	Frank Losee
Mario Cavaradossi	Jules Raucourt
Cesare Angelotti	Henry Hebert

A Tale of a Bear

George Walsh got so attached to his little six-foot Alaskan playmate, Black Prince, during the filming of "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal," that he considered keeping him for a household pet. Here Walsh is seen telling Black Prince to "go sleepings" and not run around the apartment during the night.

Black Prince refused to solve algebraic equations, and Walsh locked him in the bathroom.

The casualties included: one bath tub, two mirrors, and one shower-bath attachment. Walsh thereupon decided to make a peace offering of a box of candy through the window, before letting him charge out.

Walsh decided that every well-brought-up bear should be able to protect himself, and so planned to give him boxing lessons. He first tried to have the bear's nails manicured, but as he could not find an expert who would attempt the job, both combatants wore gloves.

Later in the day George sat by the fire and told Bruin a tale—all about what happened to obstreperous bears who didn't do as they were told. Black Prince had his muzzle on, so Walsh dared to illustrate the lecture.

Black Prince even learned how to operate the phonograph so that he could entertain himself.

Why I Am Cold

By Frances Wood

Madame Petrova, one of the world's foremost screen artists, and her own producer, explains the psychology of her emotional acting.

MADAME PETROVA rose from the chair in which she had been reclining. She stood, her whole body rigid, her eyes flashing anger. Then, raising her slender right hand, she began pounding the

adjoining table, as her breath came and went in short gasps. Suddenly she relaxed.

"That is the way anger is usually depicted," she said quietly. "Now, compare that method with this."

She drew back slightly. Her bosom began to heave quietly. Her nostrils dilated slowly. Her lip curled up in utter scorn, and in the narrowing green eyes behind her long black lashes lurked a hate that was terrible to feel. Involuntarily I recoiled. But in another moment the look had vanished, and once more I was relieved to find myself facing the real Petrova.

Sometimes a posture held for a moment only, accompanied by a fleeting expression, will register a certain emotion in Petrova's code of "reserved acting."

"I know," she said, reclining again, "that to many spectators I seem to lack warmth on the screen because I play emotional parts with a cold restraint. But to me restrained acting is the more subtle art, and therefore finer art. Any one can simulate a passion by flying into a rage of wild gesticulation. It takes more skill to show it by a fleeting expression.

"The possibilities of pictures resemble a gold mine, the surface of which has scarcely been scratched. They have already yielded richly; but there is still much to be given to the world by means of them, and I want to be a factor, however small, in helping bring about this development. I want to do the finest things in the finest way. It would not be right for me to do things in the less fine, more obvious way. By clenching my fists and tearing some other woman's hair I would not be acting the subtle type of woman. I would merely become for the moment a peasant type."

We were seated in Madame Petrova's apartment. Though her name is Russian, the only thing I noticed which seemed distinctly Russian was her gown—a coffee-colored dress, trimmed with band after band of inch-wide, beaverlike fur. The skirt hung full from a tight bodice, and huge pointed cuffs, also trimmed with countless bands of fur, made warm silken retreats for her flexible hands.

Many of her gowns Madame Petrova designs herself. Besides that, she writes vers libre. But let madame tell it herself. In fact, in that delightful half hour there was no lack of things to

talk of; but a continual flow of thought, enhanced by the slightly foreign accent acquired by her residence in the leading cities of Europe. Incidentally Madame Petrova, who was born in Warsaw, Poland, speaks five languages well. In the early days of her career, as a girl of scarcely more than twenty, she held the important position of dramatic critic for a leading London newspaper. For a time after that she studied piano and vocal music, and it was only by chance that she turned her attention from that to the stage.

She betrays an emotion merely by the lift of her chin, and the slow narrowing of her expressive eyes.

And yet she disclaims success. Petrova's modesty—that and her red hair—are her great charms. But she has others. Her large green eyes, for instance, which she narrowed critically as she stuffed a silk pillow

behind her shoulder and proceeded to give me a recipe for success.

"Do you remember what the Red Queen said?" asked Petrova. "She and Alice had been running so fast that Alice's hair was flying out from her head, and every time that she wanted to stop for breath the Red Queen would cry: 'Faster, faster!' Then all of a sudden they stopped, and Alice said, in surprise: 'Why, we haven't moved at all; we are just where we were before!'

" 'Of course, my dear,' replied the Red Queen, 'if you expect to get anywhere you must run twice as fast as that.'

"That is one of the principles of success," continued Madame Petrova. "You must work as hard as you can just to keep in the swim. And if you want to achieve great things, you must work twice as hard as that.

"And another factor in success is personality, and that is an undefinable thing. You meet illiterate persons who have it, and highly educated and cultured men and women, often, who haven't it. Call it magnetism, attraction, what you will. It is the *inner 'you,'* by which you are able to reach out and persuade friends and strangers both that you have something to offer them. It may be conscious or subconscious.

"Then one must have business ability."

"And if one hasn't it, the artist has a business manager to manage for her," I interrupted eagerly.

"Business managers usually manage for themselves," rejoined Petrova cryptically. Incidentally, when she decided to go into pictures on a large scale, this clever woman, who supplies her own business ability, started out to organize a company, and within two weeks was at the head of a million-dollar corporation.

"Above all," she continued, "one must have the capacity for self-sacrifice. One must be a pygmy beside one's art. One must regard oneself merely as the instrument for artistic expression. For, however great an artist one is, one can still find a greater artist in the field. And then one must have patience"—ticking the qualities off on those long, slender fingers of hers—"patience to keep unflaggingly at the task until it is completed.

"Finally one must be sensitive to criticism, yet not so sensitive as to become a slave to it. That is, the artist must not take the criticism of others, even of the critics, without first feeling that it

Sultana, the pet angora, who has "co-starred" with Petrova.

is merited and just. For, after all, the intelligent artist is his own best critic.

"Take my last picture. I could show you several places where I am wrong. Don't ask it," she forestalled my wide-eyed questioning. "It would not be good business policy. But here is the curious thing." She emphasized her point with a slender finger. "Others have criticized the play and my work in it, but no one, I think, has yet touched on the vital mistakes. Criticism, as such, mind you, means that to me," and, instead of snapping her fingers, she shrugged her shoulders with infinitely more expressiveness. When Petrova talks she uses not only her mouth, but her eyes, brows, nose, hands, fingers, shoulders, even an occasional twitch of her slippered foot. Each gesture is the most telling one that could be used to express the thought that she supplements with it.

There was a languid movement of her graceful arm as a soft gray Persian kitty leaped upon the sofa and minced over to Petrova's hand.

"This is Sultana," said madame. "She had a birthday yesterday. As a special treat I let her look at the canary bird for a whole hour."

LINES TO ANY STRUGGLING ACTRESS

IF you can meet the menfolk and cut the baby stares
And be a human being, without those stagy airs;
If you can face the cam'ra without your seals and foxes
And feel content your face is yours and not your make-up box's;
If you can see your bad spots when critics criticize,
And not declaim their wisdom in hateful, scornful cries;
If you can leave your dresser while others still are crimping,
And then refrain from rushing back to do some extra primping;
If you can pass a mirror and not reach for your hair;
If you can think of subjects beside the things you wear;
If you can take your scolding when your rôle you have forgotten,
And not go round and pout and growl and say the firm is rotten;
If you can smile politely and quell your temp'rament
Because your lead is Irish and lacks your French accent;
If you weep not when papers fail to print your name in oodles,
And say the press should be suppressed and don't know art from poodles;
If you do not grow jealous when the other players rise,
And don't run down their talent and say they've homely eyes;
If you don't live on champagne or blow the world ablast;
If you don't swear or paint or smoke or boast about your past;
If you are all of these things, regardless of your fame,
And know a man unwealthy who has no social aim,
You'd better drop the movies—become a benefactress—
You'd make a dandy wife, you would, but not much of an actress.

GERALD C. DUFFY.

Make-up and Miss Mae Marsh

"The Girl with a thousand faces" gives practical hints on paint and powder.

By David Raymond

Plasticity of feature is one of the most striking characteristics of Mae Marsh's screen work.

NO one has ever seen Mae Marsh with beaded lashes. Her lips never look as if she had had blackberries for luncheon. In fact, it always appears as if Mae Marsh used no make-up at all. Yet if she left it off altogether, I knew, the searching studio lights would play strange tricks with her face. So I determined to investigate. Besides, I wanted to see the Goldwyn star for her own sake.

Her exquisite acting in "The Cinderella Man" gave us a new Mae Marsh—a girl who suggests a trio of famous figures, yet is herself more than she is any of them. Ellen Terry in her youth, Mrs. Fiske, and Billie Burke—people say Mae Marsh is reminiscent of them all. "The girl with a thousand faces," some one has called her. So I determined to see her before the thousand faces multiplied, or her likeness to more portraits in the gallery of the famous became so marked that there wouldn't be any Mae Marsh.

"So you want to know about make-up?" she said, with an adorable smile.

"Does the amount of make-up and the way you use it vary according to the part you are playing?" I began, once we were seated in the star's dressing room. She laid her book aside upon a near-by table, and as she smoothed her

No one has ever seen her with beaded lashes or darkened eyes.

studio smock the lustrous gold of a high-noon sun was caught and held by the bronze wisps.

"It varies a little," she said. "But I don't believe in heavy make-up. The actor should not depend too much on artificial aid for conveying facial emotions on the screen. That is, if he means to be anything more than a figure—if he means to *act*. And nowadays we all want to act, to be judged on the strength of our histrionic ability." The constantly changing expression of her plastic features as she talked were eloquent of the mobility of expression which stamps her work.

"There's really no secret about make-up, you know," throwing off her seriousness. "Grease paint and rouge and eyebrow penciling. That's all."

Then she explained that she employs the monotone of paint and powder used by all motion-picture players—in her case a soft cream tint. Her eyes are untouched save by a light pencil on the brows, and her lips likewise scarcely know the taste of rouge.

"I have toned down my make-up year by year," explained Miss Marsh, "because with each year on the screen I feel that my character portrayal improves.

"I find I can give more of myself when make-up, which often is a mask, is left off. Of course a certain amount is necessary to neutralize the powerful lights, but, once that is adjusted, I'm forever tempted to experiment further and eliminate more make-up. Of course it adds to my responsibility as an actress, for the less the artifice, the more of one's thoughts—one's soul—is revealed.

"Take, for instance, 'Fields of Honor.' My part is that of a French girl not long in this country. Any one knows I am not a Gallic type, yet I determined to be one in this picture, without the use of make-up any different from that used for 'Sunshine Alley.'" Miss Marsh smiled.

"What did I do?" she resumed. "Nothing. That is, nothing in the way of darkening my brows or lashes or using a deeper powder or widening my lips. Aside from the mentally absorbing of the character, and the use of gestures carefully rehearsed before the

picture began, I merely changed my hair very slightly. Some illustrations in a magazine sent me from France gave me the inspiration.

"In a general way, I have found one thing—to get back to the subject of facial make-up. Thin eyebrows are indicative of youth, and heavier ones of age. In both 'The Birth of a Nation' and 'Intolerance,' Mr. Griffith directed my make-up. In the Civil War drama I needed hardly any, as I was about the age of the character I played, the 'Pet Sister.' In the latter episodes of 'Intolerance,' it was necessary for me to acquire a more mature look. This was accomplished by putting on a heavier make-up about my eyes. Lines also were placed under my eyes which gave the swollen appearance that is the tattle-tale of tears. I adored being the 'Dear One' in 'Intolerance.'"

In her youthful rôles she uses next to no make-up.

She changed her position. I thought she was bored.

"No, no; not at all," she assured me. "I love to talk about make-up. It's ever so much more interesting than clothes. Everybody wants to talk about gowns. Honestly, I don't care anything at all about what I wear. I know it's important in pictures, and try to do my best; but as for planning and dreaming about what I'm to wear—I simply can't. My sister Marguerite does that for me."

"Does she make you up, too?" I ventured.

"Why, of course not! She has herself to attend to. She is playing in pictures, you know."

What are the most important facial features?" I asked.

"The nose and mouth," she replied. "Nothing in the line of make-up can rectify an unsightly nose or a homely mouth. Every now and then I notice a face among the extras which, in spite of a lack of make-up, is classic. And the reason always can be traced to a regular nose, chin, and mouth."

"Does it work the other way?" I asked. "Are there stars in spite of irregular features?"

"Loads of them," she answered, with widening eyes. "Beauty alone is almost worse than nothing. On the screen it is a promise unfulfilled. There are any number of screen actresses who have gone far in their art and who are not beautiful in the conventional sense."

"How do they do it?"

"It's personality. In them there is that third rail of electric personality which the camera seems always seeking. One simply cannot fool the camera. It catches the soul and photographs it for the world to see."

"And what about hair?" I asked. "It plays an important part in a screen appearance, surely?"

"Important, yes," Miss Marsh smiled, "but hair is so easily—er—adjustable. Hair is not always what it seems to be, and curls sometimes are base deceivers. Do you know"—with a toss of her bronze head—"I *hate* curls." Her own hair is free from anything but a little wave which causes her soft brown wisps to end in tendrils.

"Well, now we've talked of eyes and mouth and hair and soul, Miss Marsh, what else goes into make-up?"

"There are ears always," she replied. "So far as woman is concerned, ears mean little in her life. They can be hidden under her hair if they're not pretty. But with a man it's different. If they stick out, he must play comedy or nothing. Ugly ears are a misfortune. So is a hopeless mouth or nose. Yet ears can do more to defeat a genuine personality than the mouth or nose."

Perhaps Miss Marsh's study of sculpture has helped teach her the use of changing, volatile expression in making her emotional appeal.

Miss Marsh glanced thoughtfully into the mirror of her dressing table and regarded her reflection as critically as an artist in a gallery. There wasn't a bit of vanity in the glance, which was that of a student.

"You know, there is only one safe rule in all the world for making-up," she said, turning around suddenly. "And so many people just won't see it."

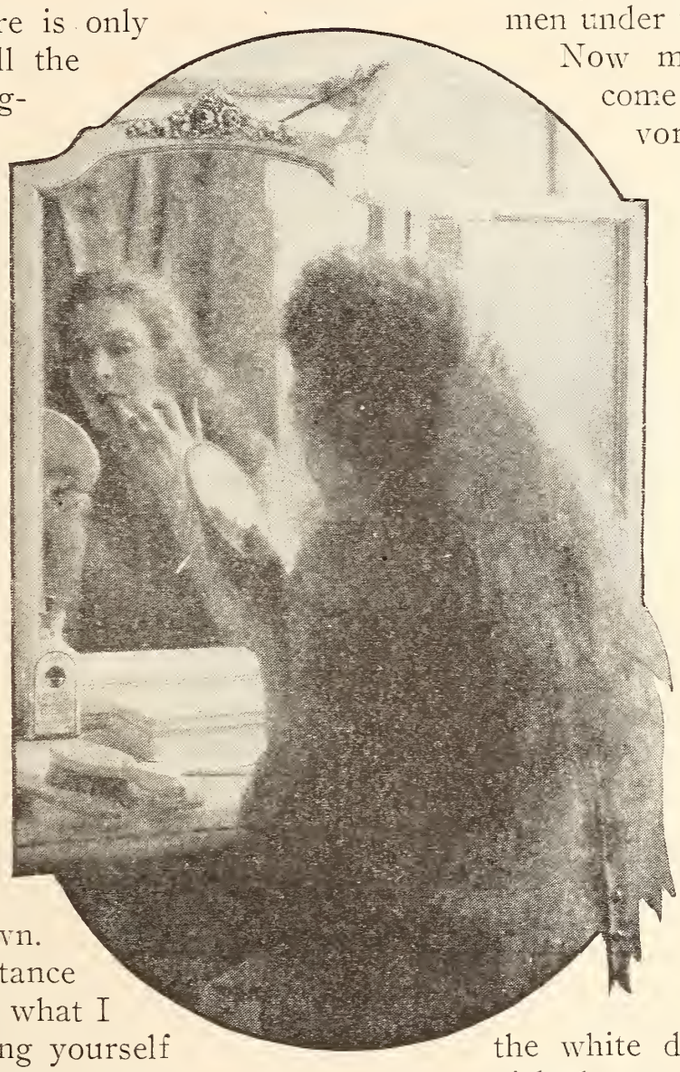
"And that?" I asked eagerly, almost sliding out of my chair.

"Study yourself. Be individual about the thing. Don't try to follow the hard-and-fast rules laid down by some one else, even if that person has a face and figure similar to your own.

"Here's an instance that just illustrates what I mean about knowing yourself thoroughly. The young man in my story had 'mastered' his own type and his own features thoroughly through study. One day a friend was talking with him, and asked casually: 'Did you ever think of wearing a mustache?'

" 'Oh, yes,' he replied readily; 'but I knew I couldn't. If you will notice, I have almost no eyebrows.'

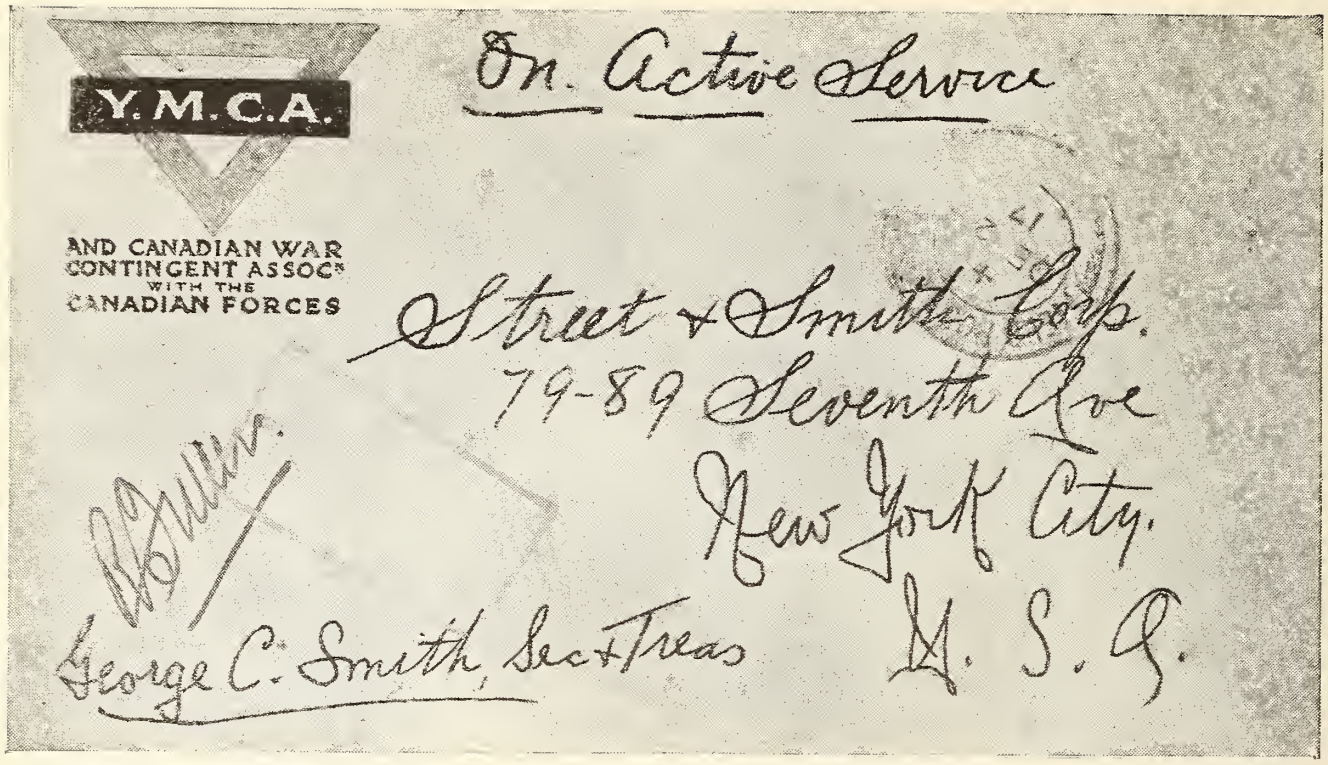
"The main thing for us to discover, like the young actor, is not what we *can* do, but what we *can't* do, with our faces. Fashions rotate all the time, and if we wait long enough everything that has been thought of before comes into style again. We all know that the sheath gowns of a few years ago date back to the days of the Queen of Sheba, and who knows how long before that? A few years ago mustaches on men under thirty were taboo. Now mustaches have come into popular favor once more. Facial style changes just as much as styles in clothes. But, on the other hand, styles never teach one what to eliminate, and we all know the absurdities that result when one tries to wear a hopelessly unbecoming thing simply because it is in style. Individuality and elimination are the two passwords to looking our best."



She never looks as if she had been eating blackberries, for long experience has taught her not to mask her expression with paint.

Miss Marsh reached over to the white dressing table and picked up a pair of shell-rimmed glasses. What is more, she put them on. She must have seen my surprised look.

"I have to wear them," she explained. "Of course I only wear them around the studio after work is over for the day, or between scenes. The yellow lenses rest my eyes after the glare of the studio. You have no idea how trying that strong light is. I shouldn't even have left them off while talking to you," said she, with a charming air of finality, "but I wanted you to think well of me."



From the Front

THE following is from a letter which we recently received in the envelope reproduced above:

I just want to tell you how a copy of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE helped me to pass away the dreary moments of my Christmas in France.

I came into this dugout and found the magazine on the desk of the signal station. I had seen other copies of your magazine before, but this one, I can honestly say, I read from cover to cover at least three times. I am sorry to say that I can't read it regularly here, as its contents are most interesting.

I was out on rest and had the pleasure of seeing about six picture shows, which is sure a luxury out here.

If any of your subscribers, when they are through with their old copies of PICTURE-PLAY, would send them over to us, we sure would appreciate it. Yours sincerely,

SIG. W. BRECKENRIDGE.
No. 748235, Forty-second Canadians,
France.

No tributes that come to us are more gratifying than notes like this from the boys at the front.

Surely they should be supplied with all the magazines they can find time to read, since magazines form so important a means of keeping them in touch with what is going on at home.

There are, no doubt, thousands of movie fans among the boys in France who would like to know something about the new films which they are unable to see. A one-cent stamp, placed on the cover, is all that is necessary to send a magazine to the front. No address or wrapping is necessary.

Probably too many of us are inclined to neglect sending our magazines over to the boys, thinking that enough probably are being forwarded by other people, without *our* bothering to send more. But here is a direct appeal that should meet with a response.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to send this very copy, after it has been read, to cheer some soldier in a lonesome dugout?

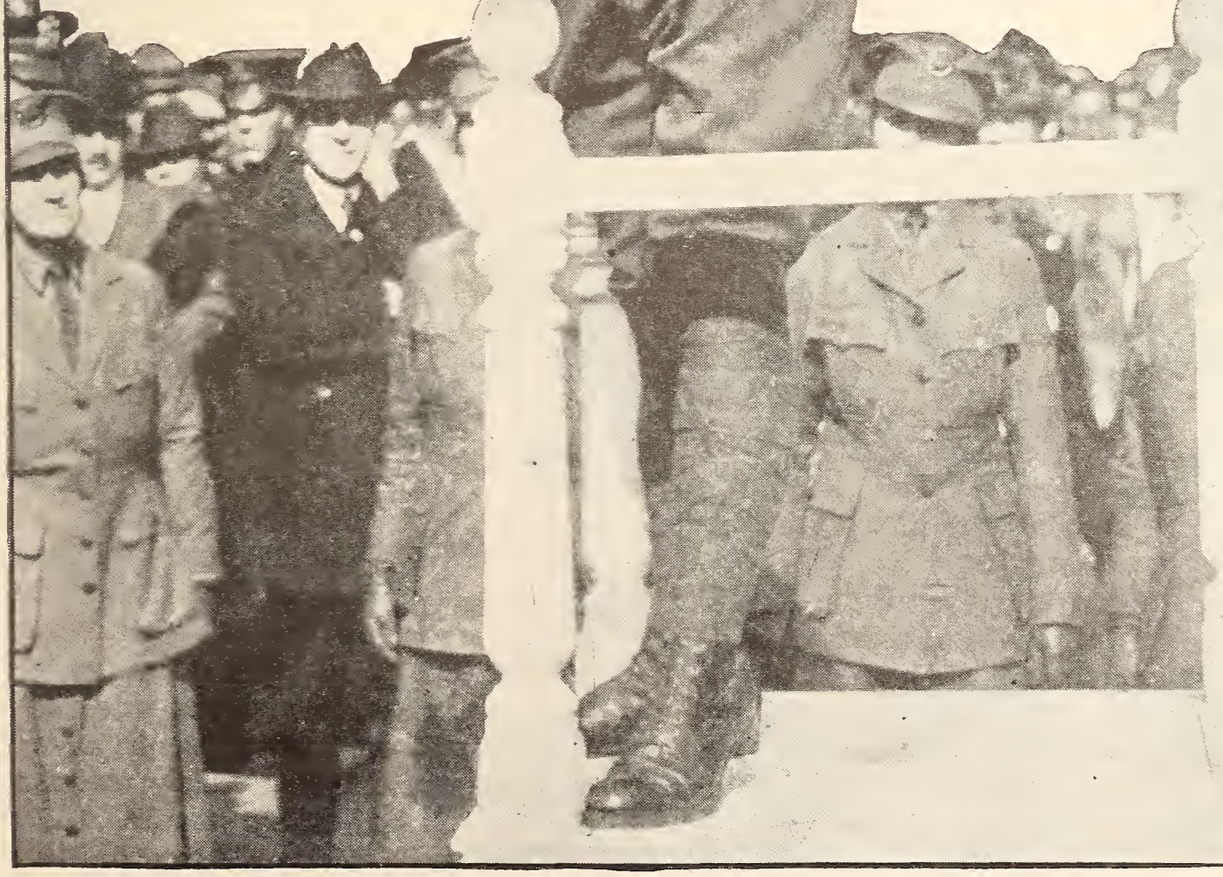
Over the Top

A half hour with the author of the famous book of that title, the story of which he is to enact on the screen.

By Charles Gatchell

Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, late of the First Royal London Fusiliers, and now invalided home has raised more than $50,000 from the platform for the Red Cross and other patriotic causes.

THE scene was an Allied bazaar—a great room festooned with flags and bunting, lined with pillared booths, piled high with salable things—souvenirs of the war, strange objects gathered from



A little group of interested listeners gathered around the earnest young speaker.

all over the world, fancywork, candy. In and out, to the low babel of voices, surged the crowd, dotted here and there with an officer's uniform, a débutante's colorful gown, the glint of a dowager's lorgnette.

Near a Red Cross booth, a chunky young soldier, wearing the uniform of the British Royal Fusiliers, leaped upon a chair. He leaned over toward the group that was forming about him in a crescent.

"Do you know what the Red Cross means?" he began in a low voice. "Do you know what the Red Cross means over there?" Two young fellows of college age in the crowd looked at each other meaningly, and tried to get nearer the front. The speaker made a quick, nervous gesture.

"If you don't, let me tell you. It means——"

The rest was suddenly drowned by an order from the director's megaphone, and Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, former British soldier in France, author, lecturer, and now screen actor, hopped down from his improvised platform and made his way through the crowd.

A moment later he was sitting out in the open air at the top of a flight of steps leading from one of the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn, where the interior sets were being taken for the film version of his famous war book, "Over the Top," which is one of the most entertaining and widely read war books published within a year.

"There's one thing the trenches have

got on the studios," began Empey with a boyish grin, reaching into the pocket of his blouse. "You can smoke in the trenches." He drew out a cigarette and lighted it.

"Well, I'll be back in the trenches in a few days—not the real ones. Not that I wouldn't be willing to, but my job seems to be on this side for a while longer. The trenches I'll be in will be the ones built for this production. And say!" His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. "They're going to be as near the real thing as they can be made—because I know. We're going to show every phase of trench life that I went through 'over there.' This is to show folks just what the life in the trenches is. We've planned a night attack lighted by star shells that's—— But I'm not supposed to tell about that yet."

If the film night attack and the other scenes at the front are one half as vivid as Empey's descriptions of his experiences in his book, the production should be a huge success, for "Over the Top" has stood out as one of the best descriptions of trench life that has been printed.

Perhaps part of its success is due to Empey's humorous, happy-go-lucky outlook on life—to his good-natured, enthusiastic way of saying and doing things. But not less to his clean-cut virility, his grip on things. For Empey is a typical American soldier of fortune, ready to meet anything that comes his way with American grit and a smile.

He was born in Ogden, Utah, thirty-four years ago. When he was a boy he ran away to sea. Then he joined the United States cavalry, and saw active service on the Mexican border in 1911. When his term of enlistment expired he settled down to work in Jersey City, New Jersey, and was working there when the *Lusitania* was sunk. He determined at once to get into the fight. He sailed for England, enlisted as a private in the First Royal London Fusiliers, and for eighteen months he served at the front. After being wounded three times and being promoted for bravery, he got his "blighty," and was invalided home, being honorably discharged from service.

But his war work didn't stop there. In fact, it may be said to have just begun. Filled with the vividness of his life at the front, he sat down and wrote his book; then he began lecturing in New York. The scene in the film which shows him speaking to interested crowds at the bazaar is based on no writer's flight of fancy, for Empey has raised more than fifty thousand dollars by his appeals from the platform. He has spoken for the Red Cross, for tobacco funds, for patriotic mass meetings. He has spoken in auditoriums seating thousands, and to groups of only a few hundred. And everywhere he goes he makes a simple, direct appeal—the appeal of an American citizen and a soldier to American manhood.

"Now get me right on this," he went on. "I'm in this thing to show what this business of war is like." His

The trench life as the boys are living it, is faithfully depicted. Empey is about to lambaste a rat.

Lois Meredith, as leading woman with Empey brightens the thread of romance which runs through the film production of "Over the Top."

his young life he adorned a musical comedy called "The Man from Cook's."

The conversation naturally turned to the question of his work, and it was then I noticed his book was really Kipling's "The Naulahka."

"Yes, we're filming it," said Tony, "and we're doing our best to transfer the real spirit of Kipling to the screen. Ever since I've been in picture work, I've had a notion that it would make a capital photo play, and when Pathé bought the rights and gave me a chance to play the rôle, I was highly pleased.

"For some reason or other, I'm always given plays of the Far East—have you ever noticed that? Why, I've played everything from a Moslem sheik to a native of the South Sea Islands. 'The Island of Regeneration?' Yes, lots of folks think that was my best Vitagraph film, and I really believe it myself.

"We've been doing a lot of night scenes lately," he continued. "The other night we photographed a desert scene. The moon was up and 'leaked' out over the desert like an Eastern moon—the camels were winding their way across the pseudo desert, and there was something about it all to sort of thrill even a hardened movie actor like myself. I'm afraid I'm still susceptible to romance."

In pith helmet and white linen suit, Moreno makes an excellent sahib against the picturesque background of rural India.

And during his enthusiastic description of Indian moons and jungles a searching "close-up" of Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno was in

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In the Indian jungles Moreno represents the clean-cut Western-hemisphere type.

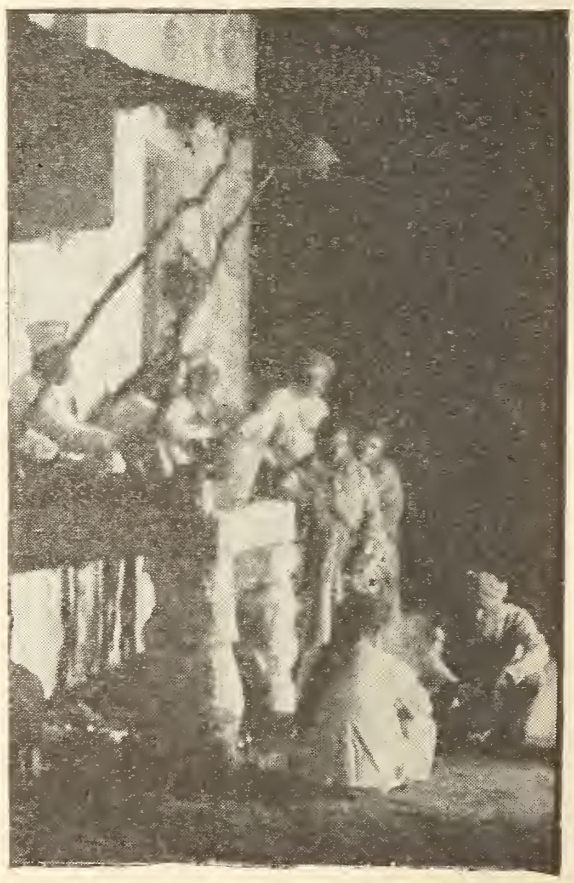
process. Yes, he pleads guilty to all of it, and says it was wished on him at birth some twenty-nine years ago in far-away Madrid. It's the style, I understand, to burden small Spanish infants with long and aristocratic appellations, but think of the predicament of wee Antonio at the age of three, when some one inquired, "What's your name, little boy?" in the Spanish equivalent.

There's something refreshingly different about this Antonio Moreno. He's not conceited and his head size is normal, even though he is one of the best examples of what is known in studio jargon as "a romantic lead," and Miss Feminina Film-Fan has been especially generous with her adulation in his direction.

The first time I saw Mr. Moreno he was attending a motion-picture convention in Chicago. He was strolling through the lobby of the Blackstone, one warm July morning, and had allowed himself the luxury of a soft collar and a big black tie. He was a typical "gentleman from Seville," a Parisian artist, a regular actor person. But I've changed my mind about him since then. He is not "actorish" in the accepted sense of that term—he's boyish, enthusiastic, bashful when it comes to talking about Señor A. G. M. M.—just a real human being, inside the studio and out, taking a keen interest in pictures, in New York theatrical life, and his Stutz racing car.

His unusual cast of feature and oriental "atmosphere" make him an ideal subject for East Indian parts.

But while most of the scenes of the Kipling story are laid in India, Mr. Moreno plays a "white man" personage of the Western hemi-



A colorful bit of Indian street scenery gives "The Naulahka" atmosphere.

sphere, Nicholas Tarvin by name. A little later I was privileged to watch them take some of the most interesting scenes of the play.

Shades of Rabindranath Tagore! What a sight met my eyes! The setting was a room in the palace of the Maharajah of Rajputana. I've a confused memory of brocaded walls, exotic perfumes, wonderful palms and flowers, kneeling slaves, incense rising from queer-looking brass bowls, and in the distance weird "tom-tom" of drums and the lazy whine of the tamboura played by slender brown fingers to inject the proper "atmosphere" into the players. The whole thing was strongly reminiscent of a Bolm ballet.

On a beautiful low couch, the last word in opulence, reclined Doraldina, most famous of all Hawaiian dancers, who is cast as "Sitabhai," the gypsy queen. She is a veritable Star of the East, and we'll have to give her a great deal of credit for reincarnating the Spirit of Kipling.

Clad in a wonderful robe of filmy gauze, and ropes and ropes of beads and chains, her dark eyes peeped alluringly from behind the veil that shrouded most of her face. She wore the "Naulahka," the wonderful necklace around which the story hinges, the exquisite piece of jewelry called by the natives "The Luck of the State." What mattered it that the sapphires, opals, emeralds, rubies—yes, even the famous black diamond—were but bits of colored glass. In the picture they will possess all the gleam and fire of the original "Naulahka."

Into this scene nonchalantly strolled the Moreno Sahib, attired in very English-looking clothes, and there followed a bit of vivid pantomine. Nicholas Tarvin was on the trail of "The Naulahka," a fact which the gypsy girl knew, and for several minutes things were so lively that I was worked up into a regular fever of excitement. "Nicky" had just "landed" the necklace when the director called a halt.

The temples of old India lend a haunting charm to the "Bedouin Love Song."

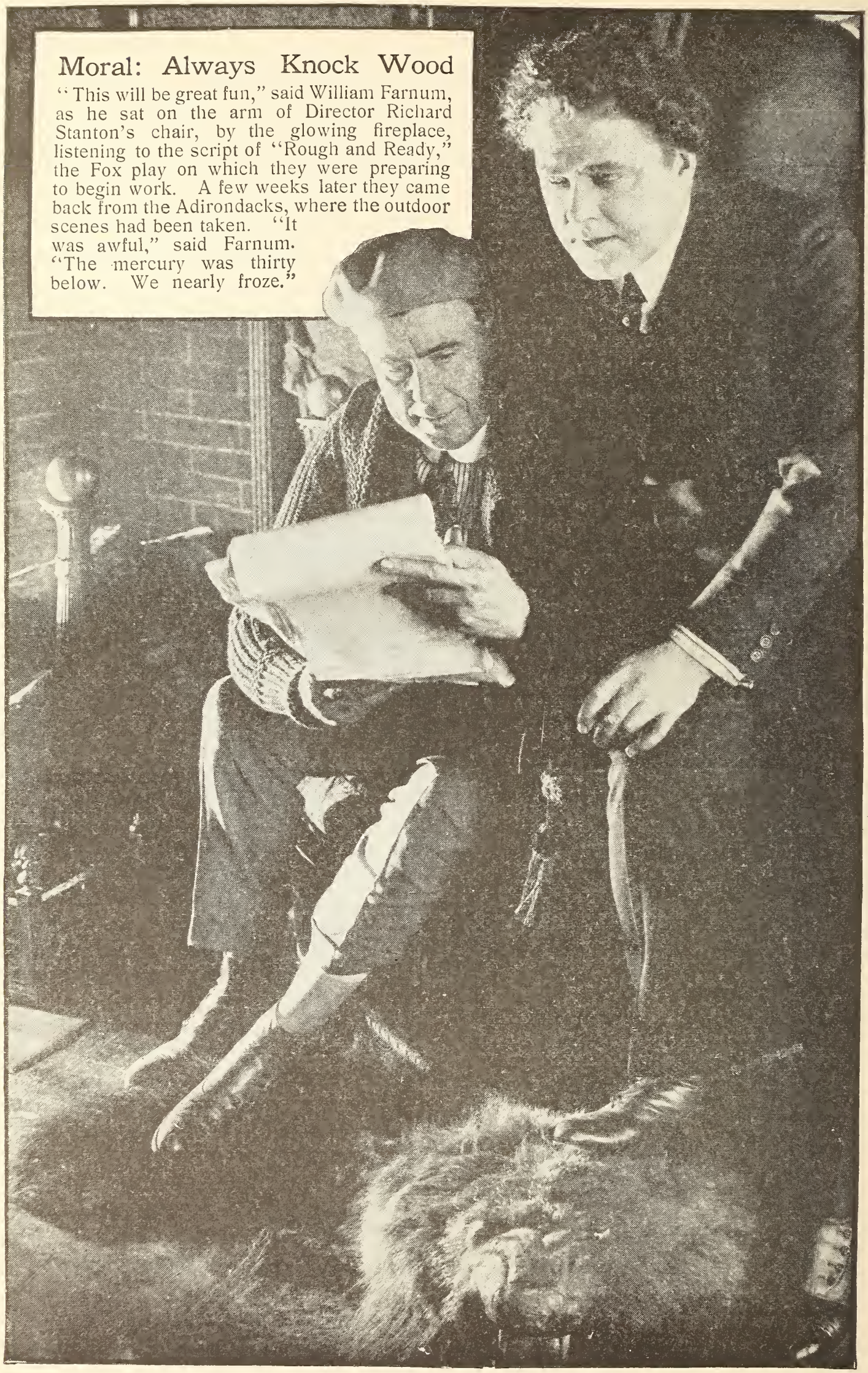
Back to his dressing room went Antonio Moreno, his work completed.

"Glad you liked it," smiled the late sahib cordially. "Hope it will turn out all right, and oh, I say, I hope Rudyard himself will share your opinion."

By Inca, I believe he will!

Moral: Always Knock Wood

"This will be great fun," said William Farnum, as he sat on the arm of Director Richard Stanton's chair, by the glowing fireplace, listening to the script of "Rough and Ready," the Fox play on which they were preparing to begin work. A few weeks later they came back from the Adirondacks, where the outdoor scenes had been taken. "It was awful," said Farnum. "The mercury was thirty below. We nearly froze."



The Observer

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

The War Tax

THE motion-picture patrons are not complaining about the war tax. They're paying it willingly, for it's a way of doing their bit. Every time they go to a theater they help America win the war.

But they do object to being imposed upon. Using the argument that "It's too much trouble to make change with pennies," some theaters are charging thirty cents for twenty-five-cent seats. Of this, two and one-half cents goes to the government and two and one-half cents goes to the theater manager.

This is an example of deliberate profiteering, taking advantage of the country's adversity. It should be stopped.

The baseball magnates are considering a war-tax plan that it is to be hoped the theaters will adopt. On a seventy-five-cent seat, the war tax is seven and one-half cents. They plan to charge eighty-five cents, doing away with the bother of making change. But the extra two and one-half cents isn't to go to the magnates. According to the proposed plan, it will be given to the Red Cross.

There's an idea that the offending motion-picture theaters should consider.

The Scenario Crusade

THE Authors' League of America, a most worthy body, is conducting in national magazines a well-organized crusade, the object of which is to sell more scenarios for the members of the Authors' League of America. Such an ambition is highly commendable.

But the methods being used are surely open to criticism. At least one member of the Authors' League has become abusive, stooping to the argument that "stories are being adapted for films by twenty-five-dollar-a-week writers." This is low logic, smacking of the street corner. It is not true, as the authors know, and it would not be convincing if it were.

Some of the greatest writers have done their best work for even less than twenty-five dollars a week. That, however, has nothing to do with the discussion.

The Authors' League crusade sets out to show that there are no good motion pictures; that all good stories are ruined by incompetent continuity writers and by stupid directors. This, of course, is absurd.

The league attempts to give the impression that all first-class authors are

through with the motion picture, that they are going to leave the scenario editors flat and won't play with them any more.

One writer gives what purports to be a list of disgruntled authors who won't sell any more motion-picture rights. Investigation has shown that at least two-thirds of them are still eager to dispose of their motion-picture rights, and most of the other third would be if they had anything marketable.

The Authors' League should be constructive, not abusive. It could help a great deal if it would make a fair investigation into the scenario editor's problem. Every scenario editor admits that directors often wreck a first-class story. But directors often make a first-class story out of a wreck.

There is no abuse which the Authors' League representatives have heaped upon motion-picture plays that wouldn't apply as well to the spoken drama. It is admitted that stage directors always reconstruct an author's work.

We know of only one dramatist who has stated that one of his plays was produced on the stage line for line as he wrote it. This dramatist was Rupert Hughes, one of the members of the Authors' League. We forget now the name of the play. It was a failure.

The Authors' League is trying to make the screen adapt itself to the medium the authors know best. Why don't the authors try to whittle the peg, instead of arguing with the hole?

"Shop" for Your Films

WHY don't you buy your motion-picture entertainment with the same care that you give to purchasing your candy? If the corner confectionery shop has no chocolate-covered burned peanuts and your soul longs passionately for chocolate-covered burned peanuts, what do you do?

You say to the proprietor: "Why in the name of goodness don't you lay in a supply of chocolate-covered burned peanuts?"

"I had no idea that there was any demand for chocolate-covered burned peanuts," he will answer gratefully. "I thought the public wanted frizzled buttercups. I shall lay in a supply of chocolate-covered burned peanuts at once. Come back to-morrow and you shall have them."

That's what you do in a candy store. You tell the proprietor what you want and he gets it for you. If he doesn't, you transfer your patronage to another store.

But in motion pictures do you do that? You do not! You take the frizzled buttercups because they are handy, make no complaint, and go home abusing the proprietor who sold them to you.

Make your motion-picture manager your friend. He knows that his prosperity depends upon pleasing you. Don't keep to yourself that yearning to see a particular picture; don't sew up inside of you your disapproval of the one you saw there last week. Tell your manager what you want. Tell him when you don't like a picture, and tell him why. But be just as eager to tell him when he does please you.

The theater managers are ready to give you what you want. They appreciate your advice. They're in business to please you and your friends. So from

a purely selfish motive, if for no other reason, confess to the manager your passion for chocolate-covered burned peanuts.

Will the Author Draw?

PARAMOUNT is to make an interesting experiment with John Emerson, the director, and Anita Loos, the princess of the zippy subtitle. These two personalities have been responsible for many of the best stories in which Douglas Fairbanks has appeared.

Now they are to be starred. We shall have "John Emerson and Anita Loos Productions," which will mean productions for which they wrote the story, the script, and which they personally supervised.

Motion-picture producers have doubted that a dramatist's name would draw money into the box office. It never has been tried before.

O. Henry, of course, has been "starred," but it is the O. Henry story, a known product, already published and read, that is featured. The same applies to Rex Beach.

It may take several productions to establish the Emerson-Loos trade-mark, but it is to be hoped that the plan will be a success. As far as we are concerned, we're ready to go to the first one right now. We care not who is in the show or who directed it. If Anita Loos wrote the subtitles, it gets our money!

Perfect Pictures Never!

MOTION PICTURES are made by human beings, and, alas! human beings are not infallible. Until the last foot of celluloid has passed through the last projecting machine, motion-picture patrons will have the joy of picking to pieces any picture they may see.

There are thousands of details to every production, and errors are sure to creep in somewhere. The stenographers will point out that in the third reel the star hit the wrong key with the wrong finger when she was typewriting a letter; the bricklayers will note that the hero violated all the laws of construction when he built a wall; the violinists will see that the orchestra was only pretending to play.

But isn't this criticism captious? Seafaring men say Tennyson is no good, for he wrote: "I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar." Mariners point out that one meets his pilot before crossing the bar, not after.

Motion-picture producers give their very best efforts toward eliminating errors, but they're bound to occur. So let's give them credit when the good overshadows the bad.

We recently read a story by Bruno Lessing—a motion-picture story—in which one of the big moments came when the manager of a theater ran a picture through to a certain scene, then stopped the film and gazed for several minutes at the still image on the screen. Of course it couldn't be done, for the film when stopped in the machine will catch on fire.

Yet this mistake didn't cause us to declare: "All magazine stories are no good; I'll never read another one!"

Such an attitude, however, would be just as logical as that of an acquaintance of ours—a shoe dealer—who says all motion pictures are trash.

You ask him why, and his triumphant reply is:

"In 'The Birth of a Nation,' in a scene showing at a ball in Civil War times, there were two girls wearing slippers with the kind of heels that didn't come into vogue before 1885!"

How to Make Money

AFTER months of talk about mergers of motion-picture companies, there has come a definite plan. Metro, Pathé, and Mutual are mentioned among the firms that have just about decided to pool their distributing organizations.

According to the plan suggested, the companies will produce independently, as before, but the exchanges will be combined, cutting down an enormous overhead.

The weakness of the motion-picture business is its system of distribution. It costs from ten to twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts to sell a motion picture to the exhibitor. Every company must maintain a string of exchanges—from fifteen to thirty—under the present system.

It is as if every book publisher maintained in twenty-five cities a jobbing house to sell his books to dealers. Motion-picture producers do their own jobbing—and that's what costs.

Here's a chance to make a pile of money: Lay out a new system of distribution for motion-picture producers. They'll pay high for a big money-saving idea that will work.

About Reissues

D. W. GRIFFITH made a picture with Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall, and other first-class players, called "Judith of Bethulia." It was a great picture, released about three years ago. Biograph reissued it last year as "Her Condoned Sin," or some such title, attempting to disguise the fact that it was the old and famous "Judith."

The new title, we learn now from exhibitors, actually destroyed its drawing power. The public, close to motion-picture events, had never heard of Griffith's "Her Condoned Sin," and stayed away, suspicious.

But exhibitors who realized this fact and billed the picture for what it was —"D. W. Griffith's 'Judith of Bethulia'"—made money with it.

If a picture is worth reissuing, it is worth reissuing under its own name.

Biograph we mourn as an old friend passed away. A lack of a sense of showmanship killed Biograph, just as it killed a number of other well-intentioned companies. We wish, however, that Biograph would come back to life long enough to reissue that great Griffith two-reeler, "The Battle of Elderbush Gulch" —and under its real title, so we won't pass by the theater that shows it.

Adornments Up to Date

SINCE Kaiser Bill has spilled the beans,
And prices soar in rings,
If we could choose our jobs we'd all
Be vegetable kings.

Miss Dalton wears a string of spuds,
Where pearls were wont to suit,
And in one fair hand boldly bears
A carrot corsage cute.

While Dorothy's tremendous rings
Are turnip tourmalines,
And, for a diadem, she wears
A crown of cabbage greens.

In times like these—'tis very plain—
To circumvent the Fates,
And wax in wealth, we all should be
Potato potentates.

What's Happening

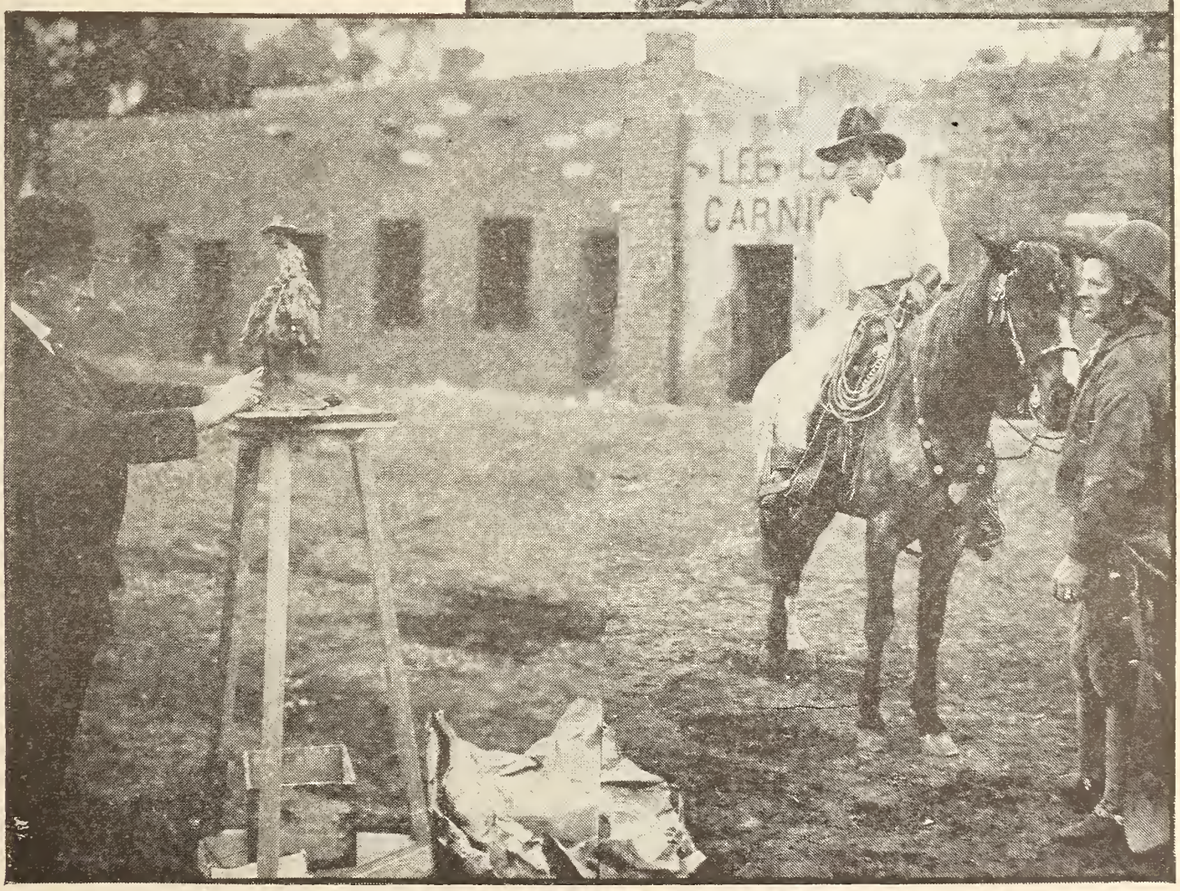
Corinne Griffith, whose pet diversion, is stamp collecting, is now specializing on the W. S. S. variety. We wonder if the helmet on her desk is the source of inspiration.

Impressible Mabel Normand is temporarily squelched by George Loane Tucker, her director. Is she getting mad, and planning to go off to the West Indies as the label on the trunk might indicate? If so, she's keeping it under her hat.

Going fifty-fifty is a romantic thing, when Eddie Polo and Vivian Reed, Universal stars, share their sandwiches at the noon hour.

Roxy McGowan and Peggy Pearce swapped jobs with a pair of studio painters one day. They liked it so well that they have formed a little club for two, entitled "Meridian Munchers," which is here shown holding a session.

We wonder how "Doug," perpetual-motion machine, ever managed to keep still long enough to "have his statue took." The secret probably lies in the fact that Prince Troubetsky did a "Russian" business over the housetops trying to keep up with Fairbanks' dust.



Vivian Martin's idea of being "up in arms."

Hamilton Revelle has a happy reunion with Mrs. Sidney Farrar, mother of Geraldine, on the occasion of her visit to the Goldwyn Studio.

Three guesses apiece as to the identity of the lady who exhibits so much confidence in her "bike-eur" that she refrains from holding on. In the background the little boys laugh to see such craft that lets William Scott get away with Mary Pickford disguised in this outrageous manner behind a pair of goggles.

The scene is held up while Charles Ray gets tatooed on the shirt front by one of the studio kids who has all the instincts of an embryo cartoonist.

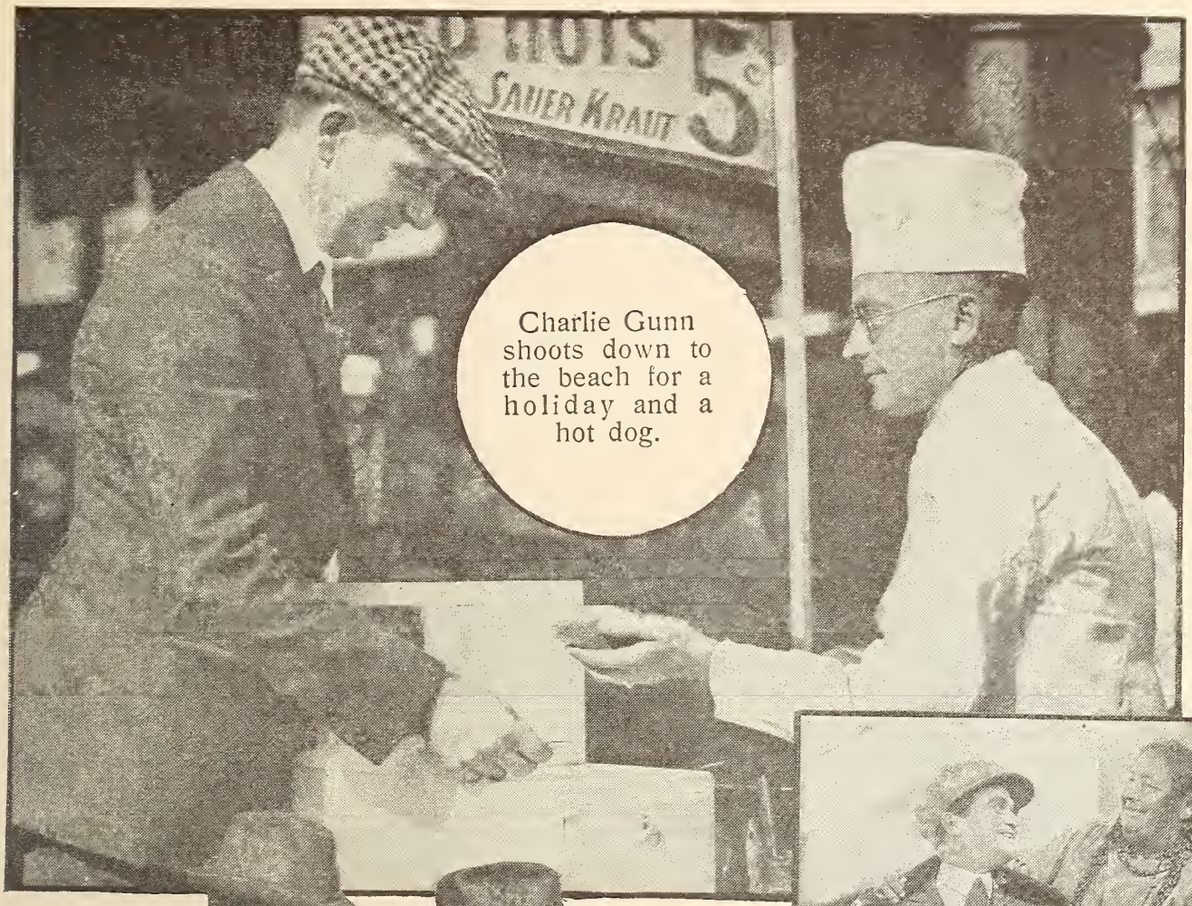
Virginia Pearson looks happy, and she ought to be. See the tokens she received recently when she was voted the most popular screen actress in Brooklyn.

As if Jane and Katherine Lee weren't active enough little trouble makers, without being starred in a picture play by that name!

Ada Horton, Vitagraph's tiny star, can't get over the marvel of the white rabbit with the pink eyes.

How would you like to be a youngster and have Louise Glaum ask you to a party?

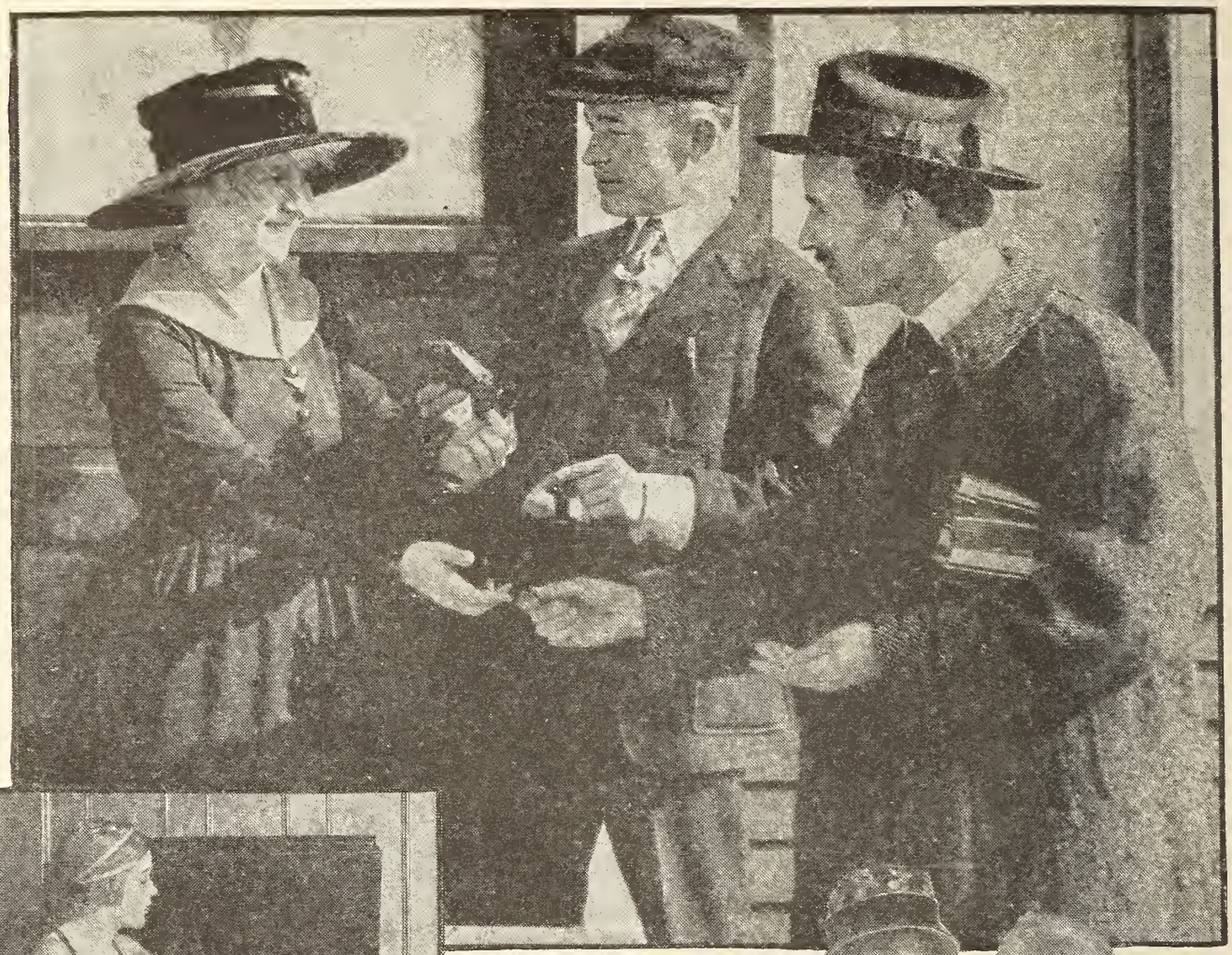
The dress which Ann Kroman, the new Triangle ingénue, is wearing, belonged to her great-grandmother, in Denmark. Dress goods must have been made to wear longer in those days than now.



Charlie Gunn shoots down to the beach for a holiday and a hot dog.

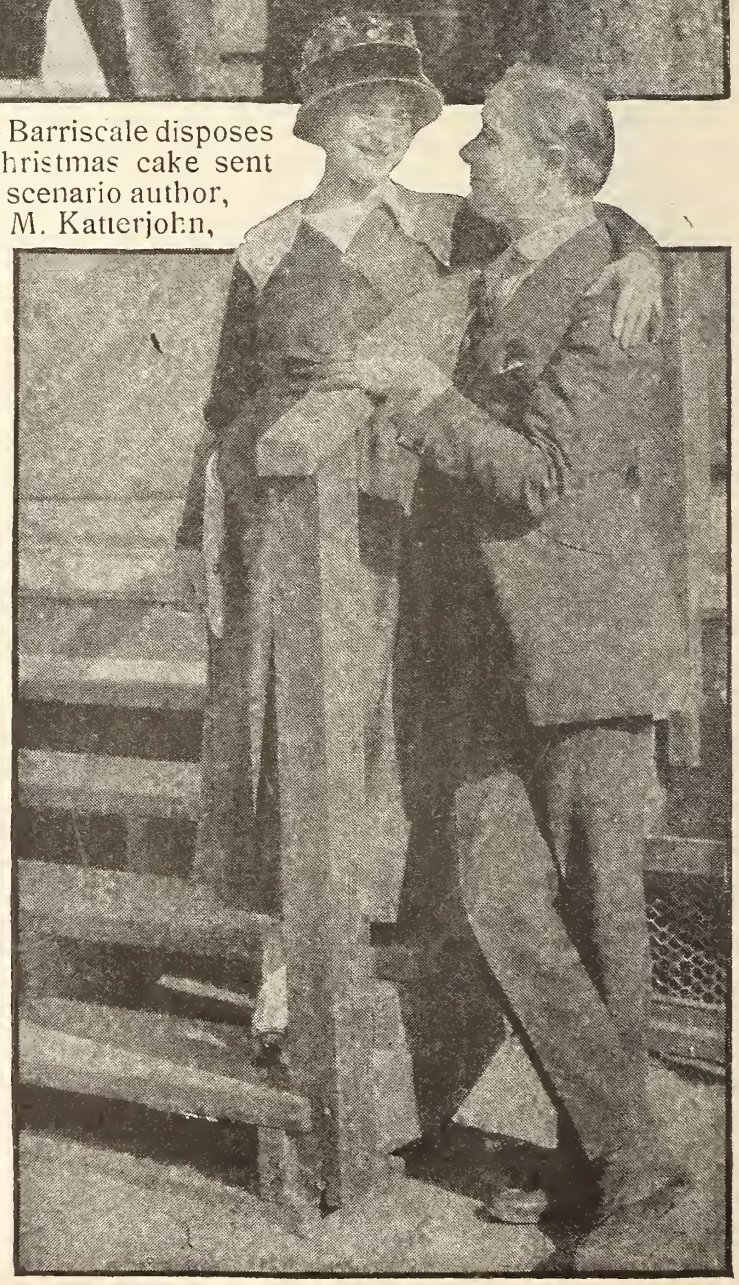
Just as if Franklyn Farnum didn't have luck enough breaking hearts, Minnie Provost slips him a "mantle of good luck" as she calls her Indian blanket.

An "old lang syne" party. James Neill of the Lasky Company pilots W. H. Crane, a veteran stage star, around the studio in Los Angeles, where Crane renews acquaintance with Theodore Roberts, another veteran, and dances a jig on C. B. De Mille stage setting, just to demonstrate that age means nothing to a hardened trouper.



Mae Murray frequently dances at home to phonograph music. We'd like to be able to ask for the next one-step.

Bessie Barriscale disposes of a Christmas cake sent by the scenario author, Monte M. Katterjohn, the proceeds going to the Red Cross. Friend husband, Howard Hickman, buys a two-bits slice.



Jeanie MacPherson wrote the scenario for the "Whispering Chorus" in which Elliott Dexter has an important rôle, and naturally, there must be a bond of sympathy between playwright and actor.

Harry Morey gives an imitation of "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," in "His Own People."

If the acting business goes "blooie" George Walsh could qualify as a structural steelworker.

Henry Woodward drills recruits for the 51st Company of California Home Guards, most of whom are picture folks.

A Star, a Script, and a Scribbler

DORIS KENYON looks very happy about the fact that she is going to be the only star in "The Street of Seven Stars," the first picture to be produced by her own company, the De Luxe Pictures Company, Incorporated. Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart shows all the interest in the script she is discussing with Miss Kenyon that she naturally feels in producing what she characterizes as her most beautiful and most appealing story. What with conferences on the new play, acting ten hours a day, Red Cross work, and cheering the boys at the cantonments, Doris is a busy girl.

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.

What Is a Synopsis?

Ever since we suggested recently that the film producers desired well-written and comprehensive plots from beginners, rather than continuity, letters have been pouring in asking just what a synopsis is. Synopsis is merely a short narrative giving all the essentials of the plot, but omitting dialogue or unnecessary details. Lest this definition should be insufficient, we have decided to print this month a "sample synopsis." The following synopsis of "La Tosca," which was chosen, was prepared for us by Paramount, the producers of the current picture play, in which Pauline Frederick is starred. The complete story of La Tosca will be found, beginning on page 43, of this number.

Floria Tosca, a young Roman peasant girl, is found by a pious priest to have a marvelous voice. The kind-hearted priest and some of his associates educate her and train her voice for the pleasure of hearing her sing hymns. But when she grows a little older a musician hears her sing, and asks to have her join his opera company. The pious fathers are shocked to think of their protégée appearing on the stage. The musician is persistent, however, and finally makes an appeal to the pope.

The Holy Father sends for the girl and hears her sing. Her marvelous voice moves him to tears, and he decides it would be wrong to deprive the world of such a wonderful voice, and bids her join the opera company. She does so, and in the year 1800 is Rome's most popular songstress. She is, besides, pious and patriotic, and stands in high favor with the court.

La Tosca meets and falls in love with the young painter, Mario Cavaradossi. He is only half Italian, his mother being French. He is a pupil of David, and is inclined toward Jacobinism, and is therefore regarded with suspicion in Rome. However, he has painted La Tosca's portrait, and is now working at a fresco in the church of St. Andrea. La Tosca meets him there every afternoon, and takes him home with her when his work is over.

One afternoon when he is waiting for her, a man appears, coming from one of the chapels of the church. He is a political refugee, one of the defenders of the "Parthenopean Republic," as the Kingdom of Naples was called by the French. His name is Cesare Angelotti, and he is condemned to death. The night before he succeeded in escaping from Castle St. Angelo, aided by his sister, the Marquise Attavanti. In one of the chapels she has left for him a woman's attire, including dress, cape, and fan.

Mario hears Angelotti's story and offers to help him escape. He proposes

to conceal him in his villa in the environs of Rome. While Angelotti is disguising himself in the chapel, Tosca calls for Mario. She is suspicious because he delays in opening the church door, and then flies into a jealous rage when she discovers he has given to the Magdalene, painted on the wall, the features of the Marquise Attavanti.

Mario succeeds in appeasing her and quieting her suspicions. At last they leave the church. Angelotti disguises himself successfully, and, mingling with the few worshipers, escapes from the church and goes to Mario's villa. But unfortunately he leaves his sister's fan behind in the chapel.

Meanwhile, his escape from the castle has been discovered, and Baron Scarpia, the chief of police, starts a search for him. Scarpia decides to search the Attavanti chapel in the church, and is rewarded by finding the forgotten fan. Knowing La Tosca's jealousy, Scarpia decides to make use of her in locating the refugee, for he suspects Mario has helped in the escape.

Accordingly, he follows Tosca to the Farnese Palace, where she is to sing that evening at a fête given to celebrate the victory of General Melas over Bonaparte's troops at Marengo. He shows her the fan with the Attavanti crest on it and arouses her suspicions. She recalls the Magdalene with the marquise's features, and immediately believes Mario has been untrue to her. She wishes to leave immediately and seek Mario. Scarpia finally induces her to remain and sing, but before she can begin word comes from General Melas that the French troops have suddenly turned defeat into victory by a successful maneuver, and that his force has been utterly routed. The fête is stopped immediately.

Tosca, impatient to find her lover, rushes off to his villa, where he had told her he would spend the evening. Scarpia follows her, and has the place surrounded. Wild with jealousy, Tosca bursts into the room where Mario is conversing with Angelotti. He convinces her of her error, and, repenting her haste and jealousy, she falls on her knees and begs his pardon. Then she remembers Scarpia, and realizes how he has used her and her jealousy. She warns Mario, who conceals Angelotti in a secret hiding place in the wall surrounding the villa.

But they are too late. Scarpia and his men demand admittance. They are permitted to enter, and Scarpia demands that Mario tell him where Angelotti is hidden. Both Mario and Tosca try to deny that they have seen Angelotti, but it is useless, as Scarpia is quite sure they know. Scarpia knows also that even under torture Mario will not deliver up Angelotti, but that Tosca will speak rather than permit her lover to endure the awful trial.

Accordingly, he has Mario taken behind a screen and put to the torture. Mario refuses to answer Scarpia's questions, and Tosca resists for some minutes, but when her lover cries out in pain and faints, she tells where Angelotti is hidden. Scarpia's men go for Angelotti. But the torture has been futile. Angelotti, when he hears the approach of the police, takes poison, and they find his dead body. Scarpia, in a fury, orders Mario to be arrested and taken to the scaffold. Tosca falls senseless at his feet.

When Tosca revives, Mario is locked up safely in prison. Knowing that she will fly to the queen to intercede for her lover, Scarpia has her arrested, too. He wishes to take vengeance on Mario for defeating his plans. Besides, Tosca's beauty and passion have aroused his desire. He longs to possess and subdue her.

He has her brought before him, and tells her that she is the price of her lover's freedom. She refuses at first, violently and with disgust. He then declares that Mario shall die immediately without trial, and poor Tosca sud-

denly gives in, provided she can afterward go away with Mario. Scarpia agrees. It is decided that he shall order Mario to be shot, but that the guns of the firing squad shall contain only blank cartridges. Mario is to fall and pretend to be dead. Then Tosca will come for him after dark and take him away. Scarpia, at her request, also draws up a safe-conduct for her and Mario.

But when Scarpia's back is turned, Tosca seizes a knife from the supper table, and plunges it into his heart. He falls dead at her feet. She wipes the blood from her hands, places a crucifix on the dead man's breast, puts candles around him, kneels by his side a moment in prayer, and then leaves for the prison.

She hastens to Mario in his cell, and tells him what she has done, and how she has arranged to save his life. He forgives her for her betrayal of Angelotti, and swears eternal love for her. He is then led away by the soldiers. Waiting within, Tosca hears the crash of muskets. Joyfully she goes to her lover, whom she believes is pretending death.

But Scarpia deceived her. He did not give the order he promised—the soldiers had loaded their muskets with shot, and Mario lies dead. The soldiers now come to arrest her, too, but, mad with grief, she defies them, telling them Scarpia is dead, for she has killed him. Word comes that it is true. The men rush at her, but with a wild cry she leaps upon the parapet of the Castle St. Angelo and jumps to her death.

How Many Scenes?

If you write continuity, how many scenes do you write to a reel? Aha! you reply, some more of that old-time drivel! Not at all, not at all! Be advised that with the war tax on film, the goodly prices for raw film stock, et cetera, several of the more important manufacturers of motion-picture plays are sternly ruling as to the number of scenes. For example, one large concern has issued a mandate that a five-reel scenario be limited to 260 scenes. The order states that this does not mean 269 scenes, but a strict limit of 260. And, what is more, the inserts count as scenes and flashes count each as half a scene. The theory is this: The director receives the continuity of 260 scenes. He can be depended upon to turn in a picture carrying at least one-third as many more. For example, his story may run 350 scenes—maybe 400 scenes, short and long. There isn't a director living who doesn't split continuity scenes as handed to him and come across with fifty or more not enumerated in the scenario. And the new ruling for continuity writers by one or more concerns has this little habit of the aforesaid director in mind.

Mystery Stories

There is a difference of opinion among filmland's sages as to the popularity of mystery stories. Some of the leaders in the industry hold that the public is longing for the mystery stories which are finally unraveled in the last eighteen scenes of the picture. Others say that the public is tiring of this kind of material. Film plays such as "The Circular Staircase," by Rinehart, "The Millionaire Baby," by Green, "The House of a Thousand Candles," by Nicholson, have been successfully filmed, but it is a question whether mystery stories of the above-mentioned type are as popular now as they were several years ago. Mr. J. A. Berst, vice president and general manager of the great house of Pathé, believes in the mystery story. He

qualifies his belief, however, by the statement that such stories must be well done, clearly written, and that only the most skillful of continuity writers should be assigned to write them. He is perfectly correct! Even though the mystery story has the most perfect plot, it is difficult to transfer that plot and its suspense and mystification clearly and convincingly to the movie screen. Some of the most experienced of script writers fail when adapting a mystery story. We have in mind one well-known writer who attempted to adapt a novel of mystery for pictures, and tried a "new way." His idea as to essential novelty in the continuity of these stories was laudable, but his practice was imperfect. He failed. The result was that the story was written after the old stand-by formula —the only one which works satisfactorily—leading up the suspense and building up the action for four reels and then visioning back in the last reel. It takes an unusually good continuity writer to put over a mystery plot logically, and that is the reason so many seen on the screen are complex and confusing.

Word From Paralta

Paralta is suffering from, to quote Harry Chandlee, director Eastern Scenario Department, "a deluge of much-submitted scripts which would have dismayed Noah, and which threatens to swamp the ark of our scenario department." He writes: "We are glad to have work submitted to us, and we shall endeavor to give every story careful attention—but we want stories concerning which there is a presumption at least of availability. Now, while some of the material submitted as a result of your recent announcement have shown some merit, about ninety-nine and a half per cent of them have been absolutely hopeless—as usual. Most of these hopeless ones bear the thumb marks of practically every editor in th business. It would seem that the repeated rejection of a story should convince the author that it is unsalable, even though he may not know why he cannot sell it—yet many of these stories which I have received during the past week have been submitted over and over again apparently. A number of the authors have been frank enough to say that every other editor has had a look at the story, and that they did not want to leave me out. In justice to these authors, it seems to me that they should be advised against submitting to a concern with which they hope to do business, stories which have been rejected—say more than four times by others; and they should also be advised against retyping stories rejected many times, and sending them in with the hope of giving the impression that they are submitted for the first time. The gist of the foregoing is that we prefer to have an opportunity to consider stories first whenever possible. We have absolutely no desire for war stories, stories about complicated business deals, or any story that is not distinctly new."

Some Observations

The above is good advice for scenario authors, real and near, and we must succumb to temptation and add to it. Many beginners think when they have their synopsis or scenario typewritten that all is ended. They never seem to think that a manuscript, when passed from sanctum to sanctum, soon shows signs of wear and tear. An experienced editorial reader can almost enumerate the number of times a script has been returned by its appearance. After a script has been returned, say twice, at least the first two pages and the last page should be retyped,

and a new cover supplied. Editors are somewhat prejudiced in accepting material that gives evidences of being universally rejected. Your name and address should appear at the top of every page. Sometimes a page may be misplaced, but is easily identified if you follow the above rule. Do not submit war stories. The mails are full of them—so is the screen! A majority of the film companies have adopted rules rejecting war stories, no matter how good.

Foolish Epistles

Here are extracts from two letters selected at random, and they are examples of what not to write. Do not enter into lengthy correspondence with the scenario editor of a producing company to whom you submit a manuscript, or you will soon be classified as a pest. Do not recite to him your family history. He has troubles enough of his own, and is interested only in the story you submit. To proceed: "The two returned manuscripts at hand. After a careful perusal of your recent stories, I find them much inferior to the two you just returned, and I wish to say that your apparent stereotyped statement in reference to them is singular. I wish further to inform you that I am now engaged in writing a story, in semiautobiography, that you will cry in your sleep for the privilege of reading. I remain, in sympathy, et cetera."

Here is one of another type: "I have been interested in your work. You say you want something different in story form. I notice that most five-reelers are composed of two women and one man, or vice versa. I have written the story of my life in synopsis form. I have married three men, and my story is actual facts of my romance, heartaches, suffering, suspense, intrigue, and justification. The story begins when I am a widow and ends with 'Somewhere in France.' I have written just the actual facts, which makes the story action from beginning to end. In *real* life I married three men before I found real happiness. But in *reel* life would three husbands be too much for a lady on the screen? At least, it would be different. Of course there is 'the other woman in the case,' and the plots are original."

By way of comment we might say that though truth may be stranger than fiction, it is not such good material for the movies. *Fact stories are not wanted.* Plots may often be founded on actual experiences, but the requirements of plot always demand that they be put through the imagination mill for reconstruction along fiction lines.

Around the Edges

Our readers are always interested in the activities of leading editors and authors:

Herbert Case Hoagland, formerly assistant general manager of the Selig Polyscope Company, has been appointed editor in chief of the Pathé Company. The selection was made by Mr. J. A. Berst, vice president and general manager of Pathé, after a careful survey of the field. Mr. Hoagland's offices will be at the Pathé home offices, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Pathé desires good plots, suitable for Fanny Ward, Frank Keenan, Irene Castle, Bessie Love, Bryant Washburn, Pearl White, Antonio Moreno, Gladys Hulette, et cetera. No war stories. Five hundred dollars is paid on acceptance of synopsis. One thousand dollars is paid on acceptance of original plot and continuity.

Marc Edmund Jones and his bride have severed their connection with the Pathé Company, New York City, and are freelancing. Mrs. Jones is also a writer under the name of Lela Lebrand.

Wallace C. Clifton and Mrs. Clifton, who is known in literary circlese under the pen name of Emma Bell, are both in New York. Mr. Clifton is connected with the Pathé Company. Mrs. Clifton has been writing strong stories for Petrova.

Among the well-known writers of scripts recently seen on Broadway are: Hettie Gray Baker, now with Fox; Tom Cushing, formerly with the Belasco forces; Johnnie Grey; Giles R. Warren, formerly of Universal; Lubin and Horsley, now on the Pathé staff; Mrs. Clara Barenger; Horace Vinton, formerly editor for the American and old Shamrock Companies; genial George Proctor, who is freelancing with success; Charles Sarver, formerly of the Lasky forces; Maibelle Heikes Justice, and Charles Logue, writer of serial continuity.

Gilson Willets, the well-known writer, after three months in New York City, has gone to the coast to write a new serial.

Jack Cunningham, formerly of Universal, has been appointed scenario editor of the Pathé Pacific Coast Studios, according to announcement from Mr. J. A. Berst.

Observe the Proprieties

Comes now a beginner in the gentle art of writing 'em, and asks, probably in all innocence: "Is it proper for me to mail out copies of the same scenario to several firms at the same time, thereby being able to dispose of my plot to the best advantage should it be desired by more than one company?" It is not ethical. We recall the time when one author mailed a story to three concerns simultaneously, and all three accepted it. Each mailed a check, not knowing the script had been submitted elsewhere. The author tried to recall the manuscript from two of th editors, only to find that one company had placed the story in production before the check was forwarded. The final result was the blacklisting of that particular author, who cannot to this day sell any stories to three of the leading film companies. Play the game fairly and properly. Submit your story to one company at a time. If you observe the proper rules, and you have the gift, sooner or later the editors will recognize it, and you will profit thereby. There is no other procedure.

Book Adaptations

Repeatedly letters come to the department asking if filmland would relish such and such a story taken from such and such a book. Many beginners—and some who are not beginners—labor under an impression that all the novelists from Wilkie Collins to Rudyard Kipling have been toiling away so that script writers can take their plots and write them in synopsis or scenario form. Wilkie Collins wrote one novel, "The Moonstone," that has been changed here and there, and has made a thousand photo plays, more or less, but the idea altered so radically that the original story could not be seen with the naked eye. A film concern recently paid Rudyard Kipling about fifty thousand dollars and royalties for his story of "The Naulahka." It is a very naïve question—this one about adapting some novel and sending it in as a photo play. It is always well to remember that the film

manufacturers employ well-read men and women who are quick to detect unauthorized adaptations of books and short stories, and never again will your work be considered in an editorial office where once you have been detected in such practices. To rewrite a book in scenario form you must first negotiate with the author and secure his written permission. This written statement should be inclosed with your adaptation. In attempting to adapt the classics or books on which copyrights have expired, remember that others have probably done this work before you thought of it. You will have little opportunity to negotiate with authors of recent novels and short stories. Every magazine, every late novel, is read by film editors, and frequently negotiations start for some particular story or novel before it is in type. Joseph Louis Vance's latest story, which recently appeared serially, was bought and paid for before the first chapters started in the publication in question. And three different film companies were bidding for the film rights.

Questions and Answers

A Providence, Rhode Island, writer says he has a strong plot of the North in synopsis form, and wishes to know where to send it. Any of the leading concerns are willing to consider Far North dramas providing they are really gripping. Selig, Vitagraph, Mutual, Fox, Pathé, Essanay, et cetera, have all released dramas of this character, and are probably willing to consider others.

From Louisiana comes the statement that a lady has a patriotic drama she desires to submit. We do not wish to be pessimistic, but we hear this assertion with misgivings. The patriotic stuff is being overdone, the editorial desks are piled with dramas of the great conflict. Our very best advice is to write something else.

"I have noticed," writes in a Michigan author, "that many offer to sell your plays for you." Sure they do. But why not sell your own plays? The genial agent charges you for the stamps he uses in mailing your work around the circle. If it sells he comes blithely forth and soaks you anywhere from ten per cent up. You can mail your own scripts, and save this commission. Some of these agents do more harm than good, for they become pestiferous, and are *persona non grata* in various sanctums. It is queer how even the more experienced authors will fall for this sort of thing. One of the most versatile of the feminine writers of scripts, one who has sold much work to a certain concern—forwarded a scenario the other day through the care of a literary agent. If it is purchased, the agent will charge her one hundred dollars commission. It was remarked at the time that Miss So-and-so could have walked across the street with her script in her hand and given it to the editor and saved a century note. Sometimes we think it is pure vanity on the part of some writers, who seemingly delight to allude to "my agent." And they invariably term the stenographer they hire to type their stories, "my secretary." Ho, hum, such is life!

Scenario Writing From the Director's Viewpoint

Practical information based on the actual experience in the studios of one who produces successes.

By Allan Dwan

Director for Douglas Fairbanks

A THING that has often come to my attention in reading scenarios, is the absolute lack of attractive style of expression by the author. He has been so prone to convey the plot that he adopts a method of shorthand expression, which robs the tale he is telling of all of its literary and heart appeal.

As an example, phrases like this appear, "Nelly goes to room—gets paper —returns to parlor—shows paper to Bob—business of amazement," and so on. The author expects the director or reader to catch the thrill that he experienced when writing, but he fails to express on paper. Of course, the thrill remains as a memory with the writer, and when his script is returned as undesirable he is highly indignant because he has probably only that day witnessed a less appealing story on the screen, and naturally feels himself a victim of injustice in having been refused production.

The reason that the story he witnessed that afternoon gained presentation, was because the story was conveyed to the producer in such a way that the pathos and sincerity of the story were conveyed to the producer, either by the author or by the reader.

The reason so many stories are written by staff members of companies is, that a staff member is able to convey verbally, with all the emphasis necessary, the true values of his story to the director. He may even pound the table and declaim like an orator to make his enthusiasm contagious—and often he does that.

I would suggest that every scenario writer study an interesting style of expression; that he write his story as fervently as possible and make his subtitles attractive, if he undertakes writing a detailed scenario, both from a literary standpoint and from the standpoint of style of expression.

They say that "brevity is the soul of wit," but just as truly too much brevity is frequently the death knell of a scenario. Personally, I am averse to scene plots written by scenario writers, and much prefer a detailed synopsis written in short-story form. I would rather purchase a story from any good current magazine, than the average scenario, because from the lines of the magazine I get the full meaning and feeling of the author, whereas scenarios are frequently as mechanical and as lacking in style as the catalogue of an automobile company.

Do not misunderstand me, and think that I am declaring that style is more important than characterization or plot. What I wish now to emphasize is, that style and expression are necessary for the proper conveyance of character and plot. It would be a wise thing for all scenario writers to study the method

employed by the literary masters in describing a character, and to try to adopt a similar individual method that will convey to the reader an accurate mental picture of the principal character.

The subtitle itself is worth volumes of discussion, but for the moment it is sufficient to say that clever subtitles are likely to bring a sale for a scenario, regardless of the subject-matter of the scenario. Subtitles come under the head of editing, rather than authorship, because the subtitles of a story are not inserted until the film is completed. During the process of cutting and joining the position of the subtitles becomes manifested. A clever phrase, whether it be a subject or a narrative phrase, inserted at exactly the right place, frequently determines the comedy value or the dramatic value of a situation

If an author can arouse the director's imagination or interest with a group of words he is very apt to increase his own bank roll considerably.

A recent experience to convey my point: One of our current productions starring Douglas Fairbanks is entitled, "A Modern Musketeer." It is enjoying success because of the admirable spirit of the character played by Mr. Fairbanks. That entire production was inspired by the original *title* of a story written by E. P. Lyle, junior, "D'Artagnan of Kansas." The association of the famous Dumas character with the flat plains of Kansas *aroused my imagination* sufficiently to cause me to purchase the title from Mr. Lyle and write the story of a "modern musketeer."

Another point which is apropos of this discussion: Clever scenarios cannot be written rapidly, and if a story is worth telling at all, it is worth a little time in the telling. Too many scenario writers are prone to dash off ideas at the rate of six or seven a week, and no man living can do justice to more than one a month. It is the unusual scenario writer that can hit the bull's-eye once a year.

The process of analysis in use by the average author is not sufficient. If you have an idea to convey that you thing would make a good motion picture, write it down. Then analyze it thoroughly. Test out every point from a basis of logic. Analyze every character thoroughly to see if it has a false note. Then take your entire manuscript and rewrite it. This time try to make it attractive reading, your mechanics having been perfected. Then turn it over to some fair-minded member of your family or friend whose opinion you consider worth while—not necessarily to a literary person, because our appeal is not to literary people, but to the more normal-minded and less emotional type—and see if your entire idea is conveyed. If it is necessary for you to explain a great deal of your story, your method of conveying your play has been bad, and you should set to work to rewrite it again and try it out on some one else, until the whole spirit of your story strikes the heart and mind of your reader. Then, if you submit that work, you have a fair chance at least of having the scenario reader of a film company grasp your full idea.

As I look at it, a scenario that is worth less than two hundred and fifty dollars is not worth writing, and a scenario that is worth two hundred and fifty dollars or more is worth a lot of time and effort. Any story-teller who has the real gift, and who will put his whole heart and effort and soul into the conveying of a story for the reading of a scenario editor, will eventually reach a market price well up in the thousands. Good scenarios are extremely scarce, not because good ideas are extremely scarce, but because so few people know how to attractively express on paper their ideas.

Scenario Writing From the Director's Viewpoint

To glean success, it is necessary to work hard. Anything worth doing at all, is worth doing well. A scenario written in an hour cannot possibly be any good. A scenario written in a day is very likely to be unintelligent. A scenario pored over for a week probably will contain fewer flaws than most scenarios, and the one that has the constant attention of the author for a month or more is likely to be fairly good.

In my personal experience with some of the highest-paid scenarioists in the world, I find that the best of them are able to do not more than from four to five stories a year. I would not advise the amateur writer to rely upon his sale of manuscripts for a living, any more than I would advise the amateur painter to rely upon the sale of his paintings for a living. And the masterpiece of scenario writing can only be attained by the same diligence and effort that the masterpiece of the painter is done, or the playwright, or the novelist.

If you want to win, you have got to work. If you want to sell your goods, you must make them attractive.

Two Movie Celebrities Adopt a New Trade

Thomas H. Ince and Bill Hart are now honorary members, in good standing, of the painters' union. They joined not long ago, when it was suggested that they paint the first set made in the Biograph Studio after Ince leased it. We'll wager that the regular painters had some job when Ince and Bill got through daubing.

The Floor Below

And the window in the room above, through which Patsy, the Mystery Girl, stepped into a young man's heart.

By Eugene A. Clancy

WHEN one is sitting, working at one's desk in one's room about ten o'clock at night, and a young lady suddenly comes flopping through the window and drops into one's lap, one is likely to register emotions. That is what Hunter Mason did, and they went over fine — together with his chair, himself, and the young lady.

Even the mischief in her face had a charm.

He picked himself off the floor and gazed at his unexpected visitor. He noted at once that she was good to look upon. She was small, and could not have been more than eighteen, with a mop of nice brown hair and brown eyes —eyes that fairly danced with mischief. There was a tam-o'-shanter on her head, and her skirt was short; she might have posed as a tough girl or a bohemian artist's model. She was a strange little thing, but undeniably pretty and likable—even the mischief in her face had a charm.

"A bit surprised, aren't you?" she asked, making a

comic grimace as she scrambled to her feet.

"Not in the least," replied Hunter, recovering himself and rising to the situation. "I've been sitting here kidding myself. I'm not an earnest young man, trying to conduct a home for down-and-outs. I was not burning the midnight oil working over plans for a bigger and better building, and I was not thinking how I was to jimmy a contribution from my Uncle Amos to help finance the worthy cause. Oh, no! I've been sitting here just waiting for a young lady to come flopping through my window and sit on my neck and——"

"Cut the sparkling speech and close the bulkheads," the girl interrupted. "Necessity knows no introductions. I didn't mean to floor you, but I had to take advantage of your window. Now don't pull any what! what! stuff—a cop is chasing me up the fire escape. Reason: I've just pinched a watch. Isn't it awful? But you're going to save this little gurrl. Hide me quick, chase the cop, and then I'll tell you the story of my life and let you see what time it is by the watch. Quick!"

Undoubtedly some one was coming. Quite bewildered, Hunter pointed to a curtained alcove. The girl darted behind the curtain. "Sit at your desk—go on kidding yourself!" she whispered.

Hunter obeyed. A few seconds later a policeman entered the room. Hunter rose with a look of surprise.

"Have you seen a girl?" demanded the policeman.

"Girl?" repeated Hunter stupidly, looking all around the room. "How would I see a girl? I've been working here for an hour and haven't had any visitors. My secretary went home about——"

But the policeman, after a hasty glance around the room and a suspicious look at Hunter, was climbing out of the window.

The girl cautiously came out of the alcove. She was laughing, and was dangling a worn silver watch before Hunter's eyes. "Ten-twenty," she said; "that's the time; and my name is Patsy—that's the story of my life."

Hunted looked at his remarkable visitor. "Well, er—Patsy," he demanded, "will you kindly explain yourself?"

"Until this afternoon," she said, seating herself on the edge of the desk, "I was a copy girl on a newspaper. The old grouch who runs the 'Hints to the Lovelorn' column accused me of pinching his watch and had me fired. Just for that I did pinch it—lifted it on the street as he was walking home. He yelled murder—and here I am! As for the rest, I'm an orphan, and I have no home—only a little narrow room with a hand-painted bed on the wall—I make believe I'm a fly every night and start climbing up the wall. Say, I've heard of you—you are Hunter Mason, the nice young man from Fifth Avenue who is devoting his life to misery. You're running a Come-to-a-square-meal mission downstairs."

Suddenly she jumped from the table, ran to the window, and cautiously leaned out. "Catch!" she called, and dropped the watch.

Hunter was at her side in an instant, and was just in time to see below the figure of a man who caught the watch and walked quickly away.

Hunter put a hand on the girl's shoulder. "It's mighty hard to believe that you really have criminal instincts," he said, looking into her eyes searchingly. "But facts are facts. Was that an accomplice down there?"

"Precisely," replied the girl mockingly. "Do you think I hurl watches at the heads of strange men? But, look here, Hunter Mason, I'm up against it. They'll watch around here all night, maybe, and I won't dare make a move. You'll have to put me up here—oh, don't be horrified! I'll curl up over there in the corner on the floor, and I'm

going to do it instanter, for I'm dead tired."

Hunter looked at her and had to smile in spite of himself. If she were a criminal, nevertheless, there was a downright sincerity and frankness about her that had nothing of forwardness in it. There was individuality and character in her manner, in her eyes—and she was remarkably pretty.

ing a downy couch out of them. Some two hours later, when Hunter was sound asleep on the chairs, the girl crept softly from the bed and turned on the light. After making sure that it was not going to awaken him, she made a rapid and expert search of the desk. Then she searched the pockets of his coat. Evidently the result of her search was highly gratifying to her.

"The old grouch—accused me of pinching his watch and had me fired."

"Patsy," he said, "as you know who I am, you must be aware that I am interested in—er—cases such as yours. Frankly, I'm interested in your case, in you. We'll have a talk in the morning. Yes, you can stay here. Take the truckle-bed there. I'll fix up abed for myself with the chairs."

"Say, you're the goods, all right!" said Patsy. She made a dive for the truckle-bed and in an instant had drawn a blanket over herself.

Quietly Hunter went about the business of arranging two chairs and mak-

"I knew they were wrong about him," she said to herself as she put out the light and crept back to bed. "He's not the man they suspect—and I'm glad! A nice chap with eyes like his couldn't be anything but on the square. And I'm making him sleep on those bony chairs!"

The chief of police was in a mood; which is to say that he was about as approachable as a British tank in action. For six months the residences of prominent and well-to-do people had

been systematically robbed, and the police had so far failed to round up the gang of thieves.

Ziegler, star reporter for the *Planet,* sauntered into the chief's office at headquarters.

"I'll take you up on that, Hunter Mason," she said. "It's a dare, and I'm game—I promise."

"Morning, chief!" said Ziegler. "Another robbery last night, I see. There's a Master Mind back of these doings. Some one is making exact plans of the houses; plans that enable the invaders to get in without trouble, go right to the treasure spots at once, and get away in a jiffy without disturbing the inmates. Get the High Boy who makes those plans and you'll bust up the game. You'll——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a plain-clothes man leading an ugly-looking character all dressed up in handcuffs. "Chief," announced the detective excitedly, "here's one of the gang. We've got that much on him, anyway. I nabbed him coming out of that mission we've been watching. He's had the third degree, but he won't come across. He had a side kick with him, but the other guy got away."

"And the guy who got away was undoubtedly the one you should have nabbed!" roared the chief. "Get out of here!"

The detective got. He took his charge with him.

Leaving headquarters, Ziegler went down to the *Planet* and entered the managing editor's office. "Well," asked the Big Boss; "any news—do you think that little plan of ours will work?"

"Can't say, yet," Ziegler replied, "but I'm pretty sure it will—if any scheme will work." He talked with the editor for a minute; then he went into the city room and strolled up to the desk of a weazened, grouchy-looking little

man and placed an object on the copy at the little man's elbow. "There's your watch, Stubbs," he said.

Stubbs, the musty oracle who gave daily advice to the lovelorn, stared and gasped, but before he could speak Ziegler had sauntered out of the room.

Hunter Mason's dreams were interrupted by a real and appetizing odor of ham and eggs. He opened his eyes to behold Patsy standing over him and laughingly holding a sizzling frying pan under his nose. "Get up, lazy!" she said. "Breakfast's ready."

He rose from his makeshift bed and saw that the table in the corner was set for two. A glow of well-being came over Hunter Mason. This was the first meal he had not cooked for himself since he had forsaken his Fifth Avenue home. How good it was to find everything ready—and the coffee smelt so good! Without a word, he placed a chair for Patsy and drew up one himself.

They ate almost in silence. Patsy was frankly hungry, and regarded the main business in hand to be that of eating. Hunter was revolving an idea that had somehow taken possession of him of its own accord, and he was thinking out the details.

"Patsy," he said suddenly, when the meal was out of the way, "I have decided to take you for granted—absolutely. I'm going to take you up as a special case. I don't believe you really have criminal instincts, but if you have—I'm going to make an effort to set you right with the world. I'm going to place you in my mother's house for a month, in her care. But you must promise me not to think of stealing watches any more. You'll have the best of everything, and good teachers. I'll make you a—er—I'll——"

"You mean you're going to try to make me a lady!" exclaimed Patsy, deliberately falling off her chair in a mock faint. Then she sat on the floor and stared up at Hunter as if he were some sort of curiosity. Then suddenly the flippancy left her face, and was replaced by a winsome, girlish smile. "I'll take you up on that, Hunter Mason," she said. "It's a dare, and I'm game—I promise. I'm doing this because—well, because I like you, somehow, and because the one-room-orphan business is generally full of shrapnel and hand grenades!"

About an hour later a limousine drew up in front of the mission. Hunter left the room and went downstairs. In a little while he returned, ushering in a tastefully dressed, fine-featured, gray-haired woman; a smiling, jolly-looking elderly man, and a tall, effusive, and rather flashily dressed blond girl. He introduced them respectively to Patsy as his mother, his Uncle Amos, and Miss Louise van Horn, a close friend of the family.

There were a few moments of the usual chatter, and then Louise quickly slipped from the room and went downstairs, where she was met by a young man of about Hunter's age. After a swift glance around to make sure they were unobserved, the pair exchanged an embrace and a kiss, and then stood talking earnestly. They were still talking when the others came downstairs—but they were now talking about nothing in particular.

Hunter led Patsy up to the other young man. "And this gentleman, Patsy," he said, "is Monty Givens, the most valuable secretary in New York. You must be nice to Monty."

Patsy shook hands with this wonderful secretary, whose eyes shifted under her close scrutiny.

"Come, dear," said Mrs. Mason, "it is time we went along."

They all turned toward the street door. As they passed out, Patsy looked back and saw Louise turn back for a quick, whispered word with the gilt-

The inevitable had happened—she was in love with Hunter.

edged secretary. "Monty was telling me the funniest thing!" she explained gushingly, as she came tripping out. "I just had to wait and hear it!"

"Something tells me you're a liar, Lady Louise," said Patsy to herself as she sank back on the cushions. "And the same something tells me that you're stuck on that handsome secretary. But, say—I wonder what you're doing hanging around my Hunter? You can't be after his millions, can you? Oh, no! Far be it from us, sweetie! That well-known something also tells me that it's going to be an exciting month—with dear little Patsy keeping the pot boiling and the Fifth Avenue bases full!"

It was an exciting month. Uncle Amos had secretly bet Hunter a five-thousand-dollar contribution to the mission that the Patsy experiment would be a failure. He put all sorts of temptations to steal in Patsy's way, only to find that she was not interested in them.

Little Patsy came through with flying colors, but with a secret heartache. The inevitable had happened—she was in love with Hunter, and was afraid to show it in the least, for it seemed to be hopeless. He was kind and nice to her, but in an impersonal, brotherly way. But the real bitterness of it was—what she very soon learned—that Hunter and Louise were engaged. Time and time again her heart beat fast when she saw them together, and she longed to shriek out what she had seen one night in the music room. Monty and Louise had been there, and thought themselves alone—and Patsy, from an alcove, had seen them embrace and kiss. But Patsy kept silent. If Hunter really loved Louise, she reasoned, would it not be cruel to tell him what she had seen?

And in the meantime a chief of police, a managing editor, and a star reporter were gnashing their teeth. The chief because the robberies were still going on; the editor and reporter because a little scheme of theirs had apparently failed.

One day, however—a day on which the members of the Mason household, together with Louise and Monty, were engaged in decorating the house for a dance for the benefit of Hunter's mission—the chief of police stopped abusing his teeth. Spike, the thug person who had been nabbed at the mission, came across with a confession in which he told right out loud the name of the plan-drawing High Boy. However, some of the gang outside got wind of Spike's confession. One of them stopped in the middle of some crime he was committing, went to a telephone, dropped a lead nickel in the slot, and called a number. The number he called was that of the Mason home on Fifth Avenue.

The dance for the benefit of the mission was drawing to a close. Patsy had been auctioning off dances with herself, and finally, as a climax, she laughingly jumped on a table and announced that she would auction off kisses, as suggested by some bright young man. For the small sum of five dollars, any man who was not too crippled to do so could

climb up on the table, receive one kiss, and then climb down from there and fade into the howling mob with the blissful knowledge that he had touched lips with the prettiest and jolliest girl in the room.

When the guests were all gone, the family gathered around a table in the library to count the proceeds. It was found that the mission was the richer for something over four thousand dollars, realized on tickets, dances—and kisses. The count over and properly audited, Hunter gathered up the money and checks and put it all into a box which Patsy had used to collect the kiss money.

"Hunter," said Mrs. Mason, "I wouldn't put that box in the safe if I were you. Our safe is too easily opened—and only last night a house down the Avenue was robbed. Every night I fear it will be our turn. Better take it up to your room."

"It won't be any safer there," said Louise. "I've an idea! Why not hide it behind some books in one of the cases—if the burglars did come, they'd never think of searching the bookcases. Burglar people are not literary, you know!"

"Not a bad idea at all, Louise," said Hunter, laughing. "And seriously I think it will do. Anyway, here goes!"

Getting up from the table, he went over to a bookcase and opened it. Removing one or two books, he placed the money box on the back of the shelf and put the books back. No one could have told that there was anything behind the books; no one who had not seen the thing done.

They all rose to go to their rooms. "By the way," said Hunter, as he

"But five minutes after she was taken on again."

switched off the library lights, "where the deuce is Monty? I haven't seen him all afternoon, or this evening."

"Why, he received a telephone message that his sister is very ill, and he went out early this afternoon. I thought he told you, Hunter; didn't he?"

"No," replied Hunter, in surprise. "He said nothing to me, but we were all pretty busy this afternoon. Well, I hope it is not serious. Come—to bed!"

As the group went upstairs, there was a peculiar light in Patsy's eyes—she had seen Monty receive that telephone message, and Patsy was all there when it came to reading faces.

Patsy did not undress; instead, she sat on her bed in motionless silence for over an hour. Then, suddenly pricking up her ears, she softly opened her door, listened, then crept along the corridor and stole downstairs. However, so intent was she on whatever it was she was doing, she did not remark the fact that Uncle Amos had cautiously peered from his door as she passed it.

Stealthily Patsy crept to the library door and looked in. The dim figure of a woman was standing at a bookcase. The woman opened it, removed two books, and drew out the money box placed there by Hunter. At that moment Patsy quickly switched on the lights. The woman at the bookcase was Louise.

For a moment the two girls stood looking at each other; then Louise spoke venomously: "Think what it will mean to Hunter if you expose me—remember, we are engaged!"

There was a sound on the stairs. Quickly Patsy stepped to Louise and snatched the box. She scarcely had it in her hands when Uncle Amos, followed by Hunter, came into the room. "Patsy!" cried Hunter in a broken voice. "And after what you promised—and just when I was beginning to think—oh, I can't say it!"

Patsy said nothing, but tears stood in her eyes. Louise stood by, a hard look on her face. "You see what you have brought into your house," she said to Hunter.

Suddenly there was a quick step on the stairs; some one was evidently making rapid transit for the front door. The some one flung the door open and was clearly about to beat it. He was mistaken, however, for he ran straight into the eager arms of two policemen and Ziegler, the star reporter. All exited inward, using fists to a surprising extent. Then a pair of handcuffs snapped on the some one's wrists—on the wrists of Monty Givens, wonderful, gilt-edged secretary. There followed a general get-together in the library.

Ziegler went up to the astonished Patsy. "Patsy!" he exclaimed. "So this is where you are! Why haven't you reported?"

"Gee!" cried Patsy, letting the box of money drop to the floor. "I clean forgot that I am supposed to be working for the *Planet* all this time—I've been too busy being a lady!"

"Working for the *Planet?*" said Hunter. "Why, you told me you were fired for——"

"So she was fired," cut in Ziegler; "but five minutes after she was taken on again. It suddenly occurred to the boss and I that she was just the one to plant in that mission of yours to look around for us. We suspected that the man who was drawing plans for that gang of thieves was connected with the mission—and we were right. Here is the man! He's been hiding upstairs in the house all day."

The policemen had finished a search of Monty. On him were found detailed plans of the Mason and other houses, and directions for the actual operatives. "As for that watch," went on Ziegler, "I was the man who caught it when Patsy dropped it out of your window. She took it from Stubbs to

teach him a lesson, but fully intending to give it right back. Stubbs, however, complicated matters by calling a cop. But what are you trying to do to the poor girl now?"

Louise stepped forward, sobbing wildly. "Patsy is innocent, Hunter!" she cried. "I love Monty—you must save him! I was stealing the money—for him. I've been working with him—oh, I don't know what I'm saying—save him!" She flung her arms around Monty's neck. The policemen led the wretched pair from the room. With a significant look from Patsy to Hunter, Ziegler followed.

"What Louise said is true, Hunter," said Uncle Amos earnestly. "I followed Patsy downstairs and saw her take the box from Louise. She was ready to sacrifice herself to save Louise—because she thought you loved Louise." Uncle Amos, too, turned softly from the room.

Patsy was sobbing on the floor. Hunter bent over and gently raised her. "Patsy, dear," he said, "will you forgive me?"

Judging from actions, Patsy did. Then the old light of mischief flashed in her eyes for a minute. "Put twenty-five dollars in that box, Mr. Hunter Mason!" she commanded.

"Twenty-five—what for?" asked Hunter, bewildered.

"For five kisses at five dollars per!" said Patsy, as she broke away and ran for the stairs.

Cast of "The Floor Below"

Written from the Goldwyn picture play featuring Mabel Normand

"Patsy"	Mabel Normand
Hunter Mason	Tom Moore
Mrs. Mason	Charlotte Granville
Louise	Helen Dahl
Monty	Wallace McCutcheon
Ziegler	A. Romaine Callender
Stubbs	Louis R. Grisel
Managing Editor	Willard Dashiell

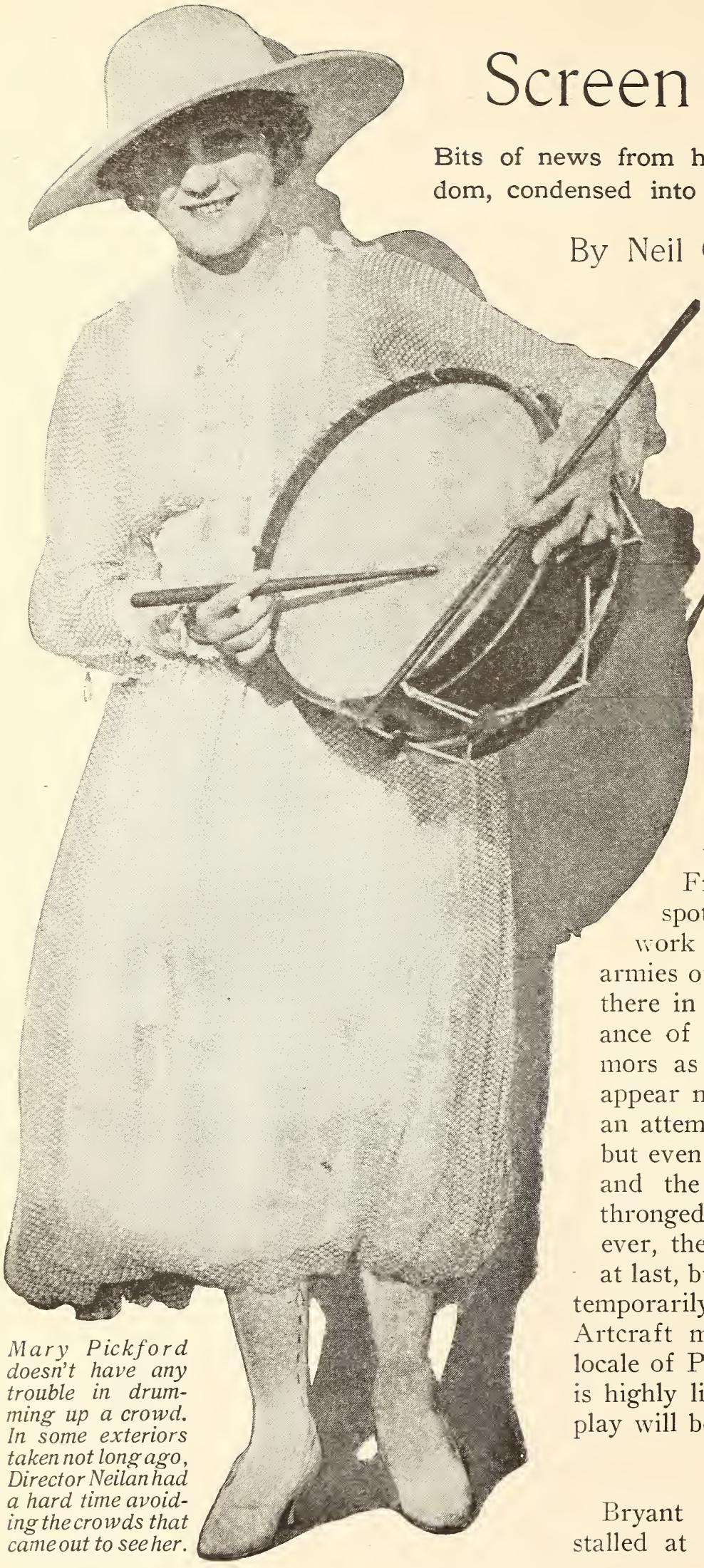
A Very Rare Fiddle Has He

YOU remember Old King Cole and his fiddlers three? Well, Bert Crosland has a job worth two of that. He fiddles for the emotional scenes of the movie queens and kings. Then he gets their majesties to autograph his violin. Henry B. Walthall is here shown attaching his royal signature to the already long list. At present Crosland is making emotion music for Bessie Barriscale so that another famous name is now added to the roll call on the fiddle.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward



Mary Pickford doesn't have any trouble in drumming up a crowd. In some exteriors taken not long ago, Director Neilan had a hard time avoiding the crowds that came out to see her.

MARY PICKFORD has found that popularity is sometimes a liability. While filming "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" in San Francisco, the crowds which assembled to watch her work on exteriors became so great that Director Neilan had the greatest difficulty in getting his necessary scenes. It was almost uncanny the way in which San Franciscans learned the spot in which Mary would work each day, and the small armies of them which assembled there in advance of the appearance of the players. False rumors as to where Mary would appear next day were spread in an attempt to avoid the crowds, but even these plans went wrong and the real "location" was thronged with the curious. However, the picture was completed at last, but San Francisco will be temporarily, at least, cut off the Artcraft map as suitable for the locale of Pickford productions. It is highly likely Mary's next photo play will be staged in the South.

Bryant Washburn is now installed at the Paralta Studios, a

portion of which have been leased by Pathé, and in his new surroundings Mr. Washburn and his company are busily engaged in staging the interiors of "Twenty-one," his next Pathé play, a five-reel visualization of George Randolph Chester's novel of the same title. Frank Keenan and Bessie Love, two of Pathé's other twinklers, will also probably soon begin work in the Paralta Studios, as it has been deemed wise to transfer them from the East to the West-coast studios.

William Duncan has signed a contract with Pathé to stage a Western serial.

Wiliam Duncan, director and star of such Vitagraph serials as "The Fighting Trail" and "Vengeance and the Woman," has just signed a contract with the Pathé organization, and will immediately begin the staging of another Western serial which will be released under the Pathé trademark. The house of Pathé regards Mr. Duncan's acquisition as particularly fortunate, and believes that his ability, united with the Pathé serial experience, will express itself in excellent work. The serial upon which Mr. Duncan has started work has not yet been definitely named. It is a story from the pen of Gilson Willets, author of the Pathé serial, "The Mystery of the Double Cross," and several Pathé features, in addition to many dramatic stories for other film concerns.

Another recently formed film-making organization that began actual production work within the past few weeks is the Frank A. Keeney Pictures Corporation. Pending the erection of its own studios, the Keeney Corporation rented one of the largest New York studios, and Director James Kirkwood, who has directed Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter, is again wielding the megaphone. Catherine Calvert is the featured star in the first picture, "A Romance of the Underworld," an adaptation of her husband's famous drama, now nearing completion. The next story in which she will appear was prepared by Benjamin S. Kutler, formerly scenario editor for Augustus Thomas, and once associated with Famous Players. In speaking of the future activities of his organization, Mr. Keeney recently said: "I intend to engage other stars, and shall select them as I selected Miss Calvert—on a basis of youth, beauty, and dramatic ability. I shall not engage actors and actresses who have become famous in other lines of the profession, but may not be able to make good in pictures. I believe the public likes names, but does not care for names that carry no merit in the specific line of entertainment with which we are affiliated."

Hedda Nova and Frank Glendon, stars in Vitagraph's newest serial, "The Woman in the Web," which is the successor of "Vengeance and the Woman," are well along in the production of this international thriller. Most of the scenes of the serial are laid within the boundaries of the United States, though portions of the story deal with a world pursuit of certain of the characters,

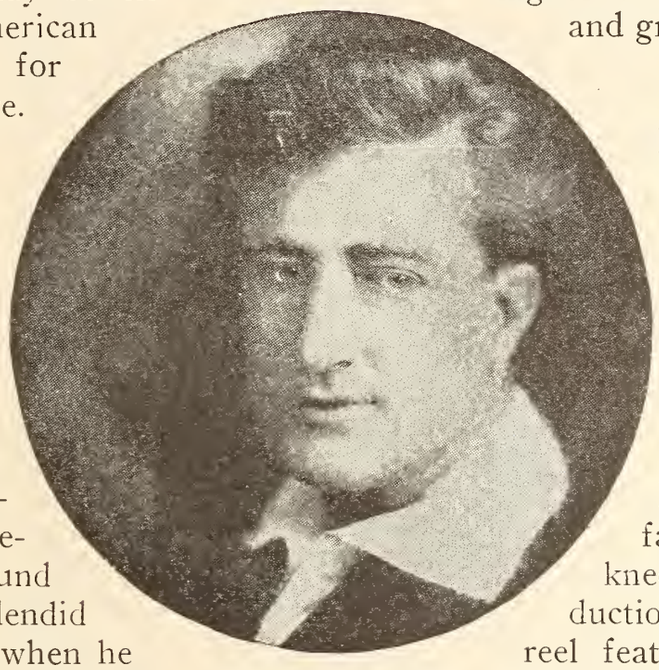
thus necessitating scenes in many foreign lands. As an example of the tremendous studio activity which this shifting of the plot requires, the opening scenes depict an ambassadors' ball in Washington, D. C., and immediately upon completing this bit the players moved over into a set arranged to represent a portion of the imperial gardens in Petrograd. Exceptionally large casts are being used in these sets.

John Emerson and Anita Loos, that high-voltage duo who were in no small way responsible for the phenomenal success of certain of the Douglas Fairbanks pictures—both those made when he was with Triangle and more recently in his Artcraft offerings—are still enrolled under the Paramount banner. Though both severed their connection with the Fairbanks organization some time ago, they have been re-signed as director and scenarioist with Paramount, and, following their staging of the series of feature comedies Fred Stone is to do for Paramount, will turn out regular features of their own construction which will be released as John Emerson-Anita Loos Productions.

Mutual Film Corporation is launching a new semiweekly release called "The Screen Telegram." This one-thousand-footer twice a week supplants the Mutual Weekly which for so long a time has been compiled and edited by the Gaumont Film Company and released by Mutual. It is planned to make The Screen Telegram even snappier than was the old Mutual Weekly, and several unusual features will doubtless be disclosed before the Telegram has been on the screens many weeks. Particular attention is being paid to foreign camera correspondents, so that

This famous team, partly responsible for some of the Fairbanks successes, will soon turn out Paramount features under the John Emerson-Anita Loos productions.

war pictures of an exclusive sort may be anticipated. The mechanical and laboratory work of the new topical semiweekly is being handled by the American Film Company's plant in Chicago. This is the organization which prints and develops most of the other Mutual subjects. Unusually clear pictures, therefore, may be expected, as the American has a reputation for work of that nature.



Francis X. Bushman is now starring in "The Brass Check" with Beverly Bayne.

All filmdom was saddened early in February to learn of the sudden death of Director Joseph Kaufmann of the Paramount organization. The demise of this all-around good fellow and splendid director came just when he was looking forward to directing his wife, Ethel Clayton, long a star in World-Brady pictures, in Paramount productions. Miss Clayton's contract with World-Brady having expired, she was signed by Jesse L. Lasky for a number of multiple-reel productions, and was particularly keen for the new work, as she was to come under the direction of her husband for the first time in many months. Film fans the world over will unite in extending sympathy to Ethel Clayton.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, immediately following the completion of "Under Suspicion," the Metro production in which they appear supported by such favorites as Hugh Jeffrey, Eva Gordon, Frank Montgomery, Sidney D'Albrook, Franklyn Hanna, Arthur Housman, Sylvia Arnold, and Jack Newton, and which is now showing at theaters the country over, started the filming of the widely read novel, "The Brass Check." Both stars are accorded numerous opportunities for the display of their talent in this vehicle, which is expected to accord with the Bushman-Bayne policy of trying to sense the public taste and gratify it accordingly.

Myrtle Lind, one of the galaxy of Triangle - Keystone beauties, has been graduated from the slapstick into the emotional. In future you will look in vain for Myrtle's smiling face and dimpled knees in Keystone productions. Instead, a five-reel feature entitled "Betty Comes Home," which the press department of Triangle terms a comedy-drama, will be issued shortly, and in the star's rôle you will behold none other than your old friend Myrtle. Director Jack Dillon staged the picture, and predicts that if Miss Lind can register as well in future subjects in which she is cast as she has done in "Betty Comes Home," she will never revert to her earlier type of work. Gloria Swanson, a former Keystone favorite, returned to the Culver City studios a short while ago. Beauties may come and beauties may go, but while girls are girls Keystone-Triangle comedies will go on forever.

Each of the big picture-making organizations seems to pass through a stage wherein a certain portion of its regular product becomes super de luxe,

and then this class of productions is grouped by itself and a new brand name given it. As an example of what we have in mind, it is only necessary to recall that the Pickford subjects were once just Famous Players releases on the Paramount program. When they reached the point where the task of producing them took more money and time, the Pickford vehicles suddenly became Artcraft dramas and were released to the exhibitors at a higher rental price. Metro Pictures Corporation has just announced the formation of Screen Classics, Incorporated, which is the term assigned to the super-deluxe Metro pictures. Such productions as "Blue Jeans," with Viola Dana; "The Legion of Death," with Edith Storey; "Lest We Forget," with Rita Jolivet; "Revelation," with Nazimova, and the recent five-reel Drew comedy titled "Pay Day," will be termed Screen Classics. A special organization will devote its activity to production of multiple-reel Screen Classics.

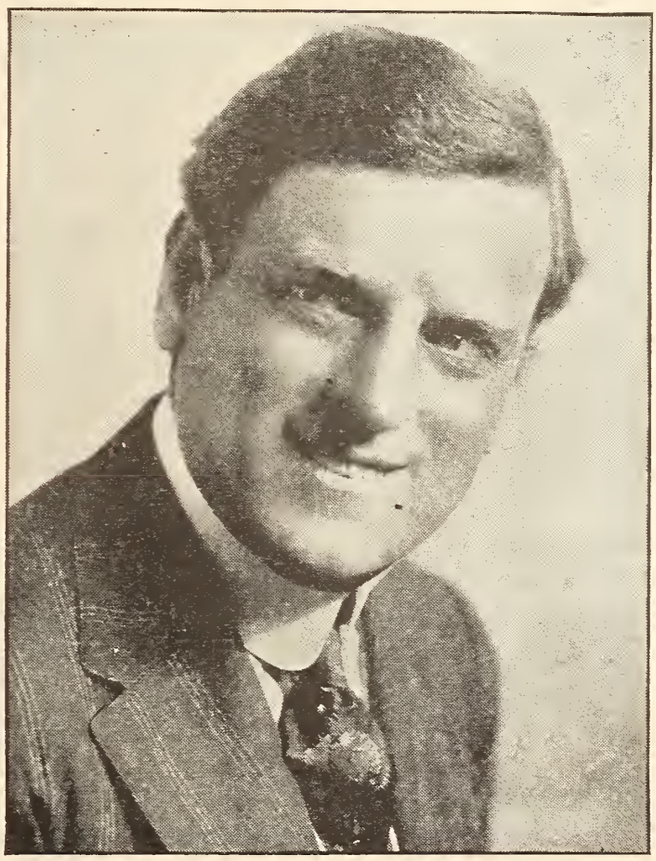
Dorothy Phillips has been greatly admired in her latest Bluebird release, "Her Fling."

Admirers of Dorothy Phillips are highly enthusiastic over her work in her latest Bluebird release, "Her Fling." This is an adaptation of Katherine Leiser Robbins' magazine story, and is directed by Ida May Park. William Stowell enacts the leading male rôle opposite Miss Phillips, and the supporting cast includes Juanita Hansen, George Chesbro, Joseph Girard, Edward Cecil, Claire du Bray, and Sallie Starr. Louise Lovely, another Universal favorite, is receiving many congratulations over her work in "New Clothes," a story by Harvey Gates. Edgar Jones is credited with the direction of this vehicle for Miss Lovely, who is supported by Philo McCullough, with Edna Maison and Winter Hall in other prominent rôles.

Probably you have recently seen Theda Bara's story, "The Soul of Buddha," which deals with life in the island of Java; and, if not, you may have read the wonderfully colorful story version of it in this issue of PICTURE-PLAY. "The Soul of Buddha" was the last picture in which Theda appeared before again returning to the West coast to resume work in the Fox Studio in Hollywood, where "Cleopatra" was taken. The name of the first production to be staged in California has not yet been disclosed, but it is said to afford Theda an opportunity to create a new and still different type of "vampire" rôle. Probably before

she returns to the East five or six subjects will be completed.

Old-timers among film fans will recall the once-popular "Broncho Billy" films which used to be made by G. M. Anderson out in Niles, California, when he was the "S" half of Essanay. Some issues ago Screen Gossip made the statement that "G. M." was about to resume his film activities. Perhaps some of you began to think you had been misinformed. The proof that Broncho Billy really meant it is now on the screens, for within the last few weeks a new five-reel feature, entitled "Naked Hands," has been issued, and the hero of this production is disclosed as your old friend, Broncho Billy Anderson, he of the chaps and the smoking pistol. Other five-reel subjects will follow at regular intervals, though "G. M." is not to devote all his time to the picture making, as he has too many speaking stage attractions to warrant devoting too much of his time to the cinema attractions.



G. M. Anderson, known as "Broncho Billy," is back on the screen in a five-reel production called "Naked Hands."

"Tyrant Fear" is the title of the newest Dorothy Dalton feature, just completed by Director R. William Neill, of the Thomas H. Ince directorial staff. The majority of the scenes are laid in Alaska, and the Dalton-Neill company spent some three weeks up above the snow line of Mount Wilson, near Los Angeles, getting the proper "atmosphere" for the picture. In some respects "Tyrant Fear" may be described as a Canadian Northwest story, slightly reminiscent of "The Flame of the Yukon," one of Miss Dalton's Triangle releases which you probably recall. It will also serve to introduce Carmel Phillips under the Ince banner.

Aubrey M. Kennedy, for many months manager of productions at the Goldwyn Studios, resigned recently, and is succeeded by George Loane Tucker, who staged such Goldwyn pictures as "The Cinderella Man" with Mae Marsh, and "Dodging a Million" with Mabel Normand. He now has full supervision of all the company's releases, and in addition will occasionally assume charge of certain pictures himself. Mr. Tucker, aside from being an able director, is credited with a knowledge of story values for the screen, and has been voted a master of continuity —one of the exacting requirements of the picture art.

Alice Brady has but recently completed her fourth Select production, a story with a Russian setting, which during work at the studio was known un-

der the working title of "Ruthless Russia." It is, however, highly likely that this title will be changed before the attraction is released. Director Robert G. Vignola, who staged Alice Brady's last picture, "The Knife," was in charge of the producing and Frank Morgan, Miss Brady's leading man in "The Knife," has the leading rôle in the new picture. Others in the company well known to film fans are Charles Francis, Harry Southard, and Russell Bassett.

Enid Bennett and her sister Marjorie, both of the Thomas H. Ince Studios in California, are just about the two happiest girls in America. Marguerite Bennett, a younger sister of Enid and Marjorie, has just arrived in America from Australia. And then, to make happiness doubly happy, Thomas H. Ince himself met little Miss Marguerite, and suggested that she undergo a photographic test to see if she, too, might register well on the screen. Presto! No sooner said than done—and Marguerite emerged triumphantly from her test. Her name was promptly added to the pay roll of the Ince Studios. But there is still more to the story. Accompanying Marguerite from Australia came also Mrs. Bennett and a small brother, so a regular Bennett reunion was held.

E. K. Lincoln, last seen opposite Mae Marsh in the Goldwyn production, "The Beloved Traitor," and also well remembered as the star of the Mutual "Jimmie Dale and the Gray Seal" series, and the leading man of "The Freedom of the World," produced by Ira Lowry, is now in California, whither he went to enact a featured rôle in a new seven-reel production which is being directed by W. Christy Cabanne. This picture will serve to introduce Mr. Cabanne as author and producer as well as director. All of us who recall his splendid work under Griffith back in the old Triangle days, and more recently with another film-producing organization, look for something quite out of the ordinary.

Elinor Glynn's novel, "The Reason Why," has been procured for Clara Kimball Young. Work of staging this story began immediately following the shooting of the last scenes of "The

The Bennetts are becoming a regular movie family, and Enid is one of three sisters now on the Ince pay roll.

House of Glass," the Max Marcin melodrama in which she is now being seen. "The Reason Why" is a story of a tangled love affair between an American girl and her English husband, and provides as a setting for the tale it unfolds a romantic background.

Three companies are now at work in the Paralta Studios making Paralta plays in addition to several others producing attractions for release under other brands. Director Raymond B. West has just completed a number of scenes showing the arrival of an aëroplane bearing an English gentleman of wealth in a Scotch village, where he meets Bessie Barriscale, the lassie heroine of "The Maid of the Storm," one of her forthcoming releases.

Constance Talmadge, who appeared to such good advantage in "The Shuttle," recently released, is now completing the final scenes of "Up the Road with Polly," a picturization of the novel by Frances Sterrett. As soon as this is finished she will begin work on a film version of the former musical-comedy success, "Good Night, Paul," motion-picture rights to which were recently purchased. The Constance Talmadge pictures seem to be steadily increasing in popularity, if one can judge from the reports made by many exhibitors from Maine to California.

Remember that good-looking player who enacted the rôle of *Pete* in the Goldwyn release "The Manxman?" In real life he was Fred Groves, a loyal subject of King George. Well, Fred, who already has six relatives in the army and navy of Great Britain, recently completed the final scenes in a new picture scheduled for early release in America under the title L'Assomoir,"

Constance Talmadge has recently completed "Up the Road with Polly," and is soon to appear in a film version of "Good Night, Paul."

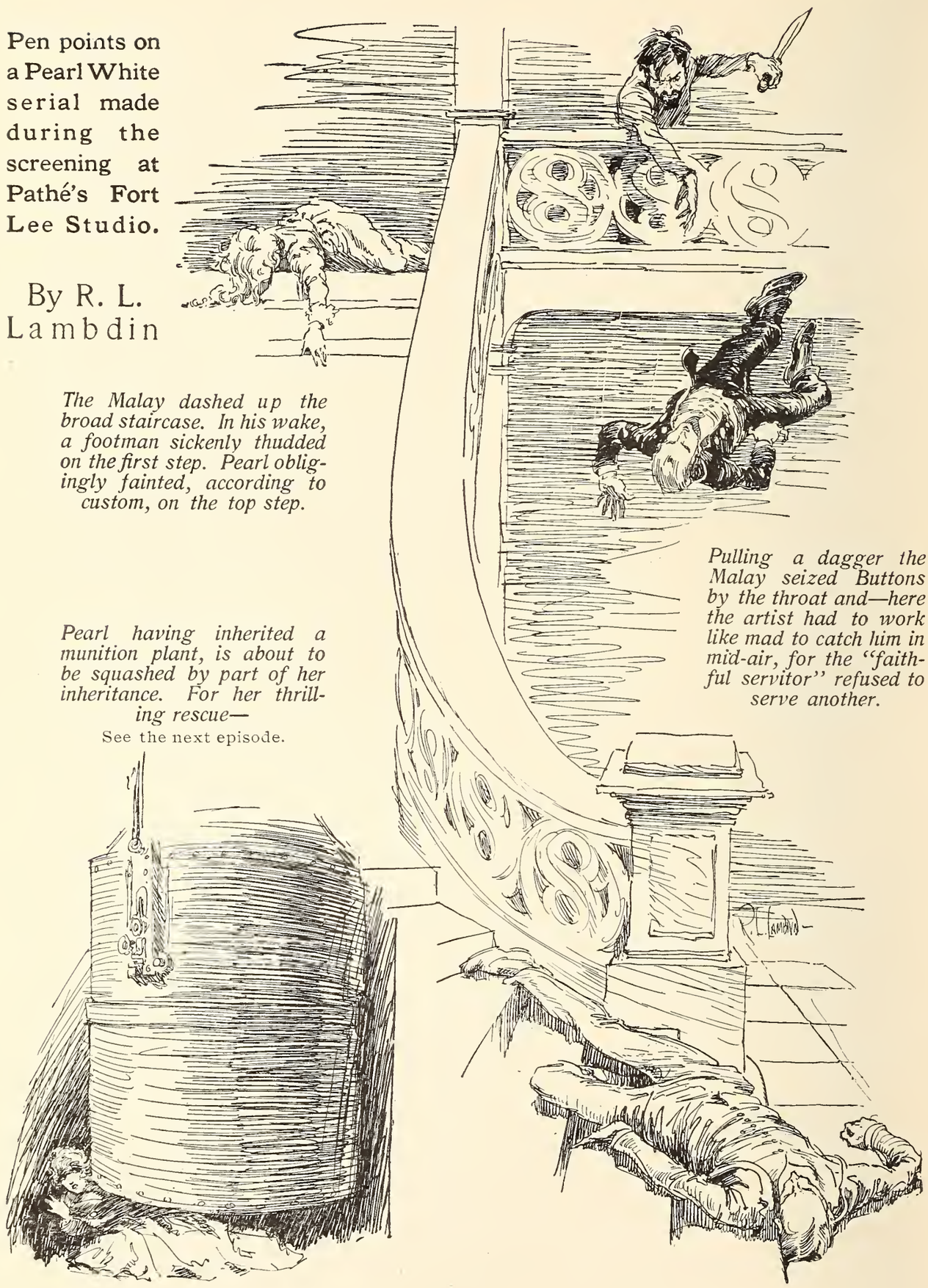
an adaptation of Zola's novel by that title, and then himself enlisted in the English navy.

At last the first of the new Chaplin subjects is finished, and the inimitable Charles has begun work on his second subject for release through the First National Exhibitor's Circuit. It has been many months since the last Mutual-Chaplin subject was screened, so a vast army of film fans have been impatiently waiting to behold the world-famous comedian's latest effort. The company supporting Chaplin in his latest comedy is again headed by Edna Purviance, and includes many of the others who assisted him during the year and a half he spent under the Mutual banner. However, Eric Campbell, the big, black-whiskered "heavy" who was featured so strongly in many of the last dozen Chaplin releases, will be sincerely missed.

Thrills from "The

Pen points on a Pearl White serial made during the screening at Pathé's Fort Lee Studio.

By R. L. Lambdin



The Malay dashed up the broad staircase. In his wake, a footman sickenly thudded on the first step. Pearl obligingly fainted, according to custom, on the top step.

Pulling a dagger the Malay seized Buttons by the throat and—here the artist had to work like mad to catch him in mid-air, for the "faithful servitor" refused to serve another.

Pearl having inherited a munition plant, is about to be squashed by part of her inheritance. For her thrilling rescue—

See the next episode.

House of Hate"

Curse their cold hearts! A lady in distress—yet the camera man grinds along the even tenor of his pay, while the artist sketches in ecstacy.

And the actors provide their own clothes! Antonio Moreno carefully surveys the remains of the third derby ruined in the seventh episode.

Just before the explosion the Hooded Terror had lured Pearl into this building!

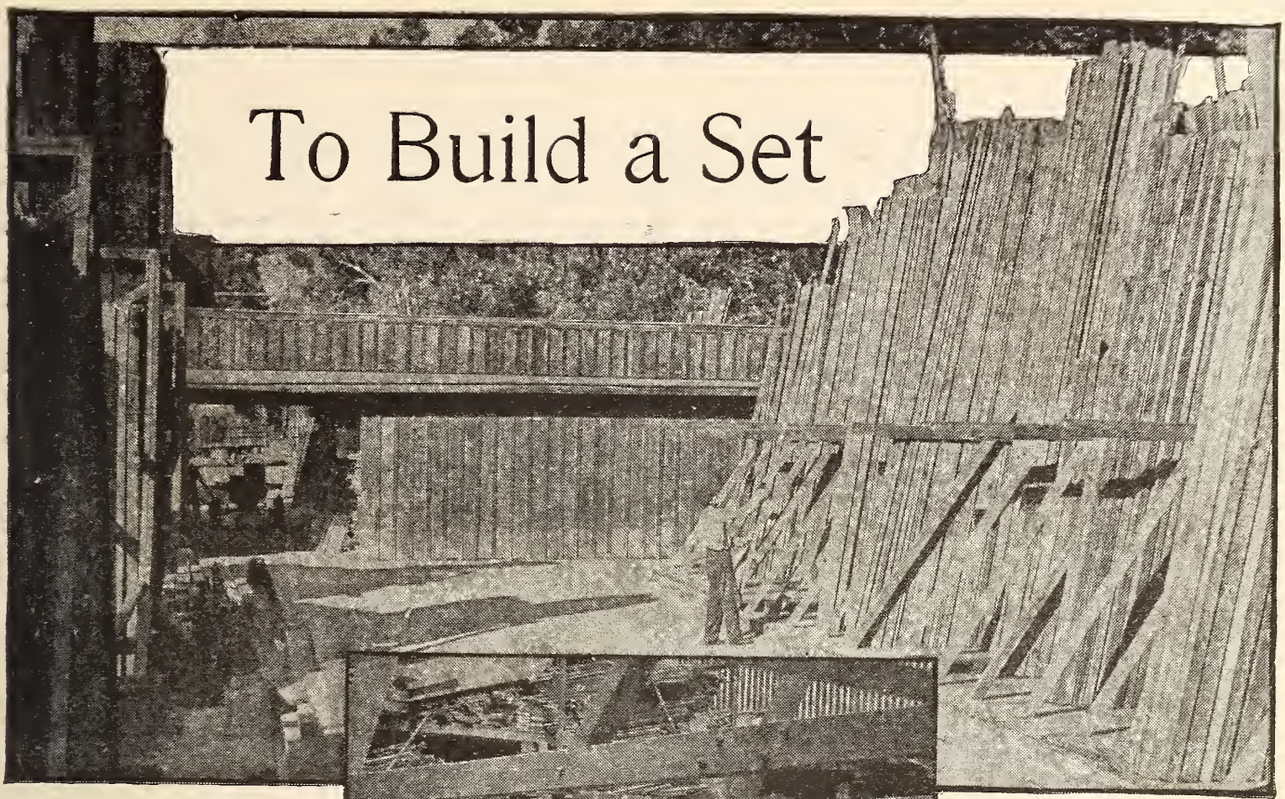
Mars Snuffs the Candles

NIGHT falls on the Magic City, and one by one the clusters of lights burst into radiance along Broadway until the theater and motion-picture center of New York looks from above like a white, forked tongue of the Milky Way. Thus it appears in normal times.

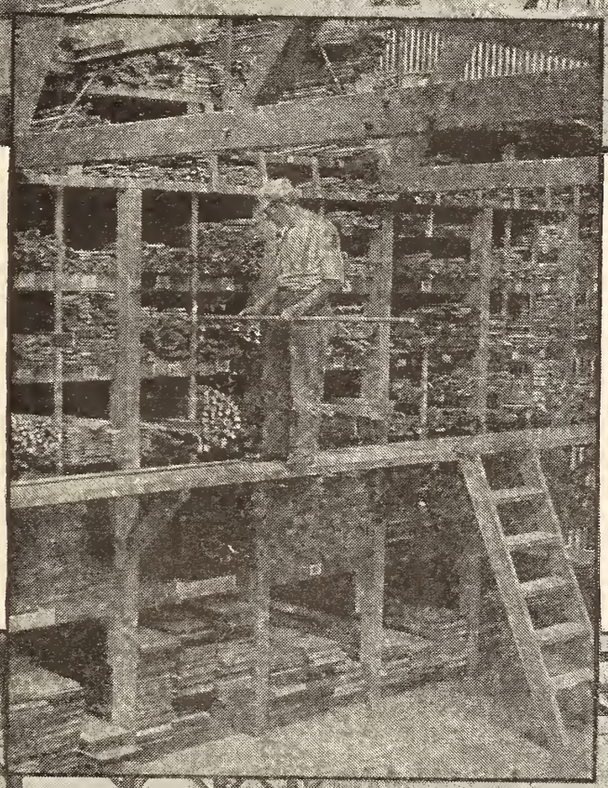
But during the winter weeks just passed, the Great White Way has been dimmed by the smoke of war. New York's midway, along which are scatered those great picture palaces, the Strand, Rialto, Rivoli, the New York and the Broadway Theaters, has been as dark as any back street save on Saturday night—that coal might be saved.

The darkness, however, seemed to frighten away none of the picture fans.

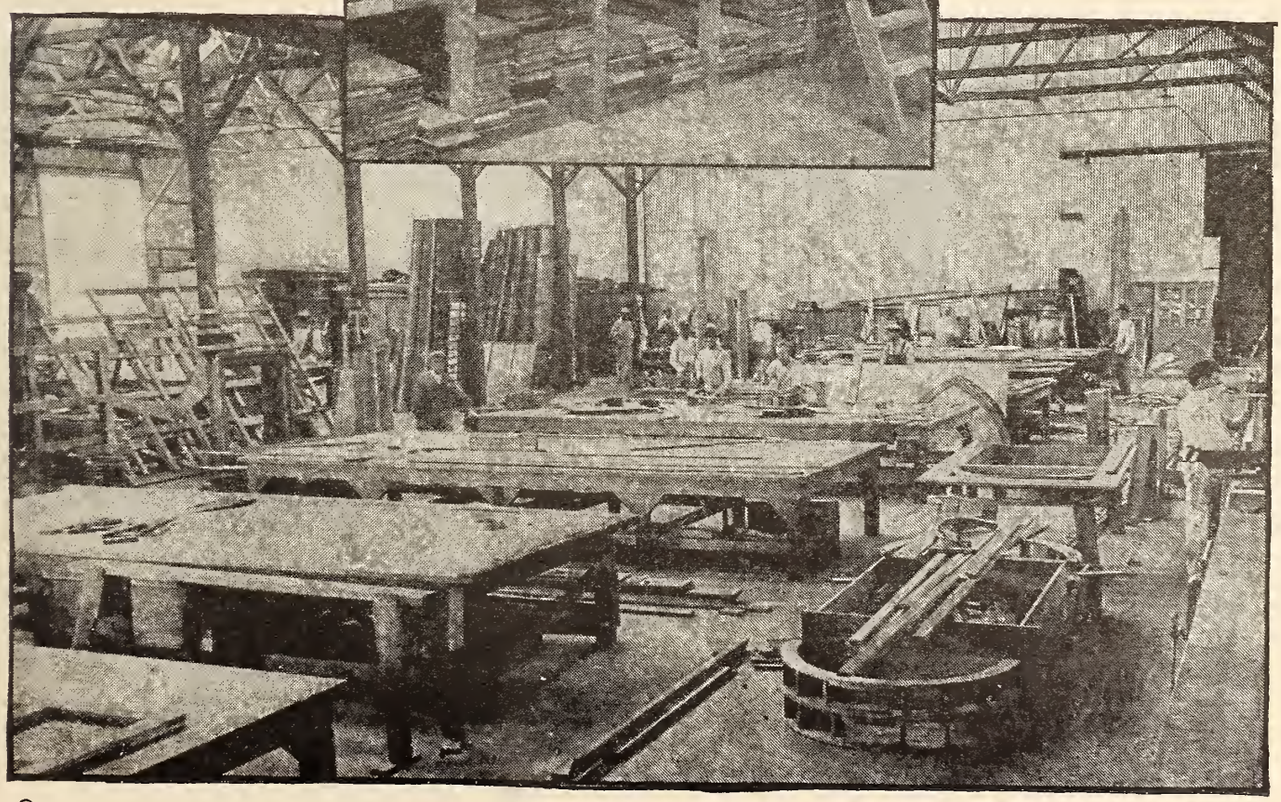
To Build a Set

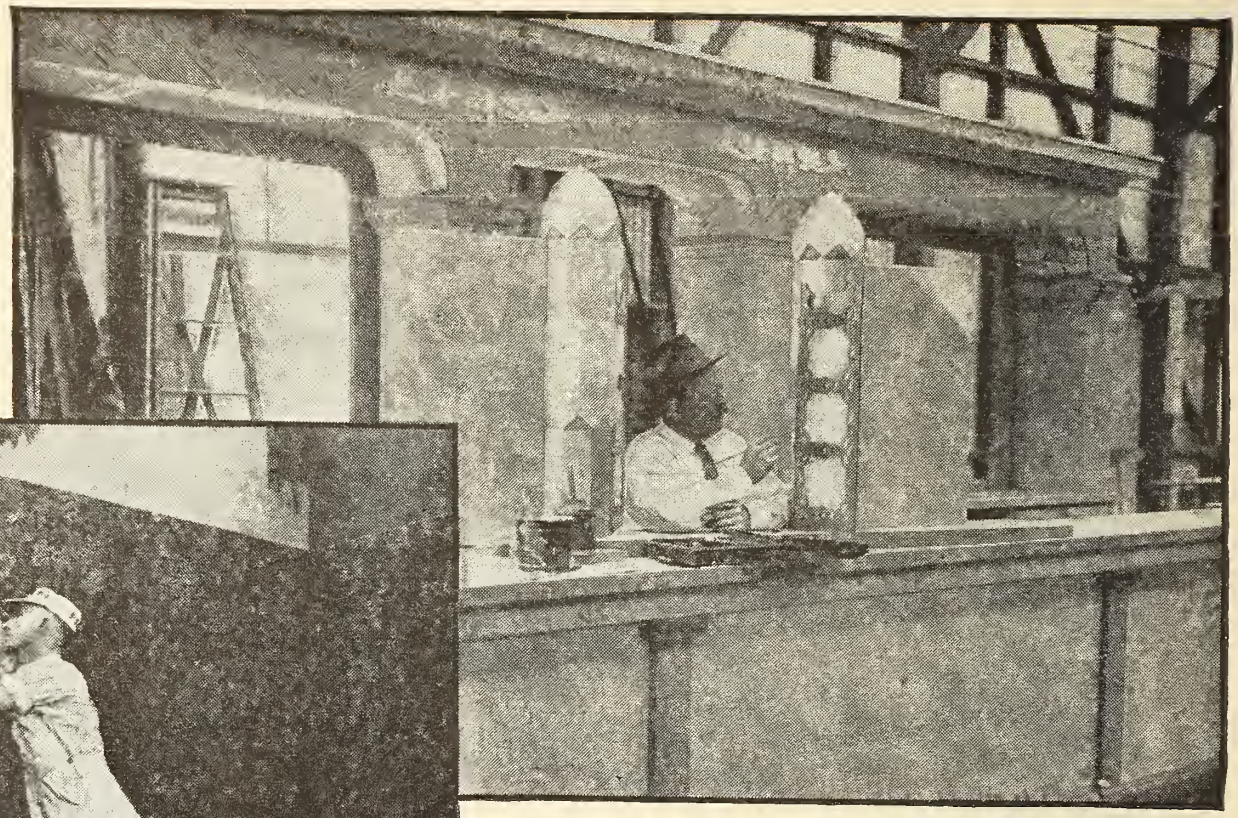


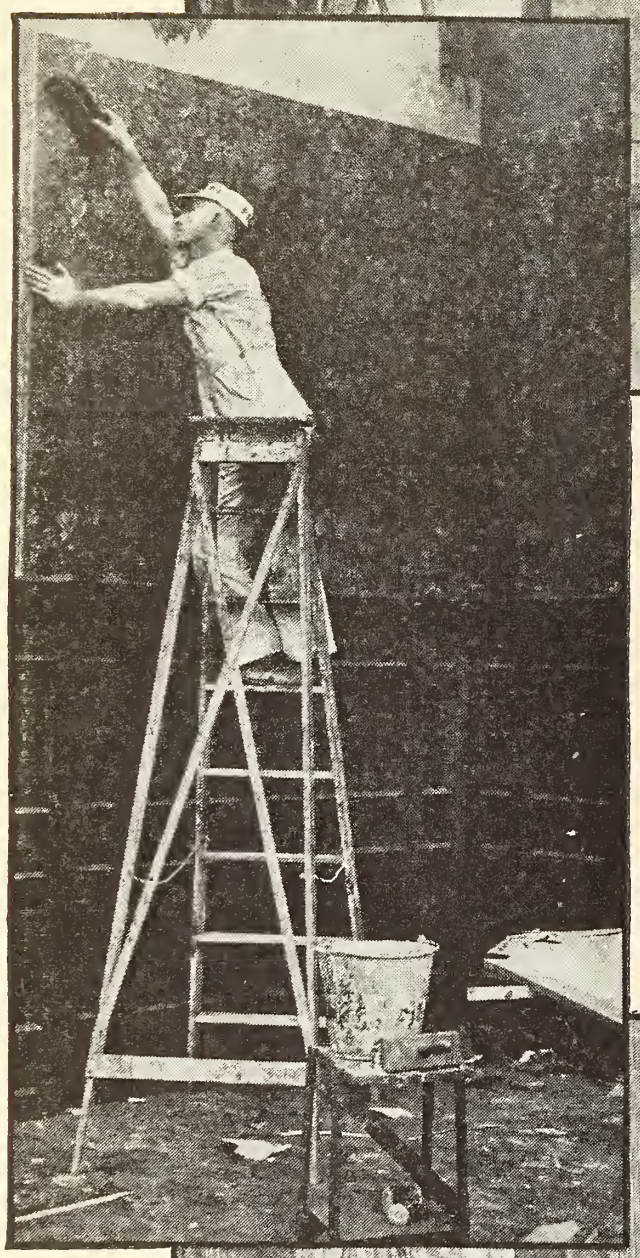
First, the forest is called on for its contribution. In the average production five thousand feet of lumber is used. Huge sets, like the Aztec temple in "The Woman God Forgot," call for four times that amount.



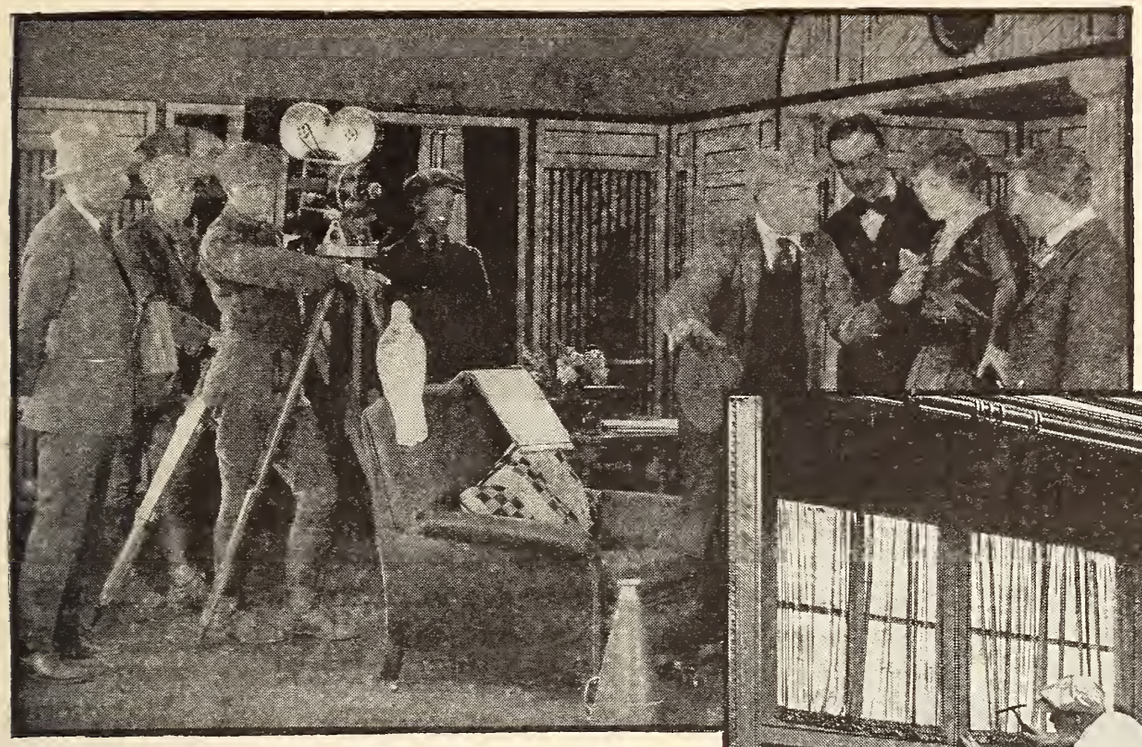
From the yards the lumber is taken to the stock rooms and sorted. It is then sent to the shops, and converted into doors, windows, and paneling. These pictures show the Lasky plant in Hollywood, California.







All the parts being cut to measure, they are quickly fitted together, as soon as assembled. Then the decorators get in their work—as in the picture above—the paper is hung, paneling is added, and finally the floors are finished and varnished. Everything must be planned beforehand, that no time may be lost. While interior construction is often an undertaking of some magnitude, the completion of a single out-of-door set has been known to take three hundred workmen two weeks, working night and day.



But the "house" must still be furnished. Curtains and draperies are hung, as shown in the picture on the right. Furniture is moved in, and gradually the set takes the finished appearance of the illustration above, where the director is making scenes in the completed set. Below, the short, useless odds and ends are shown, piled up to be hauled away and given to charitable institutions. So much lumber is used by some of the larger producers that they find it worth while to own forest preserves to supply the demand.

The Screen in Review

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

By Alan Dale

"Our Little Wife"

(Goldwyn)

LITTLE Miss Madge Kennedy is a picture "find." It is a pleasure to watch her admirable and consistently amusing work, and she is the rare thing—a woman with a sense of humor; not an exaggerated sense, but a sedately repressed one. "Our Little Wife," which was seen on the speaking stage, is a farce that would tax any sense of humor. It is far-fetched and illogical to the verge of extravagance and hyper-extravagance. Farce, of course, calls for extravagance, but when it is laid on with a comedy brush as in this picture it is hard to assimilate.

The story of the bride who takes all her sweethearts with her on her honeymoon, you are probably familiar with. It is so full of incident that it is not easy to run along with it. You feel that you are left somewhere on the road, and it is rather an uncomfortable feeling. *Dodo,* the heroine, surely has her work cut out, and very few women could do as much with the material offered as Miss Kennedy. After seeing her in "Baby Mine," one is disappointed, but able to realize that the fault does not lie with the little lady herself.

I should think that the best thing to do with Avery Hopwood's farce would be to set it to music and let it go at that. Music covers a multitude of discrepancies. It seems to be the only medium by which a story can get by with no questions asked. One of the sweethearts in this picture was Walter Hier, who is said to tip the beam at two hundred and thirty, and who certainly looks the part. Others were George Forth, William Davidson, Wray Page, Kempton Greene, and Marguerite Marsh.

The film was well staged and the photography extremely satisfactory. The trouble lay in the story, which is too vivid for silence, too far-fetched for speech, and fitted only for music—and deadening music at that.

"The Son of Democracy"

(Paramount)

THIS is one of a series of ten two-reel pictures announced as "each a complete story of America in the making." Therefore, it is a picture with a purpose, and I am always afraid of 'em! Purposes, as a rule, have a horrible knack of lurking in box offices, and one has to be very careful. However, the film in question, "My Mother," proved to be historically and rather dramatically interesting, showing the boy Lincoln in the log cabin with his father, mother, and sister. The little lad is graphically pictured and his parents are luminously shown. The unremitting sternness of the father and the gentle influence of the mother are at times convincing. In one episode father Lincoln is viewed in the act of attempting to learn how to write, with Mrs. Lincoln by his side and the boy watching the paternal effort.

Another incident emphasizes the "fighting blood" of the lad and the determined attitude of the mother to repress it. Little Lincoln is even fighting at the moment that his mother is dying, and that fact, it appears, impresses itself upon his future life. Benjamin Chapin is excellent in this film, and it is entirely credible that he devoted years to the study of his subject. In the case of "The Son of Democracy," I am bound to say that the box office is not starred. The purpose is vivid, praiseworthy, and interesting—all by it-

Little Miss Madge Kennedy is the rare thing—a woman with a sense of humor.

self! It is about time that pictures concerned themselves with some topic that had value and use. Even in pictures it is possible to find entertainment in some other guise than that of truculent melodrama or horseplay comedy. Then the fact that there were but two reels of "My Mother" must be a favorable circumstance. There was no padding; no struggle for length without breadth; merely a commendable desire to portray a phase of a remarkable life.

The picture is artistically made, with plenty of atmosphere of the right kind. It is educational without being irritating.

"Carmen of the Klondike"

(Selexart Pictures)

WHY seven reels? Is there any story that cannot effectively be told in five? After sitting through this interminable film, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the pictures are playing a dangerous game when they start in to confound their audiences. On the speaking stage, it is conceded that short plays are absolutely necessary to-day. The drama *must* indulge in brevity if it is to be successful. Yet the pictures seem to be prolonging the agony, and, except in very rare instances, I can see no reason for it. Certainly I can see none in "Carmen of the Klondike."

I am bound to admit that I attempted to review this film without data—thoughtfully withheld from reviewers by some firms—and that I discovered the task to be impossible. The only feature I can recall is the tremendous fight at the close of the proceedings, and I take it that this struggle was the *pièce de résistance.* It was a very wonderful fight, and if we had reached it easily—that is to say, minus a few of the reels that were superfluous—I can readily believe that it would have registered an extremely lasting impression.

It was a fight to the finish between two men in a "gold-born town of Sin." It started in a room which was set on fire when one of the men threw a lighted lamp at the other, and it was continued in a muddy street with an astonished crowd of onlookers. The men went at each other with brutal ferocity and almost tore each other to pieces. It was the most strenuous conflict I have ever seen, and naturally it thrilled. It would have thrilled much more if it had arrived a trifle earlier. After having been muddled by the incoherent happenings of this Klondike story, a dramatic dénouement loses some of its strength. However, the last episode of "Carmen of the Klondike" was so realistic that it can hold its own with anything of the kind that has been screened. I should like to see it again, if I could do so without being afflicted with the early story that was prolix and confusing and chaotic. If your attention happened to wander for two seconds—and mine frequently wanders for more than that—you were lost, and it was impossible to catch up. Lacking a case—also thoughtfully withheld—I can mention no names. They are not necessary.

"Loaded Dice"

(Pathé)

FINE acting can illumine even a bad story. At least one can watch the dramatic work of the central figure and attach one's attention to that! It is what I did when I saw Frank Keenan in "Loaded Dice." Keenan is an actor with a distinct gift of characterization; a method that has nothing of the theatrical in it, and a personality that rivets one's admiration.

The idea of "Loaded Dice" busied itself with a particularly sinister evildoer who denied the existence of God. Blackmail, perfidy, lust, dishonesty—these were a few of the attributes of Richard Gordon, to whom we were first

introduced at a conference of nefarious food speculators, with whom he was anxious to throw in his lot. After that, the plot thickens. Gordon needs one hundred thousand dollars to help him in his attack upon the food of the unsuspecting mob, and to raise it he puts up a sorry scheme of blackmail, with a girl and a boy as the instruments.

seem a bit late. I never read the novel by Ellery H. Clark from which this picture was taken, but perhaps between the covers of a book its realism might have proved to be attractive. In the film, it seemed gaudy, overdrawn, and anything but psychological.

Still, as I said, it was possible to forget the poverty of the story in the

Keenan is an actor with a distinct gift of characterization.

Gordon is nominated to an important political office, and at the dramatic moment he is confronted by one who had viewed his presence in the room of a chorus girl who had been mysteriously murdered. This was all melodrama in its very crudest form, offered with the excuse that an atheist was brought to belief through these means. Only at the last, on his deathbed, was the man made to realize the Deity, and it really did

acting of Mr. Keenan. This was extremely fine. The unremitting solemnity of the man, his tenacity to purpose, and his admirable repression made Keenan's work most conspicuous. In fact, the acting justified the choice of subject. Everybody loves good acting, because everybody sees so little of it. In the case of Frank Keenan you can view "Loaded Dice" and forget everything in it but Keenan himself—even

Madeline Marshall, Florence Billings, and Guy Coombs.

"The Heart of Romance"

(Fox)

MISS JUNE CAPRICE smiles and smirks all the way through her latest picture, "The Heart of Romance," and is extremely "lovable." It is romance with a vengeance, and perhaps one needs a strenuous sense of humor to accept it. To serious people, I should think that it would be rather amazing, in its invasion of the probabilities. June is, of course, a very sweet little girl—one of those girls who, in these days of sugar shortage, seem rather extravagant. Why should we economize on sugar when in the pictures it is smeared all over the "heroines?" I call it reckless.

This heroine loves a young writer, who is rejected by publishers, but not cast down. He writes "pomes" which are not conspicuously marketable. The story deals with the methods adopted by the charming girl's guardian to test the affection of this youth. The methods are drastic and peculiar. She is made to pose as a pauper, having lost all her money, and when that scheme fails to work, the guardian has the youth evicted from his studio for nonpayment of rent.

Later, "guardy" installs the girl in a cheap boarding house. Certainly the tests were far-reaching! In the end, you view guardian reading two of the swain's manuscripts to publishers, who are bidding against each other for the stories. And that is where my sense of humor got busy! Imagine publishers bidding against each other for the work of any unknown author. I thought that too funny for words—really clever and fantastic. If it had been offered as fantasy, it might even have triumphed as that. But it was submitted in all sobriety.

As I said, Miss Caprice smiled and smirked most industriously. It must be a great effort to be cheerful under such circumstances, and the lady therefore deserves due congratulation. The youth in the case was Bernard Thornton, who appeared to be anything but the literary lion suggested. Joseph Kilgour also appeared.

"The Turn of a Card"

(Paralta)

THERE are seven reels of this, and the pictures appear to be running into the Chinese realm of the continuous. At this rate, it may soon be necessary to devote two days to the inspection of a picture, and for the life of me I cannot see why. The art of condensation *is* an art—a very beautiful art, and I strongly recommend it to the attention of film makers as one of the finest studies they can undertake. I don't think that I have seen five pictures in my picture-going career that were worth seven reels. Seven reels are a whole lot, you know.

There are some capital oil pictures in "The Turn of a Card"—Oklahoman pictures that are distinctly worth viewing apart from the story that is woven around them. An oil boom is the subject of this film, and the characters are crooks, promoters, gamblers, sports, and suchlike. A card game is the exciting episode—a game in which thousands of dollars are involved. The "hero" wins fifty thousand dollars, and later the country home of his adversary on Long Island. At this country home, of course he falls in love with the beautiful Cynthia, daughter of his card adversary, and, to make things seven-reel-y, poses as a chauffeur. At the close of the seventh reel, of course happiness sets in speedily and there are no regrets.

The picture is much too long, and much too involved. It is, however, well cast, which helps considerably. J. Warren Kerrigan is the hero, and surely an ideal one. Kerrigan has a certain

nonchalance and bonhomie that are valuable to hero rôles in pictures, and, without being what they call in the "legitimate" a matinée hero, he has an appeal that is unique. The part of a half-witted lout was excellently portrayed by Clifford Alexander, and Miss Lois Wilson was charming as the beautiful one.

"Keys of the Righteous"

(Paramount)

THIS is another picture dealing with what is popularly known as "the coise of drink." A little "heroine" yearning to save popper from the undermining influences of the "coise," because she had promised mommer to look after the erring parent, lands in one of those noisome haunts that one meets in pictures—and that picture audiences know so well.

This time it is in Ore City, and it is called a disreputable hotel. Little Mary penetrates its recesses, and behold popper pickled! It is a plaintive spectacle, of course. Pickled popper and poor Mary are there when the place is raided, and they are taken to the police court, where the usual scene occurs. Just as the heroine is accused of the most horrible intentions, a brave youth, who is there because he is there, steps forward and announces that he is about to marry Mary. That softens the obdurate judge, who thereupon decides that he will permit her to take popper home with her. Poor pickled popper!

"Keys of the Righteous" is not ineffective. At times it approaches the maudlin, especially in the episodes dealing with ailing mommer, whose death we are allowed to view. The best character in the piece is that of the irate old grandfather excellently played by George Nichols. Another well-drawn type is that of the gentle old uncle acted by Carl Forms, while the judge, in the hands of Melbourne McDowell, is interesting. The star of the occasion is Miss Enid Bennett, who is young and pretty—which are the two adjectives that must qualify picture stars. She is a nice girl, able to coquet with the camera vivaciously. I am told that she is an English girl born in Australia, and, as those facts do not register on the screen, I am emboldened to mention them.

The picture has no merry moments, but you must remember that the "coise of drink" is not a merry theme.

"Jack Spurlock—Prodigal"

(Fox)

GEORGE WALSH has arrived at the happy moment when all that is required of him is to do George Walsh things, and do them George-Walshily! In "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal" this opportunity is afforded, and therefore the picture reaches its goal satisfactorily. His principal stunt is that of appearing as a waiter in a "silent" restaurant, and when that has been effected he is seen as a physical-culture demonstrator.

The story is taken from one that appeared originally in a weekly paper, and it has all the incidents that picture lovers demand—some of them funny and lively. There is a love theme deftly introduced, and there are one or two situations that are above the average. Walsh himself is as picturesque as ever, and, as he always manages to convey the impression that he is enjoying himself immensely, the contagion of the impression spreads. The picture is in five reels, and might conceivably have been better in three. I do not insist upon that. I am indeed grateful that it was not in seven reels, as it might have been. Dan Mason, Ruth Taylor, and Robert Vivian were the other actors.

"Jack Spurlock" is announced as a "hummer;" but, as I am not precisely sure what that may mean, I will not endorse the announcement.

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.

TEXAS GIRL.—William S. Hart was not born in the West, as you and many others suppose. He first saw the light of day in Newburgh, New York, but moved to Arizona when he was very young, and lived there for some time before he went on the stage. Hart Hoxie is with the Lasky Company. Neal Hart is with the Universal forces, and so is your friend Harry Carey. Neal Hart and William S. Hart are in no way related to each other.

DOROTHY.—Good! I'm glad that you started your letter with the intention not to break any of the rules. I wish all of my readers would do the same thing. No, Alan did not play one of the crooks. Creighton Hale appeared opposite Mollie King in "The Seven Pearls" serial. Thomas Meighan played opposite Pauline Frederick. Address Marie Walcamp at Universal City, California. Earle Fox may be reached at the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Jack Pickford, Jack Holt, and Helen Eddy will get any mail sent to them in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Write Violet Mersereau at Universal Film Company, 1600 Boadway, New York City; Jewel Carmen at the Fox Film Corporation, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California; and Alice Joyce at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Milton Sills gets all of his mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

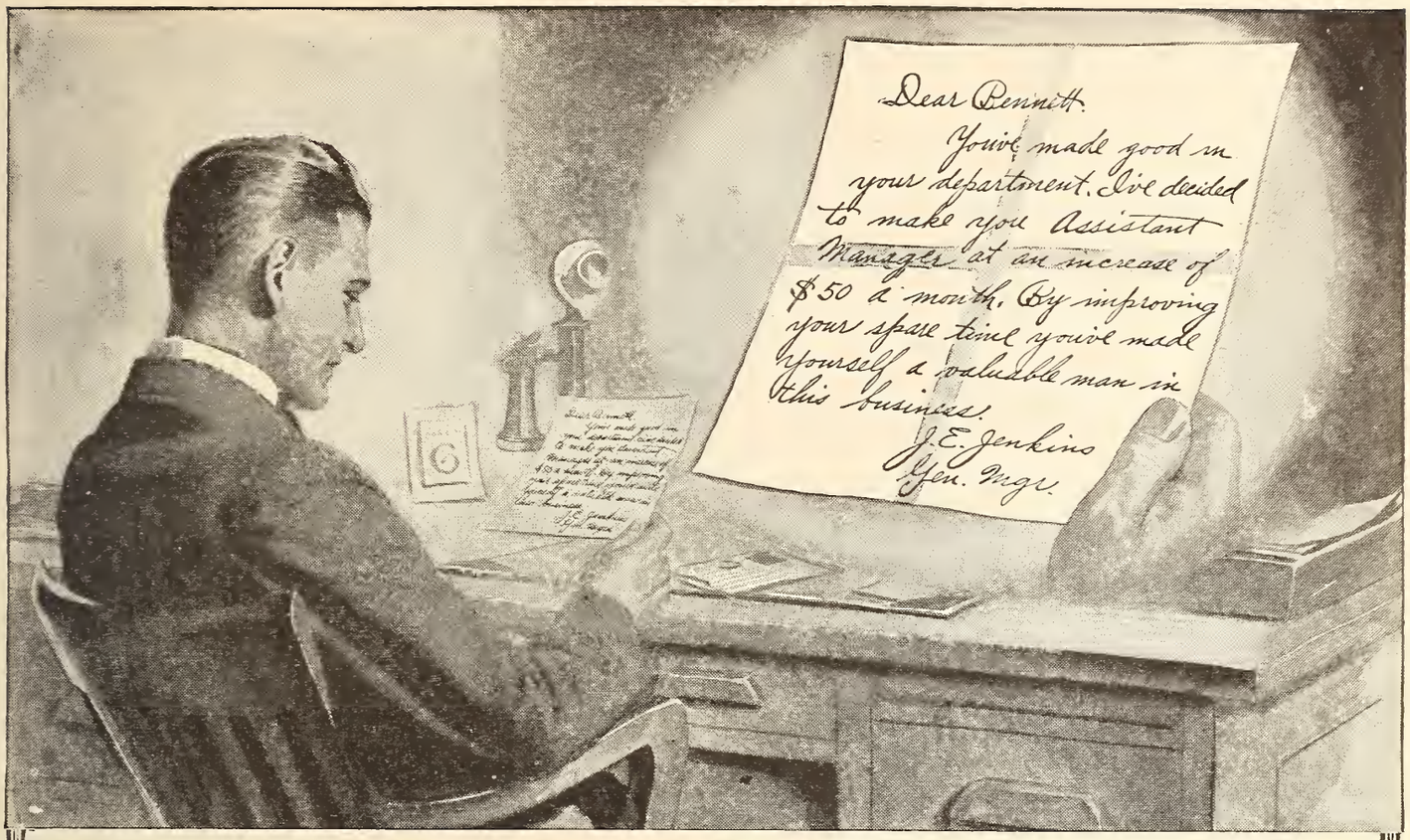
SHE LOVES A SAILOR.—The only player that I know who has expressed the desire to follow a life at sea is George Beriolat, of the American Film Company. He has always been very fond of sailing, and says that he would like to do nothing else. Write him at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

C. C. A.—You can reach Derwent Hall Caine by writing to him in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

COULD BOY.—Your friend, E. Forrest Taylor, has deserted the screen, and has gone back on the stage. Yes, I liked his work on the screen very much when he was with the American Film Company.

CHARLES CHAPLIN ADMIRER.—Charlie Chaplin's new comedies will be released by the Exhibitor's circuit, so you will see them very shortly now. Charlie had to build a studio before he could start to work making his comedies, and of course this took a great deal of time. His brother Syd is his manager.

LEONA P.—Sorry I couldn't answer your questions sooner, but they just had to wait their turn, like all the rest. Get them in a bit earlier next time. Address Mary Pickford in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Mary Miles Minter should be reached by the mail man at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Anita Stewart still receives her daily mail at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. You should read the rules about the religious questions.



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- ☐ Electric Railways
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- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ Metallurgist or Prospector
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Window Trimmer
- ☐ Show Card Writer
- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Railroad Trainman
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer and Typist
- ☐ Cert. Public Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
- ☐ Railway Accountant
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Teacher
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- ☐ Auto Repairing
- ☐ Navigation
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- ☐ German
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Everyday Mildred.—What difference does it make how old a person is just as long as they look the age of the part they play? Theda Bara is twenty-seven years old. The people are correct. Your letter was quite a puzzle the way you skipped all over the place in numbering your pages.

D. Y. F.—Address Kathlyn Williams in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. That contest you mention was conducted by another magazine. The winners of the Screen Opportunity Contest are working.

R. S. P.—Shirley Mason joined the Edison Company after McClure. Leonie Flugarth is her correct name. The Edison Studios are in the Bronx, New York City.

Thomas Forman Favorite.—You should inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want a reply to your queries by mail, and not in the magazine. Yes, Mary Pickford, like most stars, answers her letters personally. Mary Pickford should have been addressed in care of the Lasky Film Corporation, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, where she is working. Tom Forman has been with the coast artillery for some time, and is now a sergeant. Tom likes the army life, too. A letter addressed to him at the same address as Mary Pickford's will surely be forwarded to him. And the actors who are in the war will probably be happier than ever to be cheered by letters from their admirers.

Hawaiian Girl.—You can reach William S. Hart by letter at the William S. Hart Studios, Hollywood, California. Charles Ray gets all of his mail at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Yes, he is a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. You evidently know quite a bit about California from the way you talk. Dorothy Dalton's address is the same as Charlie Ray's. Monroe Salisbury will get a letter addressed to him in care of Universal City, California.

Bake.—Come right in and ask all you want. The stage or screen name, if a player happens to have one, should always be used when writing to him. "The Little Princess" was one of the recent Mary Pickford pictures. Did you catch it? Mary Miles Minter now has two directors working on her pictures. While one cuts his picture, and prepares his next story, the other is filming his features. The system has proved to be a great success, and a fine time-saver, and when you save time in a motion-picture studio you save a great deal of money, too.

Leita K. M.—Write to Sessue Hayakama at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, for one of his photographs. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents with your request for an autographed photograph of any player, as they cost the player about twenty-eight cents to send out. At this rate it wouldn't take very long for players to be broke, when you figure that some of them receive as high as two hundred letters a day asking for photos. Two hundred times twenty-eight is—— Well, figure it out for yourself, and you will see what I mean.

Roscoe Arbuckle Fan.—Roscoe Arbuckle is still very much alive. He is making his comedies at the Balboa Studios at Long Beach, California, now, but not for the Balboa Company. His comedies are released by the Paramount program. Minta Dufree is not working in pictures at the present time. Mabel Normand is forever lost to slapstick comedy. She is now being starred by the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. "Dodging a Million" is her latest release from that studio, while "Mickey" is being released by the Western Import Company, in which she is the leading star, and Wheeler Oakman her leading man.

Lotta Jazz.—Yes, music is very commonly used now in the various film studios to help the different players in working up to their scenes. The actors evidently "like music with their sets." William Farnum is still with the Fox Film Corporation. You can reach him by letter at the company's offices in 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Dick Stanton is now directing him. Frank Lloyd's latest feature will have Bertha Mann and Rhea Mitchell in the leading rôles. His last Farnum film was "Les Misérables," which was a big winner for the Fox interests. Yes, Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" has proved a financial success, but I believe that her work in "Du Barry" is better than anything she has ever done on the screen. Of course, this is only a personal opinion, and others may not agree with me.

B. W. G. H.—No, you are wrong. Billie West is not Billie Ritchie. Billie Ritchie is still working comedies for the Sunshine Comedy Company, while Billie West is spending all his time imitating Chaplin in King Bee comedies. A letter will reach Billie Ritchie at the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Not a Chance.—You have tangled the fiery trails of your favorite screen comets, so I guess it is up to me to straighten out the tangle for you. It was Belle Bennett who was starred in the Triangle feature, "The Hell Cat of Alaska," and not Dorothy Dalton. It was Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon," and not Belle Bennett. You have just twisted these two stars in your mind.

Eileen S.—You will be glad to hear that May Allison and Harold Lockwood are to appear opposite each other again in Metro productions—at least so we're informed. Paul Willis is about seventeen years old. A letter addressed to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, will be sure to reach him.

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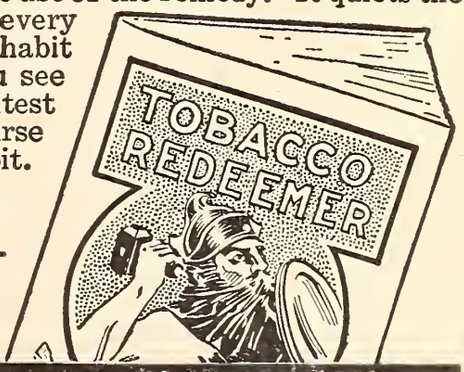

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THELMA.—Well, where have you been keeping yourself lately? Thought you had forgotten all about the Oracle. Edna Mayo is not acting in pictures at the present time. Henry Walthall is with Paralta. Jack Sherrill played opposite Alice Brady in "Then I'll Come Back to You." Yes, "The Light of the Western Stars" ought to make a very good picture.

"HEATHER."—Marc MacDermott is with the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Let us hope that it will be over very shortly.

LITTLE UN 16.—Evidently you are very skeptical about brothers from the way you talk. You should take them at their face value, Little Un. Paul Willis appears off and on in pictures from time to time.

J. L. N.—Of course you liked your introduction to PICTURE-PLAY. How is it that you have never run across it before? Come on and play! George LeGure is the man to whom you refer in the "Seven Deadly Sins." Dorothy Dalton gets her mail at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California, while Bessie Eyton has hers delivered at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. No, you didn't break a single rule in your first offense. You didn't even jar them.

MISS MARY S.—Mary Pickford gets all of her mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

BOSTON.—Clothes are all furnished by the actors and actresses themselves in motion pictures, unless it is a costume play. Then the studio furnishes the clothes. Now you know one of the reasons why a screen star has to be well paid.

MARIE WALCAMP ADMIRER.—Address Louise Glaum in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, I know Marie Walcamp very well indeed, and, take it from me, she's a mighty nice little lady. She had the leading rôle in "The Red Ace" serial, which came after "Liberty." Marie Walcamp is her right name. Address Grace Cunard in the same way as Louise Glaum.

PEGGY 14.—What difference does it make whether I am a male or a female—whether I am a grouchy old man with a "bay window" and a corncob pipe, or a maiden aunt to a movie favorite? Write to Jack Pickford in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Matrimonial questions are against the rules of the Oracle, you naughty, naughty girl! I have a great many favorite actresses. Write to Paul Willis in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. You are wrong about my trying to discourage any one from going in the movies. I don't discourage aspirants. I just simply tell them that they needn't expect a cinch.

F. C. R.—Hobart Bosworth is with the Lasky Company. D. W. Griffith is at work on another big feature with Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, and Bobby Harron in the leading rôles. Write to Vivian Martin at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, and Mary Miles Minter at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

BILLY.—Your Grace Cunard question is against the rules of the Oracle. You shouldn't believe everything you hear. Wait until you read it in the Oracle, and then you can bet dollars to doughnuts it's true. Write to Milton Sills in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Of course your letter wasn't monotonous.

HELEN H.—You should inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply. Viola Dana and Edith Storey get their mail at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Write Antonio Moreno and Pearl White at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Ethel Teare gets all of her mail at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California. Charles Chaplin will get his at the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd should be addressed at the Rolin Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Marie Doro receives her mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

S. O. S.—Mollie King just appeared recently in "The Seven Pearls" serial for Pathé. There hasn't been a serial on the order of "The Black Box" since that was produced by the Universal. Douglas Fairbanks is an American. He was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Charles Ray's latest feature is "The Hired Man."

K. J.—Yes, several of the Marguerite Clark and Pauline Frederick stories have appeared in PICTURE-PLAY. Write to the editor about the copies.

MISS JEMMIE S.—The editor is sending you a copy of the Market Booklet, for which you sent six cents in stamps.

BEVERLY.—The colored pictures you refer to are done by hand. This is a very hard job and requires a great deal of skill to do. Most of the films of this type are hand-colored in France, even though they may be made in this country. Mary Pickford says that she is going to quit the movies in about two years and settle down. We wonder!

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

PICTURE-PLAY FAN.—You can secure a copy of the market booklet by sending six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine. It will give you the names and addresses of all the leading film companies, and also the type of stories they are in the market for at the present time. All questions regarding scenarios should be addressed to the scenario editor of PICTURE-PLAY.

RED HEAD.—I am sure that Mrs. Vernon Castle will send you one of her photographs if you send the twenty-five cents to her that you mention. She should be addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Where did you address your letter to Creighton Hale? It should have been sent to him at the same address as Mrs. Castle. You are wrong, all wrong! I am always glad to hear from new readers, and not sore when they write, as you imagine. Certainly you may write again. Any time you like. And I'll try to answer as promptly as I can.

A SOUTHERN YANKEE.—Many of the picture stars began their careers as extras before the camera, so you see your friend's dope on this matter is all wrong. They are doing it every day, too, so I don't see any reason why any one with the ability to register satisfactory on the screen can't come up from the extra list and become a regular. Why don't you try it? Several of the screen stars wear glasses when not acting before the camera. This seems to be especially the case with the comedians. Several of them are thirty and over. Can't answer your Hart question, as it is against the rules of the Oracle, but seeing it is your first offense I'll forgive you, if you'll write soon again.

CLEO.—Where have you been keeping yourself? See that you are still patriotic in your selection of stationery. Keep it up. It is very atractive. Both Tom Forman and Walter Long, the famous villain, are with the coast artillery of California. Any letter sent to them in care of the Lasky Studio, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will surely reach them. No, friend Cleo, even as much as I like you, I can't break one of the Oracle rules for you. Sorry!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S FRIEND.—Billie West's make-up is not original with him. It is just a copy of Chaplin's, and meant to be so. Ray Hughes is also another imitator. Charlie is making pictures at his own studio in Hollywood, California. Your letter will reach him there.

MEG.—May Allison and Harold Lockwood have not played together in pictures for some time, but now we are told that they are soon to be seen together again on the screen in Metro productions. Wallace Reid likes to play music when he hasn't anything else to do. He plays the violin, ukulele, saxophone, and a few other instruments. Are you starting a memory book on "How my favorite stars twinkle in their off hours?"

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

M. G. B.—William S. Hart will receive any mail sent to him in care of the William S. Hart Studios, Hollywood, California. He is all that you have heard about him, and then some. In other words, he's a "regular fellow" in every respect.

WHERE IS MABEL?—She is still working before the camera, and very much so at the present time. She is appearing in features for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and has been with that concern ever since she left the employ of Mack Sennett. Her latest release is "Dodging a Million," which will be followed by "Joan of Plattsburg." Yes, the "Mickey" feature in which she starred for the Mack Sennett Company has been released, and you should be able to see it at your favorite theater 'most any time now.

ANITA STEWART FAN.—Of course I missed you. It isn't nice to go off and play hide-and-seek on me like that. "Blue Jeans," one of the latest Viola Dana features, is considered to be one of her best films. You are wrong, my young friend. There are stars and stars. I know several who are very modest, and don't enjoy being interviewed at all. Madame Petrova has her own film company now, and is making very good pictures, too. Jewel Carmen is now being starred by the Fox, and Marjorie Wilson at the Triangle Studios, so your wish is fulfilled, is it not?

MISS VIRGINIA J.—You should know by this time, Virginia, what questions are against the rules of the Oracle. Shame on you! One of the latest Wallace Reid films is "Nan of Music Mountain." Yes, it is taken from the book of the same title, by Frank H. Spearman. "Wally" was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on April 15, 1892.

JEAN.—William Farnum was *Jean Valjean* in the William Fox production of "Les Misérables." I thought his work very fine in this feature. Jewel Carmen had the leading rôle opposite him. You can reach William Farnum at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Jewel Carmen is being featured by the Fox Company now, and all letters for her should be addressed in care of the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—Gracious! Two of you in a row! I'd be tempted to think you were Siamese twins, only your handwriting isn't twinny. May Allison is to play opposite Harold Lockwood again in Metro productions, we're informed. Miss Allison, who is a singer as well as an actress, had planned to play in a London musical production this season. But she changed her mind, and arranged to play opposite Lockwood again. Your question regarding them is against the rules of the Oracle, so I won't be able to answer it. The studio manager generally selects the actor or actress who is to play opposite the star of his pictures. You are quite a long ways from meeting Harold Lockwood now. He is in New York at the present time, making his features, while you are in Ocean Park, California. That's quite some distance to go calling.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

U. S. A.—Harry Hilliard did not play with June Caprice in "Miss U. S. A." Harry Millarde directed the picture. Yes, "real, live" soldiers were used in the scenes. There are a great many of the moving-picture players and directors in the service of the United States Army since the war broke out, and the moving-picture actresses are all knitting for the boys in France.

Dollie O'Brien.—Rita Jolivet was the star of the picture with her famous monk. Address Billie Rhodes at the Christie Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Franklyn Farnum gets his mail at Universal City, California. William Desmond finds his at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Eileen Percy should be addressed at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Dorothy Dalton receives her mail at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Ollie Kirby should be addressed at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Violet Mersereau can be reached at the Universal Film Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Ham An'.—Ham, of "Ham and Bud" fame, is known off the screen as Lloyd V. Hamilton, while Bud is none other than Albert Duncan. They are not playing together at the present time. Bud is not working in pictures, and his former partner, Ham, is appearing in Sunshine Comedies, which are being released by the William Fox Company. Lloyd's latest picture is "Hungry Lions in a Hospital," directed by Jack White and Al Ray. Ethel Teare is with the Mack Sennett forces, and can be reached at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Allesandro Street, Edendale, California. He has five companies making two-reel comedies for the Paramount program.

Belle Bennett, Jr.—Belle Bennett is working on another of those Alaskan pictures in which she has proved so popular. Belle likes the rôles immensely, and so the feeling is mutual between her and the public in regard to this type of film. You can get in touch with her by mail at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Alice Maison is not acting in dramas. She does all of her work for the Mack Sennett comedies. She was a professional dancer before she went into pictures, and still dances at benefits, et cetera.

Minnie.—Lloyd Hamilton and Bud Duncan are not playing in "Ham and Bud" comedies any more. Lloyd, or "Ham," as he is best known, has been featured in Sunshine Comedies since leaving the Kalem Company. Bud is not working in pictures at the present time. Lloyd's latest release is "Hungry Lions in a Hospital," which is even better than his first Sunshine comedy you liked so well, "Roaring Lions and Wedding Belles." No, they are not going to keep him working with lions. Lloyd says that he feels greatly relieved that they will not be in his supporting cast for the next picture, for if a food famine threatened they might take it into their heads to support themselves on one of his spare ribs.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

O. Ima Phule.—You must have overlooked your answer, Ima, because I remember that heading distinctly. There are several stars of the screen who are six feet tall or over. Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, and Harold Lockwood are three of them. Earl Foxe is also over the six-foot mark. Bill Hart has passed the six-foot rule, as well. Several of the big screen stars commenced as extras, years ago, and worked themselves up. Of course it is harder to do at the present time, because the public insists on seeing stars who have a big reputation either on the stage or the screen. Eva Tanguay made one motion picture, "The Wild Girl," for the Selznick Enterprises, but has returned to vaudeville. Yes, I followed the "Voice on the Wire." The Shuberts have not gone in for motion pictures as yet, but you never can tell. No, I am the only one that answers the Oracle questions. In other words, I'm the whole department.

Corporal Johnnie.—Can't answer your question regarding Harold Lockwood, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Your Wally Reid question is also against the rules. A great many of the film players have enlisted in the army. I should judge that you were an American by the stationery you use, and by your heading as well.

J. W. D.—Frank Keenan, Robert McKim, and Mary Boland had the leading rôles in the Triangle feature, "Stepping Stones." Warren Kerrigan was the featured party in Universal's "Samson" feature.

Your New Admirer S. B.—The Essanay Film Company is about the only studio operating in Chicago at the present time. They are on 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois. You can get a list of the complete roster of studios in the United States by sending six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet.

C. Brown.—You should send six cents in stamps for the Market Booklet, and not a self-addressed envelope.

Sweetie.—No, Vernon Castle is not dead. In fact, he is very much alive at the present time. He appeared in one feature, "The Whirl of Life," with Mrs. Vernon Castle. Milton Sills plays regularly in films, but not with any one company. He has played opposite Ruth Roland, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Miriam Cooper, and a great many others. You can reach him by mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Black and White.—Fay Tincher is not on the legitimate stage by any means. She has returned to the realm of the silent comedy, and is now at the head of her own company, making two-reel comedies. Write to her at the Willis & Inglis Studios, Hollywood, California. She is still sticking to her black-and-white striped form of dress, which is original with her.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

CHARLES RAY ADMIRER.—Charles Ray's latest release on the Paramount program is "The Hired Man," another one of those rube-boy stories that Charlie has been doing such great work in lately. It provides him with a fine vehicle to demonstrate his ability in this line of character, and he does very well in the rôle assigned him. Victor Schertzinger is still directing his pictures.

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU.—This is the first time I knew anything about it. But please be more specific about it. I'd like to know for future reference just how you fell. Roscoe Arbuckle is still releasing his pictures on the Paramount program. A letter addressed to him in care of the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California, will surely reach him. Al St. John and Buster Keaton are his chief fun makers at the present time. Alice Lake is playing opposite him. Charles Chaplin has started production at his own studios in Hollywood, California, and his first two-reel comedy should be forthcoming in a very short while now. No, Eric Campbell does not play in his company now. Campbell was killed in an automobile accident several months ago in Los Angeles, California, when his car crashed into another machine as he was going about sixty miles an hour.

OPHELIA.—Charles Ray has appeared in six pictures since he joined the Paramount forces. Only four of them have been released, however. It is hard to tell which one is the best. To tell the truth, they seem to be getting better with each release. "The Son of His Father" was his first release for the Paramount, which was followed by "His Mother's Boy." Then came that delightful little play, "The Hired Man." Vola Vale appeared opposite him in the first mentioned, and Doris Lee in the second and third. You can reach him by letter at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Charlie is just twenty-five years old. Olga Petrova has her own film company now, and her features are being released by the Exhibitors' Booking Corporation. "A Daughter of Destiny" was her first release under her own banner.

SHILLINGARYDS.—Theda Bara is twenty-seven years old. You might get a copy of the February, 1916, issue of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, which contains the story, "My Strange Life," written by Theda Bara herself. This will tell you nearly all you will want to know about herself. She was a stage star in this country and in France before going in for the films. The first picture she made was for Fox, "A Fool There Was," and she played a vampire in this, and has been vamping ever since. Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. She has been on the stage since she was twenty years old. She made her first appearance in America at the Follies Bergere in New York. Valeska Suratt was born in Terre Haute, Indiana. Valeska has gone back into the vaudeville game again. A letter addressed to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation will reach her as quickly as any other address. The dancers you mention have not appeared on the screen as yet.

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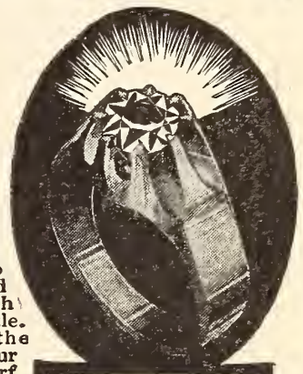

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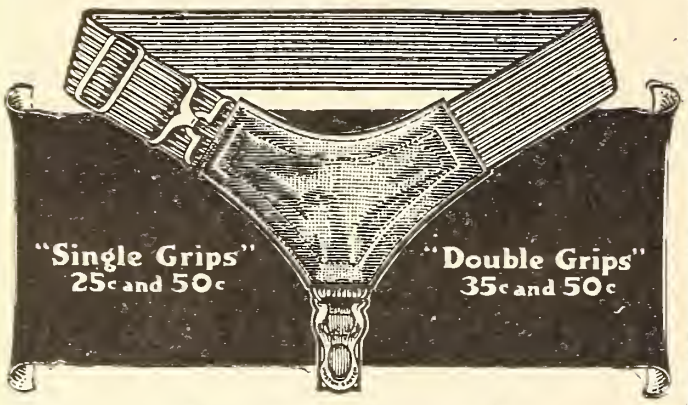

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CLEO WILLIAMS.—My goodness, lady, do you expect to write to *all* of these players whose addresses you ask for, with stamps so high and everything? Did you ever hear about the little frog who was always getting into mischief, "'cause he hadn't never nothin' else to do?" Well, here they are, anyway. Maxine Elliott, Madge Kennedy, and Mae Marsh will get mail sent to them in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. Vivian Reed, Dorothy Phillips, Louise Lovely, Clare du Bray, and Franklyn Farnum receive their letters at Universal City, California. Fay Tincher, Ollie Kirkby, William Russell, Jay Belasco, Helen Holmes, and Alfred Whitman should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Also Bessie Love, Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glaum, Henry Walthall, and Warren Kerrigan get all of their daily mail at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Harold Lockwood, and Emily Stevens should be addressed in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Wallace Reid, Marguerite Clark, Billie Burke, and Ann Pennington get all of their mash notes at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Jay Belasco and Tom Forman are now in the service of Uncle Sam. George Walsh, Seena Owen, Valeska Suratt, Virginia Pearson, and Theda Bara have the mail man deposit their bundle of letters each day at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Constance Talmadge can be reached at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, where Jack Pickford and Vivian Martin also get their mail. Charles Murray, the official toastmaster and master of ceremonies, has all of his correspondence delivered at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Allesandro Street, Edendale, California. Clara Kimball Young receives her mail at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York. Norma Talmadge calls for hers at the Selznick Enterprises, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. William S. Hart should be addressed at the Hart Studios, Hollywood, California. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Sessue Hayakawa, and George Melford get their letters from the mail man at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. William Farnum is caught at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Margery Wilson, Olive Thomas, William Desmond, and Alma Reubens get their share of mail at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Charles Chaplin finds his letter box full every morning at the Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Write to Alice Joyce in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. There! Now I guess you have the list of nearly all the stars that shine.

A. Men.—So you think that you would recognize me if we should ever meet face to face? Wouldn't it be funny if you should waltz up to some entirely innocent person and accuse him or her of being the Oracle? Haven't heard from any of the players complaining that they were sick, so I judge that they must all be well. The weather in New York is warming up a bit. It certainly was a cold winter here, with the old thermometer 'way below zero most of the time, and the shortage of coal.

Curiosity.—Conway Tearle was the young actor's name that played opposite Clara Kimball Young in that film. Yes, Beverly Bayne is still playing opposite Francis X. Bushman in Metro pictures. Thanks for that little compliment. No, I am not conceited as yet. That is, I don't think I am. I never get time enough away from my work to think about myself. My life is just thinking about one person after another, and trying to think just what my readers want to know. Believe me, that is enough to occupy any one's time.

Emelyn C. L.—Wallace McDonald is now playing with the Triangle forces at Culver City, California. Previous to this engagement he was appearing in the O. Henry stories that were produced by the Vitagraph Company. One of his best-known pictures is "The Princess of Park Row." Address him at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California.

Edythe.—Write to Douglas Fairbanks in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, for one of his photographs. He was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Your other question regarding him is against the rules of the Oracle Department. It shouldn't take very long to get one of his photos, although he is a very busy young man, and has hundreds of requests like your own.

P. E. N.—Yes, nearly each studio employs a scenario staff either to write original stories or adapt books and stories for the screen. Your friend William Parker is now with the American Film Company at their studios in Santa Barbara, California. He just left the Metro staff to join the American. He wrote short stories and plays before going in for screen work. Your other questions should be addressed to the scenario editor of Picture-Play. Write to Parker in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Michigan Girl.—Your note hasn't been answered as quickly as you wished, my new friend, but it is the swiftest that I could hand it out. I have been rushed to death with inquiries, and am just about catching up with them now. But the next time you write, I hope to be able to reply by return issue of Picture-Play. Yes, the majority of the players read and answer personally the letters sent to them. Yes, friend Wally is quite conservative. What do you mean, "lengthy reply?" Can I reply at length? Remember, "much correspondence breedeth more."

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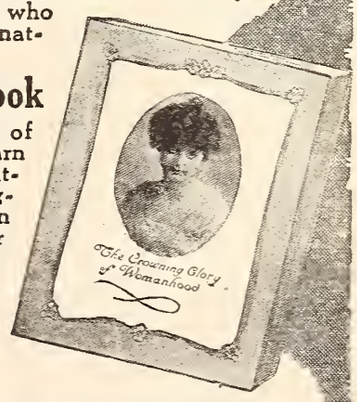

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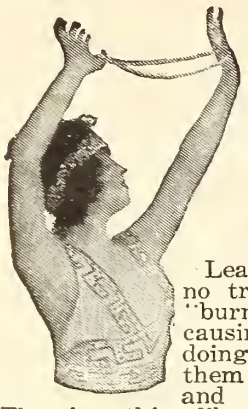

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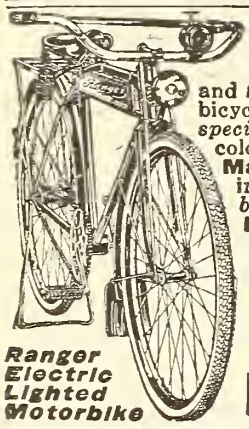

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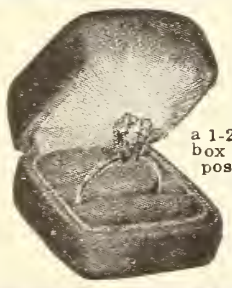

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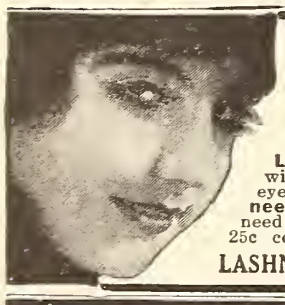

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

EUDORO MURDOCK.—Certainly I was sincere about William N. in Yorkshire, England. How dare you doubt the sincerity of the Oracle? William S. Hart's films are being released by the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, and not by Paramount. His first film for the Artcraft was "The Narrow Trail," which was followed by "The Silent Man." His first film has been out for quite some time. I am surprised that you haven't seen it yet, when you pretend to be such a W. S. H. fan. He was born in Newburgh, New York. If you want to write to some one, why not write to some of our boys "Over There?" They will be only too glad to hear from the good old U. S. A.

MARY E. K.—You are all wrong regarding Theda Bara. You must mean some one else. She was not born anywhere near Pottstown. She is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She is twenty-seven years old. She has dark-brown hair and eyes. You will have to write to her about yourself, and not to me. Address her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—You saw that Harold Lockwood picture, but are not aware of the fact because the title of it was changed. "Love Me for Myself Alone" was what they intended calling the same picture that you saw under the title, "The Square Deceiver," so that is the reason you have been wondering why the picture didn't come to your theater.

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.—Yes, the resemblance between the winners of the Screen Opportunity Contest and the stars you mention is most striking in some cases. Glad to hear that you liked the selection the judges made so well. I will have to let the editor show them your letter.

LITTLE MISS TOM BOY.—Of course you are welcome, even a tomboy. I am always glad to have new readers to add to my list of Oracle questioners. It is certainly strange that an ardent motion-picture fan like yourself can't think up any questions to ask. You ought to be fairly bubbling over with things you want to know. You have selected quite an array of stars for your favorites. Here's the proof that your letter didn't find the wastebasket, as you imagined. So you think I am about thirty years old, male sex, with curly dark-brown hair, and bashful brown eyes. How you'd laugh if you only knew!

KENTUCK.—Sylvia Bremer is from Australia. Sylvia is her correct name. "The Clodhopper" was released several months ago. Pauline Frederick should be addressed in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Harold Lockwood gets all of his mail at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. Sylvia Bremer receives her mail at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Address Dustin Farnum in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, I saw Dustin in "Durand of the Bad Lands." Of course you may write again. You're always welcome.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

S. R. S. Senior.—Yes, Ann Pennington has appeared in several pictures since she did "The Rainbow Princess" and "Susie Snowflake." "The Little Boy Scout" and "The Antics of Ann" are a couple of them. You will have to write to the editor about Ann's picture in the gallery, and an interview with her. He attends to all of that. Yes, I am sure that she would send you one of her photographs if you inclosed a quarter, as you suggest. Address her in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Call again.

D. Lois M.—May Allison is just twenty-two years old. That is her real name. Harold Lockwood is also the real name of that star. You should write to June Caprice in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Bessie Love is eighteen years old. Write to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Louise Lovely will get any mail sent to her at Universal City, California. She was born in Australia just twenty-one years ago. Yes, Helen Holmes does the majority of stunts you see her perform on the screen. Arthur Shirley was the hero in "The Fall of a Nation," and Paul Willis was the youngster that saved the day. May Allison and Harold Lockwood are not playing together any longer. They have not appeared opposite each other for several months, when they were both working at the Yorke Studios in California. Harold is now making his features in the East.

H. B. or Movie Fan.—Write to Claire Whitney in care of the Fox Film Corporation for one of her photographs. The address is 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Better inclose a quarter with your request, as they cost a player more than this to send each one out. The only reason that I don't answer questions dealing with matrimony is because they are against the rules of the Oracle Department, and the editor of Picture-Play Magazine made those rules himself, so there you are. I guess he thinks that the players' personal affairs are their own. You can reach Viola Dana at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Little Mary's hair is her very own. Harold Lockwood is having a different leading lady with each one of his features now. Yes, you have picked some very capable stars as your favorites. You should have received one of Mary's pictures by this time. Did you inclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of mailing and the photo?

Hope.—How comes it, Hope, that you haven't asked a single question about your favorite, Wheeler Oakman, this month? Has another star displaced him in your film firmament? It seems to me that you have a very changeable mind. Wheeler is out in all his glory at the present time. He is being seen in "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and in "I Love You," with Alma Reubens, and will shortly be seen in a play with Edith Storey to be released by the Metro. Quite a busy young man is Wheeler.

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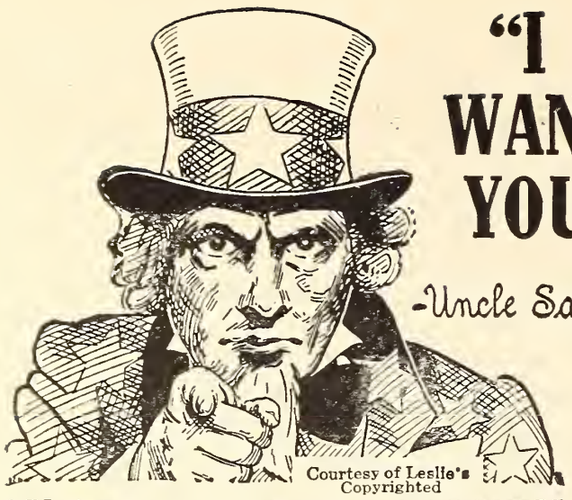

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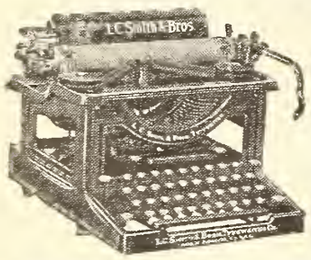

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG FANATIC.—Clara Kimball Young can be reached by letter at the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York, where she is making the features for her own company Mary Garden is still with the Goldwyn forces, and makes a feature whenever she can get enough time away from her operatic work. A letter addressed to her in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City, will be sure to reach her.

E. MAY.—It is impossible to give you biographies of the number of players you ask for, as there is not room enough in the Oracle Department for them. Why not look up some back numbers of PICTURE-PLAY for what you want.

CLARA B.—Jack Holt will get any letter you may send to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Vivian Martin is still with the Morosco Company, at their Los Angeles Studios.

CHIC.—You have the right spirit, all right. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Mr. Frank Powell is now in the West making a Rex Beach picture. His office is in the Times Building, New York City. Jay Belasco is now training with the soldiers at American Lake.

MONROE SALISBURY FAN.—Yes, it is the same Monroe Salisbury that played *Allesandro* in "Ramona" that you saw in "The Savage." He has been starring in Bluebird productions for the Universal Company for several months now. He was featured in "The Desire of the Moth," and "The Door Between." Ruth Clifford is still playing opposite him. A letter addressed to him in care of Universal City, California, will reach him.

DOROTHY T.—Billie Burke is still in pictures. You can reach her at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Yes, Mrs. Vernon Castle sends out her photographs. Address her at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Write to Blanche Sweet in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

ISY.—Lloyd Hamilton is the *Ham* of the "Ham and Bud" comedies that you refer to. He is now being featured by the Sunshine Comedies. Harold Lloyd is "Lonesome Luke." Write to Mary Pickford at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Charles Chaplin should be addressed at the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Richard Travers has gone to war, and is an officer in the U. S. army. June Caprice gets all her letters at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Marguerite Clark should be addressed at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Earle Foxe gets his at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York Ciy. Yes, it is quite true that Helen Holmes adopted a baby girl several months ago.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

DORA LIND.—She has brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, those who ought to know tell me that her fascinating little curl is nondetachable. I never heard that Violet Mersereau married the winner of the Universal's "Handsome Man Contest." Yes, he certainly would be a lucky man.

ROLAND X.—I think X. is a very good middle initial, because it could stand for almost anything, but if you think that just because it has been used by a popular screen actor it will land you a job in the pictures, you have another guess coming. There is only one way that I know of for a young man who has no connection with any movie company to get in, and that is by good hard work. If you live in California, you cannot be so very far away from some of the studios. You ought to visit these and apply at each in turn until you get some part, however small. If you still fail to get work, it no doubt would pay you to try to get into the mechanical end of the work, where you could get a line on what is wanted on the screen at short notice, and bring your own talents to the foreground when the opportunity presented itself. There is nothing like being on the ground to get in on the first floor. But it would doubtless be a waste of time to try to get in by the circuitous way suggested, in case the more direct fails, unless you feel very sure that you were born under a movie star and that the only way for you to be happy on earth is to get into the pictures.

FULLER PEP.—Welcome back to the Oracle, Old Friend! I've been wondering why you had deserted us, but never guessed that you had been off on a trip to Japan. Lucky dog! While the poor Oracle sits in an office and hammers out movie tips from morning till night! So you think that Japan would make an ideal place to set some movie scenes? Well, Fuller, it's up to you to make some director see it that way, and send you out there again, since you like the life so well. When you get into the swim again, as you say, write us. Your questions are as good as your name.

S. L. C.—This is Petrova's third husband. She was first married at the age of fourteen. No, the name belonged to her second husband. She herself is Polish, not Russian, by birth. Her hair is what is known as Titian, and her complexion is of that peculiarly transparent whiteness that often goes with red hair. I think she would be glad to, if you wrote to her, inclosing the required amount in stamps. No, I hadn't heard that, but every trusting movie fan should keep a bag of salt on the table when he sits down to read the tales that the press agents tell about the stars.

FAIRBANKS FAN.—I understand that Doug is engaged in some screen work for the government, which is to be used for propaganda in the camps in this country and in France, but just what the nature of it is, and whether it will be shown to the vast civilian audiences of Fairbanks admirers, has not yet been divulged.

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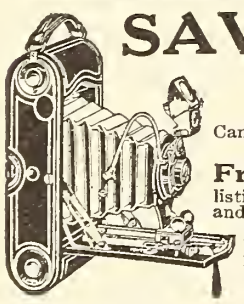

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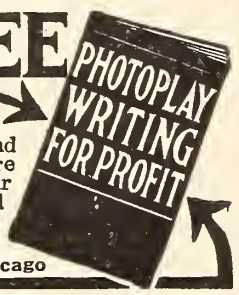

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

ALONG WENT RUTH.—Ruth is not working in films at the present time. She has been having quite a vacation. She did a feature in New York after finishing the "Neglected Wife" serial for Balboa, and then went back to California, entered vaudeville for a short tour, and has been resting since. Pretty soft for Ruth, but we would like to see her on the screen again.

R. S.—Theda Bara is the young lady's correct name. Baby Marie Osborne's pa and ma do not act on the screen. They have all they can do, I guess, to see that their little daughter acts as she should both on the screen and in her nursery. You were indeed lucky to see so many of the stars at one time. Joyce Fair has gone back on the stage. Francis Xavier Bushman is credited with being born in Norfolk, Virginia, on January 10, 1885, so is just thirty-three years old.

I. C. SNAKES.—I'm glad I don't. Address Mary Miles Minter in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Olive Thomas can be reached at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. William S. Hart receives all of his mail at his own studio, the W. S. Hart Studio, Hollywood, California. Write to the editor who had charge of the Screen Opportunity Contest, and he will tell you what you may want to know.

DOROTHY DIMPLES.—The reason that Jack and Lottie took the name of Pickford is probably because their famous sister Gladys Smith, who is none other than our own little Mary Pickford, was so well known. Every one knew they were brother and sister to Mary, so when they started in what else could they do? That is all Ruth Roland's own auburn hair. She is also blessed with dark-blue eyes.

GRACE CUNARD ADMIRER.—You should have looked the rules of the Oracle over before you wrote, little newcomer, because your very first question regarding Francis Ford is against the rules of the department. Charles Chaplin is still making comedies at his studios in Hollywood, California. Owen Moore is not with any one company at the present time. Write to Grace Cunard in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Mary Pickford gets all of her mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Billie Burke is thirty. They were buildings built for the picture that you saw burned down in "A Daughter of the Gods." Grace Cunard was born in Paris, France. Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio, on March 11, 1898.

ANITA P.—The play in which your favorite is appearing ought to be released very shortly, so you will soon be able to tell whether Francois is going to be as good before the camera as you thought he was on the stage.

WILLIAM S. HART'S FRIEND.—No, your favorite, William S. Hart, is no relation to Neal Hart, of the Universal Company. William was born in Newburgh, New York, and not in Cleveland, as you have heard. Pearl White is still with Pathé.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

I. Lovum.—That's all right, Ida, or Ima, or whatever it is, so long as you do it by correspondence on lavender paper. Only your last white ink doesn't stick as well as it used to. Perhaps it's "on account of the war." Anyway, your last looked as if a bomb had struck it, and the ink had peeled off so that there was nothing but *scrapnel* left. In fact, I couldn't read all your questions. I got the one about Eugene O'Brien. Nicer, if possible, off the stage than he is on. Yes, I am told that he was playing in "The Country Cousin" on Broadway and working opposite Norma Talmadge in "Ghosts of Yesterday" at the same time. Yes, kept his temper all the time, the office boy said. He would know, if anybody would. His curl is real. Somebody was kidding you about his carrying a pair of curling irons and an alcohol lamp in his pocket. In the first place, his clothes fit too well for that. Uh-huh! Especially when the light strikes it. Deep blue.

Loma.—If I had talent I shouldn't let the fear of a vaccination mark showing keep me out of pictures, especially if it came above the knee. After all, scenes where that would be conspicuous are few and far between. No, I think you would be perfectly justified in not mentioning it in applying for work at the different studios, unless some one specifically inquires about it. Many of our leading lights have minor blemishes, which they conceal cleverly with a single coating of grease paint.

Mae M.—Indicating, I suppose from your questions, a Mae Marsh fan. There is a long article about her in this issue of Picture-Play, so you get your wish to have your favorite honored. That also explains her methods of making up. Yes, I think your taste is A-1. So you think from something I have said that she is my favorite actress? Well, I'm in the same class with the tactful individual who said, "I love them all, the short and tall," and a lot of other varieties which I can't recall.

Baby Bright Eyes.—Some attractive title that! Jane and Katherine Lee have been busy with a production called "American Buds," featuring the kiddies as the Goddess of Liberty and a young soldier. Crane Wilbur may be reached care of Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles, California. Alice Brady is the star featured in "Ruthless Russia." I understand that Miss Garden's latest picture, "The Splendid Sinner," will be released shortly, so you ought to have your wish of seeing it soon come true.

Q. I. Z.—Sessue Hayakawa ought soon to be appearing near where you are in "Hidden Pearls," his latest release. Yes, he starred in Wallace Irwin's "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy." Bobby Connelly was born in 1909, so that would make him nine years old this year. The Siberian scenes in Pauline Frederick's play, "The Resurrection," were not taken in Siberia. They were taken on the golf links in Mineola, Long Island. New York.

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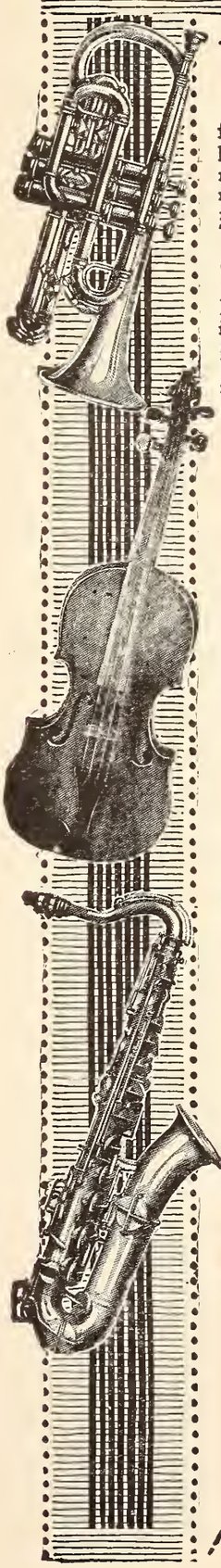

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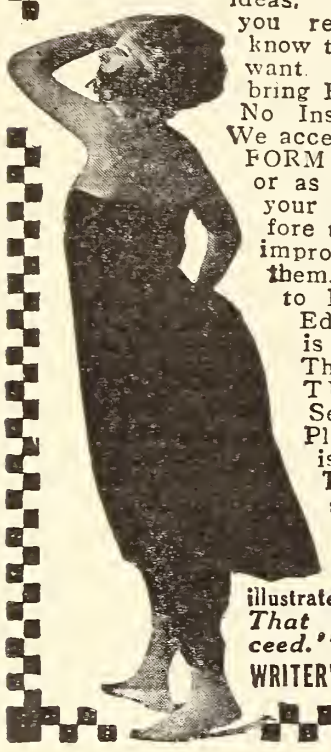

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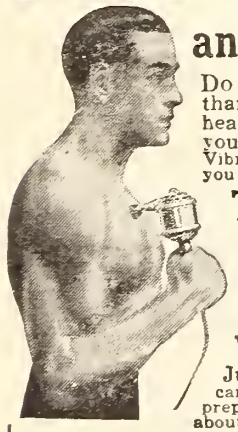

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

L. C.—Jack Mower is still playing opposite Margarita Fischer at the American Film Company's Studios in Santa Barbara, California, where any letter you may write to him should be addressed. Yes, I think he will send you one of his pictures. Margarita Fischer's address is the same.

LEAH LEE LANE.—Address Paul Willis in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Creighton Hale should be written to at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Yes, I am sure that both of them will send you their photos. Yes, I know Paul Willis personally. He has blue eyes and light-brown hair. Address Pearl White in the same way as Creighton Hale. J. Warren Kerrigan gets all of his mail at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. Helen Holmes has the same address as Paul Willis. Louise Lovely may be reached at Universal City, California; Mary Miles Minter at the American Studios, Santa Barbara, California; Jack Pickford at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California; and Theda Bara in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Creighton Hale and Paul Willis are their right names. Of course, I'll be delighted to hear from you again.

TWO CHUMS.—Harold Lockwood is still being featured by the Metro Pictures Corporation. Eugene O'Brien will get any mail sent to him in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Your other question concerning him is against the rules of the Oracle Department, I'm sorry to say.

J. M.—Address Harold Lockwood in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1587 Broadway, New York City. He hasn't any younger brothers. May Allison does not play opposite him any longer. Your other question about him is against the rules. Write to Marguerite Clark in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MAY ALLISON ADMIRER.—I've been snowed under with mail, all from fans wanting to get the latest news about your favorites. That's why my answer has been so delayed, but as we are getting back to normal you can expect better luck next time. Ivy Close has been back in England, for many months now. May Allison was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1895.

LOVE-ME-LITTLE.—Marguerite Clark will be glad to send you an autographed photograph free of charge. In a recent talk with her she told me that quite often she got letters from film fans inclosing part postage to pay for a picture, who could not afford to pay the whole amount. She said that she did not wish any one who sincerely wanted a picture of her to go without it because he or she couldn't afford to pay for it, and that she had established a rule to furnish one to any one "who was so good as to ask for it," as the little star expressed it, without any charge whatsoever.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

American Girl.—Wallace Reid is making pictures at the Eastern studios of the Lasky Company. Yes, it was Jack Holt who played *Captain Bob* in the Universal serial, "Liberty," with Marie Walcamp. He wears a real mustache. Harold has been on the screen for about four years. My, but you ask a lot of questions against the rules!

Lima Bean.—I have never heard that Fannie Ward took milk baths to preserve her well-known beauty, but as this is a method of established worth, I should not be surprised to learn that she did so. However, if you try to follow this plan, be careful that the milk does not dry on and become sour. That was the sad fate of a friend of mine, a most sweet-tempered girl, but I always felt that the sour milk permanently ruined her disposition. Fannie Ward is reported to be forty-two. If you missed out on "fuelless Monday," no doubt you are glad that they are at an end and that you can now see pictures again at your favorite theater on Tuesday evenings, just like the other days of the week.

Buster.—Write to Jack Holt in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. It was probably better for her to marry the man she did for the picture's sake, even if it was different from the original story. I don't know where your friend Augusta is now.

Josephine H.—Tom, Joe, and Owen Moore are brothers as well as Matt Moore. "Moore" brothers than you knew, eh? They are all picture heroes. Joe Moore is now at American Lake, training with the National Army. Grace Cunard's hair is naturally curly. Claire Whitney is with Fox, Eddie Lyons with the Universal, and Victoria Forde with Fox. Grace is twenty-seven. Grace Cunard is her right name. No, Mina Cunard is not nearly so popular as her sister. Edna Mason is not a sister of Shirley Mason. Shirley Mason's correct name is Leonie Flugrath, and she is a sister of Viola Dana.

Writealot.—You should "writealot" to the scenario editor of Picture-Play Magazine regarding your questions, which pertain to scenarios. He will be only too glad to give you any advice that he can free of charge. Just inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a reply. Send six cents in stamps to the editor of the magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet. It will give you a complete list of all the producing companies, and the type of stories they are looking for.

Crane Wilbur Fan.—Crane Wilbur is not playing in pictures at present, but will return to the screen very shortly. He is being featured on the legitimate stage at the Bishop Theater, in Oakland, California, and plans to return before the camera as soon as he finishes his engagement there. You can get a letter to him by writing to him either at the Bishop Theater or in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

E. M. R.—Jack Warren Kerrigan takes all of his features at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. He has not been able to work for many months due to his leg, which was broken while falling from a horse in a scene. He walked on it too soon, and it had to be put in a plaster cast again, so he has been in a bad way for making pictures lately. The doctor expects him to be able to work again in a few weeks now. The Thomas H. Ince Studios are also situated in Los Angeles, California. 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 companies in the United States and Canada.

SKINNER 14.—Don't know what size shoe Tom Mix wears. I never asked him. Was not informed as to the cost of production on the Douglas Fairbanks' "Wild and Woolly" feature. Yes, Shorty has ridden many a stubborn mule. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on April 15, 1892. You, too, have asked quite a few questions against the rules of the Oracle Department, which I cannot answer for that reason.

FILLUM FANAT.—Address all questions on scenario writing to Mr. William Lord Wright, editor of the department, care of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. That is the most direct way, and you are then sure to learn what you want to know. Elsie Ferguson has gray eyes, large, and very expressive. "The Song of Songs" is her latest release at the date of writing, but others are on the way, among them Ibsen's "Doll House," which she is now acting before the screen. Yes, Vola Vale went by the name of Vola Smith when she first went into screen work. Gladys Brockwell was born in Brooklyn, New York, so you see your friend was right about it. Twenty-three years old, I am told. Bessie Barriscale has been a professional since she played *Little Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and *Little Lord Fauntletoy* at the age of five. Several fans seem to be under that impression. As a matter of fact, she was born in New York City, but went out to the coast at a very early age. Marguerita Fischer is with Mutual now. Undoubtedly. Thanks, very niftily said! Come again.

LOTTA THANKS.—Don't mention it. Am always at your service. Besides, you ought to keep them until you see what you are going to get in return. Dorothy Phillips is her real name. I don't know about that, and even if I did I shouldn't be able to tell you. Alice Brady is now working on a Russian production which hasn't yet been named. No, she doesn't have time to be afraid of guns. Marguerite Clark is still in the East. Yes, the directors say that the ruling cut into their work considerably, but they had to accept the war measure just like every other industry. Aren't you mixing them up? There were two picture plays on similar phases of Russian history—one called "Rasputin," and the other, "The Fall of the Romanoffs." No, I didn't see it, I am sorry to say.

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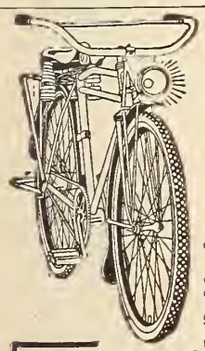

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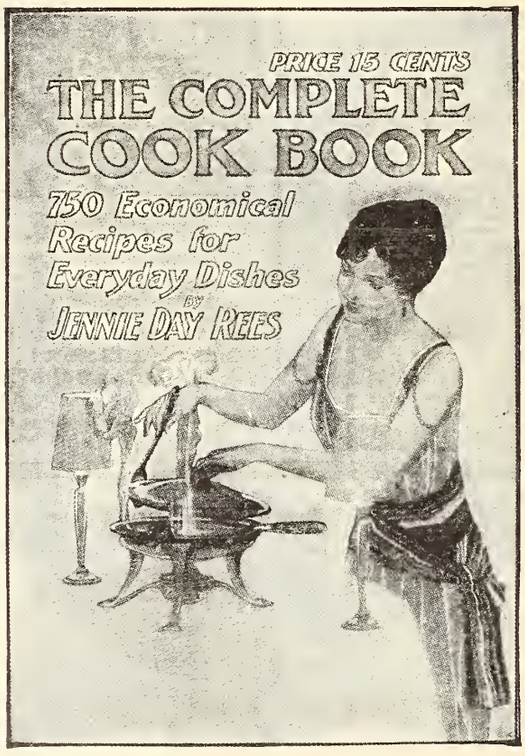

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"Koskott has started a new growth of hair on my head."—**R. C. Cunningham,** Abbeville Co., S. C.

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"One sample box and one full box of Koskott have grown hair on my head where I was perfectly bald."—**A. W. Bowser,** Butler Co., Pa.

"I was bald and never could find anything to bring the hair back until I used Koskott."—**Esther Arnett,** Wallace Co., Ky.

"***My daughter's hair grew four inches in two months.*** *She is very enthusiastic in her recommendation of Koskott, as* ***she thought her hair had been irreparably injured by a severe fever*** *she had six years ago. Although she had tried many well-known and widely advertised hair tonics,* ***Koskott is the first hair preparation to start a new growth of hair on her head.***"—Mrs. J. Dindinger (daughter's photo below).

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JUNE, 1918

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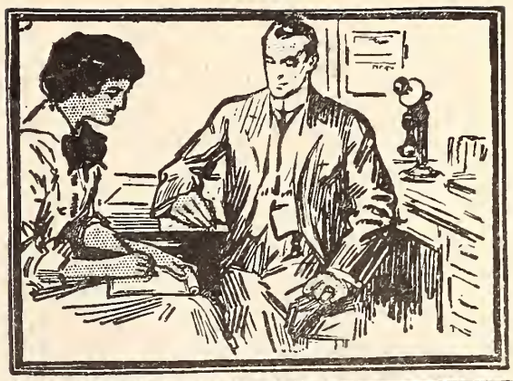

Try This Lesson Now

Take the ordinary longhand letter *d*. Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain /. This is the Paragon symbol for **D**. It is always written downward.

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** -o/

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 -o/ and you will have a girl's name, **Ada**.

From *a* 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 — would be **Me**.

Now continue the **E** across the **M**, so as to add **D**—thus -o— and you will have **Med**. Now add the large circle **O** and you will have -o— (medo), which is **meadow**, with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix abbreviations and one rule of contractions. That is all.

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Taking the Shell Off Dad

DOESN'T *look* as if he needed it, does he? But he *did* need it three minutes ago before the youngsters got him in tow. Sat there in his armchair with cigar and paper and guessed he just didn't *want* to see any pictures.

But that's all changed now. Dad has found out that a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* feature is mighty well worth the effort of getting there, with its foremost stars, superb directing and clean treatment.

Dad's was a bad case, too.

Stubborn!

But, arrived at the theatre, he was quick to see the tremendous difference between what *he remembered* of motion pictures—it's quite a while since he went—and the *Paramount* and *Artcraft* photoplays of today.

"*Somebody* seems to have got the right idea," he admitted cheerfully half way through the performance, and the family soon let him know *which* somebody that was, and how Paramount and Artcraft had come mighty near taking all the guess-work out of motion pictures.

Go to it, children of America and wives young and staying young! *Take the shells off all the Dads!*

The wiser they are the more they will enjoy
—the *foremost* stars,
—the *superb* directing,
—the *clean* motion pictures
—of *Paramount!* of *Artcraft!*

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These are the trade-marks by which you may identify Paramount and Artcraft pictures and the theatres that show them.

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TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

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NEW YORK

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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These City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron

To Make Healthier Women and Stronger, Sturdier Men

Now Being Used by Over Three Million People Annually

By enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells, it often quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and palid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a glow of health. Increases the strength of delicate, neverous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

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 are given below:

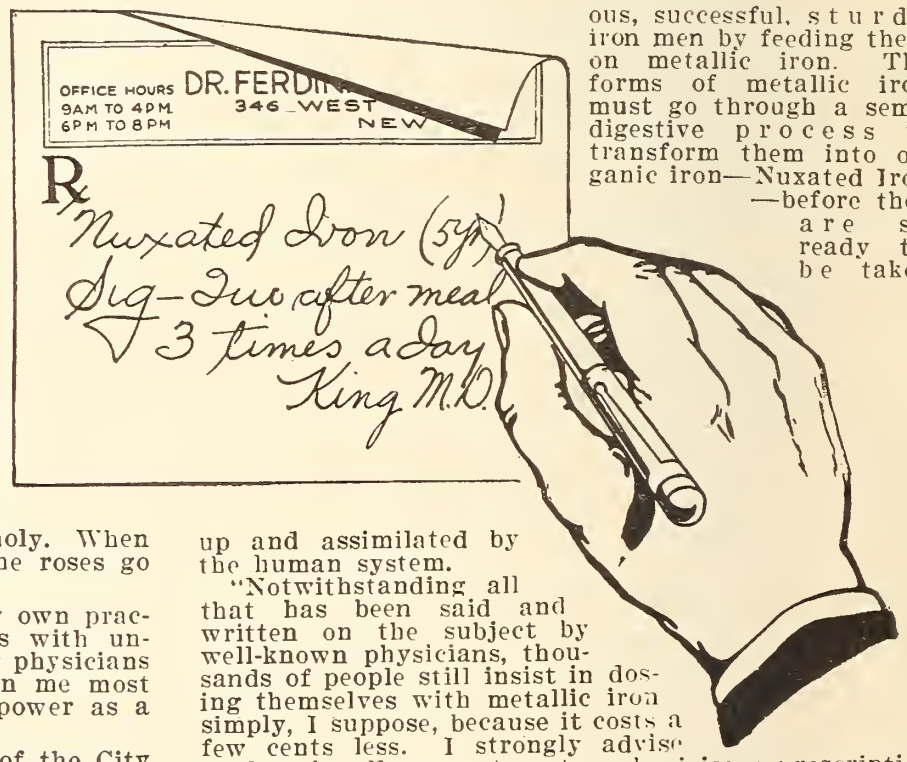
Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and Medical Author, says: "There can be no sturdy iron men without iron. Pallor means anæmia. Anæmia means iron deficiency. The skin of anæmic men and women is pale—the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder."

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and Former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, in commenting on the value of Nuxated Iron said: "This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any remedy I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders. The manufacturers are to be congratulated in having given to the public a long felt want, a true tonic, supplying iron in an easily digested and assimilated form. A true health builder in every sense of the word."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital said: "I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anæmic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles, without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body, somewhat like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, vigorous, successful, sturdy iron men by feeding them on metallic iron. The forms of metallic iron must go through a semi-digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are so ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system.



"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on the subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated 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 for two weeks, then test your strength again, and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

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MISS EDNA HUNTER

Miss Edna Hunter, celebrated beauty among moving picture stars, now appearing in the great Monmouth Film serial, "Jimmy Dale, alias The Gray Seal," writes:

I was beginning to worry about my skin. Outdoor work and cosmetics which I must use in making up for my parts were playing havoc with its smoothness. Then I heard of your secret preparation and now after a particularly hard day I just apply Princess Tokio and every trace of fatigue, strain and roughness vanishes like magic. I gave it to a friend whose face was becoming wrinkled, and she says that it wiped the wrinkles off in no time. I wish you all the success you so richly deserve.

EDNA HUNTER.

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Favorite Picture Players

ANN LITTLE

is a regular Western girl, with all the abandon and out-of-door charm of California, her native State. She rides like a boy, and wears trousers like a boy, too, to plant her garden and "work around." Perhaps that fact accounts largely for her success in "Nan o' Music Mountain" and "Rimrock Joan." Her latest release is "The House of Silence," with Wallace Reid.

MADGE EVANS

who is soon to play "Wanted—A Mother," describes herself as having "eyes of ble-oo, and sort of brown hair, and I guess that's all, thank you."

JUNE CAPRICE

takes us back to the days of "ten in the dark" in her latest release, "The Camouflage Kiss," which is a delightful admixture of romance and mystery.

BETTY BLYTHE

played in "Everywoman" on the stage, and came to the fore on the screen in "His Own People." Her work in "Over the Top" looks like a step toward stardom.

CATHERINE CALVERT

makes her bow as a star of the screen in "A Romance of the Underworld," the play written by her late husband, Paul Armstrong. She has previously appeared in the same play on the stage.

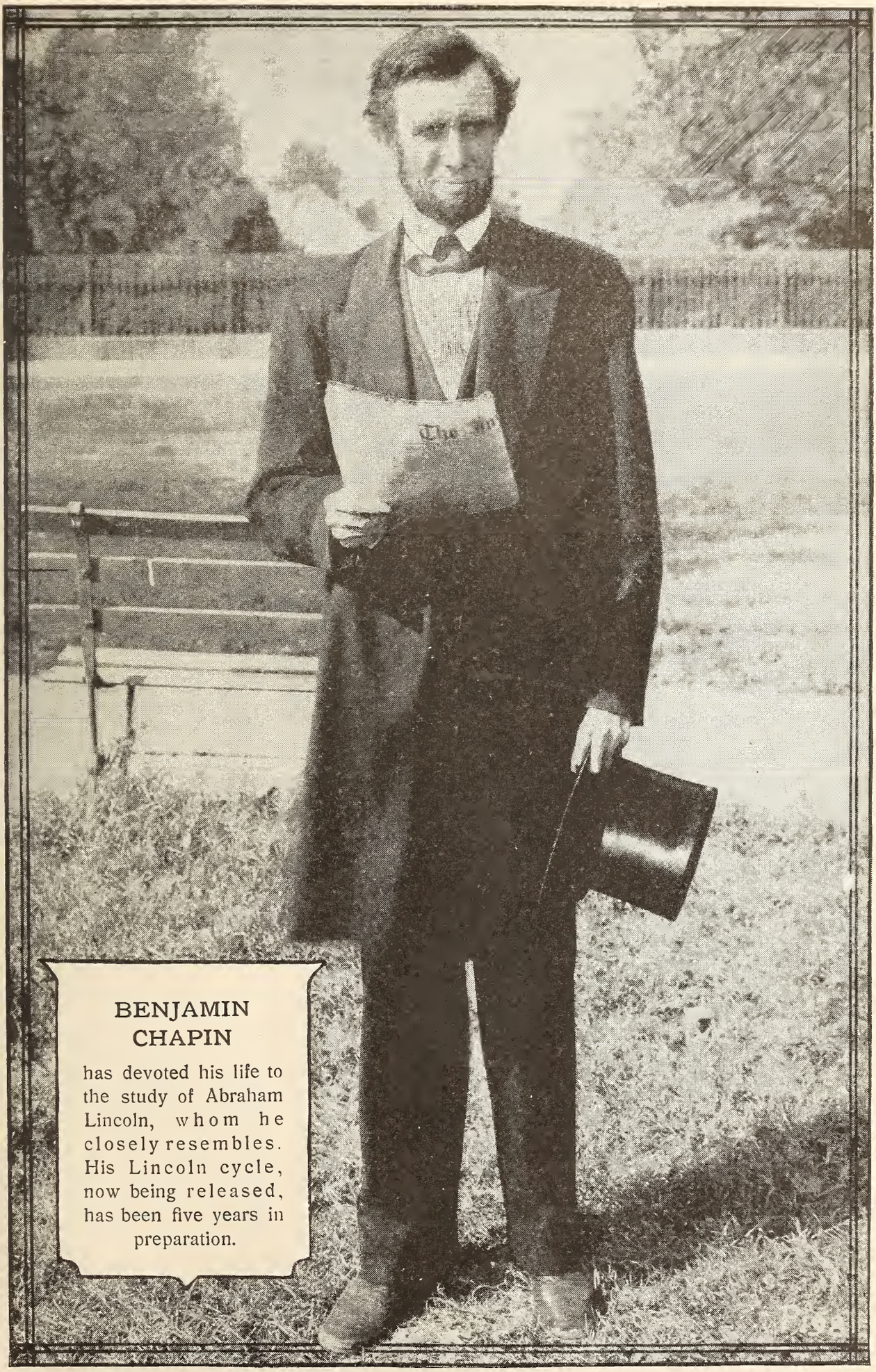
VIRGINIA PEARSON

began her varied career as a cartoonist for a local paper in Louisville, Kentucky, while still in high school. Later her interest turned toward the stage, on which, after two years of waiting, she attained success in the vampire rôle in "A Fool There Was." Since 1910 she has been doing striking emotional work on the screen, her latest vehicle being a war play called "A Woman of France."

VIOLA DANA

danced her elfin way into the hearts of people at the age of five, and has been dancing ever since. Quite a tomboy she is, too, for she gave herself away in that romping, rollicking picture, "Blue Jeans." Her latest film release is "Breakers Ahead," and she is now busy with another, "Night Riders."

OLIVE THOMAS
who has been declared by Harrison Fisher, to be the most beautiful girl in America, will be seen shortly in a new picture play entitled "The Siren in the House."



BENJAMIN CHAPIN

has devoted his life to the study of Abraham Lincoln, whom he closely resembles. His Lincoln cycle, now being released, has been five years in preparation.

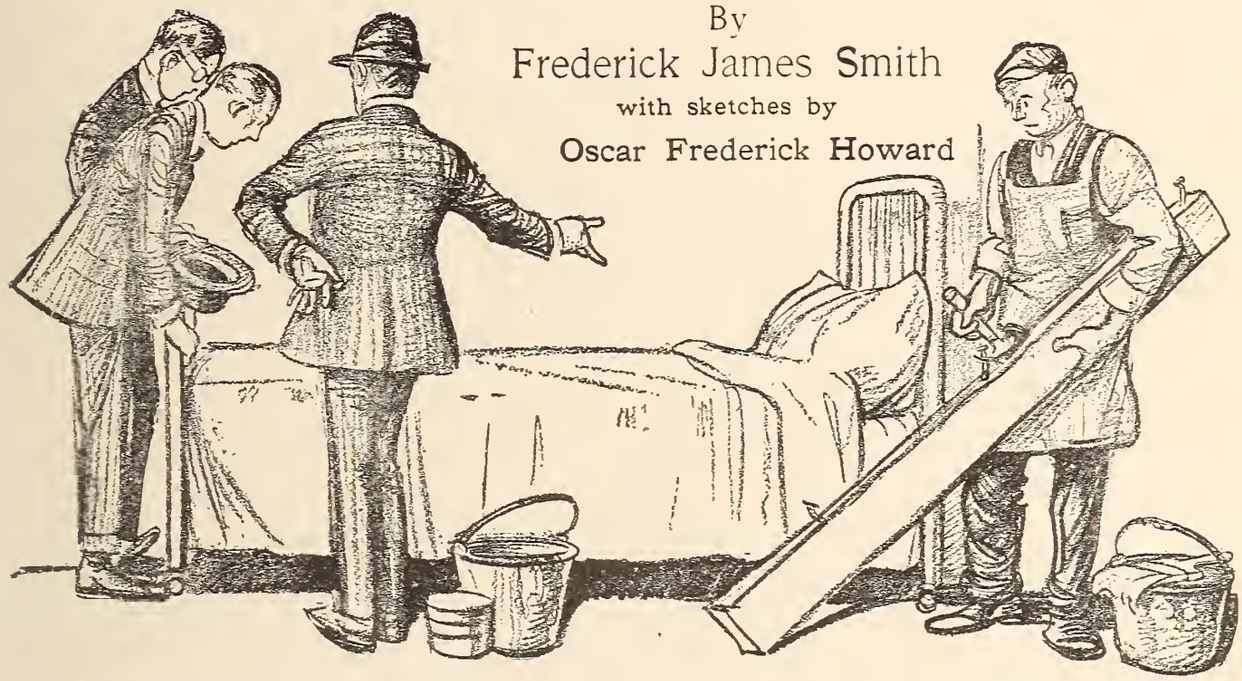
When Spring Comes Tripping In

With grass greening underfoot, and the trees spreading a regular "Apple blossom time in Normandy" stage setting—who could resist the lure of spring? Not Billie Rhodes, who gathers her comedy dancing girls, gets her gladdest cheesecloth gown, kicks off both slippers, and goes to rehearsing.

Blushless Day in the Studios

A tour of discovery in and about New York which resulted in some startling disclosures.

By
Frederick James Smith
with sketches by
Oscar Frederick Howard



"Marguerite Clark is going to be in this in about two minutes," explained our guide.

LITTLE did we—Oscar Frederick Howard, the artist, and myself—wot of the ruthless negligee limits of our day's investigation when we alighted from an automobile in front of the Famous Players' Fifty-sixth Street studios one morning.

In fact, I distinctly recall that Howard took out his watch just as we entered, and reminded me: "Remember—we break away from here in forty-five minutes; I'll have plenty of atmosphere by that time."

But we didn't—not in forty-five minutes.

After trying in vain to convince the office boy that we weren't hungry extras trying to ease a barrage fire around a director, or burglars seeking the Elsie Ferguson family jewels, the man who had promised over the phone to take us around appeared. So we passed through the sacred portals.

"I've got Billie Burke all ready for you," explained our guide impressively. "She's just back from Palm Beach and everything—you're in luck."

"Fine!" said Howard, producing his sketch pad and pencil. "Lead us right in so we can get it over with; we've just forty-five minutes."

"I'll slip you right in," continued our host. "She's doing a little bedroom scene at this moment."

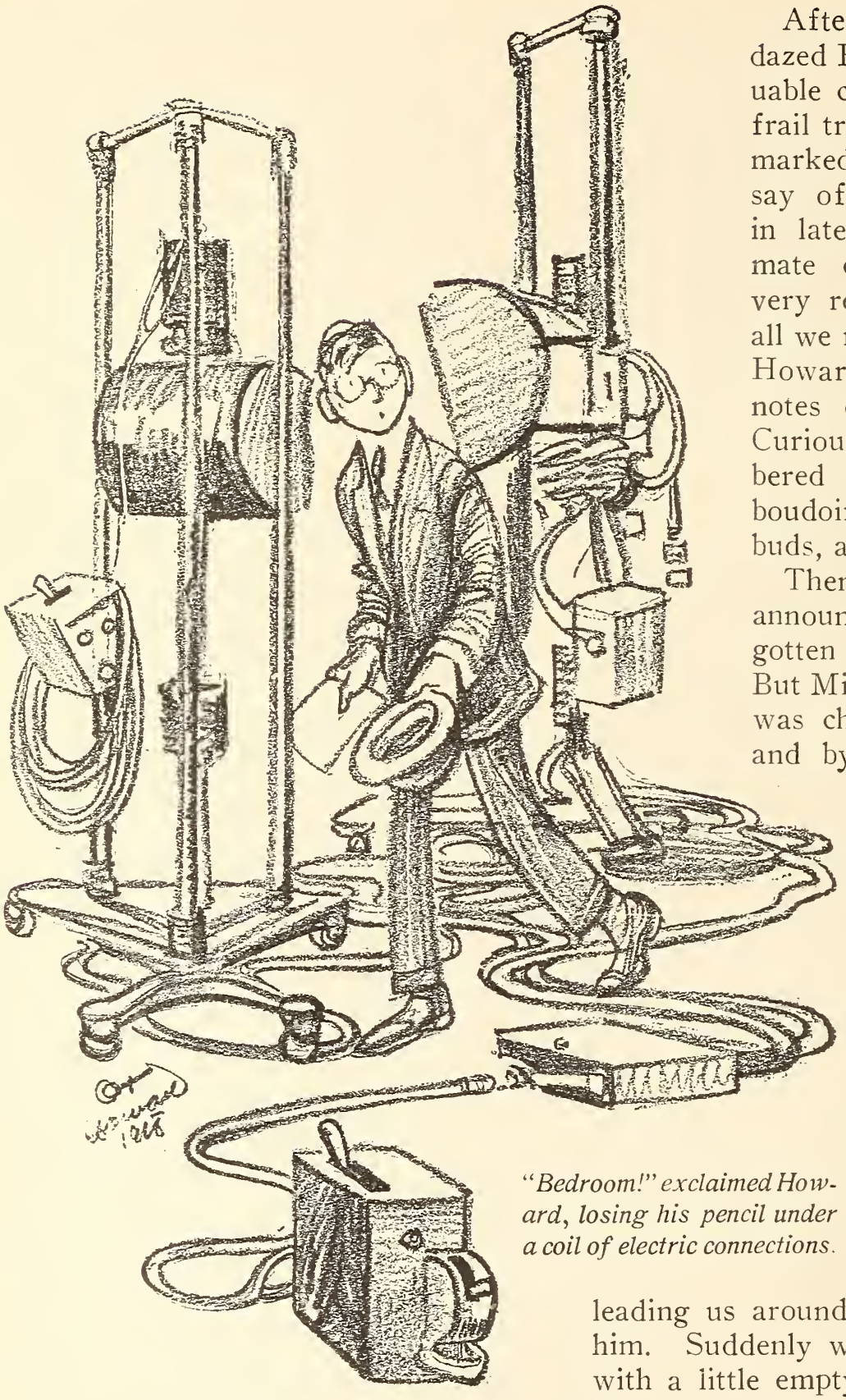
"Bedroom!" exclaimed Howard, losing his pencil under a coil of electric connections. "Isn't it—er—kind of irregular to push us in *there?*"

"No, indeed," breezily responded our guide. "What do you care?"

"I know," pleaded Howard blushingly, "but what'll *she* say?"

But our guide shoved us between high yellow screens used to shield the Billie Burke histrionics from intruding onlookers. Right in front of us was a beautifully carved bed with the Burkian red hair peeping over the silken coverlets.

"Listen!" I remember hearing How-



"Bedroom!" exclaimed Howard, losing his pencil under a coil of electric connections.

ard start, sort of hoarsely. "I've got just forty-five min——"

"Miss Burke," said our irrepressible guide, "these boys are going to do you for a magazine."

"Isn't that nice!" said Miss Burke, sitting upright in pale-blue somethings or other. "What do you want me to say?"

After our host had led the dazed Howard around a valuable camera standing on a frail tripod, Miss Burke remarked, in part—as they say of political candidates in late October—that intimate domestic scenes are very restful. That's about all we recall of her remarks. Howard and I compared notes on this afterward. Curiously we both remembered that Miss Burke's boudoir cap had little rosebuds, and——

Then Howard suddenly announced that he had forgotten to make his sketch. But Miss Burke, we learned, was changing her costume, and by the time we were again admitted to her presence we found her attired in a tea gown. A sceneshifter had just placed the Burkian lunch, consisting—honestly!—of an apple and a bottle of White Rock, on her dressing table.

"Step over this way, folks," said the guy who was leading us around, as Howard termed him. Suddenly we came face to face with a little empty brass bed in a setting showing a small hall room.

"That looks mighty prosaic after the luxurious Burke affair," commented Howard, who was beginning to recover his poise.

"Marguerite Clark is going to be in this in about two minutes," explained our guide.

"As I was saying," continued Howard, "it's a cute little bed."

"If you've only forty-five minutes," said the guy who was leading us around, "we'd better be hurrying along."

"Don't worry about those forty-five minutes," my confrère responded heartily. "I'll be able to spare a little more than that."

"Fine! Here's Miss Clark!"

The little star, in the shimmering things that stare nonchalantly at you from department-store windows, sat down at the little dressing table.

Our guide led us over to the little actress. Howard confided to me afterward that he meant to tell Miss Clark how he fell in love with her when he was a senior at college. But he didn't say a word, except to a scene-shifter who came near U-boating him with a section of a prison wall.

"How do you manage to do these quiet bedroom scenes in all this confusion?" we asked, forgetting all about our host's intimation that Miss Clark doesn't care the least little bit for interviewers.

We had to ask the little star to repeat her answer. Four carpenters were hammering behind the Clark brass bed so loudly that they drowned out her silvery accents. (All interviewed actresses use silvery accents, so we'll plant it here and get it out of the way.)

"It's so quiet and secluded over in this corner of the studio floor that I don't mind the least bit," said the diminutive star.

Director J. Searle Dawley arrived, and we were conducted past the salon of a French castle wherein a negro stage worker was merrily jazzing a golden parlor grand. Next we came to a tenement-room setting where sat Ann Pennington, the Ziegfeld Follier, knitting a sweater. Miss Pennington wasn't wearing a simple little nightie, or any-

We found Miss Burke attired in a tea gown.

thing as elaborate as that. She had on a little pair of knee-breeches, a buff—and very décolleté—shirt, and that's about all. She was playing a little street urchin, hence the bare feet and general Hooverizing of attire, which, if it happened in real life, would make Third Avenue a mighty popular place.

"Now, not a word about how I like the movies," began the little Pennington person, as she stood up and slipped her tootsies into a huge pair of shoes. "And if you ask me what I think about the future of the art of the screen, I'm going to tell you I consider that the surface has hardly been scratched. So there!"

"Tell 'em about your tribulations in that cold wave, Ann," began Director Charles Giblyn.

"Tribulations nothing! I had *chills,*" snapped Miss Pennington. "Look at me! I had to go around dressed like this at the Fort Lee studios—and not a darned nugget of coal in the bins!"

"Can you blame the cold wave for coming?" said Howard, rather unblushingly, too. He was recovering his poise more every moment.

Our guide hastily started us away. En route to our automobile we came face to face with Pauline Frederick, wrapped in a kimono.

"Want to see her work?" asked the guy who was leading us around. "She's going to do a bedroom scene for her picture in just a moment."

Howard paused. "No," I said firmly. "No."

Out in front we climbed into our car. Our host shoved a note into my hand as we closed the door.

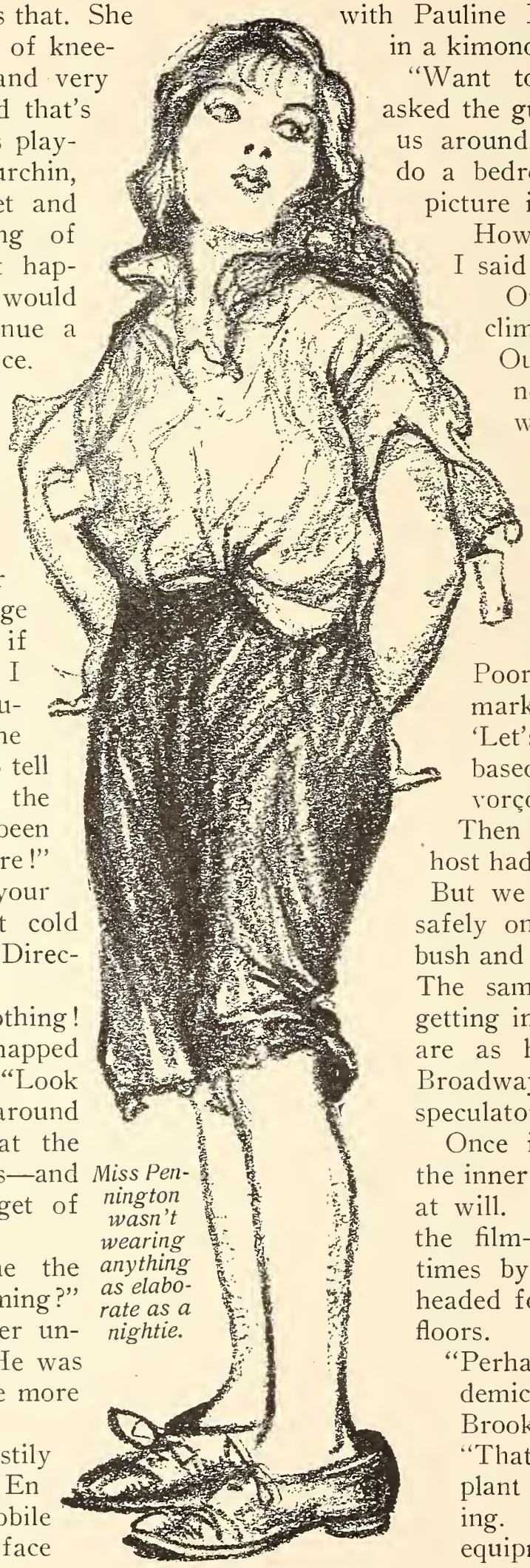
"The superb Pennington picture," it read, "is to be called 'Sunshine Nan,' the matchless Clark production is 'Rich Man, Poor Man,' and the remarkable Burke film is 'Let's Get a Divorce,' based on Sardou's 'Divorçons.'"

Then we realized that our host had been a press agent!

But we were by that time safely on our way to Flatbush and the Vitagraph plant. The same old difficulty of getting in faced us. Studios are as hard to enter as Broadway theaters without speculators' tickets.

Once in the labyrinth of the inner plant, we wandered at will. After walking into the film-drying room three times by mistake, we were headed for one of the studio floors.

"Perhaps the bedroom epidemic hasn't reached Brooklyn," said Howard. "That Famous Players plant was pretty interesting. So much remarkable equipment—and those



Miss Pennington wasn't wearing anything as elaborate as a nightie.

cameras were sure the most fascinating things I ever saw."

But we did come across a bedroom the first thing—a sumptuous type of room, too.

"It's sort of luxurious and naughty-like—like a magazine-story bedroom," said Howard.

"It is," replied Director Tom Terris, who had just joined us. "It's for a Robert Chambers story."

"That sounds promising," Howard said, about to seat himself on the edge of the bed.

But he didn't—for the lacy covers stirred and Alice Joyce looked about inquiringly.

"When are you going to start on that scene?" she asked Director Terris. "I was almost asleep."

"I was just talking to some magazine boys," said Terris. "But they were surprised at seeing you in a boudoir scene."

"Not a bit of it," responded Howard airily. "We've been in Billie Burke's bedroom, and in Marguerite Clark's, and in Ann Pennington's tenement boudoir, and we don't care. All in one day! I'm beginning to feel like a floor-walker in the lingerie department. I can ride down in department-store elevators and listen to what the elevator man declares is to be found on the third floor without blushing a darned blush!"

From somewhere Miss Joyce had unearthed some knitting. She started to work, and Howard and I started out to find the other studio floor.

There was a sudden patter of bare feet behind us, and suddenly an airy, fairy apparition breezed by us in the narrow passageway.

"Who's that?" asked Howard, recovering from having flattened himself against the wall.

"I dunno," I replied. "Looks like some sort of dancer person. We'll find out. But we didn't. Some one told us that Gladys Leslie was doing an Irish drama somewhere about, and we set out to find her.

"This ends our boudoirs," said the artist, a bit discouraged. "There ain't no such thing in Ireland."

We came face to face with Pauline Frederick

But our first glimpse of the Leslie setting disclosed the little star in yellow silk pajamas.

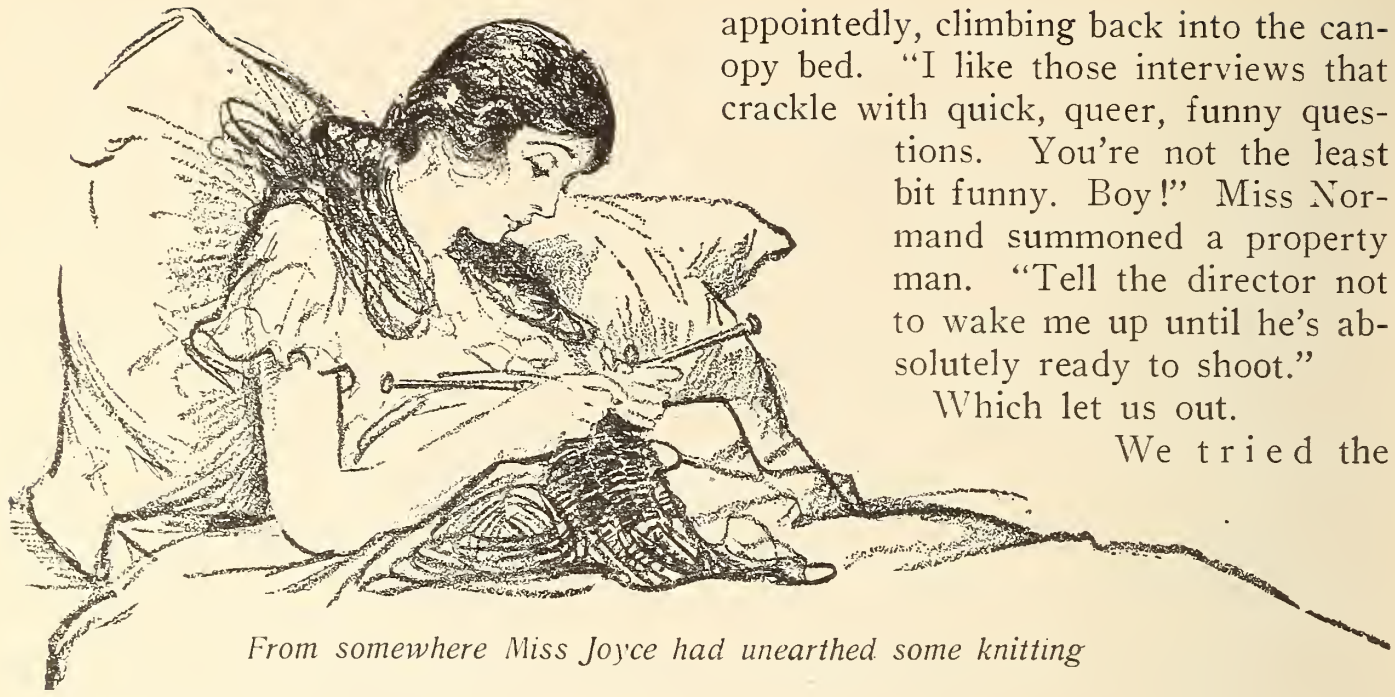
"Pajamas in Ireland!" protested Howard. "And yellow ones! Shades of Mother Machree!"

After we'd been properly introduced, Miss Leslie told the secret. The pajamas were American, some of the scenes taking place over here.

"They're nice, aren't they?" Miss Leslie commented. "And a darned sight nicer than caressing a pig or standing around for hours waiting for a rat to wash his face, as I've had to do these last few weeks. I'm blamed tired of these menagerie pictures. Why do they think that Ireland is a zoo?"

We gave up and dashed for our automobile.

"To the Goldwyn Fort Lee studios and home!" we instructed the chauffeur.



From somewhere Miss Joyce had unearthed some knitting

We might pull the wheeze about the best way to get out of Brooklyn, but we won't. We will simply flash ahead to our entrance of the Goldwyn structure.

"Only one company working to-day," they told us on our arrival. "That's Mabel Normand's. They're doing the big scene now."

"I'll bet it takes place in a bedroom," said Howard.

Investigation revealed the fact that he was right the first time, and that the Normand bed—you'll see it in "The Floor Below"—is a neat and natty canopy affair. And the fluffy Normand pajamas were neat and natty affairs, too. Even the now critical Howard admitted it.

"Ask me your questions rapid-fire-like," demanded Miss Normand, when the terrible truth about our identity had been revealed. "Ask me what I like best—go on, ask me what I like best."

"All right—what do you like best?"

"Dark summer afternoons when it thunders, mushrooms on toast, and the rustle of autumn leaves."

"You're working too fast, Miss Normand," we protested. "We've been to three studios already, and we're almost all in."

"Too bad," said Miss Normand disappointedly, climbing back into the canopy bed. "I like those interviews that crackle with quick, queer, funny questions. You're not the least bit funny. Boy!" Miss Normand summoned a property man. "Tell the director not to wake me up until he's absolutely ready to shoot."

Which let us out.

We tried the World Film Studio next. It was a dull day, they told us, not much doing. We wandered about a few minutes, and were about to leave when Howard suddenly stopped.

"Say, I heard something," he said.

I listened. It was a tinkle of ukuleles.

"Golly-Curchey!" exclaimed Howard. (He afterward explained to me that this was a new swear word in Greenwich Village, where he lives.) "They're doing the beach over here in Jersey. This *is* cuticle day! Hold on a minute—I want to see this."

I thought of the waiting taxi, but, as Howard was so interested—it was his first trip around the studios, you see—I turned and followed him.

We went sailing around the corner of a corridor, and as we did so we landed square into a Honolulu stampede.

Howard, having saved one of the dusky belles from losing her balance completely after the collision, said to me:

"Gee, I wish I knew how to talk this ukulele language—I'd apologize."

At which the Hawaiian belle straightened up and exclaimed: "Can that stuff—and watch where you're going next time!"

"Life's just full of disappointments, ain't it?" asked Howard sadly, as we hurried out once more to get into our machine.

Once in the car, Howard looked over his sketch book.

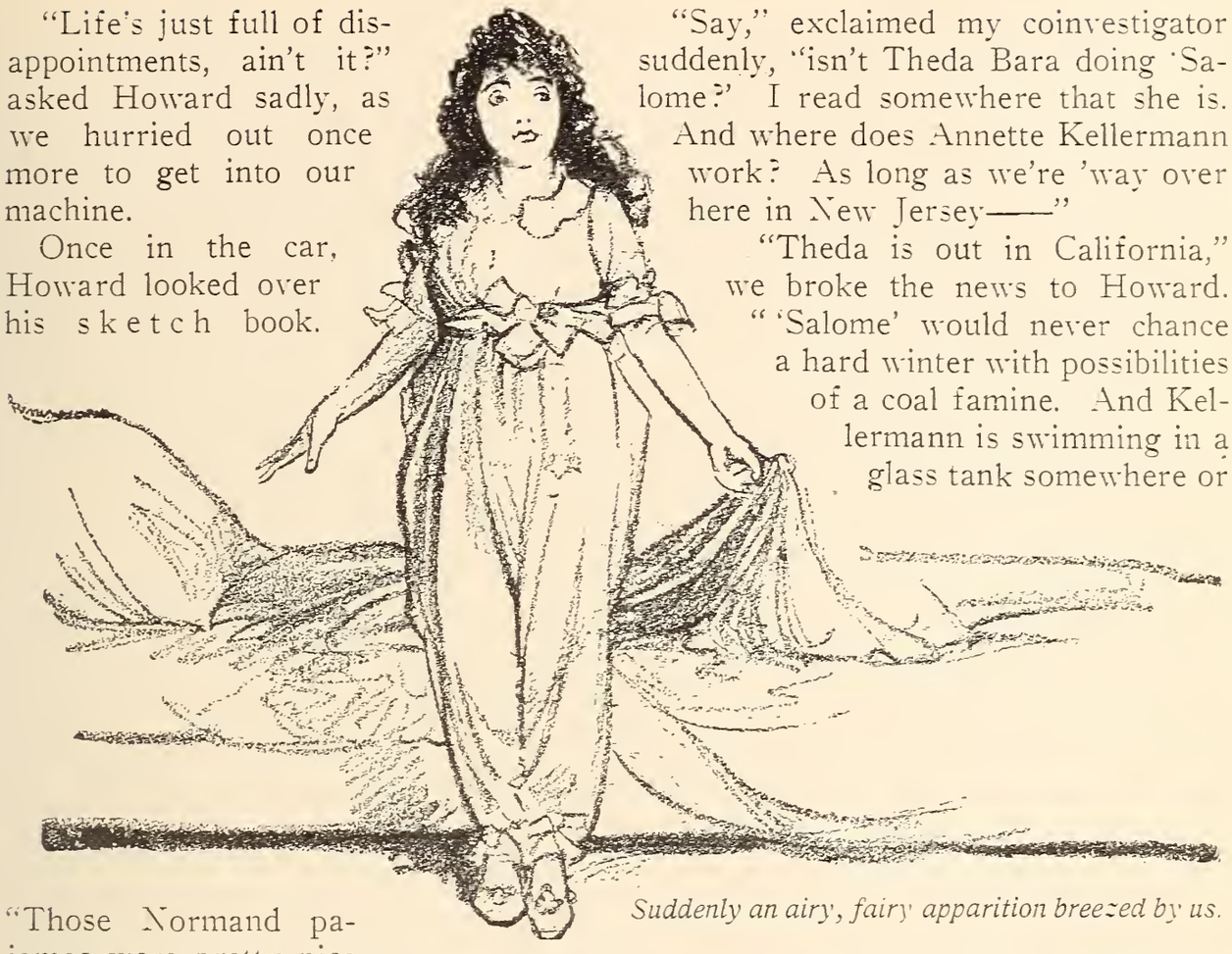
"Those Normand pajamas were pretty nice—and those yellow Leslie ones—and that Billie Burke bed—and Alice Joyce's boudoir—well, I dunno."

We turned toward New York.

"Say," exclaimed my coinvestigator suddenly, "isn't Theda Bara doing 'Salome?' I read somewhere that she is. And where does Annette Kellermann work? As long as we're 'way over here in New Jersey——"

"Theda is out in California," we broke the news to Howard. "'Salome' would never chance a hard winter with possibilities of a coal famine. And Kellermann is swimming in a glass tank somewhere or other on the Keith vaudeville circuit."

"Too bad!" sighed Howard. "Too bad! That sure would have made the end of a perfect day."



Suddenly an airy, fairy apparition breezed by us.

EXCITEMENT!

A RUMOR is current in the Essanay camp
That 'twas whispered at World by a popular vamp,
That the present subject of talk out at Kalem
Was caused by a story to frighten and pale 'em;
Regarding a question which affected Pathé;
All because of excitement prevalent, they say
Out at Paramount, where they are betting their sox
In regard to the feeling at Lasky and Fox;
Of the gossip that's making the Vitagraph rant,
O'er the rumor that's rife at the Essanay plant!

TED EVANS.

Mobilizing the Movies

WHEN the country got into the war, the government faced a big order. It had to make the American people *understand*. It was a hurry call.

The order called for a string-straight road to the American heart.

The government turned to the movies.

Quicker than posters, more vivid than newspaper accounts, the movies could make the American people *see* what it was all about. The movies could make the people *feel* that it was their war and that they wanted to do their part in it.

The movies did all this—and much more. The movies went to the bottom of that great, generous American heart, made the mothers give their sons, stimulated recruiting, and brought thousands of young men to the ranks. The movies went deep down into the pockets of the American people and sniped out literally millions of dollars for the first and second Liberty Loans, the Red Cross, and the Y. M. C. A. funds.

The movies showed the American housewife how to save bread crusts and what to do with them. They showed the American girl how thousands of other American women were helping at countless jobs, and they made her want to help, too. As a result of movie propaganda, people began saving everything from old gloves and tin foil to postage stamps. They showed the American boy what was happening "over there" and made him long to get into the scrap. The work is carried on by the Division of Films, as an important part of the activities of the Committee on Public Information which was started just after war began. War films of one sort or another are exhibited to half a million people a week all over the country.

The government is also using the movies at all the training camps. Films are playing an important part in making the rookie into a well-trained soldier in double-quick time. Just how important one can only realize from seeing the projection machines at work in one of the rough-board assembly halls. Whenever the parade ground is a sheet of mud or snow, making the drilling of several thousands of men impossible, films are used to train the soldiers, regardless of weather conditions. The different regiments take turns seeing the pictures, which show in detail the different drills and movements.

One advantage over actual practice is that the films can be projected far more slowly than the action actually takes place, so that the soldier in the making can grasp every detail of the drill. It's a big sight to see an audience composed entirely of men. many hundred young men, all dressed alike in the army uniform, leaning forward in the half dark of the auditorium, taking in every motion of the uniform-clad shadow figures on the screen.

These films are all government made and government owned, and they form as important a part of the equipment of training the soldier as all the books and charts and maps that Uncle Sam employs. They are distributed also by the government, which ships them in steady rotation to the camps as the new quotas of untrained men file in and the trained soldiers file out to the ships waiting to take them across.

So much for the technical end of the movie contribution to the war. There is also another function which the films perform—the business of keeping the men amused when they are not working. The boys crowd to the movies in the evenings in camp, to chuckle over the stunts of Doug and grow tender over Mary's sunny curls. The movies are doing a lot for Uncle Sam.

Sergeant "Billie" McAlister

She is famous, serious about life and her future, and earns enough to support a husband, but she hasn't any—she is seven years old.

By Ray Ralston

ADVANCE, Sergeant McAlister!"

Silence.

"Advance, Sergeant McAlister, and be recognized!"

More silence. Where *was* Mary McAlister, anyway? Once more, then.

"Adva——" A tug at my shoe strings cut short the words, and made me peer under the tablecloth involuntarily, just as Sergeant "Billie" McAlister, full-fledged, noncommissioned officer of the United States army, made her appearance. This is how she did it. First, a sturdy right foot—wriggle—then a left foot—a very emphatic wriggle—and finally Mary McAlister, comprising two dark eyes, one fluff of light hair, and one naughty grin, stood before us. Mary has a very well-developed sense of "dramatic entrance."

"Mary," said her mother severely, "have you been untying *this* gentleman's shoes?" Mrs. McAlister's em-

Although only seven, "Billie" has already learned to register "temperament" in a way that would do credit to a star of far more mature years.

phasis on the word "this" seemed to point to a regular failing. For answer the grin widened perceptibly.

"How do you do, sergeant?" I began, coming up with a red face from tying my shoes. "You're very young to be an officer. How old are you?"

I had a feeling that Mary instead of me should have been embarrassed. But she wasn't.

"Seven," she replied promptly.

"That's also rather young to be such a famous star," I stammered.

"Billy *is* quite remarkable, *we* think," and the little mother said these words with all the pride she might be expected to show. "But we expect to do bigger things with her in the future. Just now I'm trying to hold her back a little so that she will not grow precocious. It would break my heart to see her become mature before she should. I want her to be a child above all else." And Mary, at this moment, was busy proving that her mother had attained her wish, so far. She had

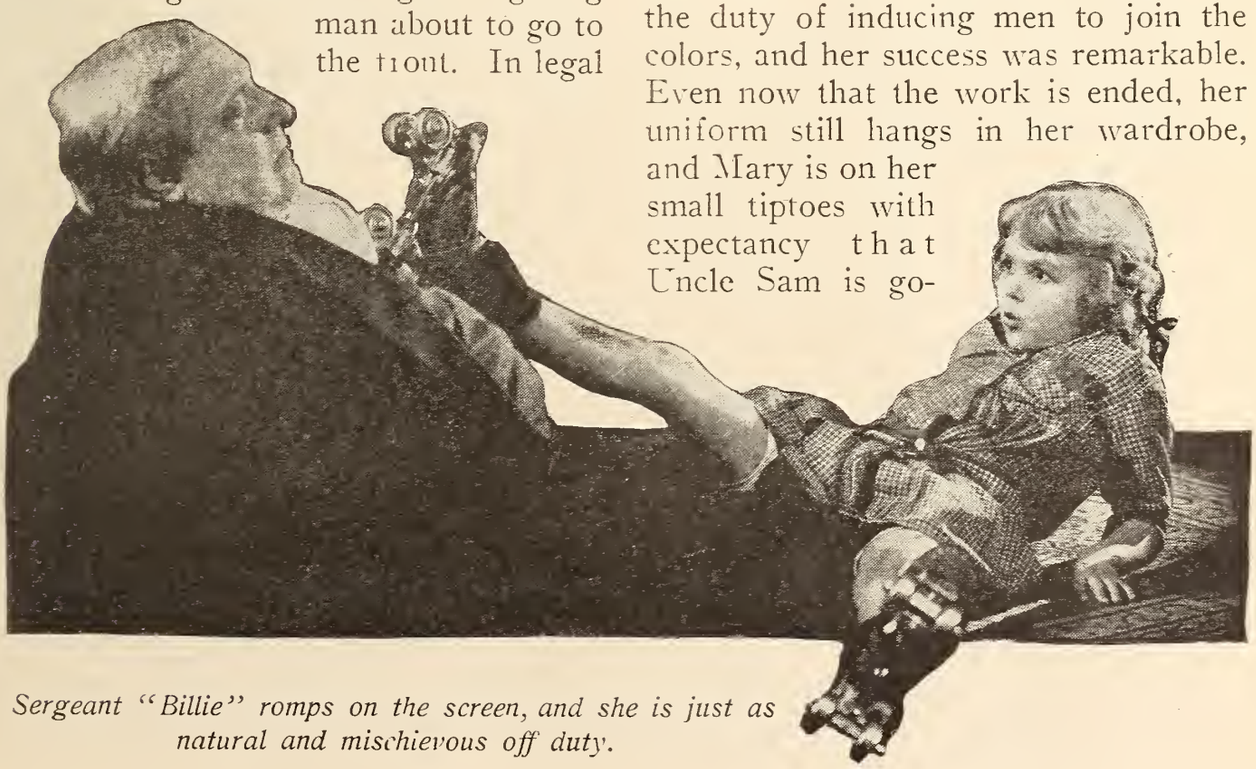
When those dark eyes get to sparkling, you may just believe there's some mischief a-brewing.

wandered over to the edge of the balcony, overlooking the lobby of the big New York hotel where we had met to have a chat, and was dropping beans from her bean bag over the railing on the heads of the call boys. Her mother called her back in a really distressed tone.

"How do you like being an officer in the army?" I asked, when she ungently pounced upon my knees.

"It's as if I'd married a lot of men all at once," she asserted. A short time ago, when Mary received her warrant, the title of sergeant was bestowed upon her with all the pomp and dignity usually displayed when it is granted to a regular fighting man about to go to the front. In legal phraseology the order announces that "all those under her command must obey her." She was first assigned to the duty of inducing men to join the colors, and her success was remarkable. Even now that the work is ended, her uniform still hangs in her wardrobe, and Mary is on her small tiptoes with expectancy that Uncle Sam is go-

"Love me love my leading man," says Sergeant "Billie."



Sergeant "Billie" romps on the screen, and she is just as natural and mischievous off duty.

ing to call on her soon again. Here "Billie," as her friends call her, peeped mischievously over the back of a chair, putting an end to her mother's narration.

"Do you belong to a theatrical family—Billie?" She shook her head.

"Mother plays, sometimes, with me, but not often. You see, she always plays the part of my mother, but she's little and I'm tall for my age, so the director says she doesn't make a good mother for me. It isn't convincing, he says." I wondered if her father was big enough to look like a father to her.

"Oh, yes; but he can't act enough like one!" she explained seriously. "He's not an actor, you see. He sells capital stock for a land company, or something. He's very busy, anyway, and wouldn't have time to play in pictures."

"Are you going to stay with the Essanay Company?" I queried.

"As far as I know now, I am," she answered. "If I ever leave, I won't go anywhere else unless the new company takes my leading man, too. My leading man is very good, and I don't want to change him."

"How old is your leading man?"

"Ten," she said promptly. "And very clever.

"It's lots of fun being on here in New York." She changed the topic of conversation abruptly. "Do you travel much? If you're ever in Chicago, I hope you will be kind enough to call." Miss McAlister's social poise is astounding. "Just look me up in the phone directory. You'll find my name there." The sergeant slipped down off the big chair, which made her little short legs stick straight out rather painfully, and, after shaking out her fluffy white skirt, held out a baby hand. I scrambled to my feet, suddenly realizing that the sergeant had given me my orders to leave. Her eyes shone like twin black stars.

"Good-b—— Oh, look! There's a man with a bald head! I've got to throw a bean at him. Where is my bag?"

"Playing lady" is a favorite game with children, but with the sergeant it's "all in the day's work."

The Call of the Pipes of Pan

A LONG walk up the railroad track, a tramp through the woods, lunch cooked in the open, and finally a plunge in the chilly water of the creek. These are the memories which, in spring, come back to every one who's ever been a real boy. If you want to be called back to boyhood go and see one of the Judge Brown comedies, from which these snaps were taken.

Those Adorable

IF physicians are right when they tell us that very tall persons attain their height by reason of a disease which affects the pituitary gland at the base of the brain, that malady seems to have kept far away from most of the feminine stars of the screen.

The five-foot favorites of filmdom would furnish pony ballets for all the musical comedies on Broadway—if they could be engaged for that purpose. Look over the list of diminutive screen stars, and you'll agree that there *are* compensations for not being tall, aside from being able to sleep comfortably in a Pullman berth. Isn't it significant that both Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark—possibly the two most popular actresses in the world—are in the five-foot class? Far from being a handicap, brevity of stature has contributed toward the success of both of

Five-Footers

By L. E. Eubanks

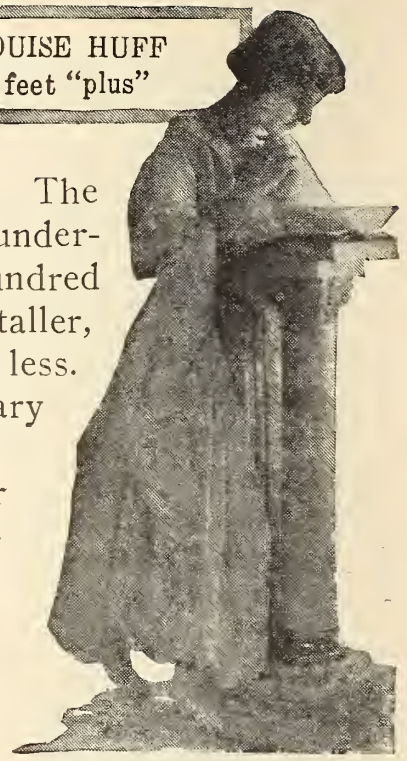
these stars. No one, I think, has equaled "Our Mary" in girlish rôles. Not that she can't do other parts equally well—but don't you always think of her in some such character as *Rebecca, Sarah Crewe, Stella Maris,* or *"The Poor Little Rich Girl?"*

And Marguerite Clark, with her four feet ten inches of charm—how could she ever have played the lovable fairy princess in the "Seven Swans" but for her tiny stature?

Bessie Love is still another star who owes her success partially to being small. She stands only an inch and a half over five feet, and, with her fair hair and blue eyes, she is just the type that fans fall for, and fall hard.

Enid Markey is a trifle taller than Miss Love. Between them they average five feet two inches, and I must not go much beyond this if I am to stick to my

GLADYS HULETTE
5 feet, 3 inches



LOUISE HUFF
5 feet "plus"

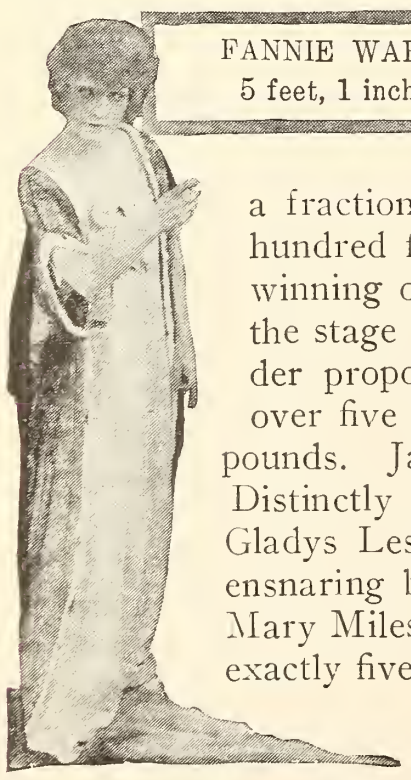
title. However, I shall not have to. Violet MacMillan and Viola Dana swing the balance in the other direction. The former is but four feet nine inches, I understand, though she weighs one hundred pounds. Miss Dana is two inches taller, but weighs four or five pounds less. Nothing wrong with those pituitary glands!

Dorothy Gish is but slightly over five feet, and Vivian Martin is almost the same height. These girls are alike, too, in having light hair and blue eyes; yet quite unlike on the screen. We have all seen how well these little ladies play boys' parts. Vivian "outboys" the typical city-street waif, as *Mike,* in "The Trouble Buster."

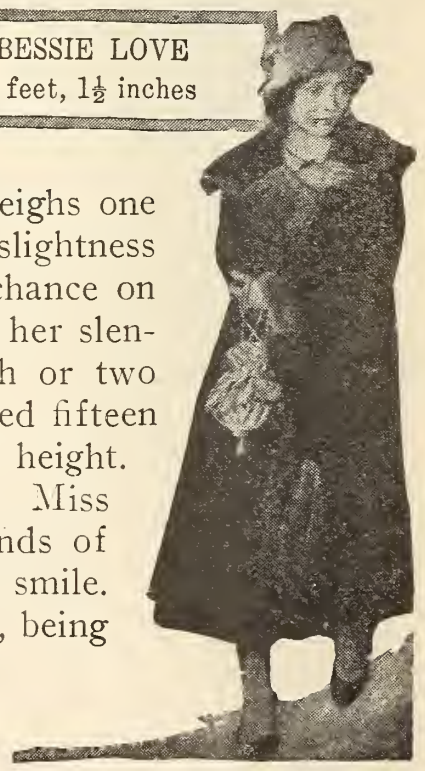
Ruth Stonehouse is five feet tall, weighs twenty pounds to the foot, and carries herself with the grace usually seen in the trained dancer. Her slightness was a distinct asset in "The Slim Princess." Ruth has made good on everything asked of her; she can shoot, ride, take any part—or direct the company.

Beautiful Margarita Fischer is another adorable five-footer—and every letter in that adjective goes. To be exact, Miss Fischer is a trifle over five feet, and weighs one hundred twenty pounds. She is, I think, one of the most attractive girls on the screen, with her dark hair, gray eyes, and captivating vivacity.

Fannie Ward is a five-footer who just balances the hundred-pound weight. What she would weigh bedecked with her famous collection of jewels is another matter. And Fannie Ward can wear jewels with rare grace!



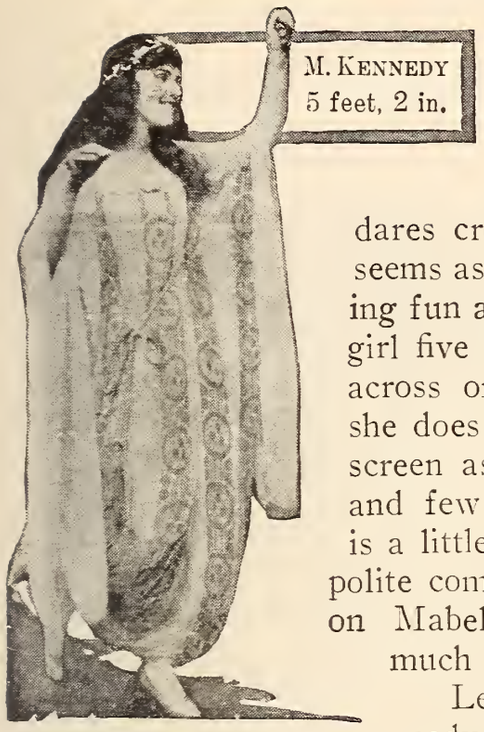
FANNIE WARD
5 feet, 1 inch



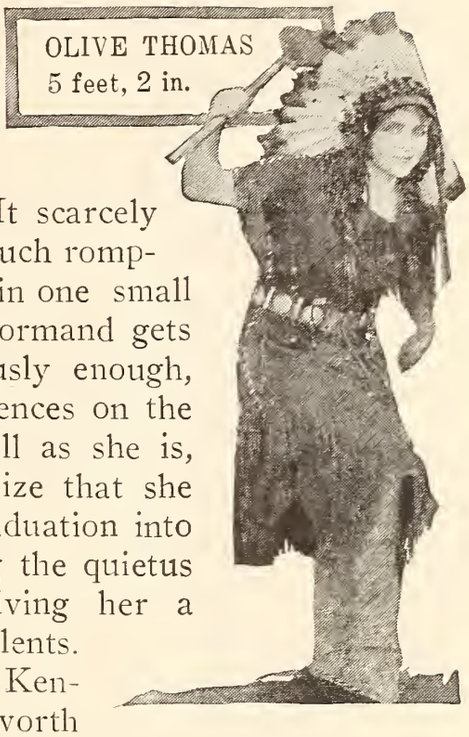
BESSIE LOVE
5 feet, 1½ inches

Louise Huff is a fraction of an inch over five feet, and weighs one hundred five pounds—another instance of slightness winning out; for Miss Huff got her first chance on the stage in "Graustark" largely because of her slender proportions. Olive Thomas is an inch or two over five feet, and weighs about one hundred fifteen pounds. Jackie Saunders is about the same height. Distinctly in the class of the ingénue is Miss Gladys Leslie, five feet and ninety-five pounds of ensnaring brown eyes, blond hair, and Irish smile. Mary Miles Minter just squeezes into the list, being exactly five feet two inches tall.

Bessie Barriscale keeps down to one hundred twenty-


M. KENNEDY
5 feet, 2 in.

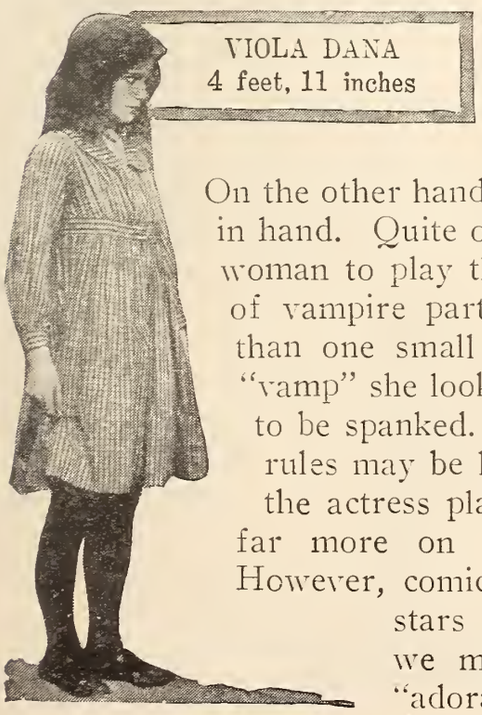
three pounds to her five feet two by censoring every potato and cream puff that dares cross the menu card. It scarcely seems as if there could be so much romping fun and merriment tied up in one small girl five feet high as Mabel Normand gets across on the screen. Curiously enough, she does not impress her audiences on the screen as being nearly as small as she is, and few of her admirers realize that she is a little girl. Her recent graduation into polite comedy, far from putting the quietus on Mabel's fun-making, is giving her a much wider field for her talents.


OLIVE THOMAS
5 feet, 2 in.

Let's finish with Madge Kennedy, five feet two inches' worth of delightful comedy situations, who made the jump from stage fame as a comedienne to screen fame almost overnight. Her stage success in "Little Miss Brown," in which she was featured, was well-nigh country wide, and was rapidly followed up with her delightful comedy work in "Twin Beds" and "Fair and Warmer." Among her screen successes are "Baby Mine," "Nearly Married," and "Our Little Wife."

One might think from this long list of five and near five-footers that the majority of girls who have made good on the screen are short. That, of course, is not so. Consider Theda Bara, Alice Joyce, the Talmadge sisters, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Alice Brady, Pauline Frederick, and any number of others who, far from being short, are tall, well-proportioned women, or at least of average stature.

It is interesting to note that the majority of the small girls mentioned are comediennes, though most of them, of course, play rôles that are often serious.


VIOLA DANA
4 feet, 11 inches

GLADYS LESLIE
5 feet

On the other hand, perhaps height and tragedy go hand in hand. Quite often it seems to require a tall, stately woman to play the tragic. The same is largely true of vampire parts. It has been remarked of more than one small woman that when she tries to "vamp" she looks like a naughty child who ought to be spanked. But, after all, no hard and fast rules may be laid down for such things. Whether the actress plays a tragic or a comic rôle depends far more on her temperament than her stature. However, comic or tragic, the list of twinkling *little* stars is not nearly exhausted; we might mention many more "adorables."

Play and

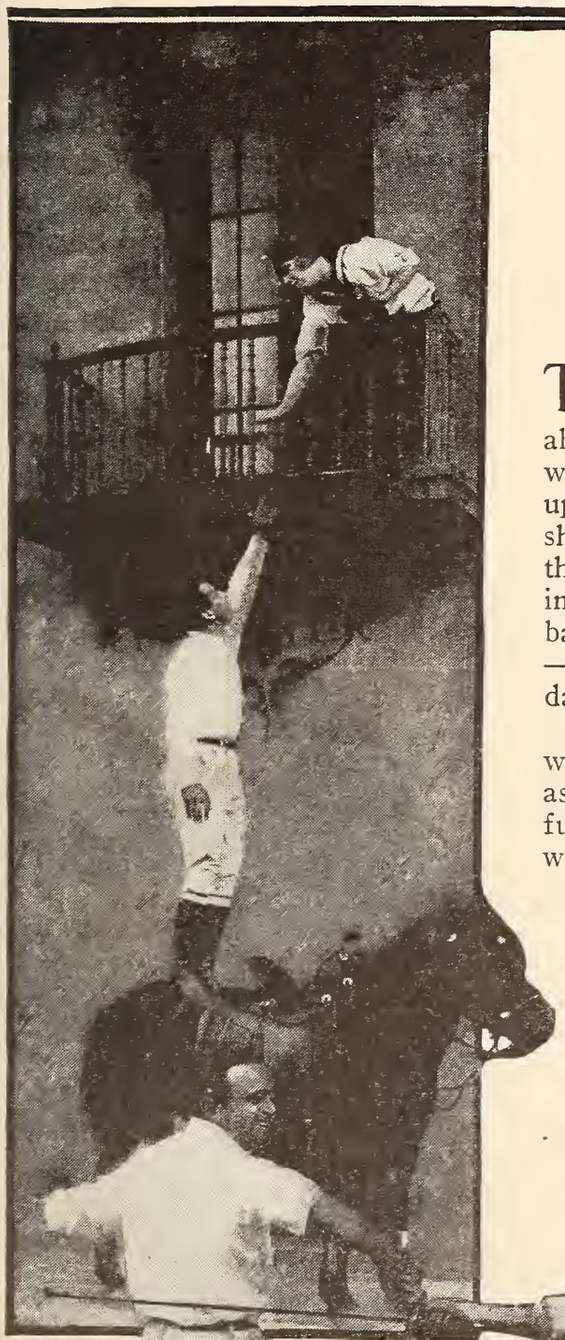
A volume in pic-

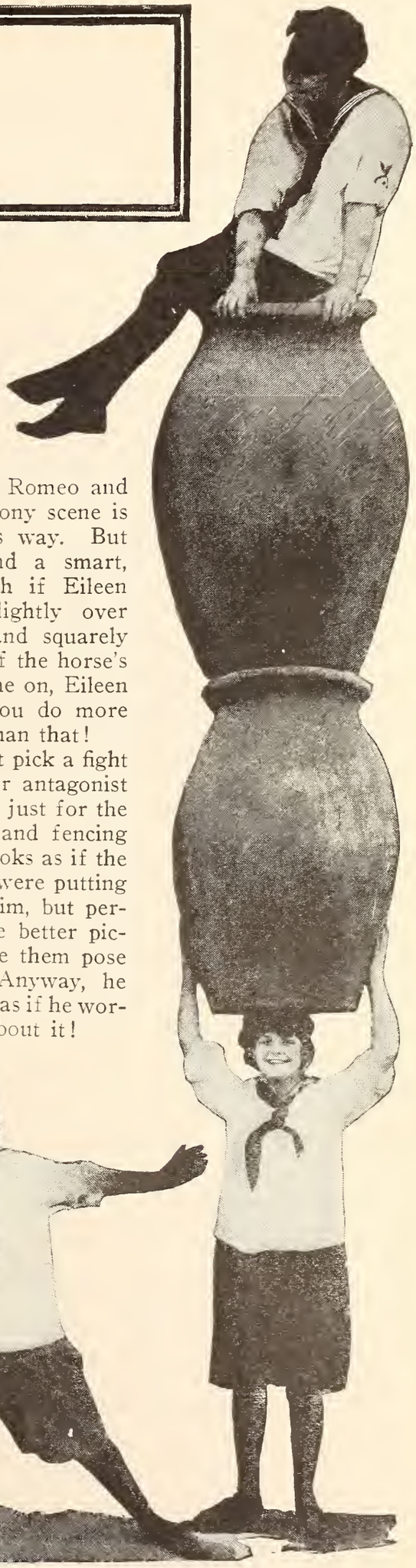
WOULDN'T it jar you to see "Doug" and Eileen juggling themselves in this way? To see these huge jars, we might almost think they had been playing "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," that quaint old tale about the jars of oil. Some of us would have enjoyed seeing such a jar of oil last winter during the cold spell.

The way Douglas and Eileen are going about their second-story work, they might be the whole cast—twenty thieves apiece! And that pair of grins would surely take them farther than any set of burglar's tools.

Be Happy

tures by Fairbanks.





THE modern Romeo and Juliet balcony scene is all right, in its way. But wouldn't it lend a smart, up-to-date touch if Eileen should vault lightly over the rail and land squarely in the middle of the horse's back? Oh, come on, Eileen —we've seen you do more daring things than that!

Who wouldn't pick a fight with such a fair antagonist as Douglas has, just for the fun of boxing and fencing with her? It looks as if the fair athlete were putting it all over him, but perhaps it made better pictures to have them pose that way. Anyway, he doesn't look as if he worried much about it!

A Camouflage Kiss

It all began by a kiss in the dark —and the complications which followed were many and amusing.

By
Fannie Kilbourne

I did not like the way Martha was flirting with Kingston.

I LOOKED into the next room and saw Pell Kingston flirting with Martha.

I did not like it—not at all. I do not approve of flirting, anyway. I know very little about it, as I should never think of doing such a thing myself. But I do know enough to recognize it when I see it. And I was certainly seeing it now. Kingston would bend a little nearer Martha, and she would look down and blush. Now, my partner had asked Martha to be nice to Kingston, but this was carrying "niceness" altogether too far. Why, she had never blushed and looked down that way, even at me.

Some people might consider Kingston attractive, but I do not. In the first place, I do not care for his breezy air. I did not like the light way he was carrying on with Martha. I do not like lightness in any form. I am a serious man myself—very serious. Some people may think I am too serious; in fact, I have heard one or two light-minded persons making fun of

my large glasses and solemn ways. Personally, I like being serious.

I consider that I am an excellent "catch" for any girl who has the discrimination to see it. I fancy I might have secured almost any girl I selected for a wife. I do not say this from the slightest conceit, however. I have an excellent business. You yourself have doubtless heard of the C. & K. Pork and Beans Company. Well, I am the beans end of the firm. Chandler, my partner, furnishes the pork. Besides my substantial business backing, I have certain qualities which I must, in all modesty, assert are not displeasing to the gentler sex. For one thing, I am very tall. "Built like a string bean," my partner says, with the kind of wit which I am sure you will agree with me is not funny at all. Besides this, the seriousness of which I spoke is, I think, one of my greatest charms. Ladies like a man of brains.

Now, of all the ladies I might have chosen, I had selected my partner's sister-in-law as the one whom I should prefer to honor by giving my name. A frivolous young admirer of hers once said that Martha looked as though she had come off the cover of a June magazine, and I must admit that there was some truth in his words. To state it in my more conservative manner, she was exceedingly pleasant to look upon. I had had Martha in mind for some time.

Martha looked as though she had stepped from a June magazine cover.

No wonder it was not pleasant for me to find her flirting—yes, actually flirting—with Kingston. I wished that I had been a little more prompt in giving expression to my feelings for Martha. Then I should have been in a position to put a stop to such a performance as this. Two or three times I had been on the point of asking Martha to be mine. Once I had gone so far as to begin.

"Martha," I had said, "something has been trembling on my lips for some time."

Martha asked me if I was trying to raise a mustache.

That seemed a strange subject for her to bring up at such a time. I confess that its unexpectedness threw me off the track, as it were. Another time, just as I began, she rose and walked away. I dropped the subject immediately, because I felt that the time was not opportune. I must be very intuitive; I catch things of that sort very quickly. So at this time I had not actually voiced my declaration.

When my partner had suggested inviting Kingston to his country

home for a house party, I had felt that it might not be a wise move. Chandler's idea, of course, had been that, as he was a government agent here to purchase supplies, it would be well to try to secure a large order from him for C. & K. pork and beans, and that the best way to do such a thing would be to entertain him royally. I confess that the idea did rather appeal to me until I happened to think of Martha. Then I did not care so much for it. However, Chandler had been so determined that I had finally given my consent. He had even gone so far as to ask Martha to be "nice" to his guest.

I suppose that that was what Martha called being "nice"—flirting with Kingston in that shameless way. I did not approve at all, and I walked away, back to the drawing-room. I found Chandler at the end of the hall.

"Hello!" he said. "Why the I-just-buried-my-aunt expression?"

"Well, for one thing," I said, "I don't approve of the way your sister-in-law is entertaining our prospective customer."

I am sure that my voice was disapproving and serious, but to my surprise he burst into loud laughter.

"That's good," he said; "though I don't see why you should care. Martha wouldn't look at you, anyway."

A remark of that kind shows how little Chandler knows of such things. I did not reply at all.

"Brace up, anyhow," he said, "if you want to land his order. Don't go around with a face as long as the coast line of California."

So, assuming a more sprightly manner for business purposes only, I went back. It was some time later that I had my bright idea. I still maintain that it was a bright idea. I admit that it did not turn out quite as I had hoped, but I still insist that the idea, as an idea, was excellent.

I have one unfailing rule of conducting business. When I am in doubt, I consult a man who is an expert. It works very well. Why not carry the same plan into my personal life? I realized that I was not making a great deal of headway with Martha. I seemed, in a way, to have stopped before I had gotten started. Now Kingston was apparently an expert when it came to women. Well, why not ask his advice about my own case?

The idea appealed to me strongly. I decided to carry it out as soon as possible. So a little later in the evening I beckoned him out upon the little balcony off the music room. I told him just the kind of advice I wanted.

"In other words," I concluded, "what ought I to do? What is the best way for a man like me, a really worth-while catch for a girl, to go about making her fall in love with me?"

To my surprise, Kingston seemed a trifle amused. I was very serious, and I could not see why he shouldn't be, too.

"Love-making is an art, my friend," he said. "Perhaps you are too cold."

"Too cold!" I exclaimed. "Pshaw! I've been just about to ask her to marry me several times. But I have never been able to get any farther. She will not even permit me to kiss her."

"Will not permit you to kiss her! You mean that you have asked her to let you!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my poor friend, my poor friend! No wonder she won't marry you. Is that all you know about women? Kiss her first, *then* ask her! Play the man! Take her in your arms and break the ice."

I could not restrain a shudder.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," I said. "I couldn't do that!"

Kingston smiled.

"It is the only way," he said, and turned to go back to the drawing-room.

I regarded him hopelessly. Then suddenly I had the best idea of all. I caught him by the sleeve.

"You—you wouldn't mind—kissing a girl?" I asked him.

Again he smiled.

"It would depend upon the girl," he said.

"Well," I hesitated—I own the plan did sound a little strange—"well, Martha, for instance."

"No," he said, "I should not—mind."

"Then that settles it," I said at once. "You will kiss Martha for me."

"I will kiss——"

"That's the idea," I interrupted him. Really it was an excellent idea. "You will kiss Martha, and I will make her think it was I. You say that is the way to make her fall in love with me. I simply couldn't do it myself." I shuddered again at the idea of so rash an act. "Not the first time. Afterward I might manage—after you had, as you say, broken the ice."

"Oh, but, my friend——" Kingston began, and I could tell that he was about to refuse.

But just then Martha crossed the room inside the French doors. Kingston watched her all the way. Suddenly he turned to me.

"I will do it," he said. "How shall it be managed?"

We stood there planning for some time. I am very good at plans of any kind, and I flatter myself that our scheme was rather clever.

Martha was sitting at the piano, strumming lightly on its keys. We tiptoed in. I stood at the window beside the electric-light switch; Kingston crossed the room and stood just behind Martha. At a signal from him, I touched the switch and the room was plunged in darkness. Martha rose quickly. I heard the rustle of her dress, then a little smothered gasp.

Kingston was kissing her!

I waited for my signal. It was a long wait. Surely there was no need for him to take so long about a kiss. I should have done it much more quickly.

At last I felt him brush past me, and with a quick step I took his place at Martha's side. When the room blazed with light again, we were alone. Martha turned to me, and there was a queer look on her face.

I did not approve of Martha's way of being "nice" to Kingston.

face. It was positively radiant.

"You—you kissed me!" she said softly.

"Are you angry?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I didn't know—it was so wonderful."

I quite forgave Kingston for having taken so long about the kiss. His methods were certainly efficient. I could not have done better myself. Over Martha's shoulder I caught a glimpse of him standing outside in the shadows. He seemed to be motioning for me to repeat his performance for myself.

I gathered all my courage and gave Martha a kind, respectful kiss. She looked at me strangely.

"What is the matter?" I asked her.

"Nothing," she said; "only it—it wasn't as nice as the first one."

It was most disconcerting to me to know that Kingston, still standing near the window, must have caught her words.

Kingston suddenly took her in his arms—and kissed her!

Martha and I were engaged. I bought her a diamond ring, and myself some new clothes. I had always dressed in a rather somber manner, and it suddenly occurred to me that I should like something a little more gay, more youthful. I bought a striking checked suit and a few other things which at one time might have seemed a trifle gay in their style and coloring. Just at the present moment, however, they appealed to me strongly. I found myself assuming quite sportive manners. The first time Chandler saw me in one of my new suits, he was struck speechless with surprise and admiration. For several moments he stared at me in silence. Then he said:

"Rudolph, in all the years of our partner-

ship, this is the first time I have ever known you to be intoxicated."

Now, wasn't that a strange remark for him to make? I assure you that I had not had a drop to drink. I suppose he was so surprised and jealous that he scarcely realized what he was saying. As I walked away, I heard him muttering something about "probably paying an election bet." That was still more strange, for he knows I do not gamble.

Now, everything should have been bright and pleasant. I tried to make myself believe that everything was. Here Martha and I were just engaged; we should both be very happy. But, though I could not put my finger on any trouble, something seemed to be just a little wrong.

Every now and then, especially just after I had kissed her, I would catch Martha looking at me in the strangest way, with a sort of puzzled look. I cannot quite describe this look. It was, in a way, as though she were looking for something that was not there.

Another thing that annoyed me was Kingston's dashed impudence. He created the impression that he was on the inside of some very amusing secret. Once he even went so far as to say to me, with a wicked little wink:

"Well, I'll be around near by, in case you should need me again."

He had no business behaving in such a manner. After all, what had he done? Not so much—a mere kiss to set things going. If I had realized how easy it was going to be, I should have done it myself. What is one kiss, more or less? There was no occasion to give himself such airs.

Then, too, Martha was with him more than I liked. I would come unexpectedly upon them in the garden, or the music room, or the veranda, smiling at each other in a way perfectly disgusting to a man of serious tastes. I very seldom found anything to smile about.

I came into a little alcove one evening, and, to my relief, found Martha there alone. I kissed her. It was a perfectly good kiss—respectful, affectionate, kind. There was nothing to complain of in that kiss. You can imagine my surprise when she turned to me with that strange, puzzled look.

"Since that first kiss, Rudolph," she said, "you seem to have lost the formula."

I was beginning to wish the house party were over. I cannot explain why, but I had come to dislike Kingston. Whenever I would see him and Martha together, it would leave me with a strange feeling of apprehension. I cannot understand why it should, but it did—and they were together much more than I liked. My partner was continually warning me not to "let my face slip," if I took any interest in landing the contract and did not wish to "spill the beans." I infer that at times I must have looked a trifle apprehensive.

Then one day a terrible thing happened.

I was coming back to the house, cutting across a stretch of grass, just opposite the French windows. Martha was inside, in her riding clothes, and Kingston was with her. Just seeing them together made me feel that it would be well for me to make haste. So I did. But I was not quick enough.

I could not hear what they were saying, so of course I was quite unprepared for what followed. I saw Kingston suddenly turn and take Martha in his arms. He kissed her! I give you my word he did. Of all the daring, unheard of things to do! But he did. Martha stood for a moment as though dazed, that queer, radiant look on her face. I had drawn just near enough to catch her words.

"That other kiss!" she gasped. "It was you!"

Then, to my great approval, she struck him across the face!

Chandler dashed madly into Martha's room, but there was no burglar there.

"At first," she said, "I loved you because you kissed me. Now I hate you because you didn't."

I tried to make her see how foolish all this was. I had kissed her ever so many times since. What is one kiss, more or less, anyway? I would be glad to give her an extra kiss to make up for the one I had not given her. But she would not listen to reason. I was finally forced to accept the ring I had given her. Our engagement was broken.

I must confess that I did not enjoy the rest of the house party. In fact, the only pleasure I did get out of it was seeing the persistent way in which Martha avoided Kingston.

At last, the last night of the party, Kingston signed a contract for C. & K. pork and beans. I was pleased, of course, but not so much so as Chandler. He seemed to feel that the house party had been a success. I could not see it that way; not at all.

I was much pleased; it was exactly what she should have done. The audacious rake! The next time I saw Martha alone, I was about to embrace her, to tell her how much I approved of the way she had done. To my horror—my surprise and horror—she turned on me as angrily as she had turned on him.

"You—you camouflage artist!" she exclaimed. And gave me back her engagement ring.

I tried to reason with her, to make her see how foolish this all was; but the only explanation she would make was one that I simply could not make any sense out of.

That last evening, the men of the party played bridge, all of us but Kingston. He said he preferred a cigarette in the garden. It was a lovely moonlight night. Martha and her sister had gone to their rooms.

We were playing cards peacefully enough when suddenly the gardener burst into the room.

"A burglar!" he shouted. "A burglar! I saw him climbing up a ladder to Miss Martha's little balcony!"

Instantly all was excitement. We armed ourselves with guns and dashed upstairs. Chandler, who had gone to bed, joined the chase in his pajamas. He dashed madly into Martha's room, but there was no burglar there. He went out on her little balcony and found the ladder still leaning against the side. The burglar had doubtless escaped that way.

We all set off in pursuit—hot pursuit, I might describe it. For Chandler had decided to let out his dogs. They picked up the scent and were off at once, all of us following, the gardener firing his shotgun now and then.

I am sure I caught a glimpse of the burglar once, running like mad. He looked vaguely familiar to me, but with the dogs yapping and the gardener's shotgun going off under my ear I could not gather my thoughts enough to decide who he looked like. He was surely a swift runner.

Our trail led all about the grounds; also, to my surprise, through the house, up and downstairs. Kingston appeared suddenly to join in the chase. The instant I saw him I remembered who the burglar had reminded me of. His running figure had looked a little like our customer. To my surprise, our trail through the house made a complete circle. The dogs led the way; the men followed. Kingston brought up the rear of the procession, and so complete a circle had the burglar made that most of the time the dogs were fairly yapping at Kingston's heels. At last we all stopped, exhausted.

"Say, what is this?" Chandler inquired. "A man chase or a merry-go-round?"

We were all in favor of giving up the chase, even Kingston, who had joined it last and had not had nearly so long in which to tire himself, though I confess that he seemed fairly exhausted. It was a clever idea of the burglar's to double back on his tracks like that, completely throwing us off his trail—really very clever. I am not sure that I should have thought of it myself.

"A Camouflage Kiss"

Written from the Fox picture play, featuring June Caprice

CAST

Martha Thorne	June Caprice
Rudolph King	Bernard Thornton
Pell Kingston	Pell Trenton
John Chandler	George Bunny

The men all staggered down the stairs, leaving Kingston alone in the hallway. I was the last to go down, and I saw Martha come out and join the fellow.

Suddenly the most ridiculous idea occurred to me. Suppose the burglar the gardener had seen was not really a burglar at all, but Kingston, who had climbed the ladder to talk to Martha on the balcony! It seems to me I have heard of some other chap doing some such thing. Romeo, I believe his name was.

I lingered a moment, hoping that Martha would strike Kingston again. I don't know when I have ever enjoyed anything as much as I did seeing her do it before. They could not see me, of course, where I stood in the darkness. I heard Kingston say:

"Will you forgive me?"

I was glad to hear the rogue apologize, though it was surely I to whom he owed an apology for the hopeless way he had bungled his little service to me. But he did not seem to be considering me at all. He opened his arms, and, to my horror, Martha walked straight into them.

He kissed her.

Well, there is no accounting for tastes. Kingston and Martha are engaged, and she seems perfectly satisfied. I still maintain that my idea was a good one. As I have said before, what is one kiss, more or less? Only, if I were doing it over again, when it came to arranging for a substitute, I should not select an expert. Personally, I do not approve of love-making as an art.

THE GOLDBERG TWINS

By R. W. BAREMORE

HEY, Rube, I hear yer goin' inter the movies!" I bellowed at Rube Goldberg, the famous cartoonist, when I dropped into his New York office a few weeks ago.

"Surest thing you know," says Rube.

"Say," says I, "haven't you any heart at all, Rube? Think of all the matinée idols you're going to do out of a job. It's a shame to take food out of the mouths of their starving wives and children. Ah, say, have a heart!"

"Me on the screen?" says Rube. "Not on your life! I'm manager of a couple of little stars. You ought to see my little 'Mike and Ike—They Look Alike.' You know I hate to talk about myself and all that, but you can take it from me 'Mike and Ike' are *some stars!* They're as funny as—well, I'll bet they'd make a dead man laugh."

"Where'd you get 'em?" I asks.

"I got 'em right out of my head," replies Rube, "and I draw 'em with my own hands. You see, Mike and Ike are a couple of characters that appear in my animated cartoons. Course I don't want to talk about 'em or anything like that, but, gee! I have to laugh myself when I think how funny those little fellows are.

"And, say—they can't fool me on this movie stuff. Take a look at that picture of me getting my mail. That's real stuff. These other stars can *tell* a lot about the mail they get, and all that sort of bunk, but little old Rube he just goes out and gets the proof. Anyway, I'm not a movie star; I'm a movie magnate."

"Well, s'long, Mag!" says I.

"S'long!" says the proud and happy father of the Goldberg Twins.

Little Lady Love

A glimpse of Bessie, caught at night, which shows that acting isn't all play.

By Marjory Manners

SORRY, little lady, to make you work tonight, but it is the only way we can make up for lost time," began Director Thompson.

"That's all right; I don't mind at all," said Bessie, who, a few moments before, had arrived at the Pathé Studio, located at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, New York City, where work of filming

"How Could You, Caroline?" was being rushed to completion a few weeks ago.

Director Frederick Thompson, clad in a well-tailored suit and a derby hat, had just invaded the luxurious set which was to be used in the production as a millionaire's home.

"Why the hat?" some one broke in irrelevantly.

"My dear fellow, so it will be handy to throw at the things that annoy me," said this steel-gray-haired director. "Now, little lady," Mr. Thompson's voice became gentle, "are you ready?"

"All ready," said Bessie Love, her big brown eyes full of expectancy as she gathered up her train and held her large ostrich fan close to her.

Every one followed them from the beautiful living-room set we had been chattering in, to a hall scene where a glistening staircase had been built.

"Do you remember where you were when we stopped last time?" asked Mr. Thompson.

Bessie did. "Right here," she said, as she poised herself on a certain step. The other members of the cast clustered about the camera man, lights sizzled, Bessie preened

Bessie stopped on the stairs to preen herself.

herself and then—— "Look at the marks on those stairs!" shouted Thompson suddenly. "Didn't I tell you to have those blamed things touched up? And look at the dust on that floor! Do you *realize* this is a millionaire's home? Didn't I tell you to fix that?" This to several sleepy-eyed "props." "Great guns! Do you expect me to paint the scenery as well as tell you about it? What'll fix it up?"

"B-bread crumbs, maybe, Mr. Thompson."

"Maybe. Hurry up, quick—get something, do something; try some quick-drying paint. Great, suffering soused mackerel!" His hand reached up to his head. We trembled. It *was* a perfectly good derby, you see.

But he caught a glimpse of Bessie standing so patiently. His voice suddenly calmed down. "Come down, little lady, and rest," he said. "I don't want you all tired out."

So Bessie sank down beside me on a heavenly soft velour sofa. Instead of the little girl I had expected to meet, I found myself side by side with a little, vampirelike lady with golden-brown curls piled high on her head, a Spanish comb flaunting flambuoyantly atop the whole, and wearing a very luring dress of yellow satin with an overdrapery of black jet.

"Bessie Love a vamp!" I cried to myself. "What a shame to expose those baby arms and neck to view! What a crime to twist those soft girlish curls into such a vulgar knot!" For you who have only seen Bessie in shadowland cannot realize what a little mite of unspoiled girlhood is this star of seventeen years.

Busy as she is making scenes, she is homesick for Los Angeles.

Bessie's voice is beautifully modulated, and her wit is of the keenest. She has an amusing habit of exposing the humorous side of every dark saying.

Bessie Love was never stage-struck. The ambition of her life was to be a school-teacher, and, despite the many stories to the contrary, she never had any desire to be a picture actress. At the time it all happened she was trying to crowd four years of high school into three.

"I used to sit up until two in the morning, studying," said Bessie, as she nestled back among the cushions. "My health wouldn't stand the strain, and I went all to pieces. It was then that Mr. Griffith happened to give me my chance in pictures."

Somehow one felt it didn't mean half as much to the little girl with the large, serious eyes to be a sixteen-hundred-dollar-a-week Pathé star as it would have to be a school-teacher. I have a sneaking suspicion that that is still Bessie's ambition, aside from the fact that she can't wait to get home to Los Angeles. But I didn't have a chance to ask her.

"All ready, little lady," Thompson suddenly called.

The staircase scene was taken quickly then.

"We'll take the homecoming as soon as you change your costume. Little lady, do you know what you wore?"

"Of course!" said Bessie, and produced a pencil sketch which she had made of herself as a memorandum of the costume she had worn.

"Come on, Mr. Morrison, Miss Summerville, and you two butlers. We'll take the tea scene while Miss Love changes."

It took six rehearsals to get those make-believe butlers to enter properly. There were more fireworks, and again we feared for the derby hat. And then, like oil on troubled waters, Bessie rejoined us. The real Bessie Love, just a school-girl, wearing a dark-blue suit with touches of fur, and a close-fitting hat, her lovely hair in one simple braid down her back.

"Ready, Miss Summerville, Mr. Morrison—father! Lights now for the home-coming.

"Little lady, you enter. You are afraid because you ran away. You don't know how your parents are going to receive you. Miss Summerville, you see her, you start toward her reproachfully, you say:

"'How could you, Bessie!'

"Father, you enter—remonstrate: 'Oh, mother!'

"Little lady, you see Jimmie—your whole soul goes out to him; at the same time you feel that you have sacrificed his love. By the straining of your spirit to his you show your sorrow. Then seek refuge by burrowing into your father's arms.

"Jimmie, you don't know quite what to do. You start toward her, clench your hands. 'Curse him!' you say, with your whole body."

Seven times they went through with the scene. Jimmie Morrison was perfect, never out of time. Bessie threw herself so hard into the part that tears came not only to her eyes but to ours as well, even though we knew it was play acting; but the mother and father just could not seem to get into the right tempo.

At last came the call—camera!

Bessie entered, mother, father—Jimmie; Bessie looks at him, her big eyes filled with tears, her body swayed toward him——

In a few moments the scene was taken, then Thompson announced: "That's all tonight. I won't tire my star out. It's twelve-thirty now. Nine-thirty a. m. too early, little lady?" he asked.

"No, I'll be here," said Bessie cheerfully, although she was then wan and tired.

"Oh, mother!" It was Bessie's silvery voice calling. And then Mother Love appeared, a book, with a forefinger marking her place, in one hand and a coat thrown loosely over her shoulders.

"What is it that daughter needs?" she asked, with one of the most tender, comfortable, mother smiles that ever happened.

"Just you!" said the little lady happily, as they went off arm in arm, like two chums, to the automobile waiting at the door.

A Dog's Tale

By Charles Carter

THERE was a dog quite ugly
And of uncertain breed,
Who got into the movies
Through a picture's canine need.

He was a worthless creature;
He was haggard, old, and bent;
He wasn't worth a dollar—
No—he wasn't worth a cent.

He worked a day in pictures
With a million-dollar star,
And then his value took a jump
To way above its par.

The film cost many thousands,
The sal'ries thousands more;
With every scene they'd picture
The canine's worth would soar.

They did not dare to lose him,
Though he was a disgrace;
There was no dog quite like him,
And none could fill his place.

So when eleven weeks passed
The dog quite chesty grew,
For he was worth more money
Than all the chows he knew.

Imagine! Half a million!
What dog would not have pride?
But wait—the silver-lined cloud
Has yet another side.

The film was all completed
The poor cur's worth was spent:
He wasn't worth a dollar—
No—he wasn't worth a cent.

Tourneur—a Weaver of Dreams

A half hour spent in the workshop of a maker of movie magic.

By Frances Wood

A LITTLE office in the Famous Players' Fort Lee studio—the sunlight streaming in through windows looking out on a southern exposure—the smell of new pine wood. On the table, large sheets of cardboard, covered with tiny pictures of interior sets pasted in even rows—inspiration and ideas, dreams caught and empaneled. On a blackboard, more sketches of sets done in chalk.

Entered Maurice Tourneur. He walked briskly across the room, took his desk chair, fixed an abstracted pale-blue eye on a point somewhere hopelessly beyond me, and inquired: "What ees eet you weesh to know? You must ask eet me. You must ask questions." His voice had the liquid charm of his native French tongue.

He waited—still abstracted. The ticking clock on the wall seemed to say: "Hurry—hurry! He is keeping a ten-thousand-dollar star waiting—waiting—waiting——"

Tourneur's figure sat before me, rather good sized, his clothes built and worn with great nicety, and there was no look of impatience on his blond, thoughtful face. But

Simplicity is an effect for which Tourneur always strives, as here in "Prunella."

Tourneur never misses an opportunity for wonderful effects of light and shade. There are many such as this in "The Blue Bird."

it was quite plain that his thoughts were elsewhere, at work, perhaps, over some big, half-formed idea, away off in the recesses of the studio.

"About your work," I asked. "Your characteristic creations, such as 'The Blue Bird' and 'Prunella'——"

"Ah! What I am trying to do!"

Somewhere a door had opened, and Tourneur's mind entered the room for the first time.

In the presence of Tourneur's mind one feels a driving, creative force. I will not impede the telling of his ideas by attempting to reproduce his accent. Picture a big mind struggling for self-expression with the difficulties of a tongue not its own—picture a blond, French type, moist wisps of fine, straw-colored hair, a pleasant, thoughtful face—and you will have Tourneur.

"I am trying to give the idea of the author to the audience," he began rapidly. "I am trying to transmit his thought through pictures. I do this by centering the attention on the actor and on the story, and by taking it off the set. I don't want to make pretty pictures—primarily."

I exclaimed in surprise: "But 'The

"Once a big effect was the director's only goal—I am trying for something else. I am creating atmosphere." A scene from "Prunella."

Blue Bird' is beautiful—the most beautiful——"

"A-a-ah, but the thought is beautiful, so that the expression of it naturally is beautiful, also," he interrupted. "Remember that it is a dream ensnared in words by a master dreamer."

"Only you lose the wonderful color effects on the screen," I observed.

"Indeed, no!" he exclaimed. "We get them by values—by light and shadow. Have you never heard an artist who works in black and white talk about the color in his drawings?

"For example. Do you remember the dance of *Fire* in "The Blue Bird?" In that I used first the leaping flames, and little by little I developed a figure growing out of the fire. For this I used real fire, with a glass between it and the human figure, so that it looked as though the figure were in the flames—a part of them. The shadow and light effects were—magnificent! And in order to strengthen the idea I showed the dance of the flames on the childrens' faces. *Water* was developed out of a waterfall, and I produced the ripple of the stream for a similar effect on the faces and figures of the children.

Tourneur and two of his "elements:" "The God of Love" and Marguerite Clark.

"Once a big effect was the director's only goal—something stupendous, immense. Pouf! Any one can do that with a few tons of scenery and enough extras." Tourneur was gesticulating excitedly now. "I—I am trying for something else. I am creating atmosphere.

"We are doing interesting things in sets," he broke off suddenly, leaning over and picking up one of the cardboard sheets on which he pointed to a little picture.

"That's the way interiors used to be furnished—full of claptraps, knick-knacks—junk, I think you call it. Now I am putting in no more than is necessary, in order to have as little as possible to distract attention from the thought of the play.

"Take, for example, 'The Doll's House,' on which I am working this morning. There is little opportunity to make the interior of the house in that play beautiful. The people living in it were poor, and the play must be consistent, always, to be convincing.

"But if I couldn't make it beautiful, I could at least make it inconspicuous; and I venture to say that no one will remember that set after they have seen the film, though the story will still be a vivid thing in their minds.

"Take 'Prunella.' That's full of examples of how the set is made to convey the thought of the author, and to center the attention on the actors. In one picture, a moon and a tree. That is absolutely all—beside the lovers. Again, I use cardboard houses—buildings with no depth whatsoever. Why? *Prunella* and the *Mummers* are card-

board persons—they cannot live in real houses, places of three dimensions. Of course it is artificial—violently artificial. But the whole thing is a phantasy." Tourneur broke off suddenly—began again as spasmodically:

"Directing is almost reflex action with me. I mean that I have certain elements to work with—actors, sets, furniture. I move them around as I need them. I am very impulsive. I speak abruptly, often impatiently. I may speak to a star as severely as I do to an electrician, or as impersonally as I push back a chair, or move a vase. Not because I do not respect the artist, but simply because he is only one of the elements with which I can get the effects. Oh, I love it—I'd do it for nothing! But don't tell Mr. Zukor that," he added hastily, with humor, rising from his chair.

We walked through a whole string of little offices, toward the set where the director's work awaited him—a day of exacting detail, difficulties big and small, but also achievement.

"But the big difficulty in making a great picture"—Tourneur stopped and shrugged his big, loose shoulders—"is that everybody wants to do the directing. No one is satisfied to confine himself to his own gift. The carpenter wants to do the interior decorating, the scenario writer wants to select the costumes, and they all want to direct the production. If you were to build a house you would, for instance, let the upholsterer install the plumbing, and the stone mason hang the curtains? Hein! You would not! A sense of fitness is a thing most desirable."

"Which means that directing, like any other art——" I interrupted.

"Cardboard characters, such as those in 'Prunella' must live in cardboard houses."

"——is a gift." Tourneur's mind jumps like an electric spark. "Directors are born. Travel and education count for nothing. A man who has never been outside his home village, and of small schooling, may be the great director of the future."

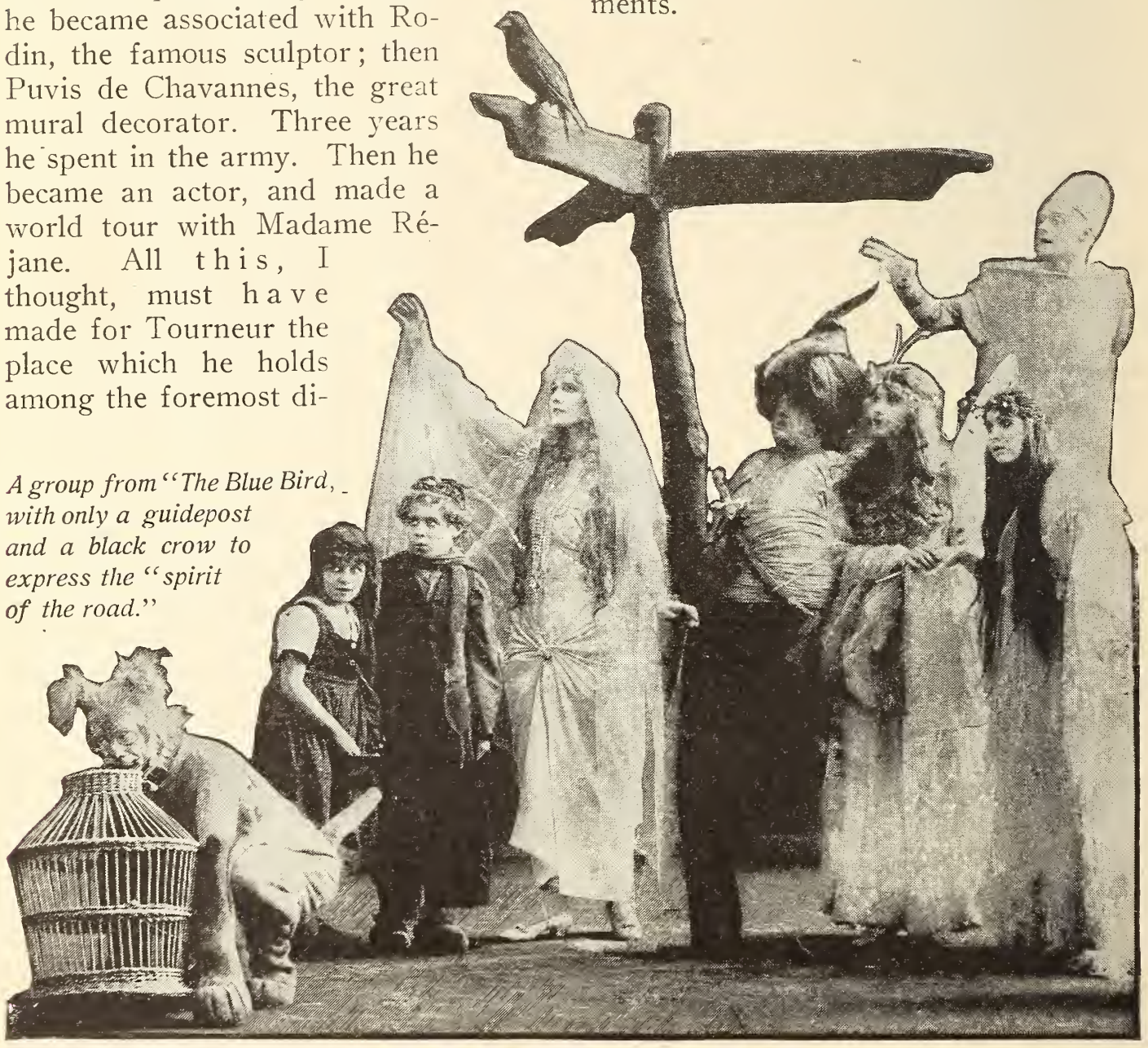
"Then all your education, travel, accomplishments don't enter into the directing you are doing now?" I asked, in surprise. For Tourneur, standing on the threshold of forty years, has had a most varied career. After graduating from Lycée Condorcet in Paris, where he was born, he became a painter and interior decorator at eighteen. During this early part of his career he designed textiles, stage settings, illustrated magazines, made posters and lace curtains—all with equal facility. Later, he became associated with Rodin, the famous sculptor; then Puvis de Chavannes, the great mural decorator. Three years he spent in the army. Then he became an actor, and made a world tour with Madame Réjane. All this, I thought, must have made for Tourneur the place which he holds among the foremost directors of screen art, and I expressed myself accordingly.

"Not a bit," he rejoined energetically. "We don't want to know what Spain really looks like. We want to get the author's impression of Spain. Do you have to go to Spain to understand what I mean when I say 'Castles in Spain?' And now——"

We had reached the set. Electricians and camera men were hurrying about. An auburn-haired girl stood knitting an army sock. "Mees Ferguson, eef you please——"

Elsie Ferguson dropped her work and stepped into the set.

"Camera! Lights—*lights!*" The master mind was assembling the elements.



A group from "The Blue Bird," with only a guidepost and a black crow to express the "spirit of the road."

Breaking Into Eden

The coming of the movie artist makes a deserted garden bloom once more.

By Roberta Courtland

IN the lazy twilight of a warm afternoon, a fine old colonial country mansion near Savannah, Georgia, lay drowsing peacefully. The once-beautiful lawn was overgrown with a tangle of weeds; the white paint of the pillars had turned gray and weather-beaten.

Down the walk of broken flagstones came two people—a man and a woman. As they neared the house, the woman — she was Beverly Bayne —stopped for a moment and looked about thoughtfully.

"Breaking into Eden," she said softly. "It *is* like breaking into Eden, isn't it? A deserted Eden—abandoned all these years. What a wonderful home it must have been once!" Her companion, Francis X. Bushman, smiled and nodded.

They had come —these two, and the rest of their company—to use the old mansion as a location for scenes, some of which were to be used in a picture, the title of which Miss Bayne had just spoken.

The "Hermitage," as the place was called, had been selected to provide part of the romantic setting which the story called for. It was one of those old family mansions mercifully spared from total destruction by Sherman when he passed through on his march to the sea, destined to stand, deserted, a monument to the tragedy of the South.

But recently a transformation had taken place. The lawn, overgrown with weeds, had been mowed and trimmed. The whole building had been treated to a coat of paint. Vines that should have been growing "these many decades" were being hastily brought from the woods, and draped over the balustrades and

archways. Flowers and flowering plants were placed in the ground—potted plants being used, with only their convincing topknots showing above the earth. And when these had been laid out in the prim flower beds that we associate with old gardens and Southern estates, the old place took on something of its former glory, when quaint ladies in lavender, wearing hoop skirts and carrying diminutive parasols, paced the terraces. Little hidden walks which had been buried under the falling leaves and twigs of many autumns were unearthed and made to look as if they had been lovers' lanes but yesterday. Sylvan benches were constructed, and the sundial was polished up until its face shone like a bronze mirror.

As by magic, a fountain was made to play in the middle of the newly trimmed lawn, and within a few days the casual observer would scarcely have no-

TO KEEP COOL

WHEN the mercury is horrid—
In the nineties—and the torrid
Air is hot as Whatsitsname;
When the days are stewed and hectic,
Still I seek no fans electric
To refrigerate my frame!
I don't try to freeze my tummy
With a sundae gooed and gummy
Just to cool my fevered bean!
Nay, it's me a seat that's filling
At a movie, where the chilling
O. Petrova's on the screen!
There I sit enwrapped in shivers,
Frosty cold as Iceland rivers,
When Miss Olga is in form,
For, compared to her, by gollies
Glaciers are hot tomales
And an iceberg's nice and warm!

ticed that the estate had not been under constant care.

The transformation had been completed by the time the company arrived, though so long as the pictures were being made the landscape-gardening crew were kept busy, seeing that everything was fresh and in order.

But camera men work rapidly. All too soon the scenes were finished, and the order came to move northward.

Almost as quickly as it had appeared, the magic transformation began to fade. The blossoms on the drooping vines started to wither. The unwatered flower beds were wilting down. The magic fountain had ceased to play, and the old Hermitage, though still trying bravely to present an air of restored grandeur with its one coat of fresh paint, already was taking on again its look of neglect and desolation.

Once more "Eden" had been abandoned.

TO KEEP WARM

WHEN the winter blows its breezes
Full of coughs and colds and sneezes,
And my nose is moist and red!
When a robust, roaring blizzard
Freezes me from heels to gizzard,
And my blood is cold as lead;
When I'm cooler than a chisel,
I don't turn to drinks that sizzle
For my heat; here are the facts:
To a movie I'll be going,
Where I sit with warmth a-glowing,
While Miss Theda Bara acts!
Hotter than the hottest crater,
She could warm up the Equator
With her incandescent glow.
For the sands of the Sahara
Are as ice compared to Bara
When she starts to vamp—*I know!*—HARRY J. SMALLEY.

Fade-Outs

By Frederick James Smith

In the spring a young man's fancy, even a movie fan's, turns lightly to thoughts of baseball. You know how the favorite indoor sport of the baseball and football reporter is picking all-American teams. Here's our idea of an all-American nine:

Pitchers—Doug Fairbanks, Bill Farnum, Charlie Ray
Catchers—Louise Glaum, Theda Bara
First base—Mary Pickford
Second base—Marguerite Clark
Third base—Elsie Ferguson
Shortstop—Fannie Ward
Outfield—Mary Thurman, Mabel Normand, Louise Fazenda
Umpire—Charlie Chaplin.

The catching qualities of Glaum and Bara are quite obvious. Pause for a moment to look over the infield. Except "Red" Ferguson, veterans every one of 'em. We might refer to Fannie Ward as the Hans Wagner of moviedom, but we won't. As for the outfield, there are no cases of Charley Horse, as the baseball writers say.

—o—

Things we're willing to Hooverize on:
Revolvers in top drawers
Decollete dance hall cuties
German spies

Bad men who reform on seeing Vola Vale
Fake noblemen
Dixie soubrettes who ride through the Yankee lines with the paper, thus saving the whole Confederate army
Wheeler Oakman's straw hat
Wood nymphs in tatters and high heels
Park benches and police sergeants' desks
Butlers in satin 'knickers

Factory girlies who support three small sisters and eventually marry the boss' son
Madonna poses
Wallie Reid's tuxedo
Press stories about stars enlisting any further in the future than yesterday
Players wet in one scene and dry as Virginia in the next
The German army marching through Fort Lee, preceded by motor cycle outposts
News weekly close-ups of freight wrecks in Kankakee and red-tinted fires in Washkosh.

—o—

Let us quote the prophetic William Fox: "Greater stories than ever before will be told on the screen; the themes will be closer to the heart of the American public, and the action of the photoplays will be more human."

With which Mr. Fox released "Cheating the Public"!

Suggestion to directors: Insist that your players always look back before disappearing through a door. Actors,

being notoriously modest, will hate to do this, but INSIST upon it.

—o—

Why will critics keep comparing the screen and stage, to the belittlement of the former? Consider farce comedy for instance. Where can the stage offer lines to compare with those of the movie? Most of them are Mary Thurman's—but consider them, anyway.

—o—

Hint to magazine editors: Why not occasionally run a picture of Doug Fairbanks?

Why not a sunset fade-out—less day?

—o—

Have you ever paused to admire the delicate and charming intimacy of the screen advertisements? For instance, observe this gentle but penetrating query: "Suppose your betrayer drove you to the depths—would YOU make him pay?" Or the quaint whimsicality of: "If your wife ran away with another man, what would YOU do?"

—o—

W. W. Hodkinson has a brand-new photographic idea by which his new camera films a scene with a wide sweep and yet gets the effect of a close-up. What we would like is a camera which would put some of the scenes farther away.

—o—

We are happy to record the result of our screen superlative contest, which shows the word *sublime* winning by a safe margin.

A careful tabulation was made of all superlatives used by film press agents during the month of February. The result follows:

Sublime	5,156
Greatest	4,378
Supreme	4,158

Startling, breathless, wonderful, tamous, brilliant, splendid, tremendous, thrilling, heart-gripping, perfect, and sensational follow in their order of popularity.

Suspense, masterpiece, and action were the three best selling nouns during February.

—o—

Have you noticed how the technique of Vitagraph productions is showing a decided improvement? The technique is Corinne Griffith.

—o—

The doorman at the Lyric theater, New York, has had a bad cold for weeks. He blames it to those frank

glimpses of the forthcoming Annette Kellermann feature, in which a smile is a fur overcoat.

If this craze for featuring animals keeps on, we shudder to consider the consequences. Here's a possible extract from The Motion Picture World of January 20, 1920:

Percy de Roche and Cholly de Roche, the talented cockroaches still remembered for their playing of the leading roles in the Fox production, "The

Honor System," are heading a new concern, Bug Productions, Ltd. The de Roches will be seen in a series of ten reel extraordinary features. Several human actors will be in the cast.

Hortense, the big Dane, who first scored in several Mary Pickford productions two years ago, is starting a producing company of her own, to be called Canine Films De Luxe. The first production will be a serial, "The Poisoned Dog Biscuit," to be released in ten thrilling parts.

Nellie, the canary who used to be in Marguerite Clark's company, has been especially engaged to play opposite Reginald, the former Mack Sennett cat, in a rollicking series of one reel comedies. Charles Chaplin, the old time favorite, has been secured as a member of their company. Film fans will probably remember him as a comedian of considerable popularity several years ago.

—o—

Some day we hope to receive a press story that reads like this:

During the filming of "The Fatal Fish," Miss Jane Brown, the brilliant star, who was standing near the spot where a mimic explosion was staged, was actually struck by flying fragments which did NOT narrowly miss her. UNfortunately she was injured in the accident.

—o—

The cleverest caption we know—"LATER."

—o—

(Special from our Los Angeles correspondent)

Samuel Superman, president of the Supreme Superlative Photoplays, has wired his New York office to get Venus de Milo at any price. Superman plans to put the de Milo person, who has been getting considerable publicity recently, in a big water spectacle, frank but produced, of course, from a purely esthetic standpoint.

—o—

HOW TO BE A SCREEN INGENUE:

To register hate—Look at the camera, smile, shake curls, exit with a nonchalant skip.

To register fear—Look at the camera, smile, shake curls, exit with a nonchalant skip.

To register joy—Look at the camera, smile, shake curls, exit with a nonchalant skip.

To register spiritual exultation—Look at the camera, smile, shake curls, exit with a nonchalant skip.

(From Webster's Revised Dictionary)

Reserves, Police—Uniformed officers of the law called out (in full page advertisements) to keep agitated film fans from breaking down the front of a theater in order to witness certain film productions. Also comedy film gentlemen who swarm out of the police station as soon as the scenario writer runs out of ideas.

—o—

We admire the charmingly elastic qualities of our film trade paper criticism. Let us paraphrase:

"'The Boob's Revenge' is a whirlwind—a knock-out—the greatest motion picture we ever saw."—Motion Picture Globe, (carrying two pages of advertising.)

"'The Boob's Revenge' is an admirable effort—will draw good business." —Photoplay Gazette, (carrying one page of advertising.)

"'The Boob's Revenge' has excellent photography and a good choice of natural settings." — Screen Herald, (carrying ½ page of advertising.)

"'The Boob's Revenge' doesn't get over—hackneyed—won't help your box office."—Film Times, (carrying o page of advertising).

MORAL—You never can tell.

—o—

Our idea of a soft job: Interesting editors in photographs of the Keystone

bathing comedies. Wait until you see the ones *we* were interested in the other day!

IF LIFE WERE REEL

THE actor would soon invent some words
If he had to live in a "set,"
With furnishings made of papier-mâché,
And paint that hasn't dried yet.

No windowpanes—three sides to the room—
No ceiling to keep out the wet;
And they all of them can make softer "dough"
Than the biscuits served in a "set."

MATTHEW ALLISON.

Oh! Those Eyes

WHICH screen better—blue or brown eyes? Nine out of ten persons say: "Brown eyes." But do they? Stop and think a minute of the blue-eyed favorites—Bill Hart, Wally Reid, Doug, Crane Wilbur, Mae Marsh, and Pauline Frederick. Brown eyes betray passion better, but blue eyes are more emotional. Yet, according to most directors, there is something lacking in a light eye. Fans, too, are under this impression. Young actors with light eyes, struggling to break into the game, are really somewhat handicapped by light eyes. But, surprising as it may seem, not only do the sky-colored optics hold their own against their dark rivals, but, if anything, they have the better of the argument. However, let's get down to facts and figures.

Lack of space precludes mention of every actor and actress who has made good in the films; but by taking at random one hundred players who are generally regarded as about the most successful and popular on the screen, a fair estimate may be made.

In the case of actresses, it appears as though the "brownies" make the more illustrious showing.

Clara Kimball Young, Theda Bara, and Mabel Normand all have dark eyes. So have the Talmadge sisters, Marguerite Clark, Anita Stewart, Marie Doro, and Beverly Bayne. Mary Pickford has light-brown eyes—as some one has poetically said, "the color of the champagne that the guests have left in

If you're interested in eyes, don't fail to read the announcement on page 229.

By Tamar Lane

their glasses." The list of brown-eyed favorites is long. Bessie Love, Mary Fuller, Marguerite Snow, and Bessie Barriscale all belong. Pearl White has greenish-brown eyes, more brown than green, and therefore belongs to this group. So also another thriller, Helen Holmes, and Molly King, Edith Storey, Dorothy Kelly, Emmy Wehlen, Margery Wilson, and Enid Markey. Louise Glaum, Alma Rubens, Ann Pennington, and Alice Joyce also must be included.

But if the list of "blues" is less distinguished on the whole, it outnumbers the rival camp. Fanny Ward and Billie Burke, Blanche Sweet, Mae Murray, and Mary Miles Minter have blue eyes. So have the Gish girls, Pauline Frederick, Virginia Pearson, and Lillian Walker. Classed with the blue-eyed girls are those with gray and blue-gray eyes, among them Geraldine Farrar, Elsie Ferguson, Mae Marsh, Olive Thomas, Kathlyn Williams, and Mrs. Vernon Castle. And finally Ethel Clayton, Violet Mersereau, Grace Cunard, May Allison, Ella Hall, Margarita Fischer, Louise Huff, Seena Owen, Edna Mayo, Dorothy Phillips, Mary Charleson, Doris Kenyon, Jewel Carmen, June Caprice, Ruth Roland, Enid Bennett, Mabel Taliaferro, and Vivian Martin.

Madame Petrova and Viola Dana have light-green eyes.

Among the actors, the light-eyed favorites make much the better showing from every angle. Not only do they outclass the browns in number, but the greatest of screen

heroes are mostly among the blue. Here are the browns: Carlyle Blackwell, Warren Kerrigan, Henry Walthall, Charles Ray, George Walsh, Antonio Moreno, Bryant Washburn, James Morrison, Robert Warwick, Ben Wilson, George Beban, Sessue Hayakawa, Robert Harron, Dustin Farnum, Conway Tearle, William Russell, and Jack Pickford.

And the blues are: William S. Hart, Wallace Reid, Earle Williams, Harold Lockwood, Creighton Hale, William Farnum, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Francis X. Bushman, William Desmond, Crane Wilbur, Francis Ford, Owen Moore, Lou-Tellegen, Hobart Bosworth, Earle Foxe, Thomas Meighan, Herbert Rawlinson, Tom Forman, and Montagu Love.

A close scrutiny of these names will prove the absurdity of the idea that light eyes are incapable of expressing force and power. Just the reverse seems to be true, for the "strongest" men—not physically, but mentally and dramatically—of the silent drama are mostly blue-eyed, and the odd part of it is that several of them, including William S. Hart, William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Hobart Bosworth, and Francis X. Bushman, have exceptionally light eyes.

However, there is no disputing that as a rule brown eyes stand out more sharply on the screen, chiefly because of its being dark and in contrast with the white of the eye. When at a distance from the camera, the light eye is sometimes indistinct, but some of the darker shades of blue are distinct at all times.

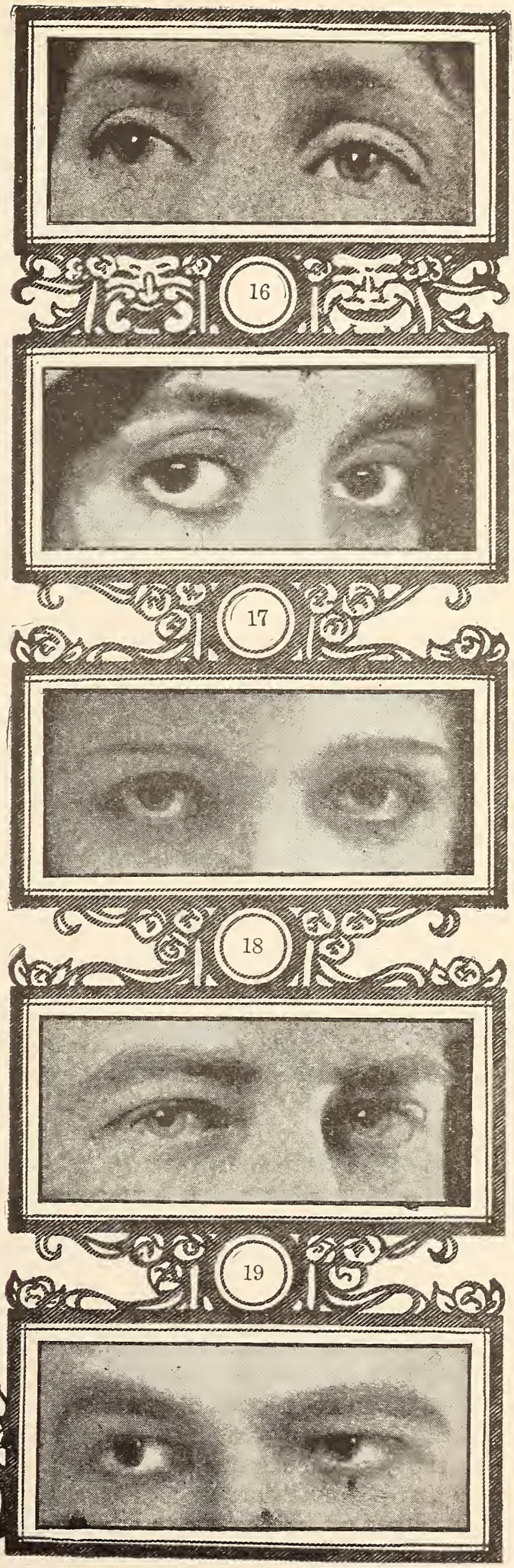
The virtues of the different colored eyes is a subject open to any amount of argument, the standpoint depending almost entirely upon personal preference. I think, however, that every one will agree that

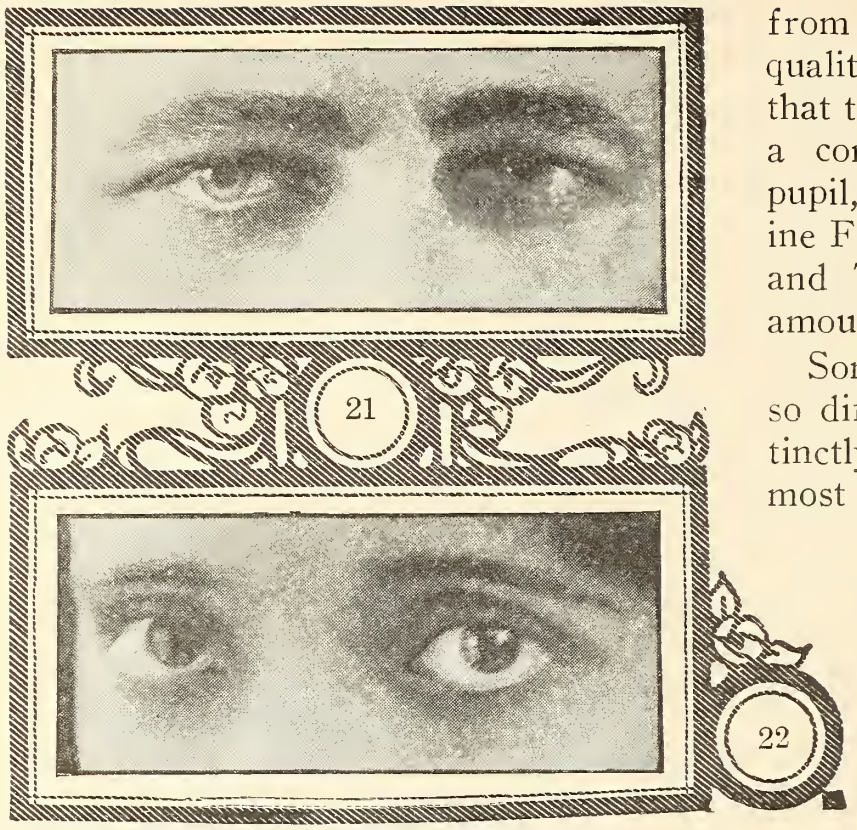
the eye is the most effective medium of expression, and that it is the mirror of the mind and soul. Many players' success seems to be due largely to the expressiveness of their eyes, yet I think this is not true of Charles Ray, George Beban, Douglas Fairbanks, George Walsh, or William Russell. Large eyes usually are admired, but note the fact that Hart and Fairbanks, two of the popular actors, have perhaps the smallest eyes of any players of the first rank.

It is difficult to say whether blue or brown eyes are more popular. The brown eye is more passionate, alluring, reflecting ardor, intense desire, and devotion. Yet as a rule is not the brown eye more slumbrous, more languid? Especially the dark-brown eye. But this does not always hold true. Picture the sparkling, merry, and mischievous eyes of Constance Talmadge, Mabel Normand, and Marguerite Clark. One of the most attractive eyes of all is the hazel shade of brown, which screens exceptionally well. It is particularly frank and appealing. Bessie Love, Mollie King, Marguerite Clark, and Warren Kerrigan are among the hazel-eyed players.

But if the blue eye is less passionate than the brown, it is more emotional, more expressive. It is sincere, appealing, and at times penetrating in its frankness and innocence. The same, of course, applies to the gray eye, which has a peculiar charm of its own.

Despite the number of light-eyed favorites, a young actor or actress trying to break into the movies is really handicapped to a certain extent by having light eyes. The color of a player's eyes has often had a great influence in settling his or her celluloid career. Directors, producers, and others in power





about the studios are often heard to maks such remarks as: "That girl could be made a star if she only had brown eyes. Her blue eyes are very pretty on the street, but no good for picture work. They wouldn't get over."

There are, of course, some discriminating directors who make no distinctions of this sort. D. W. Griffith, for example, who was a sort of wizard at picking stars, has shown no preference. Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Seena Owen, Florence Lawrence, and other blue-eyed players found their optics no handicap in his eyes.

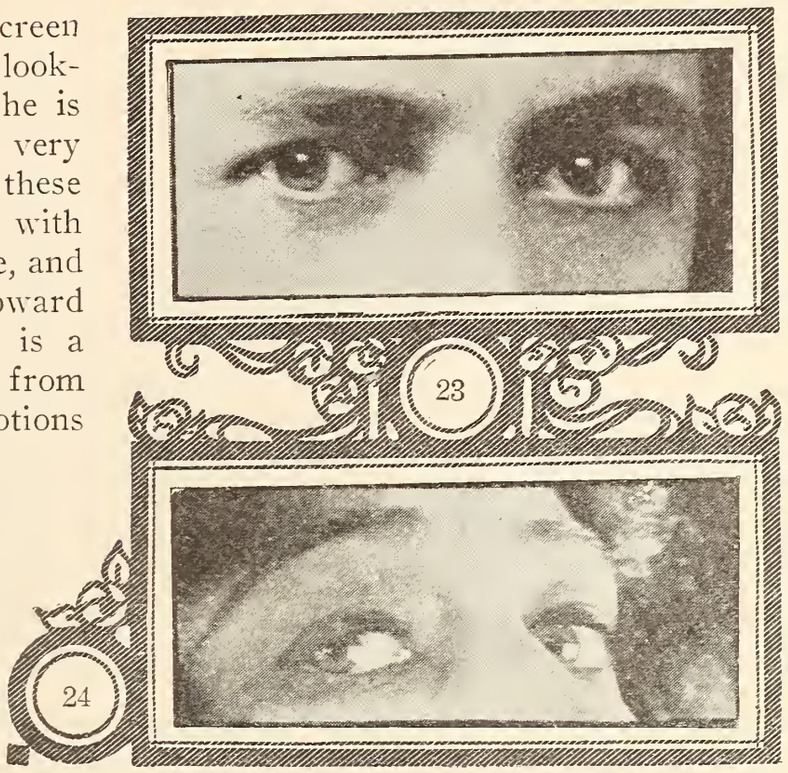
But there are other factors besides color to be considered. A luster shines from some eyes, lending a certain brightness, as though some filmy liquid filled the eyes. This "liquid eye" is particularly animate, but uncommon. Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, and Theda Bara are so endowed. Eyelashes play an important part in the general appearance of the eye. The eyelash bears the same relation to the eye that a frame does to a picture. It may either set off the eye to advantage and tone it up, or else it may detract from and offset the optic's good qualities. It might also be mentioned that the white of the eye, by forming a contrasting background for the pupil, plays an important part. Pauline Frederick, Clara Kimball Young, and Theda Bara have an unusual amount of white to their eyes.

Some players have eyes which are so different that they stand out distinctly from all others. Perhaps the most perfect pair of eyes—at least, for camera purposes—belong to Mary Pickford. What their true color is has long been a subject of controversy and discussion. We have classed them as brown because the consensus of opinion is that they are of hazel shade. But there are many persons who have met and talked with Mary Pickford personally who are willing to wager any amount that her eyes are violet blue. Then there are some who declare that the color of her eyes changes from blue to hazel. Be what color they may, Mary Pickford's eyes are certainly rich in expression, radiant, and lucid at all times. Elsie Ferguson's eyes are splendid examples of the soulful, emotional, light-blue optic. So are Dorothy Dalton's and Ethel Clayton's. Geraldine Farrar's eyes are unique; and where in filmland is there another set of optics like Enid Bennett's? Mae Marsh, Viola Dana, and Henry Walthall are others who have distinctive eyes.

The art of screen acting is showing a tendency, I believe, to eliminate excess motion—to do away with superfluous gestures and exaggerated facial expression. It is becoming more refined, more subtle. The result of this is that players are expressing more through their eyes.

There are some players, such as Elsie Ferguson, Bill Hart, Mary Pickford, and Henry B. Walthall, who have developed almost a telepathic means of

conveying thought from the screen in this manner. The spectator, looking into their eyes, feels that he is reading what is in the player's very mind. Often such players as these are able to produce this result with an almost immobile countenance, and the power to do this goes far toward making a great artist, for it is a vastly different accomplishment from the ordinary registering of emotions in the stereotyped manner.



But to return to our original question: What do we find? Out of the list of one hundred which I selected I found fifty-six with blue or blue-gray eyes, forty-two with brown eyes, and two with distinctly green eyes. I think that had I extended the list to include two hundred or more players, an even larger percentage of blue-eyed favorites would have been found. As to which side has the better line-up, that is merely a matter of personal preference. One thing, however, is certain: It is not nearly so much the eyes of the player as what is behind them that counts.

Here's Something That Will Interest You

Accompanying the above article are pictures of twenty-four pairs of eyes. They were photographed from life, so, of course, must belong to somebody. In fact, they do belong to twenty-four nationally known screen stars. Can you name ten of them? If so, write and tell us whose you think they are, and why you think so.

We do not want *correct* answers as much as we want bright, witty ones. For the ten readers who send us the brightest, wittiest, most amusing replies—right or wrong—we have a year's subscription to Picture-Play

CONDITIONS

The contest is open to every one.

Letters must not exceed three hundred words in length.

The contest is now open. It will close on June 15th. Letters received after that date will not be considered. The names of the winners will be printed in the September number.

Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor of Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Envelopes must contain nothing but the contest letter. Anything else about which you may wish to write to the editor of Picture-Play Magazine should be sent in a separate envelope. Questions about the contest cannot be answered, and no letters will be returned.

Why Bill Goes Fishing

WHEN it comes to fishing, William S. Hart says that 'most any day will do. He likes to start out with his rod and line, his pipe, and himself, and he likes to fish with and by himself, as he is shown clearly in the picture to be doing. While one side of his nature is hooking the fish, the other side is serenely puffing away on his pipe and waiting

for a bite. Now, it takes imagination to be an actor. And Bill's excuse for these trips is that they stimulate the imagination—which, of course, needs a bit of stimulus once in a while. Now this, you see, is the way it works out.

By the time Bill has left the happy fishing ground and gets across to the next page and begins to tell all about it, the fish has stretched in accordance with the elastic properties of the best Brazilian rubber until it is three times the length it was when Hart pulled it out of the water.

The question is, which side of Bill's nature is telling the story? Is it the side sitting down or the side standing up? If it is the former, it's all right, because that side has its back to the fish, and might therefore be called his imaginative side. And if that is a bag of salt that the listener is pulling out of his pocket, Bill ought to have his second self along as a witness for his fish story.

The Observer

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

Oh, Dear! Oh, Dear!

SUCH goings on as there must be in the motion-picture theaters in Emporium, Pennsylvania! According to the New York *Tribune,* a correspondent who signs herself "Just a Little Old Lady," who lives in Emporium, wants committees formed and a lot of fuss raised because she is "quite sure that the class of plays put on is very debasing, both as to taste and morals."

Is it possible that the jurisdiction of the Pennsylvania board of censorship does not extend to Emporium? This Pennsylvania board is made up of stern, relentless persons who are determined that Pennsylvania shall see in its motion pictures no hint of what the board considers improper.

It is the Pennsylvania board that believes the thought of approaching motherhood to be immoral, and, as we remember it, it was the Pennsylvania board that cut one of the Ten Commandments out of a title, on the ground that it was unfit to be shown on the screen.

It is the Pennsylvania board that will not allow on the screen scenes that hint that every soul in the world is not beautiful and innocent. Picture plays that "teach great moral lessons" never get into Pennsylvania, for the Pennsylvania board will not admit that there is any necessity for teaching moral lessons.

Films shown in Pennsylvania are supposed to be as harmless as a glass of water.

You ask for committees, "Little Old Lady." You ask for films of good taste and of good morals. Where, oh, where, "Little Old Lady," *do* you go to see your pictures?

Art—What Are You Anyway?

WHILE on the subject of morals—which is a favorite one with us—let us look about us. At the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City recently, a "classic" dancer was reported to have appeared on the stage absolutely nude—that, at least, seems to have been the general impression gathered by the audience.

The New York newspapers had much to say about it. Some hissed in type as loudly as did the spectators in the opera house. Some said it was "art," and therefore nothing to make a fuss about.

But the shameless young lady immediately arranged for another show, at Carnegie Hall this time. Taking advantage of the publicity, she advertised heavily

"a program especially attractive to sincere lovers of music and interpretative dancing," and added that, "owing to the enormous demand, mail applications will be filled in order of their receipt. Prices five dollars to seventy-five cents."

At this writing the police, so active in suppressing improper motion pictures, have not, we believe, ordered the show stopped. The anti-vice societies have taken no action. And the officials who insist that, before showing, every questionable motion picture must be exhibited to them and to their friends, have not ordered a dress rehearsal of the dancing show for their approval.

Not that we defend improper motion pictures. We fight every one of them. We would be the first to denounce such a performance as this dance if it were presented in a motion picture.

But isn't it time that the uplifters go after things that count, and stop suggesting that it is lewd to be born?

A Joke From the Hun

GERMAN self-sufficiency and blundering gives us many a laugh in the midst of this very serious business of teaching the kaiser the lesson that will bring an end to his bullying.

The conceited incompetent, whoever he may be, who guards and guides the motion-picture destiny of Germany, has a new idea. He's going to have Germany control the film industry of the world after the war!

A German film trust with a capital of five million dollars has been formed. According to the announcement, "Steps have been taken which insure that the moving-picture business, hitherto only the handmaid of pleasure and entertainment, shall become a well-disciplined and organized power, which can do a great deal to propagate German culture and knowledge of German strength throughout the world."

Aren't you frightened to death! It must be a blow to American producers to learn that they'll have to close up shop after the war!

Motion pictures are an American instutition as much as baseball. The next thing we may expect to hear is that the Germans are about to corner the outdoor sports' market, and that after the war the Polo Grounds and the Yale Bowl will be devoted entirely to exhibitions of saber dueling.

So far the Germans haven't set a date for taking over the world control of pictures. It doubtless will be the week after Mexico, under German direction, has annexed Texas.

Bill Hart to Retire

WILLIAM S. HART says he is going to retire. He's of the opinion that a star remains at the top of the heap only five years in motion pictures, and he says that when his present contract expires, which is in about a year, he is going to quit. And he says he means it.

Hart argues that he wants to leave motion pictures while he still is a champion. James J. Jeffries had the same thought, but he changed his mind, to his sorrow. Hans Wagner gets that idea every year, but forgets it when spring comes and the diamond calls. Sarah Bernhardt is famous for her "farewell tours."

They're paying Bill Hart eight thousand dollars a week, which is pretty good

wages, and he won't need any benefit performances to put him in a position to buy a ranch or to rent a New York apartment or whatever he wants to settle down in.

But the lure of the films is strong. And we can't get along without Bill Hart. For his own sake and for ours we hope it's the spirit of Sarah Bernhardt that's in him, and that when he quits it will be only for a moment while he tightens his belt and reloads his gun for a fresh start.

The Big Stars on the Bench

THE big stars sat on the bench and watched the minor performers entertain New York throughout a recent week. At the Lyric was the Fox production, "Woman and the Law," without a star. At the Broadway was "Tarzan of the Apes," also minus a featured player. The Strand showed Clara Williams in "Carmen of the Klondike," a mining-camp dance-hall picture on the order of Dorothy Dalton's famous "The Flame of the Yukon."

The Rialto and the Rivoli featured stars, but neither was what are commonly known as "one-hundred-per-cent stars." The Rivoli had Jack Pickford in "Huck and Tom," and the Rialto presented George Beban in "One More American."

It's a good thing to give us a change now and then.

Edwin Thanhouser

SPEAKING of retirements, Edwin Thanhouser has left the motion-picture business, and has settled down on a Long Island estate, never to return.

And William A. Brady has quit motion pictures, which were paying him one hundred thousand dollars a year. Mr. Brady, of course, will be back. Mr. Brady will remain in the show business, and he'll be making motion pictures of his legitimate productions before he knows it.

Mr. Thanhouser's motion-picture career dates back almost to the beginning of the business. His New Rochelle studio made that suburb famous. For a time New Rochelle was considered as much of a motion-picture center as Los Angeles, although Mr. Thanhouser was the only producer in that city.

A proprietor of a stock company in Milwaukee, Mr. Thanhouser entered motion pictures with the first of the "independents" who organized to fight the old General Film Company.

What Biographs were to the General Film Company, "Thanhousers" were to the "outlaws." Mr. Thanhouser always has had high ideals, and for his own pleasure he has produced many a picture that he knew, as a showman, was not what the public wanted.

One of these was Frederick Warde, in "King Lear." Another was "The Vicar of Wakefield," which, to the surprise of the motion-picture industry, was a success.

It was Mr. Thanhouser who produced "The Million-dollar Mystery," one of the two or three serials whose bookings have been around the two-million-dollar mark. He gave the world "The Thanhouser Twins," "The Thanhouser Kidlet," and "The Thanhouser Dog."

With Mr. Thanhouser retires Lloyd Lonergan, his famous scenario writer, the first person to write out a motion-picture plot in continuity.

Both these men have fought for clean pictures; they were pioneers in insisting upon good stories. We're going to miss them.

Go After the $7,500

ACCORDING to schedules now before us, the motion-picture companies are producing an average of sixty feature pictures a month. This includes all producers, from the Woolworth of the industry to the Tiffany.

Let us suppose that the scenarios for these sixty pictures brought five hundred dollars each—which is an average that perhaps is a little high. However, let's say the stories cost thirty thousand dollars.

According to averages that we have just figured out, you, an amateur writer, have a shot at about one-fourth of that money, or seventy-five hundred dollars every month.

Here's the way we made our deductions: We took a list of sixty-two recent productions, representing all companies. Twenty-seven of the stories were adaptations of novels or stories previously published in magazines. Nineteen of the scenarios were the work of staff employees or were written by professionals —probably on order.

Sixteen of the authors were unknown to us.

For the sake of encouraging you, we have assumed that these sixteen were amateurs. Our assumption is perhaps incorrect, for we don't know all the staff writers, and it is probable that some of the sixteen should go into the class with the nineteen.

But if our figures are correct, about sixteen scenarios for feature pictures are bought every month from freelances. This doesn't include the short stuff.

The money is there! There's a big chance for the outsider. But he *must deliver the goods!*

When the entire industry buys only sixteen feature scripts a month out of the thousands that are submitted, you must be able to see with half an eye that you can't get an idea in the morning, dash it down in the afternoon, mail it in the evening, and expect to get a check a week from Monday.

The producers will buy if the stuff has the big idea, if it fits one of their stars, if it gets out of the beaten track.

You can be one of the sixteen if you turn out a plot worth while.

But put a great deal of time and thought on your plot. Remember that your idea must hold the scenario reader's attention from the very start, must make him forget the pile of other scripts that lies before him unread.

Don't try to sell a synopsis that you guess may get by. Work over your plot until you know it will get by. Then you have a chance to get among the sixteen.

"Off With the Old Love—

and on with the new," chortles Bill Franey, late of the sawdust arena. He has now left the circus tents for good, to tickle the toes of Dale Fuller in Keystone Comedies—and the hearts of millions of movie-goers.

Three Sides of the Question

There are two sides to *everything,* but to *some* things there are three, for instance Miss Bessie Barriscale.

By Gerald C. Duffy

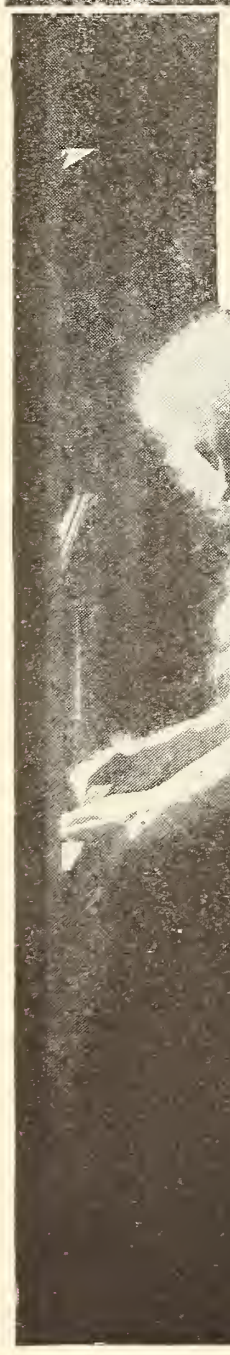
"DO you know Bessie Barriscale?" asked the stranger in the studio.

"Which one?" Some one answered the question by asking another. "That little woman over there with the pale-gold hair, snapping her dark eyes at the high cost of producing, is Bessie Barriscale, artist.

"If you wish to see Miss Barriscale, head of the Bessie Barriscale Feature Corporation, she'll be in her office this afternoon, planning a new production. About dinner time you might catch Bessie, as Mrs. Howard Hickman, at home, but you'll be lucky if she lets you stay, because her evenings are devoted to being a wife and mother.

"You'll come to a little eight-room bungalow—can't miss it. You're likely to stumble over a small boy's

A business conference between Robert T. Kane, vice president; of Paralta Miss Barriscale, and Howard Hickman.



Brown eyes and the sunniest of light hair are great screen assets.

tricycle in the dark. Yes, young Hickman." No wonder other folks get mixed up on the three Bessies, because even the lady of triple personalities herself sometimes gets tangled up in them.

"This is a wonderful story," says Miss Barriscale, actress. "It should make a gorgeous picture. The cast is wonderful, and will demand thousands of people, and there is a beautiful French village that will have to be built, and——"

"How much will it cost?" demands Miss Barriscale, business woman.

"Oh, there you go again!" answers the actress. "This is art—don't you understand?—art! This is art—and art rules the world."

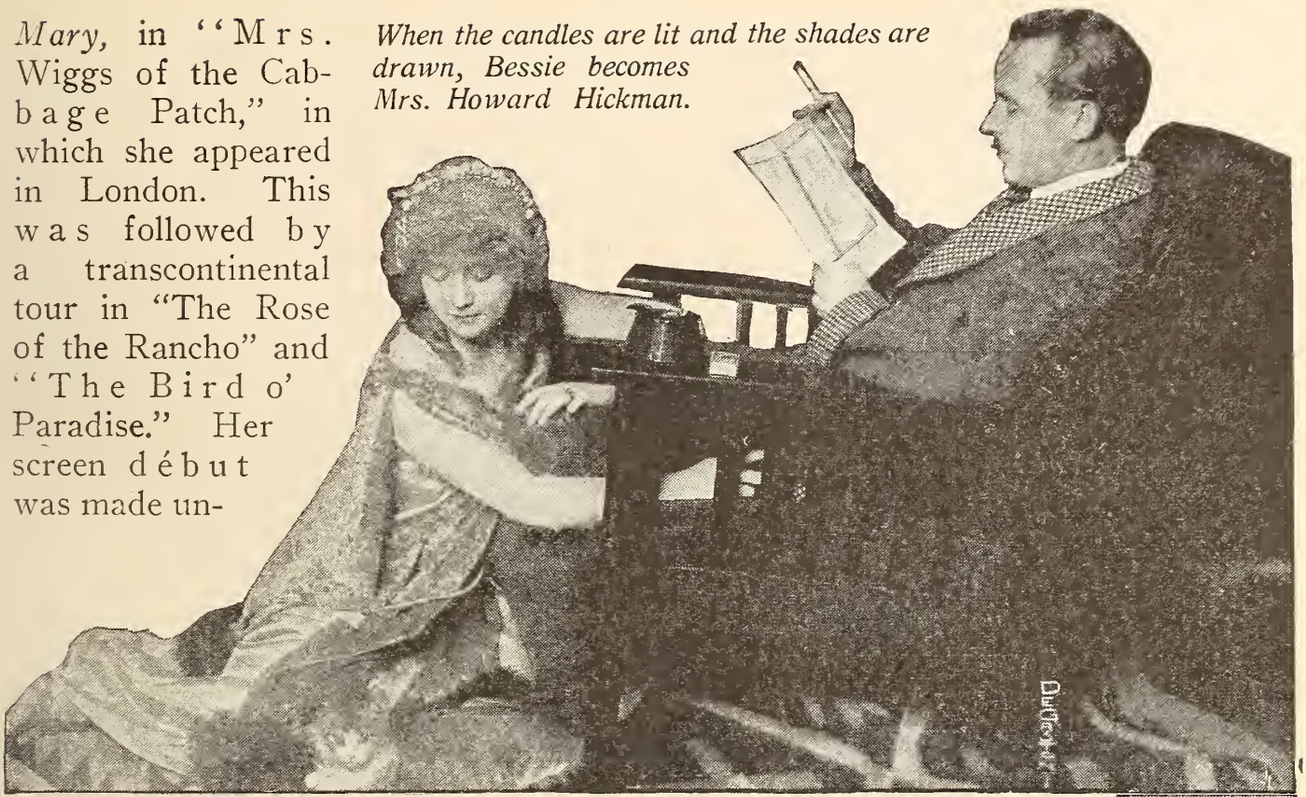
"And this is business," replies Miss Barriscale, general manager curtly, "and business rules art. Now let's get down to brass tacks."

Whereupon Bessie tosses her head, snaps her fingers, and the whole studio is treated to a temperamental bit of acting, for Miss Barriscale, artist, now has the upper hand. You see, she's been an artist both on stage and screen much longer than she has been at the head of her own producing company, and perhaps she is a little more used to it. Her first appearance was made on the stage of a metropolitan stock company at the early age of five. At the end of the season she toured in several Broadway productions.

Her first triumph was scored as *Lovey*

Three Sides of the Question

Mary, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in which she appeared in London. This was followed by a transcontinental tour in "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird o' Paradise." Her screen début was made under Lasky in "The Rose of the Rancho;" later followed her contract with Triangle, upon the expiration of which she formed her own company with Paralta. So much for history—now back to the studio.



When the candles are lit and the shades are drawn, Bessie becomes Mrs. Howard Hickman.

Along comes the husband of the lady. You see, he's right in the same studio, and on several occasions has appeared with her on the screen. Rapid fade-out of Bessie Barriscale, screen favorite. Fade-in, Mrs. Howard Hickman.

"My dear!" she exclaims, glancing at her wrist watch and seizing her husband's arm. "I had no idea it was so late! I've been at the movies all afternoon. I've got to get home and see that that boy of mine gets his supper properly. Do run along and get my hobby, dear!"

Which Howard immediately does, leaving every one of the uninitiated on the lot wondering what on earth he is going to produce. When he returns a few seconds later, it is in Bessie's machine, riding in which is all her hobbies rolled into one. Sometimes Bessie lets Howard in on a business problem or two on the way home, but, from the moment that a six-year-old Indian bounds around the corner of the house into Bessie's arms, she is too busy being "mother" to think about business or art until the next morning.

In the quaint bonnet of olden days she is adorable.

Humdrum Brown

He was just a plodder—until the chance came to show what he was made of.

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

MAIN STREET was humdrum in its sleepy surface respectability. The Busy Bee ice-cream emporium was humdrum, with its invariable sarsaparilla or

It fell to Humdrum to care for his sister's fatherless brood.

vanilla soda from which the townspeople would no more have thought of deviating than they would of staying home from a church social. The Commercial Hotel was humdrum, with its group of armchair idlers gathered on the piazza and from which the occasional traveling man escaped with a fervent "Thank Gawd!" Norwalk, the town itself, was humdrum, as humdrum as was Hector Brown, the bank cashier and bookkeeper combined.

And so he had been nicknamed "Humdrum," though in his fancy he built greater "castles in Spain" than any of his fellow townsmen. But there was only one who knew this—Alicia Boothe, the town librarian. She understood because she loved him.

It was seven years now since Humdrum had daringly asked Alicia to marry him—seven years that had passed too slowly for the two longing so desperately for their little home of dreams to materialize. Yet their superb courage and faith had brought happiness to them in the joy of anticipation.

At the close of a tiresome working day, Humdrum stopped at the library for Alicia, and the two gave rein to their long-suppressed thoughts. The late-afternoon sunshine, filtering through the windows, lightened up the worn covers of the books lining the walls, and disclosed secret golden threads in Alicia's brown hair. Humdrum smiled his whimsical, tender smile, his hands closing tightly around Alicia's while he told her the results of a most interesting mathematical problem.

"I have saved five hundred dollars toward our house now, and in three more years I'll have saved enough for the trip."

Alicia's gray eyes closed ecstatically as she considered this their trip—that wonderful honeymoon trip around the world that was the one consuming ambition of their prosaic lives. Humdrum opened a geography, and their two heads bent over it rapturously. He was the first to speak.

"I've got it all figured out," he began. "We can spend eight hours in Delhi, and leave at seven-forty-five for Calcutta."

She snuggled a little closer to him.

"We'll see snake charmers, and buy all sorts of things from the bazaars—they say you can get them real cheap there."

Humdrum turned on her gravely.

"Alicia, there isn't going to be anything cheap about our honeymoon!"

"Of course not," she agreed happily. "I'm going to have the most wonderful white linen suits—they're the correct thing for the Orient—and we'll both wear helmets, and——"

But Humdrum's mind had left India and Alicia had suddenly to enter into a swift argument when he languidly proposed:

"We ought to be able to do Paris in a day——"

"Paris—in a day!" she exclaimed. A few minutes later Hector agreed that Paris must really be allowed two days.

The discussion continued as they walked home together in the sweet-scented dusk, and after he left her at the door Humdrum had his memories to cheer him as he went to the little cottage he shared with his sister's family.

Trouble had been the predominating thing in Humdrum's life. From as far back as he could remember he had been adopted as its own particular property, and it had grown so used to stopping at his door that now it never even paused before making him a visit.

By hard work he had achieved his present position in the village bank. There he stopped. Norwalk offered no bigger opportunity. Some of his fellow townsmen looked up to him with something like envy. Those who did not envy him had left for the city.

Humdrum missed none of these except Dick Wallace, a former boon companion, with whom as a boy he had read detective stories in the hayloft and argued the methods of all the great fiction sleuths from Nick Carter to Sherlock Holmes. Wallace was now a detective in the city, with big prospects ahead, according to reports. While, as for Humdrum—well, perhaps some day he might become president of the bank—and then perhaps he might not. At any rate, he had his dreams.

Ever since he had been a little chap he had had to think of others before himself. Though he had done well according to Norwalk standards, there was practically nothing to show for it.

His sister Clara had always been his biggest responsibility. Married to Ed Danforth, a village ne'er-do-well, she had had the usual experience of such a man's wife. At last he disappeared one day, taking her one cherished possession, a ring left her by her mother, and leaving his deserted brood to be cared for by Humdrum.

Humdrum had seen most of the things he lived for broken. Dreams that vanish almost with their dawning do not hurt long; but dreams that are almost realized leave an aching void when they are slain. Many things had been given up with scarcely more than a passing sigh by Humdrum; when it came to the relinquishing of his cherished honeymoon trip around the world—that was different.

His sister's spells of illness that had almost come to be taken as a matter of course had suddenly ended in a complete breakdown. It meant an operation. And that meant the abandonment of his and Alicia's trip. Humdrum didn't hesitate—but it was hard, desperately hard.

But there was still one consuming ray of light—Alicia. Even now he smiled tenderly to think how her slim little hand had nestled in his own, and how her eyes had smiled bravely up at him.

"Never mind, dear," she had whispered. "Our trip can be postponed, and it won't take so very long to save for a new house."

But a little later had come a letter from Aunt Kate. Her husband had died, and unless help was forthcoming she and her sister would have to go to the poorhouse. Unless? Clara had openly wept as she read the letter.

Humdrum had hesitated before this new responsibility that would mean the impossibility of further saving. Yet they were his relatives, his mother's sisters. And he could not deny them, so a letter was dispatched. Hector met them—and their bundles—at the station.

Alicia had awaited him in their trysting place—a pretty spot where they planned some day to build their home. He had not the heart to tell her the latest blow yet, and she prattled gayly on about the things that were to come.

"Are hollyhocks hard to grow?" she had asked. "I think a border of them close to the house would be so pretty."

Humdrum had nodded, afraid to answer, and she went on:

"There's going to be a white fence with crimson-rambler roses growing over it. I insist on that; I've always wanted a house with a fence like that. Oh, look!" she exclaimed. "Look at that sunset! Isn't it gorgeous?"

But in the sunset Humdrum only saw the end of all his hopes.

"Alicia, don't talk about the house," he had said. And then he told her.

For the first time, she had turned from him, and a voice strangely unlike Alicia's had said:

"Oh, don't touch me! Just leave me and let me cry!"

But with a woman's strange inconsistency she called him back when he started obediently away.

"Can't we get married without the

He met the two aunts who had turned to him for shelter, at the station.

house? I'll be economical, and we can manage on your salary by stinting——"

Humdrum kissed her. "Thank you, dear," he said huskily. "Perhaps we can—we'll see."

His hold on her hand tightened, and suddenly she found herself enveloped in his comforting arms. Against his breast she had wept a little. Hidden in her hair, his smile, too, had vanished. But neither would let the other guess the real extent of their disappointment.

Winfield Tanner, Norwalk's well-honored bank president, often enjoyed a holiday in San Francisco with Violette, an attractive and somewhat expensive young lady on whom he lavished a good deal of money. Away from Norwalk he indulged in all the pleasures he was forced to deny himself at home.

On the little, useless hand of Violette gleamed the ring that Humdrum's mother had worn on her betrothal day, and which Ed Danforth had taken with him on his departure from Norwalk. Its presence there was the result of a chain of occurrences—not altogether circumstantial—which had bound together Ed Danforth, Norwalk's notorious ne'er-do-well, and Winfield Tanner, one of the most respected and influential men of the town.

Had the inhabitants of Norwalk

The keen eyes of the night clerk were fixed upon the ring Tanner had given her.

known the details of Tanner's city outings, they perhaps would have looked more closely to the savings intrusted to his care. But Norwalk was a community that would never question the gods it worshiped.

So Tanner borrowed more and more of the bank's funds, determining each time, as such men always do, that *this* time would be the last and that he would find some way to replace the money.

There was one man that had done more for Norwalk than had any other. He was Judge Norwalk, a gentleman of the old school, founder of both the town and its one institution—the public library. His kindly impulses were often hidden by apparent sternness. Seemingly cold and aloof, almost to the point of self-sufficiency, no one knew of his deep affection for Alicia.

One afternoon he sat opposite her as her capable hands glued together a much-used copy of "David Copperfield." From time to time she would look up and talk laughingly with him, but her eyes always fell before the direct question in his. At last he spoke:

"Won't you marry me, Alicia, and let me take you away from this monotony?"

"I'm sorry—I don't love you," she said kindly. She felt sorry for the lonely old man, with his big empty home and his many useless dollars—and she felt a little sorry for Humdrum and herself, who were so unhappy for the lack of a few of them.

Almost as though summoned by her thoughts, Humdrum appeared at the doorway. Alicia's welcoming smile faltered when she saw his face.

"The bank has been robbed!" he said huskily. "Everything is gone. The bank is closed. I haven't a position any more."

Humdrum Brown

Her lips parted in amazement. Before she could speak he hurried on:

"I'm going away, and I've come to release you from our engagement." Without one farewell kiss, he was gone. He could not have trusted himself to be less abrupt.

In San Francisco, where Humdrum's journey ended, the days passed in weary succession without work. There were many jobs open, but none that he quite qualified for. His Norwalk training had not been the best training in modern business methods.

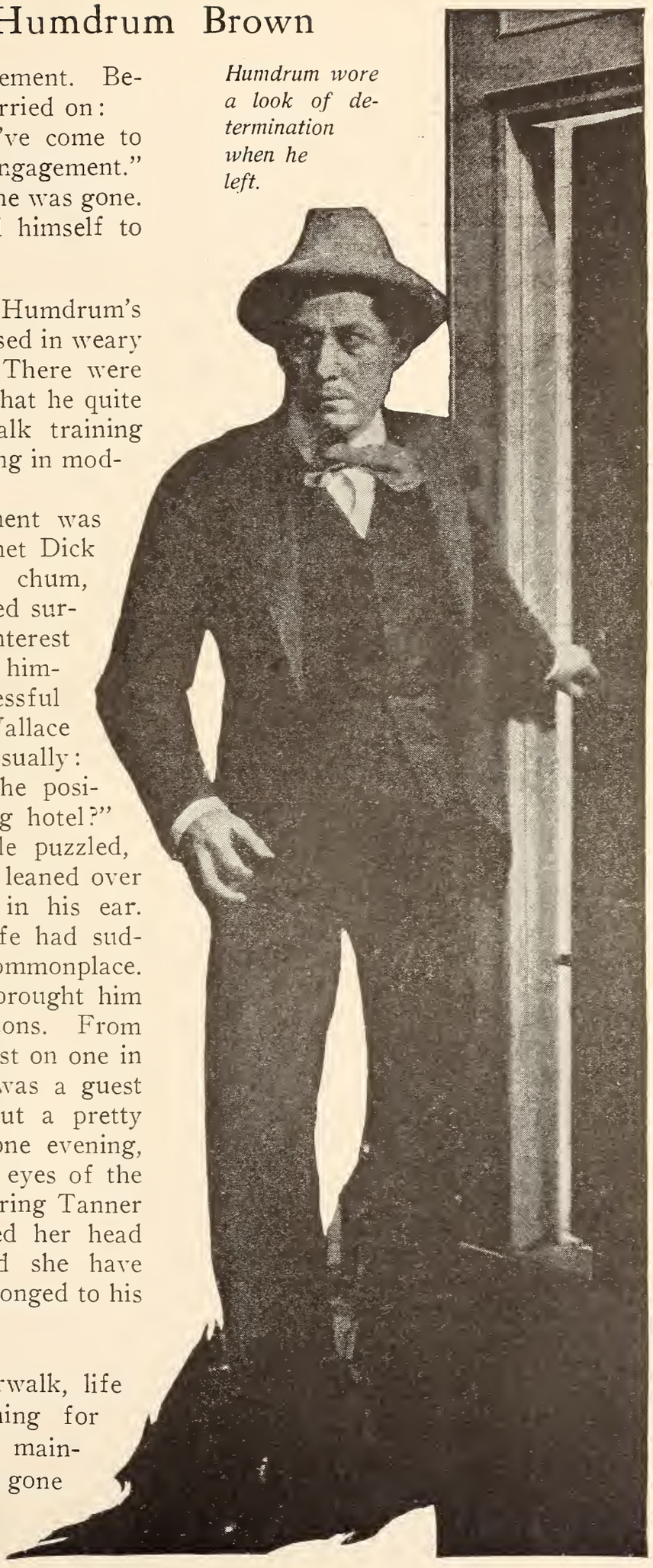
Then, when disappointment was at its strongest point, he met Dick Wallace, his old boyhood chum, who greeted him in delighted surprise. His sympathetic interest made Humdrum unburden himself and tell of his unsuccessful attempts to get a job. Wallace listened. Then he asked casually:

"How would you like the position of night clerk at a big hotel?"

Humdrum looked a little puzzled, and Wallace laughed as he leaned over and whispered something in his ear. Humdrum brightened. Life had suddenly come to look less commonplace.

His duties at the hotel brought him in contact with many persons. From these he centered his interest on one in particular—Violette, who was a guest at the hotel. Reaching out a pretty hand for her room key, one evening, she had observed the keen eyes of the night clerk focused on the ring Tanner had given her. She tossed her head disdainfully. How should she have known that the ring had belonged to his mother?

Meanwhile, back in Norwalk, life had become a dreary thing for brave, patient Alicia. The mainspring of her existence was gone with Humdrum no longer there. How she longed



Humdrum wore a look of determination when he left.

for him—for all their hopes and dreams that now seemed gone forever!

One day, quite suddenly, Judge Norwalk died, leaving Alicia a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars.

One hundred thousand dollars! Yet what did it mean without Humdrum? Then the new thought was born, and in a moment she decided to adopt it. Humdrum was not going to allow his pride to interfere with their love and make him refuse to marry her. He should be made to think the money his.

Arriving in San Francisco, Alicia sought out Tanner. She considered him as highly as did all the other inhabitants of Norwalk, and he was to help her plans materialize. He was aloof at first—annoyed at Alicia's frank friendliness. When Alicia told him of her legacy, his manner changed to one of utmost cordiality. It was decided that Tanner was to interest Humdrum in some particular speculation and pretend an enormous gain that was to be supplied with half of Alicia's legacy.

Violette dropped in at the office, as was her custom, and was introduced. She sailed off with Alicia, bound for a shopping tour. That evening, elegantly clothed, Alicia was anything but the quiet little mouse she used to be.

She was to dine at Violette's hotel on Tanner's urgent invitation. Humdrum, just beginning his duties, looked up from his ledger to encounter Alicia's startled eyes. In a moment he was at her side.

"Alicia! Oh, Alicia!" he whispered again and again, and for a moment the two forgot everything else in their happiness of being together.

Tanner and Violette looked at each other—the meeting was unfortunate from their standpoint. Then, quickly realizing he had a part to play, Tanner approached Humdrum.

"Well, well, Humdrum!" he began, in a breezy manner. "So you're here, too, in the big city. How would you like to get in on a little investment that is going to fly high?"

Humdrum ignored the proffered hand. There was a steely look in his usually kind eyes.

"Thanks, Tanner," he said, "I'm not interested in any of your deals."

The other was taken aback, then hastily tried to lessen the breach; but Humdrum was adamant.

Alicia looked on with a perplexed little frown—then she timidly touched Humdrum's arm as she signaled to him her plea that he be nice. Humdrum took her hand in his own, and, with scarcely a word to the others, drew her to one side.

Her voice trembled as she whispered:

"Hector, dear, what has come over you? Why do you treat Mr. Tanner so?"

Humdrum smiled reassuringly.

"Now, little girl," he said, "don't you go bothering your pretty head about that. Tanner isn't my chief any more, and——"

"That doesn't prevent you from being courteous to him."

The underlying reproach in her voice stung him, planting the rankling seed of jealousy in his heart. Why was she here with Tanner, and why should she take arms against himself to defend Tanner? Wasn't *he* her fiancé? Then suddenly he remembered that he was that no more.

But when he tried to tell Alicia how he felt about Tanner, she silenced him with the caustic little remark that he was jealous.

Later, Alicia remembered Humdrum's evident distrust of his former employer, and was half sorry that she had trusted Tanner with her legacy. Then she resolutely banished her fears as she dreamed of the time when she and Humdrum would return to Norwalk married and happy. When she saw Humdrum again she pleaded that they do this, that her legacy would

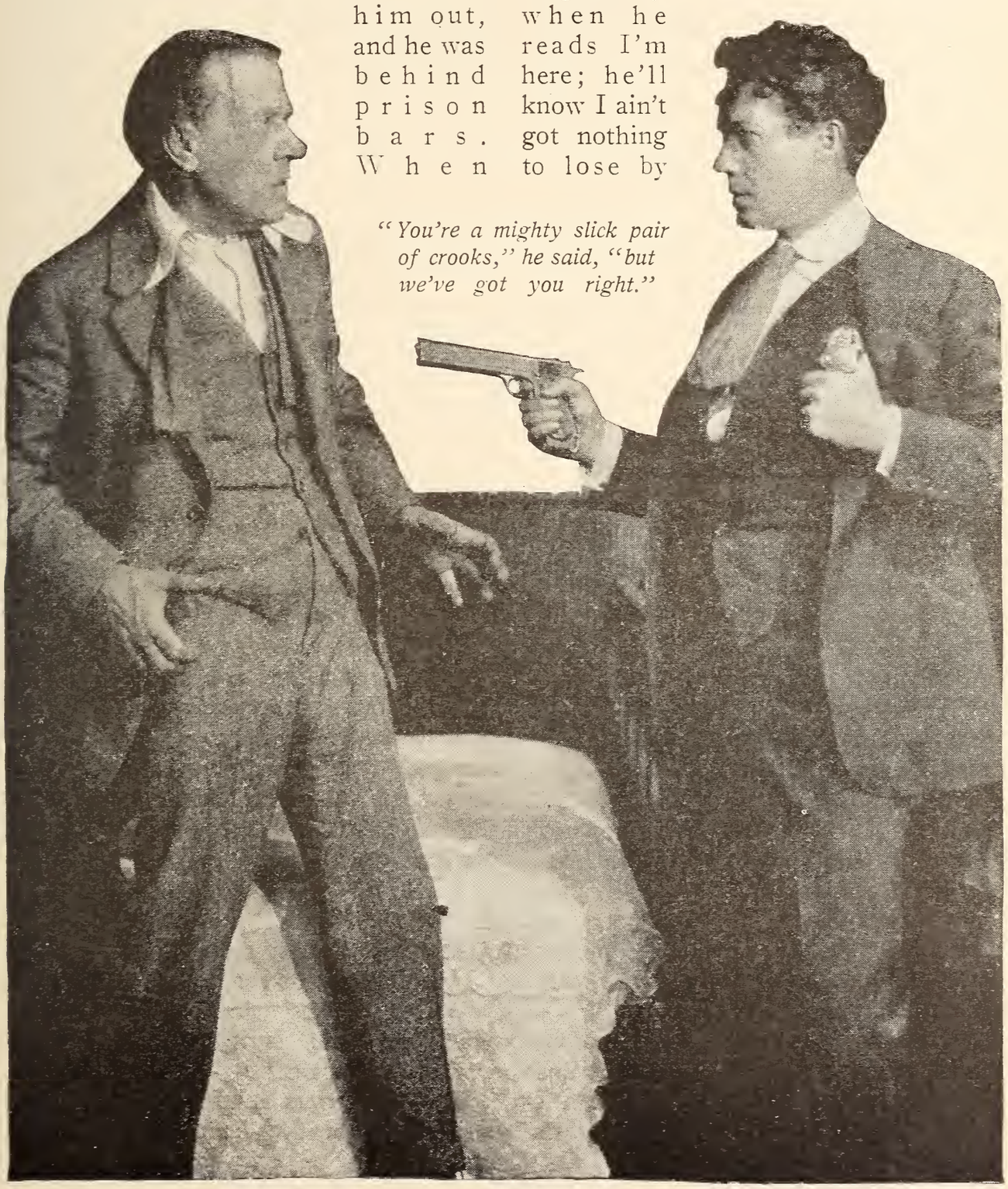
make them happy, but his only reply was:

"I love you more than you will ever know, but I can't go back until I've made good."

And all Alicia's entreaties were in vain, for Humdrum was determined that he would not live on the money of the girl he loved.

Ed Danforth's sins had at last found him out, and he was behind prison bars. When Humdrum hurried to the prison, after reading the news of his arrest, Danforth told him the true story of the Norwalk bank robbery. Tanner had instigated it, and Danforth and another henchman had done the actual work. After the thing was done, Tanner had refused to divide the spoils.

"Get him if you can, Hum," Danforth said. "Tanner'll probably make a get-away when he reads I'm here; he'll know I ain't got nothing to lose by



"You're a mighty slick pair of crooks," he said, "but we've got you right."

squealing now, and his guess'll be right."

Humdrum wore a look of determination when he left. He hurried back to the hotel, where, as he suspected, he found that Violette's baggage had been sent to the pier. He hurriedly telephoned to Wallace, telling him what had happened, and then rushed madly down to the pier, making the gangplank just before it was drawn up. At last had come a situation that was unusual, unexpected, and decidedly *not* humdrum!

A moment's pause at the purser's office, and he learned the number of Tanner's stateroom. A moment later he burst in upon the former banker.

"The game's up, Tanner!" he said.

With a mad dive, Tanner threw himself on him, fighting desperately. Suddenly Humdrum was enveloped in a heavy cloak, thrown over him from behind. Violette had come stealthily in while they were fighting, and, with catlike swiftness, had aided her master.

But Humdrum could not be downed so easily. With a lunge, he tore himself away, and before the startled pair had a chance to recover he whipped out a revolver. Pulling back the lapel of his coat, he disclosed a detective's star, saying:

"You're a mighty slick pair of crooks, but we've got you right. Wallace has been on your trail for months, and I clerked at the hotel just to keep track of you."

Outside on the promenade deck, a frightened, curious group of passengers peered through the windows. A few frantically tried to open the door that Violette had locked as she entered the room.

In the distance a trim little launch was following the ship. Nearer and nearer it came, leaving a sparkling wake that glittered like a silver ribbon in the sunshine. As it came near enough, Wallace reached for the pilot's ladder that swung from the bridge, and in a second had climbed it, followed by the police he led.

There was no need for inquiry to find Tanner. The eager crowd parted before the new excitement caused by the advent of the police, and looked breathlessly on as the door was broken in.

Bold to the end, Violette and Tanner passed the curious group that watched them as they were escorted into the police launch. Humdrum followed with the little grip containing the bank's funds and Alicia's legacy.

Back to Norwalk again—but not as he had left. Humdrum was hailed as a deliverer by the bank's trustees, who listened with flattering interest as he told of his recovery of their money.

When he had finished, a new spokesman took the chair, and Humdrum listened in amazement to the proposal that he be offered a block of the bank's stock and the presidency of the bank. The movement was carried unanimously.

Later he stood again with Alicia on the spot where their dream home was to be built. They could almost hear the calling of little voices and the patter of tiny feet as they talked.

Humdrum turned to her.

"Won't we be happy here, Alicia, when we come back from our trip around the world?"

Her reply was muffled against his ear, but her beating heart told him the answer.

Cast of "Humdrum Brown"

Written from the Paralta play of the same title starring Henry B. Walthall

"Humdrum" Brown...Henry B. Walthall
Alicia Boothe.....Mary Charleson
Winifred Tanner.....Howard Crampton
Judge Norwalk.....Joseph J. Dowling

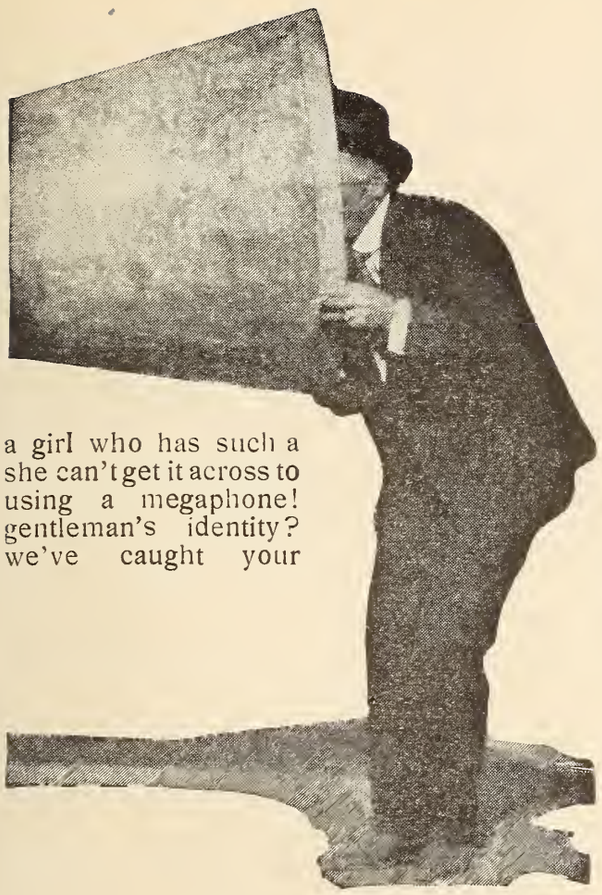
What's Happening

Eleanor "leads" Bobby Vernon all over the Field in Christie Comedies.

"I know a bank where the pussy willow blooms," said Agnes Ayres, and pulling on her rubber boots, she made the wilds of Brooklyn, New York, where she lives, yield a rich harvest.

Look at the little bit of little bit of a voice that the next page, without Or is it to eclipse the At last, Miss Huff, bluff!

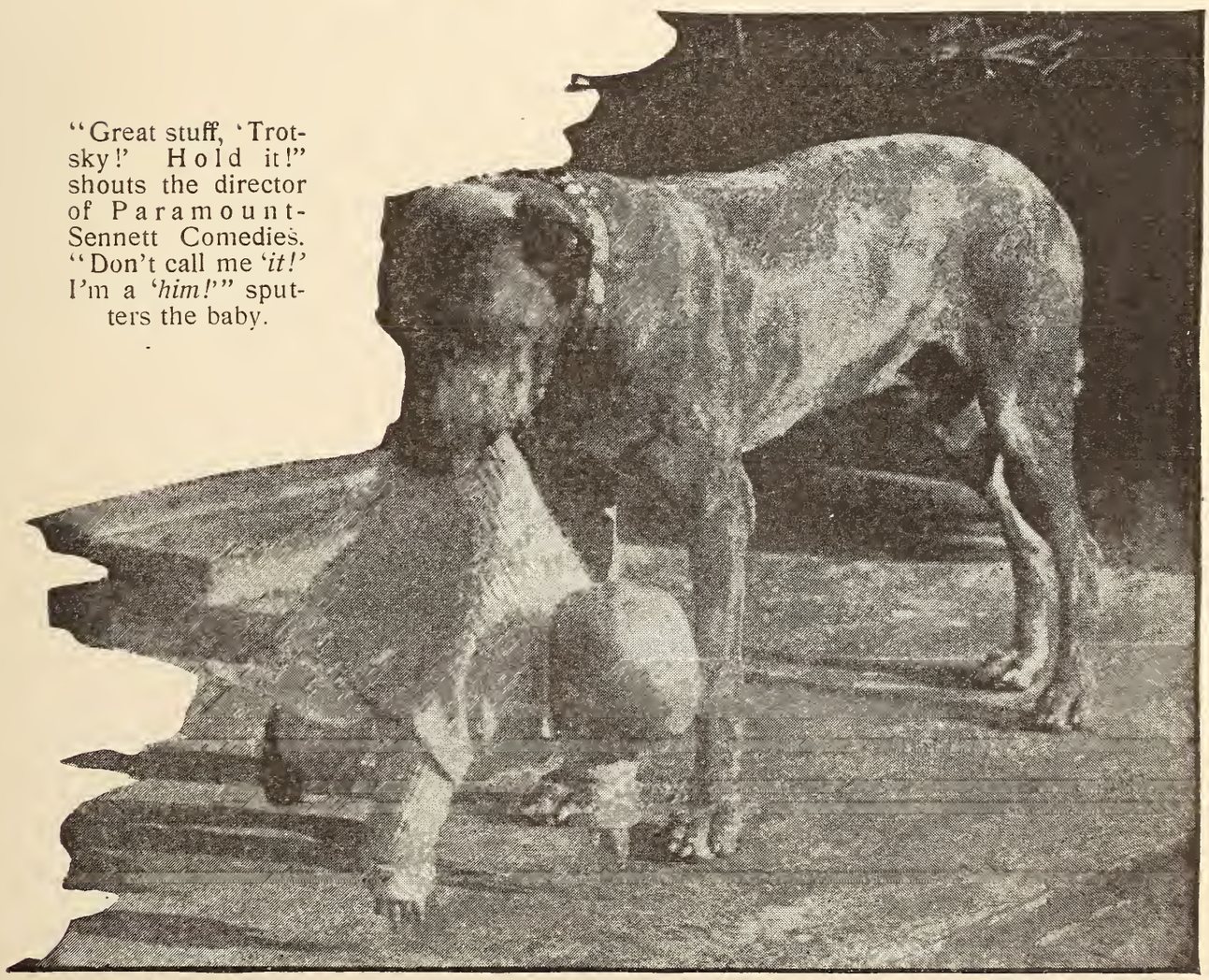
"Casey" is feeling pretty badly about it, but his jaw is set and he's going to see it through. He has been explaining to Edward Earle that he thinks it is up to dogdom to have a "boneless day."



a girl who has such a she can't get it across to using a megaphone! gentleman's identity? we've caught your

"Keep the home fires burning"— and Nell Shipman does, in front of a star for her brother, who is serving his country.

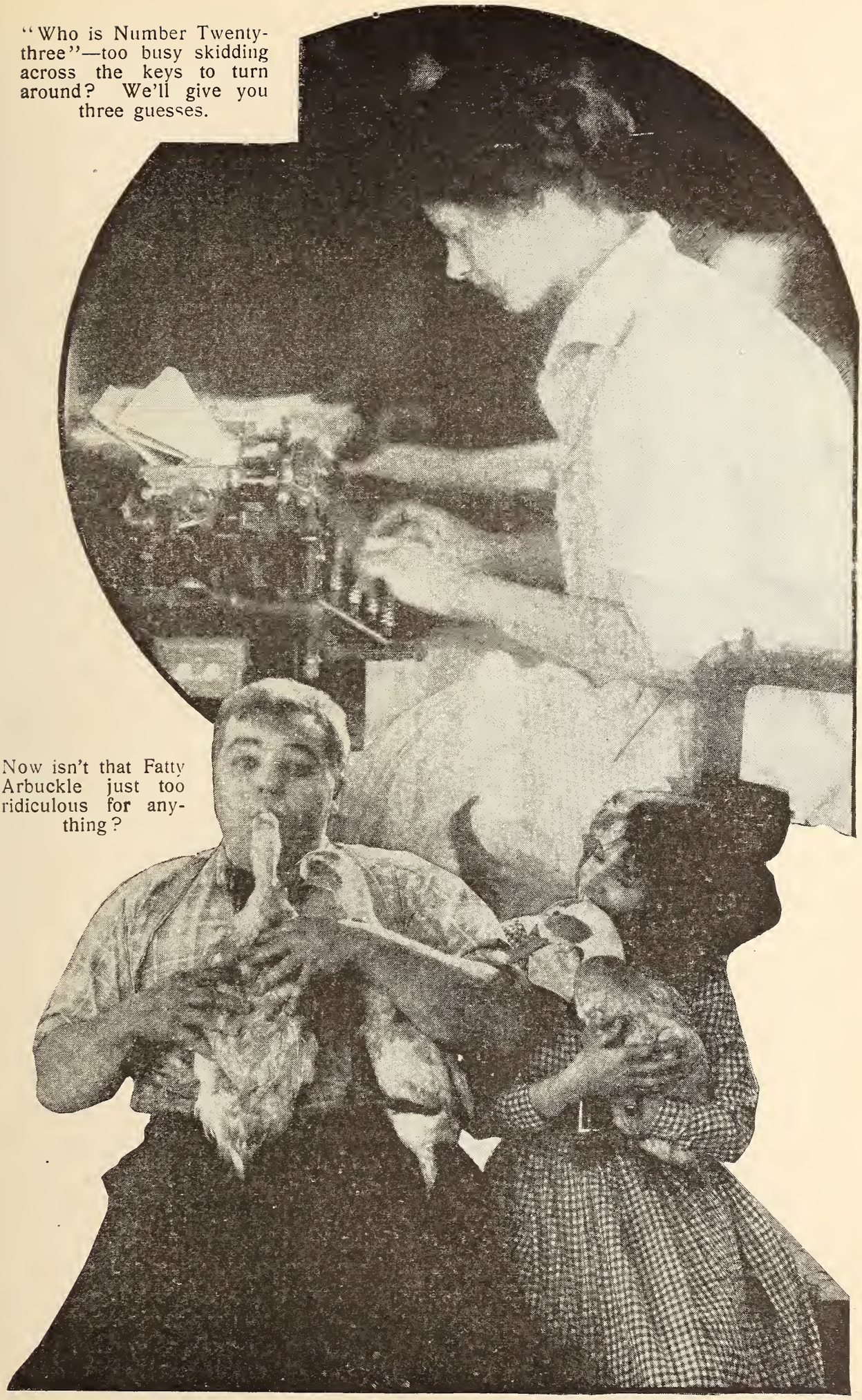
"Great stuff, 'Trotsky!' Hold it!" shouts the director of Paramount-Sennett Comedies. "Don't call me '*it!*' I'm a '*him!*'" sputters the baby.



The Marvel to us is that "Mike" doesn't swallow such a pretty girl whole. Can any one throw a Rae of light?

We wonder who keeps Billy Mason cooling his heels—and toes. Saxophone sobbing about it too, eh?

"Who is Number Twenty-three"—too busy skidding across the keys to turn around? We'll give you three guesses.



Now isn't that Fatty Arbuckle just too ridiculous for anything?

"Reduced to a minimum"—in all three dimensions. On this strip of celluloid, Gretchen Lederer sees herself measuring something like one inch by three-eights of an inch by zero. In real life the Universal player is some five feet seven by something by something.

It is an interesting fact that Miss Lederer was born in Cologne, Germany, was educated there and had a successful musical career before ever entering pictures. She is now an ardent American patriot, having taken out her second papers over a year ago. All her spare time is spent in knitting for the Universal City boys at the front, whom she also keeps supplied with candy and tobacco.

Jack Smith, outfielder for the St. Louis Cardinals, gives Pauline Starke a few pointers on batting—balls, not eyelashes.

Bill Franey registers disgust because Smith doesn't hold his bat the way they did when baseball was known as "rounders." Incidentally, Bill grew up with Abner Doubleday, the inventor of our national sport.

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 and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

A Lesson for Beginners

When Abner Snoddy, of Walnut Hills, writes a tempestuous letter to a scenario editor demanding the immediate return of his "masterpiece," or threatening dire things if his story is changed "in the smallest detail," should Abner be given the laugh just because he is a beginner? I, for one, don't think so. In fact, I'm going to divulge a professional secret: *Abner is in very, very good company!* Do not imagine for a second that the beginner who mails his scripts in Bloom Center or Pleasant Grove is the only one that should be censored. Abner Snoddy, at least, is ignorant of the usual procedure used in submitting manuscripts, and so his primary mistakes may be viewed charitably. But how about the professional writer, who knows better?

Among the writers of the "best sellers" there are some who will never get the idea that the writing of picture-play plots is as difficult an art as the writing of book and magazine fiction. They recognize no change in the silent drama of to-day from "the movies" of seven or ten years back, and they pull stuff that would never be attempted in a publisher's office. Here is an example:

A world-famous author sold the photo-play rights to one of his novels to a film concern. By the terms of the contract, he was to submit a scenario of his novel which, if acceptable, was to be purchased at a price additional to that paid for the book rights. The sum of $2,500 was to be paid for the rights to the novel, and $800 was to be paid to the author for his scenario if it was acceptable. The author wrote his "scenario." It proved to be but a "boiled-down" synopsis of his book, with a quantity of sprightly dialogue and some word paintings. One of the humble readers in the film company's scenario department could have done as well, if not better. And do you think this author could be shown the error of his way? He could not! When his work was returned to him, he gave loud cries of distress. Taking his pen in hand, he wrote a long letter to the head of the film company, and he intimated that the scenario editor was a dub. He pointed out the list of successful books he had written—of his popularity, of the fact that he knew the game of authorship from A to Z; and he wound up by stating that his books should never, never be screened unless he himself adapted them for the pictures! Who, he wrote, in heavily underscored sentences—who could know more about the story than the author thereof? And so the $2,500 has never been paid over and the author cannot submit his book elsewhere. He refuses to acknowledge that he cannot "dash off" a motion-picture play—that

the art must be studied—that there is technique to be learned. He just views Movieland as a bourn whence travelers return with well-filled purses, and he smiles disdainfully at the perverted tastes of the public. Until the novelists appreciate that they cannot write motion-picture technique, just so long will their efforts be turned down. They should be satisfied with the generous sums paid them for their stories, and permit others to adapt those stories for the screen. A well-known writer of photo plays, Wallace C. Clifton, asserted recently that in his years of experience in writing screen technique he had met just ten men and women who could write properly for production—and that even those ten had their technique changed more or less radically by directors. As we stated before, there are exceptions to every rule, and many of the more famous writers of fiction are perfectly willing to sell their book rights for the pictures and then to stand by. Mary Roberts Rinehart, Anna Catherine Green, Meredith Nicholsen, and others can be mentioned in this category. When Mrs. Rinehart's "The Circular Staircase" was picturized, she never interfered even with suggestions. When the picture was screened she went to see it, and then wrote a letter complimenting the work of the writer who adapted the story to the screen.

Incidentally, here is a lesson for beginners to consider: If a well-trained, experienced, and successful writer of novels fell down on his first scenario, then surely amateur writers with less training must not be disappointed by a similar experience.

"Then the thing's hopeless!" you exclaim. "If a big writer couldn't do it, there's certainly no earthly chance for *me!*"

Not at all; you've missed the point. He failed because he was too conceited to admit that he would have to learn this particular kind of writing—because he felt too superior to study and learn how picture plays should be built, and for that reason alone. Neither he nor you could succeed without making some special study of pictures. But with the elements of picture-play writing learned, there is a chance for any one who has a real gift for dramatic story-telling.

How About the Market

How about the market? Is it true that there are few demands for the work of outside writers? Perhaps half a dozen letters received daily carry this inquiry. The market for photo plays was never better than at present. First, the author can submit his plot in outline, without any attempt at the detailed technique of the completed scenario or continuity, and his work will be given earnest consideration and high prices paid for acceptable material. On the other hand, the market requirements are more exacting. Look over the movie trade papers and PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and you will see a large number of character people are being starred. Consider, for example, June Caprice, Bessie Love, George Walsh, Taylor Holmes, Bryant Washburn, Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford, and others whom you know. They all have their own following and their own methods, and stories must be built around their personalities. The plays and novels suitable to them have about been exhausted, and plots and plays suited for them are in demand. There is no question of prompt sale of manuscripts that meet the requirements of any one of these stars, or others. The only way to learn the types of stories wanted is to go to the theaters, see the stars perform, and then, if you have an idea in your head and you believe it suitable to the star, go

to it. Special stories also must be written to fit Frank Keenan, Fannie Ward, Douglas Fairbanks, Theda Bara, Elsie Ferguson, to name but a few more well-known stars. It is a day of specialization, and a story written and submitted to fit "almost anybody" will get nowhere. To quote Gilbert, "The punishment must fit the crime!"

Changing Stories

It is a fact that nine out of ten of the stories purchased, no matter by whom written, must be changed for picture purposes. The reason is that the material submitted has not enough action, or the atmosphere is such that it is impossible to create for the movie screen. Dragginess is one of the bugbears of the motion-picture story. It must be constantly guarded against. You will surely recall many a picture that started out well but "sagged" in the middle, or a picture plot that utilized at least a reel and a half before anything happened. The funny part of it all is that the director can unconsciously create a draggy picture. It is a weakness that is combated all the time. And so the fiction stories must be strengthened; not, perhaps, so much as to the plot as to the *action*. Most fiction is "camouflaged;" that is, the plot, be it strong or weak, is surrounded by much embroidery in the shape of dialogue and descriptive stuff. You cannot picturize dialogue on the screen; there must be something happening all the time. That is the reason that the novel or short story that reads so excellently well must be built up and new episodes introduced before it becomes a film drama or comedy in the true sense of the word.

Two Questions Answered

In going through the great amount of mail received by this department, two inquiries seem paramount. One is: "How long is the Thus-and-so Company going to keep my manuscript?" The other inquiry is: "What real chance is there for a beginner?" It is true that many of the editorial departments are slow in passing on a manuscript. In some instances they are unreasonably slow; but there are always two sides to every question. If you could peek into the editorial sanctum of any leading film company, you would soon see why your story has not yet been reported upon. In well-conducted offices, the manuscripts are taken up in the order of their receipt. Consequently yours may be at the bottom of a large file. Readers cannot pass a script a minute. Should they attempt undue haste, they might miss an idea that the other fellow would find, or they might lay themselves liable to the old plaint of "my story was not even read; I placed a piece of thread between pages sixteen and seventeen, and that thread was never disturbed." One film company receives on an average of two hundred scripts weekly, and to give each one of these—each one, remember, of prime importance in the mind of its originator—fair consideration, takes time. If you would come to the film market with your wares, you must abide by the market conditions. You cannot receive your story back in a week, because it is impossible to consider it, pass on it, and return it in that time. There are too many scripts.

Now, as to "what real chance is there for a beginner?"—and this question is usually asked in a pessimisic way. There is every chance in the world. The many successful writers for the screen were the beginners of yesterday. I per-

sonally know of a telegraph operator, a former carpenter, and a mother of three children, all succeeding in the field of photo-play writing.

The best training in the world for the ambitious writer is the newspaper office. To-day, the majority of the successful writers are former newspaper men and women. In journalism they have learned to know a story when it is encountered face to face, have learned how to write under trying conditions, and hence it is not difficult for them to take up the study of screen craft and master it. Since the film companies have been demanding ideas in synopsis form, and not near-technique, the way to success has widened. There is no reason why any person possessing originality and the dramatic sense, and the knack of putting down on paper what comes into the brain—there is no reason, we repeat, why he or she cannot succeed. Originality, the dramatic sense, the knowledge that you have a story, cannot be readily taught. These qualifications are gifts. Good common sense is also a prime requisite. Submit your work in a workmanlike manner; do not write personal letters to the editor; have your stuff typewritten, and inclose a return envelope self-addressed and stamped. Put your very best into your work, for photo plays which sell are not "dashed off" on the spur of the moment —they are written, rewritten, and written again.

Copyrighting

Many letters are received in which these questions are asked: What is the proper method of submitting a scenario, and do you consider it advisable to have same copyrighted before submitting? The proper method of submitting a scenario is to have your story neatly typewritten, double-spaced, telling as briefly as possible, clearness considered, in simple narrative form, being sure to emphasize the climaxes and dramatic situations. Send it folded, not rolled, and addressed to the scenario department of whatever producing company you have selected—not to an individual. Inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for the return of your manuscript, in case it proves unavailable. Do not inclose a long personal letter to the editor with your script. Your name and address in the upper left-hand corner of the first page and on every succeeding page of your manuscript is sufficient. Number each page. Your story will speak for itself, and nothing you can say can add or subtract to its value. You cannot copyright a motion-picture scenario as such. You can have your story set in type and copyright it. However, if you cater to reliable concerns there is no need of copyrighting. You would not think of first copyrighting a short story before submitting it to a leading magazine, would you? Then why worry about copyrights in connection with film companies? Most of them are as responsible and honest in their dealings as any publication in the world.

Occasionally, Yes!

Just as in any other line of work, you'll occasionally find an editor with the wrong "slant." Said one to us the other day: "I do not agree with you regarding the encouragement of unknown authors. I have been 'stung' by these people too many times. I find that they 'crib' stories from others and that many of them have no moral sense at all. They think that anything they read is public property, and they coolly take it, change it around some, and submit it. When I do get what seems to me a *real* idea from an unknown source, I never purchase it. I send it

back and ask for more. Finally, when I feel I have reason to believe that author and to know that his stuff continues to be strictly original and is not cribbed, I start to buy it." We informed this editor that he was dead wrong. One of the qualifications of an editor is to be well read. Another essentiality is to have people in his office keeping abreast of all the up-to-date fiction, if the editor himself has not the time to read extensively. It is then an easy matter to submit this new idea from the unknown author to those who are conversant with the latest book and magazine stories. If the idea is original, it can then be purchased. The practice of "safety first" at the expense of a beginner is not good policy. We may state that this policy is strictly the exception, and that if the beginner comes forth with a new and novel idea, that idea is welcomed with open arms in most all of the sanctums. But woe to him if he is caught trying to sell stolen goods!

Keep on Trying

A Winnipeg, Canada, letter says, in part: "Although I knew nothing of the technique of photo-play writing, several months ago I wrote two sketches, the second of which I forwarded to the Universal people. It was a short Western plot, entitled, 'The Land Grabbers.' They accepted same and paid me fifty dollars, stating that my action was good but my form was short, as it would necessitate reconstructing. I have since that time devoted all of my spare time to studying styles, et cetera, but have attempted to market no scenarios. I find, however, that plotting becomes much easier, and have two feature films practically completed. Would you judge that I have ability as a scenario writer sufficient to recompense me for engaging in a careful study of the work? I have had twelve years' experience, but take a keener enjoyment in short sketch writing and scenarios." If this writer would gain complete success in the work, he *must* "indulge in a careful study" of it. The assertion as to "the studying of style" is somewhat mystifying. If the writer had had twelve years' experience as a newspaper man, as he states in the letter, his style should take care of itself. Forget the technique end and write plots couched in narrative form. We know of some film editors who pay as high as five hundred dollars for ideas and place the reconstruction in the hands of staff scenario writers who are paid for this work. We would advise Winnipeg, Canada, to keep on trying.

The Usual Experience

We are publishing parts of a letter just to clinch our repeated statements to beginners "to be careful about dealing with companies that are not reliable." "Can you tell me if the ———— (never heard of the name before) is reliable to trust with scenarios? On October 11, 1917, I sent the firm a scenario, with postage and addressed envelope for return of scenario should it prove not available. The envelope carrying my scenario bore my return address. On December 10, 1917, not receiving any communication from them with reference to the disposal of my scenario and the same having not been returned, I wrote them a letter of inquiry and gave date—as well as title—of the work sent to them, and asking if they had received it and if they were holding it for further consideration. If

they had not received the scenario, to kindly notify me that I might have the postal authorities trace it for me. With this letter of inquiry I inclosed another scenario for their consideration, with postage and addressed envelope inclosed for its return should it not meet with their present requirements. This envelope carrying my scenario also bore my name and address. Up to the present time I have never heard a word from these people as to the disposal of either scenario or in answer to my letter of inquiry. What would you advise me to do? It is hardly possible that both scenarios were lost in the mail." It is the old story of sending out manuscripts to doubtful people. In any event, all he can do now is to notify the company by registered letter that he has withdrawn the two plots sent to them, not having any acknowledgment of them, and is sending copies to another company for consideration. Of course he must have carbon copies of the scripts in order to recopy them. We take it for granted, however, that every writer retains a carbon copy of all work sent out. This is the only proper business method. When your story is produced you can then ascertain by your carbon just what alterations have been made in the original plot. If your story is mislaid or lost, you have your carbon to fall back on.

In this connection I wish to explain that it is impossible for me to answer any inquiries concerning the responsibility or standing of different companies. There are hundreds of companies of all kinds associated with the motion-picture industry, many more than I could possibly have any knowledge of.

The Man in the Audience

The Man in the Audience *must* be catered to. Believe us when we state that he has become the most feared of critics. The author, the director, and the producer care little for the reviews in the motion-picture trade journals—be they flattering or otherwise—but they do care for the views of The Man in the Audience. He has become critical indeed; he knows the tricks and the manners; he eyes the photography, views the types with keen eye, likes or dislikes the sets and lighting effects, and his criticisms are all powerful. To please The Man in the Audience is good business—to displease him long means failure. Here are examples of pertinent pointers from The Man in the Audience: "I have noticed in 'wild-West' movie plays that which strikes me as wrong. Take a scene in which the hero and heroine are escaping on horseback. They are chased by the enemy. Invariably the first riders appear—are out of sight—pursuers appear—and bang, bang! the pistols go off ad lib. If the pursuers expect to make a capture, their revolver shots certainly tell their position. It always looks to me like a wild-West show with the firing a mere added attraction. I wonder why directors insist on the indiscriminate firing of revolvers? I have yet to see a Western picture in which 'firing' chases were not included. In an elaborate production starring a well-known actress which I saw the other day, I noticed another peculiar feature. In the last scene there is a subtitle: 'She is dead.' The star then proceeds to fix the position of her legs and feet. A number of people in the audience criticized this."

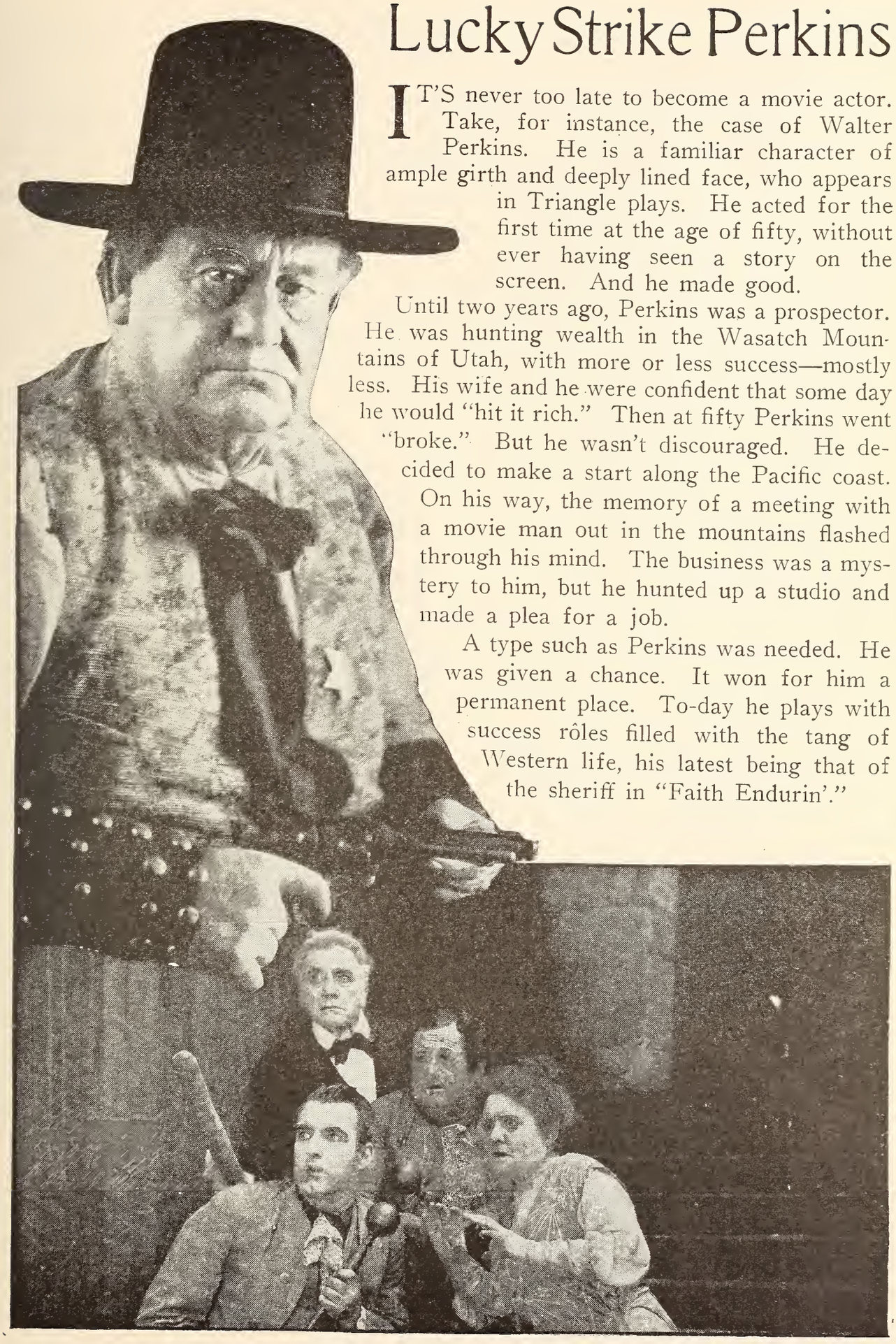
Comments of the audience are always interesting, and we know of more than one motion-picture company that has representatives at initial showings of films to overhear the comments.

Lucky Strike Perkins

IT'S never too late to become a movie actor. Take, for instance, the case of Walter Perkins. He is a familiar character of ample girth and deeply lined face, who appears in Triangle plays. He acted for the first time at the age of fifty, without ever having seen a story on the screen. And he made good.

Until two years ago, Perkins was a prospector. He was hunting wealth in the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, with more or less success—mostly less. His wife and he were confident that some day he would "hit it rich." Then at fifty Perkins went "broke." But he wasn't discouraged. He decided to make a start along the Pacific coast. On his way, the memory of a meeting with a movie man out in the mountains flashed through his mind. The business was a mystery to him, but he hunted up a studio and made a plea for a job.

A type such as Perkins was needed. He was given a chance. It won for him a permanent place. To-day he plays with success rôles filled with the tang of Western life, his latest being that of the sheriff in "Faith Endurin'."



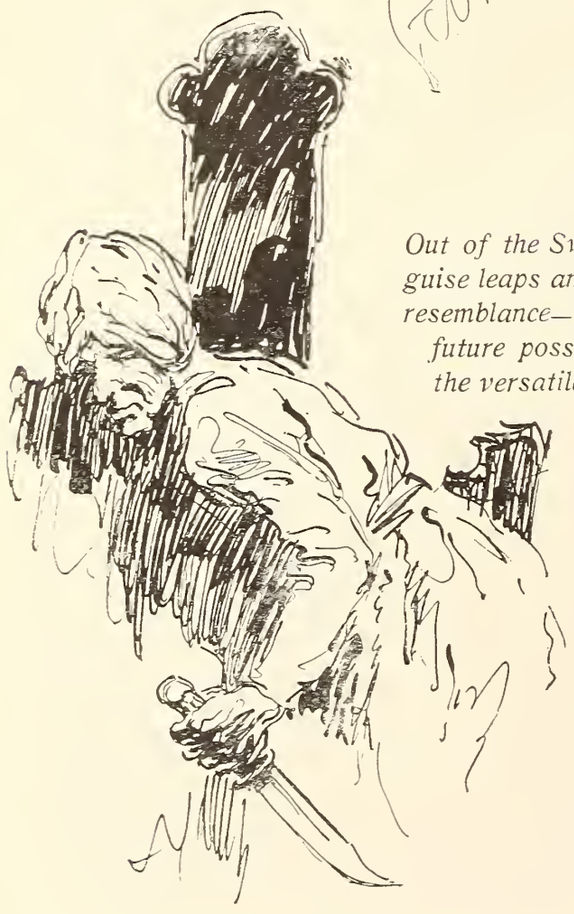
Westward Ho

'Oh, East is East, and West is West," in poetry, Mr. Kipling, but Fort Lee, while "The Swami"

By R. L. Lambdin

Oriental atmosphere lingers only while the cameras click. Montagu Love in his dressing room drains a convivial glass and passes up that complicated Eastern plumbing arrangement for smoking, known as the "hookah," for a Havana cigar.

Out of the Swami's disguise leaps an Occidental resemblance—suggesting future possibilities for the versatile Mr. Love.



A white-clad shape haunts about the dim recesses of the temple; a brown, sinister face peers from the high turban, and in one yellow claw he clutches —a stag-handled hunting knife!

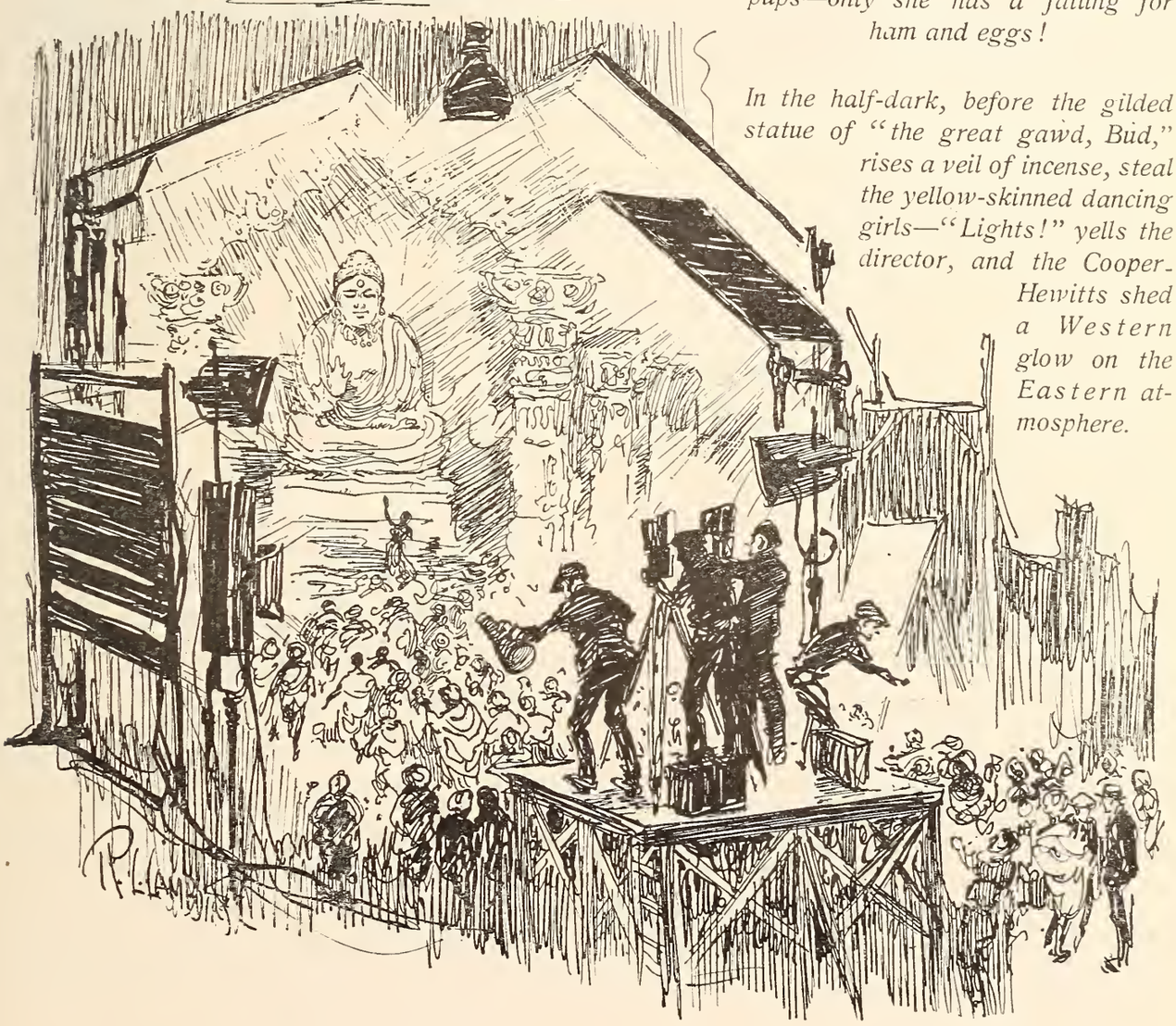
to Mandalay

recently the twain met in the World Film Studio at
was being filmed.

Director Vale, despite his Buddhist sympathies, passes Mohammedan-made cigarettes.

Louise Vale, the English heroine, raves over things Oriental—Persian cats and Pekingese pups—only she has a failing for ham and eggs!

In the half-dark, before the gilded statue of "the great gawd, Bud," rises a veil of incense, steal the yellow-skinned dancing girls—"Lights!" yells the director, and the Cooper-Hewitts shed a Western glow on the Eastern atmosphere.



Scene from "The Hard Rock Breed."

The Screen in Review

Comment and criticism on recent pictures.

By Edmund Buel

THE pictures of a month since cover a wide range. War receives its share of the spotlight. Adaptations from popular novels and plays continue. There are pictures that trace their origin to the studio where they were produced, and there is one notable one that springs from a recent murder case which received nation-wide publicity. Never more effectively than in this month, it seems, has the screen demonstrated its right to be termed the mirror of life. For to mirror such it must mirror everything, and this it has done, leaving hardly the remotest nook untouched by its searching eye. And, though the Great War has received its due, like unto his satanic majesty, the humorous and the lighter human elements predominate in the majority of the offerings. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, as well as many lesser known celebrities of the screen, come forward with further features which make brighter the hours spent in the theater. "The Kaiser" and "The Unbeliever" savor of the smoke and gas of the battlefield, yet each springs from a source that has something more than jingo flag waving as its motive.

Of special interest, too, I think, is Essanay's move in reissuing the never-

Mary Pickford in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley."

Ann Pennington in "Sunshine Man."

to-be-forgotten "Broncho Billy" pictures, if for no other reason than to show the advancement of the art of picture producing since they were made. The picturegoer has been educated to subtler things than six flashes of Broncho Billy dashing along a road on horseback—six successive flashes. But to my mind these single-reelers are as funny as Mack Sennett at his best, if Essanay will forgive me for saying so. "Broncho Billy's Leap" strongly appealed to my sense of humor, particularly when G. M. Anderson endeavored to express emotion in the very face of the lens. But with the more perfect examples of the motion picture to consider, let us leave Broncho Billy galloping along that distant road and turn to——

"Amarilly of Clothesline Alley"

(Artcraft)

This is Mary Pickford's latest, and it contrasts strongly with that highly dramatic subject, "Stella Maris." It is almost entirely in humorous vein, though there are times when one catches a glimpse of pathos in the character of *Amarilly*. But there are more laughs than tears. *Amarilly* is a tough little Irish specimen who, through a series of startling circumstances, is introduced into the home of an ultrarich society woman. All the wealth and good clothes that are showered upon her, however, change not her heart, and she refuses the fashionable artist for *Terry McGowan,* her old sweetheart, who wears a white apron and works on the sober side of the bar in an East Side café. Perhaps the funniest scenes are current when *Amarilly's* mother and brothers and sisters come to visit her in her new home. Kate Price as the maternal parent, Irish as peat, is more than likely to send her audience into convulsions when she comes in contact with the absurdly effete. The picture is an adaptation from a novel by Belle K. Maniates, but that matters little, as much of the action has been changed

Antonio Moreno and Pearl White in "The House of Hate."

to better purpose. It is endowed with another of those beautiful productions which only Marshall Neilan seems to know how to give a picture. I know that every one who has seen it was tickled to death with *Amarilly*—if they're human.

"Revelation"

(Metro)

Nazimova's first screen work was shown in "War Brides," and it has improved greatly since then. She is the very soul of "Revelation," giving a portrayal of the little Parisian dancer and model that is full of feeling. Hers is a carefree and rather profane existence until she comes in contact with the church and learns for the first time that there is something else in life besides elementary passions and vain pleasure seeking. I think that her delineation of the unbelieving model, the manner in which she shows the transition from bad to good and her final regeneration, are phases of the greatest dramatic intensity that the screen has ever shown. She holds her audience in the palm of her hand, can make them laugh and cry at will, and there are few actresses who can claim such lightning versatility among their accomplishments.

Scene from "Little Red Decides."

"The Unbeliever"

(Edison)

This deals with another scoffer at God, but in quite a different manner from the above feature. *Philip Landicutt,* an American snob, with an exalted idea of his own family, a firm though unfounded disbelief in God, and an ingrained dislike of the masses, serves in the European war to the ultimate betterment of himself. He learns that "family" counts for little in the routine of war, that there is brotherly love between the high and the low when the veneer is done away with, and that there is a God. Under the title of "The Three Things," this story, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, was published in booklet form. Edison has made it into a

seven-reel feature and has surrounded the theme with a number of realistic war scenes in which the United States Marines partook. But it is theme and not spectacle that makes the picture the gripping thing it is. With all war's horrors there is shown its better side—its leveling of all mankind to the same plane. There is a touch of romance running through it, with Marguerite Courtot as the Belgian girl, but interest centers on Raymond McKee's portrayal of *Landicutt*. Not a great performance is it, but one which rings clear with sincerity and enthusiasm for the part's possibilities.

George Beban in "One More American."

"Woman and the Law"

(Fox)

I think it was exceedingly bad form to produce this picture; but now that it has been given, I have to take my hat off to R. A. Walsh, who prepared and directed it, and to Miriam Cooper, who plays the heroine. The play is based on the De Saulles murder case and the trial of Bianca de Saulles, who was judged not guilty for shooting and killing her ex-husband. Mr. Walsh has painted the husband in the play as a blackguard, and has swung all sympathy on the side of his abused wife, and he has turned out a film of the greatest dramatic intensity. The whole pitiful story makes ideal picture melodrama. Miss Cooper's work is wonderful in effect, and Ramsay Wallace gives a scarcely less notable performance as the husband. But when all is said and done, it doesn't seem like fair play to make capital of a dead man's deeds. "Requiescat in pace" should be written on every tombstone, no matter what the character of the interred.

"The Kaiser"

(Renowned Pictures)

I sat and gaped at Rupert Julian's impersonation of the Prussian war lord. It is one of the most marvelous things the screen has ever given the public. If the kaiser were not known to be shy of motion-picture contracts, you would

William S. Hart in "Blue Blazes Rawdon."

Madame Nazimova in "Revelation."

swear he had acted the part. Mr. Julian, who, by the way, also directed the picture and collaborated on the writing of it with Elliott J. Clawson, uses no make-up on his face save for the usual studio paint. He has a marvelous control of his facial muscles, as he proved about a year ago in a Bluebird picture, and with the aid of careful lighting he appears as a wonderful counterpart of the kaiser. And Mr. Julian an Englishman! The story traces a number of dramatic episodes in the kaiser's war career, and interwoven with these is the tragic story of one Belgian family. The play ends with the kaiser's surrender, and this is a marvellous piece of dramatic staging. It has all the impressiveness of reality.

The whole thing is ideally managed and put together. There is a large cast, and Mr. Julian stands out in it. Elmo Lincoln, as the Belgian blacksmith, gives a performance full of sympathetic appeal, and all the characters from life are realistically presented by skilled actors.

"One More American"

(Paramount)

This stands as George Beban's best picture since he made his début in the art with "The Sign of the Rose," later called "An Alien." Paramount has been feeding him altogether on comedy dramas of late, and in this type of picture Beban registers only mildly—cer-

Gladys Leslie in "The Wooing of Princess Pat."

tainly not as well as he does in a part such as that supplied him in "One More American." He is seen as a loyal member of an Italian quarter in New York, so upright and influential among his fellow men that he incurs the hatred of the political boss. How, in revenge, this fellow does his best to prevent the Italian's wife and young daughter from entering the United States, and how a friendly reporter saves the day, makes a drama well worth seeing. Mr. Beban, in those scenes where, his joy at its height at the prospect of meeting his wife, learns that she will be deported, is wonderful. He is so expressive in

his agonized realization of the injustice of the boss' decision that he makes the audience feel it with him, a feat which few players can accomplish. But while the picture's pathos runs deep, there is a pleasantly balancing lighter side.

"Blue Blazes Rawdon"

(Artcraft)

William S. Hart, king of screen bad men, departs from his usual rôle as *Blue Blazes,* and is seen as a rough-and-ready lumberjack. A worthless Eng-

Scene from "Woman and the Law."

lishman has charge of a café patronized by *B. B.* and his pals. He is killed by the lumberjack in a sensational fight, and the victor takes charge of the café. The picture's dramatic intensity here takes a big jump forward, for the dead man's sweet mother and younger brother from England arrive, and *Blazes,* after lying to them about their relative's death, is led to reform through the trust placed in him by the mother. While this vehicle gives Hart a great acting part, he is inclined to overdo it in the early stages. However, as soon as the English mother, so nicely played by Gertrude Claire, arrives, the whole structure tightens up and grips until the end.

"The House of Hate"

(Pathé)

This is the title of Pathé's new serial, and I am referring to it because in its opening numbers it promises to far surpass the average continued-in-our-next, stop-at-a-thrilling-moment picture. There is an excellent element of mystery introduced in the person of the *Hooded Terror,* whose counterpart was found in "The Hidden Hand," "The Iron Claw," et cetera. But here an attempt has been made at logical mystery, not the idiotic blindfolding with which most scenario writers foolishly attempt to pass off as such when writing a serial. I hope the even merit of the first number is maintained throughout its fifteen episodes. If this is done, the house of Pathé will have established a record. Pearl White, as agile and as

Douglas Fairbanks in "Headin' South."

daring as Fairbanks, is the feminine lead, while Antonio Moreno makes a very handsome hero.

"Ruggles of Red Gap"

(Essanay)

From magazine to the stage, and then from stage to the screen, was the course traveled by *Ruggles,* and this his third appearance, played by Taylor Holmes, is not the least of the three. Almost every one is acquainted with the adventures of the English manservant who discovers that he is the equal of the highest born in the United States. To recount them again here is useless. But suffice it to say that Mr. Holmes gives a rare performance, while Frederick Burton, Lawrence D'Orsay, Edna Phillips, and Virginia Valli support him nobly. The adapter and director have preserved the humor originally found in the written lines of Harry Leon Wilson, and "Ruggles of Red Gap" scores as a distinct success as a result.

"The House of Glass"

(Select)

This also makes its way to the screen from the stage, and to its benefit. Personally I am of the opinion that Clara Kimball Young has never given a performance full of such fine shading and appeal as she does as *Margaret Case,* the unfortunate victim of circumstance, whose past hovers threateningly over the happiness of her married life. This isn't exactly a new idea, but it was a skillfully knit play and none of its technical perfection has been spoiled during its transmigration to the screen. The interest is always cumulative, and in some places reaches the very heights of intensity. Miss Young receives her support from Corliss Giles, who is ever able to properly present the part of a man of business, and from Edward M. Kimball, Paul Trenton, and James T. Laffey.

"The Floor Below"

(Goldwyn)

A joyous piece of confection is this, proving again that Mabel Normand is the best comedienne on the screen. She is seen as the copy girl in a newspaper office. A copy girl, be advised, is usually a boy, whose duties consist of rushing editorial matter from the reporters to the editor and then to the linotyper. I have never seen any Mabel Normands on the job, but I should like to. The whole office stops work when she shoots craps with the A. D. T. antediluvian and pesters the ancient member of society who runs the woman's page. But the editor gets tired of her tricks and decides to make a detective of her. She is introduced into a home for down-and-outs run by Tom Moore. Tom is suspected of burglaring fashionable houses on the side, but Mabel discovers it is his secretary. What could be nicer, particularly when Mabel and Tom are in love? No one is expected to take this picture seriously. It borders on burlesque constantly and is really thoroughly amusing.

"Six-Shooter Andy"

(Fox)

This has over seven shootings which result in death in it. I was unable to keep tab on them after that. So I presume it may be called a typical Western. It was written by Bernard McConville, who, without putting much originality into it, has handled his material with fine effect. The hero is a prospector, the heroine a "little mother" to eight younger brothers and sisters, the villain is the sheriff of the lawless town whose star is only used as a mask for personal and greedy motives. I am glad all sheriffs aren't like him, for he caused the death of the first five of the seven mentioned who died in their boots. Tom Mix is very magnetic as the hero. There is something fascinat-

ing about him which enables him to be effective without acting.

"Headin' South"

(Artcraft)

A Douglas Fairbanks feature, to be ideal in every sense of the word, must be possessed of melodrama, farce, and acrobatic stunts in certain proportions, which I have been unable to determine as yet. If I knew these proportions, I could go out and direct him; but I don't, and no one does, not even himself or his present directors. If they did, "Headin' South" would not have been the disappointing picture it is. Mind you, it has much comedy—too much, I think. The smiling Douglas absolutely refuses to take any of the melodramatic situations of the play at all seriously, which certainly he should have done for the sustaining interest of the picture. He himself is funny, particularly in those scenes where the true spirit of farce prevails, when he refuses to recognize the villainous character of *Spanish Joe*. And he is acrobatically athletic again also. But "Headin' South," with these merits, has not the proper balance to result in the perfect entertainment that was "The Modern Musketeer." The production, with its Mexican scenes, is excellent. Frank Campeau is the villain, and Catherine MacDonald the lucky girl.

Tom Mix in "Six-Shooter Andy."

"Within the Cup"

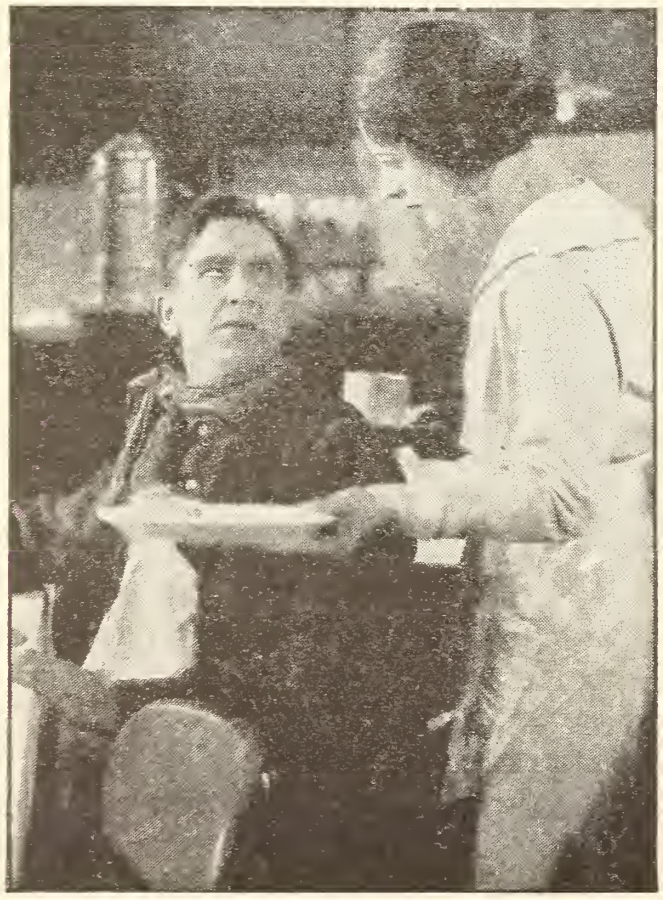
(Paralta)

Without Bessie Barriscale's excellent acting it is difficult to imagine what sort of an appearance "Within the Cup" would present. It is purely and simply a love story, and scarcely contains sufficient dramatic material for its seven-reel setting. Yet Miss Barriscale's performance as the woman who attempts

to exclude love from her life only to find that it is not within her power to do so, is a fine piece of acting, stirring and powerful. Monte Katterjohn, the author, prides himself on writing of love, and while he strikes a false note once or twice, his work in "Within the Cup," generally considered, is convincing and unusually skillful from the standpoint of the scenario writer.

"The Girl With the Champagne Eyes" (Fox)

Perhaps it was bad policy for me to see this feature and "Six-shooter Andy" on the same day. Anyway, I came away with the impression that Bernard McConville must have written them at the same time. There is the same "little mother," the same villainous sheriff, and, while the hero is in this case an innocent fugitive from justice, the plot works to the same end as the former, after traveling much the same ground. I confess a certain disappointment about it. The title suggested Broadway and cabarets and wine and midnight suppers—the Broadway of antebellum days with all its lights and tinsel. And instead it was another Western. But, after all, it is a good picture.



"Cavanaugh of the Forest Rangers"

"The Wooing of Princess Pat" (Vitagraph)

Vitagraph takes a shot at a mythical Balkan kingdom in this number, with pretty Gladys Leslie and J. Frank Glendon playing the romantic rôles. Gladys is a princess, and J. Frank a warlike prince from the neighboring kingdom. They are married for diplomatic reasons, and gradually the pert little princess grows to love hubby. All this might be more entertaining had it been pictured in less space than five reels. There is evident a too-great tendency to play Miss Leslie up in the close-ups when she has nothing to express except a smile. And smiles, though charming, particularly from this little girl, fail to make the picture.

Bessie Love in "The Great Adventure."

"Little Red Decides"

(Triangle)

This is a delightful, though simple, little story depicting the manner in which *Little Red,* a homeless waif, completely won all the hearts of the gruff men of a ranch. With small plot ma-

Clara Kimball Young in "The House of Glass."

terial, it entertains thoroughly, thanks to the irresistible sweetness of its juvenile star, excellent characterizations by the mature players, and a countless array of homely and humorous touches injected by author and director.

"The Spurs of Sybil"

(World)

Alice Brady is the *Sybil* who sets out for New York to win her spurs. The author tells you at the end that she has won them, but in all sincerity I don't see how she did it. *Sybil* is mistaken for a crook and has all sorts of weird adventures, and then she gathers unto herself a husband. Perhaps the adventures and the husband are the spurs,

Billie Burke in "Eve's Daughter."

but I always interpreted this parallel as meaning the accomplishment of something worth while—not that the husband isn't, but the adventures decidedly are not. Our old friend coincidence was worked to death in the building of the story, and there are few turns in it that are logical. This, of course, means rather mediocre entertainment.

"Eve's Daughter"

(Paramount)

Pictures seem to run in pairs. Here Billie Burke sets out for New York, just as Miss Brady did. It is her ambition to enjoy the freedom of city life after being cooped up in a narrow New England town all her life and kept under the thumb of a too puritanical father. What she succeeds in doing consists of running away with a villain who seldom thinks of marriage and the women he likes at one and the same time. And then, good old sweetheart to the rescue. Grace George played

this on the stage, and it had much more incident than the continuity writer wrote for the picture. Among other things, it had some comedy, which the picture has not. It contains just the one line of action, which, though at times dramatic, is not sufficient to carry the entire five reels. Miss Burke is charming, and has agreed not to pose as much as of yore, and Lionel Atwill is a very polished villain. Thomas Meighan, as the hero, stands around and does little till the final rescue.

"The Hard Rock Breed"

(Triangle)

Herewith is the prodigal son of big business, living as a drone on the fruits of his father's labor until the paternal parent decides that he must make a name for himself. So he is put in charge of a quarry, where men of the hard-rock breed—men usually described as "hard-working and hard-drinking"—rule. It is the prodigal son's task to make these men recognize him as their master, which he eventually accomplishes for the benefit of all parties concerned. While this smacks of a certain conventionality, and while its plot is quite elemental, without the decorativeness of originality, it presents a strong, vital drama that holds the attention despite its shortcomings. Jack Livingston is more of the actor than the prodigal son, and Margery Wilson is quite unimportant as the girl. The character parts, which are numerous, are the best taken.

"Sunshine Nan"

(Paramount)

If Mary Pickford had been star instead of Ann Pennington, there would have been a song of praise to sing—for it is a Pickford vehicle. However, Ann from the Ziegfeld Follies, while clever, is unable to caprice and cavort without the assistance of a plot which this adaptation of Alice Heagan Rice's "Calvary Alley" fails to give her in reassuring measure.

"Cavanaugh of the Forest Rangers"

(Vitagraph)

Adapted from one of Hamlin Garland's works and presenting Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman in the principal rôles, this picture turns out to be a Western of somewhat conventional though satisfying weave. The heroine is suspected to be of lowly birth, and so the hero keeps away from her until he learns otherwise. I don't see why this was so. In fact, I don't see why picture folk lay such stress on birth and lineage. There have been many reared in a hovel that have grown to live in palaces. But most of the action of "Cavanaugh" is pleasing. It is snappy and has a human element that penetrates.

"The Great Adventure"

(Pathé)

Charming little Bessie Love appears as a Pathé star for the first time in "The Great Adventure." Miss Love does her level best to lift an impossible, episodic, and poorly handled story; but it proves a terrific task, and she only half accomplishes it. As *Rags,* from a country town, who seeks a career on the New York stage, she shows many flashes of that ability which caused her meteoric rise to stardom, but such an unrealistic and listless production have the producers given the story that it detracts considerably from her light.

Letters and Lollipops

Louise Glaum puts in a holiday sending kits of candy and encouragement.

By Selma Howe

"LOU-*EESE!*"

Louise Glaum stood in the sunlight which streamed through her kitchen window, cutting up fudge with a bread knife. When she had marked off the last square, she looked up and smiled.

"Louise!" I expostulated from the doorway. "You aren't going to *eat* it!"

"No, I'm going to send it to my soldier boys on the other side. You see, they need sweet th-things m-most of all." There were little breathless pauses in her reply as she tested the fudge daintily with a pink finger tip. "It's going to pan out all right," she prophesied happily. "Come along, while I go over the mail from the other side. Candy and encouragement—that's what they beg for. Is it *worth while?*" Her voice and brown eyes registered astonishment together.

"Look at these," she said, picking up a handful of foreign letters from her desk in the sitting room where I had followed her. "Let's see what they say," she continued, as she sat down and spread them out on her gingham apron. Little glints of amusement and deep interest played in the corners of her eyes as she took the thin sheets of paper out of envelopes bearing the familiar French stamps used by our troops. And then, in her low, expressive voice, she began reading snatches aloud:

" '——and letters like yours cheer us up.' Bless them!" Miss Glaum interposed. " 'Though it does not strike one at first, we are the foreigners in this land. You seem to radiate courage both in your letters and in your work.' " Miss Glaum's face flushed with happiness. "That's sweet of them, though I don't believe I'm one bit more helpful to them than every woman in the country is, or can be, if she wants to, at any rate.

"Where was I? Oh, yes! '——your work. For example, ''The Sweetheart of the Doomed''

is one picture that I shall never forget——'" Here Miss Glaum stopped abruptly; then, after a pause: "He quotes the high prices of sweets," interjected the fair reader, with a slightly worried look. "Candy is awfully high in France.

"'No soldier knows what moment will be his last, so keep him cheered up. Not that he is afraid. But you girls, 'way back in that vague memory known as "home," can help us over here more than you believe——'

"Don't you think *that* is worth while?" she demanded.

Her secretary entered the room. "Please go and taste a little 'edge' of fudge," Miss Glaum commanded. "Fudge doesn't pack well, anyway." As I left, I caught her voice, busily dictating:

"——Lean over; I want to whisper something in your ear. Some friends and I have been spending the holiday making candy for you boys. Why, bless your heart, it was such a small thing to——" The door closed softly on the music of her voice.

The Pen-and-Ink

THE Great White Way, which cuts diagonally across New York City like a silver knife, is noted, among other unusual things, for the unique characters which promenade along it, and which seek amusement in the bubbling gayety of its palaces of drink and dance. But now there is a new man-about-town on Broadway. He is a new arrival, and is much more unusual than most of the characters who have preceded him. If you want to see him you will have a hard time finding him, but there is one place where he is sure to be located. It is in the movies.

For the new man-about-town is made by pen and ink. He is, to be explicit, an animated cartoon. But he does not mingle with other cartoons before a cartoon background. His friends are real friends. He walks among the flesh-and-blood humans of the world. He goes along the real Broadway, shakes hands with pedestrians, hails a real taxicab, clambers in and is driven off.

This latest innovation in the amusement world is the creation of Mr. Leslie Elton, an animated cartoonist, who, prior to his invasion of the field of the silent drama, was a newspaper and magazine artist. Mr. Elton discovered his process while working in the busy confines of a cartoon film fac-

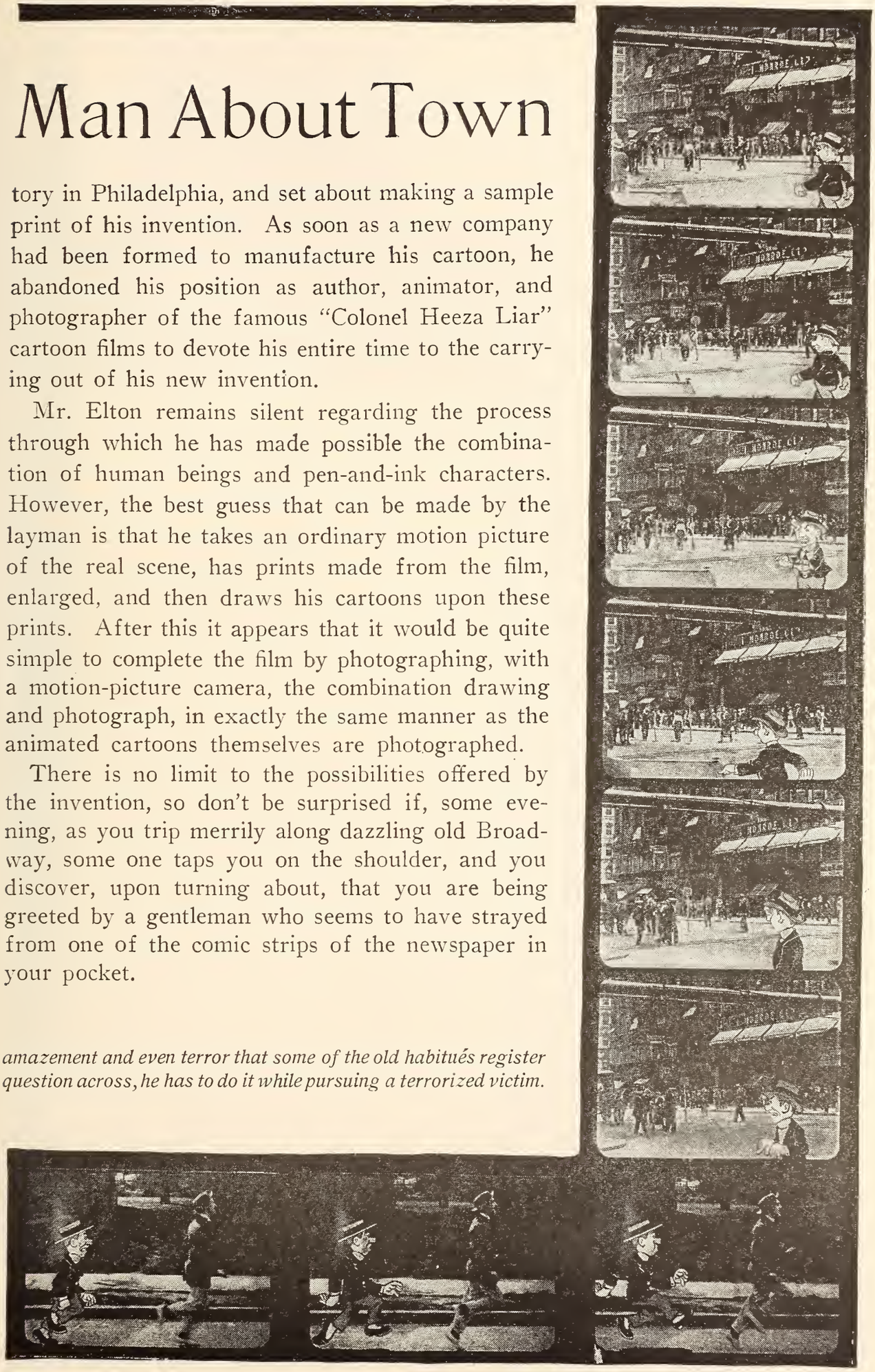
New Yorkers are supposed to be blasé, but nothing can equal the when the Pen-and-Ink Man hoves in sight. If he wants to get a

Man About Town

tory in Philadelphia, and set about making a sample print of his invention. As soon as a new company had been formed to manufacture his cartoon, he abandoned his position as author, animator, and photographer of the famous "Colonel Heeza Liar" cartoon films to devote his entire time to the carrying out of his new invention.

Mr. Elton remains silent regarding the process through which he has made possible the combination of human beings and pen-and-ink characters. However, the best guess that can be made by the layman is that he takes an ordinary motion picture of the real scene, has prints made from the film, enlarged, and then draws his cartoons upon these prints. After this it appears that it would be quite simple to complete the film by photographing, with a motion-picture camera, the combination drawing and photograph, in exactly the same manner as the animated cartoons themselves are photographed.

There is no limit to the possibilities offered by the invention, so don't be surprised if, some evening, as you trip merrily along dazzling old Broadway, some one taps you on the shoulder, and you discover, upon turning about, that you are being greeted by a gentleman who seems to have strayed from one of the comic strips of the newspaper in your pocket.



amazement and even terror that some of the old habitués register question across, he has to do it while pursuing a terrorized victim.

Let's Get a Divorce!

By Roger Packard

From behind the gray stone wall of the convent, Cyprienne looked out upon a world of adventure

The story of a woman who wanted everything she saw or heard about—until she got it.

LET'S get a divorce, Henri. Do let's get a divorce! I think it would be rather fun. Come, dear, you have always given me everything I wanted. Now I want a divorce."

The little girl wife sat on the arm of his chair, pleading with the middle-aged man whom she had married not six months before, patting his set jaw and running her delicate fingers through his fast-graying hair.

All the red-blooded man in him flared to the surface at these words. Didn't she understand the sacredness of the marriage bonds? Child as she was, didn't it mean any more than this to her? "I'll show her to whom she belongs," growled the cave man in him. Then an age-old cunning came to the husband's rescue. "Don't keep your little songbird in a cage," it counseled.

"Certainly, my dear, if that is what you wish," the man replied, after a moment's pause, during which he struggled for self-control. Cyprienne

clapped her little jeweled hands in delight.

"There! I knew you would give it to me, you old dear!" she exclaimed jubilantly. "I told Adhemar so only this morning. He didn't want me to say anything about our wonderful love for each other, but I thought that wouldn't be fair to you." If the little chatterbox had not been so busy appreciating her husband's "favor," she might have seen him stiffen up at the mention of his cousin's name, but she went blithely on:

"It won't be half bad after we get used to it, you know. Happiness lies in getting used to things," she moralized seriously, her arms round his neck. "And now, dear, I must run along and plan my new trousseau, if you don't mind. I shall need a lot of pretty new things." She bent over him and kissed him as a child might, pressing her yellow curls against his thin cheek for a moment.

"Don't stay up too late reading," she turned on the stairway to warn him, shaking a finger at him playfully, and then, with a soft swish of skirts, she was gone.

Professor Henri de Prunelles settled back into his chair before the fire. For some minutes he tried to center his thoughts on his book, but vague troubles flitted through his mind, stamping their fleeting expressions on his gaunt face. It was the face of a student, kindly, deeply lined, yet having a certain arrogant masterfulness lacking in the majority of men of the professor type. At the age of forty-eight, he was a national authority on matters of psychology.

Finally he threw down the ponderous work, reached for a cigarette, and lighted it. Hang it all! These whims and fancies of Cyprienne had got to stop. It had been first one thing, then another, ever since he had married her. As for that pup of a cousin, Adhemar, he wasn't even worth considering, but for the fact——

A faint rustle caused him to turn suddenly. Behind him stood his wife, arrayed in a charming negligee which she had exchanged for her dinner gown, her long hair braided demurely down her back and tied with a ribbon like a little girl.

"Henri, dear!"

"What is it?"

"Don't be angry with me for disturbing you," she began, kneeling at his side in her own inimitable and adorable way, that made it quite impossible for Henri to be severe with her, try as he might. "I got to thinking that there wouldn't be any one to tell you not to read too late when I am married again, so I spoke to Marie about it. She says she will take very good care of you for me." She sighed deeply. "You see, dear, you are so much care to me," she went on argumentatively. "I thought I was marrying a lover, and you turned out to be just a husband."

"There, there! Remember, it won't be half bad after we get used to it, you know. Now run along to bed."

"Good night, Henri!" There was a half-wistful look on her absurdly childish face, and with a patter of knitted bed slippers she was gone again.

"If lovers only would stay in the realms of romance, instead of becoming just plain husbands! What an impossible, adorable child!" mused the great psychologist, and then, in a half-regretful, half-whimsical mood, the incidents of their tender, almost father-and-child relations passed in review before him.

No one who had not known Cyprienne in her boarding-school days could imagine one-half the romance packed away in that pretty, thoughtless little head of hers, nor all the scrapes it led her into. The mother superior, into whose hands she had been given to complete her education in the womanly arts, both her

parents being dead, was at a loss what to do with her. Study she would not.

Every man she saw, and naturally they were few, represented to her a Prince Charming. Once the old gardener had given "little missy," as he called her, one of his precious roses.

"He made eyes at me shockingly," she told Yvonne de Prunelle, her inseparable companion. A smile played over the older girl's face.

"Why, he couldn't make eyes at you! He only has one eye! Little silly!" she said, giving Cyprienne an affectionate squeeze. Yvonne, perhaps, was the only person in the convent who quite understood the strange, distorted notions that the child entertained regarding the outside world. It was she who listened to Cyprienne's long, romantic tales, in which she herself figured as a lady of the Middle Ages. The stories dealt with her imprisonment in a dreary dungeon, and final rescue by a knight in armor. After being chased madly by her jailers, they usually arrived at a hermitage just in time to be married before their pursuers rushed in and killed her rescuer, dragging her back to the prison, in which she was doomed to languish for the rest of time.

In these stories, Yvonne was convulsed to find the heroine supplied with a fountain pen, and the marrying monk outfitted with a fat after-dinner cigar. Again it was Yvonne who dispelled her illusions about the chauffeur who stopped one day before the convent to repair his machine. Cyprienne, on seeing him, immediately supposed he was a nobleman in disguise, who would some day marry her, and no argument could dislodge the idea.

She talked so much of eloping with him that Yvonne became quite worried about the matter, knowing that her little friend would not have the sense to hesitate in case an opportunity were offered her. Accordingly, she arranged to have Cyprienne visit her during the approaching vacation. She wrote to her brother, Henri de Prunelles, who was busy writing an important work on psychology, the invitation was extended, and late one afternoon, amid a whirl of trunks and bandboxes, the two girls arrived at the house.

The visit, from Yvonne's point of view at least, opened most inauspiciously. Cyprienne's coquettish manner on being introduced to the grave, abstracted professor filled her with despair. Finally, to cap the climax, she let fall a diminutive lace handkerchief as she followed her hostess upstairs; and when Henri quite naturally picked it up and held it out to her, to his amazement, Cyprienne whispered soulfully: "You may keep it."

"What the deuce do I want with this?" Henri thought to himself, as he crunched the delicate fabric in his powerful hand. Then a whiff of subtle perfume emanated from it, he lifted the handkerchief to his face, and a pleasant smile overspread his features. With a sigh of relief that the ordeal was over, he opened his top desk drawer, chucked it in, and set to work on his manuscript.

No sooner was breakfast over next morning than Cyprienne announced her intention of going down to Henri's study to help him with his writing. Nothing that Yvonne could say could deter her.

It was in vain that Henri tried to get rid of her and go to his work. He looked into the amazing blue eyes that confronted him with frank interest. So it all ended by their starting off for a stroll in the garden together, his manuscript left untouched for that day. And it went unheeded for many days. For this was just the beginning of many delightful little picnics, in which Yvonne and Clavignac, a young admirer of the latter, joined them. Henri seemed to enjoy the situation, for Cyprienne's childlike remarks were a never-failing source of amusement to him. As for

her, the child was in the seventh heaven of romantic delight.

But vacations must end, and one day Cyprienne made her adieus to Henri, and with Yvonne traveled back to the convent, weeping copiously all the way. Meanwhile, Henri was glad to get back to his work, for his publisher was clamoring for the finished script of his long-delayed work, and so, for some days following the pleasant vacation, he put all else out of his mind and went to the task with renewed vigor.

It was a month later that a letter from his sister away at school suddenly brought him to the consciousness that something was wrong, with himself as well as with Cyprienne. The poor child, having waited in vain for a letter from him, whom she had come to regard as a suitor, had decided to "do something desperate." What that something was, Heaven only knew, and Yvonne was taking no chances. Henri, sitting at his desk when the letter came, unconsciously opened the top drawer, and again a subtle perfume assailed him. In that moment Henri made a decision.

Within two hours he was in the office of the mother superior of the convent, to offer his hand in marriage to the little orphan whose light laughter had rung through his house only a short

The marrying monk was just finishing his after-dinner cigar when the lady and her knight appeared.

time before, and had found its echo in his heart. The good woman was delighted at the plan. Here was a man of mature years and considerable means, a man of judgment and balance, who would be able to take good care of the child.

So matters were arranged, and, to conform to Cyprienne's romantic ideas, a midnight elopement was planned, to which the mother superior gave her consent and assistance.

The first few months of married life had been filled with romantic happiness for Cyprienne. But it was not long before she wearied of an existence that was bare of plots, elopements, and mysterious secrets. For Henri was busy with another publication, and was forced to spend much of his time each day at work in his study. She had married for romance, and he had turned into a husband—just the practical, kindly sort of a man he had been before he married her.

Then along came Cousin Adhemar. Dashing, handsome, debonair, he appealed to Cyprienne's love of romance. Having a rather

Cyprienne's stories dies, in which pursuers back to the patching

elastic sense of honor, he enjoyed his mild flirtation with his cousin's wife, without perhaps entertaining any real intention of ever attempting to alienate her affections. He might have been as much a victim of Cyprienne's little winning ways as Henri. At all events, Henri soon found himself able to work without interruption, for Cyprienne and Adhemar spent long, romantic hours together. Then, one day, Henri, coming downstairs, overheard his wife at the telephone, arranging a secret meeting. Henri was not, therefore, altogether unprepared for Cyprienne's demand for a divorce that evening.

Henri sat before the library fire long after she had hurried off to plan her next trousseau, revolving in his mind the difficult situations and trying to think of a way out of it all. For, despite—perhaps because of—the wide divergence of their temperaments and ages, a more appreciative and devoted husband than Henri would have been hard to find. After all, Cyprienne was no longer a child. And she must be made to realize that often, swiftly following romance, comes disillusionment and sorrow. After much mulling over the predicament, a clever idea occurred to him. "That will do it!" he said, chuckling to himself.

The following

were always trage- their bloodthirsty dragged the fair lady dungeon, after dis- her brave husband·

morning Cyprienne was up early to reach Adhemar by telephone.

"Come over, I have a wonderful surprise for you!" Henri heard her say as he waited for Cyprienne to pour out his coffee. Adhemar, jaunty and filled with self-assurance, arrived before the meal was over.

"Sit down," Henri began cordially, placing a chair in the French window. "Cyprienne has told me all about your little affair. I congratulate you on having won the affections of my wife." Then, ignoring the amazement and discomfort evident in every feature of his cousin's face, he continued: "So, in view of the circumstances, I have decided to grant her a divorce as soon as possible." Adhemar glanced from Henri to Cyprienne's radiant face in stupefaction.

"B-but, I don't want—that is, I can't —I can't get married!" he stammered, growing redder and more uncomfortable every moment. A shadow of doubt flitted over Cyprienne's eager face. Adhemar had taken his first fall in her eyes.

"Oh, you mean that you can't *afford* it!" Henri said quickly. "Well, you needn't worry, my boy, because I am going to settle three hundred thousand francs on Cyprienne." The change in Adhemar's affection for Cyprienne was immediately evidenced. He sprang out of his chair and seized his cousin's hand, shaking it warmly.

"That's great! That's wonderful of you! How can I ever thank you for giving up three thou—for giving up Cyprienne!" He bit his tongue, but it was too late. The words had slipped out, and, over his shoulder, Henri noted with satisfaction the disillusioned expression plainly written on his little wife's face. She was growing up.

"Adhemar, I want you to come over and see Cyprienne as much as you want, now that you are her accepted husband-to-be. Our door is always open to you. I shall keep out of the way," he added as a last final fling, picking up his hat, "to give you as much time to yourselves as you want." He bowed over Cyprienne's little hand.

"Good morning, madam. I will see you later," he said.

"Henri! Aren't you going to call me 'dear' any more?" Cyprienne's eyes were big with surprise.

"Why, I don't know what the proper thing would be!" He glanced over at the other man. "How about it, cousin?"

"Why, certainly! Of course! Go right ahead!" he replied, still very much embarrassed.

"Au revoir, my dear!" Henri bowed again before leaving the room. It took Cyprienne some moments to recover her usual poise. Here was a situation which she had not in the least foreseen. Then she went over and took a seat by Adhemar.

"Isn't it nice," he began, yawning, for the day had begun far earlier than usual for him, "to be really engaged? Now there will be no more plots, no more stolen kisses, no more secrets."

"Oh, but I liked the secrets and the plots! You are just going to turn into a regular, plain husband, like Henri, after all. And you're not half as nice," she pouted.

The morning, during which Adhemar insisted on bothering her with details of what the interest on Cyprienne's dowry would figure, and how it should be spent, passed drearily. Cyprienne was glad when lunch time came, and Adhemar had to depart. Then, that evening, Henri had another engagement, and so his wife was again thrown on the resources of dining with her future husband, who was too busy eating the meal spread before him to pay much attention to his little fiancée. So, while Adhemar devoured food, Cyprienne sat watching him sadly, unable to eat her dinner for thinking of Henri and wondering with whom he could be dining.

For Henri hadn't told her, hard though she had begged.

Dinner was followed by a still more stupid evening in the sitting room over a game of chess. Adhemar scolded her for playing badly, and she responded by sweeping the chess men off the board.

"If you loved me at all," she cried angrily, bursting into tears, "you would see that I'm tired and go home and not bother me!" Which Adhemar did, leaving her to sob herself to sleep on the lounge. It was nearly midnight when Henri came in softly, but Cyprienne heard him, and came out into the hall to meet him. He seemed in excellent spirits; but, try as Cyprienne would, she could not find out where or with whom he had been.

"This morning I felt as if I had two husbands, and now I feel as if I hadn't any," she said so sadly that Henri was tempted to put his arms round the fragile little shoulders and comfort her. But he restrained himself.

"Run along to bed, my dear," he said, kissing her hand.

"Aren't you going to kiss me good night?" she demanded, when he ignored the wistful little mouth which she turned toward him for a good-night kiss.

"What I wanted was romance—and you turned out to be just a plain husband."

"I don't know whether your future husband would care to have me," he hesitated. "Wait a minute," and, striding over to the telephone, he called the number which was so familiar to Cyprienne, and which now fell on her ears like a reproach. They could hear the bell on the other end ringing long and repeatedly. Finally Adhemar answered the phone, obviously wakened out of a sound sleep.

"Yes, kiss her, or do anything you like!" he called angrily back, when he had listened to Henri's request. Henri hung up and went over and kissed his little wife reverently on the forehead. With a deep sigh that went straight to his heart, she gathered up her vanity bag and fan and went slowly, oh, so slowly, upstairs.

The next night Henri had an engagement at the *Red Poodle*. It was his last night at home, as the divorce had been advanced on the calendar, and was to be tried on the following day. Adhemar had been asked over to dine with Cyprienne.

"Henri, won't you stay at home on your last evening?" she begged him, when she met him at the foot of the stairs, just starting off. "Who is she? Who is the woman with whom you have the engagement? Are you going to marry her? I believe you've forgotten all the good times we've ever had together!"

"But you said, dear, that we never had good times together!"

"Yes, we have; we used to have lots of them!" And, as Cyprienne thought of some of the jolly times they had had, two big tears rose in her eyes and just spilled over.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll cut the engagement I had and I'll invite you and Adhemar to take a farewell dinner with me at the *Red Poodle,*" he suggested.

"Oh, let's leave Adhemar behind! I shall have to take dinner with him for the rest of my life! I'll leave word that I had to go to a sick aunt, and that he is to dine here by himself," she said, already becoming quite bright and cheerful.

The little dinner in a private room at the popular café would have been most charming had it not been for the doubt that clouded her mind concerning the other woman. However, it was not until the end of the evening that he told her that the dinner engagement had been with Yvonne and Clavignac, who had just returned from their honeymoon, and that no woman had taken or ever could take her place in his affections.

But, in spite of this one little cloud on the horizon, Cyprienne enjoyed herself immensely. Henri made a special point of maintaining a discreet distance, treating her as one belonging to some one else, all of which lent the glamour of romance. It was just before dessert that matters came to a climax. Cyprienne was recalling a delightful picnic which they had taken that summer, when it began to rain and they were forced to stop in a barn. She was laughing over the adventures that followed, when there was a knock at the door.

Suspecting that it was his cousin, Henri hid his wife behind a tall screen and then let the visitor in. Adhemar was drenched by the rain, having trudged over a mile to the house where Cyprienne's aunt, whom she was supposed to be visiting, had died some two years before. "If it were not for the money——" he began expostulating to Henri.

That was enough for Cyprienne, whose "romance" with Adhemar had been one disillusionment after another. She pushed back the screen, walked over to Henri, and proudly put his arm protectingly around her shoulders.

"Henri, dearest, I never knew how happy I was with you until right this

Cast of "Let's Get a Divorce!"

Written from the Paramount picture adapted from Sardou's "Divorcons," by

John Emerson and Anita Loos

Mme. Cyprienne Marcey .....Billie Burke
Henri de Prunelles.....John Miltern
Yvonne de Prunelles.....Pinna Nesbit
Chauffeur.....R. La Roque
Adhemar.....Armand Kalisz
Mother Superior.....Helen Tracy
Clavignac.....Wilmuth Merkyl

Directed by Charles Giblyn

minute! And as for *you*"—she turned toward the chagrined Adhemar, and her voice was filled with scorn—"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world! You only wanted me for Henri's money, and I'm glad I know it! And, besides"—here Cyprienne wrapped two little arms tight around her husband's neck, and Adhemar just wasn't there at all—"Henri, I thought it wouldn't be so hard after I got used to it. But it is—it gets harder every hour. So"—she lifted an adorable mouth to Henri's—"I'm not even going to try!"

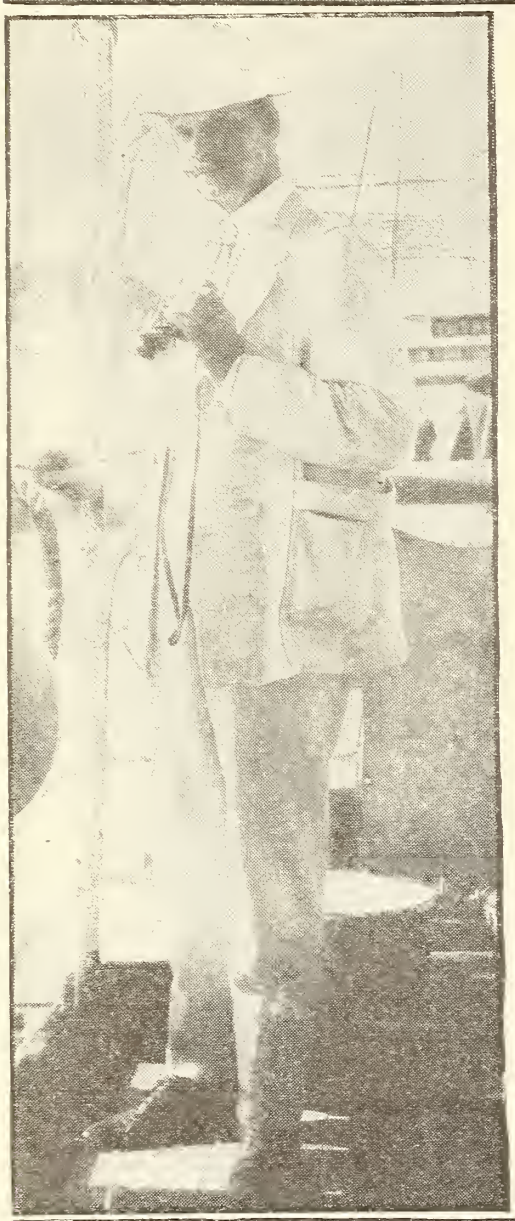
THE MOVIE STAR'S LAMENT

OH, I am as angry as angry can be,
And yet I believe there is very good cause,
As you, gentle reader, will straightway agree
When I to explain certain matters now pause.
I work in the movies, and though I confess
The labor is easy, the payment, pray hear,
Assuredly warrants my present distress—
I only get seventy thousand a year!

Whenever I think of the money they pay
To Chaplin and Pickford and Fairbanks, I shout
In utter despair, "Oh, alas! Lackaday!"
And other expressions less classic, no doubt!
I'm sure I'm as much an attraction as these,
For people all flock when my pictures appear;
But not one cent more can I manage to squeeze—
I only get seventy thousand a year!

Of course I suppose I should make up my mind
To grin and to bear it, and cease to repine;
But still, when Dame Fortune has been so unkind,
'Tis hard one's ambition forthwith to resign!
I'll have to deny myself many delights,
And struggle along on this pittance, I fear!
Ah, mine is indeed most pathetic of plights—
I only get seventy thousand a year!

HAROLD SETON.



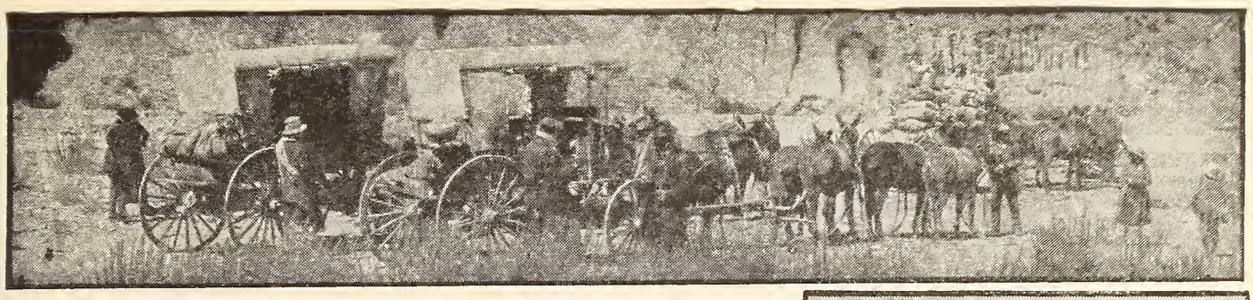
Sharp Shooting in South America

By J. B. Waye

THERE'S risk and romance, hard work and strange adventure in getting "travel stuff." It is a business apart from any other kind of screen photography, a dancing firefly that leads the camera man over mountains, into impassable jungles and foreign towns, in search of strange sights and weird customs with which to regale the folks who stay at home and go to the movies. It's a following which bewitches willing victims.

H. D. Blauvelt saw the firefly—followed it through Florida jungles, across the locks of the Canal, into the tangled bypaths and broad city streets of South America, for thirteen months. Paramount, the firm for which he went, gave him a free hand to shoot anything he saw, Blauvelt's end of it being to get a thousand feet of film back to the home office each week. But that didn't begin to be the whole job. Trips had to be carefully planned, guides and conveyances hired, interpreters obtained, usually from the American consul in the place, and supplies carefully arranged for.

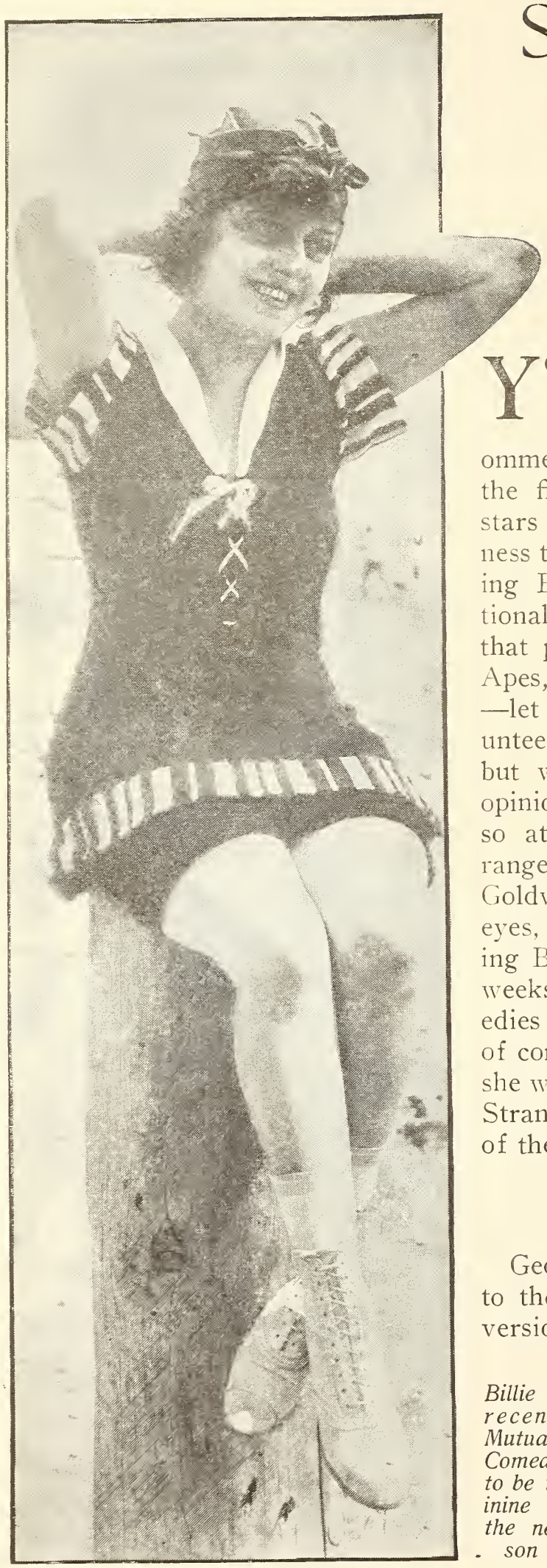
Making a certain large center his headquarters for photographic supplies, he had to plan short sallies into the surrounding coun-



try, carrying all that was needed to keep his machine going, and necessities of life, including water, for from two to six men.

Mr. Blauvelt, now with Hearst-Pathé News, tells of adventures he met with on that trip that sound as wild as the tales of the old Spanish conquistadores in Peru. At one time he met a band of head hunters near Quito, Ecuador, and barely escaped with his own head and his camera intact. The picture in the upper left corner recalls a night spent in a small hotel in Bolivia, where Mr. Blauvelt was awakened in the dead of night by a noise under his bed. He burst into a cold sweat and reached for his revolver. Cautiously he arose and lighted a flash. He found that he was sharing his room with two pigs, the room being their accustomed resting place.

During the trip Blauvelt traveled by nearly every kind of locomotion known to man. On the opposite page he is shown first on board a South American steamer, and then about to start a perilous forty-mile trip by gravity car. Above, on this page, is the stage by which he crossed Bolivia, and below he and his guide journeying through Peru on horseback. At the right he's seen filming a bird's-eye view of Lima.



Billie Rhodes, recently of Mutual-Strand Comedies, is to be the feminine star in the new Parson series.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

YOU'LL soon be getting acquainted with a brand-new comedy star—one who has one distinctive thing to recommend him before he starts, for few are the film-company presidents who are the stars of their own productions. In all fairness to Mr. Parsons—for we refer to "Smiling Billy" Parsons, president of the National Film Corporation, the organization that produced the thriller, "Tarzan of the Apes," from Edgar Rice Burroughs' story—let it be said that Mr. Parsons didn't volunteer to play leads in his own comedies, but was lured into it by a consensus of opinion. The first two-reel comedies proved so attractive that Goldwyn promptly arranged to release those and others—in fact, Goldwyn, about the time this reaches your eyes, will be offering the exhibitors a "Smiling Billy" Parsons comedy once every two weeks. Incidentally, these Parsons comedies will replace the Marie Dressler series of comedies. Winsome little Billie Rhodes, she who has been the star of all the Mutual-Strand Comedies, is to be the feminine star of the Parsons series of comedies, it is said.

George M. Cohan will signalize his return to the Artcraft program by staging a film version of his own stage success, "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," which ran for months in New York City and later on tour. The story is a gentle satire on Billy Sunday, Mr. Cohan appearing as an evangelist of the "go-get-'em" type. The

Walthall, Louise Glaum, and Clara Williams are at work, Bessie Love, Frank Keenan, and Bryant Washburn, of the Pathé plays, have started on the first Mastercraft production—Mastercraft being a newly formed organization which intends to film many of the works of Thomas Dixon. The first of the Mastercraft dramas is "The One Woman," directed by Reginald Barker from a scenario by J. Grubb Alexander and Fred Myrton.

May Allison returns to the Metro banner at the head of her own company.

May Allison signalizes her return to the Metro banner at the head of her own company by appearing at the head of a real "all-star" company in "Social Hypocrites," a film version of the stage play "Bridge," in which Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey were featured. Albert Capellani directed, and included in the cast are such notables of filmland as Henry Kolker, Joseph Kilgour, Marie Wainwright, Stella Hammerstein, Frank Currier, and Stephen Gratton.

Mary Miles Minter, whose last Mutual subject is "A Bit of Jade," is now hard at work under Director Edward Sloman, who formerly superintended all the William Russell-America subjects, in a picture that bears the working title, "The Church Window Angel." It is based on a story by Jeanne Judson, and was selected by Will M. Richey, scenario editor of the American Company, as the first of a line of stories by well-known writers for Miss Minter.

My, but aren't you glad you don't live in Manitoba, Canada? The legislature of that province has just voted it illegal to show motion-picture comedies in the theaters there. Yep, it's absolutely and unqualifiedly "agin'" comic films—alleging that they "are not in good taste in war time." Naturally the action has raised a storm of protest. Perhaps the laughter-hating "legislators" may yet suffer a change of mind and repeal the bill. But unless they do, the province of Manitoba is going to be absolutely smileless until the war ends.

Alice Joyce, who seems peculiarly adapted to the convincing enactment of many of the Robert W. Chambers heroines, is creating still another one. Under the direction of Tom Terriss, she has but recently completed "The Business of Life." Supporting Miss Joyce in the subject appear Walter McGrail, Percy Standing, Templar Saxe, and Betty Blythe.

Thomas H. Ince has finished a six-reel feature entitled "Police," which Paramount will release as an Ince special. The story is laid in Chinatown, San Francisco. At the trial run of the picture in Los Angeles recently, Mr. Ince said: "In my opinion, the conscientious, honest policeman is as deserving of the nation's gratitude for protecting the rights of mankind at home as is the warrior who safeguards their liberties on the firing line." Featured in the production are a whole host of Ince favorites, among them being

Thurston Hall, Marjorie Bennett, Rosemary Theby, Melbourne McDowell, and J. P. Lockney. The picture was directed by Irvin W. Willat, under the supervision of Thomas H. Ince himself.

Charley Ray has a new director. Ever since Victor Schertzinger undertook motion-picture direction over at the Ince-Triangle lot, Charley Ray has been his special star. He is the man responsible for all of the more recent Ray successes, too, for when Charley left Triangle to rejoin Thomas H. Ince under the Paramount banner, Schertzinger went right along, and Charley continued to win new laurels in the pictures that "Vic" directed. Now, however, Schertzinger has decided he is entitled to a vacation; so Irving Willat, an Ince-trained director responsible for many of the recent Ince-Paramount successes, will boss Charley Ray about the lot.

Charley Murray enters upon his fifth successive year of comedy with Mack Sennett.

Charley Murray has just signed a new contract with Mack Sennett, which assures his remaining as a comedian with that organization for at least another year. This makes the fifth successive year in which Charles has "comedianed," inasmuch as he joined the Keystone forces within a few weeks after they were organized, when the plant consisted of a small stage, three dressing rooms, a two-by-four office, and a small laboratory. It is one of Murray's pleasures in life to show his friends the original dressing room of the company where for more than a year he used to don his make-up daily alongside such laugh-makers as Ford Sterling, Fred Mace, Charlie Chaplin, Roscoe Arbuckle and Sennett himself.

William Russell, who some weeks ago announced at the expiration of his contract with American Film Company, Incorporated, that when he next began the making of feature productions it would be at the head of his own company, has already fulfilled his promise. Down at Santa Barbara, California, the husky William is hard at work on a production bearing the working title, "Hearts or Diamonds," which, when completed, will be released through the exchanges of the Mutual Film Corporation under the brand of William Russell Productions. In the leading rôle opposite him appears Charlotte Burton, who has been his leading woman in many American productions, and others in the supporting cast are Henry Wollock, Robert Klein, Claire du Brey, and Carl Stockdale. Russell has arranged to secure the best stories

of such authors as Le Roy Edson, Sinclair Lewis, Rex Beach, and others, as the basis of his forthcoming series of photo dramas. Henry King is directing the first Russell subject.

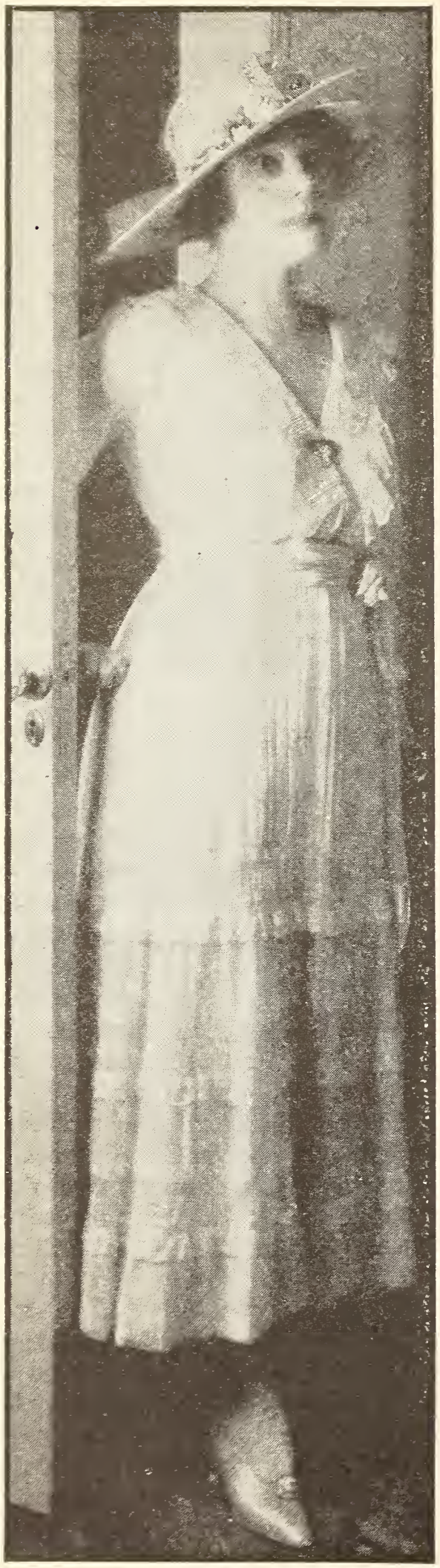
Since the last copy was prepared for Screen Gossip, two notable players have married. Enid Bennett, pretty Ince-Paramount star, took unto herself a husband in the person of Fred Niblo, well known on the legitimate stage as a comedian, also as a leading stock player, the wedding occurring at Christ Church in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Niblo will establish their home on the Pacific coast. Enid Bennett will continue to appear in pictures, and there is also a strong likelihood that Mr. Niblo may try his hand at picture acting. Eileen Percy, who has been appearing opposite Douglas Fairbanks, was married to Otto Busch, of Pasadena, her husband being a member of the famous family whose breweries in St. Louis have made them famous. It is rumored that Miss Percy will desert the screen—for the present, at least—but in due time she, too, may come flitting back once more. Surely we hope so.

Enid Bennett, the Ince-Paramount star, has just become Mrs. Fred Niblo.

Ruth Stonehouse, recently of Triangle, and before that an Essanay favorite, is temporarily deserting the screen for the vaudeville stage. Perhaps you recall, back in the Essanay days, a film subject in which Ruth did some classic dancing? Well, a dance of much the same sort is going to be the backbone of Miss Stonehouse's vaudeville act, and two others will be termed "The Débutante Dance" and "The Dance of the Vampire." We can picture you doing the "Débutante Dance," Ruth, but as for that "vampire thing"—impossible!

Charley Chaplin has chosen the plot for his second starring vehicle at the head of his own company, and the majority of those who appeared in his first screen offering since he severed his connection with Mutual will support him. Fred Starr, the gigantic figure who replaced the late Eric Campbell in Chaplin's company, and Zasu Pitts, formerly with the Mary Pickford Company, but also seen in the first Chaplin offering, are in the cast.

George Beban has "shot" more than half of the first subject to be released by his own newly formed company. It bears the working title, "The Master of the Pound," and, aside from Mr. Beban himself, comes as near to featuring "Bob White," the little fellow who



The World Film Corporation has recently signed Barbara Castleton as a star.

made such a hit in "Lost in Transit" and who in real life is Mr. Beban's own son, as any other member of the company. George Stout, formerly business manager of Mack Sennett, is handling the business affairs of the Beban Company.

Barbara Castleton, whom you have seen in leading rôles in several of the biggest of the independent productions, has been placed under a long-term contract to World Film Corporation and will in future be a featured star in World pictures. A cousin of Louise Gunning of stage fame, Miss Castleton, while still in her teens, became an understudy for Lina Abarbanell in "Madame Sherry." She came into the motion-picture field via "A Daughter of the Gods," in which she played a subordinate part, but was given a more important one in "God's Man," which starred H. B. Warner. Hobart Henley cast her as the lead in "Parentage," and again she had a leading rôle in Essanay's "On Trial." Her last two appearances were made in "For the Freedom of the World" and "Sins of Ambition."

Metro has secured a brand-new star of the first water in the person of Bert Lytell, who was featured in such Herbert Brenon pictures as "The Lone Wolf," "Empty Pockets," and others of note. Unlike some of the other Metro stars who devote their time between productions to work on the legitimate stage, Mr. Lytell intends to confine himself entirely to picture work. His début as a Metro star will be made in an adaptation of Charles Alden Seltzer's novel, "The Trail to Yesterday," which may be screened under a different title. Work on this production is already well along at Tucson, Arizona.

Director Cecil DeMille, immediately upon completing the assembly of the negative of "The Whispering Chorus," the big Paramount

picture which you have no doubt seen by this time, began filming the David Graham Phillips novel, "Old Wives for New." The feature is enacted by an all-star cast, and contains a number of unusual bits of photography which are typically De Millesque.

Elsie Ferguson seems trying to establish a record for appearing in well-known plays. At present she is completing the final scenes of "A Doll's House," the Ibsen play which was first given in the United States in 1889 by the Mansfield company of players, and later played by Mrs. Fiske and Nazimova. Maurice Tourneur is handling the direction.

Sessue Hayakawa is another of the players who is soon to head a company of his very own. He is under contract to the Famous Players-Lasky organization to do two more pictures, but upon the completion of these will take up the production of five and seven-reel features specially written for him, which he is confident will be superior to anything that he has yet done.

"Rich Man, Poor Man" is the title of the play on which Marguerite Clark has recently completed work at the Fifty-sixth Street studio, in New York. The story, written by Maximilian Foster, was published serially and later issued in book form. George Broadhurst dramatized it; the play ran in New York and is now on tour. The plot seems particularly adaptable to picture-play form, and promises to be most effective as a screen drama.

William Duncan, whom this department recently announced had been secured by Pathé as a serial director, changed his mind since then and has decided to remain in the ranks of the Vitagraph organization. He is already producing a new fifteen-chapter serial which will be issued by Vitagraph some time in June or July. That his newest picture will have plenty of action and punch need scarcely be mentioned to the fans who have seen his direction of "The Fighting Trail" and "Vengeance and the Woman," both of which were made under his supervision.

Bill Hart has taken unto himself sixteen whole acres right in the heart of Hollywood, California, within five blocks of the studio where his Artcraft pictures are made. His plan is to erect large stage sets without going a great distance to find the necessary space. The property lies in a basin, and it is hoped to secure some fine distance effects through the camera, which will be pointed across the set and up the basin.

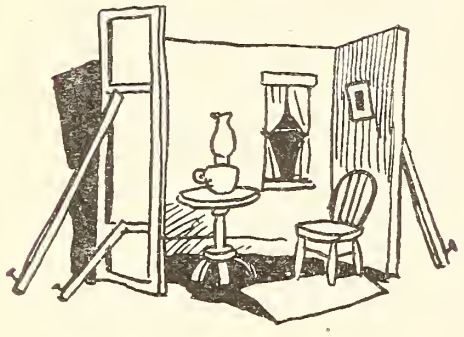
Edna Earle, the pretty leading woman who appeared in "The Fascinating Widow" with Julian Eltinge, and who more recently has been appearing with Pathé and other film-producing organizations in the East, is once more in California with Mabel Condon, her personal representative, cast in a big rôle in a big production. More about it and her later on. Incidentally Miss Earle seems to be a real "comer" among the younger stars.

Winifred Allen, whose work you will recall in such former Triangle pictures as "The Man Who Made Good," "American—That's All," "A Successful Failure," and "The Haunted House," is now Mrs. L. B. Sperry. Her elopement with the son of the inventor of the Sperry gyroscope was as romantic and daring as any bit of movie melodrama in which she ever appeared.

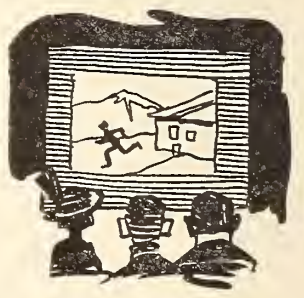
Just an INCE-piration

by

Bert Lennon



What's in a name?
Lots.
For instance—
That of Thomas Harper Ince,
Noted film producer.
Let's twist its sixteen letters
And see
If fate
Or strange coincidence
Hadn't something to do
With naming him.
We find in them
H-A-R-T.
Bill Hart, of course,
The famed Ince star.
Also
The word
S-C-E-N-A-R-I-O,
So essential
To a photo play.
Then,
Too,
The necessary
S-E-T.
Now,
Having an
A-C-T-O-R
And a S-C-R-I-P-T
And a
S-C-E-N-E,
Let's holler:
"C-A-M-E-R-A!"
Take the
S-H-O-T,
And project the result
On the
S-C-R-E-E-N.
It looks like a
H-I-T
And a R-I-O-T—
But, alas! we can't finish the
P-I-C-T- -R-E
Without
U.



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.

WATCH YOUR STEP.—Not bad, for your first offense, to land at the very top of the Oracle, is it? I know lots of people who for many, many months have been watching in vain to see their letters lead the list. No; your friend, G. M. Anderson, better known as "Broncho Billy," has not deserted the screen for good. In fact, he is just being featured in a State right's production called "Naked Hands," which should be released very shortly. It will seem like the old Essanay days to have Anderson back on the screen again. Lloyd Hamilton is still playing his "Ham" character, but is not with Kalem any longer, nor is "Bud" with him. "Ham" is being featured at the Sunshine Studios, and his pictures are released by Fox.

HOPE.—You came very near the top, at that. Second on the list isn't so bad. Glad to see that you aren't as fickle as I thought, and still seem to cling to a favorite for a little while at least. Wheeler Oakman has been coming out in features so fast lately that you will have a hard time trying to keep up with him. He is being seen at last opposite Mabel Normand in the long-expected "Mickey" feature. He also is being shown in two Mae Murray releases, "Princess Virtue" and "Face Value," as well as in the seven-reel Triangle feature, "I Love You." He will be seen opposite Edith Storey in a play called "Revenge," in the very near future. Guess this will keep you pretty busy going to see all of these plays, eh?

WILLIAM S. HART FAN.—The first three Artcraft pictures that Hart appeared in were "The Narrow Trail," "The Silent Man," and "Wolves of the Rail." Lambert Hillyer is his director. Charles Ray's features are released by Paramount, and not Artcraft. A letter will reach Hart at the W. S. Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, and Charlie Ray, at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. No; Hart and Ray work in different studios.

PAULINE AND PEARL.—Nope, the "Fatal Ring" is not the last Pearl White serial by any means. She is now being seen in the "Home of Hate," and there is no reason at all to suppose that she won't appear in several others, for she is a very popular little lady. Antonio Moreno, former leading man with Vitagraph, is playing opposite Pearl in her present serial.

FUNNY FEET.—Charlie Chaplin hasn't gone to war just yet, although you never can tell in these days and times. He is making two reel comedies at his own studios in Hollywood, California, for the First National Exhibitor's Circuit.

SWEET BESSIE.—Bessie Barriscale has completed four features for the Paralta Company, and is well into her fifth story. Her four features which have been released are, "Madam Who?" "Within the Cup," "Blindfolded," and "The Wave." Reginald Barker is the director who piloted her in her first production, "Madam Who?" You may send a letter to her at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California.

"Sheesa Bear."—Is she? I am sure that something has gone wrong if you sent Douglas Fairbanks two bits and haven't received a photo from him as yet. Drop him a line, and tell him about it, and I am sure that he will attend to the matter at once. The only way to learn the camera man's job is to work with a camera man. Get a position as an assistant to one, and you will gradually come to learn the rudiments of motion-picture photography. I'll speak to the editor about your suggestion regarding Charlie Chaplin. I'm sure the editor will like to hear all the nice things you say about Picture-Play. I'll tell him myself.

Kan the Kaiser.—Tell your brother that he is much mistaken. Sessue Hayakawa is a Japanese and not an Italian. Write to Constance Talmadge in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, where she is working at the present time. Her director's name is William D. Taylor. No, I never heard of the company you mention. Where is their studio supposed to be located? Maybe you have the name wrong. Address June in care of the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Where do you get that husband-and-child business? Some one must have been kidding you. Bessie Eyton has been featured in Selig plays. She is very pretty indeed. Even more so off than she is on, which is saying a good deal. I don't know how many letters Norma Talmadge gets a day, as I never counted them, but it would make a big bundle, I know. The further adventures of Tom Sawyer have been released already under the title of "Huck and Tom," with the same cast as "Tom Sawyer," and directed by the same man, William D. Taylor. Mary Thurman will get any letters sent to her in care of the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Allesandro Street, Edendale, California.

Little Sunshine Girl.—You may ask any question that you want, provided it is not against the rules of the Oracle Department. No, you needn't send it, now that he sent you the photograph. Dustin Farnum is starting up his own picture company, and is getting a studio for himself. You can write him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, and he will be sure to receive the letter. Mary Pickford is working at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, at the present time. Florence Lawrence is not appearing before the camera now. No, Kathlyn hasn't a sister by that name that I know of. Yes, Margaret Marsh works in the same studio as her sister Mae. Margaret is older. Don't forget that promise of yours to write to me often, and bring a few smiles with you. They are most welcome to the Oracle, I assure you. Everybody enjoys smiles these days.

Cutie.—Of course I hadn't forsaken you. Your answer was late in arriving, and so was late in being answered, as questions are answered in the order in which they are received. H. B. Warner hasn't appeared in a picture for some time now. I, for one, would certainly like to see his personality flashed on the screen once more, as he is one of my many favorites. William S. Hart is working right along. He has his own studio in Hollywood, California, and gets all his mail there. It is called the William S. Hart Studio. His latest film in "Blue Blazes Rawdon," a very fine picture, too. I wonder what the surprise can be? Douglas Fairbanks' best film in my humble opinion is "A Modern Musketeer." Yes, "Civilization" was taken in California. I am sure that the soldiers enjoy Picture-Play Magazine. Don't forget to send them your copy when you have finished with it. Just put a one-cent stamp on it, and Uncle Sam will deliver it to one of the encampments "over there." It is perfectly all right to use both sides of the paper these days. We need all the paper we can get, so I don't mind getting questions which are written on both sides.

William C.—Marjorie Rambeau has been appearing in Mutual features, but is not playing before the camera at the present time.

Josephine.—You should read the rules of the Oracle, which you'll find on the first page of the department, before writing to me. I can't give you a reply. I'm sorry, but rules are rules.

I. O. U.—John Barrymore plays in the "movies" every once in a while, and is quite a popular star. I enjoy his work very much. He hasn't auburn hair, as you imagine. It's dark brown—nearly black. Mrs. Vernon Castle is still appearing before a motion-picture camera for the Pathé Company. A letter addressed to her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, will be sure to reach her. No, her salary hasn't been made public, but it is a very large check that she receives every Saturday.

Victoria Dimples.—Write to Franklyn Farnum in care of Universal City, California. Warren Kerrigan gets all of his mail at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. William Lord Wright is the editor of Picture-Play's scenario department. You can address him in care of the magazine. The companies are in need of good stories, and are continually on the lookout for them, so go to it.

Hoke.—Louise Huff receives her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Write to Madam Petrova in care of the Petrova Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Metro Pictures Corporation is also located in New York City.

Da-ro-ling.—Webster Campbell is about twenty-five years old. You can reach him by mail in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. He is now being costarred with Corinne Griffith in Vitagraph features. He certainly is a very clever youngster, and very popular with the film fans, too. Yes, I am sure that he would send you one of his autographed photos if you sent him twenty-five cents. Herbert Rawlinson is now in New York, just having left the Universal Film Company. He has not as yet announced what company he will continue on with. A letter addressed to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, is the quickest way to reach him. Yes, it is indeed better not to ask questions against the rules, as it saves your labor and my temper.

Spider, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.—Yes, it was Louise Lovely that starred in the Universal feature, "Sirens of the Sea." You can reach her by letter at Universal City, California. I think that she would send you one of her photographs if you asked for one. You can get Picture-Play in all cities of the United States. It also has a large circulation in Canada and foreign countries.

Catherine I.—You are entirely wrong. I like Louise Fazenda very much indeed. I know her personally, and she is a mighty nice little girl. What put it into your head that I don't? Your letter was far from nice, especially the way you speak about the "Yankees," and doesn't deserve to be considered at all, but as you say you are in the hospital as the result of your horse falling on you, there is probably some reason for your being irritable. You have probably thought better of it by this time.

Clara W.—Earle Williams was born in Sacramento, California, on February 28, 1880. He received his education at the Oakland Polytechnic College. You can reach him by mail at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California.

Miss Afton A.—Roscoe Arbuckle gets all of his mail at the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California, where he is working on his comedies at the present time.

Cute Girls.—It is possible to show the same person in two different characters at the same time on the screen, but one can not touch the other, as the hand would seem to disappear if it were tried. The actor has to act within a certain range, and the minute he goes beyond that range, he seems to be cut off at that point. This is why two characters played by the same person can't touch each other on the screen.

Kid Brown.—I couldn't tell you whether Douglas Fairbanks would give you an interview or not. Better write to him in care of the Laska Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and find out. Write to the editor regarding the winners of the Picture-Play Magazine contest.

I Wanna No.—You haven't written to me in a whole month. Guess your little vacation must have interfered, eh? If vacations interfere with writing to the Oracle, give up your vacations. There is no truth in the rumor that Bill Hart is to leave the Artcraft. Monroe Salisbury is still being featured by the Universal Film Company in Bluebird productions. Yes, I agree with you that he is clever. Write him at Universal City, California.

Mrs. L. H.—There is a character actor by the name of Joe Harris playing in motion pictures. You can reach him by letter in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Dora S. Mac.—No, the Picture-Play Magazine has never had an interview with your friend. She is not playing in pictures at the present time. She last appeared in a Herbert Brenon play, "The Fall of the Romanoffs."

M. Williams.—William Shay is still playing in pictures. He has done most of his work lately for the Herbert Brenon Pictures Corporation. He appeared in both the late Brenon features, "Empty Pockets" and "False Faces."

M. J. G.—Send six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet to the editor of Picture-Play Magazine. It contains all the names and addresses of the various producing companies, which will answer your purpose immensely.

E. T. H.—I have attended to the matter you requested regarding the February 15th issue of this magazine for 1916. If there are any more of them left, I am sure you will have received yours by this time.

R. J. A.—The Market Booklet has been sent to you as you have requested. You were correct in sending six cents in stamps. The price has not gone up, even if the postage is more.

"Oh, Johnny."—Due to the rush of letters to be answered in the magazine lately, the ones for the Oracle pages have been answered first in order to cut down the number. Just as soon as things get back to normal again, the personal replies will be answered as soon as they are received. Nell Shipman is back on the screen again. Her latest picture is "The Home Trail," in which she plays opposite Alfred Whitman, who is none other than our old friend, Alfred Vosburgh. Old in friendship, but young in years. Vitagraph produced the film. You can reach Al and Nell at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California.

FERN.—Baby Marie Osborne gets all of her mail at the Diando Film Corporation, Glendale, California. Mary McAllister receives her letters at the Essanay Film Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois. Violet Radcliffe and Francis Carpenter call for their mail at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Bobby Connolly has his own mail box in the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Baby Virginia Corbin is the little actress that had the rôle of the *Princess* in the Fox Kiddie features, "Jack and the Bean Stalk." You can also reach her by letter at the Fox Studios in Hollywood.

MRS. H. P. H.—The only way that I can suggest for you to get your two little girls into pictures is to take them around to the different studios, and register with these concerns for "extra" work. If the children have talent, it will soon be discovered by the director of the picture.

H. C. S.—Mollie King has not given up motion pictures by any means. She is just taking a short fling on the vaudeville stage again, but will most assuredly return to the screen. You can reach her by mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

"I WANT TO KNOW."—Address Lloyd Hamilton, or the better-known name of "Ham," at the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. "Ham" is no longer with the Kalem Company, but is still using the same make-up that he appeared in the "Ham and Bud" comedies, although he looks considerably neater now. Charles Chaplin gets mail at the Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Ford Sterling will get any mail sent to him at the same address as Hamilton. Roscoe Arbuckle should be addressed at the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California. Louise Fazenda, Chester Conklin, Mary Thurman, and Charlie Murray receive their letters at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California. Billie Rhodes will get all mail sent to her at the Christie Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Al Ray collects his mail every morning at the Sunshine Studios, too. He has not been with the National Film Corporation for a long time. Olga Petrova is the actress' correct name. She was born in Poland. No trouble at all.

GERTRUDE D. B.—I have mailed Vivien Rich the letter which you inclosed with the one to me. No trouble at all, I assure you. Always glad to be of service to PICTURE-PLAY readers.

WILLIAM H. U.—E. K. Lincoln is now out on the coast playing in the latest Christie Cabbanne feature. You can get in touch with him by mail in care of Willis & Inglis, Write & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

AMANDA THATCHER.—You forgot to inclose the envelope that you mentioned in your letter, so I am answering your question in the Oracle Department. Charles Ray will get any letters sent to him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. His latest feature is "His Own Home Town," which followed "Let's Go."

G. S.—You mean Winfield Sheehan of the Fox Film Corporation. He does not act in their productions, but is the general manager for William Fox. He's a mighty fine man, however. You can reach him by letter at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

FRISKY POLLY.—Bryant Washburn has been away from the Essanay Company, where he made those well-liked "Skinner" features, for quite some months. He is now being featured by the Pathé Company, and should be addressed at the Paralta Studios, Hollywood, California, where he is making his present pictures for Pathé. No, it doesn't look as if Bryant will do any more of those "Skinner" features, although he is still sticking to that type of character and story. Yes, I am sure that he will send you one of his photographs, if you ask him for one. "Skinner's Baby" was the last of the series that Washburn made for the Essanay Company.

L. D. L.—Write to Anna Nilsson in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

JANE.—Your friend Donald Hall will get a letter addressed to him in care of the Screen Club, New York City.

NINE KLENZIG S. AUS.—Chester Barnett is the name of the young gentleman who had the rôle of *Billy* in "Trilby." Can't answer your matrimonial question regarding Lea Maloney, as it is against the rules of the Oracle. You can address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Juliette Day is not playing on the screen at the present time, but there is a strong possibility that she may return to the American Film Company and make some more features for the Mutual program at this studio, where she did her other screen work. No, Alfred Whitman has not had Vivian Rich for his leading woman for some time. Vivian has been playing at the Universal lately. It seems as if Thomas Chatterton has deserted the screen for good. He has gone into the business of manufacturing ovens in Santa Barbara, California, and is making a pile of money, so he probably can't be lured back to the screen until he tires of his other work. Nearly all of your questions are against the rules of the Oracle Department. It is perfectly all right to use both sides of the paper now, as we must save the supply as well as we can. Yes, all those serials were interesting.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

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- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ Metallurgist or Prospector
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
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- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French

on phonograph disks

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Vosburgh Fan.—Alfred Vosburgh is no more. It is now Alfred Whitman, if you please. The Vitagraph Company thought that some people might suspect Al of having some Hunnish blood about him, so they changed his name, as he is a born and bred American. He is now being featured by the Vitagraph Company at their studios in Hollywood, California. Nell Shipman is his leading lady. Address him in care of the Vitagraph Studios. Yes, he has played with both the Morosco and the American Film Company. I'm sure that I can't tell you why they don't select a permanent leading woman for him. Maybe they think the public would get tired seeing him make love to the same girl all the time.

Vera Wicket.—You ought to make a great screen vampire, if you can act half as wicked as your name would indicate. Oh, there are lots of vampires on the screen to-day, but you know there is always room for one more in everything. Valeska Suratt is not playing with the Fox Film Corporation any longer, although she will get any mail that you might send to her in care of this company at 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Your friend Olga has not been vamping in the films for quite some time now. The last I saw of her was in the "Crimson Stain Mystery" with Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin. Maurice has not appeared in another feature since completing this serial, either. Theda Bara is now at work on "Salome" at Fox's Western studios in Hollywood, California. Mail will reach her at this address. I am sure that I don't know the exact figure of Theda Bara's salary. Her brother's name is Marque and not Paul Bara. The latter is a joke, and not a name.

Cleo.—It looked as if I wasn't going to get you in this month at all, but your letter came to the top of the pile just in time. William S. Hart will appear in "The Tiger Man" after "Blue Blazes Rawdon" is released by the Artcraft. Yes, I enjoyed his "Wolves of the Rail" very much indeed. That last reel was certainly very thrilling. I agree with you that Hart seems to be gaining ground instead of losing it. You will always find a crowd of people who will tell you that "so and so" is slipping terribly in the film game, and hasn't many more months in which to collect, as the public are getting tired of his work. The same is said of Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and many others, but they all seem stronger now than they ever were.

Sdg. Janet.—"The Great Secret" is the serial which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne played in for the Metro Pictures Corporation. What did you think it was?

B. C. D.—The editor is sending you the Market Booklet which you sent the six cents in stamps for. You should have read it through several times by the time you read this.

Pep.—Sorry, but we are not allowed to give the home address of the film players. Any mail will catch Douglas Fairbanks at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. He is there most of the time anyway, so your letter would probably be read sooner by him there than at his home. The players like to take a little rest when they get home.

Hope.—Wheeler Oakman has finished his last motion picture for some time to come. He has left the screen, and joined the California Grizzlies, and is training now to "Hock the Kaiser." Any mail addressed to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will be forwarded to him. Some of the most prominent men in the motion picture and athletic world are with the Grizzlies, which is the crack regiment of California.

A Kansas Boy.—"Clover's Rebellion" was made by the Vitagraph Company a little over a year ago. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. Didn't have any trouble reading the letter at all, even if it was written in pencil. Write to Baby Marie Osborne in care of the Diando Motion Picture Company, Edendale, California. The only way to discover whether you have a chance or not is to get some extra work at the studios, and see for yourself. It won't take you long to find out. A letter addressed to Anita Stewart in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, will be sure to reach her. Write to Peggy Hyland in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Yes, there are always openings for good actors on the screen. The companies are continually on the lookout for them.

H. K. Vancouver.—Write to the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, and they will be able to give you full particulars regarding the books you mention. I don't know whether they are for the public's use or not. I think that they are sent out to the exhibitors of the country preceding the showing of the Pathé serials, but you can write to them and find out. It may be that you will be able to secure them for yourself, as they would be out of date now.

Somebody's Girl.—It is Creighton Hale and not Greighton. One of the answers was right, but I can't tell you which one, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department to answer matrimonial questions concerning the players. No, Theda Bara has never taken part in a film serial. Marie Osborne is the correct name of Little Mary Sunshine. Enid Markey and Willard Mack did some very fine work in the Triangle feature, "Aloha Oe."

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

NEW ADMIRER.—Monroe Salisbury is still with the Universal Film Company. His latest feature is "The Heart of the Desert." Wilfred Lucas does not play in the Salisbury features. He directs them. Yes, "The Door Between" was a little unusual for Salisbury. Still, he hasn't any set type of work. He is in a different kind of rôle nearly every time you see him. Write to him at Universal City, California.

PARAMOUNT FAN.—Yes, Elsie Ferguson and George M. Cohan have without a doubt scored heavily in their screen appearances. Elsie did fine work in "Barbary Sheep," "Rise of Jenny Cushing," and "Rose of the World." George M. Cohan was delightful in both "Broadway Jones" and "The Seven Keys to Baldpate." Charles Ray's latest feature is "His Home Town," taken from a magazine story of that name by Larry Evans. Charles' last rube character was "The Hired Man." It is unlike his other characterizations of the country boy, but just as enjoyable and human. This is probably the reason for this young star's success. He makes each one of the characters that he portrays humanly appealing, and has a line of work all his own. There is not another actor on the screen to-day that does anything like the work Charlie has picked out for himself. His stuff is absolutely original, and is certainly a big hit. A letter addressed to him in care of the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Georgia and Girad Streets, Los Angeles, California, will reach him.

THE COUNT.—The only way that you can get the ideas which you speak about upon the screen is to take the matter up yourself with the different motion-picture concerns. You might be able to interest them in your scheme, and again you may not. Any questions regarding stories, et cetera, should be addressed to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and not to me. You can get a complete list of all the leading film manufacturers by sending six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet.

GINGER.—It is a man, and not a girl at all, to whom you refer in those Keystone Comedies. Wally Van is now making comedies for himself, and is in business at the head of his own company. Billie Rhodes gets her mail at the Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

IDA B.—Valeska Suratt has deserted the films, and has gone back into vaudeville again, but a letter addressed to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, will be forwarded to her immediately.

FINGER-THE-PIE.—Yes, they were stills from "Freckles." He must have forgotten which arm he was supposed to have off.

G. J. G.—Enid Markey is the name of the young actress who played opposite Willard Mack in that Triangle play. A letter addressed to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will be sure to reach her.

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ORACLE ADMIRER.—You embarrass me to death, O. A. Not that I don't like to get poetry about the color of my eyes and teeth, but you drew on your imagination and got them all wrong. Not that I care a whoop, and, anyway, it's great to be admired. So you have a picture of me seated at a typewriter with pink, white, and blue envelopes piled up to right and left of me? Right! Only they reach up to my eyebrows. Not in the least—my time's yours.

LORENA.—Thanks for those three cheers for the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Why don't you write to the editor about the pictures in the gallery? I am sure that he would welcome any suggestions that you have to make.

MARY F.—Pearl White was born in 1889. Yes, Many Pickford's curls were not purchased in a store. Dustin Farnum and William Farnum are brothers. Address her in care of the Boston American.

SWEET 16.—Of course I'm glad. Tom Forman is in the army, but any mail sent to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will be promptly forwarded to him. Yes, I imagine that Tom will be only too glad to hear from his friends now, and wouldn't be at all surprised if he would answer you with a nice little letter. Oh, that isn't a hard one at all to answer as you imagine it is. Norma Phillips was the young lady that was "Our Mutual Girl" in the series of pictures by that name, and in the "Runaway June" serial. Mame Kelso was the lady that was "Our Mutual Girl's" aunt in that series. Norma Phillips has not appeared on the screen for some time. She was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and made her appearance on the stage when a child. Yes, I have had several letters from your town. Don't be such a stranger. Let's hear from you more often in the future.

HARRY.—No, William S. Hart did not get hurt anything to speak of in "The Narrow Trail." Yes, it was indeed quite some fight that he staged in that picture. There are two Harry Pollards in the motion-picture business. One is a comedian with the Rolin Film Company, and the other is a well-known director and actor, who used to direct and play opposite Margarita Fischer in her films for the Mutual program. The Pollard Picture Plays Company has been dissolved. Margarita Fischer, the former star of that company, is now being featured by the American Film Company at their studios in Santa Barbara, California, under the direction of Lloyd Ingraham. There is nothing like trying, you know. You can address Harry Pollard, the director and actor, in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. I'm not the editor of this magazine, merely the Oracle. The studios nearest to you are in New York City. Send six cents in stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the complete addresses of all the studios in the United States. Paul Willis is seventeen. Thanks very much indeed for the good wishes. No, you didn't break a single rule. In fact, you didn't even crack any of them.

S. D. T.—You understood rightly, strange as it may seem. The reason for substituting yellow for white in the movies whenever possible is that the outlines of yellow take more clearly than those of white material, I am told. Yes, most of them do wear white collars, though some go to the trouble of having yellow ones made. Film companies often furnish yellow dress-suit fronts for their actors, and then the shirt looks a trifle gray worn with a white collar, is the reason. The sets do look strange with yellow sheets on the beds, maids with canary-colored lace aprons, and the like. Most of them do repeat the actual lines before the camera, partly because lips can often be read on the screen, but chiefly to get into the mood demanded by the action. Yes, you seem to be. I almost thought you were going to make me a partnership offer to start a new company. I should not think it would be hard to line some one up who was connected in some way with a studio, and get inside of one for a look around. Any one who is so interested ought to be rewarded with a peep into the astral heaven.

I. O. U.—Nothing at all, but, just the same, I like you. Emily Stevens was the star in "Daybreak," and Edith Storey did "The Eyes of Mystery." That is funny, for while they are both doing Metro productions, they are not at all alike. Marguerite Clark's eyes are gray. A creamy, almost pallid complexion, which only adds to her charm. Even more charming than they say, which is going some.

Miss Stuck-up.—Well, I should be, too, if I stood in your patent-leather pumps. So you shook hands with the great man, Francis X.? More enthusiastic than ever? That sounds impossible, if I remember your erstwhile effusions. Isn't it nice to know the color of his hair and how he looks in a white flannel suit, without having to write in to the Oracle for details? I suppose you won't look at us hereafter.

Molly Y.—We don't send out pictures of any of the stars, Molly. You heard wrong. But if you will send in a list of your screen favorites, we will be glad to tell you how you can reach them to send a request. I don't know of a single star who is so hard-hearted and callous to admiration that he or she would not send along a picture on the receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps and the address of the fan that wants it. Of course you could hardly be disappointed if you didn't get it by return mail, as the correspondence and requests for pictures to stars is enormous in some cases, and quite considerable in others. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are not twin sisters. Lillian is two years older than Dorothy. Every curl is real. No, I never pulled them. Who would be so mean?

Edwin C.—Address your favorite Shirley Mason in care of the Edison Company, Bronx, New York City. Good enough for the little girl that wrote that song.

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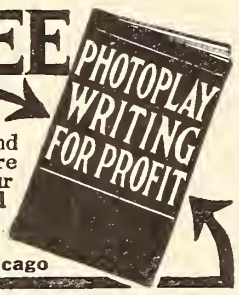

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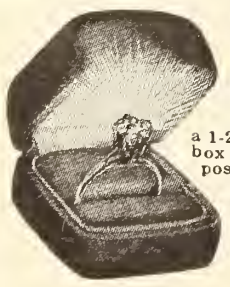

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JENNIE S.—Richard Travers is now a captain in the United States army, thank you, and a most capable one, too, so they say. Write to Francis Xavier Bushman in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City. You can say, "Hello" to him better your own self than I can.

CECILLE P. H.—Marshall Neilan is the young man who played opposite Mary Pickford in "Madame Butterfly" for the Famous Players Film Company. Strange to say this same young fellow is now our Mary's director, and is responsible for "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "The Little Princess," "Stella Maris," and many of the other famous Mary Pickford films. James Kirkwood was the leading man in the other film you mention. Can't answer matrimonial questions as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Mary Pickford is twenty-four years old.

LEITA.—Webster Campbell is the young man who played the rôle of the brother in "Transgression" with Earle Williams and Corinne Griffith. Yes, he certainly is a dandy-looking fellow, and a very good actor, too. Webster is very sincere in his work, and gives the screen the best that is in him. Grace Cunard is a mighty nice girl, and very popular, too, with the film fans throughout the country. Why doesn't friend husband write, too? Or do you ask all the questions that he wants to know for him?

Z. ZENO ZANNE ZARIN.—Mrs. Vernon Castle is the only name that that young lady goes by. Vernon Castle was killed by a fall from his aëroplane in February at Fort Worth, Texas. He was a captain in the Royal Flying Corps of England, and had seen active service "over there." You can reach Mrs. Vernon Castle in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

VELMA MARIE T.—That was very nice of Mary Pickford, wasn't it? Yes, her hair is naturally curly. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Owen Moore is in California. Yes, you can reach Mary Pickford in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, where she makes all of her features for the Artcraft. Yes, she reads her own letters. Marion and Madeline are the Fairbanks twins' names. They are not related to Douglas Fairbanks. Harold Lockwood is the gentleman you refer to in "Wildflower." Address him in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Sissy Boy.—Paul Willis became an actor about two years ago. His most famous work was as *Billy Holland* in Thomas Dixon's "Fall of a Nation." We don't answer matrimonial questions. Frank Keenan gets mail now at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Write to Mildred Manning in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1898. She has a sister, Margaret Loveridge, who plays in the films. Theda Bara was born twenty-seven years ago. Cleopatra was a vampire, so Theda must be vamping in her production of that name, as she plays Cleo herself. Crane Wilbur was Pearl's leading man in the "Perils of Pauline," Arnold Daly played opposite her in "Exploits of Elaine," Ralph Kellard supported her in "Pearl of the Army," and Creighton Hale had the leading male rôle in her "Iron Claw," in which he was *The Laughing Mask.* Charlie Chaplin didn't need any reward. He has plenty. Yes, Sidney Chaplin is his brother. Sid is a little older than Charlie, and looks after his brother's business affairs. Bebe Daniels is seventeen years old. Address her in care of the Rolin Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Carl Anderson is the president of the Paralta Plays. Bessie Barriscale, Henry Walthall, Jack Kerrigan, Louise Glaum, and Howard Hickman are the stars of the company. Don't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. A storm scene is either taken in a real storm, or several fire hoses are sprayed around to give the desired effect. No, Romaine Fielding is still alive, even if he isn't working in pictures at the present time. Gladys Smith is the correct name of Mary Pickford, and Leonie Flugrath is the correct name for your friend Shirley Mason. Juliet Shelby is the name by which Mary Miles Minter goes off the screen. They take different names for professional reasons, probably thinking that they sound better to the public than their own. You don't suppose that a feature starring Gladys Smith, or Juliet Shelby, or Leonie Flugrath would draw very well, do you?

A. Z. Mrs. Vernon Castle.—Mrs. Vernon Castle's first name is Irene. She gets mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Kathleen Kirkham Fan, E. D.—Your friend Kathleen has just finished playing in a feature for Douglas Fairbanks. The picture to which you refer was made by the Balboa Company for the General Film Company program. A letter addressed to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, is the quickest way to reach her.

Scottie.—Picture-Play Magazine still has a scenario department to help you with your work. Just write to the scenario editor, who will give you a personal reply to any brief, definite question, providing you inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Mr. Caine's death was most unfortunate.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

K. M. D.—Am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, my friend, but the letters are answered in the order received, and when you are cramped for space, it takes quite a while to catch up with your correspondents through the columns. Yes, it certainly was too bad about Clarence J. Caine's death. He was a mighty nice fellow. Yes, the picture does look a bit like Douglas Fairbanks in a serious mood. Bert has not been working in the films lately. Charles Ray is in Ince's camp. His films are released by Paramount. The only thing to do is to protest to the manager. Tell him whom you want to see, and if there are enough loud voices raised in protest, I am sure that he will see the error of his judgment. Sure I'd be proud of it.

D. M. M.—You forgot to include that self-addressed, stamped envelope you mentioned in your letter, so I am answering your questions in the Oracle Department. Gail Kane is not acting in films at the present time, and should be addressed in care of the Mutual Film Corporation, Consumer's Building, Chicago, Illinois. Dorothy Phillips gets her mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Viola Dana is now working at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California, where the postman brings her letters.

Margaret M.—Thank you, Margaret, for the compliment. Wallace Reid receives the letters from his admirers at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Eugene O'Brien should be addressed in care of the Frank A. Keeney Picture corporation, 1493 Broadway, New York City.

Allison-Lockwood Fan.—Well, it certainly looked for a while as if you were going to get your long-wished-for wish, because it was announced that Harold Lockwood and May Allison are to be costarred again in Metro productions. But though they are both to play for Metro, the latest is that they are to be starred in separate productions. The letters I have received prove that they have been greatly missed, and I know that their many admirers will be overjoyed at the news.

M. M. M.—There are a great many actresses as tall as you, M. M. M., so have no fear on that score. Your first question about Mary Miles Minter was against the rules of the Oracle, so I could not answer it for you. You can reach her by letter at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. She was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902.

Skinner.—Yes, the famous Skinner combination is no more. Bryant Washburn, who was William Manning Skinner, is now with the Pathé forces, while Hazel Daly, who was "Honey," is now playing leads for the Selig Company. It was a great combination, and it seems a shame that they couldn't continue together. The Skinner series was very popular indeed. May Allison has returned to the screen, and will be seen in Metro productions.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

ADMIRER.—Wallace Reid was the blacksmith in the "Birth of a Nation." You can find out the exact cost of a round-trip ticket from Atlanta to Los Angeles by inquiring at the railroad ticket office. I don't know myself. I never keep posted on railroad fares, as I never have the chance to make use of them myself. It is very hard to get inside the studios to watch them take their films now. A special permit has to be had from the management before they will let you in. Babe Hardy, of the King Bee Company, was born in Atlanta. Louise Huff is five feet tall, and weighs one hundred and five pounds. Mary Miles Minter is five feet two inches tall.

WILLIAM S. HART FAN.—William S. Hart gets his mail at the Hart Studios, Hollywood, California.

J. G.—Address H. B. Warner in care of the Selig Studios, Los Angeles, California. He is not acting at the present time, having been ill recently.

FAN-A.—It's all in the way you pronounce it. Like a in hay, eh? I haven't seen you in print for months. Where on earth have you been keeping yourself? Yes, I thought Mary Pickford did some splendid work in "Stella Maris." I think that it is by far the best play she has yet appeared in from an artistic standpoint. Gloria Hope is with the Thomas H. Ince forces. A letter will reach her at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Her latest picture is "The Guilty Man," in which she has the leading rôle. She is fifteen years old. She will appear in support of Charles Ray in her next film.

HAM AND BUD ADMIRER.—The right name of *Ham*, of *Ham* and *Bud* fame, is Lloyd Hamilton. He is not with the Kalem Company any more. He has been featured by the Fox Company in Sunshine Comedies for many months now, ever since he left the Kalem Company. *Bud*, who is known off the screen as Albert Duncan, has joined a comedy company which is making pictures in Denver, Colorado. *Ham* still appears in the same character that he made famous in Kalem "Ham Comedies" in his new Sunshine mirth provokers. No, no one else could use the brand of "Ham Comedies," as it is copyrighted. You can write to Lloyd Hamilton in care of the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

MARION W.—Can't answer the first question regarding William Desmond as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. He is still being featured at the Triangle Kay-Bee Studios in Culver City, California, where he will receive any letters that you may send to him. I think that he would write to you in reply to a letter. Why not try and find out?

MARY ELLEN L.—The Morosco photo-play version of the book "Freckles," in which Jack Pickford was starred, was made in California, under the direction of William D. Taylor. Jack is just twenty-one years old. His sister's name is Gladys Smith, so Jack's name must be Smith, too, mustn't it?

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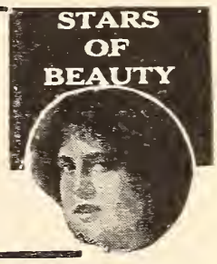

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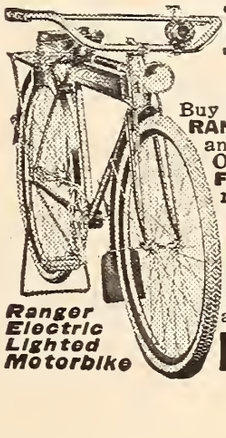

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

F. M. X.—May Allison can be reached in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City. Vivian Martin gets mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Can't answer your Harold Lockwood question.

B. F.—There are several companies who sell postal cards of the various film stars. Look them up in the advertising pages of the magazine. Billie Burke is still making photo plays which are released on the Paramount program. No, I don't think they have any pictures of your friend Wanda. There probably is less demand for her pictures, and it wouldn't pay them to make a stock of them, and have them on their hands. Write to Vivian Martin in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Yes, I think she will send you one of her photos. Address Mrs. Sidney Drew in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Monroe Salisbury was the name of the man who played *Silent Jack* in "The Cook of Canyon Camp." Helen Eddy had the leading feminine rôle opposite Beban. You will just have to keep getting them, I guess, until they publish a photo of Billie Burke.

Two Admirers.—Jack Holt is a very nice young yellow. I don't answer questions that are against the rules of the Oracle Department, so I can't answer your matrimonial query regarding your favorite. Write to him in care of the Lasky Company, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and he will get it all right. Yes, I think he would answer a letter from you. The only way that I can suggest for you to get into pictures if you have decided that nothing else in this whole world will do but for you to shine before a camera, is to get some extra work at the different studios, and you will then have the chance to find out if you screen well, and if you can act at all. The camera very soon passes judgment on any one, and believe your friend, the Oracle, that it does some very close judging, too. If you have some weakness it won't take Judge Camera long to find out what it is, and show it to you.

Katherine M.—Harry Benham is Leland Benham's elder brother. Grace Cunard was born in Paris, France. Marjorie Daw is the young lady's real name. Katherine Lee is older than Jane. Fannie Ward is forty-two. Hugh and Francis are not related. Don't answer matrimonial questions. You should have read the rules of the department before you wrote to me. Yes, May Allison is returning to the screen.

Howell Admirer.—Address your favorite in care of the Screen Club, New York City.

Fan-Tan.—Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is indeed a very clever youngster. I would not be at all surprised to see him send you an autographed photo if you asked him for one. In fact, I would be surprised if he didn't. He usually does. Write to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Doug already has had his smiling face on the cover. Pearl White's hair is really auburn. I like Madame Olga Petrova very much. She, too, has auburn hair, but it photographs dark.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

NAN MARION.—You should read the rules of the Oracle Department, young lady. Address Dorothy Davenport in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Pearl White gets all her mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Gladys Brockwell and Theda Bara receive all their mail at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Marguerite Clark and Billie Burke find theirs at the offices of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Vivian Martin receives her letters at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Write to Louise Lovely in care of Universal City, California. Gail Henry should be addressed at the L-Ko Studios, Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Louise Glaum greets the postman at the Paralta Studios, Hollywood, California. Dorothy Dalton has her mail box at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California.

BEATRICE G.—You should inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want a personal reply. Jack Mulhall should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Charles Ray gets his mail at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Write Neal Hart in care of Universal City, California.

JOY.—Niles Welch is playing in the films exclusively. He has been working with several different companies lately, however, which probably explains why you haven't seen so much of him. In his latest film he is opposite Effie Shannon in a Metro feature, "Her Boy." No, he does not direct his films. He contents himself with merely acting the leading rôles in them. Harold Lockwood and May Allison are playing opposite one another right now. Costume plays are not very popular with the film fans, which probably explains the reason they have not put more of them on the screen. Rita Jolivet had the leading rôle in "The Masque of Life." Conway Tearle was the leading man. Allan Holubar was *Captain Nemo* in Universal's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Yes, they played together in an old detective story for the Kalem. Thanks very much for those kind words, Joy.

FRANK G. T.—I am not the editor of the PICTURE-PLAY, but would like to have his job, at that. Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the complete names and addresses of the leading film companies throughout the United States, which will be very valuable to you. I don't see why you shouldn't be able to get a chance to do some extra work at the different studios. Just go around and try it out.

"CANUCK."—There isn't a wide range of parts that a boy of fifteen can play on the screen, but if you have determined to be a motion-picture player, the only thing that I can suggest to you is to apply for extra work around the different studios, and work yourself in that way.

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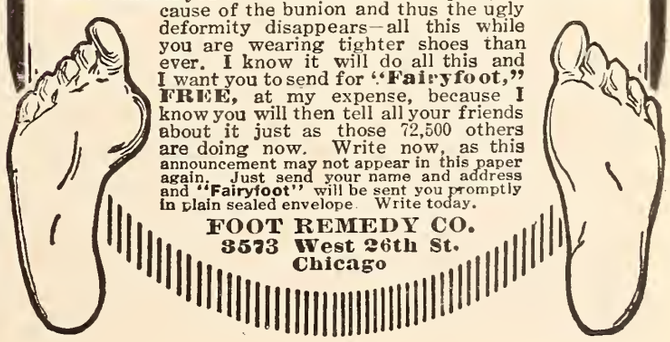

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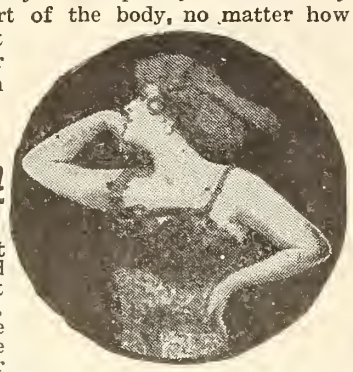

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

FLORENCE BONNIE MASON.—Yes, I think that Valeska Suratt would send you one of her pictures, although she has deserted the screen, and has gone back on the vaudeville stage again. A letter addressed to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, will promptly be forwarded to her. "Blue Blazes Rawdon" is the latest picture in which William S. Hart appears. "Wolves of the Rail" followed his "The Silent Man." "M'liss" is the latest film in which Mary Pickford appears. Yes, Margarita Fischer will send you one of her photographs. Write to her at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was the best of the Mary Pickford plays you mention. I think "Stella Maris" is the best thing she has ever done, however. Write Vivian Martin at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. "The House of Hate" is the serial starring Pearl White that followed "The Fatal Ring." Yes, Ann Pennington still plays in pictures. Write her at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Write Geraldine Farrar in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. Arline Pretty should have been addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Lottie Pickford will get any letters sent to her in care of the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Kathleen Clifford should be addressed at the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California. Cullen Landis is the young man you mean with Kathleen Clifford. Mae Murray gets her mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Alice Howell gets her mail at the L-Ko Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Write Corinne Grant at the Balboa Studios, and Marshall Neilan at the Lasky Studios. He is Mary Pickford's director. Kathlyn Williams gets her mail at the Morosco Studios. William Duncan has left the Vitagraph for Pathé serials. Jack Mower's address is the same as Margarita Fischer's. No, I don't know of your friend Stella.

FORREST X.—That Middlesex County pun is not bad at all, Forrest. Eileen Percy is now supporting Lloyd—Ham—Hamilton in Sunshine Comedies, and is not with Douglas Fairbanks any more. Write to her in care of the Sunshine Comedies Incorporated, Western Avenue, New York City. Florence Vidor is the young lady who has been playing opposite Sessue Hayakawa.

MAW MINTER.—Your letter was very interesting, and I enjoyed a good many laughs over it, too, which is worth a great deal to me. You can reach Mary Miles Minter at the American Studios, Santa Barbara, California. You can't be as bad as you picture yourself, I'm sure. How do you like army life? All the letters that I receive from Uncle Sam's boys say that they think it's great! Guess you must feel the same way, as I notice that you haven't a single kick to offer. Write again when you have a few moments to spare.

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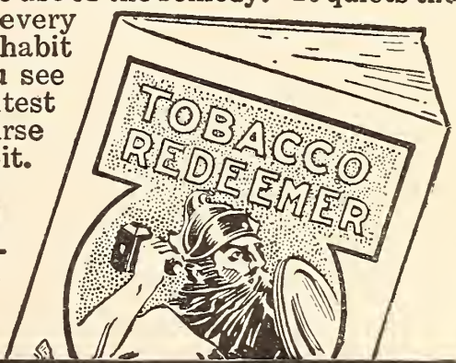

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1918:

State of New York, County of New York, (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Treasurer of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor,* Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1918. Charles W. Ostertag, Notary Public, No. 51, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

BLOND.—All right "Blondy," I'll say a good word for you. Pearl White is every bit as pretty off the screen as she is on, if not more so. Your answer to the Jack Pickford question is contained in the one above you, addressed to Mary Ellen L. Yes, Lottie is also a sister of Mary Pickford's. You must be some picture fan to stick by one favorite for the length of time you have. More power to you!

STAGE OR SCREEN.—You have a very nice time being neutral between the stage and the screen, don't you? Several of the stars have gone back on the stage for engagements, and then come back in the films again. There is something luring in both professions, and about the only happy medium is to work in them both, I guess. Yes, Bessie Toner is now playing in pictures. She has left the stage for the time being, and is playing with the Vitagraph. She played the rôle of *Ann* in "Tarzan of the Apes." Her latest film is one of the O. Henry stories, in which Earle Williams will be the featured player. Your friend Mabel Trunnelle is still working in pictures, and so is our old friend, Herbert Prior, both from the good old Edison days. Remember when you used to see them once or twice a week in their plays? They certainly turned them out fast in those days.

M. J. A.—Your letter was most interesting, I assure you. Glad to hear that you are doing your "bit" so well. This is the time when every true American's "bit" should be his "best." The reason that so many leading men have given up their acting for directing is probably because they had greater talent in that direction, and it pays them more money. Again, they may like it a great deal better. Of course, some people are sorry that their favorite teams can't play together all the time, but they have to figure it also from another angle. Some of the fans may get tired seeing the same people making love to each other, picture after picture, and a change is very pleasing to them. Censorship is a very much debated question, but I am sure that if it ever came to a popular vote, the censor would be a thing of the past. The only fair thing to do is to let the producer look after that end of it and be careful. Of course, some 'fly-by-night" concerns would stage pictures that would not be fit to be shown if there were not the restraining hand of a censor. On the other hand, the exhibitor should look out as to what he books for his theater, because if it offends the decency of his patrons, he will soon find himself with no business at all.

WILLIAM G. L.—The six cents in stamps received, which I have turned over to the editor. He will see that you receive the Market Booklet.

AGGIE.—Marion Davies is certainly a very nice little lady. I don't know of any motion-picture studios in active operation in St. Louis at the present time. Certainly; write me at any time, even if you don't want to ask questions. I am always glad to receive letters from my readers.

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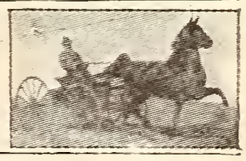

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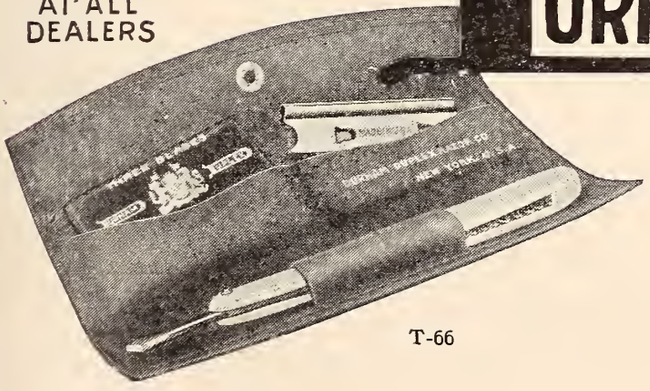

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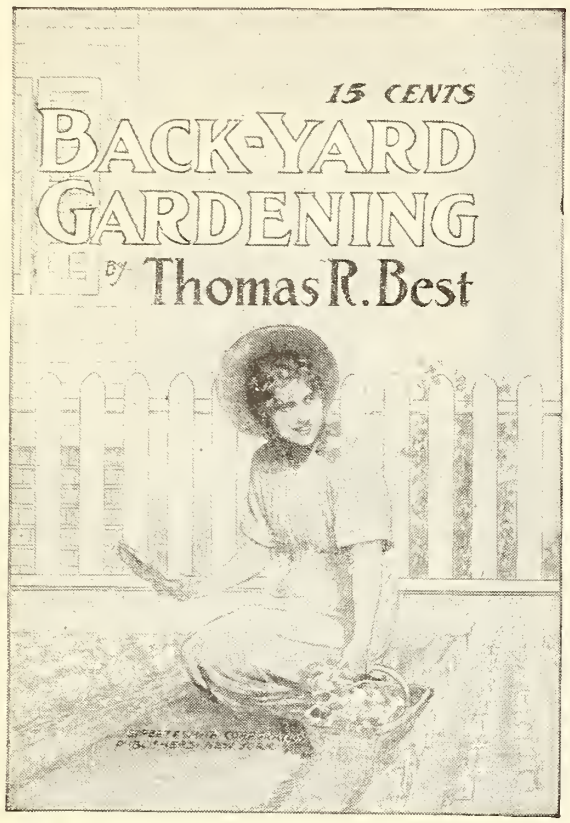

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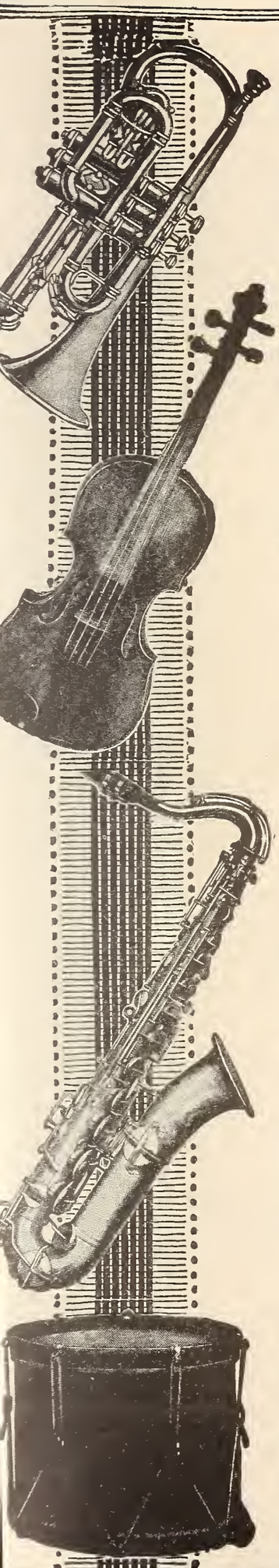

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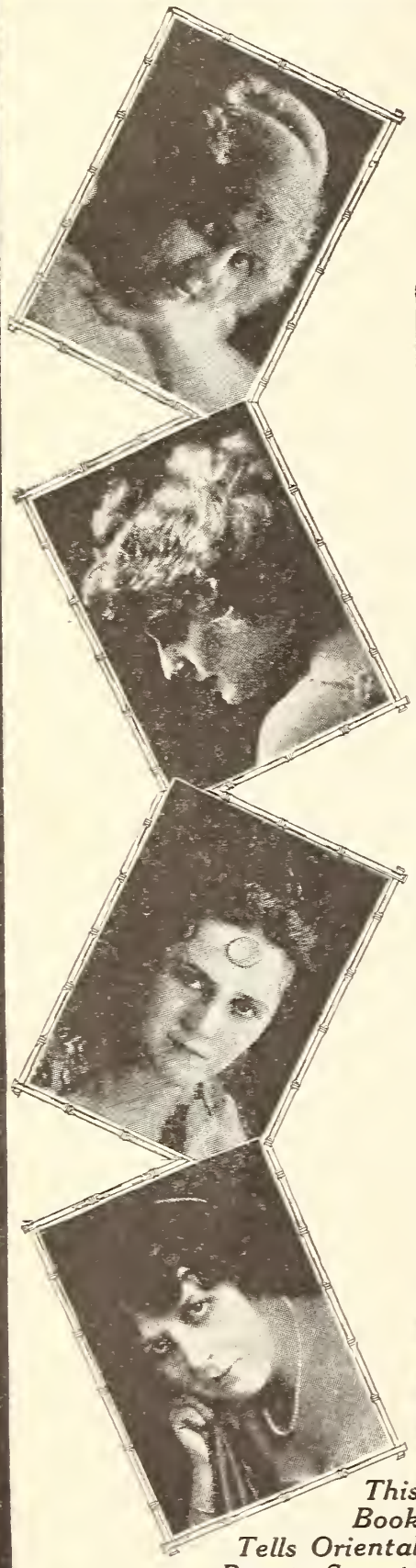

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PARALTA PLAYS

Pick of the Pictures

To the Readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Many of you have no doubt often taken "pen in hand" to write a moving-picture scenario. But whenever you had penned a few sentences, the same old qualms overcame you. You hesitated, pondered, chewed the penholder—and then scratched what you had written. Rewrote, and scratched once more. Finally, you gave it up.

You considered yourself unequal to the task. You "laid down on the job."

You promised yourself to try again, "some other time." And therefore your story remains locked up in the memory vault back in your head.

The reason for this is simple.

Your big worry was "literary style." You knew you had a story to tell, but you were at a loss *how* to tell it.

"Style" bothers you dreadfully. You think there are certain rules and regulations governing the manner wherein a story ought to be told.

And you worry about sentences, grammar, punctuation, terms, expressions, words, literary curilcues and whatnots.

Forget about them all. They are only bugbears. They do not exist.

Tell your story. Never mind *how*.

Just tell it.

Every story to be made into a picture must first be translated to the screen. Such a translation, or "continuity," must be done by some one thoroughly familiar with the "inside" of screen craft.

It is the work of experts. No writer is expected to do it.

We doubt whether Kipling, Conrad, or Robert W. Chambers could write "continuity." They certainly can write stories.

But their stories, if adapted to the screen, must be made into "continuity" just the same as yours.

You can tell the same story as a poem, as a play, as a short story, as a novel, as a song. It'll be the same story every time. It's like putting one person into various clothes. Long coat, short pants, short coat, long pants, green vest, silk hat, blue vest, plug hat; he'll remain the same person inside different clothes.

Substituting person for story; when it comes to writing "continuity," the person must be stripped of whatever clothes he happens to be wearing, and measured all over again for his "continuity" outfit. That has got to be done, and to the same extent, with a play by Shakespeare, or a novel by Dickens, or a scenario by you, or by Mr. Jones in the next block.

Once again let us ask you not to bother about *how* to tell us the story that's in your mind, but tell it in your own way and your own words. But do try to write a story which you believe will fit one of the four Paralta Stars.

You have a wide choice:

J. WARREN KERRIGAN, who can make love like the original Adonis, and fight like sixty.

BESSIE BARRISCALE, who can equally portray a cute little waif, or a proud and languid society leader.

HENRY B. WALTHALL, who is the past master of romance on the screen.

LOUISE GLAUM, whose range and versatility in pictures is as great as that of Sarah Bernhardt on the speaking stage.

Be sure to see these stars in all of the Paralta Plays, so you will know exactly just what kind of stories we want for them.

Then write your story and send it to us.

Address all communications to Eastern Scenario Department, Paralta Plays, Inc., 8 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Favorite Picture Players

MIRIAM COOPER

was the young woman finally chosen to enact the title rôle in "The Woman and the Law," after a number of emotional screen actresses were considered and rejected. The story, based on the recent sensational trial of Bianca de Saulles for the murder of her husband, which proved of international interest, required a woman of exceptional beauty, intensely dramatic, and of the Chilean type. Miss Cooper possesses all of these qualifications.

GRACE DARMOND

comes honestly by her title, "The Lily of the Screen," being pale, beautiful, and stately. But who would guess from her picture that she is a winner among the swimming-dancing-riding girls? Perhaps she is seen here under the hypnotic influence of her next release in which she plays opposite Earle Williams, the title of which is "The Seal of Silence."

RUTH CLIFFORD

so the whisper goes, may wing her way into the Blue Bird camp before long. She has been gaining steadily in popularity almost daily, having starred in Rupert Julian's war play, "The Kaiser," and is shortly to appear in a Universal release entitled "Silent Smith," in which she co-stars with Monroe Salisbury. Nothing, it seems, can clip her wings.

EVELYN GREELEY

spends her mornings trying on slippers and boots for her stupendous collection of goodness-knows-how-many; and her afternoons planting things in window boxes all over her apartment in New York City. In spite of being so busy, "Miss Zactly-Twenty" has managed to offer the public something interesting in "The Golden Wall," and is soon to appear in another film, "The Leap to Fame," also with Carlyle Blackwell.

ALICE BRADY

is one of those fortunate girls who had two talents from which to make a choice. She studied at the Boston Conservatory of Music, and was well on the way to entering the operatic field when she changed her mind and turned to the silver field. Her work in "The Knife" and in the Russian play, "The Perversity of Man," has been winning her new and brighter spurs. Another Brady release, "The Ordeal of Rosetta," is due shortly.

BARBARA CASTLETON

is the feminine star in "The Swami," an East Indian tale of romance and mystery, having already won a reputation for putting the punch into daring rôles in "Empty Pockets." She is soon to be released in a film called "For the Freedom of the World." Her one hobby, she says, is her mother, who is her constant companion, and far more of a girl chum than of a stern parent

LILLIAN WALKER

known to film fans as "The Dimple Girl" won her place as a film star in the second picture in which she played. Before that she had done all kinds of things from selling candy in a Huyler store to hand-coloring prints in an art shop. She is also a shrewd, far-sighted business woman, who can buy a garage for $40,000 and turn it over for half as much again within two years. She has just formed her own company, and will soon release pictures called "Lillian Walker Productions."

NORMA TALMADGE

has undertaken the somewhat unusual task of appearing in the film release of a Broadway play before the season for the play is over. The production, "De Luxe Annie," gives Miss Talmadge an opportunity to wear beautiful gowns with the charm which is characteristic of her. Her leading man is Eugene O'Brien, who starred with her in the memorable "Ghosts of Yesterday," and more recently in "By Right of Purchase."

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

the girl whose claim to fame, less than a year ago, rested on her being the little sister of a bright star, is now twinkling in the electric signs "on her own," having found a new field for a somewhat unusual kind of talent. She is going in for "comedy drama," a form which takes strong dramatic ability along with a sense of comedy values. "Up the Road with Sallie" is soon to follow the success she made in "Scandal."

EDDIE POLO

is just about looking for a soft place to rest a day or two after finishing the eighteenth episode of "The Bull's Eye," a serial of Western ranch life. Quite Poloesque, and very good, Eddie.

WILLIAM S. HART

is always coming strong, although other favorites may come and go. There are just six feet one inch of gripping he-man stuff in his new Artcraft feature called "Selfish Yates."

Reasons

YOU love that land of long distances, of golden dawns and purple sunsets—the West! The sage and cactus and snowy desert sand; the beetling crags and rocky chasms. Turbulent streams and placid lakes; prairie, plain, and forest.

You admire the men who move and have their being in the glorious vastness of this out of doors. Big, gaunt men; homely as sin, and as strong. Men slow to anger and quick on the trigger. Big-hearted, big-chested, and big-fisted. Fierce in anger and deadly in their quarrels, yet tender as a woman toward those they hold as friends.

You love these men.

That is why, when William S. Hart is on the screen, nothing in wind or weather, sickness, sheriffs, or shotguns can prevent you from attending.

YOU love children. Little girl children; big eyes and starry-eyed, with delicious pout and cuddling ways. In curls and ringlets, in dainty dresses or in rags—you love them!

In delight and interest you watch their grace, their awkwardness, their romps and gambols. In you their childish woes find ready sympathy, even as you love to share their joys. Their kittenish cuteness makes you love them, although their deviltry sometimes makes you wish to spank them. Still, you love them.

That is why, when Mary Pickford is on the screen, you are first in line at the box office.

YOU love the shock of conflict. The hot, red blood courses in your veins; heirloom of your cave-men ancestors. You seethe in ecstasy when two strong men cast aside their civilization and meet in deadly combat, armed with only Nature's weapons—the fists! With clenched lips and thumping heart you follow the battle with distended and unwinking eyes. No detail do you miss unto the glorious, gory finish, when right and might have conquered brutish brawn.

You relax into your seat, glowing and sated, as in another day so did your forbears upon the tiers of Rome's vast Coliseum!

You love fights and fighters.

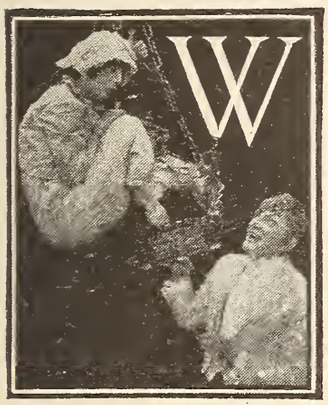
That is why, when William Farnum is on the screen, you are among those present.

YOU love a good laugh. You like to rock in an agony of mirth until the tears roll down your face, over the thoughtful droop of a pair of trousers, the wistful expression of a man being thrown down a flight of steps or lightly tossed out of an upstairs window. That is why, when Charlie Chaplin is on the billboards, you carefully powder your nose, forget to wash the dishes—and go!

The Modern Cloth of Gold

The silver screen, as it is sometimes called, deserves a richer title, when you consider the enormous cost of the shadows that play upon it. Here are some facts on this phase of picture making.

By R. W. Baremore



"My Valet" cost $20,000.

WE can estimate pretty well what it will cost to build a bungalow, dig a well, or have a suit of clothes made. Most undertakings of a similarly practical nature have something like a standard cost of production, which can be approximated in advance. And so you know, and could tell offhand, what you expect to pay for your next suit of clothes, or the bungalow you are planning to build, even before you have consulted tailor or architect.

But do you know what a motion picture costs? Have you the remotest idea of how much money the average production eats up? Probably not, unless you are intimately connected with the industry. Very few people have. Even some of the producers don't always know what a picture costs them.

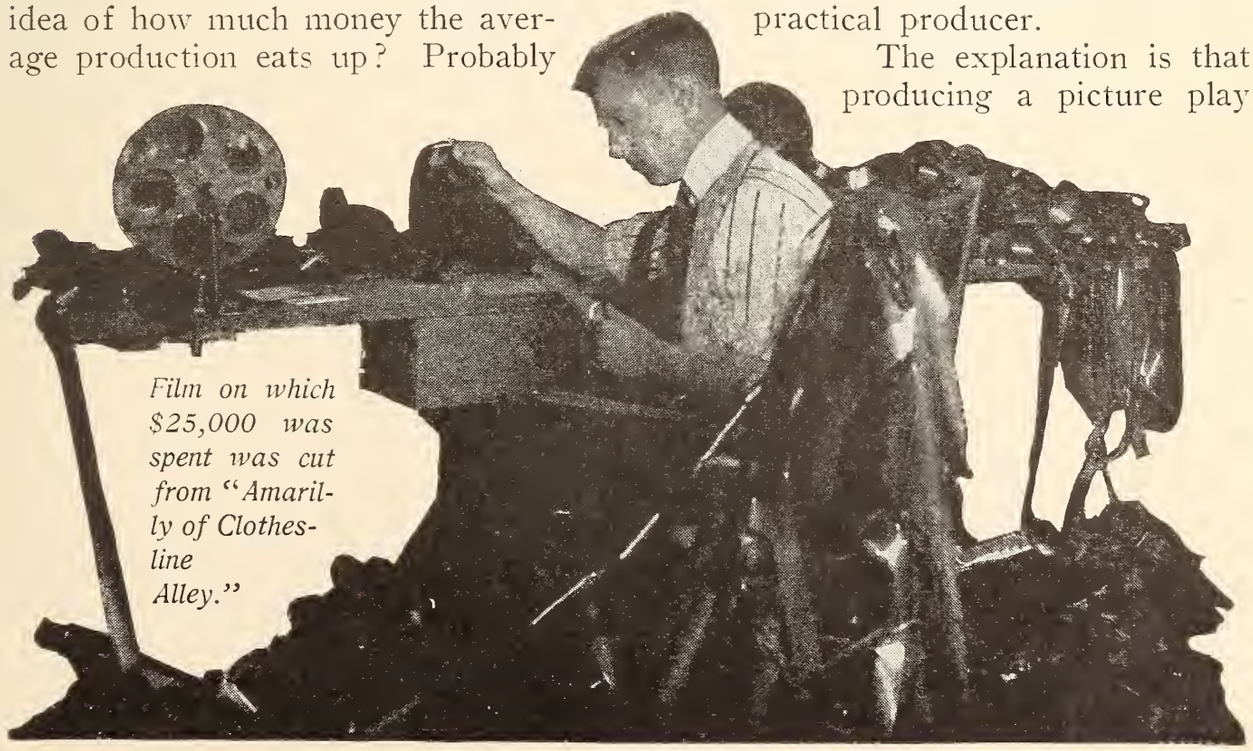
I recently asked a man what he had spent in making an eight-reel feature which he had just completed.

"Great Scott, I don't know, and I don't *want* to know!" he replied emphatically, and I think quite frankly, for I know him intimately.

"To tell you the honest truth," he went on, "I keep my accounts in three banks, and I've drawn on each one for this production. If I found out how much this picture has set me back I'm afraid I'd have heart failure."

Can you imagine a business man in any other line talking like that? Yet this man, rather than being regarded as eccentric, is considered quite a practical producer.

The explanation is that producing a picture play



Film on which $25,000 was spent was cut from "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley."

For Cavalieri's gowns worn in "Gismonda" $5,000 was paid.

is like sitting in a game of stud poker. You have to bet blind, and what it costs you depends mainly on what you're dealt after you start the hand. Anything from the weather to the star's temperament may add a small fortune to the cost.

And a producer, like a good poker player, doesn't go in much for "post mortems." If the man above referred to makes a ten-strike out of his eight-reeler he may, just out of curiosity, figure up what it cost him. If it turns out a flivver he will probably try to forget it—if he can.

For that reason—I may as well admit it now as at the end of my observations—there is no such thing as an average, standard cost for a picture, even for a picture of any special type. But there are some interesting figures to be had on the subject in general.

Some quite entertaining ones were disclosed to me a few weeks ago by Jesse L. Lasky as we sat in one corner of the Famous Players' New York studio.

"The most noticeable thing about cost of production is the way it varies," he said. "We used a portion of grapefruit the other day that came to $500. It was needed for the breakfast scene from 'Rich Man, Poor Man.' The one which had been prepared didn't meet with Director Dawley's approval, and he held up the scene until a gilt-edge, A-1, extra-fancy specimen had been procured. That the portion of citrus cost $500 was learned from the detailed cost account kept for the picture. Most of this expense, of course, was caused by the time lost by the high-salaried persons engaged in the production.*

"In some productions the cost of gowns alone is a tremendous item. Lina Cavalieri's gowns in 'Gismonda' cost more than $5,000. And they will never be used again by a star.

In some other productions the expense of costuming is a mere incident in comparison.

"It may surprise you to know that none of our pictures taken entirely in the studio—no matter how massive the

---

*A picture of Miss Clark about to eat the $500 grapefruit referred to above may be seen on page 81.—EDITOR.

Though no elaborate sets were used, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" cost $90,000.

sets may be—are as expensive as a big production made entirely out of doors. It cost $137,000 to take the Fairbanks picture 'Headin' South,' in which a company of hundreds of men and horses had to be transported to the cactus country, and there lodged and fed for a long time.

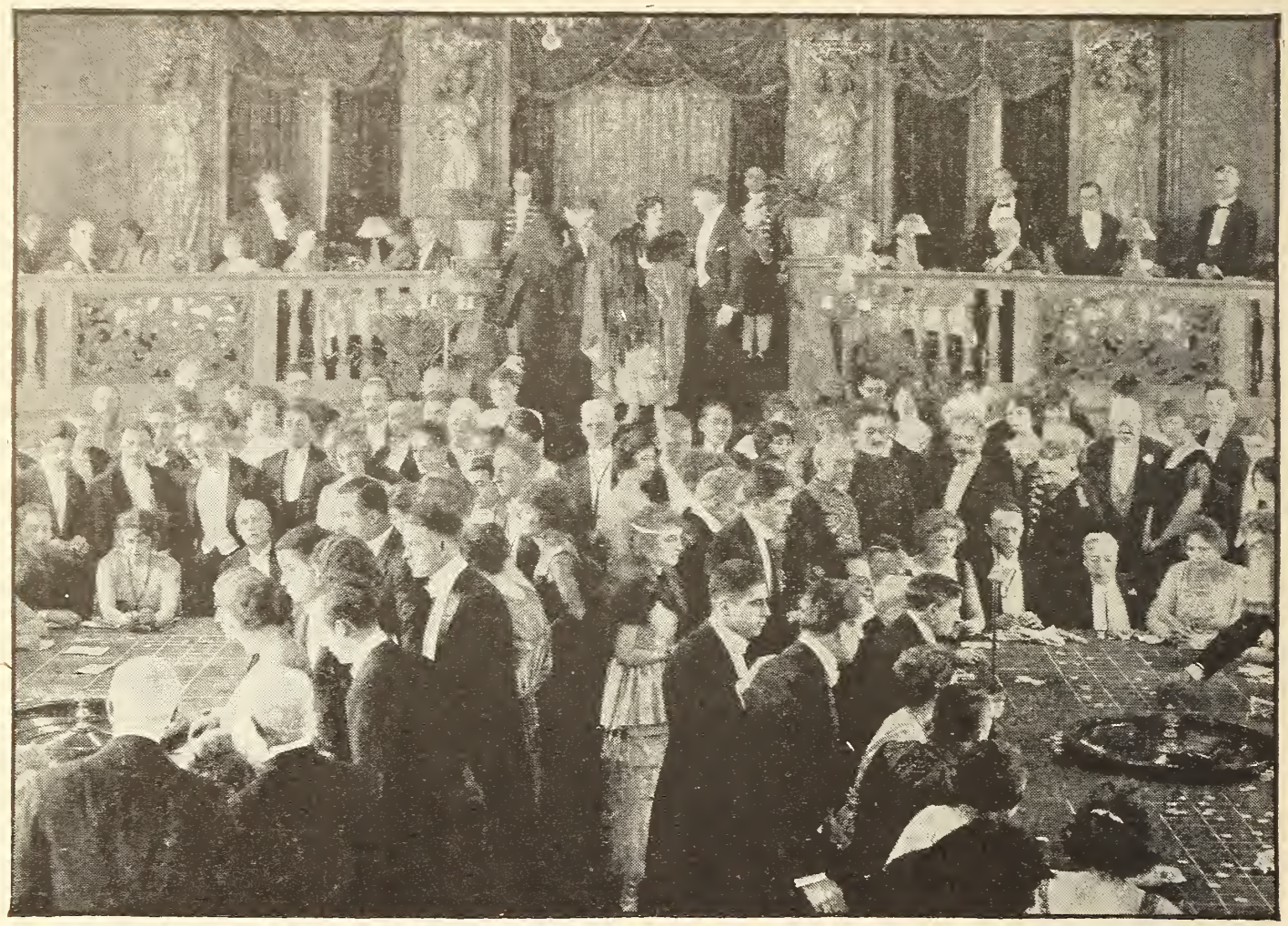
"In Dorothy Dalton's recent picture, 'Tyrant Fear,' a cast of players and a corps of helpers were sent up into the snow country to get the right atmosphere. The hotel bills alone reached an appalling total, and the traveling expenses, furs, and other accessories, especially purchased, brought the cost of that production up to more than $200,000.

"A great deal of expense never shows up in the picture as exhibited. Arbuckle, I understand, takes from 20,000 to 30,000 feet of film, of which only about 2,000 feet are used, for each of his comedies. Film that cost $25,000 was cut from 'Amarilly of Clothesline Alley,' Mary Pickford's play.

"But the nearest I can come to the total production cost of a picture in general is to say that ours run from $25,000 up to six figures. And that does not include the price of the scenario or the star's salary."

All this was enlightening, but it didn't seem to answer my question of what a picture costs. The figures were too general, I thought. So I tried to approach the problem from a slightly different angle, attempting to solve it by learning the cost of several productions, choosing pictures that run from two to thirteen reels.

Beginning with the most-talked-about picture filmed to date, I found that "The Birth of a Nation" cost about $500,000. A considerable part of this sum was used to hire the actors, the 18,000 extras, and the 3,000 horses which were required. Many of the leading players were transported from one location to another at considerable expense, while special sets and scenery amounted to a goodly sum. For instance, the reproduction of the interior of Ford's Theater, Washington, for the scene showing the murder of Lincoln used up $5,000. This scene, and all others of a like nature, were historically correct, which meant that experts had



Even the most massive interior settings cost less than spectacular out-of-door productions.

to do the work of preparation and execution. To begin, then, we find that this thirteen-reel production cost a half million.

"Cabiria," produced by the Italia Film Company, cost, in round figures, $250,000 before it was in shape for public presentation. One of the main reasons that the expense mounted so high was due to the fact that the company visited no less than seven different countries to make various scenes. Altogether 5,000 persons were used in "Cabiria," and the producers worked two and a half years before the mass of film was finally cut and edited to twelve reels.

The Kalem Company, under the direction of Sid Olcott, produced a picture called "From the Manger to the Cross" which comes mighty close to holding the record for production cost. The reasons for this seem apparent in view of these facts: It took eight months to produce the picture. Forty players were sent abroad, and most of the scenes were filmed in the exact locations made famous by biblical history. Specialists of every kind were sent abroad in advance to study, make sketches, reproduce furniture, et cetera. Thousands of extras were employed, not to mention droves of sheep and caravans of camels. But the outlay was well spent, for to this day "From the Manger to the Cross" is being exhibited, and it was originally released at least five years ago.

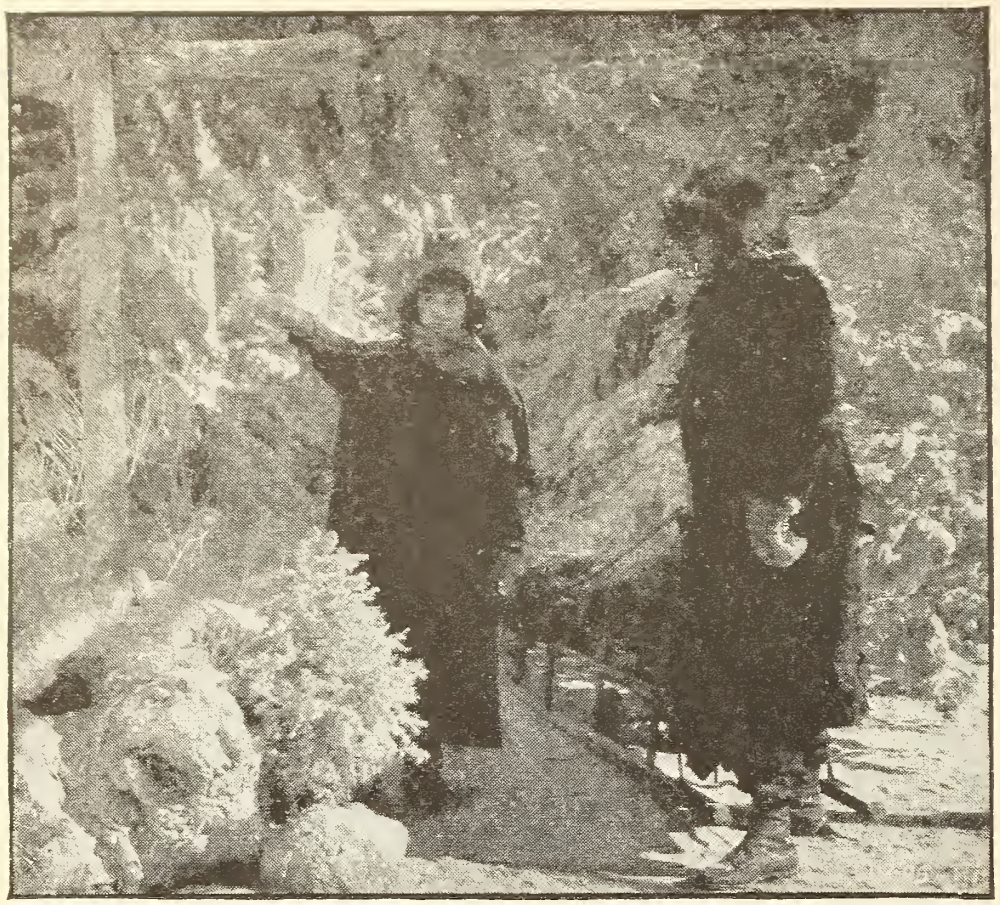
Now let's consider a short-reel production, a comedy. When Mack Sennett was connected with Triangle he acted in and produced a picture called "My Valet." Others stars in the cast were Mabel Normand, Raymond Hitchcock, and Fred Mace, and most of the $20,000 spent went to these players.

In filming "Tarzan of the Apes." $195,000 was spent.

For instance, Hitchcock received more for his work alone than the entire cost of the average two-reeler. Compare this with the cost of producing "A Rascal's Wolfish Ways," directed by Sennett, a two-reel comedy that took five weeks to make and which cost just about $7,000. The first-named picture took a week longer to make, and was a reel longer, but cost $13,000 more to produce. Some difference—but consider the cast of the first named. Now do you wonder that some producers say that the star system is an evil?

Cyril Maude, the noted English actor, took a flyer in the movies, don't you know, rather as a favor to Hobart Bosworth. Of course the fact that he was paid nearly two hundred dollars for each hour that he worked had nothing to do with it. He made the feature called "Peer Gynt," a five-reel production released a few years ago by Paramount. "Trilby," made by the Equitable Company, the daddy of the present World Film Corporation, cost about $75,000. High-salaried players were featured, both Wilton Lackaye and Clara Kimball Young receiving large salaries for their services, and in addition 600 trained extras were used in the theater scenes. It took sixteen weeks to make, ten of which were spent in actual work before the camera and in rehearsals.

So far I have mentioned long and short-reel productions made some years ago. Now, suppose we consider present-day productions. Then, by comparison we can arrive at a pretty fair idea of what it costs to produce an average photo play, always bearing in mind that conditions vary and that many different angles present themselves when least expected to add to the cost of making a picture.



"Tyrant Fear" cost more than $200,000.

Quite recently a picture called "Tarzan of the Apes" was presented at the Broadway Theater, New York City. It is an eight-reel production, a filmization of the widely read book of the same name, and a feature that made a distinct hit. The "Tarzan" film cost in the neighborhood of $195,000 to make. Here are some of the reasons for this expenditure: Several thousand feet of film had been "shot" when the leading man was taken sick. A new actor had to be engaged and the scenes retaken. Nine cars and fifty-seven persons were transported from Los Angeles to New Iberia, Louisiana. A menagerie was bought and transported. Jungle scenes, including two hundred thatched huts, were built, and hundreds of extras employed for many weeks. It took one year and two months to complete. But it paid. The jungle scenes, for instance, are so good that a veteran New York reviewer said he wasn't surprised at the cost, since the scenes had been taken in Brazil.

Have you ever wondered how much it cost to produce some of the pictures in which Mary Pickford appears? Here are some facts and figures relative to her Artcraft production, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Bear in mind that there were no very elaborate sets in this picture, and no great amount of transportation of the company involved. Yet it cost $90,000 to make this five-reel picture. Why so much? Well, little Mary received $40,000, for the picture took between six and seven weeks to complete, probably requiring about four weeks of Miss Pickford's time, so that she was paid at the rate of $10,000 a week. Twenty thousand dollars went for the story and the scenario. Other items that ate up the remaining $30,000 were the well-paid members of the supporting cast, the director's salary, and the cost of making the sets. Perhaps now you'll realize why you sometimes have to pay advanced prices to see Little Mary's pictures—but they're worth it, aren't they?

The exact cost to the dollar for producing a two-reel O. Henry picture, "Vanity and Some Sables," at the Vitagraph Eastern Studios, totaled $4,153. Just what that three dollars was for I don't know. Perhaps for somebody's lunch or for wear and tear on the sables that may have been rented for the occasion. There were no high-priced stars in this production, most of the cost being applied to what is known as "overhead charges." Plenty

of money is spent by the Vitagraph Company to make good pictures, and expenditures are not limited, but they spell efficiency with a capital E, and the studio management knows where every dollar goes. And that is good business. Under such a system picture producing ceases to resemble stud poker. And that, I think, is all to the credit of the management for getting good results without waste.

"Vanity and Some Sables" was made for $4,153.

There are a few companies who go a step farther and arbitrarily limit the cost of production to so much a reel, beyond which the director may not spend a penny. If, on the other hand, he can cut the cost of his pictures—no matter how—to a figure lower than the one given him he is regarded as a very desirable man. You may easily imagine that, with the emergencies which are bound to arise, however many precautions are taken, the director gets into some pretty tight corners at times. Of course, under this system, art is likely to fly out of the window. The more temperamental directors, moreover, would starve sooner than work under such conditions. Fortunately for them, and for those of us who enjoy lavish productions, there are plenty of studios in which they are not so limited.

And now, having assembled these facts and figures, what's the answer to the question of what a picture production costs? I warned you at the beginning that to reduce the problem to any definite set of averages was beyond me. Perhaps, if you are of a statistical turn of mind, you can do it.

But as for me, all I can say is that pictures cost all the way from $4,153 to a half million.

M. M. M.

Meaning, muchly mixed musings on Mary Miles Minter.

By
Marguerite Sheridan

IN Miss Whitney's office, "The Littlest Rebel" rebelled openly. Almost hidden in a huge green coat, and with a large, floppy hat pulled down defiantly on her yellow head, Mary Miles Minter cast one disapproving eye at the rain pouring down the windowpanes, and, with the other on her French grammar, endeavored to absorb some Allied wisdom.

It had rained for a week. And when I say rain, I do not mean a pleasant spring drizzle such as one would naturally expect in a heavenly climate like California, but a steady liquid sheet that would make the torrents of Lake Cayuga and the original "Storm Country" look like the veriest mist.

Around the American Film Company's plant at Santa Barbara, all was woe and desolation. Releases were far behind, and general prayers were being offered for a few "rainless" days in which to shoot the outdoor scenes for the new Minter picture.

"*Je recoit, tu recoit, il recoit,*" hummed Mary. "Oh, Miss Whitney, please help me. These verb conjugations are the hardest things yet."

Miss Whitney, the smiling and urbane secretary of the famous child of the three M's, paused a moment in her busy day to offer a bit of assistance in the pronunciation of "la langue française."

"Just think!" mused Mary, a moment later. "There was not the slightest use in our hurrying back from Los Angeles. I might have been there all week with Margaret."

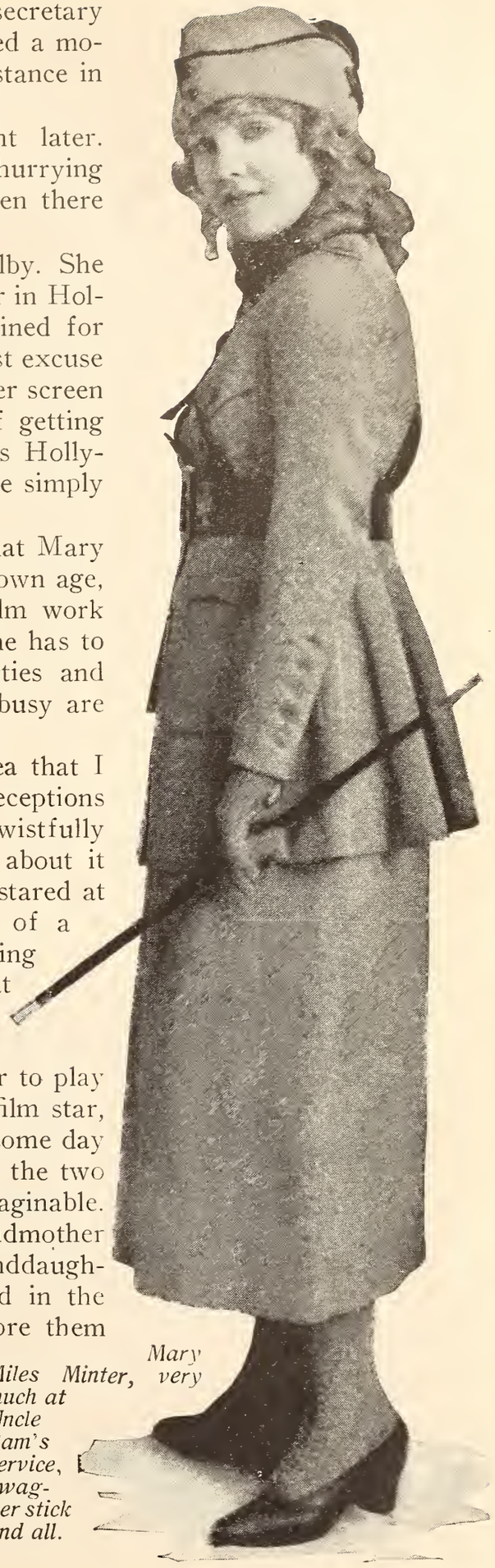
Margaret is Mary's sister—Margaret Shelby. She is spending the winter with her grandmother in Hollywood, where she is having her voice trained for light opera. So whenever Mary has the least excuse—a week's vacation or an interruption of her screen work by weather, or even the necessity of getting some new frocks for a film—Mary hurries Hollywoodward to see her older sister, whom she simply adores.

You see, there is nothing in the world that Mary wants more than a lot of playmates all her own age, but her hours are so irregular and her film work and schooling combined so exacting that she has to forego many of the delightful fudge parties and "chummy" times that girls who aren't so busy are blessed with.

"And some people have the funniest idea that I like to go to grown-up parties—teas and receptions and things like that," said Mary later, so wistfully that one felt something ought to be done about it at once. "I hate them! And I hate to be stared at and pointed out as if I were some sort of a strange animal. I'd much rather be mixing mud pies with the babies they have left at home to come to tea and meet me."

That is why Mary looks forward so eagerly to visiting her sister and having her to play with. Then she forgets all about being a film star, and Margaret forgets that she is planning some day to charm big audiences with her voice, and the two become the most mischievous hoydens imaginable. There are lots of nice things to do at Grandmother Shelby's. And nothing that her two granddaughters see fit to perpetrate may be criticized in the little lady's presence. For she would adore them even if they uprooted every century plant that borders the broad, well-trimmed lawn.

"But Margie *is* a funny girl," Mary soliloquized. "Just think of her being so mean as not to take my name! She says that Shelby is good enough for



Mary Miles Minter, very much at Uncle Sam's service, swagger stick and all.

"I like chocolate rabbits and novels," asserts Mary, while a reporter at each elbow scribbles busily.

her, and that is a dig at me, you know, because mother thought that my own name, Juliet Shelby, was too theatrical sounding, so she renamed me.

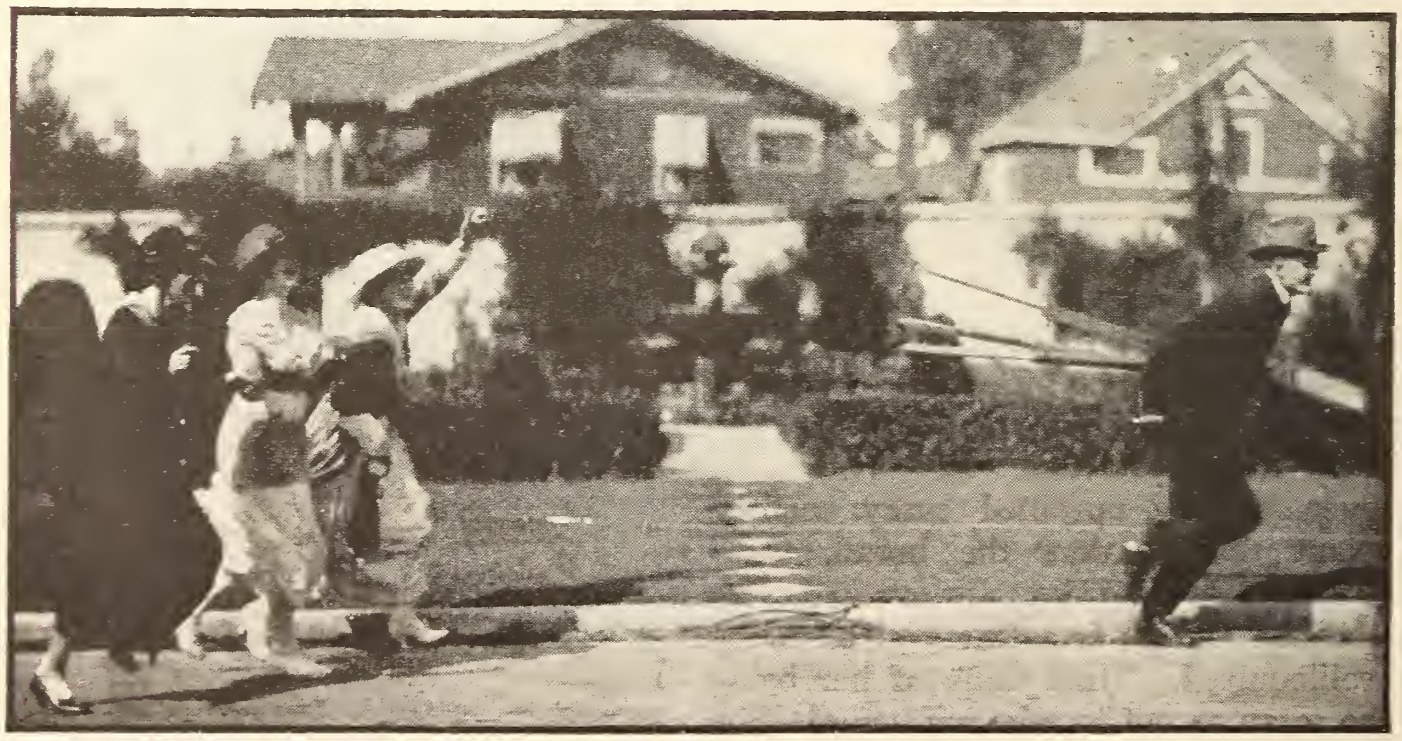
"But we have the loveliest times together, Margie and I. We go shopping together, and she loves to help me pick out my clothes. She's dark, you know, and I'm so blond that people just won't believe that we are sisters. And some day we are going to be able to live together all the time, I know."

And just then the office boy came in with a big bag of mail—all for the little fifteen-year-old girl, just going on sixteen. Miss Whitney picked it up to sort it.

"They want me in the studio now. Do see if there is one from Margie, and I'll take it along," said Mary, hovering eagerly over the chaotic pile of notes of all sizes and colors and dimensions. There was, and Miss Whitney found it without much trouble, doubtless from long practice. Mary seized it joyfully and hurried away with a bright smile. The secretary began sorting the mail capably into four piles.

The first contained requests from fans who just wanted a picture of some actress, regardless of whom she might be, and autograph collectors. The second lot come from real admirers, from children and from judges, and literally the proverbial "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."

Into the next lot go offers from man-



Mary flees the camera man, while her mother, sister, and a friend cheer her on.

agers, dealers, exhibitors, magazines, and those who are interested in a business way in her work. And last of all come the "mash" notes, which Mary never sees. So save your stamps, boys. For Mrs. Shelby is anxious to have her little girl remain one as long as possible, and she has no idea of letting her be annoyed by "objectionable correspondence," as she calls it. There are also a great many "begging" letters, which request anything from an automobile to Mary's cast-off wardrobe.

The letters from admirers and those sincerely interested in her work all come to Mary, who reads them eagerly for new suggestions and criticisms, most of which she notes down in a book which she keeps for that very purpose. For she considers that the people who see her on the screen are the best judges and the best critics of her work.

Mary considers that her very greatest claim to distinction comes from the fact that recently she became godmother to a whole regiment of soldiers at Camp Kearny. So she had a very military-looking suit tailored in short order, and went over and paid them a "thank-you" call for the honor they had bestowed upon her, and took her solemn oath to live up to her responsibility toward them. And if "smokes" and magazines and letters and candy are a part of that responsibility, Mary has done her part well.

Vacation always means a visit to Grandmother Shelby's, and being with her sister, Margaret, again.

And they call her "Cheero Mary."

"Let's run away and play golf," exclaims Mary, "it's too nice to work to-day."

Moonshine Stuff

If you've ever wondered whether it was easy to break into the movies—read this story. It tells how *one* girl did it.

By George W. Breuker

PEOPLE ask me funny questions sometimes. At a dinner the other night—but first let me tell you how I came to be there. I am a motion-picture director, and after my big picture, "A Modern Joan of Arc," was released a woman's club tendered me a vote of thanks for the great service the picture rendered womankind, and also gave a dinner in my honor. Well, at the dinner the woman on my right—the president of the club, by the way—suddenly turned to me and asked:

"How does a girl get in motion pictures?"

I think I controlled my features successfully as I looked at her. She was fifty if she was a day. Now I appreciated what the club had done for me, and was more than willing to do favors; so I answered:

"Well, if you're willing to play bits—elderly parts and the like—I think I can put you in."

She drew herself up haughtily.

"I was asking out of curiosity, *not* for myself," she explained frigidly.

Of course I apologized, and to smooth over the situation it was on my tongue to tell her the story of how Laurel Grand broke into the movies. Everybody, I suppose, has seen Laurel Grand in pictures. But on second thought I changed my mind. I once told the story to Lem Burton, and we haven't spoken since. But I do hope the president of that club sees the story here.

It was the time when feud pictures were getting the public's money. You know the sort—the handsome young revenue officer falls in love with the moonshiner's daughter and is torn between love and duty. Our chief conceived the brilliant notion of taking our feud stuff in its proper *melieu*—I believe that's the word; at any rate, in the Kentucky hills themselves, instead of in New Jersey. No sooner was the idea born when an outfit was started.

In the party, which included myself, were a director, a camera man, and five or six actors for the principal rôles. Picturesque types for the ensemble scenes were to be drawn from the natives.

Right at the start the director was handicapped. The leading woman who was booked to go with us, a vivacious, wild, outdoor thing, was held in the studio for an important picture that should have been finished, but wasn't. In her place the director was given Madge Morton, a stately damsel whose outdoor work had been limited, to say the least. However, it was the best arrangement the exigencies of the studio permitted at the moment.

We reached Kentucky and settled in a small house about fifteen miles from the nearest city. It was the home of a mother and daughter. The mother attended to the cooking, while the daughter looked after us in the dining room. The latter was about twenty years old. slim, dark-skinned, with black hair and an alert eye. There was something

"This is what a mountain girl's hair looks like," the director exclaimed.

about her face that I can best describe by saying it was "smoldering." It seemed to suggest repressed fire and passion. Mind you, I didn't notice all this at the time. I was too tired and ill-tempered.

She was unusually interested in all we did. She would come into the dining room quietly enough, yet somehow we always knew when she was there. And from our third meal the director was a marked man. At his slightest frown or sign of displeasure she was at his elbow, endeavoring to set things right. I know this used to make him feel uncomfortable. On several occasions when he unwittingly brought her anxiously to his side, he covered his embarrassment with an abrupt: "It's nothing, it's nothing." Once he suddenly broke out irritably:

"For Heaven's sake, girl, don't fidget around me like that!"

Every one looked at him in a puzzled way, for the girl was several feet behind him, simply standing still and quietly watching him. But there certainly was that about her that made you feel her presence. It wasn't that she was shy or backward, either. When she wanted a thing she frankly asked for it. For instance, the first day we started out for the hills she said to the director:

"I'd like to go along and watch. May I?"

"Oh, come along if you want to!" he invited, none too cordially.

Thereafter she never asked, but there was hardly a day when we went forth to shoot pictures that she wasn't with us. And with characteristic promptness she took it for granted that her place was beside the director. That gentleman, as no doubt you know, usually stands near the camera man while a scene is being photographed.

Well, right there beside him she established herself. The first day he did attempt to dislodge her.

"Step back, step back—please!" he requested. "You get in my way."

She did so, but edged forward again as the minutes passed.

Madge Morton, the leading woman, took her place on the rock and dabbled her bare feet in the brook for the opening of the scene. Jane, who was by this time again at the director's elbow, whispered something in his ear. He looked sharply at Madge.

"What in Heaven's name have you done to your hair?" he exploded.

That, naturally, focused every eye on Madge's hair. It was hanging, but she had crimped or curled it so that it resembled corrugated pasteboard, so regular and perfect were the waves in it.

"I thought it would improve it," stammered Madge, reddening.

"Improve it!" The director's eye rested on Jane. "Here! This is what a mountain girl's hair looks like. Take down your hair!" he commanded Jane. A few deft movements of her hands and Jane's hair was blowing about her shoulders. "There, that's *hair!* Well, this scene's off for to-day. And you get those kinks out of your hair by to-morrow!"

"How can I?" asked Madge helplessly.

"I don't know—but do it somehow." Then with his extended arm he brushed Jane back. "Come now, get back! Don't be forever on my heels!"

We made good use of the day, however, in spite of the fact that we confined ourselves to scenes in which Madge did not appear. The light was fading as we reached the house. On the steps sat a rawboned youth, looking more like a mountaineer than any moving-picture mountaineer ever dared to look. He rose loosely as we came up, until he stood over six feet in height.

"I been looking all over for you, Jane," he said slowly, and rather sternly. "Whar you been?"

"Oh, out with these folks," she explained lightly.

His eyes wandered leisurely over the group.

"Who might they-all be?"

"They're the moving-picture actors."

"Actors!" His brows lowered. "They ben't our kind o' folks, Jane. I don't want that you should be gallavantin' round that way."

"Oh, mind your business, Bud Harson!" said Jane impatiently, and darted into the house.

"Don't you worry about her, young fellow," said Jim. "She's able to take care of herself."

Bud simply glared after us as we filed into the house.

There was some good-natured raillery over the incident during supper.

"That your sweetheart?" Jim poked at the girl.

"He wants me to marry him," explained Jane scornfully. "As if I'd settle down in this hole for the rest of my life!"

"What do you want to do, then?" some one asked.

Her eyes turned and rested on the director as she answered deliberately:

"I'm going to go into pictures."

The director looked up, and then quickly frowned down at his plate as he found her steady gaze on him. And I know for a fact that at every opportunity she worried that director with her ambition.

"Don't bother me!" he would exclaim testily. "I've got my hands full as it is. I'll put you in as an extra when we take the crowd scenes. That's the best I can do."

Well, she did get a chance in some of the crowd scenes, and she earned quite a few dollars that way, which,

instead of satisfying her, made her more insistent than ever on having a real part. But the director was firm.

The day came when we were taking the big scene in "The Mystery of the Hills," in which the girl, in love with the young revenue officer, spurned her mountain lover. During the rehearsals, Jane was at her accustomed place beside the director. Having despaired of driving her away, he resorted to totally ignoring her. Finally the scene was in shape to take, and at the order Jim began turning the crank.

"Give him your hand—look in his eyes," coached the director. "Not too long—not too long! Drop 'em, drop 'em!—there, that's the idea! Now with your foot——"

There was a sudden commotion at the director's side.

"I came to git you and fetch you home," growled the voice of Bud.

In the absorption of the scene no one had seen him approach. He was holding Jane firmly by the wrist and attempting to pull her away.

"Cut that out!" yelled the director without turning.

With a sudden twist Jane broke loose.

"I won't go home!" she panted, and backed away from Bud right into the scene that was being photographed.

The director's arms shot up in the air in a wild gesture. Words failed him. Then he suddenly brought his left arm down sharply as a signal to Jim to "cut." Jim stopped churning the camera. Meanwhile Bud had followed Jane with a grim, determined face. They were both in the center of the stage now, so to speak, and Jane's face was a study. Talk about portraying emotion! This was the real thing. It was the kind that made you creep and hold your breath. Instinctively the director felt that here was something worth preserving. He turned to Jim to tell him to shoot at it, only to find that worthy industriously turning the handle in answer to the same instinct.

"You're goin' home with me ef I have to carry you," said Bud doggedly, trying to lay hold of her again.

But the girl, by groping behind her, had found the revolver belonging to the mountain lover of our play, which she had seen him drop after the last rehearsal. She brought it forward suddenly and pressed the muzzle against Bud's chest.

"Bud Harson, if you touch me I'll just blow you to kingdom come!" she said in an even, dangerous voice.

And her face! And her tense, expressive body as she said it! Honestly, I think we were all afraid she would do it, and I know it never occurred to me till afterward that there were only blanks in the gun. Some of us jumped in and separated them. Bud required considerable urging and assistance before consenting to be on his way.

"You confounded vixen!" the director scolded Jane, shaking her by the shoulder. "Now see what you've done—crabbed the scene and spoiled fifty feet of film."

She turned her head sideways and looked at his hand as it grasped her shoulder. Then she looked up at him.

"I—I'm sorry—but I couldn't let him touch me."

He regarded her a moment with a baffled look, and then, with a futile "Bah!" turned disgustedly away.

None of us was sorry when our work was completed and the day came to return to New York. I guess no one who lives in the old town but who's glad—always—to get back to it. We had a pleasant enough trip, and landed at the Pennsylvania Station just as darkness was falling. A chattering group we were as we stood for a moment before going our several ways.

"What will I do to-night?" the leading man was saying, his eyes gleaming as they turned eastward to the sky,

"If you touch me, I'll blow you to kingdom come!" she said in an even voice.

where a luminous haze proclaimed that Broadway was still there. "Well, I'll tell you. First, I'm going ——" He got no further. He was gazing beyond our group, his mouth half open in astonishment. All eyes followed his gaze. There, but a few feet away, and coming rapidly toward us and carrying a suit case was Jane. Every one but the director burst out laughing as she stopped short and faced him, dropped the suit case to the pavement, and said triumphantly:

"Well, I'm here!"

He didn't ask her how she caught the train or why she did it or anything else not to the point. He simply stood with his fists on his hips and slowly shook his head.

"Well, I'll be——" was all he could summon. Then, in sudden exasperation: "What am I to do with you?"

Jane had nothing to suggest. She stood watching him carefully, her eyes very bright, her face eager and hopeful.

"I suppose I'll have to find you a place to eat and sleep," he decided grudgingly. "But that's all. Understand? I'm through with you. Do you get that?—through with you!"

So he put her in the tender care of Mrs. Hartley, a good soul, in whose boarding house she would be safe, if anywhere, and where she would be far from the atmosphere of actors and the movies.

"And now I wash my hands of you," was his parting warning.

The routine of the studio claimed him next day. There was a new script for him to look over and whip into shape for production, actors to select, sets of scenery to order, and property lists to be prepared. But of actual photography there was none, so he left the studio early. There were several letters for him at the entrance gate, and he was reading one of them as he passed out. A light touch on his arm caused him to look up and suddenly stop. The envelope was crumpled up in an angry contraction of his fingers, and he threw it violently to the ground.

"By heavens, this has got to stop!" he said savagely.

"They wouldn't let me in, and they wouldn't send for you," explained Jane. "So I waited. I've been waiting for two hours."

"Go home!"

"I want a job in the pictures."

"You won't get it."

"I'll be here to-morrow morning waiting for you."

"Wait, then."

"I'll be here to-morrow when you go home."

He was walking away now, she at his heels.

"And I'll be here the day after to-morrow," she pursued. "And the day after that—and the next day and the next and the next——"

He stopped abruptly. She collided with him. As he swung around, she caught his hand.

"Please!" she begged.

He pulled his hand away.

"Be here to-morrow at nine," he growled, "if you're willing to be an extra." And he stalked off.

But in the studio, among the ranks of the extra people, she was the same. Always as near him as the moment permitted, eager to carry out his slightest wish, listening raptly whenever he spoke, willing to work and eager to learn—such was Jane. Beyond question she made his life in the studio rather uncomfortable. His temper and frequent outbursts at her constant proximity she ignored. One incident in particular stands out. It was her third day in the studio. The director, in passing a dilapidated piece of scenery, had torn his coat sleeve. In a twinkling, Jane was at his side, and, with a needle and thread, produced magically from somewhere, was proceeding to mend the rent.

"Not now, not now," he said hastily, trying to get loose.

But Jane was already drawing the edges of the cloth together.

"Don't move or I might stick you," she admonished.

And so the man was compelled to stand there and be mended while the thirty odd extra people nudged each other covertly and whispered. This set a few scandalous tongues wagging, but not many. Somehow Jane didn't seem the sort to bring forth scandal.

It was a day or so short of a week after the return from Kentucky that the director received a peremptory summons to the chief's office.

"Just saw that feud stuff run off in the exhibition room," said the chief without preliminaries. Let me explain that in a studio it is customary to run the films through the first time just as the director photographed them, without any particular order or connection of scenes, and, of course, without explanatory headings.

"How'd you like it?"

"It's rotten!" answered the chief shortly. "But who is that female who butted into your big scene in 'The Mystery of the Hills?'"

"Oh, that——" began the director apologetically, and he explained the circumstances.

"Well, she's the goods," said the chief. "She can act—yes, sir; a natu-

"Well, I'm here!" Jane said triumphantly.

ral-born actress. And personality! By George, she hit me between the eyes! Live down there? Can you reach her?"

The director coughed rather nervously.

"She's right here in the studio—she's an extra."

"An extra!" The chief bounced out of his chair. "My eye! What kind of a picker are you? Are you a director or a wooden Indian? You grab that girl quick and beat it back to Kentucky. Do all that stuff over with her in the leads. Start day after tomorrow."

You may remember the hit Laurel Grand made in those feud pictures. At last she had what she wanted so badly. And when we came back from Kentucky the second time she was married to the director.

As I said before, I once told this story to Lem Burton, but without mentioning names.

"I never heard that before," he said when I had finished, "but I'll bet a ten-spot I know who that director was."

"It's a bet," I said. "Tell it to me."

"It's that skunk of a Wheelon. He's the only one of that breed in captivity."

"Well, you're wrong," I told him. "The girl in the case, by the way, was Laurel Grand."

He looked startled.

"Laurel Grand! Why—why, then the director was——"

I nodded. "Myself—yes."

He gave a low whistle and turned on his heel without a word. And I haven't collected that ten-spot, either.

"Mr. Fix-It" All But Does It

DOUG is working on the meatless-wheatless proposition, and thinks he has found a substitute for the time-honored ham sandwich. A pair of military hairbrushes and a rubber sponge are all one needs for lunch now. This "ham sandwich" certainly has possibilities to recommend it. For instance, its "wearing and keeping qualities" are unsurpassed, it could be "stretched out" over a whole week, or could be put away and used over and over again. Especially good for training children to Fletcherize. After his first bite the inventor looks a bit dubious, as if wondering whether it wouldn't be better to try it out first on an ostrich.

A poster depicting a sword duel, with insets of the principal actors.

Films in the

By Hi Sibley

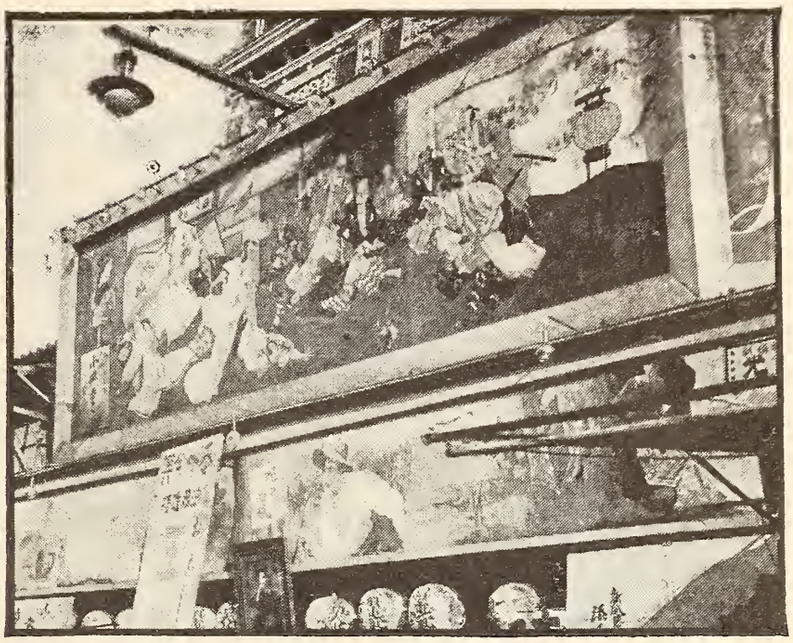
THE appeal of the Japanese movie poster is not a subtle one; it comes right out and picks you off your feet. It is as large as the side of a house, and embodies every color in the artist's paintshop, and the characters are engaged in action so violent that you are transfixed. You can literally hear those blatant chromos before your rickshа runner wheels you into Theater Street in Yokohama, or Asakusa Park in Tokyo.

But they are just the sort of posters that appeal to the Oriental mind; the average Japanese likes to have the story put before him graphically and forcibly. He is not content with half-tone reproductions of portions of a film, for they are too vague for his relatively immature conception.

To be sure, the best theaters display

Entrance to a theater in Asakusa Park, Tokyo.

Flowery Land



One of the larger posters. Below, a Japanese conception of a "bad man of the wild west."

more dignified lithographs put out by American producers. Although they are printed in English, which the majority of the Japanese cannot read, these invariably draw big houses, for the superior American film, despite its comparative lack of bloodcurdling action, is very popular in Japan. On the other hand, although the posters exploiting the Japanese films are vivid and thrilling in action, the films themselves are something of a disappointment to an American, for in most cases the larger part of the film is limited to a dialogue between two or three characters.

This entails the necessity of an orator at each picture house, who repeats the conversation of the silent actors, translating it from Japanese to English, or vice versa, as the case may be. Likewise, this orator explains the situations

A typical motion-picture theater in Yokohama, with the huge poster and cloth streamers.

in the American films, for American customs and traditions are not yet understood by the Japanese.

Evidence of the popularity of American films and players in Japan is to be found in the picture magazines printed in Japanese. These usually have an American star, preferably a woman, attractively displayed on the front cover—or, rather, the back cover, for one begins to read the book from the back in Japan. All through these magazines—and there are a great number of them—American films are featured in excellent half tones, and much less space given to the Japanese productions. Other popular idols are featured on post cards. Beside a row of picturesque geisha girls in native costume one finds displayed post-card photos of Anita Stewart, Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, and other stars. An attempt to copy American favorites, notably the men, is encountered in all the motion-picture districts, but they are not a dazzling success, at least from the American point of view; for, with all due respect to the artist's skill, he leaves a distinctly Japanese expression.

This is particularly true of the ubiquitous "Charrie Chap," as the Japanese call our film comedian, who is a great favorite with these fun-loving little Orientals. They have copied his likeness in posters, children's books, on post cards, and in advertisements. His picture is on sale at every book store and stationery shop, and the Japanese conception of him is truly amusing. For the artist has copied Charlie's cumbersome shoes, voluminous trousers, impudent derby, and diminutive mustache, but into his expression are drawn unmistakable Asiatic features.

A picture of a samurai (knight) committing hari-kari.

The Japanese are as violent movie fans as the average American. The crowds on Sunday at Asakusa Park in Tokyo, the largest motion-picture center in Japan, are so dense that one can scarcely elbow a pathway through them. Here are fifty of the most gorgeous theaters imaginable. Before them are strung long, painted banners. Multitudinous paper lanterns make the place look like a perennial festival. The spectacle is a charmingly picturesque one. The children seem like so many animated dolls in their quaint kimonos and tiny sandals; and often a string of six or more, hand in hand, patter along behind Mama-san, who likely has a sleeping baby on her back, and dad, who is carrying another youngster, for going to the movies is quite as much a family affair in Japan as in the United States.

"Ee-up! Ee-up!" comes the staccato of the bally-hoo men, the smiling little ticket choppers work busily, and a continuous stream clatters in at the inviting doors of those wonder shows which come from far-off America.

Here Come the Brides

WHAT is so rare as a day in June—without wedding bells? To be sure, they ring all the year around in the silent drama, but the subtitles usually inform us that it is the first

month of summer by the screen calendar.

There are many old superstitions brought to light by the film weddings besides the invariable one which prescribes for the bride:

"Something old; something new. Something borrowed, and something blue."

"Yo' sho will have terrible bad luck, now dat de groom has seen yo' in yo' weddin' gown 'fo' de marriage!" exclaims the old negro mammy in "A Soul in Trust, and you can see tragedy foreshadowed in Belle Bennett's troubled look, as she stands reflected in the mirror, on the preceding page.

Also tragic in its outcome

is the marriage in "The Whispering Chorus," shown in the upper left-hand corner, in which Kathlyn Williams is the bride and Elliott Dexter the groom.

Louise Huff, below on the opposite page, is enjoying the fun of dressing for the wedding.

The charming couple on the right, under the bridal bower, are Jewel Carmen and L. C. Shumway, as they appear in "The Bride of Fear;" and, beneath them, Kitty Gordon, in the black picture hat, witnesses the screen wedding of her own daughter, Vera Beresford, in "The Divine Sacrifice." Kitty Gordon is the Honorable Mrs. Beresford in private life.

Reminiscent of the days when every girl fashioned her own wedding dress is "A Kentucky Cinderella," with Ruth Clifford in the title rôle, and Emory Johnson as groom.

Who doesn't know the tintype bride and groom, the glory of grandmother's old plush album? Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman, Vitagraph stars, pose for the ordeal.

The Girl Who Never Grew Up

Viola Dana as she really truly is.

By Arthur James

"VIOLA DANA," said I to myself, "is a sister of Peter Pan—a girl who never grew up."

"Whadd'ye mean, never grew up?" demanded the Little Interior Man, who always checks up on my positive musings.

"Oh," I returned, "I mean just that—Viola Dana never actually grew up; she worked up, she developed, she cultivated her natural talents. But after all the child, the little, appealing child part of her, never changed, and there is no sign at all that it will."

"Tell me some more—tell me a lot of it," said the Little Interior Man; "put it on paper and tell all the facts. There are a lot of folks who want to hear about Viola Dana."

I concluded he must be right—he usually is—and so here it is, the story of the girl who can cry or laugh at an instant's warning, who isn't stagy, and who enjoys twenty-four hours every day in every year.

Viola Dana is one of three talented sisters. I might say she is *the one*

of the sisters, because the charming Shirley Mason and the equally interesting Miss Flugarth, although delightful in the picture dramas, are perhaps not so well known as their sister Viola. Perhaps they will be after a while. At least, I hope so.

But to get back to Viola. When she was, oh, perhaps seven years old, she displayed certain definite and distinct abilities that made the grown-ups give her attention. She had a knack for mimicry. She would catch and hold the note of a song sparrow and repeat it—well, let us say verbatim. She could imitate Mrs. Grady, the washwoman, who cried when her boy Johnny skipped school, or the minister who patted her yellow head. Family discipline was relaxed when Viola entered the room, and she was permitted to stage in her own way the homemade entertainments, to which the neighborhood youngsters were asked in.

It was about this time that Viola Dana learned to dance, and to dance so well that it was regarded as a matter of course that some fine day or other she would be a première and dance at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York. I mention these things sketchily, in order to show that, like most persons born to succeed, she had more than one talent. Her years of early childhood passed lightly and happily. She loved music and dancing, she read love stories and fairy stories, and gave no occasion for complaint from her teachers at school, but this was all incidental.

Her real career began when she was thirteen, for it was then that David Belasco, at that time at the pinnacle of his fame as a producer, heard of her, sought her out, and undertook her tutelage in the matter of acting. It was hard work. Even Belasco will admit that every one who came to him for teaching has to buckle down and dig, but the result showed when Viola Dana, comparatively unknown, rose to fame overnight as the star of the "Poor Little Rich Girl."

It was a great play, one of the most whimsical and entirely fascinating treasures of mind

The little girl who can do justice to the most difficult emotional rôle.

Viola became thoroughly devoted to her huge jeans.

She is truly, the little girl who never grew up.

and speech that ever has graced the American stage; and the tiniest, most natural of actresses was the star because she had earned the place. Viola Dana had no influence, no friend at court, no backing; she merely had talent which, after being brought to light, was alone responsible for her success.

It was inevitable that the Dana of the stage should become the Dana of the screen, but to be a success before she was out of her teens —that's the thing she didn't expect.

There is one question which everybody asks a successful person. They all want to know the secret, the reason, the why of it, and the recipe for the triumph.

Viola prefers gingham gowns to silksand satins.

In Viola Dana's case the answer is this: She was born with exceptional dramatic talent. It amounted to an instinct. This talent was developed by persistent work. In addition, she was born with a big human heart that understood what was in other people's hearts. There is also a certain gracefulness of body, a lightness of heart and mind, a simplicity and a humility which has never permitted her to become the spoiled darling. It is this child quality, the naïveté, this re-

fusing to regard herself or her work as the final word in drama, that is so different from what one usually expects and usually finds.

In Chicago, at the picture exposition last summer, I had the pleasant responsibility of guarding Miss Dana against the intrusion of the crowds. Imagine my surprise when one day she came to me, and after waiting patiently for some time because I was busy, and hadn't seen her, said almost timidly: "There is a newspaper woman here who wants to interview me—do you think it would be quite all right?" It was like a refreshing breath from the open fields to find a young and charming motion-picture star who was not so dizzy with ego that she was willing to seek advice.

On the trip back from Chicago, she was just like an excited little girl who has been away on a delightful trip, and is just bursting with things to tell. She was the life of the car in which the Metro family party traveled. The Drews and Edith Storey made much of her, and she in turn was as delighted as a child. She sat demurely in her parlor-car chair, eating chocolates and reading novels to her heart's content. But every once in a while she would take a vote as to what John Collins, her director, who was back in New York, was doing at that particular minute.

Viola's taste in clothes is most unexpected, for she far prefers gingham aprons to laces and finery, when her rôles in pictures permit her to wear them. Her directors never have to persuade her to put on clothes that many girls would regard as unflattering, and therefore unbecoming. For instance, in "Blue Jeans" she wore an enormous pair of overalls that completely enveloped her, and Viola almost wept when the play was over and she had to give them up.

The next morning, however, she appeared even earlier than usual, ready to put just as much enthusiasm into a new play of a totally different kind.

But with all her enthusiasm she has a certain demureness. She always reminds me of a quaint, old-fashioned child who loves to sing and laugh, but who can, for art's sake, cry "honest Injun" tears, and not get a red nose doing it.

Viola Dana, Metro star, and her sister, Shirley Mason.

"Believe Me, Xantippe"

It was no easy thing for the sheriff's daughter to take the man to jail who had saved her from Simp Galloway, but, in the end, neither of them regretted it.

By Fannie Kilbourne

He stood, a prisoner in the cell to which she had brought him.

GEORGE MACFARLAND paused at the crossroads, shifted his revolver and stopped for a moment as he glanced at the poster.

WANTED FOR FORGERY.
$5,000 REWARD.

DESCRIPTION:

Height, six feet one inch.
Brown hair, blue eyes.
Fair complexion.
Favorite slang phrase: "Believe me, Xantippe."

A smile of satisfaction widened on MacFarland's face. The description was of himself; at the top of the poster was his own picture. The date at the bottom was more than eleven months ago. With a final grin of triumph, he sauntered on.

But two hours later, just after sunset, the grin was most decidedly gone. MacFarland was lost. He thought he had been retracing his steps, but suddenly he realized that he was not returning to familiar territory. The pine-covered, fragrant hills were new and bewildering. He should have passed the old split tree which he used as a landmark long ago. He followed a little stream which looked familiar for a half mile or so, but it suddenly dropped off in a miniature cataract which he was sure he had never seen before. And just then he saw the smoke pouring out of the chimney of Dolly Kamman's mountain cabin.

MacFarland did not know Dolly Kamman, and had never seen the cabin before. But he did know that he was tired and cold and hungry, and that a most appetizing smell of cooking was

floating out with the smoke into the chilly evening air.

So he rapped at the door, which stood ajar. There was no answer, and he pushed it open. The table was set for one, supper was cooking on the wood stove. As he stood hesitating, just inside the door, he heard a little, feminine gasp behind him. He turned. There in the doorway, her arms full of firewood, stood the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Her flannel shirt was open at the throat, a revolver was thrust in the holster at her waist.

After her quick gasp of surprise, she forced a little smile to her lips.

"Oh, how do you do?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon," MacFarland quickly apologized, "but I seem to have succeeded in losing myself. I stumbled upon your cabin, and I——"

He hurried forward to take the firewood from her arms. He dropped it near the fireplace, laid a stick or two on the fire. Then he hesitated uneasily.

"You all alone here?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"Well," he picked up his hat and started toward the door, "guess I'll be going along, then."

She hesitated a moment.

"Wouldn't—wouldn't you like to stay for supper?" she asked.

A boyish smile lighted his face.

"Believe me, Xantippe, I would!" he said.

So, while they went on with the supper preparations together, she told him that she was Dolly Kamman, the sheriff's daughter, that she had stayed on a day or two after her father had left, hoping to shoot a deer. MacFarland caught his breath sharply. After eluding the law for nearly a year, here he was in a sheriff's cabin!

Dolly, setting the table, stirring the stew cooking on the wood stove, watched her guest, a queer, puzzled little wrinkle between her brows. And as supper time drew nearer, the puzzled frown deepened.

"Believe me, Xantippe——" the stranger began.

Dolly's eyes suddenly brightened, as though his words had touched the switch which set memory in action.

With a quick whirl, she covered the man with her revolver.

"Throw up your hands! I know who you are!"

MacFarland obeyed. Then, at her order, he handed her his gun, butt first, and emptied his pockets.

"I thought you looked sort of familiar when you first came in," she said. "Your picture has been hanging in dad's office for a year, beside Simp Galloway's, the bank robber. So you're a forger! And such a nice-looking boy!"

"Wh-what are you going to do with me?"

"I'm going to take you to town, turn you over to dad, and claim the reward for capturing you," she said promptly. "Right now, I am going to let you peel the potatoes for our supper."

She handed him the pan and knife. He seated himself beside the table gingerly, regarding the tools with some distaste.

"Peel!" she said.

And, at the point of his captor's re-

Narrated from the Paramount screen production of the Broadway succes

"Believe Me, Xantippe,"

the original stage version of which was written by John Ballard.

CAST

George MacFarland.....Wallace Reid
Dolly Kamman.....Anna Little
Thornton Brown.....Ernest Joy
Arthur Sole.....Henry Woodward
Simp Galloway.....James Cruze
Wrenn Wrigley.....Charles Ogle

volver, MacFarland did. A half hour later they sat down to supper, MacFarland's gun in the girl's possession. But Dolly was destined to have still another guest that night.

He came rapping at the door, asking for a match. The instant Dolly saw his ugly, shifting eyes, his round, bullet-like head, she recognized him. He was Simp Galloway. Two fugitives from justice had blundered upon the sheriff's cabin that night.

"Won't you stay for supper with us?" she asked him, too.

And he, too, accepted.

So the ill-assorted party sat down to the table with its checkered cloth — Dolly, fresh, sweet, vigorous; the two fugitives, one shifty-eyed, furtive, the other with a straightforward, boyish smile, a clean, direct glance. Halfway through supper, Simp, with an appreciative leer at Dolly, turned to MacFarland.

"You have purty nice womenfolks, you Easterners."

MacFarland smiled, also looking at Dolly.

"Not as nice as your Western girls," he said, "or I'd have been married long ago."

Simp's eyes suddenly became crafty.

"Ain't this woman your wife?" he asked.

MacFarland, his eyes dancing with fun, audacity, shook his head.

"No," he said; "not yet."

But there was no answering fun in Simp's eyes. Dolly, seeing the sinister expression, caught her breath sharply, rose from her chair. Simp, still leering at the girl, turned to MacFarland.

"Oh, she isn't!" he drawled. "Well, then, I guess she's just about as much mine as yours!"

Dolly's hand flew

At the point of the revolver, MacFarland began peeling the potatoes.

to her gun, but she was too late. She found herself already facing Simp's.

"Drop that gun!" he ordered.

"None of that, now!" MacFarland's fists were clenched. "This little girl is absolutely all right."

"Is that so?" Simp contemptuously noted that MacFarland had no gun. "That so?" he sneered, advancing steadily toward the girl.

She watched him, helpless, wide-eyed with terror. She saw MacFarland move with the quickness of a cat. Before Simp had time to turn, the gun was kicked from his hand.

Shrinking back against the wall, Dolly saw MacFarland hurl himself upon the other man; they grappled; the two went down. Dolly had found her revolver, but she dared not fire at the struggling men. Suddenly she saw that Simp was standing, pressing MacFarland back, downward. They struck the table; it crashed to the floor. The lamp fell with a shudder of breaking glass, and the room was in darkness.

By the faint moonlight that flickered through the windows Dolly found the other lamp. With fingers icy cold and trembling, she lighted it.

In the sudden brightness that flooded the room she saw Simp on the floor. With a strange, twisting grip, MacFarland was holding him there, helpless.

"Lie still," MacFarland commanded, as the captive squirmed. "Get me a rope," to Dolly.

When Simp was tied, hands and feet, MacFarland looked about the room questioningly.

"Put him in the bed," Dolly suggested.

So Simp was thrown upon the cot, the clothes dragged up over his shoulders. With a sigh of relief, MacFarland turned to face the girl. He reached to take the gun she was holding.

"Let me guard him for you," he said.

But Dolly shook her head.

"You get in, too!" she commanded.

"Wh-what?"

"Get in bed, too," she repeated.

"W-with him?"

"Yes."

For a moment only she softened.

"I—I'm awfully sorry," she faltered, "but you—you're wanted, too, you know, and I've just *got* to take you along."

For a moment MacFarland looked at the girl standing there with the gun, anger and admiration mingled in his face. Then he looked down at the bound, helpless Simp. He pulled back the covers, and nudged Simp with his knee.

"Move over, bo!" he said.

Dolly Kamman, deputy sheriff, was in charge of the county jail. Wrenn Wrigley, the regular jailer, regarded her shiny new badge with admiration.

"You sure earned that, all right," he commented approvingly. A grin widened over his homely features. "Say, I wouldn't take a million dollars for seeing you coming down the trail the other day, with those two birds on one horse and you riding along behind, keeping them covered all the time. Gee, no wonder your dad made you a deputy. You delivered the goods, all right!"

He paused, fumbling in his pocket.

"I've got a telegram here for the handsome forger," he said.

Dolly's face lighted quickly.

"I'll take it in to him," she offered.

But her eyes dropped, catching a glimpse of her new badge, and all the lightness died out of them.

"Wrenn," she said softly, "I'm—I'm not very crazy about being a deputy sheriff."

At the door of MacFarland's cell she hesitated. He had not heard her steps. For a moment she stood looking at him, a ball and chain about his ankle, a prisoner in the cell to which she had brought him. Suddenly, as though

feeling her presence, he turned toward her. At his first words, she forgot the errand that had brought her to him.

"Dolly," he said, "I love you."

The deputy sheriff forgot her shining new badge.

"I loved you," he went on, "the moment you came into the little mountain cabin with your arms full of firewood —I have loved you every hour that I have been your prisoner here—more every moment."

Dolly faced him honestly.

"I love you, too," she said. "I'm sorry you're a criminal, but I can't help it—I love you just the same."

"Dolly!" The prisoner's face was radiant.

"I love you just the same," she repeated.

"But, Dolly, I'm not a forger. The year is up to-day, I can tell you. I forged a check, all right, but it was done on a wager, a joke. Brown, the man whose name I signed to the check, is my best friend."

"But—but why——"

"I'll tell you how it happened," MacFarland went on eagerly. "My apartment in New York was robbed just a year ago last night. Some one gave the alarm, and the police came blundering in—along with a lot of the fellows from the neighboring apartments—some of 'em half undressed. Well, the police made such a hullabaloo without accomplishing anything that I got sore.

"After they left, I started storming about their stupidity to Brown and Sole —two pals and neighbors of mine—and I made a boast that I could commit a crime and get away with it without being caught. They laughed at me, and the thing ended in a wager. I was to commit a forgery and then elude the police for a year. The bet was twenty thousand dollars."

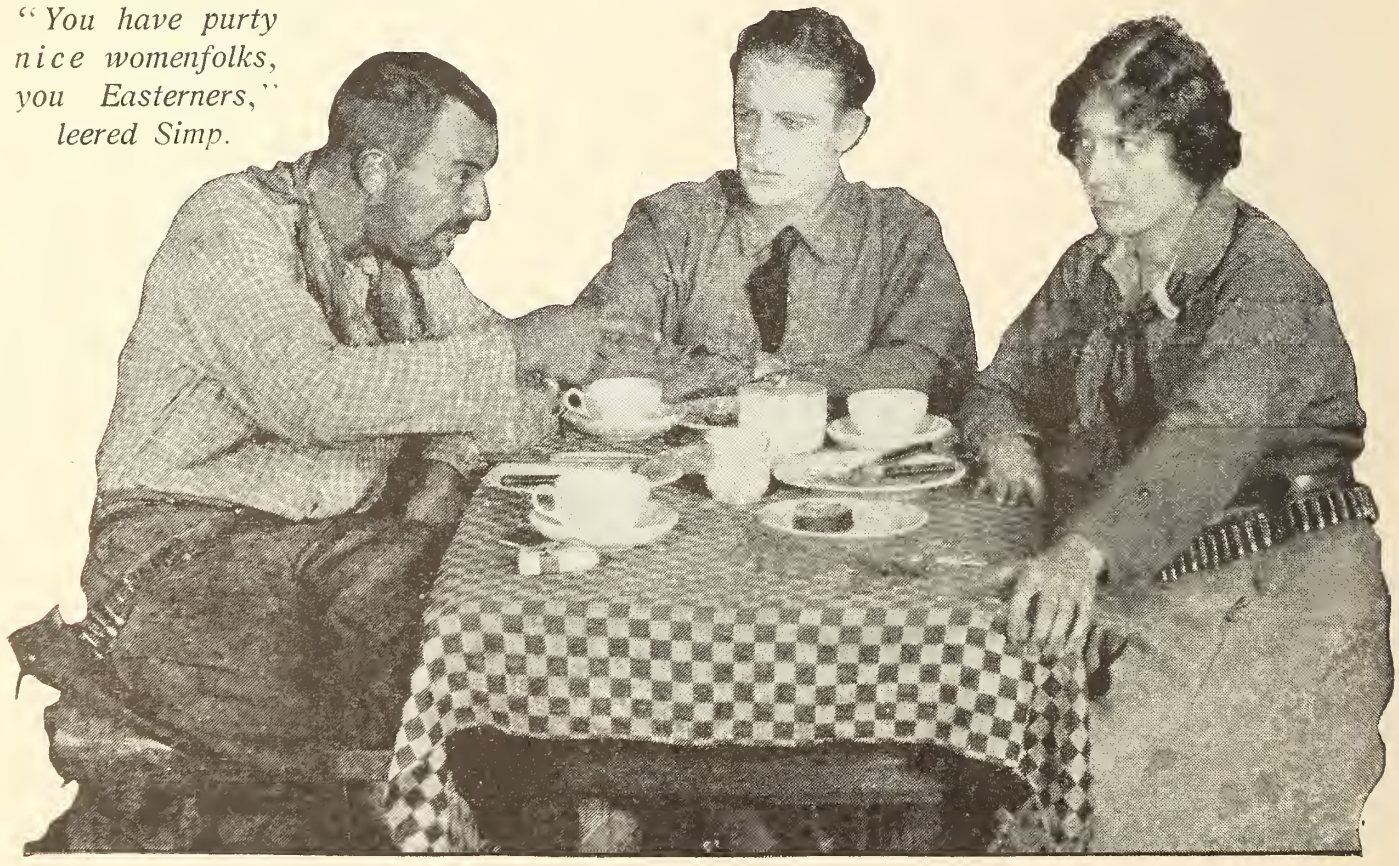
"Twenty thousand dollars!" Dolly echoed. "And you lost it. I made you lose it!"

MacFarland shook his head, smiling at his jailer.

"I lost the money, all right," he admitted, "but I'm the winner."

Suddenly Dolly remembered the telegram. She handed it to him.

"I guess it's from Brown or Sole," MacFarland said, tearing open the en-



"You have purty nice womenfolks, you Easterners," leered Simp.

velope. "They'll straighten things out with the detective agency, you'll get the reward, I'll pay up my bet, and then I'll——"

He read the message through. There was a long silence.

"What's the matter?" Dolly asked in a small, frightened voice.

MacFarland handed

"I'm a fugitive now," he said. "And just when I have found you!"

"They made such a hullabaloo without accomplishing anything that I got sore."

her the telegram, which read as follows:

Thornton Brown and Arthur Sole lost at sea. THORNE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY.

"And—and they're the only ones who know about the wager?"

MacFarland nodded.

"The detective agency—surely they know that it is a joke?"

"No. Nobody knows."

For several moments they stood silent, looking at each other. At last MacFarland spoke.

"I'm a fugitive now, all right. And just when I have found you!"

Dolly caught a glimpse of her shining new star, then looked again at MacFarland. Poor little deputy sheriff, in love with her prisoner!

"I—I could help you escape," she said.

MacFarland's face was alight.

"You believe in me as much as that?"

"I love you," she said.

The jailer appeared suddenly in the doorway.

"Couple of guys to see you," he told Dolly.

The visitors had followed the jailer, and stood looking over his shoulder into the cell.

"Well, look at Mac!"

With a shout of incredulous joy, MacFarland started across the cell toward them, dragging the ball and chain after him.

"Brown! Sole!"

There was much back slapping, joyful pommeling.

"But the telegram," MacFarland said at last. "You—it said you were both drowned at sea."

Brown waved his hand airily.

"Just our little joke," he explained. "Thought we'd give you a scare. Everything's fixed up all right, though," he said hastily.

When the papers brought by Brown and Sole were found to be quite suffi-

cient to make MacFarland a free man again, they all gathered in the sheriff's office.

"So you captured him after the police of the country had failed," Sole said admiringly to Dolly.

"I never should have," she admitted, "if he hadn't said: 'Believe me, Xantippe!' As soon as I heard those words I knew why he looked familiar to me."

At the table MacFarland was making out the wager checks.

Suddenly Dolly stopped him. Her eyes were very bright. "Just exactly what were the terms of the wager?" she asked.

From his pocket Sole drew the paper on which the statement had been written. He read it aloud.

"And Mr. MacFarland would have won if he had been able to live for a year without being captured by an officer of the law," she repeated, as though making very sure of herself.

"He would have—*if!*" Sole admitted.

"Then he has won the bet," said Dolly.

"Won the bet!" said Brown.

"Won the bet!" said Sole.

"What do you mean? Didn't you capture him fair enough?"

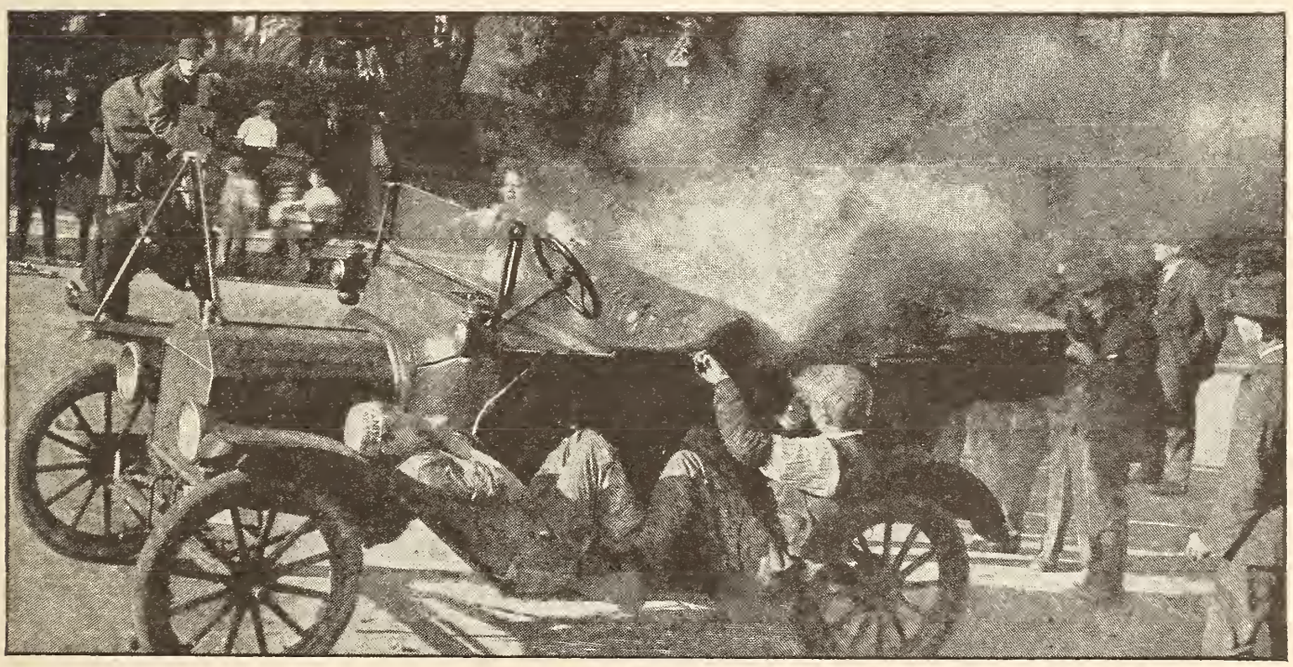
"Oh, yes, I captured him; but I wasn't an officer of the law. I was just plain Dolly Kamman. Dad made me deputy sheriff as a sort of reward, but not until *two days after* I had captured the prisoner. He has won the wager!"

It was some time later—Brown and Sole and the jailer had all gone, leaving MacFarland alone with Dolly—that he told her just how much he felt he had won. She was his prisoner now, held tight in his arms.

"And you're—you're really glad that I captured you?" she asked.

"Glad!" he said. "Glad! Well, believe me, Xantippe——"

A Trick of the Trade



WHEN they show an automobile on fire in the movies, do they burn up a real machine? They do not—not even a flivver. Here's a peep behind the scenes during the filming of a Toto Comedy, which lets the public into the secret. The two men concealed on the running board are working what they call "smoke props." Toto, during a lull in his acting, is taking a turn at turning the crank.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

LOOK for the woman," say the French, and that is exactly what Director Richard Stanton did for many days, until he found Madeline Traverse to take the part of *Madame Henriette Caillaux* in the Fox production, "The Caillaux Case," based on the political scandal that roused all France, and had world-wide publicity just as the war was beginning. Miss Traverse had been on the stage since childhood, and so could bring finished acting as well as temperament and a commanding appearance to the filming of the woman traitor of France—the Lady Macbeth of modern times, as the unscrupulous Madame Caillaux was called.

Item: Two dimples, two twinkles, one smile. And that smile of Gonda's would make the very barnacles on that rock grin in return.

We like Miss Haver's checkerboard parasol, as long as it doesn't turn its back on us. "Your move now, Phyllis!"

© EVANS L.A.

Alice Maison never goes in before the Fourth without her furs.

Maude Wayne puts her car fare in a safe place.

The Film Baby

By Harry J. Smalley

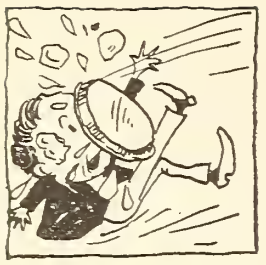
THE Baby of the Movies,
He has it pretty nice.
No actors ever touch him—
He never has the price.
He's never interested
When pay day comes around;
He wouldn't know a contract
By sight or smell or sound.
He does just as he pleases,
And no one calls him down
Because he squalls or sneezes
Or laughs when he should frown.
Directors never scold him;
They figure: "What's the use?
He couldn't understand it;
So why waste good abuse!"
It doesn't really matter
If he is not a beaut—
The audience will murmur
"Good gracious, ain't he cute?"
He never has to worry
About his limousine,
He never makes a holler
O'er the price of gasoline.
He doesn't have to study
What is correct to wear—
The changing of his clothing
Is in another's care.
He doesn't have to answer
Love letters from the girls
Asking for his photograph,
His autograph, and curls.
Oh, Baby of the Movies,
Enjoy it while you can,
You'll find it very diff'rent
When you grow to be a man!

Birds of

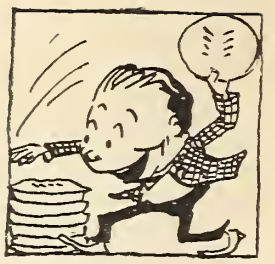
LIKE the queen of the swinging gardens of ancient Babylon, Alice Joyce appears to peculiar advantage against this brilliant, shimmering bird of royalty, symbolic of the splendor into which the Robert W. Chambers heroine steps in "The Business of Life," which for her consists in looking her most beautiful. From earliest times, the peacock has been used to symbolize splendor and pride, and was once considered a tabledelicacy.

a Feather

Cleopatra and the royal women of the Pharaohs surrounded their purple couches with these birds, and Miss Glaum, reigning queen of a movie-going public, naturally follows suit. "The Lady of the Peacocks," as she is sometimes called, wears a headdress of the gorgeous plumage, and is never without some peacock talisman to bring luck.



Fade-Outs



By Frederick James Smith

Try One of Our Mental Motion Pictures!

The movie sub-title is developing a new writing style, something midway between the old time circus press agent's and Harold Bell Wright's method. Here, for instance, are the rugged Western scenario captions. Furnish your own action and continuity:

"BULLET'S REFORMATION"
By Thomas H. Mince

—

Produced at the Thomas H. Mince Studios

—

Produced Under the Personal Direction of Thomas H. Mince

—

The glittering, golden rays of the warm, Western sun gild the massive, majestic Rockies—God's mighty masterpieces.

—

Last Gulch, where extremes meet to rest, drink and gamble after the day's gold seeking. Here the brimming cup of life is drained to the last bitter drop.

—

As the sun sinks behind the clean living mountains, Bullet Bates, reckless and

lonely, rides into Last Gulch in quest of adventure.

—

Bullet Bates, hard working bad man of the West, and pitiful product of circumstances.

—

Last Gulch's pride, the Yellow Dog Saloon, where fortunes are made and lost in a night.

—

"Take me with you into the hills—I'm weary of hearing ukeleles."

"Velvet" McGee, owner of the Yellow Dog, whose heartless heart is of ruthless steel.

—

Hula Henrietta, the idol of Lost Gulch. A pearl of the rarest purity in a sordid setting.

—

Bullet sees Hula doing the hula hula and realizes the purity of her calm, fearless eyes.

—

Bullet Bates is recognized by Stormy Weather, a renegade halfbreed. Hula Henrietta overhears Velvet's plan to trap the roadagent.

—

Hula tells Bullet of his danger.

—

The fight.

—

Bullet wins the death duel

—

Bullet looks into Hula's eyes. Once be-

fore he saw that light in another woman's eyes—his mother's.

—

Bullet resolves to live straight—as soon as he pulls off his next successful holdup.

—

Into the sunset of a new life.

(i. e.—In order to be true to form Bullet must be a cowboy with clothesline neck muscles, Velvet must be an impenetrable gent with a mustache, cigar and lace cuffs, Hula must affect decollete, cutie curls and a baby stare, the fight must start with shots which send the lamps crashing to the floor, which, of course, in no way interferes with the lighting of the scene, there must be visions of Bullet's sweet faced mother, and the whole thing—this is most important—must end with a sunset fade-out. What if the action has taken place at night? The sunset face-out must be there!)

—o—

Theda Bara, attired in gorgeous furs, appeared in person between the scenes of "Cleopatra" a few weeks ago at a

theater in Los Angeles. Nobody recognized her. Did we not say that Theda was attired in furs?

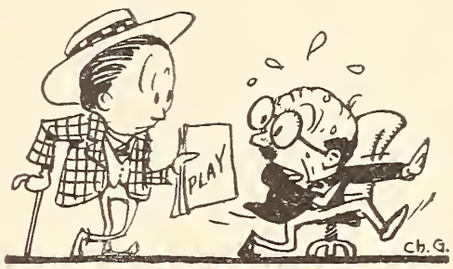
—o—

More Things we're Willing to Hooverize On

Ivan Abramson's morality uplifts
Staresses posing as Red Cross nurses
Cecil de Mille's negligee shirts
Impersonations of the Kaiser
Theodore Roberts's whiskers
Sunshine comedies
Saloon fights
Interviews calling for scenarios from amateurs
Interviews calling for scenarios
Interviews.

—o—

Some day we're going to write a scenario. The heroine is going to be the most luxurious and velvety sort of vampire, the villainess is to be a sweet



young thing with curls, the hero will be a frowning individual with a mustache and a riding crop, while the heavy will be a handsome devil with a decollete shirt and beaded eyelashes.

Then we're going to dare someone to do it.

—o—

Our favorite leading man—Rube Goldburg's *Mike*.

—o—

Oh! Man! Man!

Louise Glaum has just obtained a divorce from her husband.

—o—

Jesse L. Lasky comments thusly on Dave Griffith's latest spectacle, "Hearts of the World":

" 'Hearts of the World' is absolutely the most wonderful photo production the world's history of the motion picture has ever known. The film is positively gripping. You sit for three hours leaning forward, alternately holding your breath, heaving sights of relief, gritting your teeth, smiling through

tears, cursing, praying, cheering and choking back sobs."

We take it that Jesse liked the picture quite a little.

—o—

We have noted several comedy subtitles in Chinese recently. Here is the germ of an excellent idea. Why not put all subtitles in Chinese? . . .

What? . . . Nobody but Chinese laundrymen could be annoyed by 'em. . . . That's the bully part of the idea, for who cares about the feelings of a Chinese laundryman?

—o—

Our favorite close-ups of the month:

Alice Joyce in armor in "The Business of Life"

Enid Bennett climbing a tree in "Naughty, Naughty!"

Our idea of nothing to see

Illustrated songs in motion pictures

—o—

Talk of generosity! Carl Laemmle closed up Universal City recently, dismissed his companies and then invited all the other producers to close up their studios *and come out to U City to make their pictures.*

—o—

The New York movie men have been conducting a campaign for a law legalizing Sunday motion pictures. They have it all doped out. 1,500,000 would attend the 1200 theaters of the state on Sunday, if they were all allowed to be open. "Figure out the staggering amount of pessimism and gloom created," they say, "if the theaters are all closed and the 1,500,000 left without healthy recreation."

Next time you see a bad picture, think of that. Your gloom is but 1-1,500,000 of the possible gloom of the whole state. It's such a small fraction that the mere thought of it makes one gloomy.

—o—

The optimistic, cheerful spirit of the motion picture advertisements is most commendable in these grim war times. Consider the picture of a—er—neat pair of—let us say—pedal extremities with this "cheer-o" message:

"Supporting Billie Rhodes in Strand comedies."

—o—

The dull life of a movie president

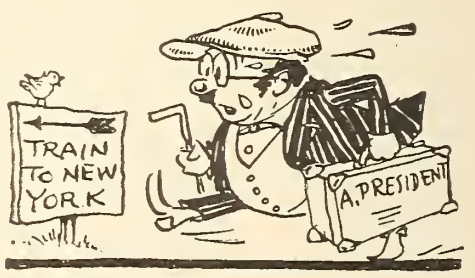
Monday, 1:30 p. m.—Arrives in Los Angeles, looks over plant.

Monday, 2:30 p, m,—Leaves for New York.

Saturday, 1.30 p, m,—Arrives in New York, looks over offices.

Saturday, 2:30 p. m.—Leaves for Los Angeles.

Thursday, 1:30 p. m.—Arrives in Los Angeles, looks over plant.



Thursday, 2:30 p. m.—Leaves for New York.

Moral—What do the movie company presidents do with all their spare time?

—o—

Popularity Note

Vitagraph has been suing Anita Stewart to force her to work 29 weeks longer for that organization.

2,000 extras in Los Angeles and 1,500

in New York declare that they are willing to be sued on the same count.

—o—

Movie Definitions

Art—The screen producers' way of explaining an undress photoplay.

Free love—Something that can't possibly exist in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Depth of villany—Any attempt to kiss the cutie star by any man in the cast except the hero.

—o—

Literary News of the Month

Mary Thurman, the Mack Sennett comedienne who keeps the opticians

busy throughout the country, has written an essay on her idea of an ideal man.

"Sir Galahad is wonderful in a Tennyson poem but I am afraid he would be tedious to have around the house for a steady diet," remarks Mary. "A man needs a few imperfections to be interesting."

Somehow, we suspected Mary had this angle on the Round Table person.

—o—

World Film announces that it is strengthening its scenario department.

Altogether, now, hip! hip!——

—o—

They're talking about having George Walsh, the Fox star, challenge Heavyweight Champion Jess Willard.

If Jess, deciding not to take on Walsh, will send us a three cent stamp we'll mail him a list of leading men we'd like to see in the ring with him. . . . Yes, we've heard that Willard is in fine condition.

—o—

Three hundred California soldiers played prominent parts in a coming Louise Glaum production. And yet someone said war is hell!

—o—

Suggestion to magazine editors:

Why not run pictures of the stars knitting?

Or doing up packages for the soldiers?

—o—

Those busy, busy Russians

Nicholas Lenine worked as an extra out at the Triangle studios, says the Triangle press agent. Trotsky was an extra for Clara Kimball Young, vouchsafes Clara's publicity man. All this, of course, before they hit the trail to Russia.

We can't understand why anyone who succeeded in getting a job from a movie director couldn't handle a mere German diplomat.

—o—

It's remarkable how different some of the stars look off the screen. Consider Pearl White, for instance. She wears spectacles and takes care of the

'phone in the Pathé outer office by day. How do we know? We saw her addressing answers to letters from fans who had written the daring star and, of course, we realized it wsa Pearl.

Six Feet and Over

Hero stuff, if you've ever noticed, comes done up in long packages.

By L. E. Eubanks

Shakespearean hose add to Lawson Butt's stature.

ANN MURDOCK says that she adores little men, and there are doubtless other actresses of like opinion. But generally our screen girls seem to take particular pleasure in playing opposite a hero to whom they must look up — in a physical sense, understand. Anyway, whatever the opinion in the studio, the film fan figures that a good big man is better than a good little man.

A person looks taller on the screen than he actually is. I cannot explain it scientifically, but the fact has often been observed. Lawson Butt is all of six feet two, and rather slender in the bargain, so that when he dons his doublet and hose, and appears on the screen as *Romeo* or *Petruchio,* there seems to be no limit to his linear measure. On the other hand, William Russell is an exception to this general rule. I did not realize his height till he lined up with that tall pugilist, Al Kaufman, in "Pride and the Man." Bill is six feet two inches tall, but he is so broad that he looks scarcely six feet. But Russell is extremely well built for such a tall man, and carries his two hundred and three pounds with perfect ease.

Monroe Salisbury is a virile Western type.

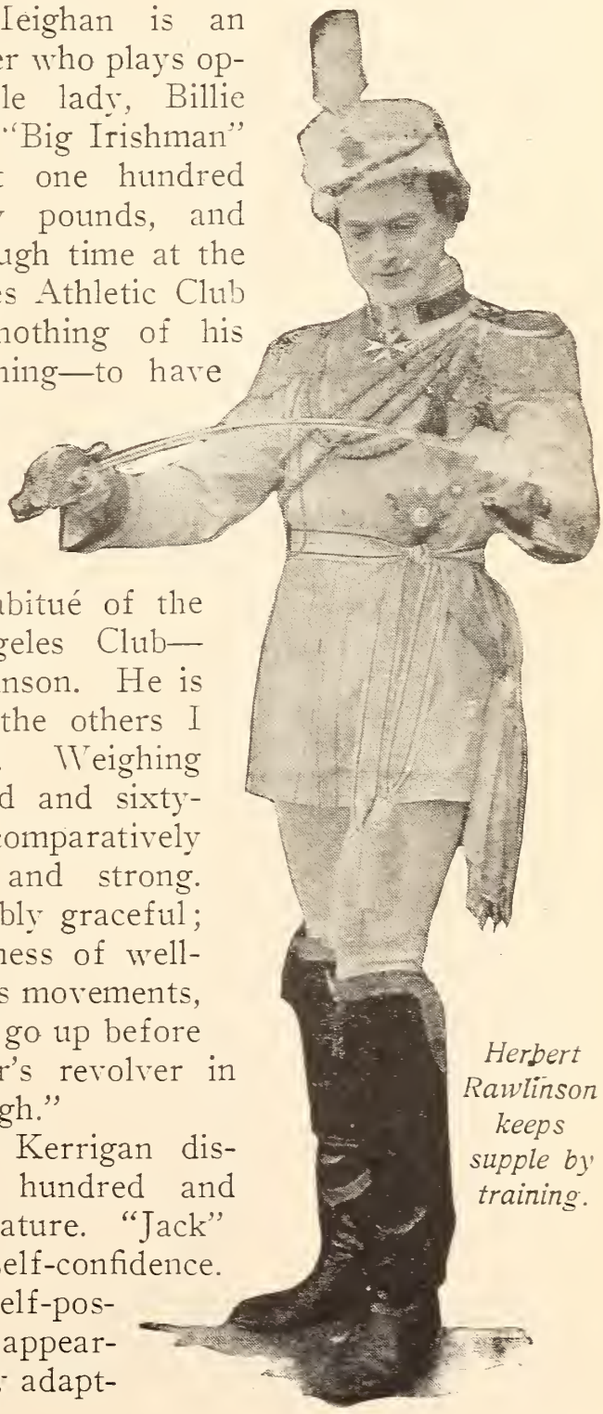
The same thing is true of Charles Murray, the comedian, who carries an even two hundredweight, and is just six feet tall. This latitudinal illusion, enhanced by the rather baggy clothes that he wears in some of his character

parts, makes Charley look like a short man. William S. Hart is as tall as Russell, and looks much taller. There are two reasons for this. He is not so broad in the shoulders, carrying relatively more weight in his waist and hips. He has, too, an erect carriage that even gives him, sometimes, an air of arrogance. Hart has a way of registering pride and independence with his body, and when he draws himself up and looks down on his mortal foe, Robert McKim, or spurns the tempting smiles of some vampire, he looks six feet six. The smallness of the pony, Fritz, tends to accentuate his height when he rides.

Charles Bryant doesn't look his full six feet two in "Revelation," especially in his knee trousers, which have a similar shortening effect to that which Mary Pickford's knee-length kiddie dresses have on her. In his scenes with Nazimova he "lengthens out" again, for she is a little woman.

Marc MacDermott dresses for height.

Thomas Meighan is an even six-footer who plays opposite a little lady, Billie Burke. The "Big Irishman" weighs about one hundred and ninety pounds, and spends enough time at the Los Angeles Athletic Club—to say nothing of his other training—to have a splendid physique. And mention of Meighan reminds me of another habitué of the old Los Angeles Club—"Herb" Rawlinson. He is not as heavy as the others I have mentioned. Weighing about one hundred and sixty-five pounds, he is comparatively slender, but wiry and strong. Rawlinson is noticeably graceful; there is the smoothness of well-oiled machinery in his movements, even when his hands go up before the Westerner's revolver in "Come Through."



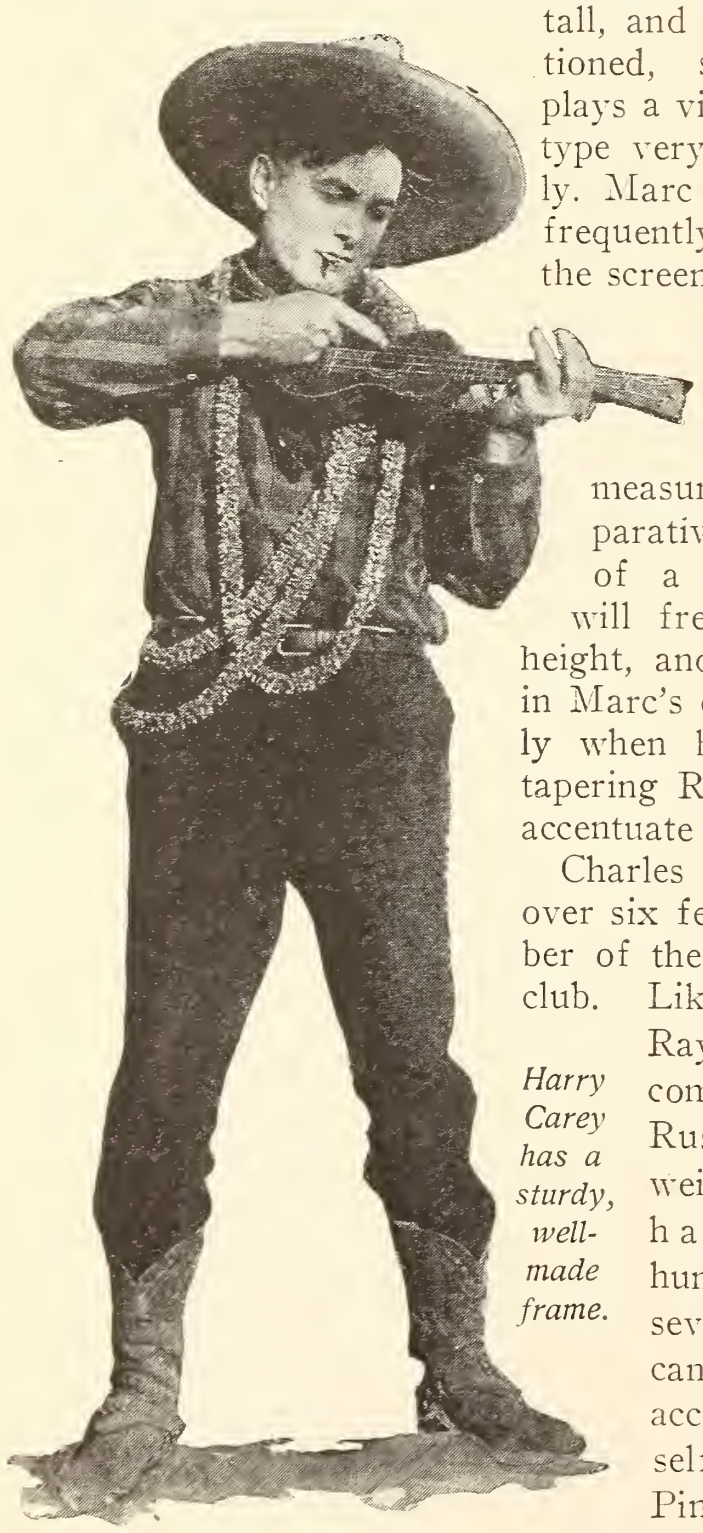
Herbert Rawlinson keeps supple by training.

J. Warren Kerrigan distributes one hundred and ninety pounds over six feet one inch of stature. "Jack" has a fine walk; it signifies strength and self-confidence. His attitude when standing is noticeably self-possessed; it is even more evident in personal appearance than on the screen. Kerrigan is highly adapt-

able; he can, when necessary, use his height to great advantage. Then again, he seems to be able to contract his supple body to suit the part of a youth just reaching man's estate. That Jack really has a good "reach" many screen battlers can testify from experience.

Playing opposite a woman of comparatively short stature lends a screen hero height. Dustin Farnum has such a "foil" in Winifred Kingston. Though he is six feet, she is but five feet three inches; and her one hundred and ten pounds make the rescue scene pretty easy for the one-hundred-and-eighty-pound "Dusty." On the contrary, brother William exceeds Dorothy Bernard by only three inches in height—she is something over five feet seven inches—and this small difference shortens Bill a bit, and makes Miss Bernard appear taller than she is.

Monroe Salisbury is just a shade over six feet tall, and well proportioned, so that he plays a virile Western type very convincingly. Marc MacDermott frequently dresses on the screen so as to appear even taller than his full six-foot measure. The comparative smallness of a man's head will frequently add height, and this is true in Marc's case, especially when he wears the tapering Russian cap to accentuate the effect.

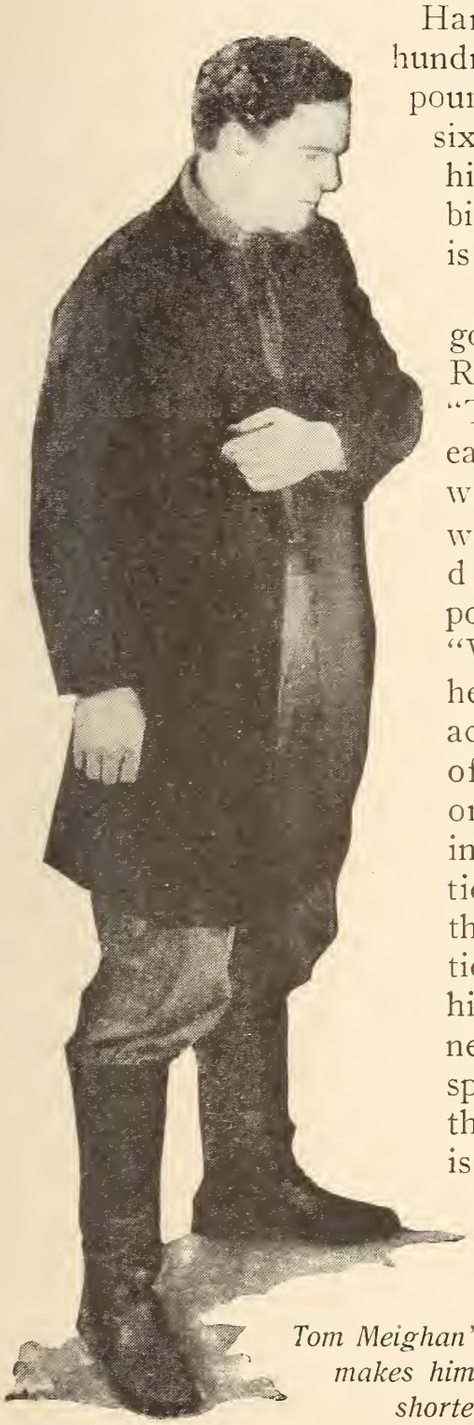


Harry Carey has a sturdy, well-made frame.

Charles Ray, a trifle over six feet, is a member of the Los Angeles club. Like Rawlinson, Ray is slender compared to Russell. He weighs perhaps one hundred and seventy, and can give a good account of himself as an athlete. As *Joel Parker,* in "The Pinch Hitter," he certainly convinced his

Loose clothes detract from Charles Murray's six feet.

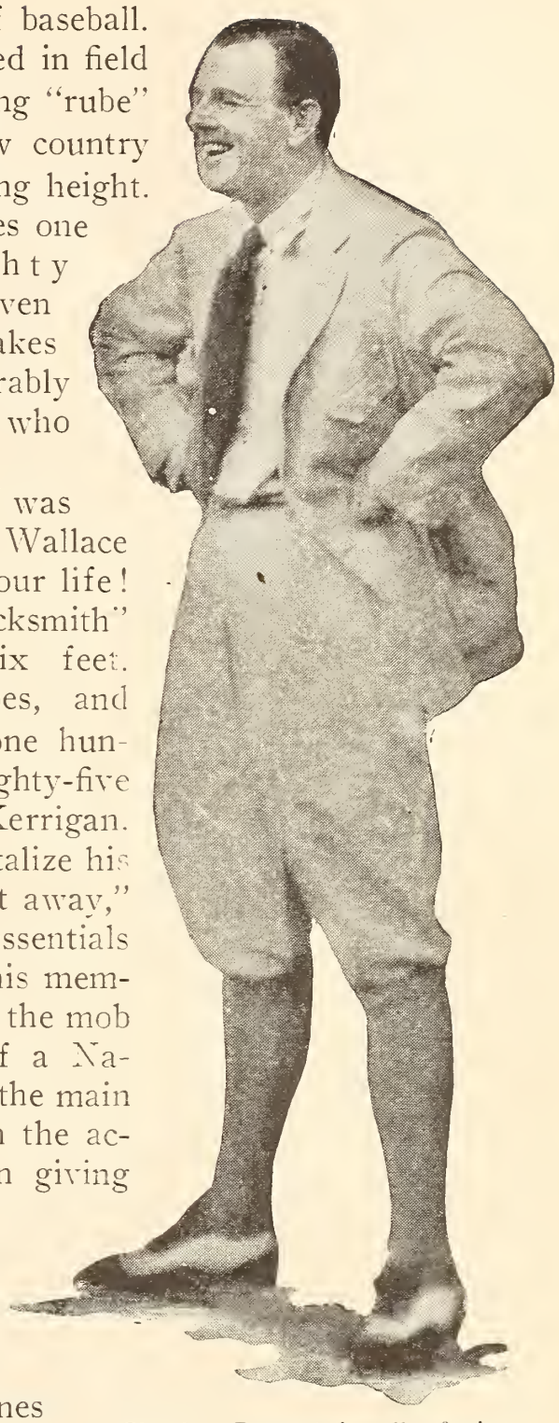
clubmates that he could play a good game of baseball. He not only did some good batting, but starred in field work. Ray's height is useful to him in playing "rube" rôles, for the popular conception of the raw country lad seems to demand unusual and embarrassing height.



Tom Meighan's breadth makes him seem shorter.

Harry Carey carries one hundred and eighty pounds with his even six feet, which makes him look considerably bigger than Ray, who is really taller.

Did you think I was going to forget Wallace Reid? Not on your life! "The mighty blacksmith" easily reaches six feet, without his shoes, and weighs at least one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Like Kerrigan, "Wally" can capitalize his height or "stow it away," according to the essentials of the rôle. In his memorable battle with the mob in "The Birth of a Nation," height was the main thing, not only in the action itself, but in giving his figure the necessary conspicuousness in the crowd. This is one of the many scenes wherein a short man is at a disadvantage. We like to see our hero as he struggles—his face as well as his movements. Wally's proportions are at their best in military clothes; he is magnificent as a soldier, especially in the armor he wore in "Joan the Woman."



Charles Bryant is all of six feet two.

The limitations of our title preclude the discussion of many who stand within an inch of six feet. Poor Harold Lockwood! How sad he will feel to have been omitted because he lacks *one quarter of an inch.* Of course, Bushman and Desmond will gnash their teeth over the one inch deficit, and "Fatty" Arbuckle will weep for having spent his youthful energy in spreading instead of finishing out that sixth foot.

The Observer

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

Beware of Stock Sellers

IN the last few weeks two crooks have been caught swindling the public by selling stock in motion pictures. The government is after several more. The plan is to send out a prospectus telling of the great fortunes that have been made in motion pictures by Adolph Zukor, William Fox, and other producers. Now is the time, according to the prospectus, to get in through a cellar window and become a magnate.

These men sell a great deal of stock, produce a bad picture, sell it for what they can get, and flee with surplus cash which they always show, in their faked statements, has been spent in the production of the picture.

Leave them alone. If the stock was worth such fortunes they wouldn't sell it.

The Chicago Censors Lose

VITAGRAPH, after a year in the courts, at great cost, has won a suit which permits the showing of "Within the Law" in Chicago. Here is a splendid motion-picture version of a successful play, one that toured the United States.

According to Chicago censors, who hold all running-broad records for stupidity, it was all right to show "Within the Law" as a legitimate play at high prices. But to show it in a motion picture to the masses—dear me, no! It was a story about a shop girl who was persecuted by her employer, and who, after serving in prison, sought revenge. Oh, shades of hypocrisy! Never should such things be shown to the people of Chicago! Weaklings that they were, lack wits and nincompoops, it never would do to suggest such a thing to them! Why, every shop girl might go right out and shoot the boss!

That was the attitude of the Chicago board of censors which permitted the showing of so offending a film as "The Little Girl Next Door"—approved because it was the visualization of the clean-up campaign of a local vice committee, and therefore good political propaganda.

Vitagraph had to go to the appellate court to get permission to show "Within the Law." It is only one of a long string of stupidities perpetrated in Chicago, where Mary Pickford's "The Little American" had to fight its way in because it contained scenes that might offend the German voters.

Pictures for the Soldiers

THE soldiers in training in America are getting the best pictures at a low cost, thanks to the producers who are coöperating with the War Camp Motion Picture Committee.

Arrangements have been made so that the training-camp theaters may rent pictures at a price much lower than that which the theater manager with a show just outside the camp has to pay for the same films.

The producers, of course, lose revenue, for every time a picture is shown in a training camp it hurts the business of the exhibitor near by. But the motion-picture industry isn't bothering about profits in matters of this kind.

They are distributing "The Spirit of the Red Cross," the Red Cross two-reeler—a first-class thriller, by the way. This is given free by the Red Cross to any theater that asks for it. And the producers are helping with all their might to give it away, although every time an exhibitor runs this picture free it saves him the cost of two reels for that showing, and the producer is the man who stands the loss.

The Hart Reissues

WILLIAM S. HART has published a strong letter asking exhibitors not to book certain productions being sold by "The W. H. Productions Company," with which he has no connection. Hart asserts that these are old pictures, being sold under new names, and that the public, seeing them advertised, thinks the pictures are new ones. The public, of course, suffers. So does Hart.

We know nothing of the merits of the controversy. We do know that Hart does not object to the Triangle reissues, which are not renamed. His newest pictures, of course, are Artcraft's.

It does seem, however, hardly fair to change the name of a picture, once it has been produced.

If it is legitimate, however, we have stepped in to protest out of turn. We apologize. But if it is all right to do this with pictures, why couldn't a publisher put a new binding on O. Henry's "The Four Million," and sell it as O. Henry's "The Heart of New York?"

It's the same thing, isn't it?

Good Words from Texas

WE have received a copy of an editorial from the Fort Worth, Texas, *Record,* entitled "Why the Picture Theater is the Clubhouse and Social Center of Democracy."

We wish we could reproduce it all. We wish every publication in the land could reproduce it all, for it is a most vigorous, most sane exposition of all that the motion picture is and hopes to be.

The editorial is a plain statement of the reasons why motion-picture theaters should be open every day in the week. It was inspired by a statement from another editor, who placed the Sunday motion-picture theater in the same class with the saloon.

Gather round and listen:

The moving picture never sent a man to jail.
The moving picture never sent a man to the gutter.

The moving picture never robbed a man of character, social standing, business integrity, respect of friends, or the love of his wife and children.

The moving picture never opened the tear ducts of a loving mother or tore loose the heartstrings of a wife or a sister or a daughter.

The moving picture develops the soul of a playgoer, gives birth to new ideals, quickens the conscience, broadens the mind, develops the reasoning faculty, and educates the brain.

The moving-picture playhouse is the clubhouse of the worker. There he takes his wife and his little ones for an hour of relaxation and recreation after the toil of the day at a light cost to his pocket.

A great democratic institution, a remarkable leveler as well as a most successful educator is the screen and its silent story of the events of the world as they happen, of the incidents of to-day, the men and women of to-day, as well as all that is worth mirroring of the past and those who walked upon its mighty stage of action.

Every heroic, every merciful, every good deed blazoned on the screen is an incentive to those in front to go and do likewise.

There is more, just as true. Such editors should be encouraged. If you believe as he does, write him a letter and tell him so. And perhaps he will send you a copy of the complete editorial, which fills several columns.

The New Way

THE stars who are real stars are temperamental to some degree. But they don't let their temperament interfere with business. The contracts now provide that a star shall make a certain number of pictures in a year. If that number is not completed in the time designated, the star works for nothing until the job is finished.

And don't think for a moment that the stars become peeved and make bad pictures. They know who pays their salaries—you and I do. We pay their salaries. And if a star makes two or three bad pictures we don't go to see her or him any more. Without our trade the stars go out of business. They're working for us, these folk, and we have been bright enough, consciously or unconsciously, to demonstrate that fact to them. They know they have to deliver the goods to us, not to the producer.

That's why the road of the motion-picture director who really wants to make fine things has become much easier. The stars have become keen showmen. They study our tastes just as much as does the grocer down at the corner—and for the same reason, because they must have our trade or they quit.

They know, too, that there must be no money wasted. Competition is keen, and if a picture costs sixty thousand dollars to produce, it must be worth one hundred thousand dollars for exhibitors, as well as stars and producers, are watching our tastes, and the manager of a theater is not going to pay high prices for a film that he knows we won't pay high prices to see.

Efficiency and Temperament

EFFICIENCY makes no allowance for temperament. The two are incompatible. And since efficiency has come into the making of motion pictures, it has become necessary to shove Annabelle Q. Temperament out through the door where they put in the coal, and with such force that Annabelle has gone skidding down the road on one ear, removing much of her thin epidermis and all of her desire to run the shop.

In the old days of a year or so ago a producer didn't appreciate a star unless she was temperamental. And the stars, canny folk, knew it. They tell a story

about one ten-thousand-dollar-a-week star who boasted about her temperamental qualifications.

"I can get a raise whenever I like," she told her friends. "All I have to do is to rush unannounced into Mr. Blank's office and scream: 'They have ruined my picture with their bungling!'"

Then, the star explained, she would hammer on the producer's desk and scream at the top of her voice, until he rose up and yelled out his desire to know what in the devil she wanted him to do about it.

"I must have a thousand more a week!" she would scream.

The producer would shake his head vigorously. She would scream and pound all the more. He would shake his head less vigorously. More screams. Less head shaking. More pounding. The shaking changed in desperation to violent nods. And the new contract would be signed.

But, alas! the story reached the producer. The next time she came screaming and threatening to quit, he leaped to his feet and shoved a paper in front of her.

"Put that promise in writing!" he ordered. And before she knew it she had signed a release of her contract, and she had to go out and get another job.

Fake Publicity

EVERY now and then the public is given some weird story about the production of pictures, or about the people in them—some literary concoction without sense or interest, often without foundation—and the readers evidently are expected to believe the tale. This kind of publicity usually is sent out as a substitute for real news when real news is scarce. Such reading matter is innocent enough in its intent, but it is none the less inane and harmful in its effect. More than merely getting a company's or star's name into print should be considered in the business of publicity. Stories of a foolish, erratic flavor naturally reflect on the firms and the people mentioned in them.

It is odd that the receptive mood of the public is not considered when these stories are written. Many of them are insults to the intelligence of the average reader. Hundreds of incredible stories have been ground out and published without a thought being given to the fact that people do not believe the stuff and wouldn't be interested if they did. This offense, however, is as nothing compared to misinformation sent out with deliberate intent. The practice is confined chiefly to misrepresenting pictures, calling old European travel pictures authentic films of war times, sending out stories about the featuring of some famous star or character in pictures in which they only appear in one scene, clipped from a weekly, and so on. Some time ago a new angle made its appearance. One of the foremost manufacturers renamed a girl who is known on the screen and announced her as a new star recently imported at much expense and trouble. A romantic and thrilling story about this remarkable new "find" was sent broadcast. But, to the producer's surprise, his clumsy attempt at sensationalism acted like a boomerang. The girl was recognized, and the attempt to hoodwink the public brought down a storm of ridicule.

Suddenly the announcements concerning this new and amazing star ceased. She had been dropped by the company on account of the ridicule they had brought down upon themselves. A house built on sand cannot stand, and fake publicity is quicksand.

All's Well that Ends Well

By Lorenzo W. Whitney

VERY ardent movie fan
Was our little Mary Ann,
Waitress at the Park Hotel.

Twice or thrice a week, or so,
She'd take in a movie show
With her friend, Amelia Belle.

As a waitress Mary shone,
In her class was quite alone,
But—she thought that she could act!

If they'd give her just a try,
She could make 'em laugh or cry—
(Capital was all she lacked.)

So, ambitious Mary Ann
Wheedled Joe, the stableman,
Into giving it a whirl.

Trusting, simple, rustic Joe,
Honest hostler, didn't know
That this hopeful little girl

Was like twenty millions more
Scattered the whole country o'er,
And since this was so——

That her chances were so slight
It was hardly worth the fight,
So he helped her go

To New York, and there to find
That she guessed she'd change her mind
When she saw the mobs

Waiting at each studio
Struggling just to get a show
Back she came in sobs.

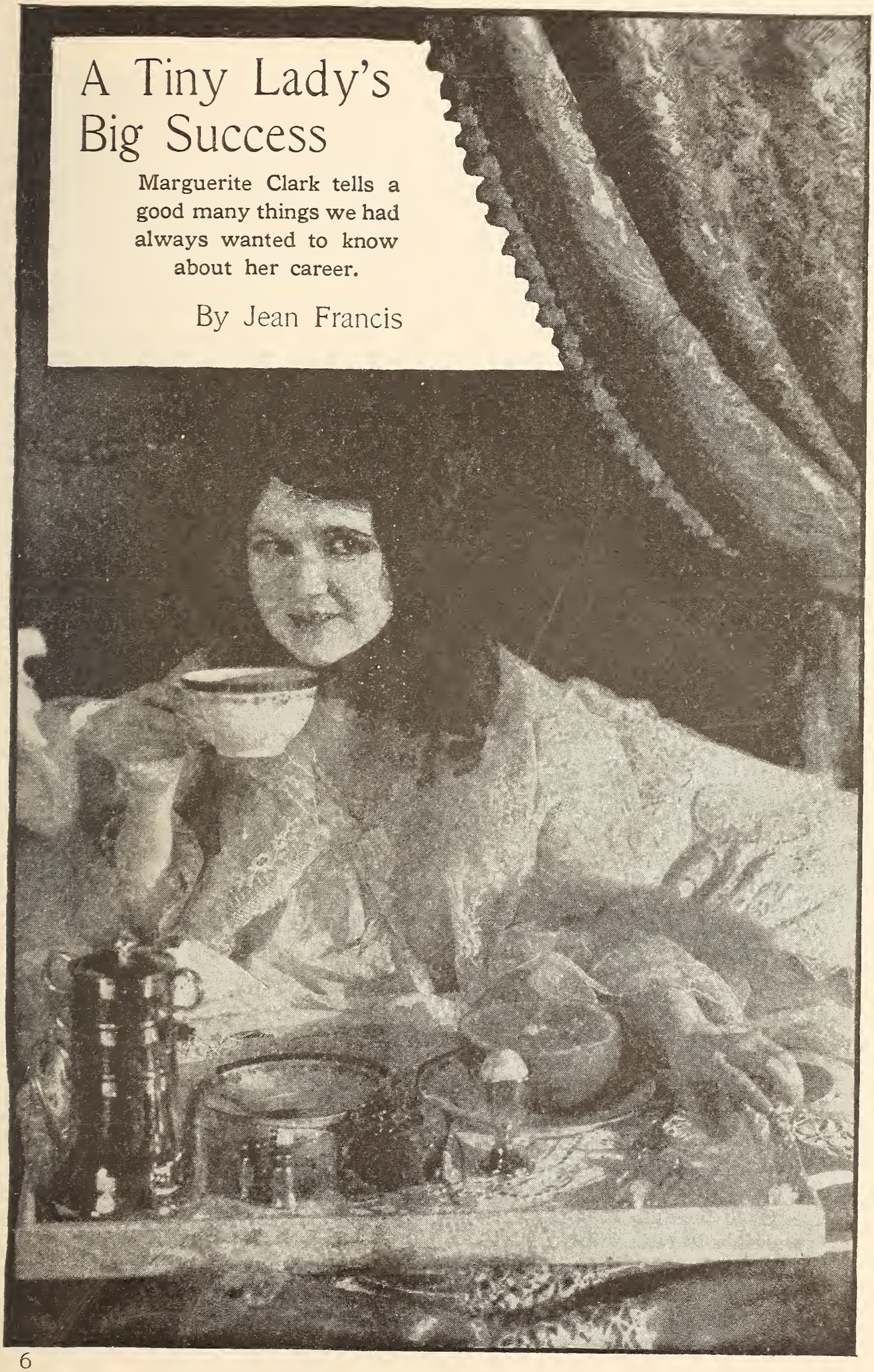
'Twould not do to tell all this
Without mention of the bliss
That was later Joe's.

For he married Mary Ann,
Soon was "papa" stableman.
No ill wind but some good blows!

A Tiny Lady's Big Success

Marguerite Clark tells a good many things we had always wanted to know about her career.

By Jean Francis



"Chinning" away about something or other with her leading man.

"WHERE was Miss Clark?" Every one repeated the question, and nobody knew.

"At the fight, perhaps," some one suggested. For there was a fight on in the studio. Every one was rushing to see it; that is, every one who could be spared—electricians, call boys, extras, and stars, and there were a lot of them in the shop that day. Fuelless days were over, and all the film folk were working feverishly to rush through long-delayed productions. Under the single roof of the Paramount Studio swarmed a polyglot horde big enough to populate a small town.

So I moseyed along with the crowd. It was Pauline Frederick's fight. That is, of course, Pauline wasn't fighting. More properly speaking, it was a Russian brawl incident to the picture in which she was starring. Somewhere on the other side of the studio they were taking scenes for "Let's Get a Divorce," and Billie Burke, disengaged for a moment, was perched up on a chair in the dazzling gold-and-white drawing-room set, straining her eyes and bobbing her yellow head to take in the fight.

And here in the crowd, down in the "frontest" row of all, a little madcap

Who could resist the adorable entreaties of Prunella?

girl, in a huge blue gingham apron that looked fairly purple in the studio light, was eagerly taking it all in.

"Oo! I like fights!" she said enthusiastically, smiling up at me with an adorable, flower-white face.

"You are not——" She was—oh, so tiny!

"Yes, I am, but don't tell my director, because I ran away from 'Rich Man Poor Man' to see it." Then, with a little hop, she was suddenly atop of a tall chiffonier that had been moved out of one of the sets. From this vantage point, with that very popular fight spread out before her, and the lights painting the crowd an unearthly purple below her, Marguerite Clark divulged to me some of the reasons why she has succeeded where others have failed. Though she didn't add that last. Long years of big stage and screen successes have not taken away a bit of her modesty.

"I hate to talk to a lot of screen-struck girls," she demurred. "Everybody preaches at them, and of course it's ten to one that they won't follow the advice, anyway. But there is one thing I'd like to say, if you're going to let me have a few words with them. So many seem to think that actresses

are born and not made. That's only half of the truth, and because that is all that they see a very pathetic majority of them fail.

"The other half of the secret of success is that those stars have worked very, very hard—worked their heads off—to get where they are. Mary's curls were doubtless a big asset, but they alone didn't put her where she is to-day. Pauline Frederick has beautiful, expressive eyes, but she also is one of the greatest emotional actresses to-day; not because her eyes are blue, but because she has studied for years." Miss Clark shifted to a more comfortable position, talking all the time.

"You know, of course, without my saying it, that you can't act the part of a stenographer out of work and facing poverty unless you have either had the experience or have a vivid enough imagination to understand just how that girl would feel." A little later I was privileged to see Miss Clark acting her part of the little poor girl in "Rich Man, Poor Man;" and all that she was saying now came back to me as I watched a wistful expression flutter across her sweet face.

Marguerite's Russian wolfhound is only half a foot shorter than the little lady herself.

"My own case ought to be a proof of this theory, because if ever a girl studied hard that girl was Marguerite Clark. Otherwise, I shouldn't have gone as far along the road as I have, for I led an uneventful life as a child. I spent my school days in a convent after my eleventh birthday, and my one recreation was an occasional well-chosen play. We had plays at school though, and I usually had the leading rôle in these from lack of any one else, I suppose.

"Later I entered a dramatic school, became more and more interested in acting, and finally met Milton Aborn, of the Aborn Opera Company, you know, and under his direction I made my début in Baltimore——" And here Marguerite's voice suddenly trailed off, for the din of battle was getting louder.

"And then——"

"Oh, yes! And then, bit by bit, things began to get a little easier. Each success helped me to win the next. I had plays which ranged from melodrama to the very lightest comedy. That takes versatility. One can't be limited by a certain set style. For instance, though the little *Pierrette*

in "Prunella" is a light, joyous being, she is quite different from the comedy part of *Miss George Washington* in the play by the same name.

"Lots of people ask me how I came to give up the stage for the screen. I tell them that it was the logical outcome, for I believe that it calls for even harder work to be a screen actress than a stage actress. You find out many things about yourself when you go into screen work that you never knew before—unpleasant things. For instance, I had a curious little habit of hunching my shoulders. My sister told me about it, but I wouldn't believe that I really did it. Well, it didn't take much acting before the screen to find that she was right, for in my first picture I saw that 'hunch' right on the film.

"The more I see of this work, and the mannerism and affectations that it instills, the more I value simplicity of manner.'' Of which, it might be added, Miss Clark is past mistress, for a more charming, unaffected little body it would be difficult to find in the studio or out. Her smiles to friends as she sat there—and many of them passed—were real smiles, happy smiles right out of her heart, and not the little tied-in-packages grimaces that are so often handed out.

"Then there is the asset of personality," went on the little actress. "You either have it or you don't—and nobody knows why. For a long time they thought that they couldn't screen personality, but that theory has been disproved again and again. It is the quality that makes one actress stand out and draw admirers, while another actress, equally good in the technique of acting, fails.

"To sum up," Marguerite startled me with her sudden burst of logic, "screen success is based upon hard work, study, personality, experience, and versatility—in that order," she added, jumping down from the chiffonier.

A brisk canter each morning in Central Park, New York City, keeps Miss Clark in health and smiles.

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 and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

An Unsettled Market

The market—that object of prime interest to real and near authors of photo plays—is, in these days of summer, like the drum in a movie orchestra—a delusion and a snare. Gone are the good, dependable days of autumn and winter, when one could submit a cherished plot to half a dozen dependable companies for half a dozen dependable stars. Nowadays the God of Uncertainty reigns, and the writer of movie plots knows not where to turn.

Be it known that the movie market is an unknown quantity these days; this fact not only applies to the market for movie plots, but also to the market for movie plays. Producers have sought the storm cellars, leaving the much-salaried stars, in many instances, right out in the open to weather the storm as best they may.

If you would seek to lay the blame for the uncertainty of the present market to any one person, just blame the movie star. The movie star, be it known, has had his lines in pleasant places. While the producer wore a furrowed brow, while the exhibitor fumed and fretted, the star has been going along right merrily. Every pay day a truck, figuratively speaking, has been pressed into service to bring him his pay envelope. Every one worried and suffered—except the star. His salary grew larger and larger, his publicity spread, and he was all smiles. Within a few months he will not smile so broadly; he will have to work for at least half of what he is getting now; he will emit piercing cries—but he will work. Let me whisper to you the secret: The star's salary has come very near to wrecking the movie industry. William A. Brady has called attention to the evil; Carl Laemmle and the others joined in the chorus, but the competition in stars went along—until several of the larger concerns stopped producing. It had to come; the salaries were entirely out of proportion—in fact, all the profits of the industry went into salaries of the stars. And to get back to the subject, this fact has played havoc with the market for scripts. That is one reason why "Live-wire Market Hints" have not been appearing regularly in this department. The sudden shifts and changes in the market rendered such information useless to prepare. By the time the market hints appeared in type, some other policy would be in vogue. Within the past few weeks nearly all the big producers have altered their policies regarding stories for stars. Some of the larger companies, notably Pathé, are not now in market for five-reel features. Pathé, for example, will pay well for ideas for serials and for Baby Marie Osborne stories, and that is about all at present. Many of the stars of yesterday will be

out of the game altogether when this is read, and the others will linger just so long as their contracts are effective, and then they, too, will go. Of course, this does not apply to the well-established stars—the known money-makers. It does apply, however, to a very large number of stars who have been paid out of all proportion to the worth of their services. They must work for much less money or quit. And while they are making up their minds to submit to the inevitable, the market for plots will naturally remain uneasy.

Blue Prints

I read a plot for a five-reel feature the other day, somewhat out of curiosity. A certain scenario editor, with whom I was talking, said to me, as he showed me the script: "We are prejudiced the minute we open such a manuscript as this, and we rarely read them." Why was the editor prejudiced? Listen: This script started off all right. The story was typewritten, and the manuscript was neat. But the author evidently believed that the editorial readers were of lower mental caliber than himself. He insisted in inclosing diagrams and maps to "make his meaning perfectly clear." Some of the action occurred in a haunted house. In the opinion of the writer it was essential that a blue print of the plans of that haunted house be sewed into the manuscript. The exact plans of the rooms, hallways, both upper and lower, the doors, et cetera, were all given. And then there was a wood with a path winding through it. The story was embellished with a pencil drawing of the wood, the scale of miles, the width of the path. These were but a few of the exhibits. *Don't send maps and blue prints with your stories.* The director will attend to them. If you have a haunted house, or a wood with a winding pathway, describe them—if you must—in your script. But these added exhibits bear the earmarks of the beginner.

As to Protection

"My experience prompts me to ask whether there is any way for a writer to protect his ideas in the form of a story or scenario? Had a number of good plots which I wrote up in what is considered proper form. Sent some to a number of companies. In a few cases the scenarios were returned promptly. In other cases I was compelled to write a number of times for the return, and in each case I received some ordinary excuse, such as that the film concerns were not in the market at that particular time for that class of picture. I often wondered why. The following is one unsolicited explanation. A short time ago at a house party I was introduced to the wife of a very popular director of one of the large producing companies, and, in conversation with her, I learned that all scenarios received by this company were turned over to her husband, who, besides directing, wrote all the scenarios for plays intended for this company. He would send some to their home, where she would read them very carefully, jotting down the plots and ideas, which he would peruse and then write a scenario, supposedly his own. The original scenarios would be returned to the writers with a rejection slip. From the experience I have had, it would seem that practically all producing companies treat scenarios and stories submitted to them in this manner. Is there not some way for a writer to protect his work?"

The writer of this plaint evidently had had experience along the wrong lines. There is no director who can write all the plays for a producing company and

also direct them *if the company amounts to anything.* First-class concerns, as we have repeated frequently, will not steal plots. Nor can their employees do so. You have a carbon copy of the plot you submitted with, of course, the date. Should that story be stolen, you have records to prove it is your property. Let us give you an example of the dangers of plot theft. Not so long ago one of the world's most popular photo-play stars appeared in an unusually good drama. It abounded in thrills and gripping situations with punch after punch. On the screen it was written by So-and-so, and directed by So-and-so. We might add that the author and the director were leaders in their line of work. The star appeared in the play in good faith—it being handed over to him as original work. Well, to make a long story short, that drama was copied almost situation by situation from a famous novel. Even the audiences spotted it. The star in question was notified. The author brought suit, the film drama was withdrawn from the market, the "author" and the director lost their jobs. At the time this was written the court decision had not been rendered. However, the plot stealing cost the star and his company thousands of dollars. So you see that even the most experienced in the art cannot steal a plot and get away with it. Send your stories to reputable companies and profit thereby. The sins of the others will find them out.

Plays with Local Settings

Do not write plays written around familiar scenes at your home, involving the life of your friends, and expect film companies to buy them. A letter reads: "A year or two ago some film company offered a prize contest in photo-play writing to the students of the high school. The play had a local setting, and was acted by local people. It was filmed and produced on percentage basis as a Civic League benefit. Can you tell me if there is any company which would be interested in the filming and producing of similar plays?"

Such films occasionally are made through the individual enterprises of itinerant camera men. If you wish a camera man to film a home-talent movie, advertise in the motion-picture trade journals. A camera man will furnish camera and film, and the rest will be up to you.

As to Plots

"What is your ideas as to plots?" asks a well-meaning writer of movie plays. My idea is quickly expressed in this adage: There is nothing new under the sun. All the plots have been done. The only thing we can hope to do is to devise a new twist or turn for an old situation. The same rule applies to magazine-story plots and to novels. Sherlock Holmes, with his methods of deductions, was not a new idea in fiction, though thought by many to be when he first appeared. Edgar Allan Poe used the deduction idea in his mystery tales long before Doyle's character was introduced to the public. The triangle plot is as old as Genesis, and Delilah was the first vampire—or was it Jezebel? The writer who can hit upon a brand-new idea is indeed fortunate. It isn't generally being done. The two men and a woman and the two women and the man continue to occupy the screen with more or less new business written around their old doings. The play's the thing, but so is the plot. There has been an attempt to forget the plot for "atmosphere"—so called. In other words, to put over scenario, acting, and camera

effects, and forget the basic story. Almost without exception this attempt has proved disastrous. The producers are going back to the good old plot making, with atmosphere secondary. They have learned a lesson through the cash box. And so do not forget the plot when you evolve a lot of "tense atmosphere," "cute business," and new "effects." Get in plenty of love interest, and the good old villain—have him do his worst. It has been proved that the people like it. If that is not so, how else can you account for the popularity of serials and the wild-Western dramas of the Bill Hart type?

The Wrong Spirit

In the course of a letter from San Francisco the writer says: "I am a regular reader of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and appreciate the many hints you are giving to amateur writers. Of course, I am not a writer, but that is no fault of my own. As the moving-picture industry is in the hands of the slave auctioneers, and managed by fools who want nothing but bargains—but that isn't all—they want the glory and credit for some of the work they have not done. An amateur writer sells his work at a bargain, and, cheated of due credit, will always remain an amateur writer, unheard-of. The public demands the stars who have earned reputations, but the producers wouldn't give them contracts because they were not to be had at a bargain. By the control of the picture-play industry they deny the stars to appear, and substitute them with some unknown slave. This, of course, is unfair to the public as well as to the talent." We publish the above for a purpose—namely, to show a good sample of letters written by those having the wrong spirit. Reading between the lines, we should say that the author of the above was either a disappointed author or actor. Can you blame the editor and the producer for misgivings when so many letters like the above flow into the film producer's offices? The attackers of the industry do not pause to study the industry they score, but cheerfully blaze away in blind ignorance, thus destroying the arguments of those few who have just complaints. Credit is given the author on the screen nowadays by reputable companies; there is no "substituting of stars"—it being a well-known fact that the stars are getting the profits of the business; the leading companies advertise the prices they pay for stories, thus making it impossible to "bargain" for them. Movieland is long-suffering!

As to Experience

Is it necessary to have experience as a story writer to make a success as a scenario writer? This question is often asked, and the answer is no. The simon-pure facts are that most short-story writers are not successful as writers of motion-picture continuity. They can submit plots in synopsis form, but when it comes to writing from the angle of the camera they are woefully lacking. One reason is that many of them feel superior to the art. In past years they have assumed the attitude that the movies were something inferior to their regular professions of writing books and short stories, and so they only turned to the art when the remuneration proved very tempting. Many writers of fiction labor under the idea that any old thing "dashed off" will do for motion pictures. The fact is that the plot must be fresher and of more strength than the plot of the average short story. Otherwise the movie producer could contract for the entire output of the magazine, and rest content in the knowledge that his stories were plentiful.

But, on the contrary, about one story in fifty appearing in the magazines is found suitable for the screen. The plots are not adaptable—there is too much word picturing and dialogue which will not picturize. The best writers of movie continuity to-day are former newspaper men. They learned the mechanics of writing under the most adverse circumstances. They studied the camera, and enjoy lucrative salaries from writing continuity. If you can plot—if you can recognize an idea when you meet it face to face, and can put it on paper—there is no reason why you cannot sell your stuff to the movies. After all, that is all the average writer of fiction can do. In fact, he usually simply disposes of his book of short-story rights for a stated sum, and does not try even the synopses when he gets an offer from a picture producer. And it may be stated, in passing, that the synopses turned out by the authors' agencies are rarely illuminating, and that is the reason why movie concerns keep their own staffs of readers.

Prologues

Don't have prologues or epilogues in your motion-picture plots. By that we mean, do not write such a type of story that a prologue is essential. In reading the continuity or working scripts of a number of the most able scenario writers there is one glaring weakness noticeable—one that is invariably corrected by the director if by no one else. That is the lugging in of a prologue running from a half dozen to fifty scenes, and then starting the real plot "twenty years later." The argument is put forth by some of the writers of motion pictures that many of the novels purchased and given them to adapt for screen purposes are the "twenty-years-after" plots, in which a prologue is essential. They are wrong. If the character of the plot is such that something occurring ten or twenty years before needs clearing up, then clear it up in a logical and dramatic way at the proper time. The prologue has many weaknesses. One is that the audience becomes interested in the prologue as the beginning of the story. Then the selfsame audience must go back and begin all over again with another story, thus dividing the interest. Commence with the story proper, and when, in the development of your plot, reference is made to a happening years before, bring it in right then and there, and let the writer of continuity vision back as briefly as possible. It is the lesser of two evils.

Inventors of Subtitle

Many writers of motion-picture plays will be interested to know that Mr. F. Zecca has arrived in America, and is now director general of productions for Pathé. In 1900 Messrs. Zecca and Pathé made the first motion-picture drama entitled "The Little Story of a Crime." It was one hundred and fifty feet in length, and it contained three subtitles, the first subtitles ever used. The first exhibitors who received the prints returned them indignantly. They complained they were paying for motion pictures, not for literature, and it required considerable persuasion before they would even show them.

"A great deal of money is spent on your productions which does not show on the screen," said Mr. Zecca, in an interview for this department. "It is probably due to the lack of preparation in the scenario, which is the basis of every picture. In my opinion the scenario is of paramount importance. Without a good scenario no picture has much interest. I do not mean this as a reflection on American productions, which are the best that are being made to-day anywhere

in the world. You have come to the front rapidly, and have done much to develop the motion-picture art. I do think, however, that the average producer has paid too much attention to the star, and too little to the story, the result being imperfect pictures. Get first of all a good, strong story."

A Just Complaint

"No letter was inclosed with my rejected manuscript, not even the usual printed slip was inclosed with it, but across the first sheet of my manuscript was written in pencil: 'Cannot use scenarios at present.' No signature." The writer of the above had just cause for complaint. He prepared clean, attractive manuscript, and had it returned with a pencil scrawl across the first sheet. This is on a par with that well-known film editor who used a rubber stamp on all manuscripts received. When the author received his script back home again he was edified to see stamped in pink ink the name of the company, the date of the receipt, and the date of rejection. Fine stuff! This latter company advertised for manuscripts, too!

Using Common Sense

The business office exerts a certain influence over the policy of every large newspaper, and the business office exerts a very large influence over the character of motion-picture plays. One motion-picture producer demanded sex-problem plots, and would accept no others because he thought it good business. Another seeks the "Come Into the Garden, Maude," or "Genevieve, of Tin Can Alley," kind of stuff, because the sweet and hoydenish stories suit his particular stars, and the public looks for them in such atmosphere. Others wish the overworked Bret Harte plots brought up to date, and yet others look for the vampire plots, using all possible vampires, from Delilah to Cleopatra. Some authors claim they cannot write so-called "commercial scripts," but they can. The commercial script is what makes the wheels go round. The author is given a commission to write a certain type of story for a certain type of star, or, if he is wise, he studies the capabilities of certain stars, their line of work, and caters to them. This is common sense—business instinct, if you please. The successful author exercises sound judgment in another detail—namely, in the expenditure of the producers' good money. Nothing will make the average photo-play producer emit such loud and piercing screams like having to read over the scene plot of a manuscript which calls for "a roof garden," "a palatial ballroom," "two submarines," "a typical street in Warsaw, showing the citizens, soldiers, et cetera, et cetera." These mean a big expenditure of money for sets and for supers. A majority of the movie concerns will stand for one or two big sets in an average five-reeler, but expect the story so plotted that expensive sets be kept out as much as possible. That is why exteriors are so favored—one doesn't have to spend money to build a set. These and other details are taken into consideration in the buying of a scenario. It is well to remember, also, that nine out of ten of the movie stars would be "on" all the time if that were possible. They are of the firm conviction that the supporting cast is not essential at all, and that the public wishes to see the bright and shining star in every scene, particularly in every close-up. It is the director's chief worry in life to develop the plot and convince the star that the other actors should do something occasionally. The question of close-ups is just one wrangle after another. So write in all the business possible for the lead, and the more

close-ups the better, particularly if said star has a clause in his contract by which he O. K.'s the continuity before acceptance. Of course, the day is coming when there will be no such contracts—I hope it will come soon—but there are some in effect still to-day. So you see there is more than just the mere plot to be considered when writing for the movies!

The Hall of Fame

Monsieur Rameriz Torres has been appointed scenario editor of Pathé, resuming the position he so ably filled for so long a time. Mr. Rameriz has been affiliated with Pathé for many years.

Charles Sarver, former newspaper man and writer of fiction, is now the editor of the World Film Corporation. Mr. Sarver was formerly with the scenario staffs of the Lasky and Pathé Companies. He is an exceptionally clever writer of continuity. Mrs. Sarver is also a writer of ability, and little Miss Sarver, aged seven years, now at boarding school, recently submitted a "scenario" which bears considerable promise of good things to come when "Dolly" becomes older.

Lucien Hubbard has completed the continuity for "The Wolf-faced Man," the new Pathé serial. Roy Summerville is writing the continuity for "The Long Arm," another Pathé serial written by Arthur Reeves and Charles A. Logue.

As to Royalty

Maibelle Heikes Justice, the famous writer of novels, short stories, and photo plays, was probably the first to demand payment on the royalty basis for her photo-play plots. Now a number of authors are doing it. Of course, your reputation as a sure-fire author must be established before you can ask for and receive royalties. They are rarely demanded for five-reel subjects, the royalty arrangement being more strictly observed for State-right pictures. By the latter we mean the photo plays, usually propaganda, in six or more reels, which furnish an entire evening's entertainment. These are in the nature of spoken drama, and the man or woman who writes the plot and the continuity for such productions certainly deserves credit both financially and in publicity. Very often the royalty clause brings in satisfactory remuneration. But—sh-sh-sh!—we know of instances where the royalty arrangement insisted upon by the writer has lost said writer money, for the picture proved a failure. It's a question whether it is better to accept a fair cash price for your stuff and rest content, or to gamble on the future of the picture. Sometimes you win, and sometimes you lose. Just the same, the writers should be grateful to Miss Justice for blazing the trail as to royalties, a basis which will assume more and more importance as time goes on.

A NEW EDITION OF THE MARKET BOOKLET

To our readers who have used our market booklet we wish to announce that a new edition has just been compiled, giving the latest information available at the time of printing on the needs of all the leading companies, lists of their principal stars, and the like. A copy of this booklet will be sent to any address for six cents in postage.

Scenario Writing from the Director's Viewpoint

By Allan Dwan

Director for Douglas Fairbanks

Mr. Dwan wishes that amateur writers would send him any questions concerning practical problems of photo-play productions which he can answer in these pages. He cannot, however, criticise scripts, nor answer inquiries which require personal replies.—EDITOR'S NOTE

MANY writers have asked me why companies, in returning manuscripts, do not give specific reasons for their rejection, in place of the conventional printed slip bearing some such phrase as, "Not suitable for our present purposes."

If you could see the thousands of manuscripts which have to be read each week by scenario staffs, you would soon see why individual criticism is impossible. Assuming that your story is a good one, well written, and neatly presented, you naturally wonder why you have had no more consideration than the conventional form, "Not suitable for our present purposes." Well, here is the reason for the rejection of a great many scripts:

The majority of film companies are exploiting stars. They are therefore considering material suitable only to exploit the personality of the star. Now suppose that your story contains two characters of equal importance, say a man and a woman, as is frequently the case in good stories. Suppose that the film company to which you submit your manuscript is in search of material for a woman star. Quite naturally your story will not be available because it would make the star's leading man too prominent. The reverse is true of companies exploiting male stars. Therefore, if you are writing a story with a definite star in mind, dwell entirely upon the character that the star is expected to portray, and in submitting your story submit it to the company exploiting that star, with an accompanying letter explaining that it was your purpose to have that star portray your principal character. Then, in case it is returned, you are at least more likely to receive a criticism as to why it was unavailable. The "star" system is so vital to the picture-play business at present that it is almost impossible to unload a story not directly suited to the personality of some star, either male or female. But remember, if you inclose such a note to the scenario editor, write it in the *fewest possible number of words.*

Companies indulging in productions in which a star is not exploited usually use stories well known to the public either through their previous presentations in the form of short stories or novels, or perhaps in the form of a play. In that case, the title becomes the star, or perhaps it may be the name of a well-known author. Some one must be starred, either the *director,* the *star,* the *story,* or the *author.* You, who are unknown authors, must therefore

rely naturally on the "star" system. Consequently it it wise for you to have the personality of a star in mind when writing, and keep your story so well balanced that the star is exploited above all other characters in your story.

In the event that your manuscript is returned from one company, submit it to another. Bear in mind, though, that your manuscript must not bear the marks of having been previously read by a scenario editor, but should be clean and neat and apparently original, as a soiled manuscript seldom gets the attention of a scenario editor.

Another point worth considering is the weather. In California, where a large amount of film production is going on, there is a "rainy season." It usually lasts between the middle of February and the end of April. During that time companies find it unprofitable to work out of doors. They therefore require stories dealing largely with interior settings and as few exterior settings as possible. In the old days, no company was provided with a roof over its head, and I can recall distinctly a tie-up of twenty-four consecutive days during the rainy season. That difficulty, however, has been eliminated by the building of glass roofs and the installing of complete electrical units of artificially lighted interior sets.

If, at the beginning of the rainy season, you should submit a story, however good, dealing with the glorious out-of-doors, a scenario editor is not so likely to give it serious consideration, as he would later on, if the company he buys for is one of those which produces only on the Pacific coast.

Doug is right on the job when Allan Dwan gets a new script for him.

By the time this article reaches you, the rainy season will have ended in California, and stories dealing with the out-of-doors will be most welcome, and the more out-of-door scenes they contain the more welcome will they be, for the commercial advantage of the rainy season must be overcome when the sun is shining.

A good selling point for the amateur writer to bear in mind is the use of the so-called "twist." By that I mean the unexpected happenings in the story. The "twist," to be useful and valuable, must by all means be logical. It is quite a simple matter suddenly to deviate from the theme or general course of the story into some irrelevant, outside channel that might be misconstrued as a "twist;" but a "twist," really to be effective, should surprise and satisfy an audience, and should in most cases cause amusement. To make my meaning more clear, perhaps some of the readers may recall a picture with Mr. Fairbanks in the Triangle days, entitled "Manhattan Madness." In constructing that story I resorted to the "twist." After an intense melodrama, which seemed to be perfectly sincere, Mr. Fairbanks battered his way through a wall and came face to face with all his contestants and his friends, seated at a table awaiting them. We had previously planted the possibility of this "twist" with a bet, and then came another "twist." Mr. Fairbanks, seeing the situation, immediately abducted the girl from beneath the noses of the ones who had made play and jest of him. He was aided in this by the sudden arrival in the magnificent dining room of a lot of his cowboy friends, who had also been previously planted—and logically so—in an earlier part of the story, but had, by careful manipulation, been forgotten until the moment they were needed.

Now, "Manhattan Madness" enjoyed a huge success. Possibly no comedy of that type has ever been so popular, and even to-day it marks the standard in construction of "twist."

Any editor will give serious consideration to a clever "twist," even though the rest of the story may be inferior. Therefore I suggest that you bear this in mind always as a good selling point.

In "Mr. Fix-It," my latest production with Mr. Fairbanks, you will see another striking example of the "twist" which will more clearly exemplify my meaning.

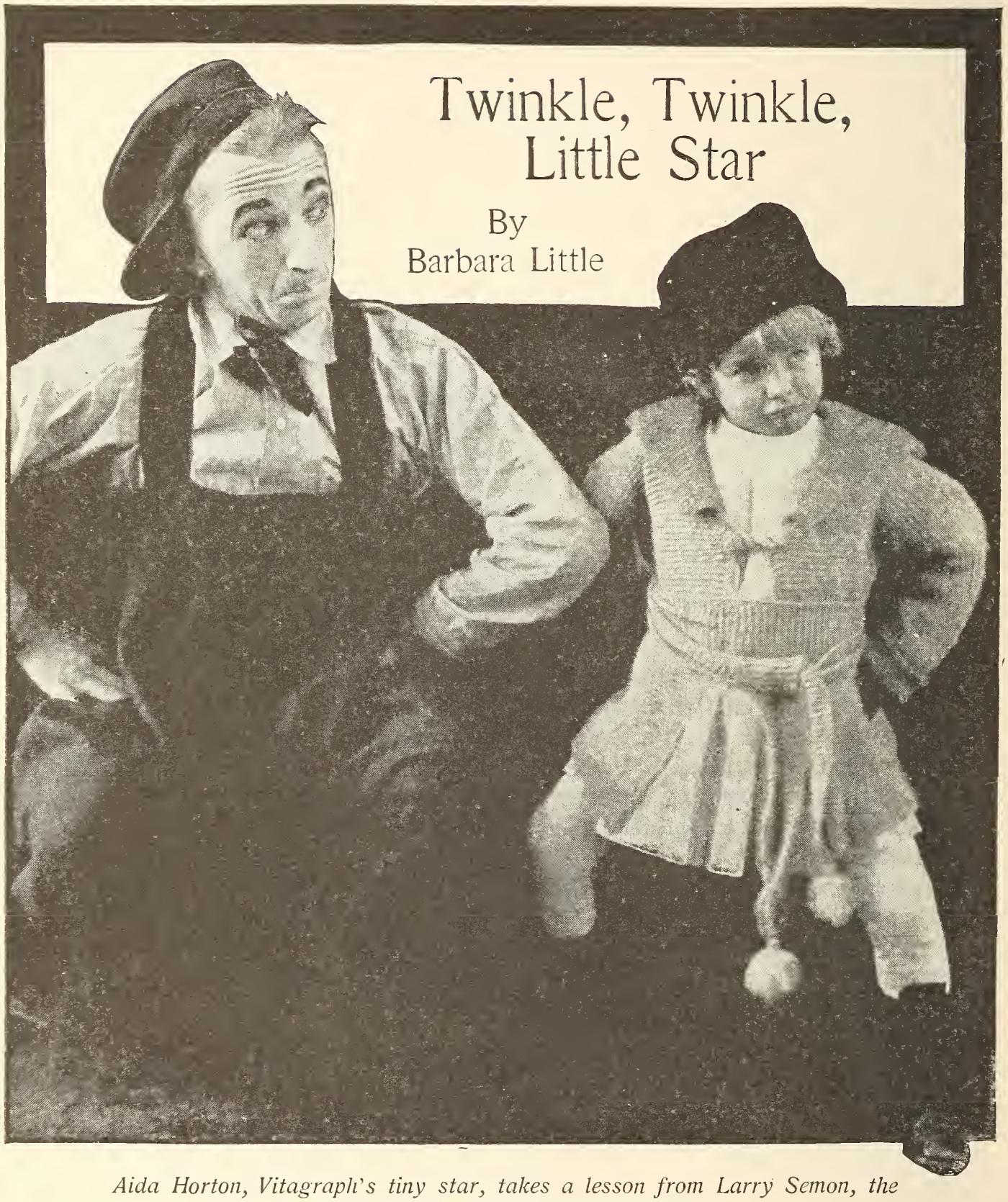
I have stated in previous articles that I am eager and willing to advise amateur writers on their troubles. Since then, a number have been asking me to read stories which have been written with Mr. Fairbanks in mind. *I cannot grant such requests. The demands on my time are too great.*

Our firm, like all other firms, is provided with a very fine scenario staff, who are at your service, willing to read your work and pass on it. If they see fit, they will pass it on for production consideration.

Another matter that may be of interest to you is to know about the Motion Picture Directors' Association, wherein are gathered all the important motion-picture directors in the business. If you have any serious or interesting problems to state relative to your experiences, you may submit them to me by letter, and if I consider them important enough I will bring them up before this body of men for discussion. It is a fine thing for you to know that one letter may reach the notice of practically every director of any consequence in the business. If your problem is sufficiently interesting, I can send it to New York for consideration. Of course I am not asking you now to tell me your *petty* difficulties, but some of you may possibly have some good suggestions that will tend generally to improve the motion-picture industry. We should be very glad to receive them, for we realize our shortcomings.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

By
Barbara Little



Aida Horton, Vitagraph's tiny star, takes a lesson from Larry Semon, the versatile comedian, cartoonist, and director.

THE movie-going public is paying twice as much attention to the movie children as it did a year ago. After all, a tiny star who can twinkle to the music of eight hundred dollars a week isn't to be sneezed at, especially when she finds time to go to dancing school, "reading-'riting-'rithmetic" school, and take music lessons when she isn't acting. For that's what Baby Marie Osborne and a few other child stars are said to be earning. That doesn't mean that their salaries are eight hundred dollars, for the best paid earn from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a week, but a few of the little stars share in the royalties that come from exhibiting the films in

foreign lands, and in some cases these amount to far more than the actual salary. Other child actors get from thirty-five to sixty dollars a week, and often when not under contract are paid their salary as "retention," even though they may not be called on to act for weeks at a time.

Speaking of large figures, both in salary and importance, in the field of the twinkling little stars, there is Bobby Connelly, who earns — well, enough to pay out a good-sized slice of it as an income tax. "I know several kids who are trying to dodge the tax," remarked Bobby sagely, "and I don't think it's square. Neither does mother," he added, to back up his own opinion.

The salaries may seem high, but high prices must always be paid for things that are hard to get, and the rarest thing in the world is a good child actor. The reason for this is, I suppose, child psychology. For a child is the most natural bit of humanity possible, and laughs, cries, or cuts up only

Bobby Connelly excels in mischievous rôles, as one glance into his roguish brown eyes forewarns.

Although a twinkling star, Baby Marie Osborne is not too busy to knit "her bit," but mother has to help with the occasional dropped stitch.

when he feels like it, and not at all when the picture may demand it. Left to himself, the average child does not act. To register for the camera an emotion that he doesn't feel is absolutely foreign to him.

Sometimes the success or the failure of a picture in which a child plays an important rôle depends entirely on whether the child will be able to do what he is told at the proper moment and in the proper way. Take the scene in the "Law of the Land," for example, where the child who is playing the part of Madame Petrova's little son tells the police inspector how he has been cruelly whipped by his father.

"Cry!" commanded the director, but the child only looked at him in wide-eyed astonishment. "Can't you make him cry?" he said, thoroughly exasperated, turning to the baby's mother, and the entire scene was held up three-quarters of an hour until the desired effect was produced. Not much like little Frankie Lee, the five-year-old playing with Roy Stewart in "The Boss of the Lazy Y," who was unable to wring out real salty tears on demand, but ingeniously "faked" them. The

Ivy Ward is the little daughter in "The Doll's House," and according to her own idea, the star performer, for she recently announced that Elsie Ferguson was a "good support."

scene was all ready and the actors in position.

"Wait a minute till I get my tears ready," said Frankie, and, shoving his plump little fist into a glass of water, started the "tears" coursing down his cheek.

And speaking of "teary" work by youngsters, there has never been anything finer or more realistic in this line than the performance of Ben Alexander, who plays the part of the *Littlest Brother* in Griffith's mastodonic war play, "Hearts of the World." This child cries as naturally as any director's heart could desire, and throughout the whole film his childlike, realistic acting is little short of wonderful. It is almost in a class by itself.

A good child actor is a perfect delight to a director—one who once shown how to do a thing may be depended on to perform according to schedule. Even with grown-ups scenes must often be rehearsed over and over. One person's mistakes may require five or six rehearsals. Then think of the gigantic undertaking of handling "Jack, the Giant Killer," with its cast of thirteen hundred kiddies!

At the Fox Studio School, Miss Taylor has every sort of young actor, from the wee fairy queen to the Japanese kiddies.

When the director wants an older person to play a part he either gives him a script to read or sketches the plot and the actor's part in it in a few words. But with a child actor, whose experience is so limited, far more careful preparation is necessary. Very often the problem can best be solved by telling the child the story, as if it came out of a nursery book, and then afterward "playing it out" like a game with the youthful actor. But once the child's imagination is aroused, the rest goes simply enough, and all the director has to do is to see that it does not exceed his own.

Children love to imitate, and this is a fact that is often made use of in getting ready to "shoot." An older actor goes through the part with the child, doing just what he expects the child to do later, and it is amazing what thorough little monkeys they prove to be.

But the children who are professional in the movies become just as careful about details as their elders, and develop a remarkable degree of "camera presence." The first thing that little Barbara Connolly, the three-and-a-half-year-old Triangle star, thought of when she slipped and fell into a tank of water

during some brisk action in "Little Red Decides," was what effect the accident would have on the picture.

"Oh, mother," she cried when her mother rushed over to see if she was terribly hurt, "isn't my make-up ruined?"

But the education of child movie actors is a most important part of their training. How, you ask, does a movie company get around the law which requires boys and girls to get an education? They don't get around the law at all. They meet it fully and squarely.

In some cases the contract with the child's guardian states that the child is to receive a certain number of hours of tutoring each week, and any slackness on the part of a grasping parent is promptly met by a cancellation of the contract. In other companies the child actors are listed with the board of education as half-time children. They work at the studio until twelve o'clock, and go to school in the afternoon, on exactly the same plan as the very frail child whom the doctor's certificate makes a half-timer.

In California, where the movies are extremely well organized, the schooling for picture children is under the direction of the local board of education and the State labor commission. The studio, somewhat like a factory, is required to establish a school on its premises, pay the teachers sent by the board of education, and give the children four hours a day in the classroom.

The number of children in a movie school changes from week to week. There may be fifty or sixty, or none at all for a time, depending on what scenarios are under way. For each ten children there must be a teacher.

School is held under the trees in the studio garden. In rainy weather the school, which is literally a moving one, meets in a glass stage or in an empty set—the library of a French villa, a New York tenement house, a Mexican hut, a miner's log cabin, or a fairy forest, and this very environment is made to help in the schooling.

They are a happy lot, these movie children; they have the best of care and lots of fun, and undoubtedly get a more varied training than their unprofessional playmates.

Los Angeles children were delighted to play in a picture with Mary Pickford, but when they found that they should still have to go to school and that Mary was to be "let off," they went on strike.

How I Saw "Hearts of the World"

Seated beside Lillian and Dorothy Gish, their guest for the evening, the writer witnessed the first public performance of the new Griffith masterpiece. This is an account of her impressions of that event.

By Marguerite Sheridan

GRIFFITH Night in Los Angeles! For months to come, "Hearts of the World," the latest and mightiest work of this wizard of the cinematographic art, will continue to shine forth in all its wonder, its pathos, and its infinite charm, through the lenses of hundreds of projection machines in every city in the country, but in no place will it be the all-important event that was the premier showing in "The City of the Angels."

Just as the master producer gave them "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" before even staid New York and the slightly less critical Chicago were allowed a peep, so was the first glimpse of this—"the sweetest love story ever told"—staged among the ruins of war-torn France, accorded to his California friends.

It is an old, old story, told in a new and wonderful way.

Before I tell you of this night of nights, let us go back a few days and journey out to the studio, where we will watch Griffith at work putting the finishing touches to "The Picture," as it was called in an almost awe-struck tone by every one around the studio.

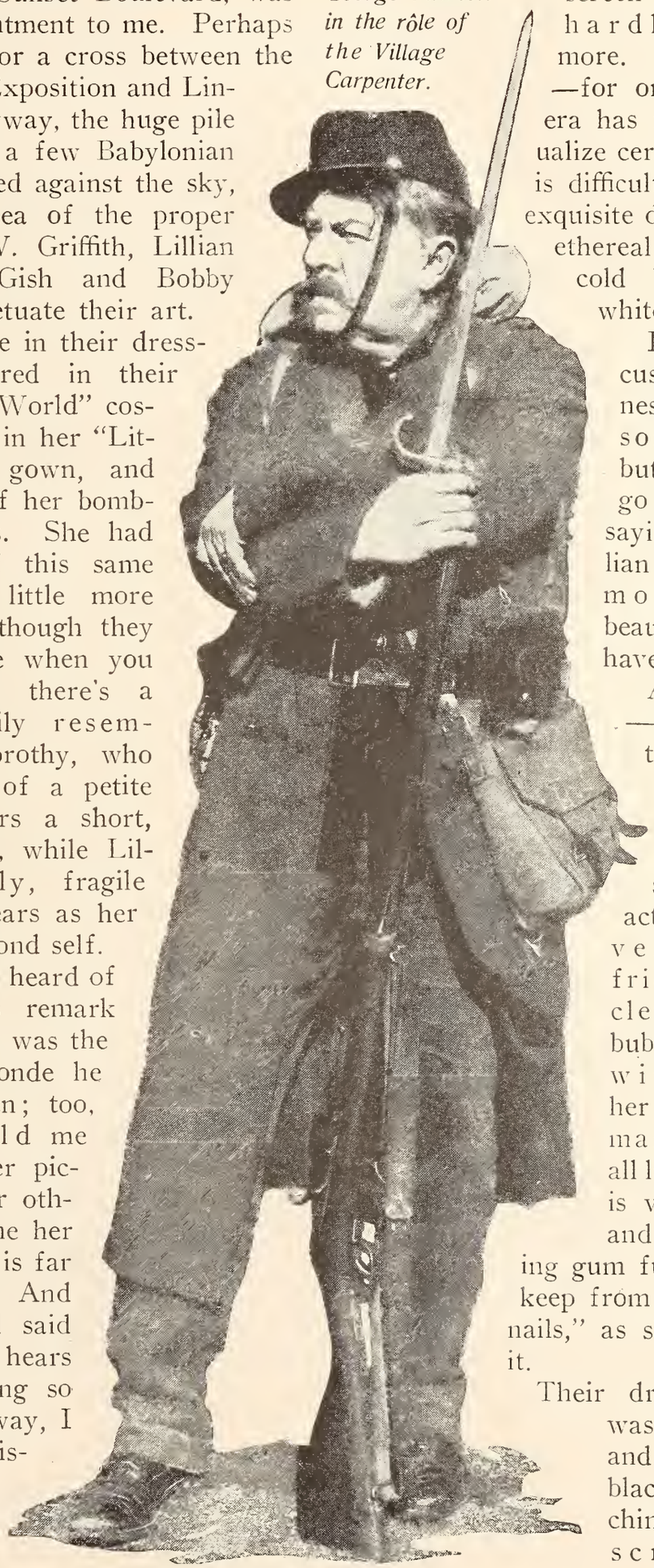
Mrs. Gish, mother of the two lovely young girls who play the leading feminine rôles in "Hearts of the World," telephoned me that Lillian and Dorothy were at the studio that afternoon, and we would drive out about two o'clock.

The exterior of the old Mutual - Reliance, Majestic, Fine Arts

studio, out on Sunset Boulevard, was a keen disappointment to me. Perhaps I was looking for a cross between the San Francisco Exposition and Lincoln Park. Anyway, the huge pile of shacks, with a few Babylonian towers silhouetted against the sky, was not my idea of the proper place for D. W. Griffith, Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Bobby Harron to perpetuate their art.

The girls were in their dressing room, attired in their "Hearts of the World" costumes, Dorothy in her "Little Disturber" gown, and Lillian in one of her bomb-shattered frocks. She had three copies of this same dress, each a little more dilapidated. Although they are quite unlike when you see them, still there's a strong "family resemblance;" so Dorothy, who plays the part of a petite Parisienne, wears a short, curly black wig, while Lillian, the lovely, fragile fleur-de-lis, appears as her own beautiful blond self.

I had long ago heard of David Belasco's remark that Lillian Gish was the most perfect blonde he had ever seen; too, others have told me that none of her pictures, moving or otherwise, have done her justice; that she is far more beautiful. And I smiled and said nothing. One hears this sort of thing so often, and, anyway, I was entirely satisfied with the way Miss Gish looked on the screen—one could hardly ask for more. But it is true—for once the camera has failed to visualize certain facts. It is difficult to paint her exquisite daintiness, her ethereal loveliness, in cold black and white.



George Fawcett in the rôle of the Village Carpenter.

I may be accused of rashness and all that sort of thing, but I want to go on record as saying that Lillian Gish is the most perfectly beautiful girl I have ever seen.

And Dorothy—well, Dorothy is her mother's own daughter in looks and speech and actions. She is very jolly, friendly, and clever — fairly bubbling over with fun, and her witty remarks kept us all laughing. She is very nervous, and kept chewing gum furiously—"to keep from chewing her nails," as she expressed it.

Their dressing room was very neat and pretty in black and white chintz. It is kept scrupulously

The three stars—Dorothy, Lillian, and Bobby.

clean by "Madame," the East Indian, who played a part in "The Birth of a Nation"—the negress who spat and acted so dreadfully. "Madame" fairly worships Mr. Griffith and calls him "her son."

The girls were waiting to do a scene or two, because Mr. Griffith had not liked the original. Retakes by the dozens he has done, so infinitely painstaking and careful is he always.

Camera Man Billy Bitzer appeared at the door and said that Mr. Griffith was calling for Miss Dorothy, and the scene was to be in the "lot," so we went with her.

This "lot" covers about two blocks of ground and is situated a block away from the studio. Out there all the exteriors, and ever so many "open interiors," such as the one Dorothy did, are taken.

I spied Bobby Harron in his trench uniform, and then I looked around for the great Griffith. There was the illustrious gentleman, with his derby tilted on the side of his head and a long, black cigar in his mouth. Otherwise, he reminded me of a fine product of the old school of acting. Then I heard him speak. I have never heard such a compelling voice. It makes you think of people hurrying to obey whatever he might say.

The scene was the staircase of "The Inn" in the little French village. They went over it countless times—it took an hour to get it finished, and it was the tiniest bit of action. Dorothy Gish looked as though she would drop from fatigue, but she was just as anxious as Mr. Griffith to have it perfect, so she went at it with all her might until he pronounced it satisfactory.

When the scene was finished, a huge studio car rolled up and we all piled in. I had not met Mr. Griffith, and I was so impressed with being in his presence that I'm not quite sure what he said to me, except that he was very nice and cordial and wanted to know if this was my first experience and if I found it interesting. It was, and I did.

Back to the studio, and this time it was an indoor set with Lillian and Robert Harron. "Mr. Griffith's Boy," as they call him, the hero of the play, is just the Robert Harron that you see on the screen—very serious, a little sad, quite "Griffithlike"—that's the only word that properly describes him.

We went into a dark, cold room, stumbled over lumber, cords attached to lights, people, and other impedimenta. Then I reached some sort of consciousness that lights were burning very brightly, directions were shouted, and I fell into a chair which one Mr. George Seigmann, Griffith's right-hand man, pushed out for me. In the film, Mr. Seigmann sinks to the depths of portraying *Von Strohm,* German secret-service agent; otherwise he's a very nice man.

It was very thrilling, watching Mr. Griffith direct at such close range. His methods are very simple; he doesn't rant and rave—I think it's his voice that puts things over. And he's immensely funny at times.

Again the scene didn't suit him. Down to the projection room he went to look at the scene immediately before it. Mr. Seigmann succeeded in getting the set arranged correctly. Ready! Camera! Action! And it was over.

Mrs. Gish told me how they happened to go to Europe with Mr. Griffith. They were in New York, waiting for him to decide just what he was going to do with his contract with the British government. The government insisted on plain war stuff, and Mr. Griffith insisted just as firmly that he must have a story running through the scenes on the western front. It was finally arranged, and Mrs. Gish, Lillian, and Mr. Griffith went first. When they were three days out, they wired for Dorothy, Robert Harron, and William Bitzer, the camera man who has filmed all the Griffith photo plays.

The latter trio went over on the ship with Pershing; and Dorothy told me that she was quite delighted with the famous general, and he told her that

he knew her, too, very well; when he was in Mexico, motion pictures were the soldiers' chief diversions, and the Gishes entertained them frequently.

At last came the lovely spring night for which we were anxiously waiting.

Clune's Theater, an immense place, was packed to the doors before eight o'clock, and a disappointed throng was clamoring outside for admission.

In the lobby were boys dressed as French poilus, British Tommies, and our own American boys. Beautiful flowers were there, too—gifts to Mr. Griffith and his players. Of course California is so full of wonderful flowers that they don't make quite the impression they would in New York, but a floral piece to Mr. Griffith "From the Boys" made even the native sons hesitate a moment to admire.

It was Dorothy Gish's idea that they mingle with the crowd on the opening night instead of occupying the customary box.

"I couldn't have all those people staring at me," said this very democratic young miss.

And it was fortunate, indeed, for me that they decided on seats on the first floor of the mezzanine floor and secured one for me, or otherwise I would have had to seek cold comfort that night at Grauman's or the Kinema. Every seat was sold on the first day.

Dear Mrs. Gish chaperoned the party, looking almost as young as her two lovely daughters in her handsome black-and-silver gown and a corsage bouquet of red roses.

"The most adorable Lily" sat next to me. Her evening coat was white velvet, with a white fur collar that hung to her waist. Yards of misty white maline were draped around her golden hair, which was arranged very simply in coils around her head. She wore an orchid-colored gown veiled in silver, and her flowers were orchids. I could scarcely keep my eyes on the picture for looking at her. Which, in itself, is quite a compliment.

Dorothy was very sweet and girlish in lavender taffeta. She hates fussy clothes. It is my opinion that if Mrs. Gish and Lillian didn't attend to her wardrobe for her, this young lady would cling mostly to middy blouses and sport clothes. She had a birthday that week, however; so Lillian's gift, a truly wonderful evening coat, was aired for the first time. It was a ravishing affair of lavender and gray chiffon, banded with flying squirrel, and, as Dorothy said: "I may freeze to death, but I'll *have* to wear my new coat!"

Robert Harron was there, looking very handsome and boyish in his evening clothes. Right next to Bobby was a vacant seat—behind a post. Oh, how I wished for one adoring Griffith satellite I knew—I am sure he would have gladly craned his neck around that post for a week just to see "The Hearts of the World."

Just behind us was a seat reserved for Mr. Griffith, which he didn't occupy. I'm not sure just where the master director watched the picture; but he turned up later, so I knew he was around somewhere.

In her box on one side of the theater, Queen Mary Pickford held court, a very lovely Mary, with a dear smile on her face and many curls on top of her head.

The entire picture-play colony turned out to do Mr. Griffith homage. I doubt if there has ever been such a brilliant assemblage under one roof.

There was Howard Hickman with his wife, the lovely Bessie Barriscale; Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKim; Mildred Harris; Seena Owen, looking more than ever "The Princess Beloved;" Alma Rubens, the beautiful brunette from the Triangle forces, in a stunning white evening gown; Blanche Sweet in palest gray, a very sweet and flowerlike Blanche, whom all her friends greeted

With the sunshine is mingled the shadows—the grim side of the war.

warmly. It's been many a day since we've seen her face on the screen.

The Talmadge family was represented by Mrs. Talmadge, Constance, a very attractive young person in brown, and Natalie, who looks very much like Norma.

Promptly at eight-fifteen the curtain

rose, and "the play was the thing." The action was so intense and stirring that it didn't seem half an hour, although it was really almost three hours long. It is marvelous to think how the brains and genius of one man can sway such a vast throng—they were chilled and thrilled and dissolved in tears. It was superb.

"An Old-fashioned Play with a New-fashioned Theme," the program calls it. Yes, it is an old, old story, but it is told in the newest and most wonderful way. And far above the din of battle, massing of troops, recapturing of villages, one can always hear the love note—the thing which Griffith shows is going to save the world.

Whenever the battle scenes get just a little too horrible to endure comfortably, when the action is so realistic that one can almost feel the shrapnel flying around, we are taken back to the peaceful quiet of the little French village and our nerves allowed to rest for a brief space.

All the lovely, human touches that have characterized the former Griffith spectacles are present in "The Hearts of the World." To me they are the greatest marks of the Griffith genius.

As far as personal successes are concerned, Lillian Gish as *Marie Stephenson* is startlingly superior to anything she has ever done. Pitifully lovely she has been before, but never really so fine as in this rôle. With her exquisite, poignant beauty, she is the real spirit of France.

Robert Harron's *Douglas Gordon Hamilton* is splendid and soldierly, and, oh, how we sorrow and rejoice with him in his love affair with "The Girl!"

Into the midst of this Eden comes *The Little Disturber,* a strolling singer, charmingly played by Dorothy Gish, and she falls in love with young *Hamilton.* Of course it is of no avail, but the part gives Miss Dorothy a chance to show what a remarkably clever little comedienne she is. She makes the most of every foot of film she is given—and we can't help wishing she had several hundred more.

I must say just a word about the music that was especially arranged for the production. Never before, I think, have melodies been so deftly woven throughout a picture. The music is indeed part of it—not a mere background. It was arranged after the manner that Wagner wrote

Dorothy, "The Little Disturber," shows what a remarkably clever comedienne she is.

THE presentation of D. W. Griffith's love story of the Great War, "Hearts of the World," makes it imperative that I open my remarks on recent screen offerings with a short discussion of the war picture. For there has never been anything like "Hearts of the World." Griffith alone has been able to bring the bigness of the world conflict to the celluloid. It has overwhelmed all other directors and writers who have endeavored to touch upon it intimately. The usual product is a foolish melodrama. Neither hero nor heavy is human. But Griffith's skill has resulted in the interweaving of a beautiful love story carried by human protagonists with the somber, relentless panorama of war in all its reality.

The actual scenes he procured at the front are amazing, and the domestic scenes supplementing them even more so. The Gish sisters, Robert Harron, Robert Anderson, youthful Ben Alexander, and George Siegemann perform as they could only under the master director. But "Hearts of the World" is spoken of in detail elsewhere in these pages. Let us consider some other recent pictures.

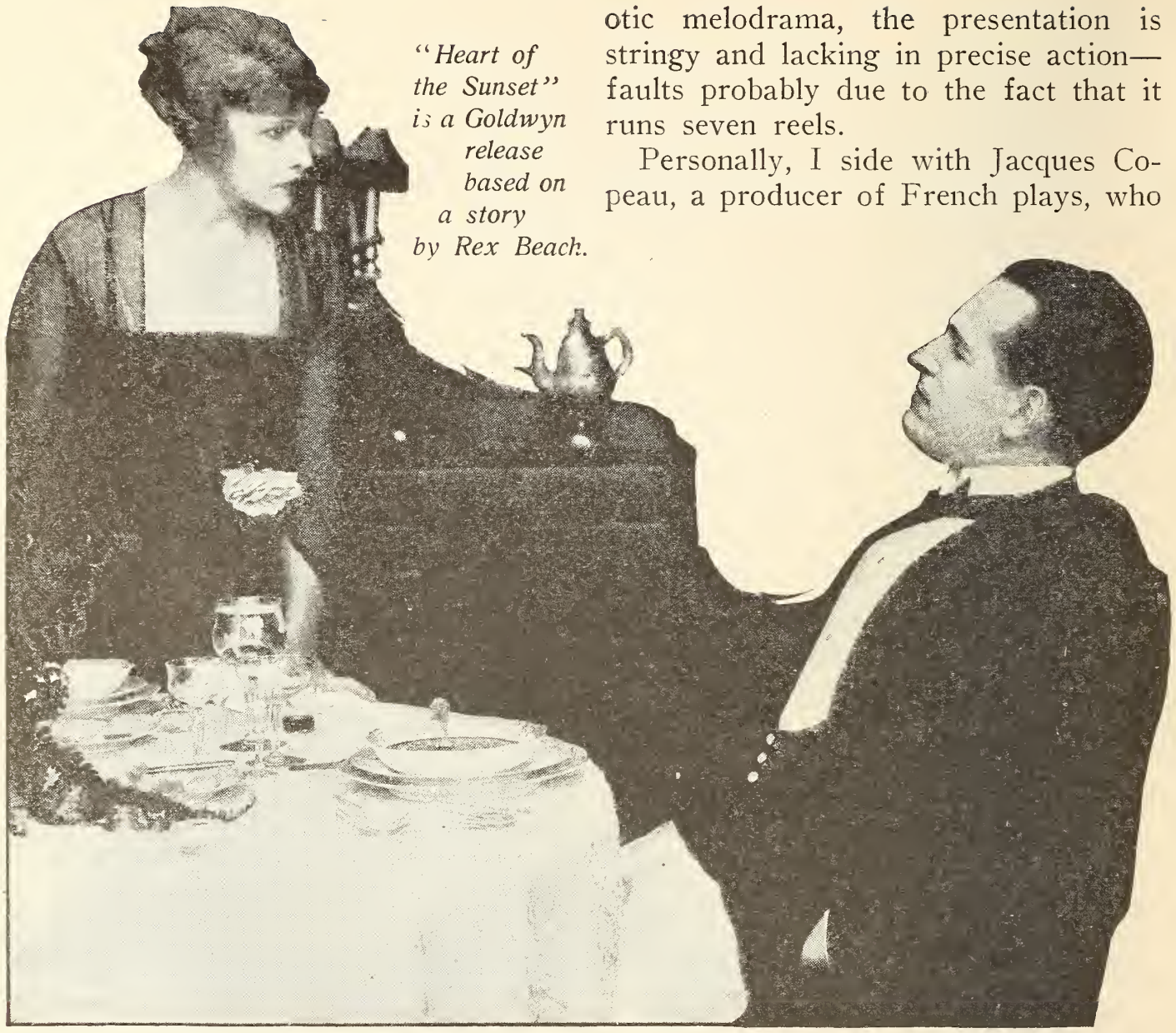
Vitagraph's "Over the Top," based on Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey's book, with that popular American himself playing a fictitious rôle, is interesting because of the accuracy with which trench life is portrayed and the insight it gives into the manner in which modern warfare is conducted.

I must confess, however, that my credulity was somewhat strained by the weird piece of melodrama which was supplied to carry the pictured facts of Empey's book. I need only mention that the crafty Hun spy signals with the light atop of the Metropolitan Tower for his underling to blow up munition works in Jersey; that subsequently he kidnaps the heroine and carries her across the Atlantic in a German submarine; and that Empey and his heroine, after killing all the occupants in an enemy army post, at last escape to their own lines in a German aëroplane. This I simply refused to swallow. The Metropolitan light would rebel at such gross mistreatment. The Statue of Liberty would scream if she saw a German submarine lolling around the harbor, and, as for the aëroplane escape—German efficiency must be nil, after all. However, "Over the Top" created a rush for the box office, a rush which is only in its infancy at this writing.

"A Daughter of France," in which William Fox presents Virginia Pearson, is violently melodramatic, seems to have been written hastily, and is as full of loopholes as a colander. A line of soldiers on the march, clipped from an animated weekly, creates a greater wave of patriotism than this piece of hokum. Pathé's "Mrs. Slacker" takes its rise from our national draft, and, while commendable in inspiration, is mediocre in result because of a lack of story. Gladys Hulette is the bride who discovers her husband has married her to escape the draft, and Creighton Hale is the husband who eventually turns hero.

"The Splendid Sinner" finds Mary Garden doing a modern rôle of the "woman with the past who marries without telling." An interesting piece of fiction which concludes on the battlefield, the picture has not received the treatment which the imposing operatic star demands. The pomp and ceremony and magnificent sweep which are needed to bring out her peculiar talents are missing. The introduction of the war serves to terminate the story as a tragedy. Miss Garden goes before the German firing squad, and that is the end.

The war also showed "The Way Out" for World Film's picture of that name. One of its two heroes dies of



"Heart of the Sunset" is a Goldwyn release based on a story by Rex Beach.

wounds received on the battlefield and leaves the other happy with the girl. This is a well-produced and often entertaining melodrama, but two heroes fail to take the place of the usual team, hero and villain, and so there is a lack of the dramatic element of conflict. And then there is "The Hillcrest Mystery," the best sort of war picture in that it deals with the activities of enemy spies in this country in a logical and stirring manner. This is Irene Castle's best five-reel number, I think. Last of the war pictures which I have seen so far is "An Alien Enemy," a Paralta picture featuring Louise Glaum. Monte Katterjohn is its author, and, while his story, which shifts from the United States to war-torn France, is a bit more logical than the usual attempt at patriotic melodrama, the presentation is stringy and lacking in precise action—faults probably due to the fact that it runs seven reels.

Personally, I side with Jacques Copeau, a producer of French plays, who has been active in New York's dramatic circles all season. Copeau has seen service in the ranks of France's fighting men and has seen and is possessed of the noble spirit which is leading that nation's armies to fight to win. In a recent speech he said that patriotism was too fine a thing to bear reproduction either on the stage or screen. The heroism of the battlefield cannot successfully be counterfeited. The war is too near to each of us for a war picture to create the illusion and arouse the emotions as did the Civil War picture only a little while back. Griffith is an exception to this general rule—but there is only one Griffith.

And now to get to those pictures which act as a tonic for the nerves in these tumultuous times—pictures which

cheer us with their comedy and leave the war in Europe.

"The Danger Game," "Up the Road with Sallie," "Mr. Fix-It," "A Dog's Life," and "His Majesty Bunker Bean" are molded to make us laugh. Let's look into them a little closely. Boy, page the man who insisted the screen did not develop original writers! We'll introduce him to Roy Somerville, fair, fat, and (age deleted), the merry author of "The Danger Game," in which Goldwyn stars Madge Kennedy.

Roy speaks of Griffith as "Griff," which is some accomplishment in itself. He learned to do this while working in the old Fine Arts shop, doing stories for Fairbanks, the Gish sisters, and all the others. A year ago he came out of the West to free-lance, and "The Danger Game" is his best bet so far. Goldwyn, you may possibly remember, had Irvin Cobb, Roy Cooper Megrue, Margaret Mayo, and a number of others all ready to write pictures or to sign their names to adaptations from their stage successes. But, though Cobb may be a magic name in the magazines, and though Megrue may delight with his stage farces, the work of these two gentlemen has not been a knock-out on the screen. They do not know screen writing. Roy Somerville *does*—as witness Goldwyn's decision in producing his original scenario; and the result—Madge Kennedy's best farce. Why they call it "The Danger Game" and attempt to pass it off as a melodrama is beyond me. It is in reality a merry farce, full of surprises and humorous situations and cleverly acted by Miss Kennedy and Tom Moore.

"Up the Road with Sallie" is another delightful farce, featuring Constance Talmadge. Sprightly, spicy, witty, humorous, and pretty it is. Miss Talmadge is of enchanting appearance—that is, to my susceptible male eyes—

Instead of hero and villain, there are two heroes in "The Way Out."

and plays with a vigor and enthusiasm that is stimulating. It is taken from a novel by Francis Sterrett and tells how *Sallie* kidnaped her *Aunt Martha* to give her a taste of adventure. The two brave ladies are forced to take shelter in an untenanted house, when along comes a most furious storm, and with it two other guests, who prove to be *Cabot* and *Henderon,* respectively young and old. Then enter romance twofold and comedy manifold, when the ladies believe the strangers crooks and the men entertain the same idea regarding the ladies.

It is a rare treat in the comedy line; above all, it is human to the last fade-out. And the human picture is the only one that can make the brain pan tingle with delight.

"Mr. Fix-It" is Douglas Fairbanks' latest, and "A Dog's Life" is Charlie Chaplin's. Both are destined to add considerably to the gayety of nations. "Mr. Fix-It" is a fine mixture of sound common sense and the usual Fairbanks type of comedy, and far transcends his previous picture, "Headin' South." I got many a warm feeling, as well as many a laugh, from the manner in which the genuine Doug melted the stony old hearts of three maiden ladies who positively must have smelled of old lace and lavender, and how he turned a cynic, played by Frank Campeau, into "one of us."

Louis Sherwin, one of New York's well-known dramatic reviewers, says he must see Charlie Chaplin every so often, else his liver gets sluggish. Dear Mr. Sherwin, unless you want your precious organ to become riotous, step not into the theater exhibiting "A Dog's Life." All others with sensible livers may go, for it is positively the best thing Chaplin has ever done. He has new tricks, has built his picture with a wonderful sense of the value of each and every "gag," and has as a consequence realized the utmost in his line of comedy. I can't recall anything funnier than the spectacle of Charlie walking across the café floor with the tail of his dog wagging through a hole in the nether part of his trousers, or his futile attempt to roll a cigarette à la Bill Hart. In connection with "A Dog's Life," I must speak of "Chase Me, Charlie," a five-part scramble made up of the pictures Chaplin did for Essanay. An effort to run a connected story through

"The Lie," with Elsie Ferguson, is a story of a woman's sacrifice.

the length of it has been made, but with ill success. This picture is proof conclusive that even Chaplin needs a story to carry his tricks. Performing one stunt after another with small connection, he is not very funny. Of course, "Chase Me, Charlie" is by no means his fault. It is only mentioned as a comparison. "A Dog's Life" has a story, hence another reason for its success.

"His Majesty Bunker Bean," with Jack Pickford, is a most successful adaptation of Harry Leon Wilson's magazine story which was later turned into a play. It is rich in comedy, a great part of which lies in the subtitles. Jack and Louise Huff contribute a brace of bright performances. "A Pair of Sixes" was also borrowed from the stage, and Taylor Holmes is featured. Edward Peple's farce lends itself admirably well to the screen, and Mr. Holmes makes the most of the opportunities afforded him in the rôle of T. Boggs, who is forced to play valet to his business partner on the turn of a card.

There is a certain type of story, supposed to reflect life on the Gay White Way, which is recently making headway on the screen. It is this type that relates how *Phyllis de Vilish,* of the Rolic, wears diamonds and pearls; how she managed to accept and not give, finally reforming some one, or marrying some one else. Recent examples of this sort of thing include Universal's "The Risky Road" and "The Marriage Lie," and World Film's "The Trap," three pictures possessing heroines who let their heroes pay the rent over their heads without marrying them. The excuse that the authors give is that these suffering heroines didn't know any better. Poor, poor girls! And incidentally, poor, poor pictures artistically.

"The Life Mask," with Petrova, is an unusually good mystery story.

Bernard Thornton, who plays opposite June Caprice in Fox's "Camouflage Kiss," thinks I'm frightfully mean, and threatens to write me nasty letters and use physical violence on me in order to instill in my thick skull the fact that he is the foremost actor on the screen. In a review of "The Heart of Romance" I called him boobish, I think, and said he couldn't be dramatic. And I still adhere to that opinion with respect to his work in "A Camouflage Kiss." Under Mack Sennett, I think he would develop into one of our fore-

most eccentric comedians. However, it is not quite fair to Miss Caprice to dwell so much on the self-delighted Mr. Thornton. Her work is pleasing, and the story provided her is a fair mixture of comedy and burlesque. Mr. Thornton in his nightgown is as laughable as an elephant trying to be graceful.

The majority of Paramount's releases for the month of which I write seem to run to the dramatically morbid. Skillfully constructed scenarios, artistic direction, exceptional performances, and, in a number of instances, superb photographic effects are lavished on plots that deal with murder, betrayals, and houses of lost souls. "The Honor of His House," with Sessue Hayakawa, deals with the high sense of honor common in the best-caste Japanese; how this sense of honor led one *Onato* to take terrible vengeance on his supposedly faithless wife, and how he finally sacrificed himself that she might live. It moves with accumulative force and is tremendously powerful in effect. So with Cecil De Mille's "The Whispering Chorus," in which a man is convicted of murdering himself! An unusual situation this, and convincingly done. It gives Raymond Hatton the greatest part in his career. So with "The House of Silence," starring Wallace Reid, which pivots on a murder occurring in a disorderly house. So with "La Tosca," still another version, and not the least impressive one, of the celebrated opera, in which Pauline Frederick is now starred. Goodness gracious! The sum total of deaths in these pictures is an even half dozen—not counting extra characters!

In striking contrast to these is "The Lie," in which Elsie Ferguson appears. This is taken from a play by Sir Henry Arthur Jones, and concerns the sacrifice made by *Elinor Shale* for her younger sister, *Lucy*. *Lucy* has "loved unwisely but too well." Instead of being duly repentant, she becomes quite arrogant and cattish, and when the opportunity presents itself she passes off the whole blame on *Elinor* and marries her sister's dearly beloved, *Gerald Foster*. Later, when *Elinor* learns the whole story, she prefers to remain silent, realizing that *Gerald* is happy with *Lucy*. Miss Ferguson gives a performance of emotional depth as *Elinor Shale*. I think she is the ablest star on the screen to-day, bar none. Charles Maigne, who has done all Miss Ferguson's scenarios, adapted from Sir Henry's play, and J. Searle Dawley was the director. David Powell and Betty Howe do fine work in support.

It is a thing common among picture producers to take the exceptional case when they aim to produce a preachment. This is wrong, naturally. They should take the rule, and not the exception. Frank Lloyd—bless his kind heart!—who wrote and produced "The Blindness of Divorce" for William Fox, thought to send a lesson out to the millions in this country.

But he spoils his lesson at the start when he separates his husband and wife by means of the usual compromising. The villain has the wife in his arms; she is resisting stalwartly when hubby enters. Result: divorce. And then the poor woman takes to running a gambling den, having nothing else to do. Fifteen years later, she comes face to face with her daughter. Daughter is there to ask madam if she is really related to her, and madam lies. Daughter's hubby, the district attorney, raids the establishment, finds his wife there, and starts divorce proceedings. So madame tells her story, with many sobs and sighs, and patches it all up. Well, I suppose that divorced women conduct gambling houses now and then, but of the two of my acquaintance one is a dressmaker and the other runs a pie shop.

William Farnum's "Rough and

Ready" is the old red-blooded melodrama at its best. The hero who won't defend himself before the girl he loves, his isolation in Alaska, her arrival there, her abduction by the villain, and finally the fight to the death, with said hero conquering. The fight is fine, and it reminds one of the time that prize

"His Majesty Bunker Bean," starring Jack Pickford, is a most successful comedy.

fights were fights and not *tea dansants*. Farnum is his usual heroic self. The picture is well staged in every department.

"The Life Mask," with Petrova, is an unusually good murder-mystery story, prepared for her by Mrs. L. Case Russell. Petrova, with all her freezing emotions, fails to detract from its dramatic intensity.

"The Home Trail," with Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman, and "Little Miss No-account" are Vitagraph best offerings of the month. This latter one, which features Gladys Leslie, was written by Edward Smaney, at one time, like ourselves, a humble reviewer, and now in the service of the nation.

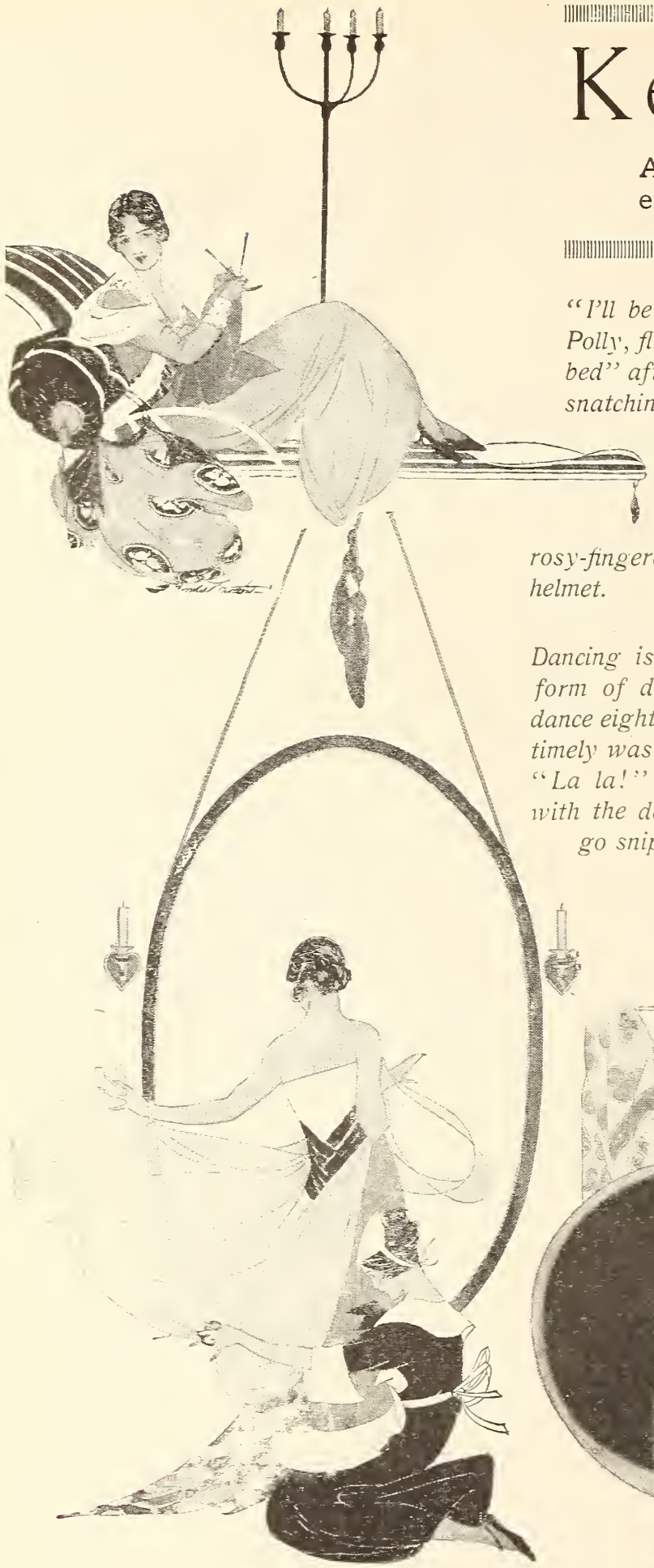
"The Red, Red Heart," Universal, is a romantic story of the Arizona desert in which an Indian kidnaps a white girl and by forcing her to live close to nature restores her health. Monroe Salisbury and Ruth Clifford are featured.

"Heart of the Sunset," a Rex Beach picture released through Goldwyn, is a straggling story of the Mexican border, not well acted and rather poorly produced. The merits of its melodrama were lost by the scenario writer. Anna Nilsson's performance is outstanding.

"Innocent's Progress," another Triangle, with Pauline Starke, might well be termed "Pauline's Progress." This sixteen-year-old girl has shown exceptional talent in everything she has done to date. Her facial expression tells wonders, and she has more personality than many a becurled ingénue with a bigger reputation.

Keeping Up

A little mosaic of Pauline Frederick's foibles and frivolities.



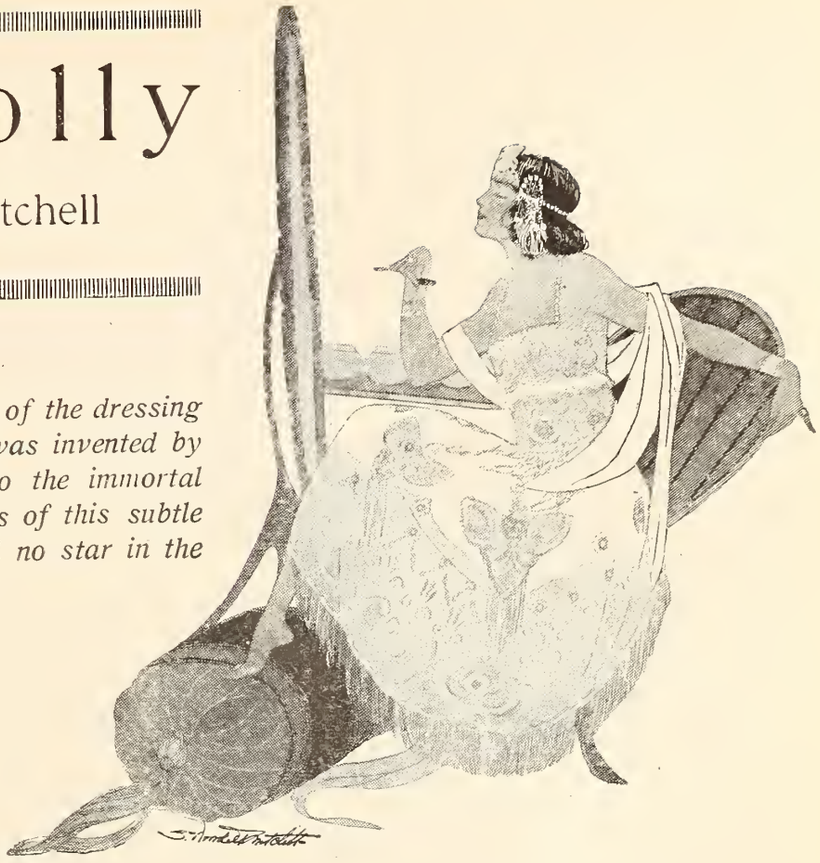
"I'll be patriotic or know the reason why," says Polly, flinging herself down on a peacock blue "day bed" after a tiresome two hours at the studio, and snatching up a gorgeous knitting bag. In a patriotic outburst she bought enough yarn to bemuffle an entire regiment. Many a reel has been held up at the Famous Players Studio while Polly knit her enchanting, rosy-fingered way safely around the eyebrow of a helmet.

Dancing is at once Polly's passion and her dearest form of destruction—of hearts and tulle. She can dance eighteen yards, seven inches of tulle into an untimely wastebasket in a single evening.
"La la!" exclaims Marie, the French maid. "On with the dance!" commands Polly, while the scissors go snip-snip.

Interior decorating at "Polly Lodge," her home in New Jersey, is far more than a hobby. Chintzes come and go with the rapidity and variety of a sailor's sweethearts.

with Polly

By S. Wendell Mitchell



Here we have the beautiful autocrat of the dressing table. Not a potent charm which was invented by the Queen of Sheba, or known to the immortal Cleopatra, but is at the finger tips of this subtle alchemist of beauty and art; and no star in the movie constellation comes out of her dressing room more magnificently gowned.

Polly is adorable in her green hunting suit—and they do say that she is as good a shot as ever followed a pack of hounds—without getting a speck of dust on her costume.

Only a little while ago, Polly called a halt on lavender teas, tulle dances, and her half hours in the studio. She wanted to be Mrs. Willard Mack, and she found that the law requires an hour or so of even a busily scintillating star's time to make the change.

The Bells

By Selma Howe

They had to do with a murder mystery, and the conscience of a guilty man.

OUTSIDE the storm blew its fiercest, dashing the snow in great drifts against the small, square, lighted windowpanes of the inn; but inside everything was warmth, coziness, and great jollity, for it was Christmas Eve, and half the village, it seemed, had gathered to do honor to its mayor. But the mayor was not at home. He had gone over to Hovald, the neighboring town, to get provisions and presents, and the storm had evidently delayed him. Every now and then his good wife would leave her spinning wheel, and cross the room full of half-tipsy, good-natured roisterers, to wipe a little space clear on the frosted pane and look out.

"There he is!" she exclaimed suddenly, as a sledge stopped before the door. She pushed the sleepy

Nickel, man of all work in the inn, out into the cold to take care of the horses, and dispatched Sozel, the pretty barmaid, into the taproom for hot wine.

A moment later Mathias, the richest man in the village, keeper of the inn, and now the mayor, stood in the doorway, laden down with packages, his face almost hidden in a huge muffler and his snow-covered fur cap. There were shouts of "Merry Christmas!" and "Welcome to the mayor!" and the master of the house was escorted to the roaring fire and placed in a chair with his back to the log.

The moment she heard him, Annette came running in, threw her arms around her father's neck, and then demanded to know what was in the packages.

"Welcome, everybody!" said the mayor in his hearty voice, beaming upon the assembled company. "Put them in the best room, Annette, and not one peep until to-morrow. Now my wine."

Annette, the pretty, charming daughter of the mayor.

"Here it is, hot," said Catherine, coming in from the taproom, "and it would have been ready the moment you set foot inside the door if you would have bells on your horse's harness like other folks, so one could tell that you were coming."

"That's all right. A man may do anything when he is mayor," said the tall, handsome fellow who wore the uniform of the village chief of police. "Eh, Mathias? Now tell us what is the news at Hovald?"

"Well said, Christian!" said the older man, giving the other an approving look. "Why, there is no special news to tell, save that there was a strange fellow there in the town, a sort of strolling trickster, who could put people to sleep and make them tell their inmost secrets. They called him a follower of Mesmer, whatever that may be. But one thing I warn you: If any such comes this way, you would do well to put him up in the village jail for the night and to send him smartly about his business in the morning." A roar of laughter followed this speech, for the good people seemed to think it a huge piece of wit.

"Now, let everybody have a round of wine, Sozel," commanded the mayor, in the height of good humor, "for no one shall buy in my inn on Christmas Eve, and it is cold weather to go home in."

"The worst weather we have had since the winter of the Polish Jew," said an old man seated in a far corner of the room.

"The winter of the Polish Jew—what is that?" demanded Christian, immediately becoming interested.

"Why, that is so long ago I had almost forgotten," said Mathias. "A toast to you all!" as the wine was passed.

"But *I* have not forgotten, for it was a strange thing," went on Walter, as soon as the toast was drunk, for he was eager to tell the story.

"It was just fifteen years ago this very night," began the narrator, as Christian drew up a chair. "The storm was as bad as it is to-night. We were sitting here, I and Mathias and one or two others who are under the ground now, where we shall all go some day. There was the sound of bells along the

roadway, and pretty soon in walked the Polish Jew. He stood in the door and said, 'Peace be with you,' and then he sat down at this very table. He took off his belt and threw it on the table, and we all heard the sound of the gold in it. Then he ate a hasty meal and said he must start on again in an hour. Eleven o'clock sounded, and as the night watchman came on his rounds we all started off with him, leaving the Jew here. Do you remember, Mathias?"

Every one who had been listening to the speaker now turned to Mathias, who seemed to be staring straight ahead —then listened intently.

"What is it, Mathias?" said one.

"Bells. Can't you hear them?" he began, in a low, tense tone. "Bells on the road." Some one strode over to the door and opened it. Nothing but the storm and the dark outside.

"It's only ringing in my head from the long journey to-day in the cold," said the mayor, breaking into a laugh. "Come, more wine—wine all round!" Every one laughed loudly and held out their glasses. Sozel, with a curtsy, poured in the red wine, and the mayor rose to offer a toast. To his chagrin, he found himself clutching the broken stem of a wineglass. He had knocked the top off in his nervousness.

"Well, and why the winter of the Polish Jew? I haven't learned yet," pursued Christian, with all the natural intensity of his nature.

"The next morning," Walter went on, "they found the Polish Jew's sledge in the snow down under the bridge at Vechem. They found his horse, too, and his cap and greatcoat, deeply stained with blood, but never a trace of the man to this day. They tried all sorts of clews, but none of them proved of any use. They never could fasten upon any one with certainty."

"What is it, father?" broke in Annette, stroking the innkeeper's hand. "You're so cold—you aren't well."

"Nothing, daughter—only I must have caught a chill. The drive from town was long and cold." There was a stir among the guests. Several rose to go, and the rest followed suit. It was not long before their cheery good-byes and merry Christmas songs were echoing along the roadway, leaving the innkeeper and his family alone, save for Christian. He remained with Mathias near the fire, his eyes following the busy movements of Annette as she helped her mother put away the glasses and wine bottles and straighten out the room. Sozel had long since climbed the stairs to her loft. Presently Annette came over and bade her father and Christian a lingering, shy good night, and the two men were left by the glowing log fire.

Annette and her mother were no sooner gone than Christian opened the conversation on the subject that had long been close to his heart. He had nothing—nothing except health and a good position, he told Mathias, but he could offer Annette a good home bought with his savings, and he loved her and she loved him.

It was plain that the marriage would please the mayor. The problem of money need not worry Christian, he assured the young man, for with his daughter would go thirty thousand francs. He and Catherine had thought of the match, naturally. He knew it would please his wife. And so, talking the pros and cons, the plans for the future and the opportunities that came to a young man of Christian's promise in the service of the government, the conversation lasted until long past midnight.

It was only when the young chief of the gendarmes rose to go that he referred to the mysterious tale that had been recounted that evening. "You know, father"—he hesitated over the intimate word—"I've been thinking over the story that Walter told, and a

new idea has come to me—a theory that may be the explanation of the mystery. Back in those days there were a lot of limekilns in the village. It would have been perfectly possible for the murderer of the Polish Jew to have disposed of the body in one of those. The intense heat would have removed all traces of the deed."

"Why, my boy, the thing is impossible!" rejoined Mathias promptly. "Those kilns were owned by the best men in the town. Take care whom you are accusing. Why, at that time I had a kiln myself. Think of accusing the mayor!" And the two men laughed in unison over the absurdity of such an idea.

"Now, see here. I want this thing about Annette settled. I've not been well of late, and I want the marriage to take place at once. To-morrow I shall call a notary public, and you shall be wed on Christmas Day." The innkeeper waited for Christian's smile. Instead, it was an explosion of astonishment.

"Why, but this is so quick! Annette won't be ready. Only to-night she was saying—for if you must know, we have often talked of it—she was saying that she must have till midsummer at least."

"Leave Annette to me," said the other, with a meaningful nod. "I made the trip to Hovald to-day for no other reason than to get her all that she will need. Her mother has been saving linen and household goods against this event since the day the child was born. Annette will be as ready to-morrow as she would be in a twelvemonth. Besides, I wish it." That was always the mayor's final word, his last argument that a thing should be as he said. His face lapsed into the careworn lines that it assumed when in repose.

"Well, that pleases me," Christian said affably, as Mathias helped him into

"It is only the wine," said the mayor, "and my long drive through the cold."

his greatcoat. "The village will be surprised to be dancing at our wedding to-morrow evening."

When the great door had been closed and bolted behind Christian, the mayor of the hamlet again sat before the fire, lost in contemplation. From time to time he rubbed his hands together, as if he had executed some extraordinary feat of good business. Then a slow change began to creep over his face, as a long-slumbering trouble came to his mind. He slowly recoiled, as if confronted with some dread vision of the past or of the future, some haunting fear. He began mumbling in a quick, low tone to himself.

Left to himself, he was always the prey of some vague, haunting fear.

So it was that Catherine found him when she came to cover the fire for the night. She shook him, calling him gently at first, then more severely as she grew more anxious.

"Mathias, whatever is the matter? Surely you have caught your death of a cold, and, besides, you have had too much wine. Come to bed. To-morrow is Christmas Day."

"I was only counting," said the mayor, grappling for his own self-control. "I was counting Annette's dowry. She is to be married to-morrow at high noon to young Christian." In response to his wife's amazed questionings, he would say no more; and she, thinking that her husband was afflicted with some vague, unaccountable wandering of the mind, put the matter out of her mind promptly, pulled on her flannel nightcap, and went to bed.

The next morning, at breakfast, the mayor told his daughter about the plan for the wedding that day. She was no less surprised, and no less pleased, than Christian had been the night before, and she was delighted with the pretty things he had brought to her for her bridal chest. Meanwhile, Mathias sent word to the notary public, and the rest of the family started out for church, for the bells were ringing and the storm had cleared, leaving the air clear and cold. The whole village was excited by the news of the town crier, who went about all morning announcing the wedding for high noon.

But Mathias spent the morning in the little office behind the taproom. As soon as he was sure that he was quite alone, he took a large key from his pocket, opened a drawer with it, and,

climbing on a stool, proceeded to take the golden coins out of their soiled flannel bags. Slowly, steadily he began counting out the thirty thousand francs, placing them in neat, even stacks. And suddenly, when he was halfway through, there came that same ringing in his head, the jingle of bells. He ran to the window to see if any one were approaching along the roadway, but it was empty. The whole village was in the little church on the hill. He began to count again, but the bothersome noise would not be stilled.

He stopped his counting, picked up a coin, and examined it closely. "That will never do," he whispered to himself, and he replaced it in the money bag. From that time on, something seemed the matter with every coin he picked up. He kept stopping to gaze at them critically, then rub them, and always he put them back; so that, though the thirty thousand francs were but half counted out, the stacks did not grow any higher.

A shadow fell across his table, and Mathias looked up, startled, to meet the gaze of Christian, who had come in unnoticed. He shook the coins out of the bag, and, hastily counting them, made up the dowry for Annette in good, round gold. He put it in a money bag, put the bag in his pocket, and, taking his future son-in-law by the arm, they went into the big sitting room of the inn, where the guests for the wedding were already assembling. Annette was the center of an admiring group of her school friends, and her father looked at her with an approving and fond eye.

Then came the old notary public,

"The bells! The bells!" shouted Mathias, springing up from the wedding feast.

smiling behind his rimmed spectacles, for he had married off nearly all the older generation of couples and he was expecting a good fee from the mayor. The marriage was duly solemnized and blessed, the congratulations followed, and the presentation of the handsome dowry was made to the young couple. Then the old fiddler began tuning up, chairs and tables were moved to one side, and everybody started to dance. Never was a merrier wedding. Mathias danced with the best of them. Gone was the chill and the ringing in his ears of the night before. He seized Catharine, and around they spun in a mad whirl. Then, when every one was laughing and rosy and the fiddler had nearly fiddled his fingers off, the tables and chairs were moved in again and the most savory of wedding feasts was spread for the guests.

The mesmerist seemed to draw the confession out of him, in spite of himself.

Mathias, sitting at the head of the table, looked the part of the typical happy and proud father, as he turned toward Annette and her fine-looking young husband. Then suddenly he rose to his feet, the same strange look that had come upon him the night before stamped upon his face.

"The bells! The bells!" he cried wildly. "Don't you hear them?" Several of the guests started up in alarm. He caught his wife's glance across the table, filled with horror. "The wedding bells!" he shouted, fixing his eyes on a string of paper bells that hung over the bridal chair. And then he broke out into a wild laugh which ended in a coughing spell. Certainly Mathias was ill, thought Catharine, as she bustled over to him. She tried to persuade him to go to bed, or at least to be quiet upstairs while the wedding festivities still lasted, but he would not hear of it.

The dinner came to an end. Guests and more guests began to arrive, and the mayor seemed more like his former jolly self. Among them Mathias caught sight of the sharp, weird face of Gari, the wandering mesmerist. Some of the guests had met him coming into town, and, having heard of the wonderful things he performed, had brought him along to furnish merriment for the crowd. Despite his antipathy, the mayor could not turn him out of doors without seeming unreasonable and discourteous. So, after the wine had circulated freely and all the company were in high spirits, some one suggested that Gari be permitted to show off the marvels of his art, the idea was hailed with much shouting, and Gari installed on a little raised platform between the taproom and best-room doors.

The first victim was Nickel, whom Gari put to sleep easily by fixing his eyes upon him and making a few passes before his face.

"Tell all you know about last night," commanded the mesmerist. Rather reluctantly Nickel began to recite how he had stolen a bottle of wine and drunk it, and then another and another, rubbing his stomach the while with great satisfaction, while the guests screamed with amusement.

Slowly and stupidly Nickel came out of his sleep, and then Gari cast about for another victim. To his horror, the mayor suddenly realized that the only means of his escape from the crowd

and the arts of this fiendish trickster, either through the taproom or the other door, was cut off by the mesmerist himself. As if in a horrible dream, he felt Gari's eyes searching him out, Gari's horrible eyes upon his face.

"Let's mesmerize the mayor!" some one shouted in raillery. "Let us see what kind of wine the most respected and beloved villager steals!" And every one shouted at the pleasantry. Only Mathias himself remained stolid as the performer strode forward from his chair and made a few passes in the air before him. He watched it all without being able to make a move, his terror increasing with every instant. Meanwhile, Christian, too, was watching with all the intensity and interest of a man who is about to make a fearsome experiment.

"It is Christmas Eve," began Gari, in his low, strange voice. "You hear the sound of bells. They are coming nearer. A sledge stops. A stranger comes in.

" 'Peace be with you,' he says, in the doorway." Mathias took up the story in an unnatural tone, his eyes working horribly, his mind evidently under the influence of the mesmerist: "He takes off his belt, and there is ringing gold in it—he stays only a little while—the others go home and leave him—now he is going, too—he gets into his sledge and drives off. I follow him—down under the bridge at Vechem, where the drift is deepest—— Oh, the bells—the bells! Oh, I did not do it! Take this rope off! Take it off——"

To the amazement of the guests who sat as if glued to their places, the man they had chosen as mayor, the innkeeper, the well-loved Mathias, staggered to his feet, grappling with some unknown thing that seemed to wrap itself around his neck, strangling him. Christian nodded ever so slightly to the mesmerist.

"I didn't do it, I say! Hear? I know nothing about him or his money—hear that?" shouted Mathias, still struggling with an imaginary rope. A little murmur ran through the amazed spectators, sounding to Mathias like the accusing dictum of a ghostly jury—the jury of those villagers long dead, led by the Polish Jew himself.

Here and there in the blur of transfixed faces, he seemed to see one or two, the faces of old friends, on which there was printed an incredulous look — a look which said: "We have always wondered how you jumped from poverty into sudden prosperity. Lesparre, the former innkeeper, who used to dun you for your payments, wondered, too. But now we all know. You cannot fool us any longer. You killed the Jew to clear yourself of debt. A fine mayor you are!" Again the bells jangled accusingly in his ears—the sledge bells that had guided him on that fatal night down under the bridge at Vechem.

"I am innocent—before G——" He tried to clear himself, but the words would not come. Annette was the first to come out of her daze and to reach her father's side. With a fearful struggling effort to tear off the hangman's rope that seemed to choke and to strangle his confession out of him, the most respected man in the village fell to the floor, face downward, dead.

Cast of "The Bells"

Written from the Pathé picture-play featuring Frank Keenan, adapted from the play made famous by Henry Irving.

Mathias	Frank Keenan
Annette	Lois Wilson
Christian	Edward Coxen
Catherine	Ida Lewis
Gari	Carl Stockdale

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil Caward

Mabel Juliene Scott is to appear in a seven-reel production entitled "Reclaimed."

MORE tired than after completing the most exacting picture, but proud and happy, Douglas and Mary and Charlie are back once more in the sunshine of California after their tour of the country on behalf of the Third Liberty Loan. Hundreds of thousands of devoted admirers greeted them at every stop, and millions of dollars have been added to the Liberty Bond totals as a result of their efforts. Not until each of the stars had completed an extra picture, that the regular schedule of their releases might not be interrupted, was the undertaking begun. Mary Pickford toured the New England States; Chaplin covered the South, and Douglas scampered about the Middle West. The Far Western States were visited by William S. Hart. The complete list of stars who took part in the great loan drive in various ways, and the results of their efforts, would be too long for these pages. Their achievement is one of which filmdom may be proud.

Remember Mabel Juliene Scott, who did such splendid work in Rex Beach's "The Barrier?" You will soon have another opportunity of seeing her, for she has just completed a seven-reel feature under the direction of Harry McRae Webster, entitled "Reclaimed." This production is an adaptation of the story by Richard Field Carroll, author of "Kismet," and Miss Scott has for her leading man Niles Welch, one of the best-known juvenile stars.

Julius Steger, actor-producer, formerly a prominent figure on the operatic stage, and the man who staged such pictures as "The Fifth Commandment," "The Master of the House," "The Stolen Triumph," "The Blindness of Virtue," "The Libertine," with John Mason, "The

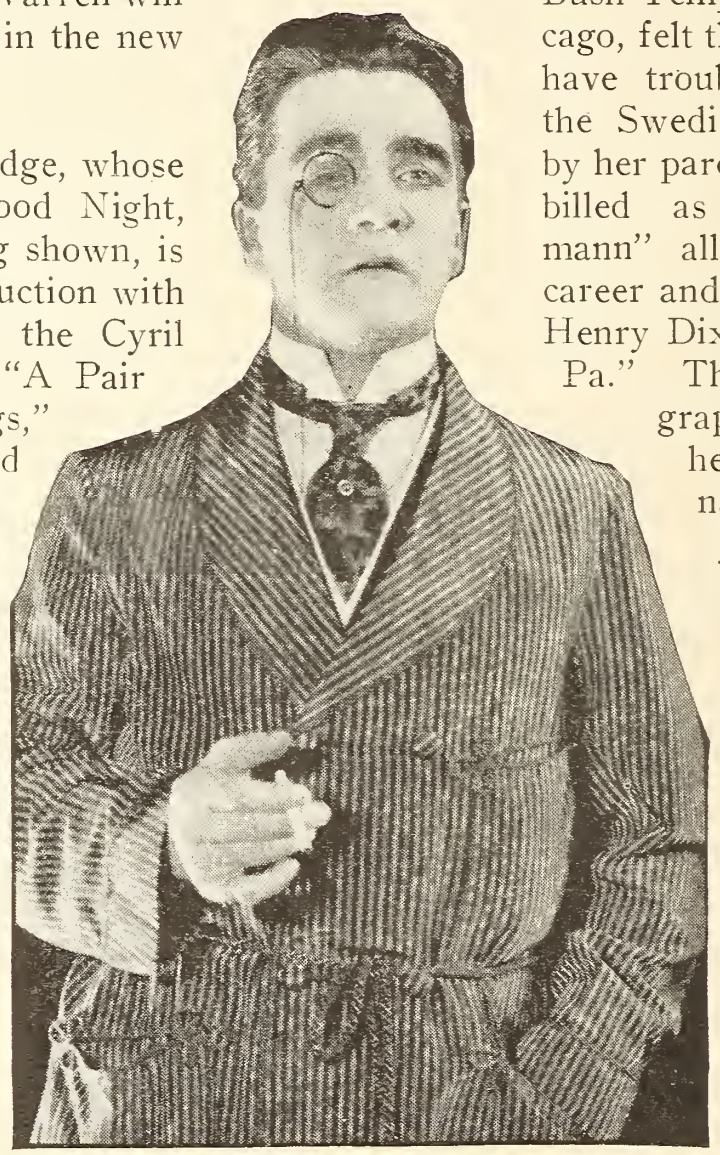
Prima Donna's Husband," with Holbrook Blinn, and "The Law of Compensation," with Norma Talmadge, has been made producing director of the rejuvenated International Film Corporation. Mr. Steger will have exclusive supervision of all productions released in the future by International, including the selection of the stars and principals and stories. Incidental to his contract with International, Mr. Steger will augment the International program with a series of special features in which Anna Case, Metropolitan Grand Opera star, will appear. Miss Case will make her début in films immediately following the completion of her concert tour. The first picture Mr. Steger will supervise is "Cecelia of the Roses," by Katherine Howard Taylor, in which Marion Davies will be starred.

Bessie Love, who is leaving Pathé, is considering forming her own producing company.

Bessie Love, whose latest and incidentally last Pathé picture—"Carolyn of the Corners," adapted from the novel of the same name, is now ready for release, is dropping out of the Pathé organization at the expiration of her present contract. Miss Love says she is considering the advisability of forming her own producing company, in order to have the highest quality stories, direction, photography, et cetera, and with this in view is holding an option on a Los Angeles studio. It was rumored at the time this copy went to press that Bryant Washburn, who went to Pathé at about the same time as Miss Love, is to sever his connection also, having received a better offer from another company, but this statement has been emphatically denied by Pathé, who alleges Mr. Washburn's contract has still another year to run. His latest picture is "The Range Rider."

William Desmond is to don the flannel shirt and leather apron of the village blacksmith again, to appear in a new picture called "Old Hartwell's Cub." He is to play a rôle similar to the one in "The Sudden Gentleman," in which he made so distinct a hit a few weeks ago. Mary Warren will be his leading lady in the new production.

Constance Talmadge, whose Select picture, "Good Night, Paul," is now being shown, is following this production with a film version of the Cyril Harcourt comedy, "A Pair of Silk Stockings," which was presented by Winthrop Ames at the Little Theater in New York. Lewis J. Selznick, of Select Pictures, is evidently intent upon creating a whole new costume for Miss Talmadge, as, following the presentation of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," she will undertake the production of "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," screen rights to which have recently been acquired. Perhaps an effort will now be made to film "A Pair of Petticoats," thus augmenting her costume still further.



William Desmond is to be seen again as a village blacksmith.

You can doubtless think offhand of a half dozen actresses at least who have assumed a name for picture work that is not their own. But can you recall a single one who has changed her stage name for her real one? If not, here's where you learn something, for in the future she whom you knew as Gretchen Hartmann, back in the Biograph days, and Sonia Markova in her Fox productions, is to make use of her real name—Greta Ahrbin. It happened in this way: The stage manager of the Bush Temple Theater, in Chicago, felt that the public would have trouble in pronouncing the Swedish name given her by her parents, and so she was billed as "Gretchen Hartmann" all during her stock career and while touring with Henry Dixie in "Mary Jane's Pa." Then came the Biograph engagement, and her use of the same name. When she joined the ranks of Fox players it was thought the name "Gretchen Hartmann" was "too German," and so a romantic press agent dubbed her "Sonia Markova," and created for her a most astonishing "past," a portion of which was alleged to consist of such incidents as that she was a Russian revolutionist, her father the leader of an orchestra in Libau, and her mother of gypsy blood. Well, to make a long story short, the story seems to have been overdone, and the exhibitors and public failed to stand for the deception, and Miss Hartmann was made the innocent "goat." Accordingly, she has gone back to her own name, and in future you will find her billed as Greta Ahrbin, so you may as well learn now how to pronounce it.

Rhea Mitchell, who has been absent from the screen for a long period, is more than making up for lost time by the reception accorded her by the fans since the release of the three Goldwyn-Selexart productions, "Blue Blood," "Social Ambition," and "Honor's Cross," which have been recently issued through the Goldwyn exchanges. Eliot Howe directed the first, and Wallace Worsley superintended the latter two. All of them were made at the Paralta Studios, Selexart being a brand name for certain Paralta plays. Howard Hickman, known to fans everywhere as Bessie Barriscale's husband, plays the leads in both "Blue Blood" and "Social Ambition," while Miss Mitchell is starred alone in "Honor's Cross."

Rhea Mitchell is now appearing in Goldwyn-Selexart productions.

Jack Pickford, though under draft age and Canadian born, has shown his patriotism by enlisting in the United States navy. When he left Los Angeles, it was rumored in screen circles that he was to go into the aëroplane service, but on reaching the East Jack signed an application in the navy, and was promptly accepted. His transference to the intelligence department came within a week or two, and, on account of his knowledge of picture making, he was made a censor of films for foreign export. So the envied shears have changed hands at last!

Ere long Paramount will be exploiting still another new star. The name of the new twinkler in the Paramount firmament is Constance Binney, and any of you who have seen "Oh, Lady, Lady!" at the Princess Theater, in New York, will instantly recognize her as the dancer who has been playing Vivienne Segal's part in that speaking stage production. Miss Binney is extremely pretty, only eighteen years of age, and said to possess real dramatic ability as well as much gracefulness. Photographic tests seem to prove that she will bring to the silver sheet all the charm that she possessed when seen across the footlights.

The General Film Company took a somewhat radical step recently in offering exhibitors the country over a weekly release of one-reel comedies in which negro players enact all the rôles. Never before has this been attempted. This new type of "colored" motion pictures bears the brand Ebony Comedies, and some of them are conceded to be laughmakers of real worth. Before the first release was made, several of the subjects were tried out on audiences in New York theaters, and seemed to meet with considerable favor. It is as yet uncertain,

however, whether the same opinion will prevail throughout the country. The Ebony Comedies were undoubtedly inspired by the fact that certain negro comedians scored emphatic hits by public appearances on the speaking stage, the most notable example of this sort probably being Bert Williams, who has for several seasons had an important rôle in the Ziegfield "Follies," which play in the leading metropolitan theaters.

Dell Henderson, the director who took the first Biograph Company to California back in the days when all motion pictures were one-reelers, and who has been since identified with the film industry through the direction of films for Triangle, Famous Players, and Empire All-Star, celebrated his two-hundredth picture by becoming a member of the World Film directorial staff, and being assigned to direct Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley in a new five-reel subject.

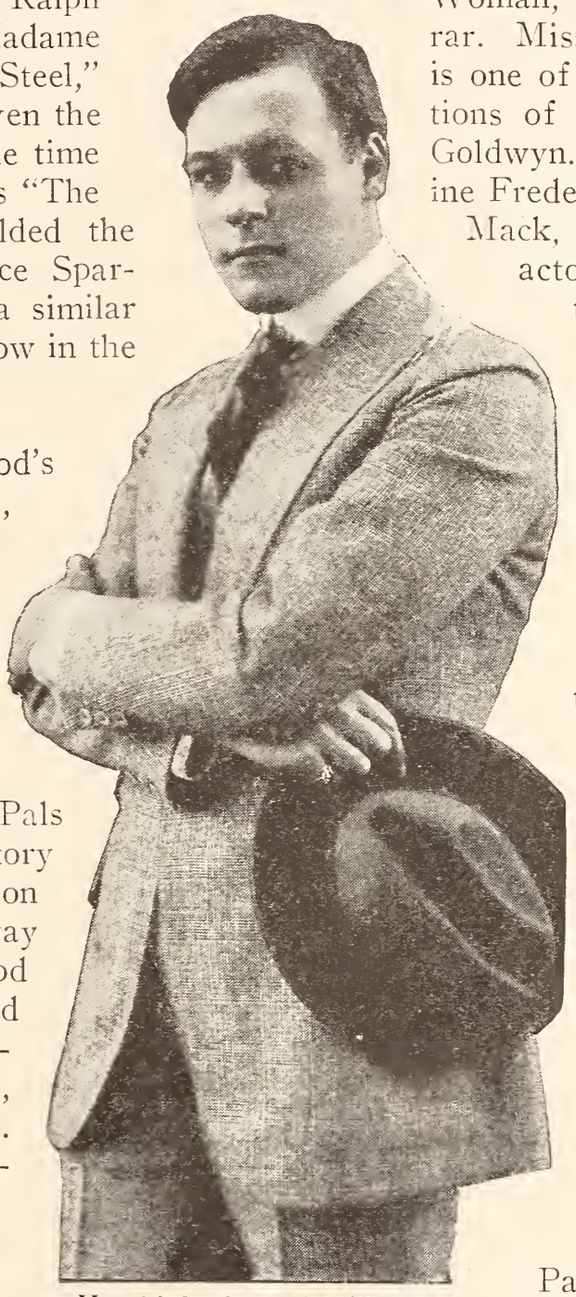
Elsie Ferguson's latest picture is "The Danger Mark."

The final scenes to complete the Vitagraph serial which succeeds "The Woman in the Web," are being shot this week in California under the supervision of Director William Duncan, and the first episode of the new chapter play will probably be released the latter part of July. Opposite Mr. Duncan plays Edith Johnson, who has appeared in numerous productions for Lubin, Selig, and Universal. The two leading heavy rôles are interpreted by Joe Ryan, who has appeared with Duncan in several "Wolfville" stories, also in the part of *Alkali Ike* in "Vengeance—and the Woman," and Walter Rodgers, the *Von Block* of "The Fighting Trail." Others in the cast are Vincente Howard, the *Comanche Pete* of "Vengeance—and the Woman," who again appears as an Indian, S. E. Jennings, who is once more cast in the rôle of a sheriff, as in previous serials, L. Garcia, Leo Maloney, who appeared in many of the Helen Holmes pictures, and E. Calles. Real Sierra Mountain scenery has been introduced throughout all that portion of the story which is supposed to be laid in the Sierras.

None other than Hugh Ford himself is directing the newest Elsie Ferguson picture for Artcraft release. This is "The Danger Mark," an adaptation of Robert W. Chambers' famous novel of the same title which has been read by millions. The story, as you probably recall, has to do with a society girl whose life is threatened with disaster through an inherited appetite for alcoholic drink. It affords Miss Ferguson some unusual opportunities for emotional acting in the scenes where the heroine is battling grimly against temptation.

Olga Petrova completed her fifth Petrova Picture with the shooting of the final scenes of "Patience Sparhawk," the Gertrude Atherton story, and is already well along with the sixth production, the title of which has not yet been announced. Ralph Ince, who directed Madame Petrova in "Tempered Steel," which was the name given the picture referred to some time ago in Screen Gossip as "The Great Star," also wielded the megaphone on "Patience Sparhawk," and performs a similar service on the picture now in the making.

Harold Lockwood's three recent releases, each based on a story by Francis Perry Elliott, have been so successful that the Metro star is scheduled to appear in a fourth one by this author. It is called "Pals First," and from this story was written a stage version which was a Broadway success. The Lockwood production will be staged at the Hollywood, California, studios of Metro, and Director Fred J. Balshofer will superintend the staging.



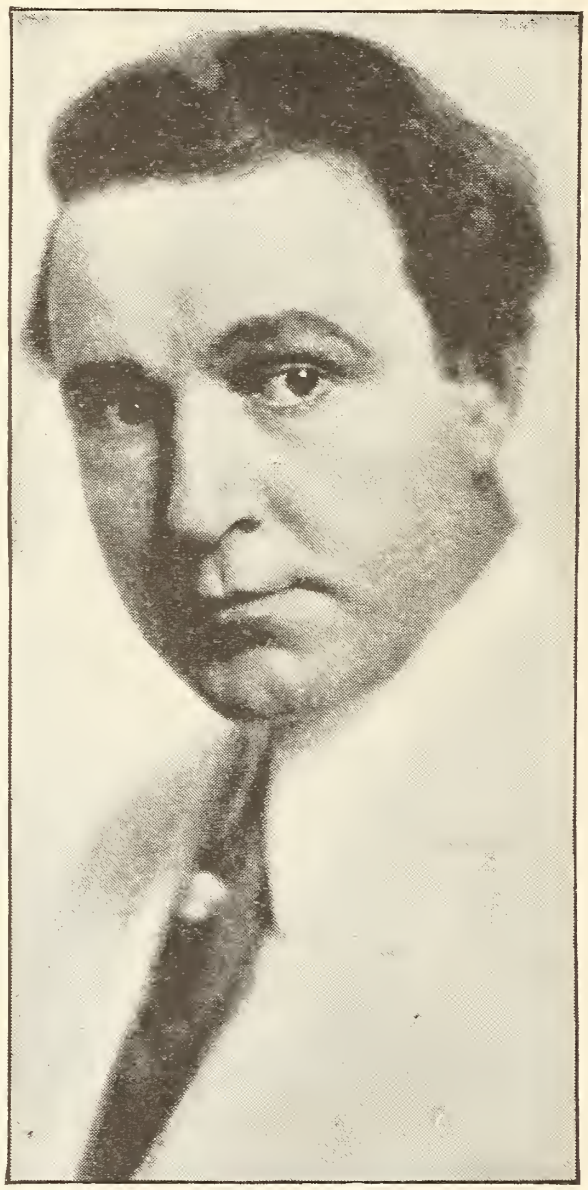
Harold Lockwood will soon be seen in "Pals First."

The Goldwyn Studios are as busy as ever, though much of the activity of this organization has been transferred to the West coast, where several of the Goldwyn stars are now at work. Mae Marsh has completed the picture adapted from Edith Barnard Delano's "When Carey Came to Town," and is now at work on another. Other Goldwyn plays either completed and ready for release, in the making, or all ready for production, include "Charity Kate," by Edgar Selwyn, "Helenka," by Arthur Train, and "The Venus Model," for Mabel Normand, and "The Pirate Woman," for Geraldine Farrar. Miss Farrar, by the way, is one of two notable acquisitions of late on the part of Goldwyn. The other is Pauline Frederick, wife of Willard Mack, the playwright and actor. Mr. Mack, by the way, has recently joined the Goldwyn scenario force.

Harry Gribbon is back with Mack Sennett, after an absence of eight months. He is continuing the portrayal of the character rôle he made famous in the Keystone days — that of the gentleman crook, and his first work upon his return to the Sennett Studio was with Chester Conklin in a subject directed by Eddie Cline.

Pathé has a new director general of productions in the person of Ferdinand Zecca, who recently arrived from France. Mr. Zecca is credited with being the inventor of the subtitle, and back in the days when all motion pictures were looked upon as curiosities; he, in coöperation with Charles Pathé, tried to elaborate upon the simple form of animation by inserting a few words

of explanation of following scenes. His first motion-picture drama with subtitles was issued in 1900, and bore the title "The Little Story of a Crime." Later, when Mr. Zecca had risen to fame as a producer of silent dramas, he supervised the making of Pathé's "Les Miserables" and "The Life of Our Savior," both of which have been seen in this country.



Dustin Farnum returns to the screen for a new company called the Sherman Productions, Inc.

Dustin Farnum is back once more on the screen—this time as the star of a brand-new producing company bearing the name Sherman Productions, Inc. "Dusty" makes his début under the new banner in Zane Grey's famous story, "The Light of Western Stars," and President Harry Sherman is wildly enthusiastic over the story, the star, and the reception both are receiving at the hands of the public. "I believe," declares Mr. Sherman, "that in Dustin Farnum I have the very best Western type of man in the world. With his ability as an actor and wonderful personality I feel sure that after the public sees him in 'The Light of Western Stars' he will be the biggest attraction the screen has ever seen." Charles Swickard directed the picture, and pretty Winifred Kingston is Farnum's leading woman. Two other productions are now ready for Farnum, Mr. Sherman having recently purchased the motion-picture rights to "The Wolf Breed," by Jackson Gregory, and "The Man in the Open," by Roger Pocock.

Bertram Bracken, formerly a director of the William Fox forces, and before that a member of the Balboa staff, has been signed by Paralta, and is now putting the finishing touches on a new Henry Walthall picture, written by Monte Katterjohn. The story is laid in Alaska, and gives Walthall an opportunity for a wholly different type of rôle to any in which he has appeared of late.

Speaking of Paralta, Bessie Barriscale is getting 'way ahead of her production schedule, and soon will be in a position to take a brief vacation. Miss Barriscale has already been seen in "Madame Who," "Within the Cup," "Rose o' Paradise," "Blindfolded," and "Maid o' the Storm," and has completed "Patriotism," another Raymond B. West production with a strongly patriotic theme running throughout. She is now engaged in preparations for still another big feature widely different from any of those yet mentioned.

Two footlight favorites of note have recently made known their intention of

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trying their luck in the movies. Nora Bayes, the singing comedienne who originally rose to fame as wife and co-partner of Jack Norworth, and who of late has been headlining in vaudeville and various musical comedies, has appointed Ed. Rosenbaum, junior, publicity director of the King Bee Films Corporation, as her personal representative, and he is making arrangements to have her featured in a series of film productions in the near future. The other twinkler from the speaking stage is Dorothy Jardon, who has been a bright and shining star in many comic operas, and whose peculiar brand of beauty is deemed certain to lend itself well to photography. Come on in, girls, the water's fine—we're quite sure the motion-picture salaries are equal to those of either the vaudeville or the speaking stage.

Lina Cavalieri is to be seen in Sardou's classic, "Gismonda."

Lina Cavalieri has returned once more to the fold of the Artcraft players, and is celebrating her return by enacting the leading rôle in Sardou's "Gismonda," which has not been seen in America since the death of Fanny Davenport, except for a few performances in French by Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The story unfolded by "Gismonda" is that of a princess whose child wanders into a tiger's cage with no one daring to attempt a rescue. In a frenzy the princess cries that she will grant any wish in her power to the man who will save the child from death. A man of the people rescues the little one, and claims the hand of the princess in marriage. The Fort Lee studios of Artcraft are the scene of Cavalieri's activity, and immediately following the completion of "Gismonda" another feature will be undertaken.

John G. Adolfi, who both wrote and staged the newest William Fox production starring Annette Kellermann, "Queen of the Sea," has been signed by World Film Corporation, and is superintending the World picture in which Barbara Castleton will make her début as a World star. The first scenes of the picture were taken at Washington, D. C., several weeks ago, and the production is now well along toward completion. Mr. Adolfi began his career with the Biograph Company, was later associated with D. W. Griffith, and following that was employed for a time by both Universal and Fox. While under the Fox banner he

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- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
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- ☐ Marine Engineer
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acted as June Caprice's director for more than a year, and his last work was the staging of the big water spectacle, "Queen of the Sea."

Harold McGrath's "The Girl in His House," which ran serially in a magazine, is one of the new vehicles chosen for early release by Vitagraph, with Earle Williams as the star. Other Williams productions now in the making are "By the World Forgot," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, and "Out of the Dark," by Roma Yarmond and Jane Dixon. Alice Joyce, now being featured in "The Strength of the Week," recently completed "Find the Woman," the well-known "Cherchez la Femme" of O. Henry, and is at present staging "To the Highest Bidder," by Florence Morse Kingsley. As for the other Vitagraph stars, Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman are doing "A Gentleman's Agreement," an adaptation of the Wallace Irwin story of the same title, and will follow that with Robert W. Chambers' "The Cambric Mask," while Gladys Leslie and Edward Earle are completing "The Soap Girl," by Lewis Allen Browne.

Though Taylor Holmes has not renewed his contract with Essanay, and that high-voltage comedian has gone East, where it is rumored he is shortly to appear on another program of note under the direction of the same producer who superintended his work in "Ruggles of Red Gap," "A Pair of Sixes," and "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," studio work is proceeding regularly at the Essanay plant in Chicago, where the Cohan and Harris success, "Young America," is now being staged. A cast of really all-star caliber has been assembled, the people having been engaged for this one production only, as was the case with many of the principals in "A Pair of Sixes," and Director Berthelet is positive "Young America" will prove an even greater triumph as a silent drama than it was as a success of the spoken stage. Another famous play, screen rights to which have been secured by President George K. Spoor, of Essanay, is "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," which will be put in production immediately following the completion of "Young America."

Louise Glaum, who scored so heavily in her Paralta plays, "An Alien Enemy," and "One of the Multitude," is now at work on still another feature prepared by Monte Katterjohn, the writer of her former successes. Director Wallace Worsley, who staged the two Glaum vehicles mentioned above, is behind the megaphone, and Louise promises to display an unusual array of the frocks for which she is famous, and which make so many of her plays such interesting attractions for the fair fans.

Maurice Tourneur, upon the completion of "A Doll's House," the Artcraft feature starring Elsie Ferguson, severed his connection with the Artcraft-Paramount organization, and announced that he was about to form his own producing company, and would in future make only such productions as he himself selected, with casts chosen by himself. That much may be expected of the coming Tourneur features is clearly evident when one recalls that this talented director has been the power behind such hits as "The Poor Little Rich Girl," with Mary Pickford, "The Blue Bird" and "Prunella," with Marguerite Clark, "Barbary Sheep" and "A Doll's House," with Elsie Ferguson, and dozens of others easily recalled.

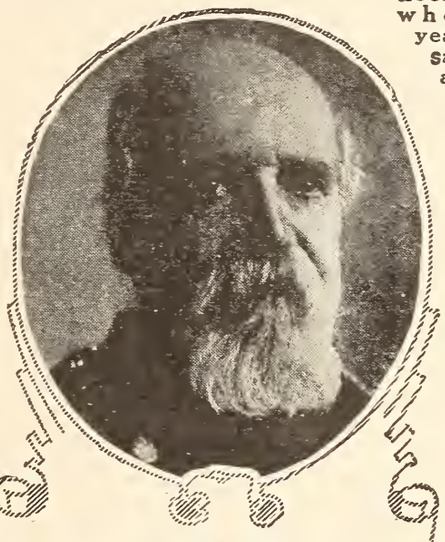
Tourneur is a pioneer in a new field of artistic directing which he will continue to explore in his own company.

Gen. Gibson Says He Feels That Every Soldier Who goes to the Front Should Take Nuxated Iron

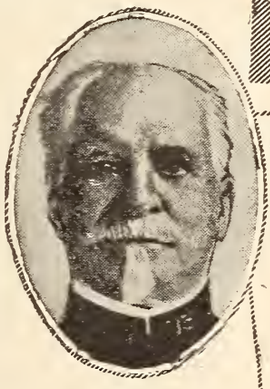
Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York and the Westchester County Hospital, says every soldier and civilian who wants something to help increase his strength and endurance should have the prescription below filled and take Nuxated Iron three times daily as did Generals Gibson, Gordon and Clem and Judge Yoder.

What every soldier most needs is tremendous "stay there" strength, power and endurance, with nerves of steel and blood of iron. To help produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron, says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "I have personally found it of such great value as a tonic, strength and blood builder that I believe if General Gibson's advice were followed many of our fighting men would find it of great benefit. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for enriching the blood and helping increase strength, energy and endurance."

General Horatio Gates Gibson says Nuxated Iron has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Scott into the City of Mexico, and he feels that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron.



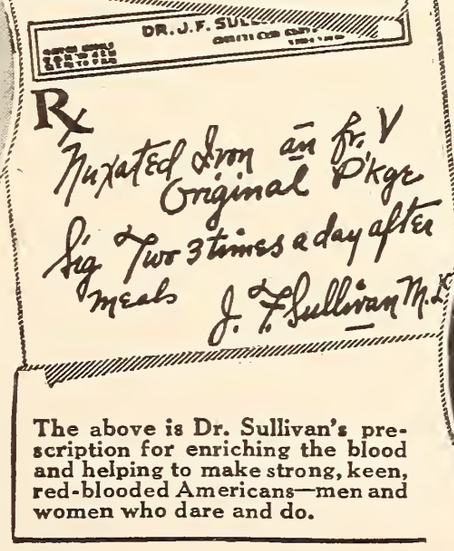
General Horatio Gates Gibson, U. S. A. (Retired), who entered the City of Mexico in the war of 1847 with General Winfield Scott.



General David Stuart Gordon, U. S. A. (Retired), promoted for gallant conduct in the battle of Gettysburg; well-known Indian fighter. General Gordon says: "Despite my own advanced age, Nuxated Iron has made me fit and ready for another campaign, and if my country needs me, I stand ready to go."

Another remarkable case is that of General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg. General Gordon says: "When I became badly run down this year, I found myself totally without the physical power to come back as I had done in my younger days. I tried different so-called 'tonics,' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommending organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result I started taking Nuxated Iron and within a month it had roused my weakened vital forces and made me feel strong again, giving me endurance such as I never hoped to again possess."

Another interesting case is that of General John Lincoln Clem, who at the early age of 12 years was Sergeant in the U. S. Army and the last veteran of the Civil War to remain on the U. S. Army active list.

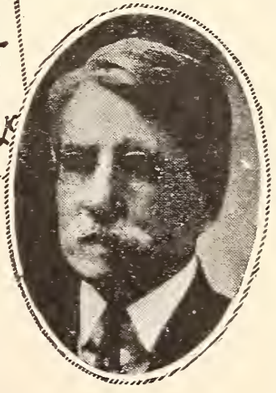


The above is Dr. Sullivan's prescription for enriching the blood and helping to make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans—men and women who dare and do.

General John L. Clem, U. S. A. (Retired), the drummer boy of Shiloh who entered the U. S. Army as a drummer boy at the age of eleven years. He was promoted to be Sergeant for gallantry at the battle of Chicamauga when only 12 years old. He says that Nuxated Iron is the one and ever-reliable tonic—that he obtained most surprising results, from its use in two weeks' time.

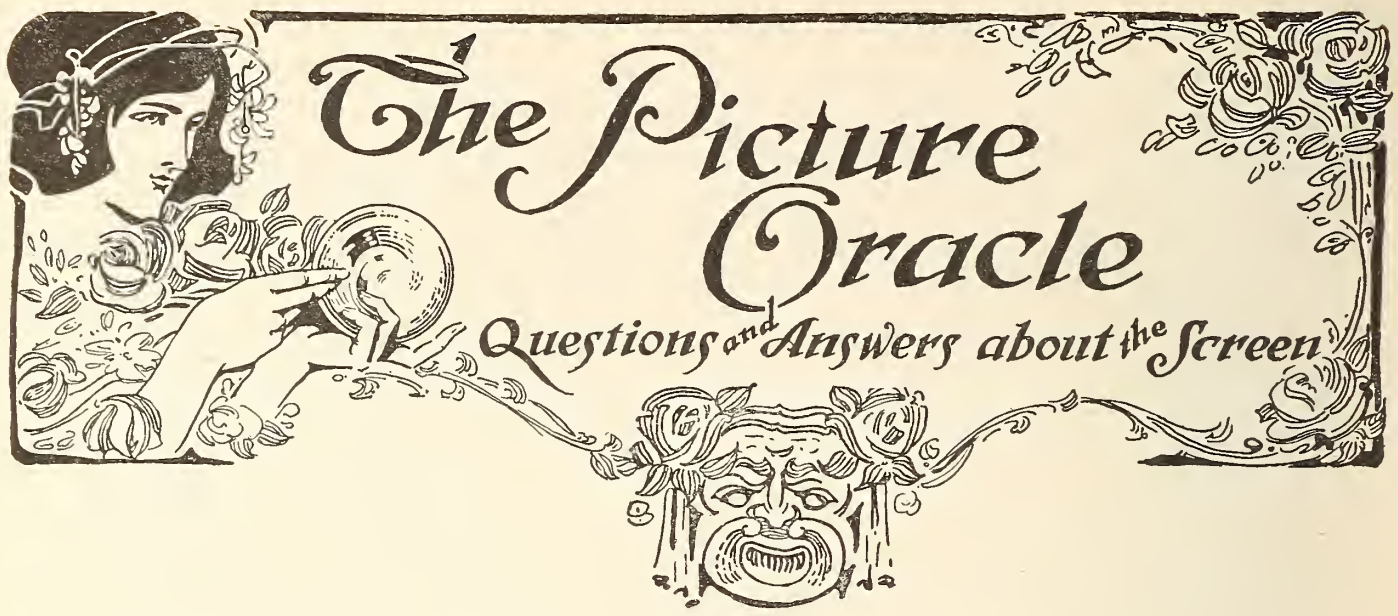
General Clem says: "I find in Nuxated Iron the one and ever-reliable tonic. Two months after beginning the treatment I am a well man."

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, there are probably thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. 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 Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.



Judge Samuel S. Yoder, Statesman Jurist and for 18 years a practising physician—formerly Surgeon Major in the Army and now Commander in Chief of the Union Veteran Union, says: "Nuxated Iron restores, revivifies and rehabilitates the system. To the man of 70 as I am it is just as certain, just as efficacious as to the youth in his teens."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed by Dr. Sullivan, and which has been used by Generals Gibson, Gordon, Clem, Judge Yoder, and others with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



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.

HOPE.—You seem to be a very lucky little lady, Hope. Here you land at the top of the Oracle Department for the second time since you have been writing to me. It has been a long time, though, since you first wrote to the Oracle, hasn't it? You and "Cleo" are the veterans of the Oracle Department. I can almost always count on you two to be with me each month. There are quite a few others, however, who are getting into the spirit, and writing as regular as clockwork. My readers can't write too often to suit yours truly. Glad to hear that you have seen William S. Hart for the third time. I knew that you would like him. No, Wheeler was quite in demand when he was appearing in the play of the various film companies, but he thought it was time for him to shoulder a gun, so off he hiked, and enlisted in the California "Grizzlies." Yes, it is much preferable. It is Marjorie Daw and not Dawn. Those are quite some New Year's resolutions that you made. I was so busy on New Year's Eve—working, if you please—that I did not have time to make any resolutions for the coming year. I will therefore not break any of them. Quién sabe? Yes, I should say that you are very fine to try and cultivate them. It is a safe bet that your eldest will like Bill Hart in "The Silent Man." He is always a great favorite with the boys, anyway, as well as with the grown-ups. Don't miss your favorite Charlie Ray in "His Mother's Boy," and "Let's Go!" Both are great, and I know you'll enjoy them. There was quite some talk about May Allison going back to co-star with your favorite, Harold Lockwood, but the deal has evidently been called off, as May is to star in her own name for the Metro Company. You have a great many favorites, and I am at a loss to understand how you get time to see them all.

FAY TINCHER FAN.—Fay Tincher is not working at the present time, but it is expected that she will start to work again in a very few weeks. She has completed two comedies since she returned to the screen after her long retirement. It will seem good to see Fay among us once more. She has a style of work all her own, and is indeed refreshing to look upon. No announcement has been made as to who will release her comedies. You can reach her by letter in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

M. J. M.—Can't answer your first question concerning Mary Pickford, as it is against the rules of the Oracle. You should have read them over carefully before you wrote your list of questions to be answered in the magazine. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. Mrs. Vernon Castle is still playing in features for the Pathé Company. A letter will reach her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Some of the stars have taken other names than their own on entering the theatrical profession. Mary Pickford's correct name is Gladys Smith. Nearly all the leading actors answer their own mail. Charlie Chaplin is a perfectly normal man in every respect. June Caprice has light-brown hair.

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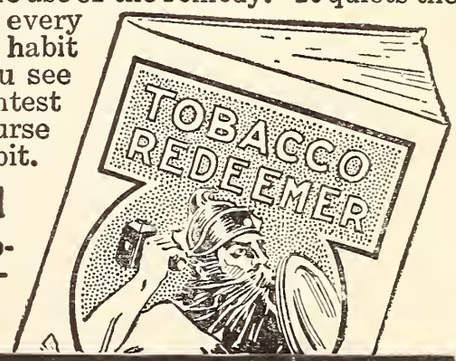

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Anita Stewart Fan.—I should say I haven't heard from you for a long time! Where on earth have you been keeping yourself? You are wrong about our saying nothing about Anita Stewart. She is one of my favorites, and the magazine always publishes something about her when there is anything to say. Just at present she is not working, as the Vitagraph Company is suing her for breach of contract, and is trying to get the court to restrain her from working at any other studio until she finishes her contract with them. It rather looks as if Anita will have to finish her contract with the Vitagraph, although you never can tell. William Lord Wright, who is in charge of the scenario department of this magazine, is a very capable man and a fine chap personally. "Bill," as he is called by his many friends, has had a long experience as a successful writer of photo plays with several of the largest companies, and knows what he is talking about. It will be well for readers to heed his advice thoroughly, as he is in the "know" of film-story conditions. You must want me to be mobbed by asking me to state who I think is the most beautiful woman on the screen. I could only please one woman by that statement, and incur the wrath of hundreds of others. I like them all too well for that. They are all beautiful to their admirers. That isn't a bad answer, is it? Write to Mabel Normand in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 16 East Forty-second Street, New York City. "Mickey" has been released at last. Bara is pronounced like *ara* in "Sahara" with a *b* in front of it. All right, I won't forget.

Mrs. J. K.—Sorry, but the only advice that I can give you regarding getting your two little children in the movies is to take them around to the different studios and apply for extra work. This is the only method that I know of. Writing to a studio does not do any good, as the various companies get many of these letters every day, so don't pay any attention to them.

Louis J. N.—Write to William Lord Wright, the scenario editor of Picture-Play Magazine, and he will be glad to give you any information that you may require in the line you mention about the translating of the book into English photo-play form. I do not answer any questions pertaining to scenarios. Any time you want to know anything in my line I will be only too glad to help you out.

Dorothy F.—Write to Mary Pickford in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Mary was certainly very nice to you, indeed. Yes, several of my readers have received personal letters from Marguerite Clark. It is impossible to get into any of the motion-picture studios without a pass, and said passes are decidedly hard to get. You have to know some one connected with the studios in order to secure one of them. Certainly it is all right to present a gift if you want to. I am sure that you would get a personal reply. Mary Pickford is a great favorite of mine, too. It doesn't look as if Mary Pickford will return to New York to work for some time to come. She is at present busy on campaign work for the third Liberty Loan. Mary certainly is doing a big "bit" for her government. You are some veteran to have been reading the Oracle Department for such a long time. You are entirely welcome.

Catha.—Juliette Shelby is Mary Miles Minter's correct name. Margaret Shelby is the name of her sister. Smith is the family name of the Pickfords. Clara Kimball was Clara Kimball Young's maiden name. You should feel pretty good after shaking hands with those two celebrities.

Con. Amou.—Of course Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are not father and daughter. Whatever put that notion into your head? They have been playing opposite one another in pictures for more than five years. That's quite a long time to keep up a screen partnership, isn't it? Some of the features have real sailors and soldiers playing in their war stuff.

Mrs. A. M. D.—You inclosed the self-addressed envelope but forgot to put a stamp on it.

"I & SS."—Write to Louise Lovely in care of Universal City, California. She was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1896. She is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. She has blond hair and blue-gray eyes. Alice Joyce was the featured lady in the Vitagraph's production of "Womanhood." Yes, Mary Pickford's curls are real. I guess I am asked this question more by my readers than anything else. May Allison is not playing with Harold Lockwood any longer. Metro announced that they would co-star once more in their productions, but something went wrong with their plans, and they are now featuring May alone. Her latest picture is "The Bridge." Mary Miles Minter has blue eyes.

Billie Burke Fan.—Yes, I am sure that Billie Burke would send you one of her photographs. Address her in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. You didn't have quite enough postage on your letter, and the Australian postmaster stamped on the back of the letter to advise you of the fact. Billie is thirty. Mary Pickford does not look at all like her mother. Her brother Jack resembles her more than any other member of the family. Mary Pickford, William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charles Chaplin are the biggest salary getters in the motion-picture business. The postage collect on your letter was six cents.

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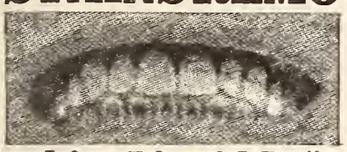

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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

I. M. Lonesome.—It is pretty hard on you when you are so fond of the motion pictures not to be able to go as often as you like. Mary Miles Minter joined the screen before she was fifteen. According to her statement, she was born on April 1, 1902. April the first is All Fool's Day, so Mary may be fooling us. Neal Hart is no relation to William S. Hart. Gloria Hope, the Thomas H. Ince leading lady, is just fifteen years old now, but will be sixteen within a month. She looks older than her age, however, and is a great little actress. She was featured in the first picture she ever appeared in, "Free and Equal," the A. H. Wood's production, which was made by Thomas H. Ince. Address Mary Miles Minter at the American Studios, Santa Barbara, California, and Gloria Hope in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Beauty Twins, Jr.—See above question regarding May Allison and Harold Lockwood Olive Thomas was a feature of Ziegfeld's Follies before she started out on her screen career with the Triangle Film Corporation. E. K. Lincoln is still very much in pictures. He recently appeared opposite Mae Marsh in "The Beloved Traitor," and is now doing a film for Christie Cabanne.

Marjorie L.—How do you expect to find time to write all these players whose addresses you require? Write Marguerite Clark and Billie Burke in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mary Pickford, Jack Holt, and Wallace Reid get their letters at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. William S. Hart has his own studio, the William S. Hart Studio, Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Pearl White and Ralph Kellard find their letters at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Baby Marie Helen Osborne gets her notes at the Diando Film Corporation, Glendale, California. Lillian Gish should be addressed at the Griffith Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Theda Bara and William Farnum have their letter boxes at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Bessie Barriscale calls for her mail every day at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. Margery Wilson and William Desmond get what the postman leaves for them at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Gail Kane ought to be addressed in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Jane Lee and June Caprice both get their mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Anita Stewart's address is in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Norma Talmadge finds her mail box full daily at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Harold Lockwood still has the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City, as his address, and Carlyle Blackwell finds his mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. You didn't miss very many of them, did you?

Movie Fan.—What on earth happened to the second page of your letter? All I received when I tore open the letter were pages one and three. The first eleven questions are missing. Better look it up, and mail it to me as soon as you come across it, or send in the questions again. Arline Pretty is at present playing in "The Hidden Hand" serial for Pathé. Address her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Write to Baby Marie Osborne in care of the Diando Film Corporation, Glendale, California. She is at present doing another patriotic spectacle. "The Little Patriot," in which she was featured, has proven very popular throughout the country. Thelma Salter is not playing at the present time. You can reach her by letter in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Your Alice Joyce question is against the rules of the Oracle, I am sorry to say. Grace Darmond is now playing the leads opposite Earle Williams in Vitagraph releases. He is working at their Western studios in Hollywood, California. Write Bobby Connelly in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. "Humdrum Brown" is the latest Henry Walthall feature to be released by Paralta.

Anna M.—You should send all your inquiries pertaining to scenario writing to William Lord Wright, who has charge of the scenario department in Picture-Play Magazine. He will only be too glad to do whatever he can for you in this line. Just write him what you would like to know, and send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and he will do the rest.

Wild and Woolly.—No, there is no limit to the number of questions you can ask. Tom Mix was not in New York City in 1894. He told me so himself. Can't answer any matrimonial questions as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Neal Hart is quite subdued when not appearing before the camera. Marie Walcamp is still doing a serial for the Universal. Harry Carey was born in New York City on January 6, 1880. Marin Sais weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. Ethel Grandin hasn't appeared before the camera since she did "The Crimson Stain Mystery" for the Erbograph Company opposite Maurice Costello, who has also been absent from the screen since this serial. Myrtle Stedman has gone back into musical comedy.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

OLGA 16.—Of course Jackie Saunders did not fall under that train. Who would? Yes, Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart both own their own hair. It is implanted in their heads, and not merely laid on. Mary's eyes are blue. Howard Estabrook did not play opposite Jean Southern after "The Mysteries of Myra." Howard has been devoting his time to directing of late, and has made some very fine pictures. Jack and Mary Pickford get their mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Ruth Roland gets all of her mail at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Jackie Saunders will receive any mail sent to her at the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California. Harold Lockwood should be written to at the Paralta Studios, Los Angeles, California. Harold Lockwood receives all his mail at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City. Howard Estabrook can be reached at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. I don't think that Ruth Roland looks anything like Juanita Hansen. Yes, Mary Pickford receives much more money a year than the President of the United States. You should read the rules of the Oracle, and you would discover that matrimonial questions are against the rules. Sorry I can't help you win your bet, but rules are rules, you know. Haven't had time to take a vacation this year. Certainly you may come again if you like.

AUDREY.—Thomas Chatterton hasn't been on the screen for some time. He has gone into business for himself in Santa Barbara, California, and has been making baking ovens; a new type, which is said to be bringing him in considerable dough. They must be, for Tom was one of the high-salaried players and directors in motion pictures. You can address Chatterton in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Charles Richman's latest screen success is "Over There." Douglas Fairbanks has done a number of pictures. He has done six features for the Artcraft program, and is finishing work on his seventh at the present time.

INQUISITIVE.—"The Midnight Trail" is the latest picture in which William Russell is starred. Edward Sloman is the man whom Russell has to thank for the success of his recent features. Sloman has directed some splendid features with Russell, by far the best this star has ever appeared in. Russell is a Mutual star and not a Triangle luminary. Thomas Meighan has just finished playing opposite Mary Pickford in "M'liss." Helene Rosson hasn't played in pictures for a long time. She did her last picture work with the American Film Company.

MARGUERITE CLARK ADMIRER.—No, I don't think that Billie Burke and Mae Marsh resemble each other very much. Hazel Dawn is back on the stage again. Marguerite Clark is thirty. Myrtle Stedman is now in musical comedy. She is prima donna with Shubert's "Follow the Girl" company. Naolia Burrell is with Sunshine Comedies.

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J. M.—Viola Dana gets all of her mail at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California.

Shrimp Childs.—Mitchel Lewis and Victor Southerland had the leading rôles in "The Bar Sinister." Rita Jolivet was featured in "The Masque of Life," with Conway Tearle. Helen Holmes and Leo Maloney in the Mutual serial. Florence LaBadie died as the result of injuries she sustained in an automobile accident. Write Bebe Daniels in care of the Rolin Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Helen Holmes, Dustin Farnum, Winifred Kingston, Philo McCullough, and Edwin August should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Franklyn Farnum and Agnes Vernon will get all letters addressed to them at Universal City, California. Gladys Brockwell receives all of her mail at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Wallace Reid receives his letters at the Lasky Studio, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Peggy Hyland is now with the Eastern Fox Company, and should be addressed at the Fox Film Company, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. May Allison finds all of her mail at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City. Niles Welch receives his mash notes there also. George Cohan has his mail delivered to him at the Cohan & Harris Enterprises, New York City. Eugene O'Brien should be addressed at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Nigel Barrie's address is in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Irving Cummings gets his mail where Peggy Hyland receives hers. John Bowers can be reached in care of the Paramount Picture Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Do you mean the "Parson of Paniment?" There were several Mary Miles Minter pictures like the one you mention. Can't you give me any further details? Harold Lockwood and May Allison are not playing together at the present time, but Jack Pickford and Louise Huff are. Mary Pickford's latest is "How Could You, Jean?" William D. Taylor, who has been producing the Jack Pickford features, is directing her. "The Little Patriot" is one of the late Baby Marie Osborne plays. It is rumored that Ruth Roland will head her own company shortly. "The Price of Folly" is her latest serial.

I. W. Mc.—Write to Madame Petrova in care of the Petrova Pictures Corporation, 25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City. Pearl White gets all of her mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Viola Dana finds her mail every morning at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California, where she is making her feature films.

Baby Daniels Admirer.—You are wrong in the name of your favorite. It is Bebe Daniels and not Baby Daniels. Bebe is not a baby by any means, but a real young lady. You should write to the editor about pictures in the gallery of Picture-Play Magazine, as he looks after that end himself, and not yours truly. I don't have anything to do with any part of the magazine other than the Picture Oracle, which is in itself enough to keep me very busy, indeed. Your favorite is just eighteen years old.

Canadian Jake.—Mary Miles Minter was born on April 1, 1902. Douglas Fairbanks claims 1883 as his birth date; 1889 for Pauline Frederick. Wallace Reid first saw the light of day in 1892. Tom Forman is in the service of Uncle Sam at the present time, but any mail addressed to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will be sure to reach him. Mary Miles Minter has been on the screen about three years.

Princess Pat.—You are quite correct. It was Valeska Suratt who played the rôle of the "vamp" in the William Fox production, "The Soul of Broadway." She has gone back into vaudeville again, deserting the screen for the time being. Walter Long is the gentleman who played the rôle of *Gus* in the "Birth of a Nation." He is a first lieutenant now in the coast artillery of the United States Army. Write Douglas Fairbanks in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Mary Pickford gets her mail there, too. Marguerite Clark should be written to in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. You are entirely welcome. Call again.

Velma Admirer.—Yes, you are quite correct. It was Velma Whitman who played in "The Finger of Justice" with Crane Wilbur. No, she is not related to Alfred Whitman, of the Vitagraph forces. His real name is Alfred Vosburgh. Velma will get any mail addressed to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

W. Nezyoovd.—Why don't you write to Hart about the book and suggest it to him? Marguerite Snow has just finished playing in a serial, "The Eagle's Eye." Baby Marie Osborne is still playing. Excuse me from Africa.

C. S.—Florence LaBadie died several months ago as the result of injuries she received in an automobile accident. "The Man Without a Country" was the last picture that she appeared in. It was released as a Jewel production. Address Norma Talmadge in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Yes, I think she would answer a letter from you. Thanks very much indeed for your kind words.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Velma Marie T.—Just ran across the other half of your questions, so thought I had better answer them. Sorry they didn't all get in the last issue. The Fairbanks twins are seventeen years old. Yes, they answer letters from admirers. Louise Huff gets her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. I don't know when Mary Pickford will come to New York. She seems perfectly satisfied to make her films where she is at the present time. That's a very good salary indeed for a beginner. Marguerite Clark and Louise Huff have both been known to answer letters from their admirers. You can reach Marguerite by letter at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Miss Rose S. C.—You didn't have any questions to ask, so I guess I can't answer any for you. All you said was that you wanted to be an actor, but didn't ask anything about it. If you want to be, go ahead. I'm for you. I'm glad to hear from you and hope you'll write again.

Mary H.—Write to Richard Barthelmess in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City.

Betty Morse.—Evidently Jack Holt is quite a favorite down your way from what you say. He is still working at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. His latest feature in which he appears hasn't received a final main title as yet. Drop him a line and he'll tell you.

Miss Make-believe.—You are correct regarding Mary Pickford's age. She is twenty-five, having been born in Toronto, Canada, in April, 1893. When the question was answered, however, she was only twenty-four. That is why you thought it was a mistake. You are right in what you say about Charles Chaplin. People may say that he is silly, and all of that, but just let a Chaplin film be shown, and you will almost always see the same people in the house, laughing their heads off at his antics. Charlie is more than a mere funny man. He is an artist in every sense of the word, and studies out each gag that he puts over until it suits him to perfection. You gaze on him and think that all he does is come into a set, and fool around, doing anything that may come into his mind, but such is not the case. Charlie studies out everything that he does, and his pictures take from six to ten weeks to make. Maude Adams is one of my favorites, too. Didn't you adore her in "Peter Pan?" "A Kiss for Cinderella" is very good, but it doesn't compare with the appealing rôle she had in "Peter Pan," to my way of thinking. I'll tell the editor about your wish for an interview with Pearl White. I'm sure I don't know about that Irish blood you speak about. It may be so. Guessing is against the laws of Oracle, so I won't try to tell you how much Pearl White makes a week. Maybe she is learning to speak French, so she can write to the soldiers in France and thank them for their kind words without employing the services of an interpreter. All right, I'm prepared.

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CHARLES D. H.—Address House Peters and Crane Wilbur in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Jack Pickford is now in the service of Uncle Sam, but mail addressed to him in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, will be sure to reach him. John Hines gets all of his mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks finds his mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, as does Elliot Dexter. Harold Lockwood is back on the coast once more, and receives mail in care of the Yorke-Metro Studios, Hollywood, California. I like Johnny Hines very much indeed. I think him decidedly clever. The stars are placed in stories that suit their individuality best. Mary Pickford is considered by all film critics to be one of the best little actresses on the screen to-day. She is certainly every bit as popular as she ever was, if not more so. The picture you mention didn't appeal very strongly to me, although I suppose a great many people liked it. Every one has their taste according to films, and they are not all alike by any means.

ALTAS.—I am as much puzzled as ever to know what name to suggest for your dog. True, I asked what *kind* of a dog it was, but I meant not it's pedigree. If I should have suggested "Pete," for instance, it might not be that kind of a dog. What I wanted to know was its gender. I should say that you have been very tardy, indeed, in writing to me of late. It seems ages since I heard from you last. Yes, I notice the new stationery. That's the stuff, don't let them put over any of that fifty-year-old business with you. No, you are wrong. Dorothy Dalton had nothing at all to do with it. "The Public Be Damned" is the latest one. Grace Cunard is not playing in pictures at the present time. Violet is still with the Universal. "Morgan's Raiders" is one of her latest. The Butterfly pictures used to be a brand of the Universal. Yes, I know Mae Marsh personally. She is a mighty sweet little girl, and as clever as can be.

CANUCK.—Was wondering why I hadn't received a letter from you when I happened across your latest one. Was very glad to hear from you again. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Ralph Kellard is not playing in films at the present time, but any mail addressed to him in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, will be sure to reach him O. K. Lottie Pickford continues to play off and on in pictures—mostly off. If you can tell me the name of that Mary Miles Minter picture you refer to, I can probably tell you the name of the young man that you want to know. Can't answer your Arbuckle question, as it is against the rules of the Oracle. Louise Huff played opposite Jack Pickford in "Freckles." "The Little American" scenes were all filmed in California. Mary Pickford has recently been working on "How Could You, Jean," under the direction of William D. Taylor, who directed the Jack Pickford successes. Jack is in the navy now. So you are a new reader? Well, well, well! Your letter was mailed in Canada, where I have a regular correspondent by the title of "Canuck," so I thought it was this party at first. Glad to have you with the Oracle, and don't forget to write soon again.

BLUE JACKET.—Charles Chaplin gets his letters at the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Mary Pickford should be written to in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Jack Pickford is in the navy, and you are apt to run into him at any time. You can write to him in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, and they will forward the letter to him. Mary Miles Minter should be addressed in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Yes, I am sure that all of the above-mentioned stars will be glad to send you one of their photos. Give my regards to all of the boys on the U. S. S. *Henley,* and don't forget to write to me again when you get a few spare moments that you don't know what to do with.

TOMMIE BLUE.—You refer to Kenneth Harlan as the man opposite Dorothy Dalton in the Triangle production, "The Flame of the Yukon." It certainly was a highly interesting picture to be sure. A letter addressed to him in care of the Universal Film Company will be sure to reach him. You refer to S. Rankin Drew in the Vitagraph production. He is now in the American Aviation Corps in France. Of course I like to receive letters from the readers of PICTURE-PLAY.

H. L. H.—Tom Forman is the young man that played opposite Blanche Sweet in the Lasky production. He is now a member of the coast artillery, and is not working in films any longer. Not until it is over "over there." Jack Johnston was the fellow who played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North."

PAUL E.—No, I haven't yet received the letter that was written in Italian, but when I do I shall certainly send you the photo that you inclosed in it by mistake.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS ADMIRER.—No, it is not true that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are to be stars with the Pathé Company. Both are to continue making productions for the Artcraft program. Address both Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

DICKY.—Don't know why they neglect your friend Paul Willis. He is certainly a very clever youngster, and should be a real live star if he keeps up his good work. Kenneth Harlan is the young man's name that played the leading rôle opposite Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon." Can't answer matrimonial questions as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Douglas Fairbanks is one of the most popular players everywhere, it seems, judging from the size of the crowds who go to see his features. I think that "A Modern Musketeer" was by far the best picture in which he appeared.

VAMPIRE.—You are evidently about to pay considerable war tax to Uncle Sam on the letters you write, if you carry out your intentions to pen a few lines to every one of the players whose address you request. Florence LaBadie died several months ago as the result of injuries she received in an automobile accident. Pearl White gets all her mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Gladys Hulette should be written to in care of the Thanhouser Studios, New Rochelle, New York. Arline Pretty and Mollie King should be addressed at the Pathé Exchange. Theda Bara receives her mail daily at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, where she is taking the star part in the William Fox production of "Salome." Ruth Roland has all her mail sent in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Madge Kennedy has her own letter box at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City, Marguerite Clark receives mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Alice Joyce calls the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, her mailing address. Geraldine Farrar gets her mail at Madge Kennedy's address. Anna Q. Nillson, too. Mary MacLaren and Mae Murray receive their mail at Universal City, California. Write Jackie Saunders at the Balboa Company, Long Beach, California. May Allison and Beverly Bayne get their letters at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1497 Broadway, New York City. Alice Brady finds a lot of mail for her every day at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Irene Hunt should be written in care of Willis & Inglis. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents with your request for a player's photograph.

"BECKY OF MEMPHIS."—I'm sure that I can't tell you anything about the gowns that Madame Olga Petrova wears in her features. Why don't you write to her about them?

JEAN MOORE.—I am sorry, but it would not be in keeping with the policy of the Oracle to tell them to write to you until I have an idea about what this wonderful scheme of yours is. If you want to do a thing of that kind you should advertise the fact, and not try to go about it in the way you suggest, as that would be very poor policy.

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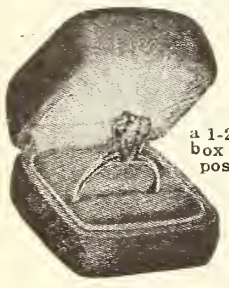

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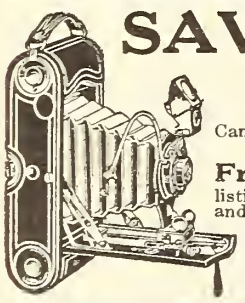

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

RAZ-BERRY.—See above answer for address of Mae Murray. Jack Pickford and Louise Huff will get any mail sent to them in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Francis Marion is the scenario writer for Mary Pickford. The Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, is her address. Kathlyn Williams should be addressed at the Morosco Studios. Jewel Carmen finds all of her mail at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Gladys Brockwell gets her mail at the Fox, too. Charlotte Burton collects her daily batch of letters at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Viola Dana has a habit of calling in the office of the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California, for her daily mail. Anita Stewart has her letters delivered to her at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Ethel Clayton's address is the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. I am sure that all the above mentioned will send you one of their autographed photographs.

M. C.—The editor has sent you a copy of the Market Booklet. Thelma Salter is not being starred at the present time. The last picture she appeared in was for Thomas H. Ince. You can write to her in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California.

CATHERINE J.—Cleo Madison has not been playing in pictures for many months. She has not done a single picture engagement since she left the Universal Company. She went to play in stock at the Wigwam Theater in San Francisco, California, after severing her connections with the Universal. A letter will reach her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Marguerite Clark is still with the Paramount Pictures Corporation, and gets her mail in care of this concern at 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOPSY TWINKLE-TOES.—Charles Chaplin was born in Paris of English parents. I think that he would send you one of his autographed photos if you were to write him for one. Address him in care of the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Yes, Wallace Reid and Harold Lockwood are very good looking, indeed. So you have become sick of the stage? Well, if you went into motion pictures you would find it much harder work than the legitimate, so there is no doubt but that you would be tired of pictures before you were in them very long. I'm afraid that you lack the theatrical spirit that should be in all players if they intend to make a success of their profession. I should say it did look rather bad for a person supposed to be down and out, with a worn suit, wearing a pair of new patent-leather shoes. These slips get by the director every once in a while, but are just as much the fault of the player, who is supposed to use his own head in such matters. Jack Pickford will get any mail sent to him in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

H. F. T.—No, Cleo Ridgley is not appearing in motion pictures at the present time. You picked two good ones, all right. They don't make them any more popular than Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart. You will have to ask the editor if there will be another Screen Opportunity Contest or not. I don't know, and have never asked him myself. Edna Mayo is not playing in pictures at the present time. Her last work was with the Essanay Company in Chicago, Illinois. Mary Miles Minter has been in pictures for about three years. She has appeared in productions for the Frohman, Metro, and American Film Companies. She is still with the latter concern, and will get any mail addressed to her in care of the American Studios, Santa Barbara, California. George Beban has just formed his own company. You should write to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Dorothy Dalton played in stock for several seasons, and on the vaudeville stage as well, before she began her screen career with the World Film Corporation. She next did a feature with the All Star Film Company, after which she landed with Thomas H. Ince. The only way that I know of for you to get in the movies is to apply at the various studios for extra work.

Robert J. F.—Don't know whether the judges received the letter you wrote to them or not regarding the Screen Opportunity Contest. I was so busy with my own work that I didn't have time to pay any attention to anything else. Write to the editor of Picture-Play, and he will be able to tell you anything that you may want to know concerning the outcome of the contest and about the letter you wrote to the judges. Anything else you want to know regarding the films or the players, just drop me a line, and I'll only be too glad to answer your questions.

Betty.—Charles French is with Thomas H. Ince's Paramount companies. He has been with Ince for a good many features, so he ought to stand very highly with him. He is a very fine actor indeed, and has given some great characterizations to the screen. The Triangle Company is still the name of the firm that Thomas H. Ince left, and it has eleven dramatic companies working at their studios in Culver City, California. Ince has Charles Ray, Dorothy Dalton, and Enid Bennett making Paramount features for him, and William S. Hart producing features for the Artcraft. Quite a collection of stars to be looking after, isn't it? Write to the editor concerning the pictures in the gallery. He looks after all of that. Victor Moore had the leading rôle in Paramount's production, "The Clown." Write to Marguerite Clark in care of the Paramount Picture Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and Olive Thomas at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Louise Huff receives her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, while Miriam Cooper finds all of her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

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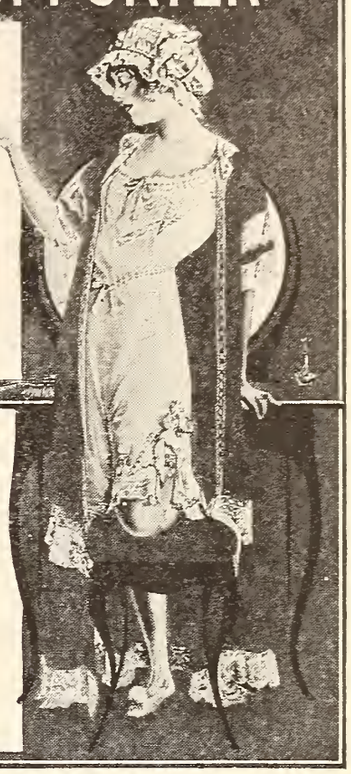

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

CHARLES CHAPLIN JR.—So you look just like Charles Chaplin when he is without his make-up? Did you ever try to copy his make-up and see if you would look like he does on the screen? I should think that it would be lots of fun. Some people even copy his make-up and then appear before a camera and get paid for looking like him and copying his line of work. No, Billie West is not any relation to Chaplin at all, but he draws down a very good salary for imitating Charlie in his comedies. Even some of the old Chaplin plots have been used by West in his King Bee comedies. After seeing Chaplin one would not care the least bit for West. You can get a picture of Charles Chaplin autographed by writing to the comedian at his studios, the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IS MY FAVORITE.—No, you are the only one that has used this title as a heading for their answers in the Oracle, but thousands have said this to me in their letters. He is certainly a very popular screen idol, and his pictures are always entertaining and good for many laughs. I guess the "Americano" was the most dramatic picture that Fairbanks made with the possible exception of "The Lamb." Both of these productions contained many laughs for the audience, however. The middle name of Douglas Fairbanks is Elton, although he never uses it. Write him at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

BETTY SUMMERS.—Did you get the correct address on your Harold Lockwood letter? He should have been written to in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1497 Broadway, New York City. Can't answer your Harold Lockwood question as it is against the rules of the Oracle. It must be very trying to have to stay in a place that you dislike so much. Write often, and ask as many questions as you like. Maybe it will help to cheer you up.

FIGS.—Charles Chaplin should be addressed in care of the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Norma Talmadge gets her mail at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Gail Kane should be addressed in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, as should Jay Belasco. Jay joined the army, but was sent back after he was there several months. Niles Welch is the name of the young man you refer to in "Miss George Washington" with Marguerite Clark. Write to him in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

A WYO PEACH.—Jack Mulhall is working for the Universal Company in a new serial now. Address him at Universal City, California. Write to Bobby Harron in care of the Griffith Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Address Gladys Leslie in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

CUNARD-FORD FAN.—Francis Ford is his real name. He hasn't been playing on the screen for some little time now, devoting all of his energies to directing. Grace Cunard is certainly a very popular star. There is no getting away from it. Grace and Mary Pickford are utterly different in their respective lines of work, so you can't compare them. Yes, Grace answers letters from her admirers. Write to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Grace Cunard has a sister, Mina Cunard. Joe Moore played in "The Purple Mask" serial with Grace Cunard. He is now one of Uncle Sam's soldier boys at American Lake. Joe was one of the very first to go.

NEW ZEALAND.—You can reach Dorothy Dalton in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Oh, I don't know. Some stenographers are very popular. Mabel Taliaferro will get any mail you may send her at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City. Your letter was very interesting coming from 'way off New Zealand, and highly appreciated. I wouldn't be surprised if there are five instead of three when the boys come home. Your letter was quite some time in getting over.

W. H. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Lillian and Dorothy Gish are still with D. W. Griffith's company. They can be reached by mail at the Griffith Studios, Hollywood, California. Thomas H. Ince has the Charles Ray, Enid Bennett, and Dorothy Dalton companies producing features for the Paramount, and William S. Hart is making pictures for Artcraft. Yes, Frank Keenan is still making pictures. He is being featured by Pathé in their productions now. Hart is still playing his Western rôles, with an occasional change. The Lubin Company hasn't been producing films for some time. Mabel Normand is being featured by the Goldwyn Company in comedy dramas. Al St. John is still with Roscoe Arbuckle's company. Frank Mills and Jane Grey are not appearing before the camera at the present time. The Reliance Company hasn't been in business for some time. There is no Triangle-Fine Arts Company now. It is all Kay-Bee Triangle. King Baggot has just finished playing in a serial, "The Eagle's Eye," for the Wharton Brothers. Flora Finch hasn't been with the Vitagraph Company for several years.

H. W.—Yes, I think that Pearl White and Marin Sais would write to you. Address Pearl in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, and Marin Sais in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Matrimonial questions are against the Oracle rules. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on November 23, 1875. Olive Thomas is certainly very pretty, both on and off the screen. I think that Theda Bara would send you one of her photos. Write her a letter at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. She is twenty-seven years old.

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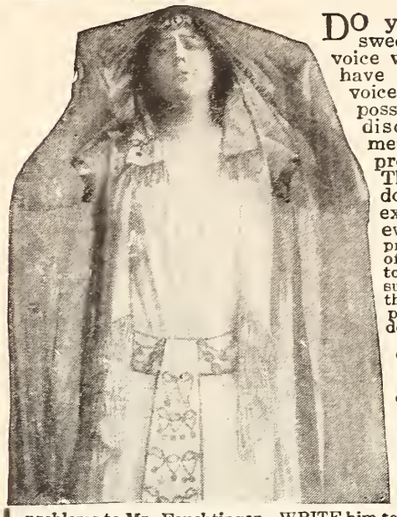

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

SARAH P.—William S. Hart is the head of his own company now. Write him at the William S. Hart Studios, Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California. The Universal stars are at Universal City, California. The Triangle stars at Culver City, California, and the Famous Players-Lasky principals at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. The World Film stars should be addressed at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

RITA.—Douglas McLean can be reached in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. He certainly was very handsome opposite Gail Kane in "Souls In Pawn." He is now playing opposite Dorothy Gish in D. W. Griffith's war picture which Chester Whitey is directing. Earle Williams is still making features for the Vitagraph Company. He is now working at their Western studios, in Hollywood, California. You certainly use up a lot of paper to write so little, Rita. You should be more careful. Save all the paper you can, because it is becoming scarcer all the time. Write on both sides now; I don't care.

VITAGRAPH FAN.—William Wolbert is not directing Alfred Whitman any more at the Vitagraph Studios. Dave Smith is handling the megaphone for the Whitman features now. "A Son of Kazan" is the latest feature to be filmed by the Whitman Company. Mary Pickford left the Lasky Studios after finishing "How Could You, Jean?" to go on a tour for the government in behalf of the third Liberty Loan. Needless to say, little Mary did *some* business. I agree with you that the men who direct the features don't get the credit from the public that is due to them for their efforts. They are just as much responsible for the success or failure of a picture as any one else connected with the production.

MOVIE FAN.—You shouldn't be in such a rush for a letter from your favorite. Remember that the stars get a great many letters every day from fans who are just as anxious as you were for a reply, and that it takes time to answer them all. Just be a bit patient, and I am sure that you will hear. Did you have the correct address? She should be addressed in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

EDNA B.—Douglas Fairbanks and George Walsh are every bit as jolly off the screen as they are on. Douglas Fairbanks was born at Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Ella Hall was born in New York City on St. Patrick's Day, 1897. Neva Gerber was born in Chicago in 1895. Can't answer any matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle. You should have looked the rules over before you wrote.

ALICE J. J.—Pearl White was born in 1889. Mary Pickford is twenty-four years of old age.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

GERTRUDE H.—So you, too, would like to become a motion-picture star? There are very few girls to-day who don't want to be in the movies. You evidently did not read the rules of the contest before you wrote your questions, or you would have discovered that matrimonial queries are not answered in the Oracle Department. Tom Forman is in the army. He is a sergeant in the Coast Artillery in California. Any mail addressed to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will be sure to reach him. Drop Miss Clark another line, and let her know that you wrote her once before. Your letter must have been lost or overlooked. Her address is the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Write as often as you like.

AMERICAN FAN.—Mary Miles Minter is still playing in features for the American Film Company. She recently signed a new contract with that concern for another year. Yes, she gets a very nice salary, indeed. Henry King has been directing her features in the past. Edward Sloman, who has been piloting William Russell in all his pictures for the American, has turned his efforts in the direction of Mary Miles Minter now, and will handle the megaphone in her forthcoming features. Alfred Vosburgh has not been with the American Company for some time. The last picture he played in there was with Mary Miles Minter. He is now known as Alfred Whitman, and is being featured by the Vitagraph Company in their productions at the Western Studios in Hollywood, California. "The Home Trail" is the latest film in which he is featured. It looks as if Nell Shipman is to be his leading lady in his future releases under Vitagraph. A letter addressed to him in care of the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California, will reach him. You were right about him in "Cavanaugh of the Forest Rangers." He certainly looked like the real thing. Nell Shipman had the feminine rôle in that production. The Whitman Company are now making "A Texas Romance," from the pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady.

ST. LOUIS.—Francis McDonald has been with the Triangle Film Corporation for several months now. You can reach him by letter at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. He went to the Triangle from the Universal, directly after Thomas H. Ince left the Triangle concern to form his own companies.

WILLIAM S. HART'S ADMIRER.—I liked Hart's work very much in "Wolves of the Rail." That last reel was certainly a thriller. "Blue Blazes Rawdon," was the title of the feature that followed "Wolves of the Rail," in which Hart is also starred. His next feature to be released by the Artcraft will be "The Tiger Man," and is said to present Hart in a different rôle than anything he has ever attempted before on the screen. There is no question about it, Bill is a versatile player, and is perfectly at home in almost any kind of rôle.

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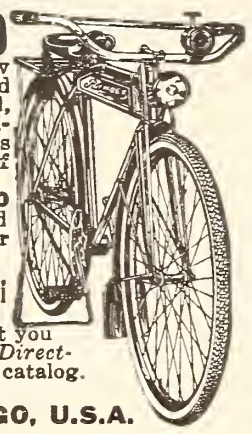

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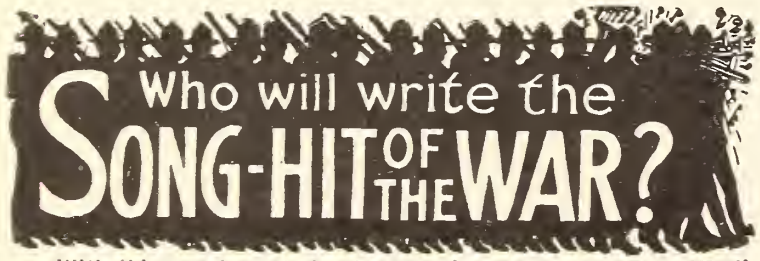

With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War," has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression, have Our Boys adopted another "It's a Long Way To Tipperary," which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies"? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song it appears to be still wanting.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

EASY MONEY.—Yes, the Taylor Holmes you saw in "Easy Money" is the very same young man that played in "The Third Party" on the speaking stage. Personally, I like him better on the stage, because he does not have the opportunity to display a great many of his fine, humorous ways on the screen, due to the absence of his voice. You can reach him by letter in care of the Essanay Film Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois. Webster Campbell is still with Vitagraph.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Richard Stanton is the gentleman who did the directing of "Graft," in which Jane Novak and Hobart Henley were featured. Jane has been doing three features opposite William S. Hart for the Artcraft program, and has commenced work on a film for the Fox Company now. Quite in demand these days, is your favorite. Violet will receive any mail sent to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. She hasn't appeared in very many features. I am sure that she will send you one of her photographs. Webster Campbell is the handsome young man that played opposite Alice Joyce in the "Fettered Woman" for the Vitagraph Company. You can write him in care of the company at East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Francelia Billington was born in Dallas, Texas, on February 1, 1896. Yes, I have noticed that you didn't keep your promise to write me once a week. I'll forgive you if you will try to keep it in the future.

PIPPIN.—So you would like to know the names of the Mack Sennett bevy of beauties who adorn his well-known comedies? Well, I guess I'll have to tell you, seeing that I know them all. They are mighty fine little girls, too, every last one of them. You'll find the pictures of a lot of them in this copy of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Here are their names: Roxana McGowana, Vera Stedman, Phyllis Haver, Marvel Rhea, Virginia Nightingale, Gonda Durand, and Alice Maison. Quite an aggregation of beauty that Mack Sennett sprinkles throughout his comedies, isn't it? They will all receive letters addressed to them in care of the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Allesandro Street, Edendale, California.

VITAGRAPH ADMIRERS.—Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell are playing together now in features for the Eastern Vitagraph. They will get any mail you might send to either of them at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Alfred Whitman is the featured player of the Whitman Company, which is located at the Western Vitagraph Studios. Mary Anderson has been playing opposite him in the past, but of late he has had Nell Shipman for his leading lady. Al is a very clever performer, and is increasing in popularity every day. Any mail addressed to him in care of the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California, will be sure to reach him.

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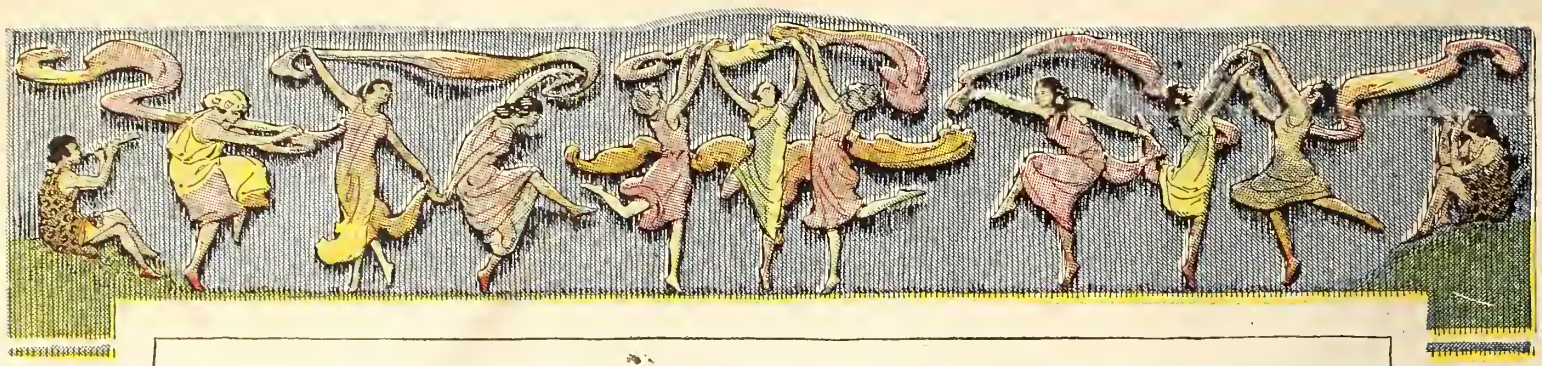

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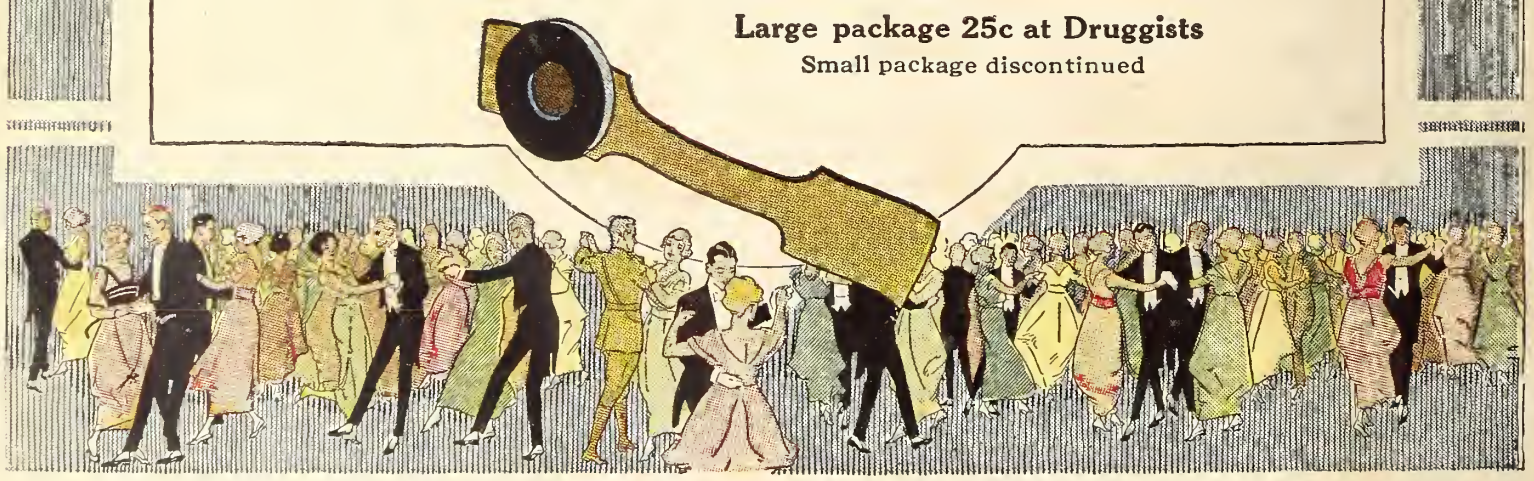

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Nuxated Iron to Help Make Healthier Women and Stronger, Sturdier Men

Say These City Physicians—By Enriching the Blood and Creating Thousands of New Red Blood Cells It Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous, Run-Down Folks in Two Weeks' Time in Many Instances.

SINCE the 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.

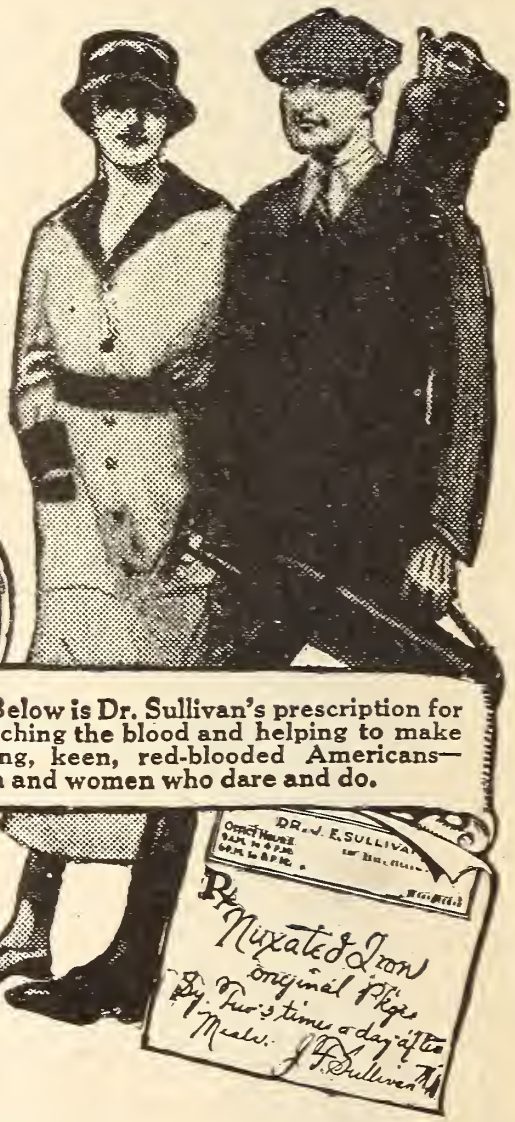
Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on this subject, said: "There can be no sturdy iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"Therefore, you should 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. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "In my talks to physicians I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of their making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by physicians formerly connected with well known hospitals, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

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. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form.



Below is Dr. Sullivan's prescription for enriching the blood and helping to make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans—men and women who dare and do.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.

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AUG 30 1918

Favorite Picture Players

PEGGY HOPKINS

has let herself be lured away from the white lights of the musical stage to the purple aura of the screen long enough to give the fans a unique type of the cabaret girl in "The Woman and the Law," a Fox picture based on the De Saulles trial. The stage recently reclaimed its maid of many Follies for the leading part in "It Pays to Flirt," and now it is announced that Miss Hopkins will appear in the stellar rôle in a forthcoming Fox production written around the new Broadway girl that she created in her earlier picture.

BEVERLY BAYNE

Where could we find a more charming little scientist to dissect "The Heart of a Butterfly," and show us all its secret flutterings? For that is what Miss Bayne does in her characterization of the poor little society butterfly in the latest Bushman-Bayne picture.

BLANCHE SWEET

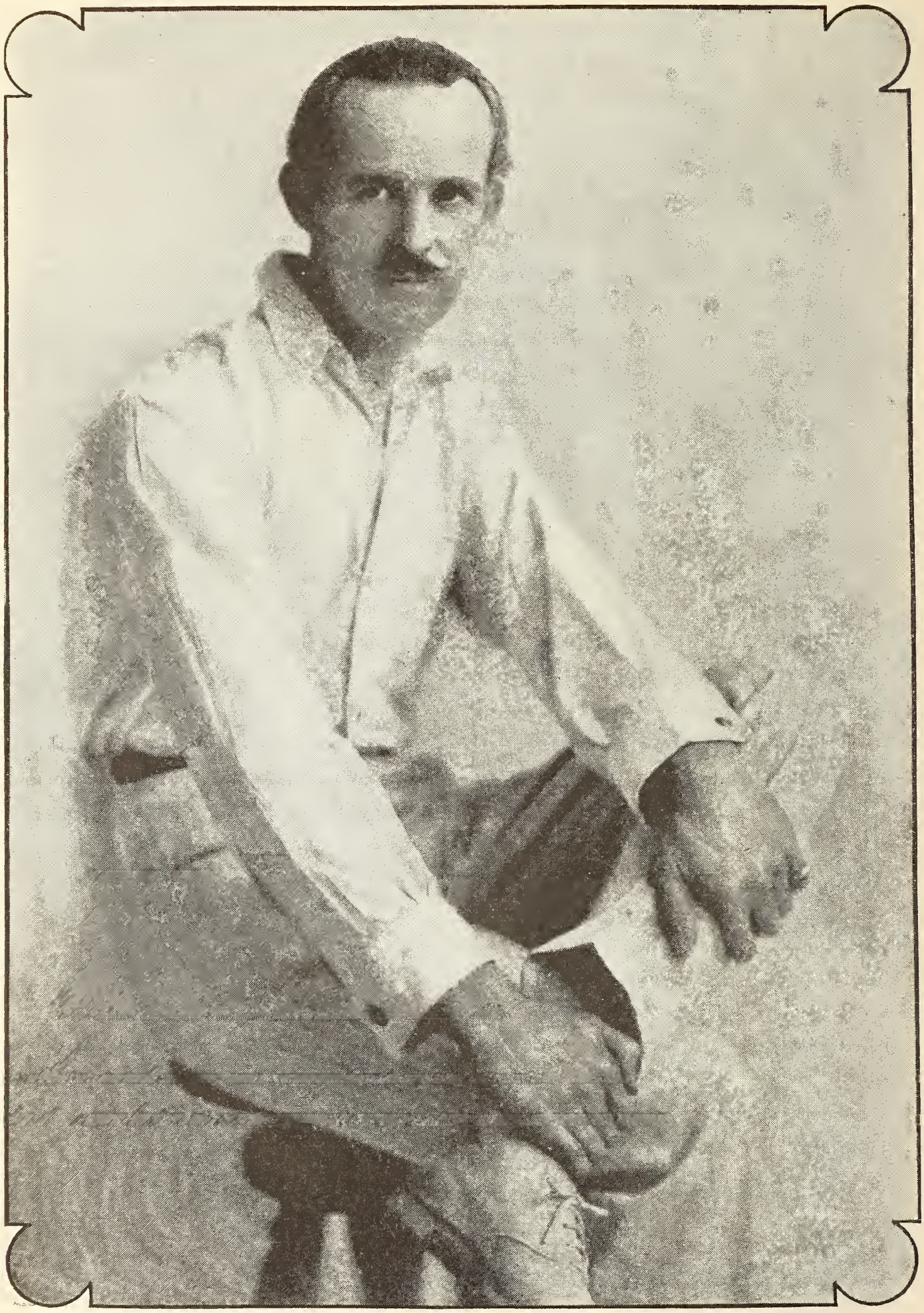
after a long absence is to appear on the screen again in "The Hushed Hour," with a cast which will include five other stars. The play is an unusual one, as five different stories are woven through the picture in parallel threads. It's a fair wind that blows the fans Sweet news.

LOUISE GLAUM

may be consulting the gazing globe on her recent venture in pictures, which is far afield in the realm of big emotional drama—Bernhardtian subjects on the screen. "Shackled" and "The Snap Dragon," her latest pictures, present unusual opportunities for the realization of her ambitions.

MME. LINA CAVALIERI

returns to the silver cloth under the Paramount banner, in the tale of Gismonda, entitled "Love's Conquest," a vehicle admirably suited to the French prima donna's abilities, and sufficiently strong to win her back to what is for her the doubly silent drama, where her golden notes are unheard.



HOWARD HICKMAN

has joined the ranks of the *genus* husband-director. Long dramatic experience in many pictures opposite Bessie Barriscale, and in the stellar masculine rôle in "Civilization," has given him that very desirable asset in a director—the actor's point of view.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

does not depart from her usual "mainly-for-women" type of picture in "The Claw," her latest picture. Whether or not Miss Young claims sisterhood with the feminist ranks, her efforts share honors with the Women's Page—the men are interested spectators.

EDITH STOREY

has found time during the filming of her latest release, "The Demon," to get in a little preparedness work of an unusual nature. When Uncle Sam sends out an S O S call to the fair sex for flyers, Miss Storey expects to be able to qualify for some pretty fast air work.

WANDA HAWLEY

established her fame in the picture world as Fairbanks' leading lady in "Mr. Fix-It," although before that she had appeared in "Cupid's Roundup," "The Doctor," and "The Derelict." She once planned to devote her life to music. Her last appearance was in "Old Wives for New."

"GATHER YE ROSEBUDS

while ye may," is the advice of Vivian Martin, the original Rose Girl, who lives in California and so is able to gather them the year around. In her garden in Los Angeles she grows roses—red ones, white and pink ones, and big yellow beauties that challenge the sunniness of her curls. Roses are her hobby, her playmates and her pride. And when she has led you through the mazes of her flower garden, she is likely, if you're interested, to take you behind the hedge into her kitchen garden where row upon row of lettuce heads are peeping out of the ground to see if it is 'most time to get into a Vivian Martin Salad.

Thrills Not in the Pictures

These are the real thrills for the actors—the unexpected accidents which occur more frequently than you would ever imagine

By R. W. Baremore

THE record of many a serious accident is snipped from the celluloid before the picture is screened for the amusement of the public; many a thrill is unwittingly produced and unrecorded; many a player carries a scar as the result of some scene which turned out other than planned.

The modern director is a stickler for realism. A fight scene must be so near the real thing that it is no joke. In the excitement of taking such a scene an actor is very likely to forget himself and hit hard. I've seen lips split before my eyes, eyes blackened, and bones broken—even during a rehearsal. Real "rescues" are frequently made when "water stuff" is being taken. I knew of a company that had forty players on the hospital list in one day.

Here is an actual list of casualties that occurred while the Blue Bird feature, "The Girl Who Dared," was being filmed:

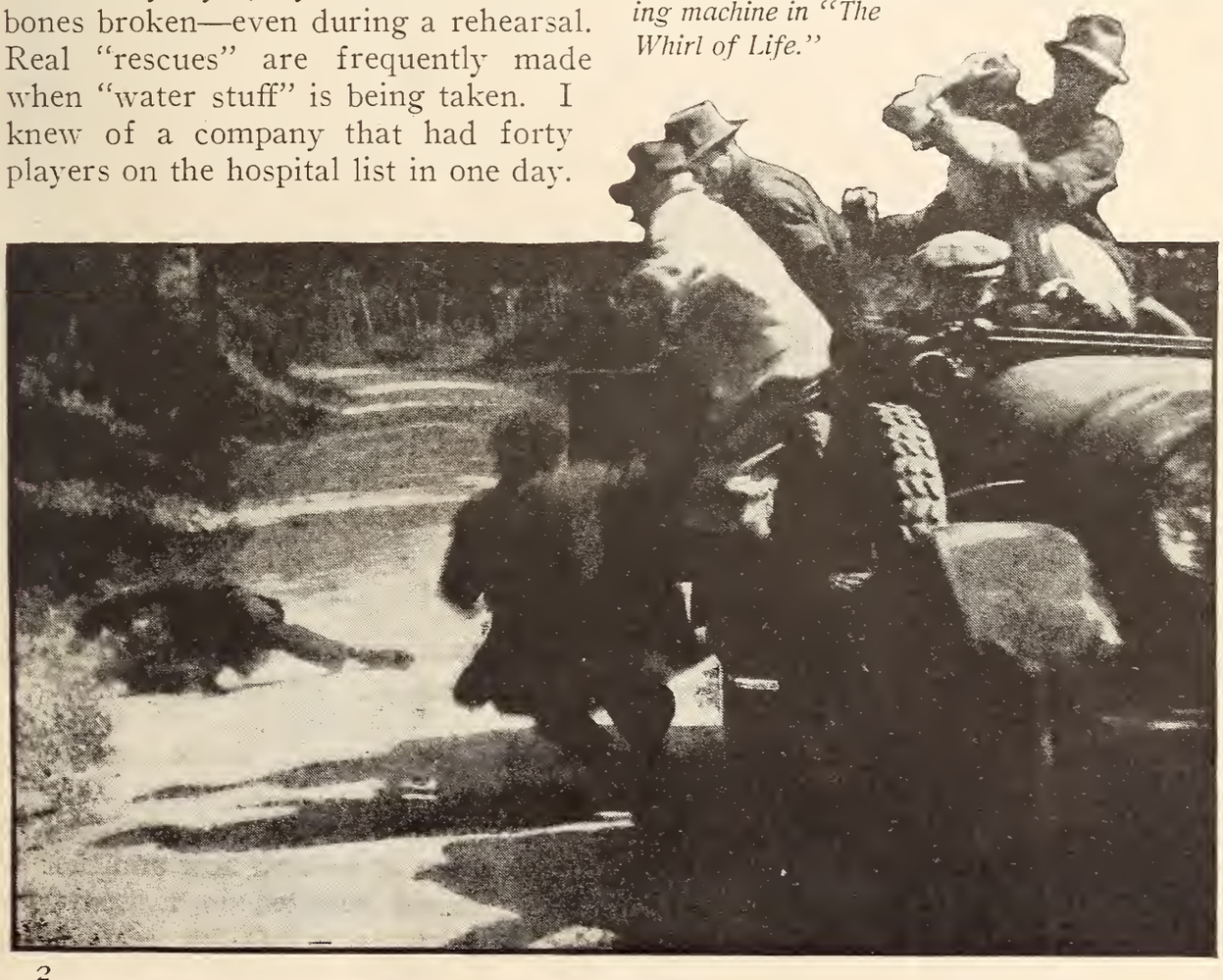
James G. Russell, several bones in feet broken; forced to withdraw from cast.

James Farley, bone fractured in finger.

Lon Chaney, left ankle sprained, sustained skin bruises.

Priscilla Dean, right hand badly lacerated.

Vernon Castle took a hard fall out of the speeding machine in "The Whirl of Life."



Frank Brownlee, hurled into crowd of extras. Brownlee sustained minor injuries; four extras badly bruised.

Dorothy Phillips, hit with chair in dance-hall scene and knocked unconscious; a dozen extras badly injured.

Vernon Castle sought danger and felt its thrill in the movies long before he gallantly met death in the air service in answer to the call of patriotism. In "The Whirl of Life," he took a bad fall from an overspeeding machine in

Joe Ryan sustained a broken leg in this fall, and a double had to finish the picture.

It is an open question whether the Girl Who Dared would have been quite so courageous if she could have had an inkling beforehand of the toll of injuries. Now Director Holubar is on a still hunt for unbreakable actors.

which Mrs. Vernon Castle was being snatched away by kidnapers.

It wouldn't be so bad, perhaps, to break a leg or an arm now and then if the accident resulted in a first-class thriller, but one of the maddening

things for directors and actors alike is to waste an accident on a rehearsal. Take, for instance, the case of Joe Ryan, who broke a leg when his horse took a tumble while rehearsing one of the scenes for the Vitagraph serial, "Vengeance and the Woman." To make it worse, it was in the middle of the story, and they had to get a double for the remaining scenes.

During the filming of "Carmen," one of the big thrills was achieved by having a man ride off the edge of a cliff. The horse was uninjured, but the rider, whose leg was broken, was arrested for cruelty to animals. The animal had been trained to make high jumps, but the man who rode him hadn't finished his schooling in that line. The thousands of picture fans all over the country who held their breath at a genuine thrill never knew what it cost the actor.

Ruth Clifford swapped horses safely in rehearsal, but was injured when the stunt was being filmed.

Trained animals are always kicking over the traces and causing unexpected

thrills. During the filming of "Gismonda," Cavalieri's new picture, a lion became frightened and attacked his trainer, knocking the man face downward on the floor and mauling him into a senseless condition. Only a set carpenter's quick action with a heavy mallet saved his life. Of course the set was built inside the lion's cage, or no one could have estimated the disastrous results that might have followed.

could control him had run into the pole. Over went the auto, Farnum was nearly killed, his leading lady badly injured, Director William Taylor's wrist was broken, and several hundred feet of perfectly good film was spoiled.

An unexpected thrill occurred during the filming of "The Bull's Eye," when a team of horses broke loose from the stagecoach, and the vehicle toppled several hundred feet down the mountain-

Oscar Apfel and his camera man saving the life of their leading woman. This picture was snapped by the "still" camera man.

An unruly horse almost killed two excellent players and their director in one of Dustin Farnum's features. To take this particular scene the camera was set up in an automobile and a long pole extended from the back of the machine to keep the horse at the proper distance. The director leaned over the tonneau to give his orders. When Dusty and Winifred Kingston were mounted something frightened the horse. He bolted, and before Farnum

side. Miss Vivian Reed, the heroine of the story, and Noble Johnson, one of the leading players, leaped from the top as it left the road.

The women of the screen are often required to do stunts before which many a manly heart might "reneg." Ruth Clifford took her daring young life in her hands—or, rather, chucked it into Monroe Salisbury's hands—when she let him snatch her from her mount to his own while both horses

were going at top speed. "The Heart of the Desert" found its way to the screen, and Miss Clifford had the fun of reading the reports of its success in the picture houses propped up in bed, where she was convalescing from the injuries received in the riding scene.

When Oscar Apfel, of the Fox Company, was making a certain picture he had one of his leading women enter a canoe and attempt to shoot the rapids of the Ausable River. The canoe hit a rock, the lady was pitched into the water and carried downstream. Only the prompt action of the director and his camera man prevented her from losing her life. Although a snapshot of the scene is shown, the scene was not in the picture as released. It just happened that the "still" camera man was on the job and took a shot of the rescue.

In filming "Wild Youth," a Paramount picturization of the Sir Gilbert Parker story, Louise Huff, the star, was required to make a fall from a runaway horse. She did. She was knocked unconscious, sustained numberless bruises, and for a week the delicate perfume of liniment pervaded the Huff home. While another picture was being made this same young lady drove an automobile up the front steps of a country house, the auto turned turtle, and Miss Huff was indeed lucky to escape with only two broken fingers and a badly wrenched knee.

Vivian Martin jumped just as the stagecoach started to crash down the mountainside.

No such story as this would be complete without a mention of Pearl White. Probably the list of injuries she has sustained would fill half the pages of this magazine. Like Steve Brodie, she is always ready to take a chance. Considering the risks she takes, it seems only due to a charmed life that she is still with us. *Now*, how would you like to be a motion-picture actor?

Pretty is as

By

Matthew Allison

OH, Rae, how can you bear to get yourself up like such a fright? How can you braid those sunny curls into tight little, ugly little pigtails, and masquerade as an awkward country girl? How dare you add fifty years to the pink and whiteness of your fair face, with grease-paint wrinkles and hollows, and with powdered hair?

If you asked Rae Godfrey this question she most likely would reply: "I just won't depend on looks alone to win fame. I'm afraid that if I relied only on beauty to bring me screen popularity, the directors would give me parts which require a pretty face more than ability to act, and that would be a terrible blow."

Miss Godfrey contends that contrast lends enchantment, and that she always enjoys the thrill she gets when admirers of her character portrayals on the screen exclaim on finding her so charming "off screen." That, she says, is doubly complimentary. Of course, some of her characterizations call for rare beauty, as that of the girl *Cleopatra,* but this little Triangle favorite has won her brightest spurs through her ability to portray many different types.

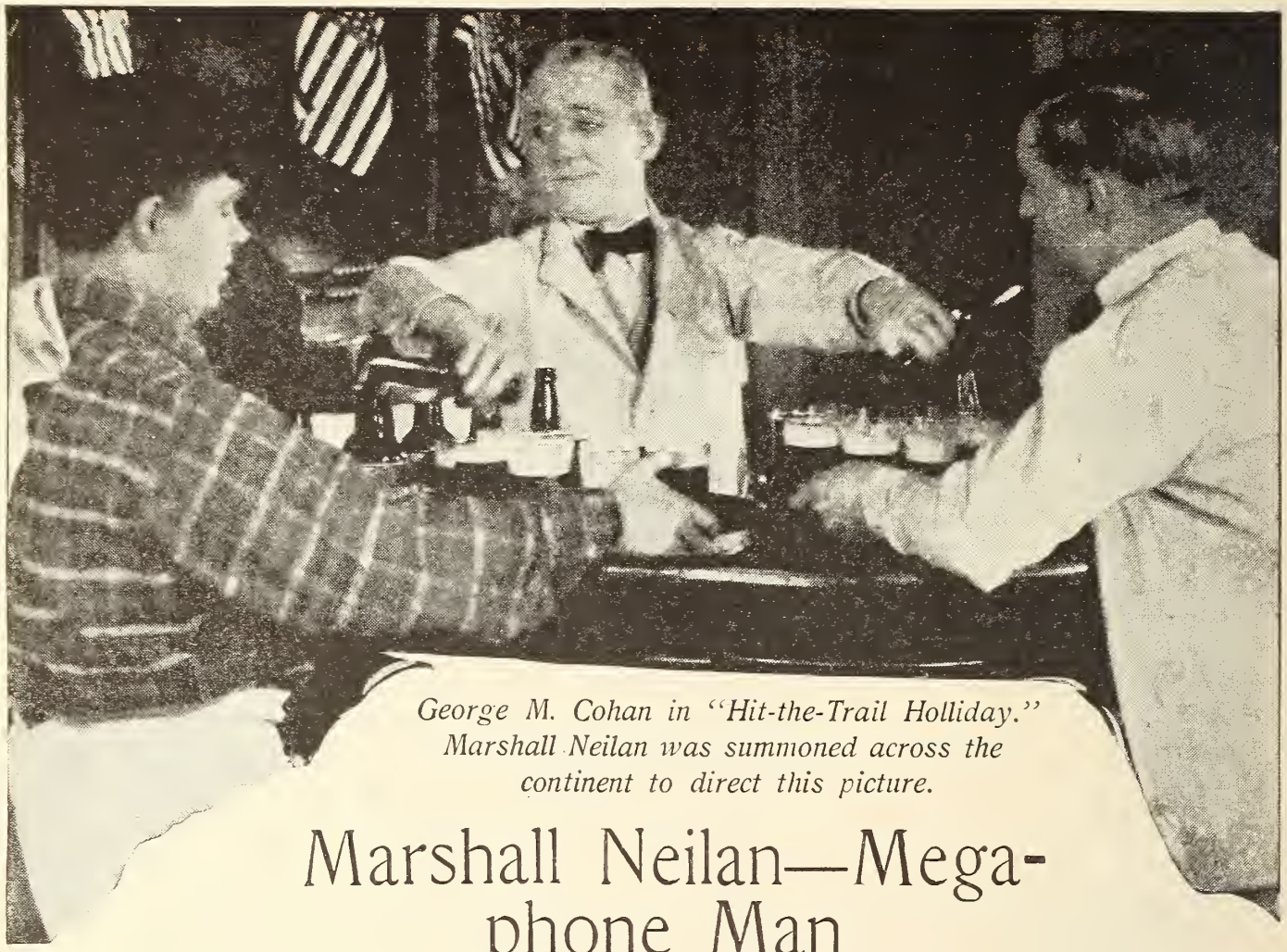
It takes real ability for an actress to hide every wisp of beautifying hair under a cap,

Pretty Acts

"Beauty is its own success for being," sings an American poet, but although Rae Godfrey has beauty and to spare, she does not make that her excuse for acting.

pull it down over her nose, button a flannel shirt up to her ears, stick a cigarette in her mouth, and then play the part of a young rowdy of the slums and do it interestingly. To change from such a part into a little, prim, small-town spinster, then into a bent hag in an obscure city alley, and back into the radiance of a *Cleopatra* takes unusual versatility. It is not easy to impersonate such contrasting characters. But Miss Godfrey is as talented as she is beautiful, which is saying a good deal, and "studying people," she says, is both her vocation and avocation, her work and her play, rolled into one.

The secret of her characterizations, Miss Godfrey says, lies in the fact that she is always on the lookout for new "business," and that she lives her parts. For instance, suppose the scenario calls for a Bowery tough, and the casting director decides that Miss Godfrey is "the man for the job." Rae reads the part several times. Then she hunts up some "toughs" and looks them over. She watches them on the street corners, gets the sag of their shoulders, and perfects their slouch. Then she is ready to play the part.



George M. Cohan in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." Marshall Neilan was summoned across the continent to direct this picture.

Marshall Neilan—Megaphone Man

Talks about temperamental stars and a few of the tricks of a director in handling them.

By Warren Reed

IT would never have done for a man accustomed to seeing three lamp-posts by moonlight where he should see but one to have dropped in at the Famous Players' Studio, in New York City, during the filming of "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." He would have questioned his sobriety.

The studio was a mystic maze of bar-room sets. There were city bars of shining mahogany and gleaming brass; country tavern bars, battered and dingy; big bars and small bars. They were scattered about, some facing each other—some end to end. You never saw so many bars—and no bartenders. It was very disconcerting.

Near one of these bars sat Marshall Neilan, Mary Pickford's famous director, who had hopped across the continent to oversee the filming of George M. Cohan's third big comedy.

Neilan, with a carefree grin on his boyish face which glowed with a healthy tan, slouched back in his camp chair, his battered cap over one ear. But the moment that the sputtering Cooper Hewitts sent a sudden flood of white light streaming down on the set, he was on his feet, all business.

Summoning Cohan and the two other actors who appeared in the scene, Neilan carefully went through all the motions of how *Billy Holliday* was to pour out a large order of a temperance beverage.

Cohan and the others watched him closely. They tried it. But it didn't quite suit Neilan. He went through the motions again, elaborating and

explaining in detail. Once more—and then——

"Don't mention the name of that drink when you speak, George," he said. "I could read it on your lips that time. I guess we can shoot it now."

The scene was shot, and then, as the arc lights faded, I was brought up to the bar, and presented.

Neilan grinned, as he shook hands warmly.

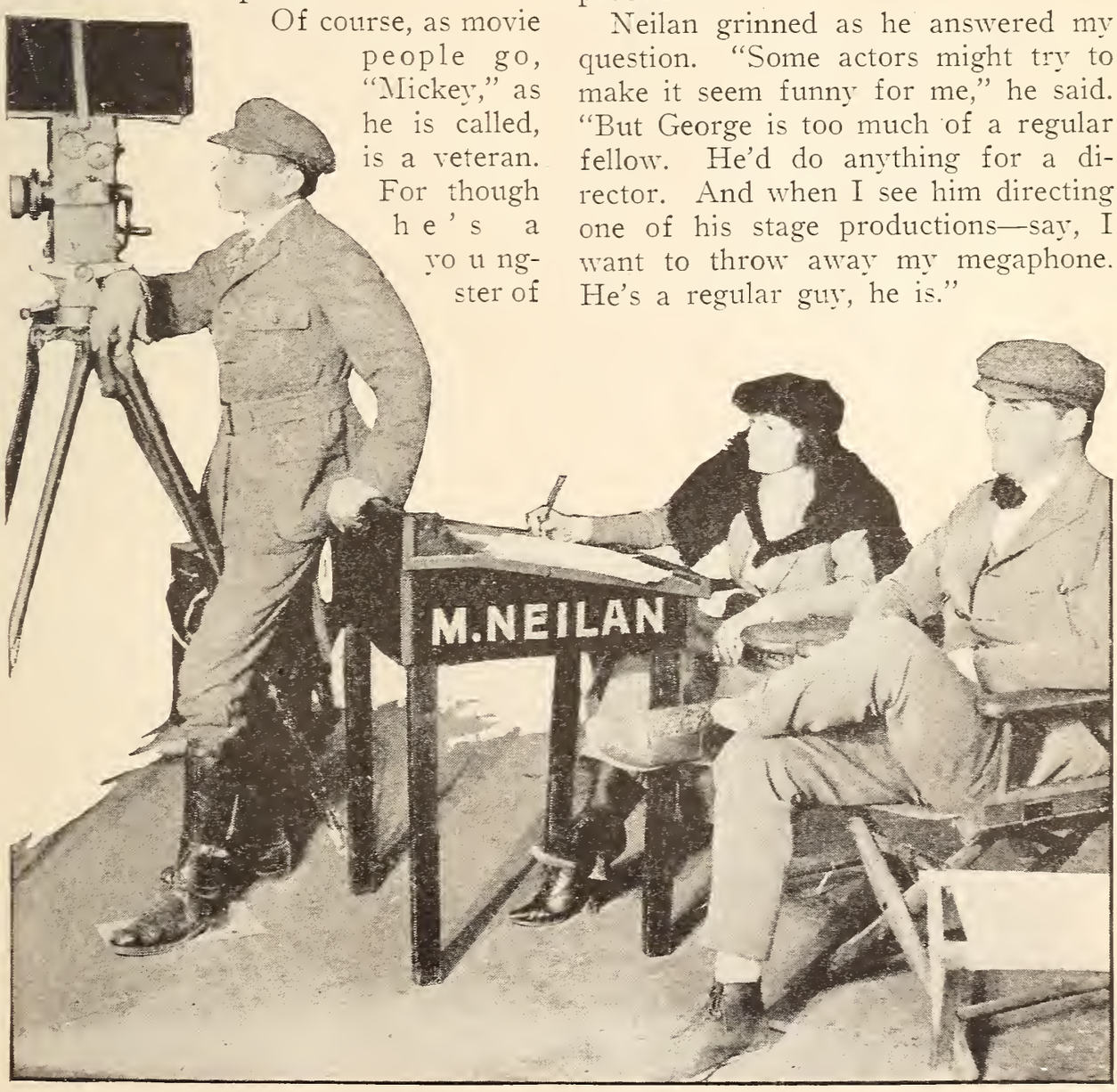
"Doesn't it seem funny for a youngster like you to be showing a veteran like Cohan how to go through his paces?" I asked, as I leaned over on my elbows and lifted one foot to the bar rail, a familiar and comfortable posture.

Of course, as movie people go, "Mickey," as he is called, is a veteran. For though he's a youngster of twenty-six, he has been in the movie game for seven years, and has been everything from assistant property man to director for Paramount's most famous feminine star.

As an actor he has been leading man for Blanche Sweet, Marguerite Clark, and Mary Pickford. You may remember him in "Rags," "Madame Butterfly," or "Mice and Men."

But he has done his bigger work as a director. His first notable success was "The Bottle Imp" with Sessue Hayakawa. The wealth of detail and imagination which he put into this production was what put him in line to direct some of Paramount's biggest productions.

Neilan grinned as he answered my question. "Some actors might try to make it seem funny for me," he said. "But George is too much of a regular fellow. He'd do anything for a director. And when I see him directing one of his stage productions—say, I want to throw away my megaphone. He's a regular guy, he is."



"I suppose you have to have ways to handle actors who aren't regular fellows?" I asked, shifting my other foot to the rail.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "There are a lot of tricks in directing—the same as anything else. The worst case I ever had was a man who thought he was temperamental. He was the husband of a big star, and I guess she put him up to it. He began by scene stealing. He would step back, making the girl playing opposite him almost have to turn her back to the camera in order to face him, so that he was the only one who faced the lens. I caught him at this several times, and had to make the scenes over.

"Then he began stalling—that is, working slowly, so as to appear on more film.

"Well, I checked that by making the other actors work just as slowly, had the camera man crank more slowly, and it all evened up when the film was finally projected at the usual speed.

"Then the fellow got mean. He resorted to the lowest trick of all—that is, to take a long time changing his costumes. If an actor starts that, and delays the production, it shows up on the cost. That comes back on the director.

"I stood it for two days. Then I decided to take the nonsense out of this bird once for all.

"I said I had changed the story, and that we were going to work outside. I put the camera in a machine, and told him he'd have to run after us. We started in, and ran him all day long. That was on Saturday. On Sunday he was so sore he could hardly walk. Monday I ran him again. Then I took him in my office and gave him a good stiff calling down. He came back the next day ready to go to work—and to act like a gentleman."

I shifted my foot again. "I suppose, too, that there are other actors who bother you by kicking at times?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "But we can get along with that. One trick

is to let them alone and pretend to be paying a whole lot of attention to some unimportant members of the cast. Another way is just to say politely: 'Of course, if you want to manage this scene without my assistance I'll be very glad to be relieved of the responsibility.' That generally brings them to time.

"But the big people are fine to work with," he continued. "Of course, you have to humor some of them. Occasionally there is a big star who won't allow a director to use a pretty girl among the extras, or let the leading man have a scene by himself where he has a fight with the heavy, because she wants all the limelight. But that's only protecting what she claims as her rights.

"And if they annoy a director occasionally, they help him just as much at other times. There's more than one job, on which I always felt as though I fell down, which got by on the star's popularity.

"Then, you know, we owe a lot to the camera man. My camera man, by his knowledge of trick lighting, can make a girl look radiant when she's half sick, with shadows under her eyes. He can remove birthmarks, wrinkles, double chins, and scars. By knowing at what angle to photograph them he can make stout people thin, and thin people stout. Say, he's some beauty doctor!

"There is no one person who's responsible for the success of a production. A picture for which the greatest author wrote his best story, for the biggest star in the world, to be produced by the most famous director, in the finest studio, and photographed by the most skillful camera man, could be ruined by the mistake of a ten-dollar-a-week kid in the laboratory.

"We all have to work together, and the only people in the studios that I can't stand are those efficiency experts who stand around, and every time you glance their way they pull out a watch and scowl, and then you get scared and hurry—hurry—hurry——"

He stopped and looked around anxiously.

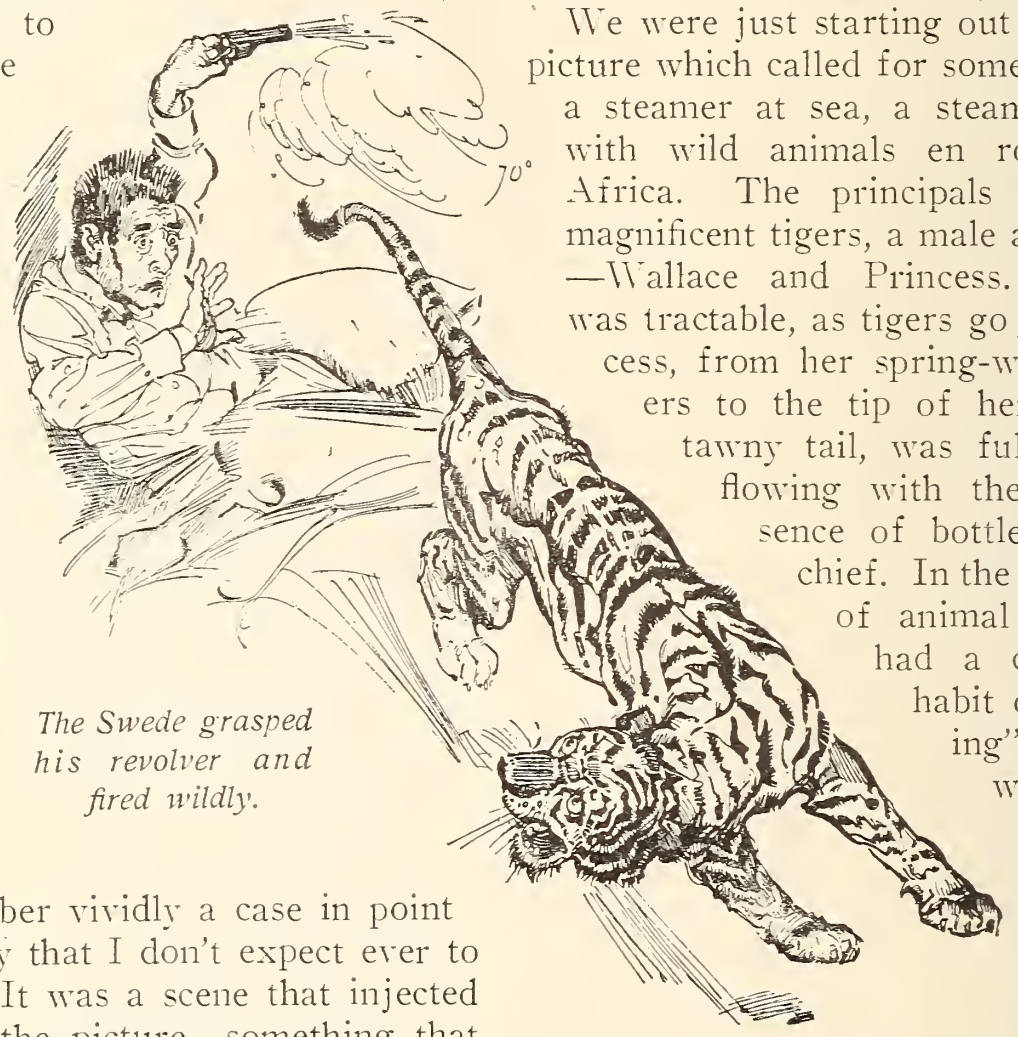
"Excuse me," he exclaimed. "They're ready to shoot the next scene. I've got to get busy!"

The Escape of Princess

Describing a director's troubles with a temperamental tiger.

By Edward Ferguson

IT'S a funny about taking pictures. It does look easy, a lot of it; and *some* of it, especially the animal work, looks almost impossible. Well, the things that seem easy to you are often very difficult. And some of the stunts that look hard are cinches when you know how. But it's the things you don't figure on at all which make the most trouble.



The Swede grasped his revolver and fired wildly.

I remember vividly a case in point—so vividly that I don't expect ever to forget it. It was a scene that injected itself into the picture—something that the scenario didn't call for and that we'd have been more than glad to worry along without, not to mention it costing us about a week's work for the whole outfit.

I was a struggling assistant director at that time, attached to an animal-feature company operated by a large producing concern of Hollywood. Our stars, heavies, character men, and ingénues, were all animals—lions, tigers, leopards—in fact, a full menagerie that would have been a credit to the average circus; the humans who worked in the pictures we made were only incidentals.

We were just starting out to make a picture which called for some scenes on a steamer at sea, a steamer loaded with wild animals en route from Africa. The principals were two magnificent tigers, a male and female—Wallace and Princess. Wallace was tractable, as tigers go; but Princess, from her spring-wire whiskers to the tip of her nervous, tawny tail, was full to overflowing with the very essence of bottled-up mischief. In the vernacular of animal men, she had a cute little habit of "bouncing" anybody within reach who happened to be so careless as for even an instant to allow his eyes to wander, or his training fork to deviate as much as an inch from a position of defense. As sensations go, I can think of many more pleasant than that of having a full-grown tiger "bouncing" on my neck.

To get the necessary scenes, a small steamer was chartered at San Pedro harbor. We loaded our actors—three

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Editor's Note.—The author, who is a brother of Elsie Ferguson, has been associated with the motion industry for several years. This is a true account of one of his personal experiences.

grown lions, seven lion cubs, the two tigers, three leopards, and a jaguar—into their traveling cages and went by auto truck to the dock. The cats were put on board and we headed out to sea. While the first scene was being taken, Wallace got excited and jumped overboard. But this had been anticipated, and we had a launch, manned by Dynamite and Brownie, two of the cage men, alongside. You'd hardly believe the ease and rapidity with which a tiger can swim unless you happen to have seen one. Wallace swam at least a quarter of a mile before the launch overtook him and hauled him aboard. He fell into the cockpit, exhausted, and Dynamite sat on him. When we got him on deck he was a very wet and a much wiser tiger.

We shot the scenes we were after and returned to the dock. Two men were left to feed and watch the cats, and the human contingent went to the hotel.

The boat was manned by a captain, mate, engineer, and two deck hands, who had quarters aboard. It was a hot, sultry night, still as death; the sky was overcast and the blackness was inky, relieved only by the twinkling harbor lights.

Suddenly, about two a. m., a shriek rang out, followed by a shot. One of the deck hands, a Swede, had been asleep in his bunk when he was suddenly awakened by a blow on the head—a heavy blow, dealt with something soft. He awoke with a start to gaze into the glaring eyes of Princess, who, standing on her hind legs, had her muzzle a scant six inches from his face. She had walloped him with her paw. Luckily for the Swede, her nails had been manicured, cut down well between the pads. Otherwise she would have altered the shape of his face. As it was, he was only badly scratched. The poor fellow let loose a piercing shriek, remembered his revolver under his pillow, grasped it, and fired wildly. It is a question which was the more frightened. At any rate, Princess bounded out and the Swede promptly collapsed. We found him, an hour later, under his bunk, still tightly clutching the revolver.

The shot and the yell aroused Ted, one of our sound-sleeping guards, who opened his eyes just in time to see Princess leap from the rail to the dock. She cleared the twenty feet as easily as a rabbit jumps over a fallen twig, and was gone—swallowed up in the darkness. I was asleep at the hotel, dreaming of anything but cats, when the telephone started wildly clanging. Ted's scared voice came to me over the wire in breathless gasps:

"Hey—get busy! Princess has got away!"

"But how——" I couldn't quite get my bearings.

"Dunno—the Swede gave the alarm. It wasn't two minutes ago. I beat it over here to the phone in the guardroom—customhouse, you know. Say, hurry!" In pajamas, trousers, and unlaced shoes, I dashed down the hall and into the director's room to break the good news.

"For the love of Heaven, get up!" I yelled into his sleepy, blinking face. "Princess is running wild in San Pedro." Then I streaked it for the dock. I found the crew, minus the Swede, barricaded in the captain's cabin, staking their lives on a rusty shotgun he held over his knees.

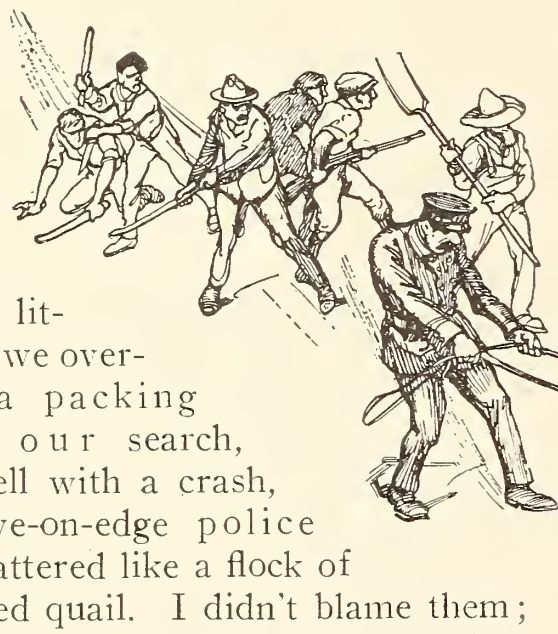
"Brace up, men; there's no danger," I assured them. "Keep your eye on Princess—she'll come to my whistle and eat out of my hand—just watch."

"Ye-ah! That's what we're going to do—keep every eye we got on that blamed wild cat," the captain broke forth. "All I've got to say is, use your own hand."

By this time the rest of the crowd had come along, and we threw a cordon across the end of the dock and notified

the police. They turned out to a man, armed with riot guns, rifles, revolvers, and their clubs, and reënforced our thin white line—the white meaning pajamas and undershirts.

We talked to the chief with tears in our eyes and implored him not to let his men shoot; we would get Princess and lead her back to her cage with a piece of twine; she was worth eight hundred dollars and she must not be hurt. He merely snarled and told us to pull our stunt at the other end of the dock; he would not risk the population of the city under his protection for a good many times eight hundred, and if Princess showed her striped coat within range he intended to make a colander of it. As a matter of fact, when, a little later, we overturned a packing case in our search, which fell with a crash, the nerve-on-edge police force scattered like a flock of frightened quail. I didn't blame them; they were trained to handle drunken sailors, detect crime, and decorate street corners, but not to hunt tigers in the dark.



The dock ran parallel with the shore, and at the lower end abutted a lumber yard. The great piles of lumber afforded a likely hiding place, and there we searched. The director and I worked together, sneaking along the narrow alleys, peering here and there, hoping for the green gleam of our lost pet's eyes. We called her by name, hoping that she would answer with her familiar snarl; and we climbed several piles, thinking she might have taken refuge on top of one. In the pitch darkness it was fine business. Once, when we stopped to reconnoiter, I remarked, with a forced show of nonchalance:

"Suppose she bounces us from between some of this lumber?"

In our haste he had armed himself with a lath, while I carried a stick no bigger or heavier than a piece of kindling wood. For a minute the tension was painful; then, realizing what fools we were, we both laughed. Without delay we found two stout, long clubs before we continued our search.

All night long the hunt went on, but not a sight or sound of Princess. At the first faint streak of dawn I started in one of our cars for the studio, all speed limits set at naught. The director general had already been informed, and two bloodhounds hired. With

The schools were closed, and every man in sight was armed.

them we started back, followed by the entire "wild-West" contingent of cowboys and every other man the studio could spare.

When we hit San Pedro I could not repress a laugh. Not a woman or child was in sight, the schools had been closed, the hardware stores were sold out on firearms, and every man in sight was armed—with rifles, shotguns, revolvers, knives, axes, hatchets, and some, unable to get anything else, carried baseball bats. They slunk along warily, as if they expected Princess to dash out of every hallway they passed.

The horses suddenly shied, stood on their tails, and then bolted.

By this time all southern California knew a tiger was loose, and wild rumors and telephone calls were coming in from every direction. Within the space of one hour, police headquarters received no less than seventeen positively authentic reports from seventeen farmers in seventeen widely separated localities, each of whom had seen the tiger in his orchard or field or wood lot. One farmer discovered her in a swamp near his meadow, and he and his son crept up with rifles and shot—one of their own hogs. Another, carrying a shotgun to go from his house to his barn, ran into our Princess as he turned the corner of his woodshed—and blew the head off his dog.

It was a jumpy day for San Pedro and suburbs. Families locked themselves in, some took to cellars, the occupants of an apartment house camped on its roof and kept close watch that Princess did not climb the drain pipe. Nobody left the heart of the city. And all because one gentle little tiger had chewed her way out of her traveling cage and gone for a nocturnal stroll!

All day long we searched. We honeycombed the lumber yard; not a stack was overlooked; and, while we discovered a jumble of tracks in the dust—for evidently Princess had wandered some, doubling constantly—none of them led anywhere in particular. The bloodhounds were just as efficient as I imagine a pair of Pekingese poodles might have been. They sniffed at the tracks and made a great show of being terribly busy, then they would start off until they struck what appeared to us to be a recent trail. Here they would hesitate, sniff, tuck their tails between their legs, and beat a hasty retreat, only to be dragged back by their leashes. But to no avail; they refused to budge farther. They, like the cops, were trained to track criminals, but tigers had not been included in their curriculum.

Night descended, Princess was still at large, and we were at our wit's end. Then Ted had an inspiration. He figured that she must be hungry and perhaps had begun to miss Wallace, her mate. So we hauled Wallace to the

dock and set his cage in an open space. Beside it we placed the cage which Princess had so unceremoniously departed, set the door open, and put a lot of fresh meat and a pan of water inside. We attached a long wire to the door and lay down to wait. We watched until one o'clock, and nothing had happened.

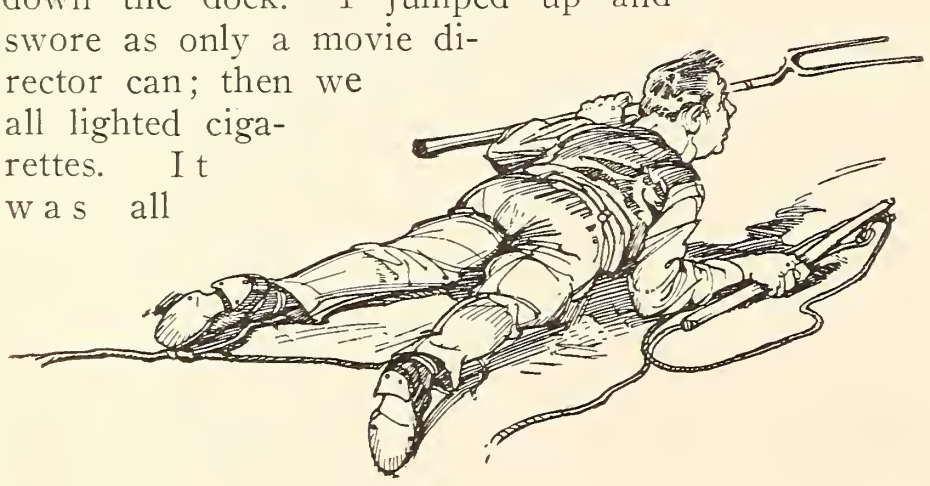
Along about eleven, Wallace had become restless and started to call—the deep, guttural, half whine, half roar by which gentlemen tigers convey their sentiments to their ladyloves. He kept this up at intervals, but he never got on his feet. We were cramped, we were sore mentally and physically, we were thirsty, and we wanted a smoke; but we had not moved, we had scarcely breathed, when suddenly Wallace jumped up and pressed his nose to the bars of his cage; he started whining and lashing his tail. We all held our breath for what seemed an hour. Then, from behind some cases, a slinking form emerged and two baleful green eyes were fixed in our direction. Wallace whined again and Princess answered him.

Slowly, cautiously, she slunk toward her cage. Ted gently tugged at the wire to make sure it would work. But the tug was not gentle enough; the door of the cage creaked ever so slightly, and at the sound Princess turned and bounded off. We heard the pad of her paws as, with great leaps, she cleared the piles of freight and made her way down the dock. I jumped up and swore as only a movie director can; then we all lighted cigarettes. It was all off for the night. We knew she would not come back.

The next day the search started anew. Apparently she had been very busy making a sight-seeing tour of the surrounding country during the night; for our little pet was reported from thirty localities, one as far away as Santa Monica, another from Lankershim, which was in an opposite direction. We knew she was hungry and thirsty, but so far no damage had been done—no calves or pigs or chickens killed. Small chance; they were secure under lock and key.

A little way inland from the dock was a lime-burning plant with some dozen kilns, six of which were cold. The men at this plant had continued to work, carrying with them all the arms they could get possession of. One fellow in particular hauled empty barrels from the dock to the plant in a high-sided wagon. His road ran past the kilns. On his first trip the next morning his horses suddenly shied. They stood on their tails, tried to stand on their ears, then bolted and ran for two miles before he brought them and the battered wagon to a stop. Their route was marked by empty barrels.

We heard of it, investigated, and under one of the kilns discovered Princess. She was crouched as far back as she could get, and snarled a savage welcome when we found her. She was a prisoner, all right, but how to get her



With a noose in one hand and a training fork in the other, Ted wiggled full length toward the snarling Princess.

out? First we got her a generous feed of fresh beef and threw it in to her. Tigers are none too amiable at any time, but when famished must be handled in a suit of armor with sheet-iron gloves. We also gave her water, which she eagerly consumed. Then we sat down to wait. After a while she ate the meat and we were ready to proceed.

Ted was elected to do the honors; he used to feed her and tend her cage, and was unanimously voted her best friend. We rigged a noose over the end of a pole, and, with that in one hand and a training fork in the other, he wiggled full length under the kiln. The roof of the thing was a scant three feet from the ground, it was about four feet wide, and some twenty feet deep. A fine job for a man who wanted to retain his beauty! We knew we had her cornered; but she knew it, too, and, being a tiger and being cornered, it behooved her under the circumstances to fight to a finish. It is a way the big cats have, and no amount of reasoning or persuasion will make them think or act differently.

As a precaution, we hitched a rope to Ted's ankles; then, if she "bounced" him, we could assist him in the hasty retreat that would be advisable and most conducive to longevity under the circumstances. Bravely he wiggled into the dark tunnel, while our pet's snarls became more and more menacing. Finally he was within reaching distance with his pole, and essayed to pass the loop over her head. She simply batted it to one side. Eight times he tried, and on the ninth succeeded. He gave a whoop of triumph, and we dragged him out; while Princess, now thoroughly aroused, clawed at the rope.

There was little time to lose. We feared she might in her struggles bite through the rope, and we spent anxious minutes until her cage was moved to the entrance of the kiln, the rope passed through the bars, and then we dragged her out. She resisted, of course. She was cut and bruised by the loose stones, her pads were torn and bleeding from her efforts to cling to the walls, and she was almost choked into unconsciousness. But we had her. One hour later, as fast as we could make it, she was safely in her cage at the studio, her devoted Wallace with her, busily licking her wounds.

For three days the papers roasted us; prosecution was threatened; the wharf owners wanted damages for lost business; the people of San Pedro wanted us lynched. But a lot we cared! Princess was safe at home.

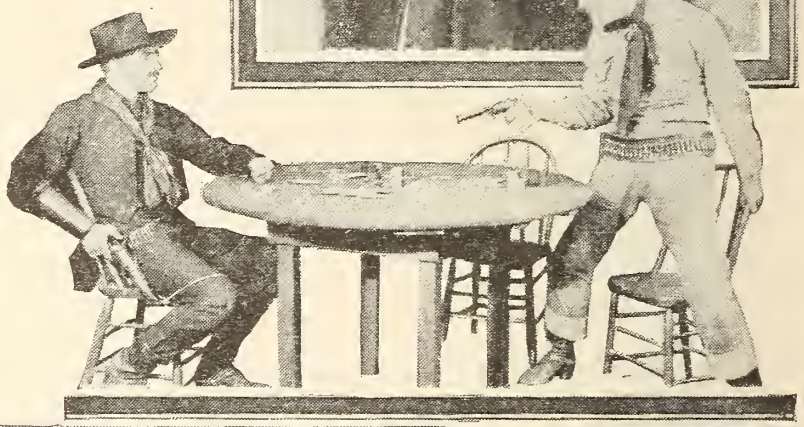
A TIP

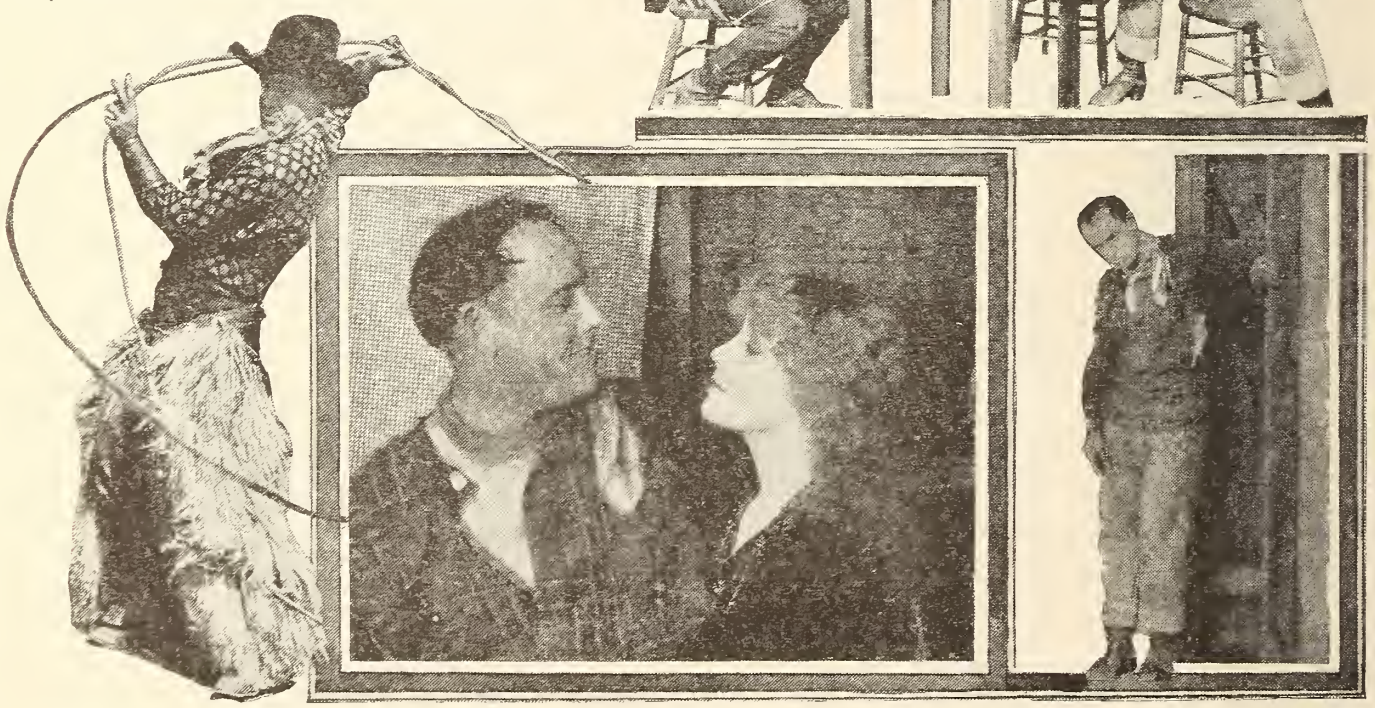
ONCOMING events cast their shadows before;
If high cost of living continues to soar,
The pictures we see now for twenty-five cents
Will cost half a buck in another year hence!
So now is the time to make hay and cut ice,
For maybe next year you will not have the price!
Go early and often and see ev'ry show,
The time to invest is when prices are low!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.

Roy Stewart—Westerner

STYLES in movie plays come and go, but the drama of the wild West seems to be as hardy as a desert cactus. Perhaps that is why Roy Stewart went into this particular line of screen acting when he abandoned the stage, not such a long time ago. More likely it's because he's a regular out-of-doors sort of fellow. At any rate, he seems to have become a Western type for keeps—this college graduate, who once played in the old musical comedy "Floradora!" He's said to be one of the quickest men on the draw in pictures. Among his recent Triangle releases are "Faith Endurin'," "The Boss of the Lazy Y," and "Paying His Debt." He has frequently appeared with Josie Sedgwick, who is shown with him below.



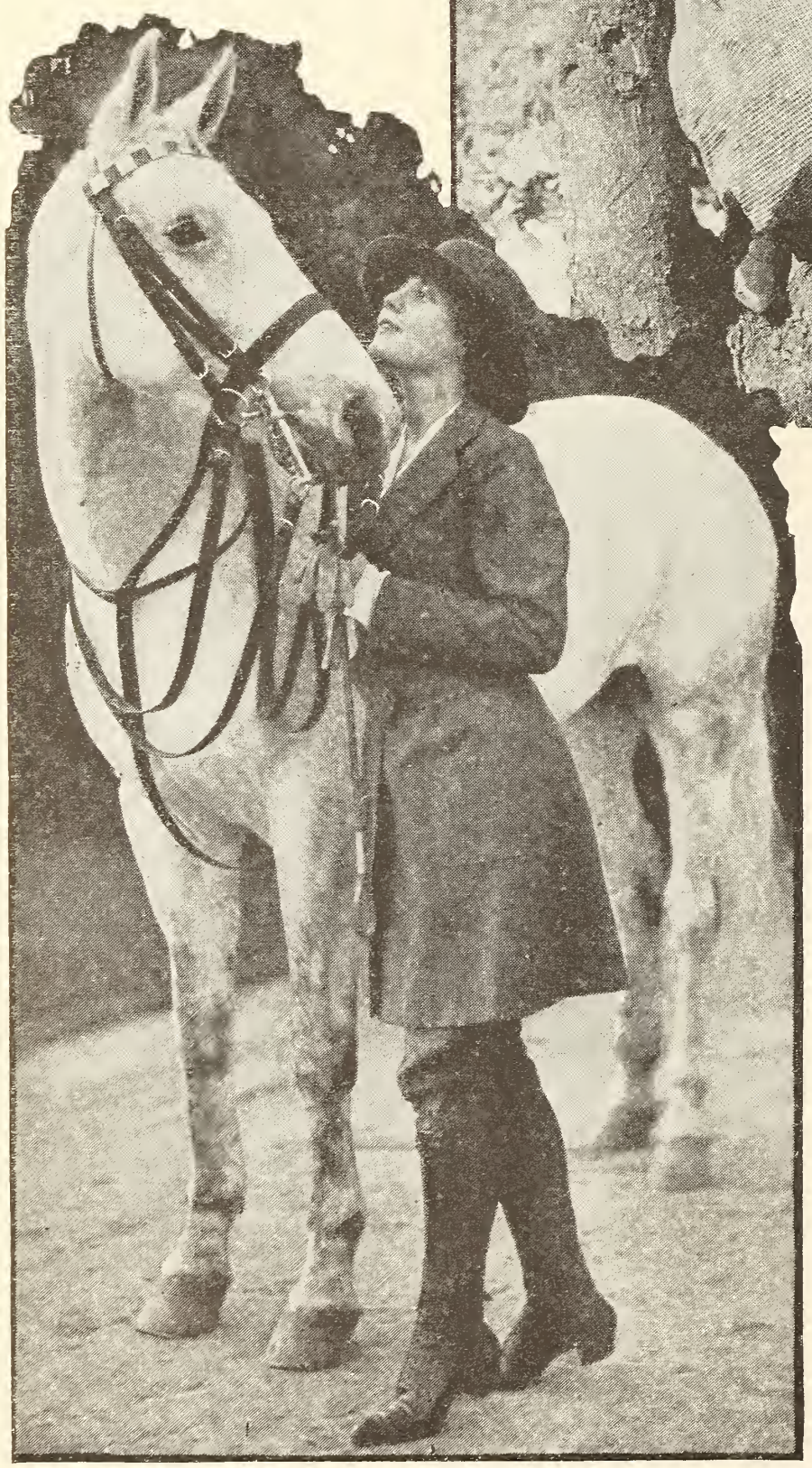


All on a Summer's Day

WE take our camera in hand to tell you what the stars are doing. Mary Miles Minter is a romantic, storybook sort of girl, who finds the call of summer irresistible. First thing her director knows, Puck's green cap pops over the top of the script she's reading, a little brown hand seizes her white wrist, and the child is off to wander in the woods for an ecstatic hour or two.

"Up into a cherry tree,
Who should climb but little
me?"

The "little me" in this case being Carmel Meyers, and the tree a weeping willow, which Carmel picked out on location as a pleasant place to spend her lunch hour.



Lois Wilson says she prefers horseback riding to dashing around the country in her machine, and frequently puts a number of miles between herself and home each morning before sitting down to her three-minute egg and a glass of orange juice. Besides which she dances and swims and prefers summer in any and all its forms to every other season. When she said she didn't even mind mosquitoes, we voted her the original summer girl.

Dorothy Dalton is the typical heiress to formal gardens, terraces, classic fountains, and all that sort of "society" stuff—but some time again we'd like to see her enjoying the barefoot, carefree mountain life of "Flare-up Sal."

The season of the out-of-doors girl, who can ride and swim and go a-fishing —and really catch fish—and "skin a cat" without barking her shins, brings us Anna Little, half shy girl, half romping boy, and wholly delightful little play pal. Besides which she is a real girl, for she wouldn't have her picture taken until she finished the sweater she is wearing.

A very up-to-date bit of romance, which is doubtless being rehearsed right now in no less than five hundred and seventeen different places, is the summer furlough with "the girl he left behind him." The principals in the picture are Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon, in "Missing."

Vivian Martin finds a comfortable, shady corner, where she can read the script of her newest picture.

Ann Kronan and Ruth Clifford stop to feed the fish in Universal City's ceremonial pool. Now, we ask you, would you mind being a poor fish under such circumstances?

Billie Burke is the actress par excellence to depict romantic, boarding-school-girl love. One of the most charming incidents in "Let's Get a Divorce" is the making of the wreath for her husband.

A day in the country is as rare a treat for an actress as a chance to travel is for a housekeeper, or the time to make fudge is for a business woman. Marguerite Clark enjoys every minute she manages to spend at "the farm."

Hit-the-Trail Holliday

He was a bartender—the greatest in New York—until he saw a gang of roughs try to break up a temperance meeting. And then——

George M. Cohan as Billy Holliday.

By Hugo Vardman Battle

THE owner of the Wurse Brewery slammed a copy of the Johnsville *Evening Sentinel* down on the desk of the American House, and, with an imperious jab of a stubby finger, pointed to a headline on the front page.

"Is this true, Jayson?" he demanded with a snarl.

Burr Jayson, a kindly faced man of easy-going appearance, looked up from the hotel register.

"I reckon it is, Mr. Wurse," he said quietly.

"So you're going to close your bar—the only decent bar in town, eh? What's got into you, Jayson?"

"I'm not *going* to close the bar; it's already closed, so far as selling liquor's concerned. It's like this, Mr. Wurse. I've run this place, I and my father before me, for nigh onto fifty years. I was brought up in the hotel business, and I've always aimed to run my place—including my bar—decently,

as you said. But lately it's come home to me that it can't be done. I saw what liquor was starting to do to my boy Bobby. I wouldn't hardly believe it until his sister made me see it. But when I realized *that*—I made up my mind it was time to quit. I've done it. That's all."

He bent over his ledger again, but Wurse, whose small, cold eyes had been gradually narrowing, broke out again.

"Do you know that if this sort of thing gets started you'll kill the town?" he exclaimed angrily.

"If the town's got to be kept alive on liquor, I reckon it had better die," replied Jayson, without looking up.

Wurse leaned over the counter. "I've got just two things to say to you," he said in a voice of restrained anger. "The first is, I've been told since I heard of this bar closing of yours that you and your daughter were trying to get the State temperance convention to come here. You're to drop that at once. The second is, you're to open your bar again within twenty-four hours. Unless you do as I say I'll put up a hotel here and run you out of business. Come along, Kent," he added in a commanding tone to the sappy-looking youth who had been standing beside him.

The two left the hotel, and stepped into a heavy touring car that stood outside, awaiting them.

"Say, dad," exclaimed the youngster as he dropped into the tonneau, "do you really mean that about starting a hotel? 'Cause if you do, I want you to let me in on it with you. I've got a great idea!

"When Carl was showing me around New York, he took me to see the most famous bartender on Broadway. This fellow—his name's Billy Holliday—is a wonder! Why, the big guns in New York drop into the bar where he works to have him mix their drinks the same as they go to the Metropolitan to hear Caruso sing. You see, he's got *personality;* that's what does it. And we could get him, I believe. I heard him say he'd like to get away from the big city. We could advertise him a bit, and do a whopping business. What do you say, dad?" he asked eagerly.

The elder Wurse said nothing, but his hard face took on a look of determination as he sat chewing his cigar.

In a cozy Harlem flat, in New York City, Billy Holliday sat on a footstool beside a white-haired little woman in a wheel chair. Billy was reading aloud laboriously from a woman's magazine.

"Whether your new dress is to be of silk or linen, it should be cut on straight, narrow lines," he droned. "The best advice from Paris is, use a bit of drapery, but keep the lines straight.

"I say, mother——" he broke off suddenly, "how would you like to move up into the country?"

"I should love it, dear," she replied. "But what put such an idea into your head? We can't go to the country."

"Yes, we can," he replied. "I had a row with the boss to-day and quit. He didn't like it because I refused to serve a couple of kids who were under age. Of course," he added quickly, "I could get plenty of other jobs here, but —funny thing—I just happened to get an offer by mail to take charge of the bar in a new hotel in Johnsville, a town up State, and—well, I thought maybe the country air would do you good."

His mother leaned over and stroked his cheek.

"You're always thinking of me, Billy. You ought to have a nice girl to think about."

"I don't hook up with any skirt until I find one who'll stack up alongside of you, mother," replied Billy. "But, you know, I think I'll run up and look this burg over, and if it looks good I'll come back and get you."

"I think that's a good idea, Billy,"

said his mother. "And I'm glad my boy lives up to his principles. Maybe we'd both like it better in a small town, where we could have a cottage with a lawn and some flowers, and——"

"That's it, mother!" exclaimed Billy. "And vines on the porches. You know I've always wanted——"

And so, until long after their usual bedtime, they sat, building a dream cottage, and Billy dreamed it all over again after he went to sleep. It seemed to him, too, that on the porch, beside his mother, he could see the figure of a girl in white. He didn't recognize her as any one he knew, but she was there.

The next afternoon, however, as Billy swung off the train and looked at the ramshackle buildings around the Johnsville station, his heart sank.

"Good night!" he said softly to himself. "So this is the burg? Golly, it looks like a dead one to me!"

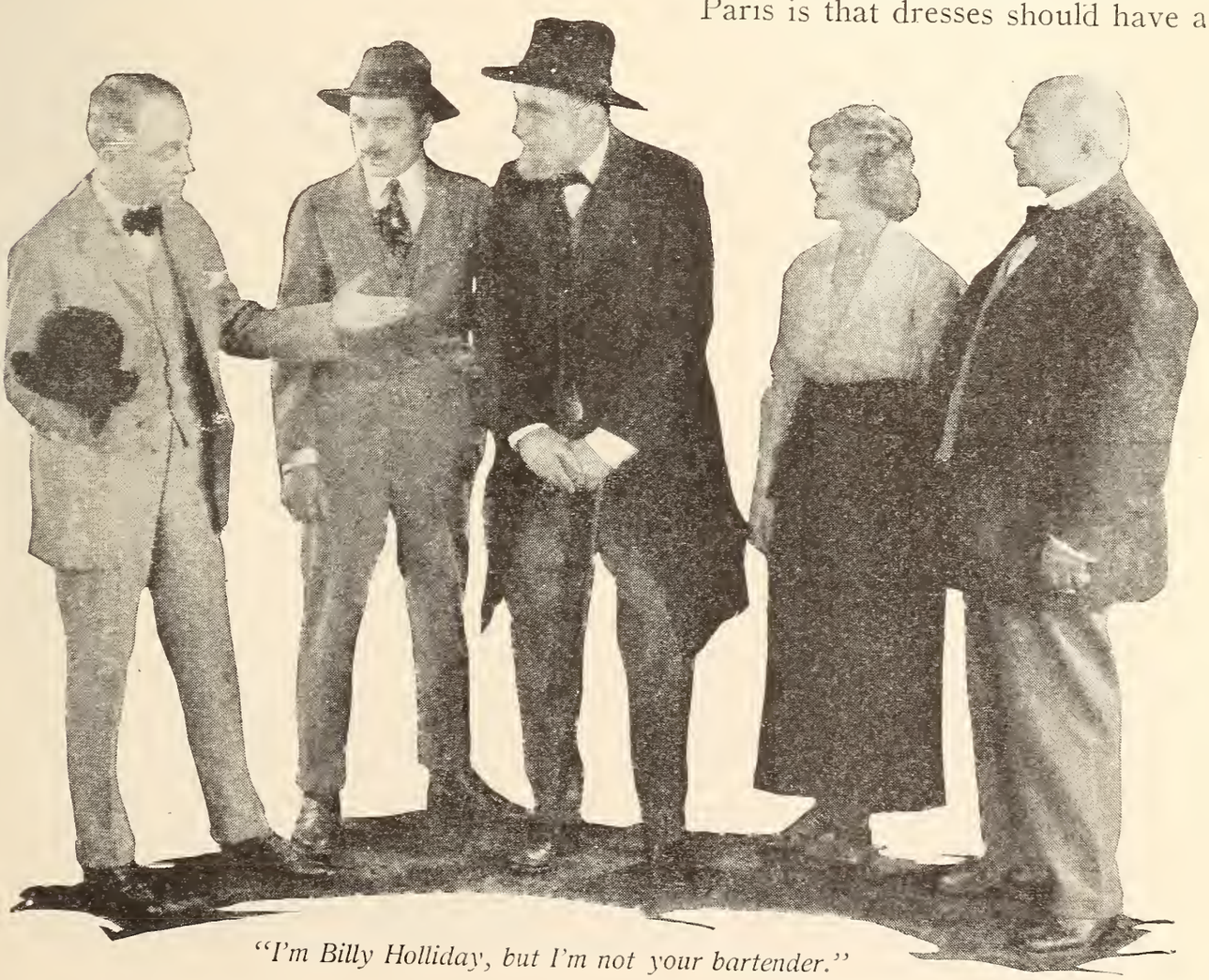
On inquiring for the new Wurse Hotel, he was told that it had not yet opened and that the American House was the best place in town. He sauntered up to the old tavern, walked up the steps and into the lobby.

He leaned over to write his name on the register. Then he stopped. Behind the desk sat a girl, sewing on a dress. She looked up expectantly, and Billy, feeling curiously embarrassed, hurriedly signed his name. The girl took a key from the rack, and started to call a boy.

"I—I guess I won't go to my room just yet," Billy said. "I think I'll have a cigar."

Thoughtfully he studied the brands, while the girl waited. He finally selected one, paid for it, and lighted it. Still he hesitated. The girl went on knitting.

"Er—I see that the latest dope from Paris is that dresses should have a



"I'm Billy Holliday, but I'm not your bartender."

bit of drapery, but that they ought to be cut on straight, narrow lines," he blurted out.

She looked up in surprise. Then she burst into a peal of laughter.

"How did you know that?" she asked.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he stammered, "I saw it in a magazine I was reading out loud to mother. Mother isn't very well," he explained.

"She must be a good mother to have a son who reads aloud to her," said the girl quietly.

"She's the best there is," exclaimed Billy warmly. "She's——" He stopped suddenly as his eye caught a sign on the wall. "What's that—'Nearly Beer?'" he asked, pointing to a sign.

"Oh, that's a temperance drink that father invented," the girl explained. "Would you like to try it?"

"Don't mind if I do," he replied eagerly.

"The boy will serve it to you in the other room," she said, with a smile.

Billy regretted having mentioned the beverage, but turned and walked into the old bar. Behind it stood Jayson.

Billy ordered a glass of the new beverage, tasted it critically, and suddenly looked interested.

"Say, that's all right!" he exclaimed. "It's——"

He stopped at the sound of loud voices behind him. Turning, he saw Kent Wurse and Bobby Jayson, the latter evidently under the influence of liquor. Then the girl entered the room.

"So that's the way you're going to run your new hotel, is it?" she said scornfully to Kent. "Giving liquor to boys like Bobby!"

"Never you mind about me," exclaimed Bobby angrily. "Kent's going to give me a job in his hotel, so I'll leave this dump, anyway."

Edith Jayson stood speechless.

"Yes, and your old place will be put out of business in a month, so you ought to be grateful to me for taking care of your brother," sneered Kent. "Maybe you'd like a job as waitress Let me tell you one thing, though," he went on. "If you folks get that prohibition convention to meet here next month there'll be some dead temperance bugs around here!"

Before any one had a chance to reply, the elder Wurse entered the room.

"I've heard that my new bartender, Billy Holliday, is stopping here," he said angrily to Edith. "If he is I want to see him. I don't want any of my people staying in this pigsty."

Billy stepped forward, his face white and his jaw set.

"I'm Billy Holliday," he said quietly. "But I'm not going to be your bartender. I wouldn't work for a couple of swine like you! This place was never a pigsty until you two came into it!"

Kent made one move, but before he knew what had happened Billy had him by the coat collar. With one shove he threw him, spinning, out of the room. Turning toward the elder man, he sent him following. Then he turned on Bobby.

"Go up to your room and get sober!" he commanded.

With a look of blank amazement, Bobby did as he was ordered.

It was hard to tell who, of the little group, was the most surprised. Old Jayson was the first to recover.

"I'm sorry we've been the means of your losing you your job, Mr. Holliday," he began.

"I'm not!" Billy exclaimed. "I'm sick of mixing drinks. That's the truth of the matter."

"I wish I could do something for you," said Jayson. "But I'm afraid it's true that the old place will go under when they open."

Billy looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he caught sight of the "Nearly Beer" sign.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "You

want to make this town clean and decent, don't you? You want to get the temperance convention here, don't you? Well, listen! You've got a great drink here—but you've got to advertise it! First we'll give it a good name. Let's call it Vevo—the Great American drink! Now listen to me—I've got a great hunch!"

A smoldering fire of ambition suddenly broke out in him. He began talking as he had never talked before. That evening, after supper, the three met and discussed Billy's "hunch" until very late. It would be hard to say which was the most excited when they ended their conference.

A traveling man who had left Johnsville that night would have met with a shock of surprise if he had returned a month later. The town was decked with flags. On every street, and along the roads leading into the town, were great posters announcing the fact that the temperance convention was in session at the American House. Beside these were other posters, announcing that Vevo—the Great American temperance drink—was being served at the American House and at all the road houses near by.

Inside the American House everything was bustle and excitement. The lobby was filled. Behind the bar, Billy Holliday, in a spotless coat, was working harder than he had ever worked before, serving the famous temperance drink.

Old Jayson came running into the barroom, excitedly mopping his brow.

"You can lay off now," he exclaimed. "The convention's opened. Come on along!"

Billy slipped off his white jacket, jumped into his coat, and hurriedly made his way into the crowded dining room, which had been turned into a convention hall.

The preliminary hymns had been sung, prayer had been offered, and the first speaker had begun his remarks as Billy worked his way down the crowded center aisle.

Suddenly the speaker stopped. A hoodlum in the rear had given vent to a loud, discourteous remark. The speaker, after an embarrassed pause, began again, and from different parts of the hall came catcalls and jeers. Once more

The hoodlums had been hired by Wurse to create the disturbance.

As he reached the platform he handed up two bottles of whisky to Billy.

he started, but stopped, unable to make himself heard.

The crowd was becoming nervous. Billy had turned around anxiously several times. It was perfectly apparent to him that the hoodlums had been paid by Wurse to raise the disturbance.

"Why doesn't the big simp do something?" Billy muttered under his breath, impatient at the speaker, who was standing, helpless, in utter confusion.

The entire audience was becoming restless. People were starting to leave their seats. Billy realized that the meeting was being broken up. With a leap he darted forward, sprang onto the platform, and pushed the dazed speaker into a seat.

"You boneheads!" he yelled, brandishing his fists. "You scum! You dirty, low-down, whisky-soaked, beer-guzzling mutts! If you'll come up onto this platform one at a time I'll put every one of you out of business! And as for the contemptible cur who hired you, I'll attend to him later!"

There was a sudden quiet. Then the yelling broke out again, louder than before.

Billy grabbed a hymn book from the speaker's stand. He threw it with the speed of a Christy Mathewson. A hoodlum dropped, as the book caught him

between the eyes. A moment later another disturber doubled up as a second book struck him in the pit of the stomach. Seizing a third book, Billy held it aloft, looking for another target. But the noise had stopped.

"If any more of you bums want to start something, get it over with quick," Billy yelled, "because we're going on with this meeting. These people have come here to hand us a few straight facts, and we're going to listen!"

"Why don't you give us a speech, Billy?" yelled a jeering voice from the rear.

Billy straightened up, his blood boiling.

"I will!" he retorted. "I guess I can hand out some hot cakes off the griddle that'll burn *your* mouth, all right!"

A cheer arose. "Go it, Billy! Give us a speech! Atta boy, Billy!"

Billy held one hand up, appealing for silence. The noise subsided. With one arm on the speaker's desk, he leaned forward.

For an instant he suddenly felt as though his knees would give way. Then he caught sight of Edith. There was a look of admiration in her eyes. In a flash he was in command of himself again.

"My friends," he began, "I don't know any more about speech making than a jack rabbit does about a cash register. But I do know something about booze. For ten years I've been dishing it out over the bar, and I never sold a single drop that ever did any one any good."

There was a burst of applause.

"Booze is nothing but a drug," Billy went on. "There's no reason, argument, or excuse for selling it, and any honest bartender will tell you so."

Again the cheers resounded.

"When you begin fooling with it, you think old John Barleycorn is a fine, jolly companion," he went on. "Before you get through you find he's more cruel than the kaiser. You say you drink for sociability. I tell you that you can get just as much sociability from a glass of Jayson's Vevo as from any concoction of poison that any one ever slung together!"

"Vevo! Three cheers for Vevo!" cried the crowd.

"That's right!" exclaimed Billy. "Yell for Vevo. But wait till I've lambasted John Barleycorn a few more wallops."

In a familiar way that drove the truth of what he was saying home, Billy told what he knew of liquor. With a dramatic skill which he never knew he possessed, he pictured the careers of prominent men he had known who had become drunkards. He pounded the table, picked up a chair, and smashed it on the platform. He threw off his coat and loosened his collar. Never had such a speech been heard in Johnsville.

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed a traveling man, who had dropped in, to a companion. "That fellow ought to have been an actor. Look how he's holding 'em!"

He was indeed. For an hour he talked. Finally, as he wound up in a burst of impassioned oratory, he seized an American flag, which was draped over the speaker's table.

"What we want to do is to make America safe for the boys of to-morrow! Are you with me?"

There was a deafening storm of cheers, and the choir leader, seizing the opportunity, stepped forward and started "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As he did so, one of the hired toughs started down the aisle, and as he reached the platform held up two bottles of whisky as a sign of his pledge to join the movement. Billy grabbed the bottles, held them aloft, and amid a final volley of handclapping the meeting closed, for on all sides the dele-

gates began crowding forward to shake Billy's hand.

All at once Billy's courage left him again. A sudden wave of mortification swept over him.

"I'm sorry I butted into the meeting like this," he began apologetically as

"I made that speech for you," said Billy.

Edith made her way to his side and took his hand. "Say, did I pull any rough stuff in that spiel?" he asked anxiously.

"It was the finest speech I ever heard," she said warmly.

His throat tightened. "Well, if it was all right with you—*I* should worry!" was all he could say.

There was a great celebration at the American House that night. A great out-of-doors meeting was planned for the following afternoon, and Billy was unanimously elected to make the address.

He had found time to slip out and procure a frock coat and a silk hat, for he determined that he was going to show that he could make a dignified speech.

Cast of "Hit-the-Trail Holliday"

a Paramount production, adapted from George M. Cohan's famous play.

Billy Holliday	George M. Cohan
Edith Jayson	Marguerite Clayton
Otto Wurse	Robert Roderick
Kent B. Wurse	Pat O'Malley
Burr Jayson	Russell Bassett
Bobby Jayson	Richard Barthelmess

He tried the coat on in his room late that evening, and looked at himself in the glass. A smile spread over his face as he surveyed himself. He was a new man—this Billy Holliday. Suddenly an idea popped into his head.

"If I could convince that crowd, I ought to be able to—— I'll do it!" he said to himself.

He tiptoed down the stairs and into the old hotel office. Only a single light was burning in the hotel office, and by its rays Billy saw Edith, alone behind the desk, straightening out the books for the day.

"Oh, Mr. Holliday!" she exclaimed.

"Do you like it?" he asked eagerly. "I'm going to wear it when I make my next speech. But I've got another speech I wanted to talk to you about."

"Tell me about it!" she exclaimed.

"Would you like to hear it?" he asked.

"That would be splendid!" she cried.

"Well, this speech," he began, "is about a cottage with flowers growing all around and vines over the porch. It's about having a home."

With a curious, quizzical look in her eyes, she waited.

Billy began. Gesturing like a veteran orator, he burst into a rhapsody of words on the beauties of having a house and a family in a little country town. He pictured the joys of a husband coming home from his day's toil—of the wife greeting him at the cottage door. If he had used "rough stuff" in the afternoon, there was none in what he was saying now. He talked on and on, the girl looking at him, her eyes shining in amused interest. The old clock ticked on and on. It struck twelve.

Finally he concluded. He had come to the end of his great speech. The girl sat still, looking at him expectantly.

"That's a beautiful speech," she said softly. "I suppose it was built up from a dream of your own."

"It was," said Billy.

"And the girl—I presume she's some one who's waiting for you in New York?"

"Come here!" said Billy, looking at her in mock severity.

Obediently she arose. He took both her hands in his.

"I made that speech for you," he said.

"Oh, Billy!" she whispered a moment later, her head nestling on his shoulder as he held her close. "You made a great speech to-day—but this one was the most beautiful speech I ever expect to hear."

Fade-Outs

By Frederick James Smith

Permit us to present another of our mental movies, designed to show the gentle literary trend of our best sub-titles:

"The Honor of the Arctic Circle"

Dorothy Falton is happily married. Woman's great spirit of self-sacrificing love reigns supreme in her simple, unsophisticated heart.

—

Yet the deep-dyed devil of doubt troubles Dorothy. In the past Harold Hangover once attempted to kiss her.

—

Shall she tell her husband?

—

Dorothy fears to lose the great love of her Adolphus.

—

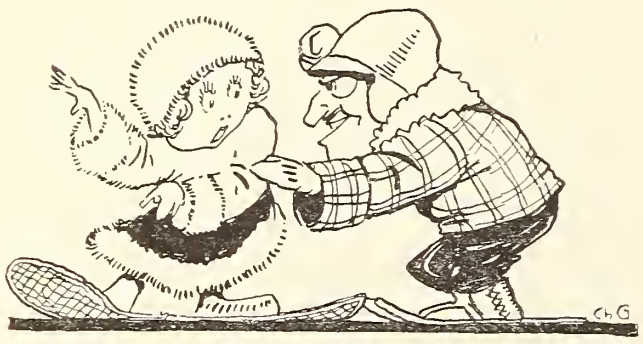
Then out of the dim and forgotten past comes Harold Hangover, who respects no law.

—

Harold plans to devote the rest of his life to getting the fateful kiss.

—

"Why do you again seek me out? I love only my husband."



"Come to my bachelor apartments tonight—or I will tell your Adolphus of the past!"

—

That night. The peaceful moon of centuries looks down upon the troubled sleep of humanity.

The Hangover apartment. Harold's faithful Eskimo servant, Blub B. Blubber.

—

Fearing to lose the one love of her life, Dorothy comes.

—

"You will pay dearly for your haughty coldness . . ."

The impenetrable mask drops from Blub Blubber's face. Years before Hangover had caused the downfall of Blub's sister, Aurora. Through the long Arctic nights the Eskimo had plotted revenge under the chill Northern lights. Now the time had arrived.

—

Blub stabs Harold. Dorothy forgets her fur coat in making her escape.

—

The detectives, after searching through the cigar ashes with a microscope, find one clew—the coat.

—

Dorothy is arrested. Meanwhile Blub is mushing his way by dog team northward, headed for the Blubber ancestral igloo at the corner of Latitude 80 and Longitude 40.'

—

The Day of the Trial.

—

Dorothy testifies, at last telling the whole terrible truth. Meanwhile, her

husband dispatches a man to overtake Blub.

—

The jury goes out.

—

The messenger finds Blub watching the cabaret at the Wild Walrus cafe in Zero City.

—

The jury still considers Dorothy's fate.

—

The race back to civilization.

—

The jury returns with its verdict.

—

"Stop," cries Blub, "I did it in revenge!"

—

The vindication.

—

The dawn of a new day.

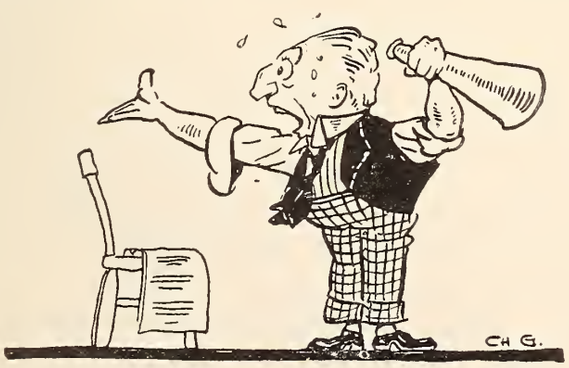
—

(i. e.—Frequent closeups of Dorothy panting heavily, thereby indicating agitation, should be scattered here and there. The time required to overtake Blub in the Arctic circle while the jury is still out should be disregarded. No able scenario writer pays any attention to the lapse of time.)

—o—

More Things We're Willing to Hooverize On:

Pictures of directors with megaphones.

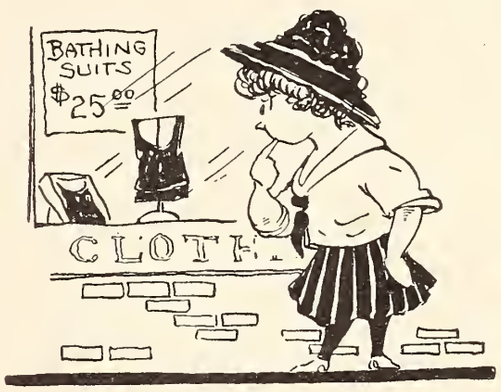


Screen college boys
Close-ups of doves
Montague Love's versatility
Newspaper excerpts as presented in the films

Belle Bennett's maid dropped a piece of valuable old lace down a kitchen drain pipe the other day, and, as the bit had "registered" in a production, a battalion of plumbers ripped up two streets of sewer pipes to find it. Now if they took that much trouble looking for scenarios——

—o—

The way the Mack Sennett bathing girls are Hooverizing on silks and woolens, is, indeed, thrillingly patriotic. We



don't want to be unduly optimistic, but if conditions become worse . . .

—o—

The producer of the new Roszika and Yansci Dolly picture overlooked a neat and nobby chance to conserve. He could easily have used one sister, say Roszika, and resorted to double exposure to attain the other twin, Yansci. It would be hard on Yansci, but these are grim war times.

—o—

Marguerite Clark's ability to play children realistically has just received a remarkable compliment. Marguerite slipped it over on Mother Nature so effectively that she contracted a really truly case of the mumps.

—o—

The Modern Education

The Educational Film Corporation is handling the Katzenjammer Kids and Happy Hooligan movie cartoons.

—o—

Oh! These pure and unadulterated censors! Down in Maryland a week or

two ago they ordered a cut in Norma Talmadge's "By Right of Purchase." According to the censor report, the cut takes out a close-up of a man "showing the battle of emotions." Apparently there are no emotions in Maryland—except possibly of annoyance.

—o—

Uncle Sam has kicked a horrible hole into the production of good old cowboy melodrama. He has requisitioned for his soldier boys for the duration of the war the entire output of a

well-known smoking mixture which is the main constituent of practically every hand-rolled cigarette. Imagine your favorite wild West hero nonchalantly pulling out a cork-tipped cigarette of—say, a London brand!

—o—

The most unnecessary flash we know is to move the camera from cabaret dancers to show the orchestra.

—o—

Our Favorite Close-Ups of the Months:

The flash-light episode of "Up the Road with Sally."

Moments of Margarita Fisher's "Primitive Woman."

—o—

Carl Laemmle of Universal has just written a public letter of thanks to Paramount for producing "The Blue Bird," thereby advertising his Blue Bird brand of pictures. Which was darned generous of Carl, but how about the Belgian Mr. Maeterlinck? Isn't Laemmle going to thank him for tearing off "The Blue Bird" on his trusty Oliver?

—o—

Photodramatic Art Uplift Note.

Nancy Palmer, a Howard Chandler Christy model, has been signed by World Film.

—o—

The producers of a recent Louise Glaum production point with pride to the fact that there are no exteriors in the whole five reels. Now, if some one can hit upon a way to eliminate interiors!

—o—

Triangle announces that out of 3,500 scenarios submitted in the past year but 40 were found available and accepted. But even this is reassuring. We rather had the impression that Triangle was producing the other 3,460.

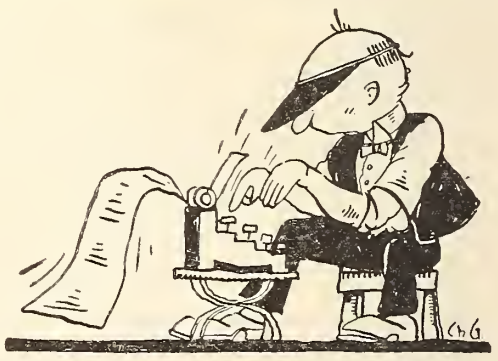
—o—

Mike, our favorite office boy, said something the other day when he defined a super-picture as "a picture full a' supers."

—o—

Getting Down to Facts.

World Film figures out that, in making a year's pictures, it requires 1,500,000 feet of lumber, 12,000,000



nails, 100,000 screws, 5,000 locks, hinges, and doorknobs, 75,000 feet of wall paper, 1,500 gallons of paint, 100,000 pieces of furniture, 300,000 props, not to mention goldfish, raccoons, actors, goats, et cetera. We suspect

that the World Film scenarios come under the head of wall paper.

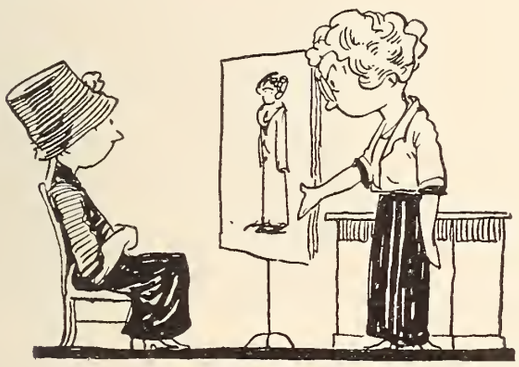
—o—

The spirit of whimsy is still abroad. Goldwyn presents this piquant excerpt from "Heart of the Sunset" in advertising that rollicking drama:

"All through the night, under the dim half moon, brave Dave Law watched General Longorio's federal soldiers dig his own grave."

—o—

The Women's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences of Scranton, Pa., has decided that Olga Petrova is "the best-



dressed woman in America." Now that that momentous question is settled, we can sit back and read the war news again.

—o—

Universal had been announcing its production of "The Doctor and the Woman," based on Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K," after this fashion:

"Try to think of a more alluring title for an intimate disclosure of life than 'The Doctor and the Woman.'"

Imagine, then, the surprise and indignation of Universal when certain theater managers, in presenting the film, advertised it as a production upon which censor boards might look askance. When Mrs. Rinehart complained about it, the Universal powers-that-be immediately sent out verbal chastisements to the guilty exhibitors. It's all right to apply a certain advertising method to get purchasers among exhibitors, but when exhibitors try it to get patrons the same way, well, that's a different story.

—o—

Have you noted the mental agility displayed by the Hun spies in the war pictures? Take Von Emden, the upturned mustache lad of "Over the Top," for instance. Von Emden kidnaps the fair heroine via U-Boat. Then he declares his intention of marrying the cutie because any common soldier could have her minus the ceremony, and, besides, the marriage would only be a scrap of paper and, of course, not legal. Von Emden's mental process seems to be about as translucent as a smoke screen.

—o—

Our tabloid campaign for conservation of superlatives in movie advertising is gaining results. With what relief we read such simple and unassuming adv. lines as these:

"The picture that will help win the war."

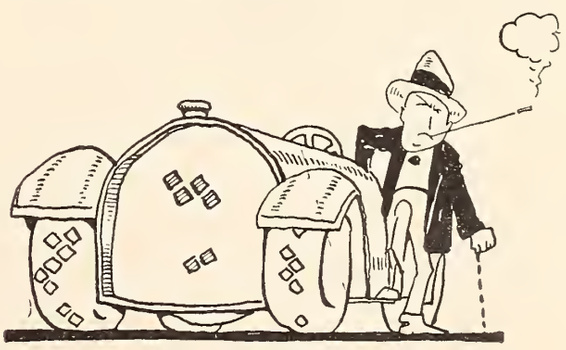
or

"What the Liberty Loan means to the United States this picture means to you."

—o—

Suggestion to Editors:

Why have magazine-cover portraits look like the originals?



Why not run pictures of stars selling Liberty Bonds?

Or snaps of stars getting into their cars?

Seeing Myself

By Constance

WHENEVER I go into a theater to see myself on the screen I'm frightened. I'm fearful of a dozen things, fearful that I may sit near some one who won't like my work, and will say so point-blank, fearful that I'll photograph badly, fearful that my acting won't get over.

In fact, I always dread seeing myself when it comes down to the moment of entering the theater. I get stage fright. Then I tell myself: "Here, this won't do; you've nothing to be afraid of. Go in—the theater is dark; find a corner and lose yourself."

So I do. I sink 'way down in the seat, and wonder and hope and get all excited. I have always been that way about any work of any kind that I've done.

When I was going to high school in Brooklyn, I was always frightened when it came time to turn in a composition. I'd read it over, and it would sound simply awful to me. And I'd turn it in with fear and trembling. But the result was never as bad as my fears beforehand. The teachers were kind to my compositions, and the public has been kind to my pictures.

I think I had my biggest thrill when I went to see myself in "Intolerance." Dorothy Gish, who is my closest friend, was with me. We went to the theater ticket office, got out our money to buy seats, and then my nerve failed me.

"Oh, let's not go to-night," I said to Dorothy. "Let's go see some other picture. I have a presentiment that this isn't my lucky night. I'm sure something will happen. I——"

While I was protesting, Dorothy pushed by me and bought the tickets. "None of that," she said. "You don't back out now. Why, this is your lucky night. Didn't I buy the tickets?"

So in we went. I scrooched down in my seat and held Dorothy's hand like a drowning man clutching at the last straw on a camel's back. That simile is a bit mixed, but you know what I mean.

"Now, breathe easy," said Dorothy, "and everything will come out all right. And after it's over I'll buy you a lover's delight."

on the Screen

Talmadge

A lover's delight is my favorite sundae.

Well, to spread a short story over as much space as possible, the camera and the orchestra and everything started, and pretty soon I saw myself as the Mountain Girl. And I hardly knew myself with a black wig and dressed in a mountain garb of the Babylonian period. Several times the audience applauded when I was on, but I couldn't tell whether it was for the orchestra, which was good, or for me. Then suddenly I heard a fat man behind me say to his wife, "That little Mountain Girl is all right." And I felt happy until his wife replied suspiciously: "She's not wearing extra much clothes!"

Then I wanted to cry, but Dorothy squeezed my hand all the harder, and I concentrated on the thought of the lover's delight I was going to get after the performance. I tried not to think of what the woman in the seat right behind Dorothy had said, but the words kept coming back into my mind. I felt quite sure that she must know that it was I who had played the part, and I fancied that I could feel her eyes boring through the back of my head.

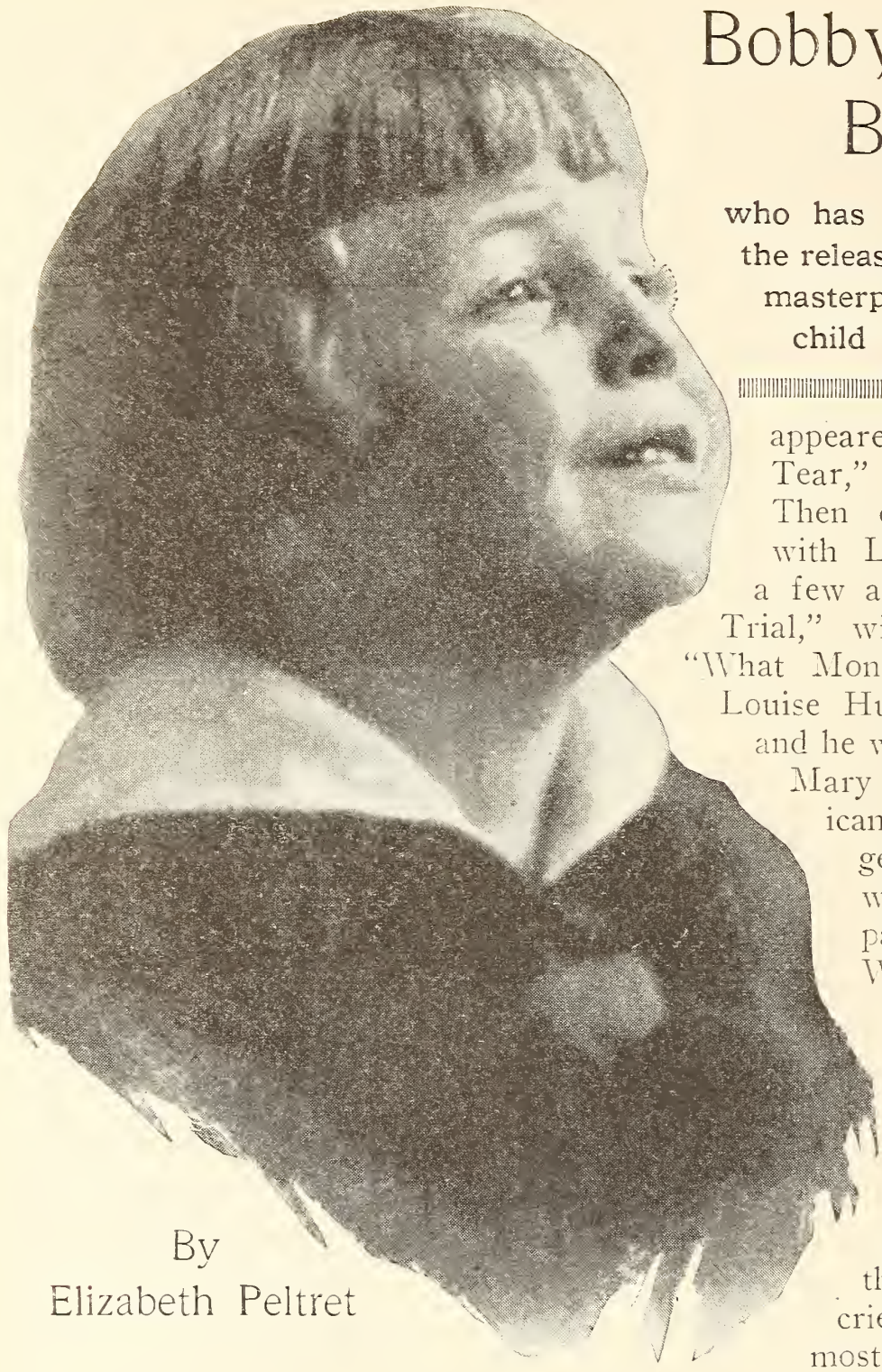
Then I remembered what an old actor who has had years of experience on the screen and the stage, too, once said to me when I was worrying about how people would like my work. He's a dear, and I'm quite sure he knew how sensitive I was to criticism.

"My dear," he comforted me, "you can please some of the people some of the time, but if you want to do anything original or individual you can't please all of the people all of the time."

So I fumbled for my handkerchief and decided to make the best of it, and I almost laughed out loud when the woman behind us said: "I guess that Mountain Girl is all right. See, she is making that girl there cry."

And when it was all over and we were leaving the theater, a dramatic critic I know stepped up and said: "Miss Talmadge, your acting in that part will make you a star." Then I walked on clouds.

And, sure 'nuff, the dramatic critic was right.



Bobby's "Littlest Brother"

who has been called, since the release of Griffith's recent masterpiece, "the sweetest child actor on the screen."

By
Elizabeth Peltret

BEN ALEXANDER has practically cried his way into fame. No one who has seen "Hearts of the World" is likely ever to forget the only-let-me-black-your-boots expression that Ben gets on his face. It makes you laugh first, and want to cry afterward.

As a matter of fact, Ben got that part because he was able to cry so well. He had already had some experience on the screen, extending over a year and a half. The first picture in which he appeared was "Each Pearl a Tear," with Fannie Ward. Then came "Big Tremaine," with Lockwood, and, naming a few at random, "A Wife on Trial," with Mignon Anderson; "What Money Can't Buy," with Louise Huff and Jack Pickford; and he was the *Little Brother* to Mary in "The Little American." Of course his biggest chance of all came when he was given the part in "Hearts of the World."

The great director wanted a child for the part who could cry, so he tried Ben out in the scene where the three little brothers of *The Boy* stand over their mother's grave. Ben cried out loud, with the most heartbreaking little sobs —he admits that it was all "tur-a-bly sad."

"Mr. Griffith told me all about it," Bennie explained, as he sat at home, drawing pictures, one day not long ago. "You see, the kaiser is trying to rule the world——" He raised a pair of deep blue eyes. "Mr. Griffith said that was true, and not just in the picture. Did you know that?"

"Yes," I answered. "And then?"

He picked up another piece of paper and began on a new drawing.

"And then Bobby went away——"

He was referring to Robert Harron, who played *The Boy*. "Only that wasn't real; it was in the picture; and my daddy, in the picture, got killed, and our house got blown up, and we ran away. Pretty soon mamma got sick——"

"I was standing right there," interrupted Mrs. Alexander.

"You weren't my mamma in that!" said Ben indignantly, as one would say, "I didn't expect such ignorance from you!"

"Anyway," Ben went on, "mamma got sick, and Mr. Griffith said——" His voice trailed off into nothingness. He was putting the finishing touches on his latest creation. It was a sort of glorified shell labeled "America," heading for an exceedingly well-drawn helmet on which was printed "Germany."

"Go on, dear; what did Mr. Griffith say?"

"Oh, yes! Mr. Griffith said: 'Just think, Ben; you are all alone. Your mamma is there, dead.' And it made me cry. It was *tur-a-bly* sad; it would have made anybody cry."

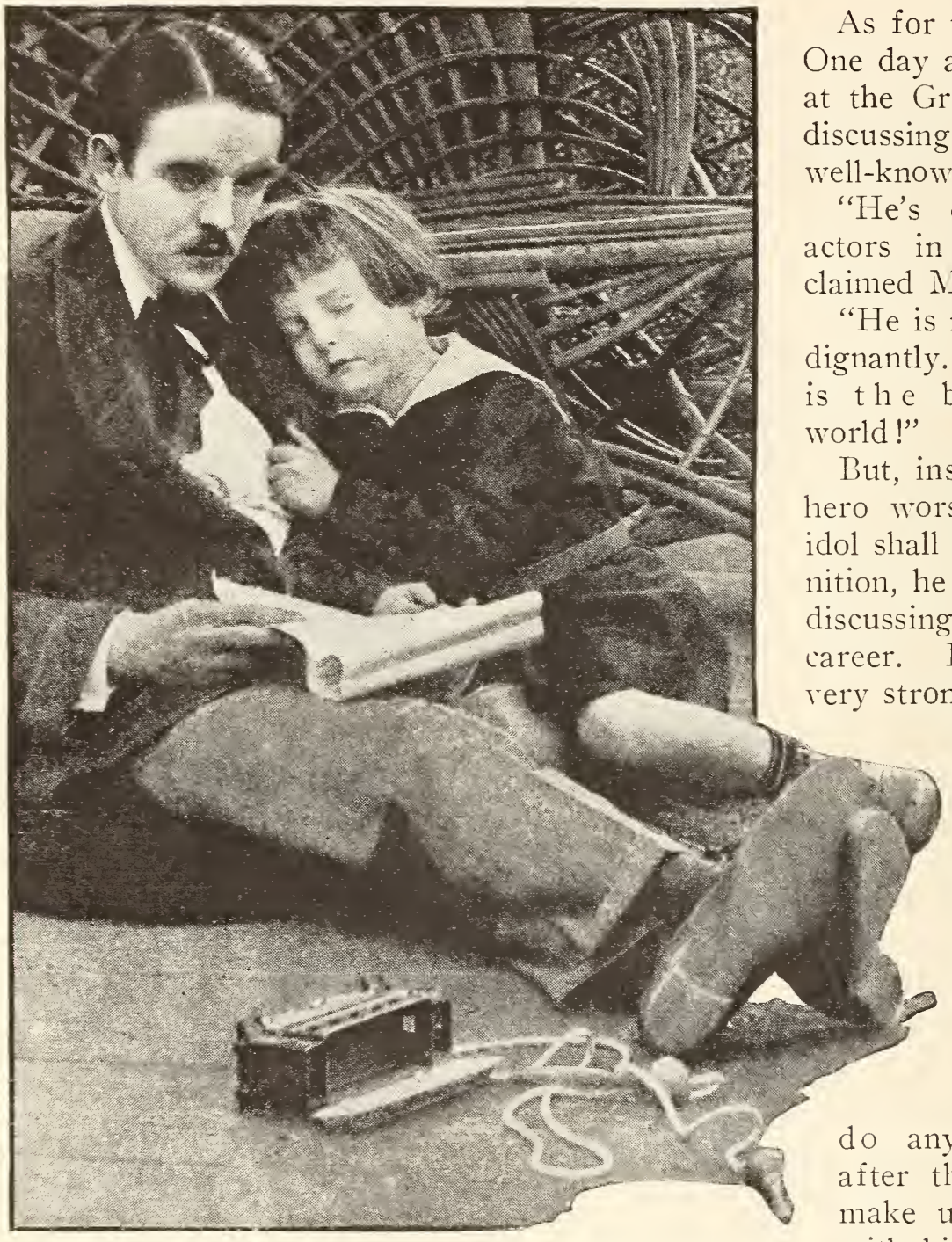
Ben cried. Did you notice how, in one of the scenes where Ben has to shed tears, his nose was running? Undoubtedly you did if you saw "Hearts of the World." His eyes were all swollen and his lips puffed out; for when Ben cries, he *cries!*

Later on in the picture, there is a scene where a shell strikes the house in which the three little boys have sought shelter. The littlest one, crying with terror, runs helplessly, trying to get out; the walls fall, and in a close-up you are shown a little form half buried in ruins.

"Weren't you scared?" Ben was asked.

"No; why?" All that plaster and stones actually fell all around him.

Ben is one hundred per cent American.



His hero is Bobby Harron.

"Mr. Griffith said none of it would hit me," he explained, "and it didn't."

The plaster, sandbags, and other material had been propped up in such a way that when Griffith pulled a string they would fall around a certain marked spot without touching it. Ben was to stand in that spot. The plan was carried out to the letter, but every one on the lot was "a-scared" when the structure actually fell—every one, that is, except Ben. When it was over, the poor youngster was kissed to the limit of his endurance.

As for the hero worship: One day a group on the lot at the Griffith Studio were discussing the work of a well-known player.

"He's one of the best actors in the world!" exclaimed Mrs. Alexander.

"He is not!" said Ben indignantly. "Bobby Harron is the best actor in the world!"

But, insistent as the little hero worshiper is that his idol shall receive due recognition, he is very shy about discussing his own screen career. In fact, Ben has very strong leanings toward the artistic and the poetic, and he hasn't quite decided just what he is going to do when he grows to be a man.

He likes to draw—he would rather draw than do anything else—and, after that, he likes to make up "pomes" to go with his pictures. He is a quaint youngster, and his bits of verse show a sense of rhythm many a grown-up writer might envy. Here is one of them:

There was a little bird,
  And he sat upon a tree,
He saw a little flea,
  And he saw a little bee.
The flea bit the bee,
  And the bee stung the flea,
And they all died together
  In the old oak tree.

Of course this is something of a masterpiece. Considering it so, Ben tore up the picture he had written it for as being unworthy and started drawing a

new one. He had finished the old oak tree and was at work on the bird.

"How old does a fellow have to be before they'll let him be an artist?" he asked, in rather a preoccupied tone of voice. He was making the bird's tail.

He was told that some fellows are artists just as soon as they learn to draw.

"Like me?" he asked gravely.

As Ben's mother doesn't want him spoiled, the question was rather an embarrassing one. There was, however, a way to get out of answering it; that was by asking him one in return:

"Then you don't want to be an actor?"

He looked up from his work reproachfully.

"I wasn't talking about that," he said; "I was talking about work."

"Oh!" Evidently he doesn't consider acting as work.

"Then it isn't hard for you to cry in a scene?"

He treated this question with silent contempt; possibly because he had some idea that he was being "guyed." He couldn't understand what other reason one could possibly have for asking such a thing. Anyway, he had something more important to do than talk. He had finished his work of art, and was holding it at arm's length, surveying it critically. Not until the picture and "pome"—Ben talks with a baby drawl and just a suggestion of a lisp—had been duly admired and addressed to "daddy" in Goldfield, Nevada, would Ben again deign to discuss the "game" of moving-picture acting.

Bennie and his "truly" mother.

His father, Benton Alexander—Ben is Benton III—has to live in Goldfield because he owns, or, more correctly speaking, is owned by, a dry-goods business there. However, he makes frequent "flying" trips to Los Angeles, and spends as much time with his little family as he possibly can. Ben is an only child.

He's a shy child, this youngster who would have been spoiled many times over by all the adulation and praise he has received for his screen work, if his mother hadn't kept a very careful look-

out. He is impulsive and affectionate toward those he loves. He's a real boy, too—recklessly adventurous in his play, always experimenting and getting hurt and then starting at it again. When he isn't in the studio, one is pretty apt to find a little tow-headed tike half a dozen blocks away, leading all the neighborhood kids in a charge "over the top," and that tike is Bennie.

He was a brunet in "Hearts of the World," but now that the muscari has all worn off his hair, you would hardly recognize him as the "Littlest Brother." He has very fair skin, blue eyes, and has lost two of his teeth. However, he still has the freckles on his nose and the hero worship in his soul, and these are the most characteristic things about him, after all.

As the Littlest Brother in "Hearts of the World."

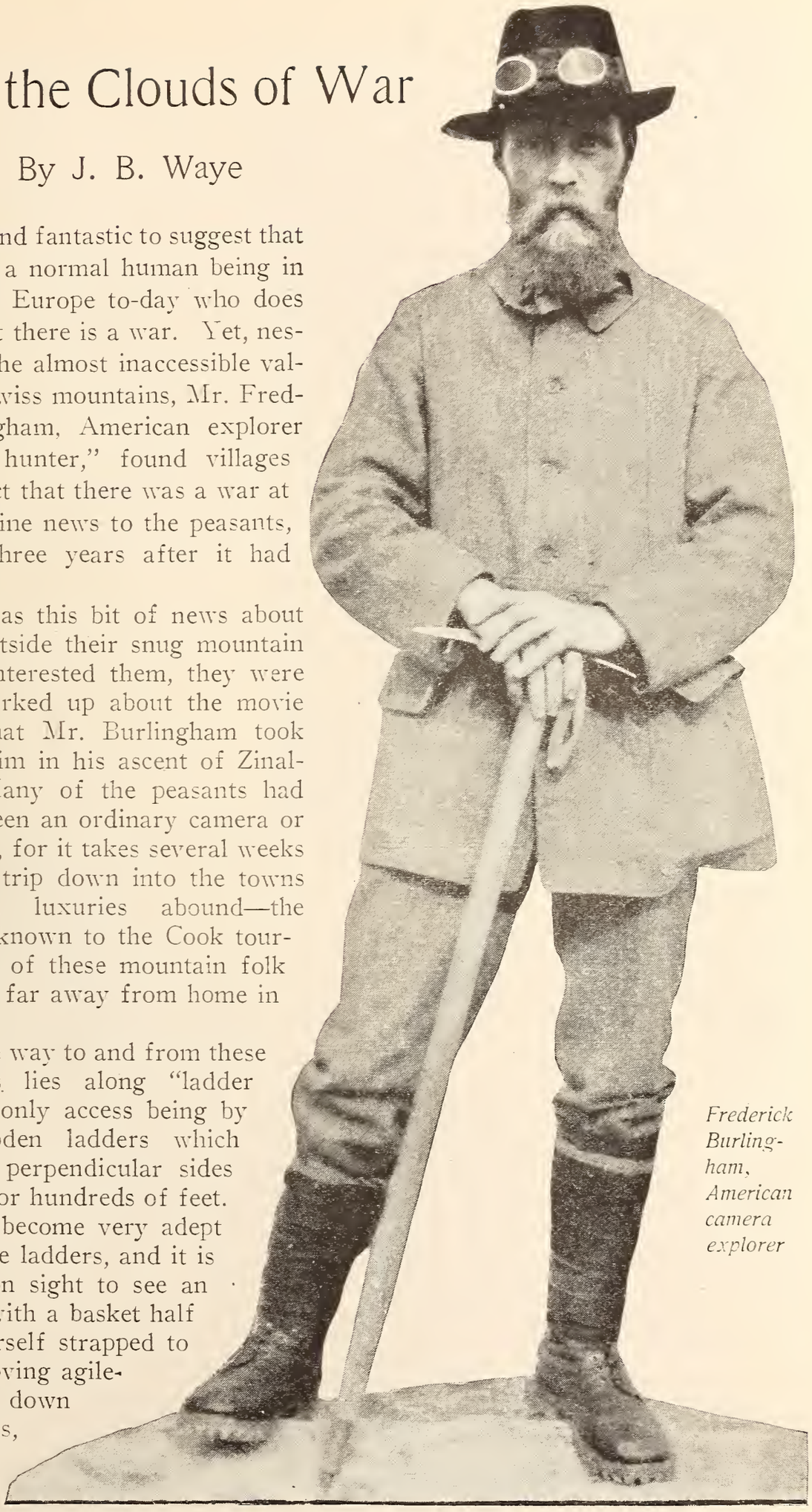
Above the Clouds of War

By J. B. Waye

IT may sound fantastic to suggest that there is a normal human being in civilized Europe to-day who does not know that there is a war. Yet, nestled high in the almost inaccessible valleys of the Swiss mountains, Mr. Frederick Burlingham, American explorer and "movie hunter," found villages where the fact that there was a war at all was headline news to the peasants, more than three years after it had been raging.

But much as this bit of news about the world outside their snug mountain habitations interested them, they were far more worked up about the movie equipment that Mr. Burlingham took along with him in his ascent of Zinal-Rothorn. Many of the peasants had never even seen an ordinary camera or a photograph, for it takes several weeks to make the trip down into the towns where such luxuries abound—the Switzerland known to the Cook tourist—and few of these mountain folk ever get that far away from home in a lifetime.

Part of the way to and from these eagles' nests lies along "ladder roads"—the only access being by narrow wooden ladders which cling to the perpendicular sides of the rock for hundreds of feet. The natives become very adept in using these ladders, and it is no uncommon sight to see an old woman with a basket half as big as herself strapped to her back, moving agilely up and down the rock walls, carrying her produce.



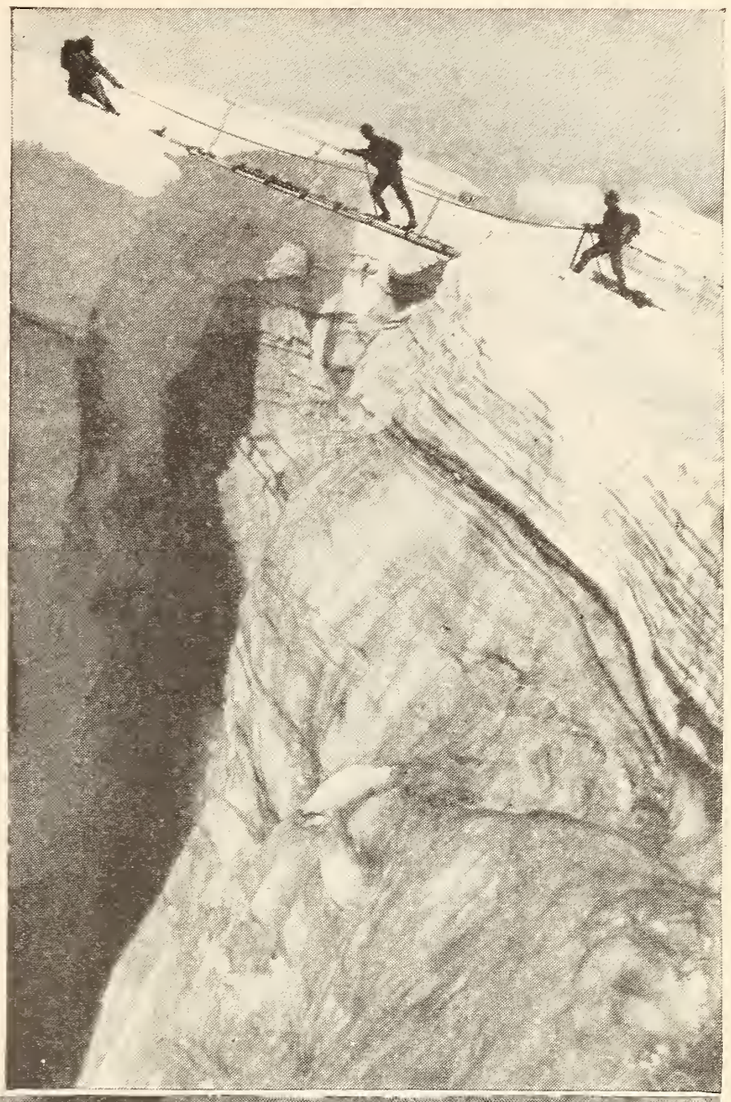
Frederick Burlingham, American camera explorer

Of course, some of the primitive colonies are reached by rail, as the quaint village of Kippel on the Lotschberg railway at the bottom of the page.

An incident in the ascent of Zinal-Rothorn at Zermatt, more dangerous than the Matterhorn or the descent into the crater of Vesuvius, which Mr. Burlingham made some time ago, is shown on the opposite page. The party is effecting a crossing from an ice cornice to the glacier opposite by means of a strong, specially constructed device over a glistening white gorge thousands of feet deep. Later, while scaling the Blumlisalp in the same way, the whole party narrowly escaped death by the breaking of the ice cornice. Mr. Burlingham, who happened to be taking a scene at the time, ground on in response to his camera instinct, and registered the whole incident.

The communal system is highly developed, by force of necessity, in these isolated villages. Below is an exterior view of the communal bakery where the villagers bake their cartwheel loaves of bread twice a year. The old women share their last pound of tobacco with the men, and, like them, carry heavy burdens on their backs. The villagers, of course, make their own clothes, dresses, shoes, and hats, even spinning and weaving the cloth. Cheese is inherited, handed down from father to son, and included in the marriage dowry!

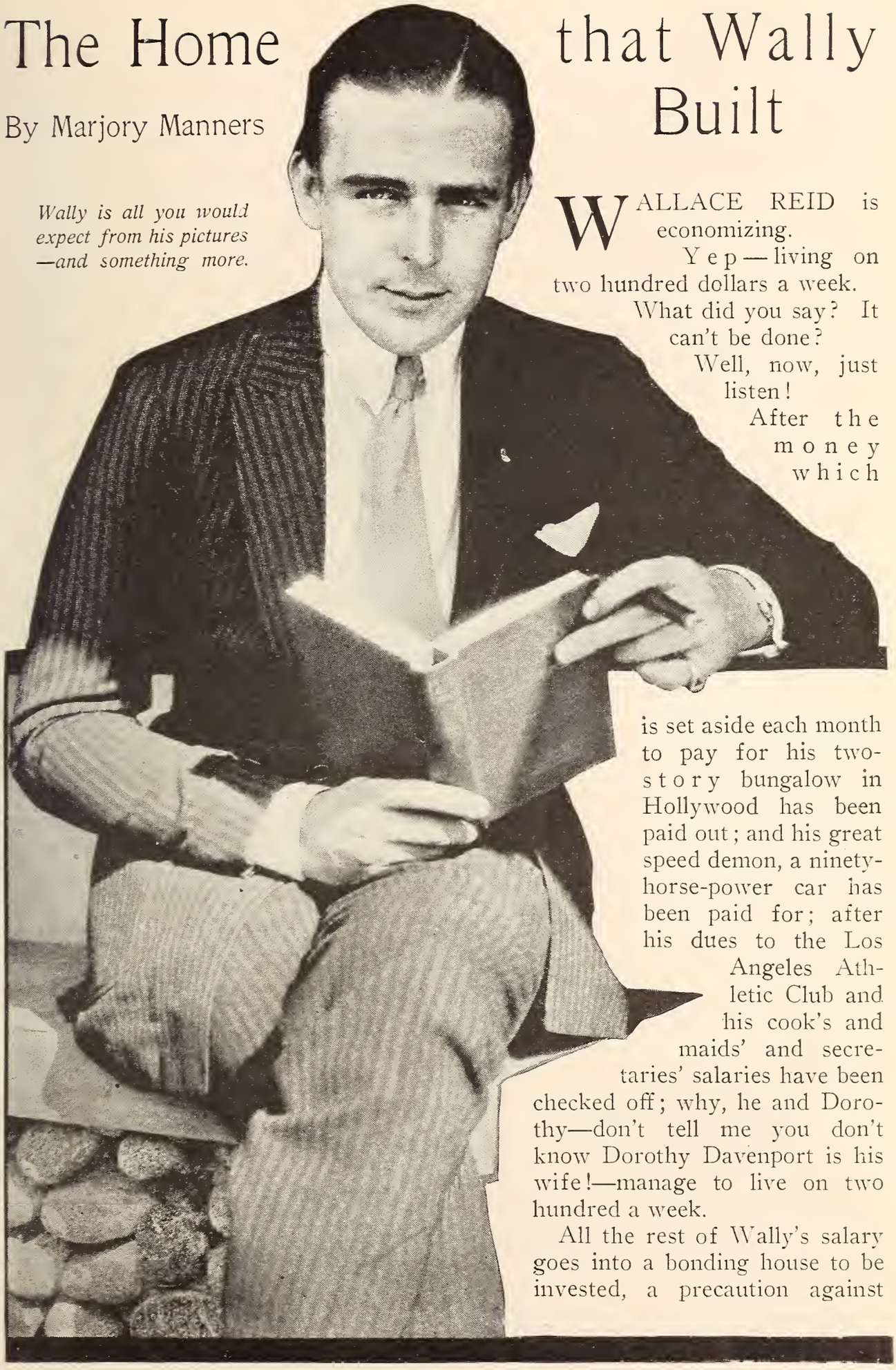
It is in these little settlements off the edge of civilization that much of the carving, for which the Swiss peasants are noted, is done. In fact, it is the one lucrative industry which can be plied during the long winters, when for weeks at a time the villages are snow-and-ice bound.



Very often the whole family works at it—the grandparents, the mother and father, and the children. Even youngsters of three and four are pressed into service, and between lessons in spelling from the Bible, which is often the only book in the house, they are first taught how to whittle wood into curious shapes. Later comes the lesson in whittling bone, which requires more skill, and the first bit of work is often a rude bone doll for the baby of the house to play with until he becomes a factor in earning the family livelihood.

The Home that Wally Built

By Marjory Manners



Wally is all you would expect from his pictures —and something more.

WALLACE REID is economizing.

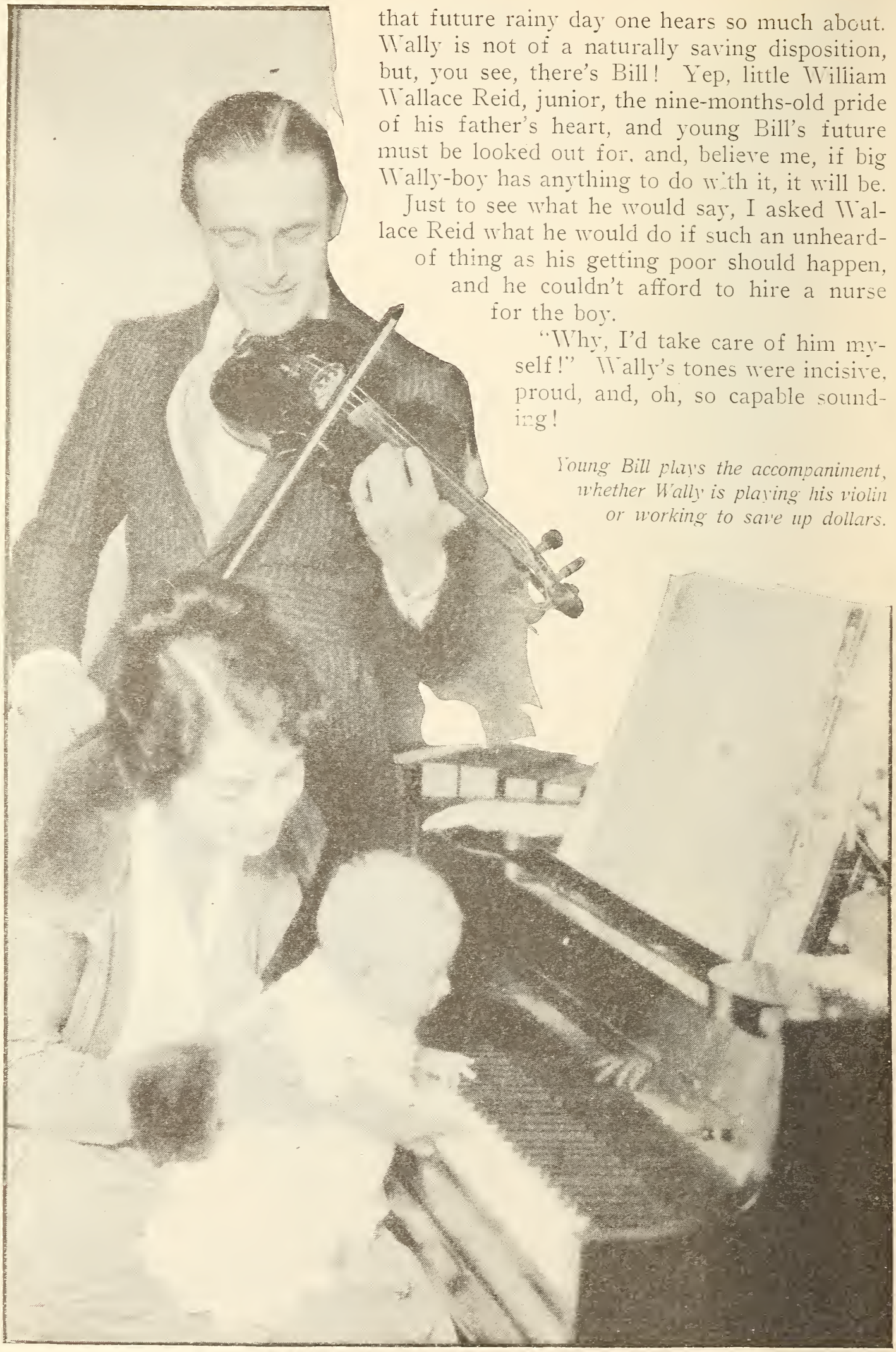
Yep—living on two hundred dollars a week.

What did you say? It can't be done?

Well, now, just listen!

After the money which is set aside each month to pay for his two-story bungalow in Hollywood has been paid out; and his great speed demon, a ninety-horse-power car has been paid for; after his dues to the Los Angeles Athletic Club and his cook's and maids' and secretaries' salaries have been checked off; why, he and Dorothy—don't tell me you don't know Dorothy Davenport is his wife!—manage to live on two hundred a week.

All the rest of Wally's salary goes into a bonding house to be invested, a precaution against



that future rainy day one hears so much about. Wally is not of a naturally saving disposition, but, you see, there's Bill! Yep, little William Wallace Reid, junior, the nine-months-old pride of his father's heart, and young Bill's future must be looked out for, and, believe me, if big Wally-boy has anything to do with it, it will be.

Just to see what he would say, I asked Wallace Reid what he would do if such an unheard-of thing as his getting poor should happen, and he couldn't afford to hire a nurse for the boy.

"Why, I'd take care of him myself!" Wally's tones were incisive, proud, and, oh, so capable sounding!

Young Bill plays the accompaniment, whether Wally is playing his violin or working to save up dollars.

"But you wouldn't know how," I scoffed.

"What! Not know how to take care of my own kid? Well, it wouldn't take me long to learn."

Somehow, it seems queer to hear Wally talk about his wife and home and baby. Why, he is only a boy himself! And when you see him and Dorothy Davenport together they seem just a couple of youngsters. Dorothy is about half his size, a slender, graceful girl with red hair and brown eyes. She is a great deal more serious than Wally, who always has a cheerful smile lurking at the corners of his mouth.

In looks, Wally is all that you would expect from his pictures and—something more. His complexion is fair, his blue eyes clear and honest, with a little devil-may-care look in them, his hair is brown and very sleek; but back of all this perfection of feature and form there is an affectionate, clean-hearted, unspoiled disposition.

He is an excellent dancer, can play every musical instrument ever invented, even the grafonola, and is never so happy as when driving his machine at a beyond-the-speed-limit clip between Hollywood and Los Angeles, or staging a show for a benefit.

And his ambition? Well, if you really want to know, that was realized when William Wallace Reid, junior, came to town.

In his profession he wants to get away from the smooth-faced hero who ends with a close-up of the heroine held cozily in his arms; but that's the way the public like him, and, after all, he's willing to comply with the public's wishes, for you see——

Wally and Mrs. Wally and young Bill are living within that two-hundred-dollar-a-week limit, and the rest goes into the bonding house.

And the bonding house means——

Young Bill's future.

See?

Wally can play nearly every musical instrument made, and he says he should be earning his living at it, if the movies hadn't claimed him.

The Observer

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

They Refuse to be Fooled

THE day of the mechanical melodrama is done. The public won't go to see a show in which the midnight express is a canvas flat pushed jerkily across the stage by husky hands. No longer will they be thrilled by an army of fifteen supers who charge up a wooden hill to capture a painted blockhouse.

Lincoln J. Carter used to be a greater playwright than Shakespeare if box-office popularity is the test. But he's back in Shakespeare's class, poor fellow, now!

They put on "An American Ace," a war melodrama, by Lincoln J. Carter, at the Casino, in New York. The promoters believed that the time was ripe to make a pile of money out of an old-fashioned thriller built upon the war.

In "An American Ace" were all the mechanical devices that melodramatic genius could conceive. They fired more rounds of ammunition in a minute than Harry Clay Blaney used in the old days in a whole season of "Across the Pacific." Their big thrill was a battle of aëroplanes a mile high.

The aëroplane battle, supposed to make women faint and strong men turn pale, turned out to be as gripping and as sensational as the battle of two cats in an alley.

It was well done, from a melodramatic point of view. But the public just would not stand for it. They knew it was scenery and flashing lights. What they wanted was the real stuff. And why? Because they'd been taught by motion pictures to demand reality.

As well expect a veteran of the war to become thrilled by a sham battle.

It Really Happened

OVER at Fort Lee, when they were making scenes in "Gismonda," Paramount's next Lina Cavalieri picture, a lion attacked his trainer. A stage hand seized an ax, entered the arena in which the scene was being made, knocked down the lion, and saved the trainer, who, though badly injured, will live.

To the great credit of Edward Jose, the director, and his camera man—we repeat, to their great credit—little more than a foot of the scene was photographed. When the camera man saw that the trainer was in peril he rushed to do what he could. The making of a good picture was forgotten. All the company wanted to do was to save the man's life.

It has been the custom, in similar instances, to boast about how the camera man sticks to his crank and grinds on, doing his duty to his art, sacrificing his manly instincts that the scene may be photographed. It's bunk, and it doesn't do motion pictures any good.

When a man's life is in danger the picture is forgotten. Camera men and directors are not hard-hearted fools. They're human beings, and the "Gismonda" incident is not unusual—it's typical.

Welcome Back, Anita Stewart

AFTER many months of injunctions and counterinjunctions, of contract breaking and contract renewing, Anita Stewart has begun work again.

Praises be!

Her first picture is to be "The Mind-the-paint Girl," which Billie Burke played in the legitimate. It is to be hoped that Vitagraph will give Anita Stewart the productions she deserves. With good stories and good direction, Anita Stewart can become one of the five best sellers. Heretofore, alas, somebody has been careless with this diamond.

Do Truck Drivers Write Scenarios?

WE have great respect for Doctor Frank Crane. He writes sound, sane stuff. He can take a platitude, make it stand up, and talk back at you with such fire and vigor that you say: "Gee, I never thought there was so much common sense back of that little phrase."

But Doctor Crane recently attacked motion pictures in a way which is unjust. He begins by saying that he had been to the movies, and that though the photography and acting were first class, the story was so trashy and impossible that he was disgusted. So far, so good. We have all made the same complaint, many times over.

Doctor Crane, however, goes on to berate the industry, on the ground that they spend heaps of money for effects, but "get a plasterer or truck driver to write the story." Mary Pickford, he says, gets twelve thousand dollars a week, while the motion-picture companies won't pay a scenario writer twelve hundred dollars a year.

Doctor Crane, like many other persons, appears to be ill-informed on this subject. No one who knew anything about the buying of scenarios would make such an absurd statement.

Take Mary Pickford, who is the only star Doctor Crane mentions. She has only recently appeared in stories by Eleanor Gates, William J. Locke, and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Does Doctor Crane imagine for a moment that these writers sold the motion-picture rights to their novels for prices that would satisfy "plasterers and truck drivers?" If that were true, producers would rejoice. But it is not the case.

Remember, Doctor Crane, you're kicking because you say the producers are not willing to pay twelve hundred dollars a year to a scenario writer. These first-string authors are in the business of writing, they sell their work through agents, and the producers have to pay the price these agents ask.

If a producer gets the motion-picture rights to a popular novel or play for five thousand dollars he thinks he has a bargain. And that five thousand dollars

is added profit, for which the author did no actual work in preparing the story for motion pictures.

Do you think Mary Roberts Rinehart's work comes cheap, Doctor Crane? Or Irvin Cobb's or Maurice Maeterlinck's or Sir Gilbert Parker's or Robert W. Chambers' or David Graham Phillips' or Henry Arthur Jones' or Rupert Hughes' or George M. Cohan's?

There are, of course, a few companies who produce on a cheap basis throughout. And they naturally would not pay high rates for stories. But to make the flat statement that producers won't pay real money for stories is to talk piffle.

The Real Reason for Poor Plays

DOCTOR CRANE tried to convey the impression that he knew something about the buying of plays for motion pictures. His editorial was so rabid, so uncompromising, that it carries little weight. But it is the typical view of outsiders who want to improve motion pictures. Most of these critics will admit, when cornered, that they see about one picture a month. And then they go around the corner to the ten-cent house.

As well go to a performance of "East Lynne" in Keokuk, and then attempt to write an editorial telling what's the matter with the drama.

Doctor Crane is like the fellow who runs the general store, and wastes time telling the country editor what's the matter with his paper.

The trouble is that Doctor Crane shot from the wrong angle. There are a heap of bad stories in motion pictures. But not because the companies won't pay real money for plays.

The reason, Doctor Crane, is the same reason that accounts for so many failures of plays in the spoken drama. We forget the exact ratio, but our recollection is that about sixty per cent of plays produced on the stage are absolute failures.

The reason a bad play slips into pictures now and then is the same reason that lets bad plays reach the stage—no person lives who can read a book or a play or a script and tell accurately how it will affect the audience when staged.

Motion pictures are produced by human beings, directed by human beings, and judged by human beings. We don't think alike, we don't visualize alike. We make mistakes.

But motion-picture producers are trying hard. They are not sparing expense in buying stories. They occasionally produce stories that are bally rot, Doctor Crane.

Just as you, whom we admire greatly, sometimes write editorials that are bally rot.

Imitators Again

WE spoke some time ago about the actors who try to ride on another's creation. There is an imitator of Chaplin, an imitator of Fairbanks, an imitator of Mary Pickford, and now comes an imitator of "Fatty" Arbuckle.

The motion-picture fans can stop this burglary.

It is the patron who suffers. He gets an imitation when he pays for the genuine.

The next time you see one of those imitators, speak to the manager of the theater that is showing the picture. Tell him what you think of him for aiding in this deception.

Why the "National" Amusement?

THEY call baseball the "national" amusement. Professional baseball, at least, has lost all right to the title.

Newspapers for years have boosted baseball. The public has looked upon it as an institution necessary to the country. When motion-picture theaters were compared with baseball parks, the theaters were looked upon as "commercial." Baseball was not!

Publicity on Ty Cobb was legitimate news because, the newspapers said, "the public was interested. Cobb was a national character." The fact that this publicity made him a box-office attraction was overlooked.

Motion-picture stars were to be ignored because they were not national characters—merely in the show business. As if baseball wasn't a show business!

The test came in the campaign for the Third Liberty Loan. The "national" game flunked. If it sent any of its stars out speaking for the loan, if Ty Cobb or John McGraw left their teams and toured the country, if they sacrificed anything, we didn't hear about it.

But the motion-picture industry, from the boy who sweeps out the theater to the head of the biggest producing company, fought shoulder to shoulder for Uncle Sam. Stars forgot their salaries and their jobs and their release dates, theaters threw their doors open to the four-minute men, managers showed an immense amount of propaganda film.

The motion picture was the national amusement, and it responded like a genuine national institution. It was the big medium for reaching all the people.

These motion-picture stars were heart and soul in their work for their country. They didn't get publicity from the loan; they *gave* publicity *to* the loan. They drew crowds, they sold bonds.

But what did baseball do?

Which now has proved itself to be the "national" amusement—baseball or motion pictures?

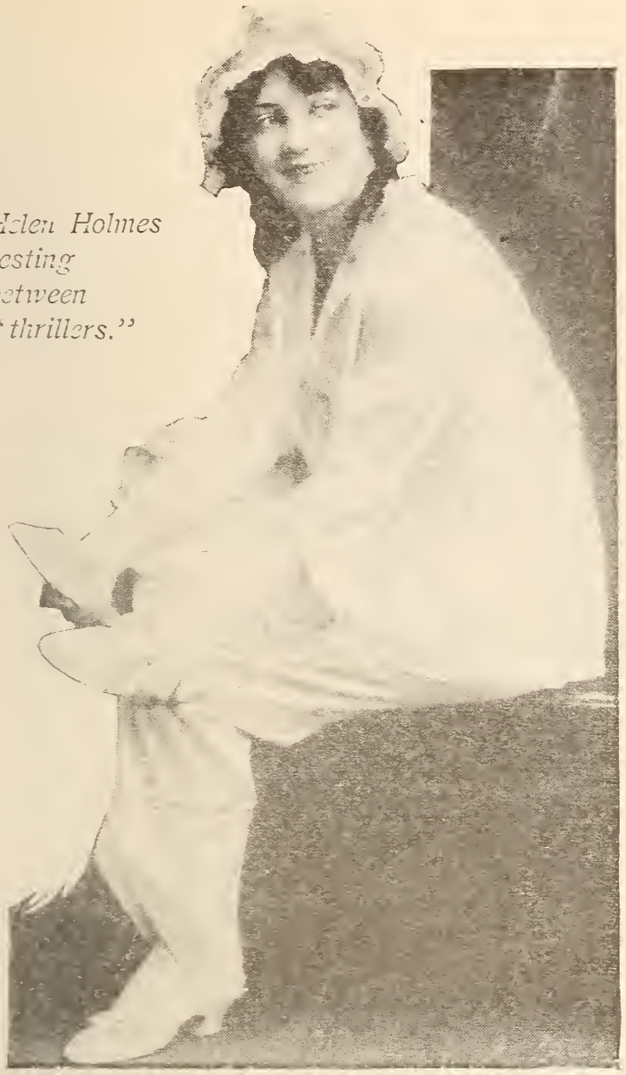
While Men Are Dying

WHILE men are dying by the thousands in France, while the Germans are driving their men like cattle to the slaughter, we come upon a newspaper that gives space to the fact that a motion-picture star is greatly worried and wishes to deny a general impression that has got about.

It seems that report has it that this star was born in New Orleans, but it isn't true. She spent her girlhood there, which no doubt caused the false story. The truth is that she was born in Texarkana, Texas.

And the war goes right on.

Novelties in Negligés



Helen Holmes resting between "thrillers."

Mary is caught day-dreaming.

HERE are the latest wrinkles in pajama negligés from the boudoirs of four Mutual favorites. On the opposite page Margarita Fischer wraps the drapery of her couch about a blue georgette confection trimmed with ostrich fluff. The French touch is achieved in the lavender ribbon binding and belt, ending in feather tassels.

Mary Miles Minter is adorable in crêpe de Chine, finished with loops of pink ribbon. Patch pockets in the jackette are similarly trimmed. The ribbon cap features a lace band, adorned with blush pink rosebuds.

Helen Holmes wears a practical suit of washable flesh-colored satin. (Note the slashed trouser, showing the white lining.)

What could be more demure than Ann Murdock's chiffon "night frock," double-cuffed in real Valenciennes?

Pick your model, girls, and get your workbaskets.

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 and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Write for the Love of It

There is but one way of engaging in writing—that is, to do it because something impels you, because you want to write, because your heart is in it.

Make it a game, if you like. Say to yourself: "I *know* that there are thousands of persons who are trying to do this same thing, and maybe I haven't a ghost of a chance against some of the others who are more practical than I.

"But then—who knows? Perhaps I have! A lot of the biggest people started with some of the most enormous handicaps. I'll just pitch in, during my spare time, and do my very best, and, win or lose, I'll have some fun out of trying, anyway."

Don't you see that if you go at it in *that* spirit you *can't* lose—no matter how it turns out? But if you think that writing, in any field, is an easy way of picking up money, be warned. It is nothing of the sort.

These remarks were induced by a letter which I recently received. Coming at the bottom of a pile of querulous complaints, it was like a gentle rain after a drought. The letter, in part, is as follows:

I have always been interested in your "Hints for Scenario Writers." My sympathy goes out to the "Shut In Lady." I have never even thought of writing to your department, but somehow, after reading her letter, I decided to do so, and tell you what I am doing, and if you think it will be of any benefit to any of the strugglers you can let it pass along.

After studying everything I could get hold of on the art of picture-play writing, and incidentally spending some money for a mail-order course, I thought I had mastered the art, and sat me down to write some plays—and I did write some plays, I can tell you. I just thought how lucky the editors were to get my stuff! I sent them all on their way, and—well, there is no use finishing this part of my letter, as you know the climax.

To be sure, I stopped writing for a while, but I am at it again. This time I am enjoying the game for its own sake. I am not thinking of sending out any plays just yet. I have a little producing company of my own, with actors and scenery, and a director—a big, fat, jolly fellow. I also have a theater with a screen and a projecting machine and everything. I now produce the stories I write in my producing company, and show them on the screen of my theater right in my own head. If my stories please me when they go on the screen, then I feel they may be interesting to others. I just let my imagination loose, and it is *just good fun.*

I try to take the simplest plots that have an emotion from life. I now analyze all my stories, and try to see that my hero wins out by struggling, not simply by luck. If by luck, the picture is done over, and I see that he works out his own salvation. Of course, sometimes I let him have a change in luck, or a chance to seize an opportunity. You will say this is fanciful and childish, but really it is very interesting to me. As I am working for my own company, there are no rejection slips anticipated.

I always try to show what the characters think, and see what they can make out of

circumstances, not what circumstances do to them. Am I right? I never think of the financial end of the game now, as I did when I began, but some day I am going to send out several synopses for a feeler, just to see whether my plan has been worth the while. If they come back, then I shall say farewell to the game, and close up my little theater and discharge my jolly, fat director—but my actors, they will haunt me for a long time ere I can forget them. Especially Peter, my twelve-year-old hero. It really would be a shame not to let him teach other boys what he did to help win the war. Thank you, Mr. Wright, for the time it took you to read this. I hope that some day I may be able to write something for your department of real benefit to others.

You have, dear lady, written that which will help the others. We wish we received more such rays of sunshine, for letters of this spirit augur success for the writers thereof, and encourage the rest of us.

One and Two-reel Plays

The market is not good for the disposal of one and two-reel picture plays. Productions of the above lengths are more often comedy. It will be remembered that we discussed the writing of comedy at length in this department recently. However, for the benefit of new readers, we will repeat some of our observations. One and two-reel comedy productions have become very popular within the past year or so. Of course, the two-reel Chaplins were always popular, but the Fox Comedies, the Toto and Lloyd Comedies made by Pathé, the Keystone, Universal, Christie, and Mack Sennett Comedies are also largely booked. Most of these one and two-reelers are known as the "slapstick" variety, while Christie and some other brands are of the polite-comedy variety. There is more opportunity to sell plots for polite comedy. There is little or no opportunity to dispose of stories for slapstick productions. These latter plays are generally evolved by the director, the star, and the supporting cast. Maybe some one has a happy thought, and the rest help to develop it. Charlie Chaplin is very versatile in inventing comedy business. The Christie people may buy unusually good stuff for their productions, which are very popular, carrying distinct plots. However, we understand they have not entered the general market extensively. It is well to refrain from writing short-length comedy plots. First, the market is not stable; secondly, there is more money in the evolution of stories intended to be run five reels.

Market Conditions

Every day we receive letters asking why we do not conduct "Live-wire Market Hints." We gave the reason recently, and it will again bear repetition. The market for picture plays is very uncertain at present. When this matter was written, just before this issue went to press, many of the companies were not buying largely. These include such markets as Pathé, Universal, and Mutual. They are said to be overstocked, though. Pathé is always willing to consider ideas for Baby Marie Osborne, and asks for clean plots for the child, with business for the little negro boy, Sambo, who is so popular. But it takes time to make up a magazine, and to print and distribute an entire edition. And so you can see that a hint which was a "live wire" when written might be dead by the time your copy of Picture-Play reached you, when things change so rapidly. The market is changed, sometimes overnight, and what is desired by a producer to-day may be rejected next week. The best thing to do is to keep pace with the doings of the manufacturers by perusing one or more of the weekly trade journals. The

manager of any motion-picture theater can give you the names of these journals. The advertisements in these publications will give an idea of the changes from week to week. We could start a "Market Hints" department, but it cannot be kept up to the minute under present conditions in the motion-picture realm. So why conduct it?

Getting Consideration

We quote from a letter recently received: "I have read a number of articles recently which seem to indicate that the offers of unknown writers are given little or no consideration, that the name on the script gets it over. What degree of truth is there in this?" There is but a grain of truth in it.

It is true that reputation in *any* field of work counts for something. A writer of popular fiction attaches his name to a certain plot for photo-play purposes. Naturally his name attracts a certain amount of attention. It results, perhaps, in the script being the more promptly considered—and that is all. If the story is not good it goes back. If the story is good, and there is another story along very similar lines submitted by an obscure author, very frequently the story by the comparatively unknown is bought. Why? Because the writer of popular fiction commands a price five times as large as that paid to the unknown. This is where the "little writer" wins out. On the other hand, the famous novelist, if he puts over something good, gets big money.

It is a fact that many successful novelists fail in the writing of picture-play plots. The reason is, they do not seem to understand that word painting and other "camouflage" is superfluous, and that all that is wanted is just downright plot and action.

In no other literary field of endeavor has a talented beginner a greater chance to succeed; in no other field of literary work is the beginner placed on such close equality with the literary stars as in the writing of picture-play plots. If the beginner can plot, has an eye for the unusual, and can write action, he may run the novelist or short-story writer a very close race. Literary style does not count for so much in a movie script. It is the action and the plot which count!

The Authors' League

To those who have been interested in the comments of this department, the following account of a discussion of the relations between motion producers and authors should be, I believe, of some interest.

The Authors' League of America held the discussion a few weeks ago at their annual dinner. The league, as the name implies, is an association of writers, which includes the vast majority of the leading members of the literary craft. It exists primarily for the admirable purpose of protecting its members in marketing literary products. It is a highly respected organization, and one of considerable influence.

In planning the discussion, speakers were selected who would argue from divergent points of view, and thus cover the subject from all sides. The speakers included Channing Pollock, playright and dramatic reviewer, Rex Beach, novelist, Daniel Frohman, producer, and Whitman Bennett, of the scenario department of the Famous Players-Lasky organization.

Mr. Pollock, who had been chosen to lead the offensive against the producers, was called upon for the first drive. He responded nobly. As Mr. Pollock is a

satirist by profession, it is hard to say just how seriously he intended his witty jibes—which kept his auditors in constant roars of laughter—to be taken. We'll assume, however, that they came from the depths of his heart.

He began by telling of an investigation he had made to find out whether the leading authors were writing for the screen. Mr. Pollock quoted some letters he had received in reply to an inquiry sent to some twenty-five representative authors, selected without prejudice. The replies were even more caustic than Mr. Pollock.

One prominent author was quoted as having written that there was not a single literary man of real distinction in the United States who considered the movie market except as a dumping ground for by-products. Another complained that the movie magnates cried for new material, but didn't know it when they got it. Altogether, they seemed to hold picture business in considerable disfavor.

Mr. Pollock then turned his heavy siege guns on the quality of material that the producers were putting out. Making generous allowance for a certain small number of plays, the names of which indicated that they were of some real merit, he read the list of titles of the pictures that were that week announced for release. It must be admitted that the titles were lurid.

He then commented on the way in which an author's work is mangled. He told of a story of his own which depended for its interest on a single unique situation. "Would you believe it," said Mr. Pollock, "by the time that picture was produced, they had utterly eliminated every trace of the situation which alone made the story. I actually took that same situation, wrote another story around it, and sold it again to the same company." Quoting figures next, Mr. Pollock then said that the producers paid the big stars one hundred times as much as they did the writers—that they were willing to pay every one except the authors.

He concluded by alluding, in a general way, to certain dishonest practices which he said were known to have been done by certain firms in the past—such as the pilfering of ideas, the evading of paying in full royalties agreed upon, and the like.

Rex Beach, who spoke next, was more temperate in his view. The producers, it seemed to him, were eminently justified in not paying more than they had to, when authors were willing to sell for small sums. "It is largely the author's fault," he said, "when he gets a bad deal from the movie people. One reason that authors have been held in contempt by the movie people is that they have allowed themselves to be imposed upon in the past.

"But," he added, "that day, I believe, has gone by. You must remember that it takes time to adjust the conditions of a rapidly growing industry. Authors have no complaints about being robbed by magazine publishers nowadays, but I imagine that forty years ago there were publishers who used writers as badly as any movie concerns have of recent years. And I wish to say that I believe the day for the writer in the picture field is just beginning to dawn. The producers have used up the classics—or nearly. They have learned that people will not stand for cheaply thrown-together stories hammered out by a hack writer. They must get new material, and they are going to have to pay for it.

"But the writers must first treat the industry seriously. The average professional writer knows a good deal about books, plays, and magazines—about how they are published or produced—about what is a fair recompense for his work in any of these fields—about what the different companies want, and how the

writing should be done. About pictures nearly all of them know little or nothing. I emphatically advise the professional writer who is looking toward the screen to study the needs of the screen and to adapt himself to it."

Mr. Frohman, next introduced, humorously suggested that Mr. Pollock should have no kick against the producers if he had been able to sell the same idea twice to the same firm, and added seriously that better times were ahead for writers, because new material was now being demanded. He then read a business creed of the Famous Players-Lasky organization, showing that honest dealing was their watchword.

Mr. Bennett, who followed, said that the criticisms of disgruntled authors he believed to be unjust.

"Our greatest disappointment this year," he said, "has been our inability to get *good* work from *good* authors. They will not take pains. I have spent hours trying to tell a distinguished writer what we needed, and if you could see what he handed in to me afterward you would say that *we* were entitled to a complaint.

"As for paying, we have spent a great many thousand dollars in the last year, and a large part of it, to my personal knowledge, to several of the writers whose attacks on the picture industry were read by Mr. Pollock.

"But one of the very best stories we received in recent months was the work, in collaboration, of two absolutely unknown persons. They were well paid for it. And those persons," he added, "we shall encourage just as much as we can."

There is not much need for comment on the foregoing discussion. I wish to have no quarrel with any of the speakers, all of whom are estimable gentlemen—with, perhaps, slightly different points of view.

I wish to make only the following observations:

So far as the leading firms are concerned, the time has passed when writers were mistreated by film editors.

I can confidently assert that a majority of the leading authors to-day are trying to write for the screen, or to dispose of their already published products for motion-picture purposes. I also happen to know that some of them are very disappointed because they sold their picture rights five or six years ago, when such things went for a song.

I think that Mr. Rex Beach's remarks are worthy of especial notice, because he is a big writer *who has studied the picture game,* and who has succeeded at it. His story, "The Spoilers," was the first big feature play of American life ever filmed. It was made by Selig five years ago, and was one of the most popular films ever made.

Summing up this subject of fair and unfair treatment of authors—a subject which I wish we could settle and have done with, that we might devote our space to more constructive subjects, but which is constantly being kept alive by queries and kicks which I receive—I would like to make this final comment:

It is impossible to answer such a question in a way that will suit every one. If this were a business magazine, and I were writing about railroads, and should make the statement, which I believe to be true, that, though some years ago railroads were often mismanaged, and operated, for the most part, on the "public-be-damned" principle, to-day the contrary is true—in a few days I should be flooded with complaints and grievances from this person and that, telling how a

station agent at Hawkins Corners had been impudent, of how John Jones had had his cow killed and was only paid half of what she was worth, and so on.

A few days ago I even received a letter from a man denying—without offering any proof—two statements which I had previously made in these columns concerning two of the leading film-producing companies, and which I personally knew, through intimate acquaintance with men in these companies, to be true. There's no convincing some folks.

The Notebook Method

Do you yearn to write 'em? Yes? Well, we shall give you a tip as to the best instruction in the world. We have told you before, but we shall repeat. Familiarize yourself with what has already been written for the screen. You do that, of course, when you go to see pictures. Now, if you study the pictures, instead of just watching them for your amusement, you will begin to notice certain tricks of authorship and direction. More of direction, perhaps, for nine out of ten directors will alter the continuity of a picture play. Why? Because they sometimes have an inspiration. Take Marshall Neilan, for example. His productions are full of those little human-interest touches which in the aggregate go to make a picture. Some of them are called for in the script. Most of them are not. He originates them. That's why he is a corking good director. You will, after study of the screen, begin to see how they build up the story, and this will help you when you begin to write your own stories. You should also become familiar with the work of the individual star, because many of the producers want stories which are especially suitable to their different stars. Read all you can about writing for the screen. There are several valuable books published, and names will be furnished on application. But the best study of all is the study of the motion-picture screen. Take a notebook with you. Note the opening of the story, the method of titling, and when and where the subtitles appear, notice how an "entrance" is made for the star of the picture, note the size of the cast, when the players enter and exit, the development of the plot, et cetera. It is the best way in the world to learn technique—the notebook way!

Taking Another's Work

"Is it necessary, when writing a scenario from a novel, to obtain the writer's consent? To whom would one apply in that case, if permission is necessary?" These are questions which keep recurring in our mail.

It cannot be impressed too strongly upon beginners in writing to let the other fellow's plots alone. Even if a novelist is dead, copyrighted stories are the property of his estate; as much so as a piece of land or a building. It is impossible for a newcomer in literary work to obtain the permission of any author to picturize stories. The author or his publishers sell these stories directly to film concerns in the market, as explained elsewhere in this department. You would not break into a house and take the housekeeper's jewels and sell them. Then why contemplate stealing the brains and the literary works of another, these works also protected by law? Morally the deed is just as mischievous, and one is certain to be found out and blacklisted everywhere. As to books on which the copyrights have expired, if the companies wish to use them they always have their own staff prepare the screen versions.

My Family

(To say nothing of myself)

By Harry J. Smalley

WHEN Jimmie comes back from the show,
There's a grin that is wide on his mug,
He's chock-full of pepper, of vim and of breeze,
He vaults o'er the fences and shins up the trees,
And stands on his hands with the greatest of ease,
He has been to a picture of Doug!

When Billie comes home from the show,
There's a light in his eye that is keen,
He takes mother's clothesline and lassoes his dad;
Fiercely scowls at his sister until she is mad,
And mourns 'cause a broncho is not to be had,
He saw William S. Hart on the screen!

When Nellie comes home from the show,
On her lips is a cute little pout,
In front of her glass she will fuss around there,
She's doing her best to put curls in her hair;
When she's acting this way I am quite well aware
She has seen Mary Pickford, no doubt!

When mother comes home from the show,
She's excited an hour or more!
Though she's a bit hazy regarding the plot;
Forgotten the title has she, like as not—
But plenty of knowledge has mother, I wot
Of the gowns that Miss So-and-so wore!

When Dad—that is me—from the show
Has returned, he's not gloomy a-tall!
He comes home a-twirling his cane, full of pep,
Hops into the room with a comical step,
Though for being dignified he has a rep,
He has seen Charlie Chaplin, that's all!

Scenario Writing from the Director's Viewpoint

Practical information based on the actual experience in the studios of one who produces successes.

By Allan Dwan

Director for Douglas Fairbanks

Mr. Dwan wishes that amateur writers would send him any questions concerning practical problems of photo-play productions which he can answer in these pages. He cannot, however, criticize scripts, nor answer inquiries which require personal replies.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

I HAVE observed that most departments offering advice to scenario writers deal mainly in technical suggestions. I feel that it is less important for a writer to know *how* to submit his stuff than to know *what* to submit. Moreover, almost every picture company has a different technique which it follows in the construction of a picture.

D. W. Griffith, who every one agrees is the supreme master of picture craft, has no set rules laid down for a writer. It is Mr. Griffith's method, and was the method employed by the Fine Arts Company when he was its head, to get the idea of the story from an author, and then, gathering together the cast, to rehearse for possibly a week all the business and all the details of the story. In that way things were written that never occurred to the author. Many suggestions came from the actors themselves, and many more were born in the mind of Mr. Griffith or of his directors as they watched the progress of the story in rehearsal. By the time production began, a well-rounded idea was so well conceived that no one, the director nor the actors, required a manuscript to work from—they had memorized the plot and its detail—the assistants and stenographers had made shorthand notes that were later conveyed to the director. You can therefore see that a detailed scene plot is unnecessary for a studio employing this method, for no scene plot is ever used there.

By confining yourself, therefore, to a well-written synopsis, you will convey your entire idea, which can be built upon during this admirable method of rehearsal.

Mr. Neilan, who has crept into fame recently as the director of Mary Pickford, and more recently of George M. Cohan and Elsie Ferguson, employs this rehearsal method gleaned during his apprenticeship with Mr. Griffith. Personally I admire the method, but, unfortunately, I am unable to employ it, as I am unable to get my entire cast together for a production. The expense of engaging the actors for the full time of rehearsal and the subsequent time required to make the picture would overburden us with too much overhead expense. Therefore, I have adopted a different method of operation with Mr. Fairbanks.

I might spend the rest of this article telling you how I wrote "Manhattan Madness" and "A Modern Musketeer," and develop for you a complete theme synopsis, or, rather, theme plot, for you

to follow in your next story, but by doing so I would be lying, because no scenario was ever written for either of those pictures. Mr. Fairbanks and I have a method peculiar to ourselves: We find a theme, a phrase perhaps, or a title, or a character, that gives us the idea of a picture. Then we get together in conference and talk it over. Mr. Fairbanks has a very inventive mind, and I happily have been able to draft his thoughts and, supplementing them with my own, build a picture story.

At this time of writing, Mr. Fairbanks is on the road, on the Liberty Loan campaign. In the course of a week I will join him some place four days out from Los Angeles, and we will return together on the train. During the trip I will outline to him the plot I have constructed for his next picture. He will convey to me his ideas and I will incorporate them in my story. My assistant, then, will immediately begin getting together the requisites for our production. I will engage a cast, and we will make our picture without ever again referring to a manuscript.

Now, had you been the author of the original idea that I am to take on the road to meet Mr. Fairbanks with, you would have been required to write for me only a synopsis containing the germ that awakened in my imagination the possibilities of a film for him. In this very studio where we do our work, namely, the Lasky Studio, several methods are in vogue—some directors require a complete detailed scene plot, with every bit of action and every bit of business written out. But this action and business is invariably written by staff authors employed by the company because of their peculiar ability to see business and convey it to a director.

Theme-plot construction is not authorship—it may better be termed the "carpentry" of writing. It is the application of technical knowledge of studio methods, and is in no way inspired. It is impossible for an author to write feelingly in any other form than short story or poem. In the Lasky Studio, where the aforementioned "carpentry" method is in vogue, the director is in personal conference with the author, gleaning verbally all the soul and meaning of the author's original idea. The scene plot, therefore, represents to him only the notes that the author has made on the portrayal of the story.

I have endeavored to show you why I do not care to give you technical advice. I prefer to tell to you my ideas of the type of story that should be written to-day.

I feel that the majority of authors are devoting too much time to the writing of life as it *is* lived rather than life as it *should* be lived. The environment most of us live in is inclined to put a damper upon our faith in the ideals taught us at our mother's knee. We come into contact with the natural weaknesses of the human race so frequently that we begin to feel that the ideals taught us are fairy tales which never can come true. But there is lurking within every one of us a desire to believe in the finer things, and it is of those things that authors should write, so that through their work and their word people may again renew their faith in the ideals that life has taken from them. I don't mean that your stories should become saccharine. All the virility of manhood and womanhood may be retained in characters who do straight, noble deeds without deviating from the paths of virtue and honor. Harold Bell Wright, the novelist, is the most successful, financially, of any of our modern writers. If you have read any of his books you will find therein the thing I am trying to convey to you here. His characters are marvelous people—too marvelous

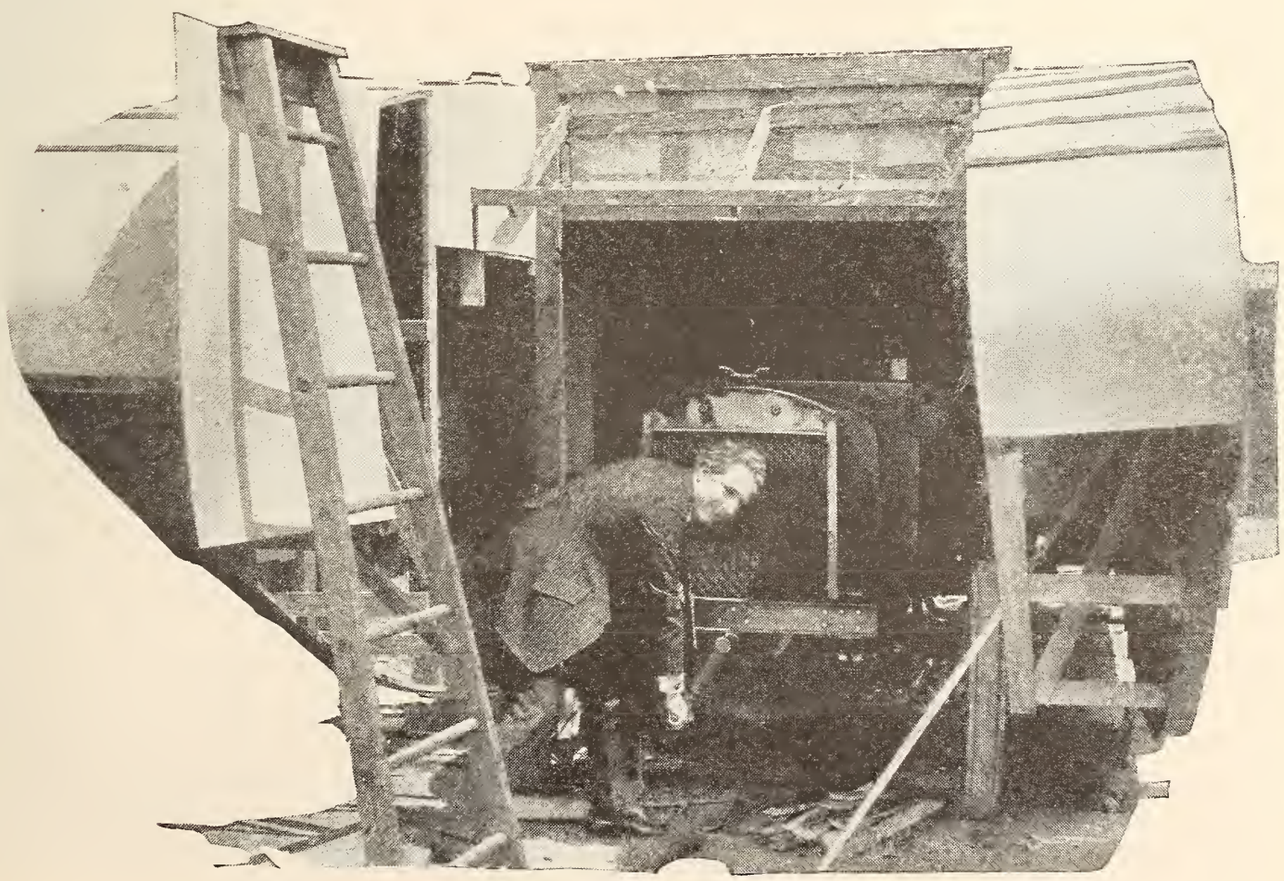
for us to believe in. And yet, as we read his hero, we individually feel ourselves in his place, because our desire to cling to our ideals makes us feel that the hero's deed should be ours. Hero worship is more or less self-worship. It is not natural for us to worship a villain. The fact that Harold Bell Wright has achieved great success proves that the people want the ideals his characters express, and it would be wise for scenario writers to emulate him.

You should take this hint seriously, you authors, because it will bring you financial gain and at the same time you will contribute to humanity a thing it requires. If you are writing for vampires, or if you are writing life as it is, then do not read these articles of mine, because I am only interested in life as it should be lived from the standpoint of the screen. It is hard enough to live it as it really is without conveying it to people in their hours of relaxation.

WINDING THE WAR WAGON

NO matter how fast the world turns, the movies have to keep up with its revolutions. But they do it in ways of their own. When Paralta recently decided to produce a picture calling for some war tanks, it was a foregone conclusion that they would have to do without the real article. The government has a monopoly on all the fighting tanks that can be turned out just at present. So the directors consulted with George Fisher, who is to act in the production, and Fisher consulted with the mechanical staff, and here you see the result, under process of construction.

Though in reality the movie tank is only a disguised motor car, the finished product is expected to be formidable enough in appearance to strike terror to the heart of any one.



Carmencita Americana

A séance with the American-Spanish girl of the screen who loves daggers.

By Herbert Howe

WHEN I visited the battlemented studio of Vitagraph, somewhere in

There is a patrician quality in Miss Blythe's bearing which hints at blue-blooded ancestry.

Brooklyn, some weeks ago, I noted a patrician beauty moving about a long table at which Boches were banqueting. I wondered how one of such gracious mien came into such bad company. Then I learned that the lady was *Madame Arnot,* who, as mistress of a château in that Hun-swept region of northern France, was entertaining the marauders against her will, being the lovely martyr of France in "Over the Top."

"But who," I inquired, "is *Madame Arnot*—off the screen?"

"Oh," was the astonished reply, "she's Betty Blythe, the American Carmencita. Watch her. You are going to hear a good deal about her before long."

Then I was told that Miss Blythe had begun in pictures, after a brief stage career, by acting a small part in "His Own People." That had paved the way for the more important rôle in "Over the Top," and a still bigger one in "The Business of Life," with Alice Joyce. From all appearances, Betty Blythe is ascending starward.

"Would madame consent to an interview?" I asked, as the young actress, in a gown of brocade, trailed forth from the "set."

"Oui, avec plaisir, m'sieu," she replied; "but the interview must be hasty, unless you have spiritualistic powers for holding séances with the departed. In a moment I shall be stabbed."

"Stabbed! For what; by whom—the Huns?" I exclaimed.

"Well, I don't suppose you can blame them entirely," generously replied Miss Blythe. "You see, I am poisoning them with some excellent, though doctored, wine, of the vintage of 1870.

"I rather enjoy the sensation of being stabbed," continued the vivacious mar-

To much of her screen work Miss Blythe brings a distinct suggestion of the Quartier Latin of Paris, where she studied music.

The spirit of old Spain is reincarnated in the Carmencita Americana.

tyr-to-be. "Tragedy appeals to me. When I was studying music in Paris, the students of the Latin Quarter used to put on plays that would rival the thrillers of the Grand Guignol. Always it was I who was being stabbed, except when I was stabbing. Our little acts always had a stab for a climax—just as every picture play must have a 'big punch.' The more expert one was with the poniard, the better the actress. They jokingly called me the bloodthirsty American Apache. I think it is my Spanish blood that makes me adept at dagger play."

"You are Spanish, then?"

"My mother was of Spanish descent. I am sure she did not approve of Carmencita, however. But I loved the castanets and the lilt of the Spanish dance, and——"

But Director North called for her for the scene, and she swirled gayly into the great "set" to be executed before my eyes. As the Germans quaffed the wine she passed, they toppled about the board. The officer at the head of the table, realizing

what *Madame Arnot* had done, turned and pierced her through the heart with his sword.

She died as became a loyal daughter of France—her arms upraised, hands gracefully drooping, a cry of anguish, a sob—Vive la France! —and she crumpled to the floor. A few minutes later she returned to the kitchen table where I had been chatting with her prior to her demise.

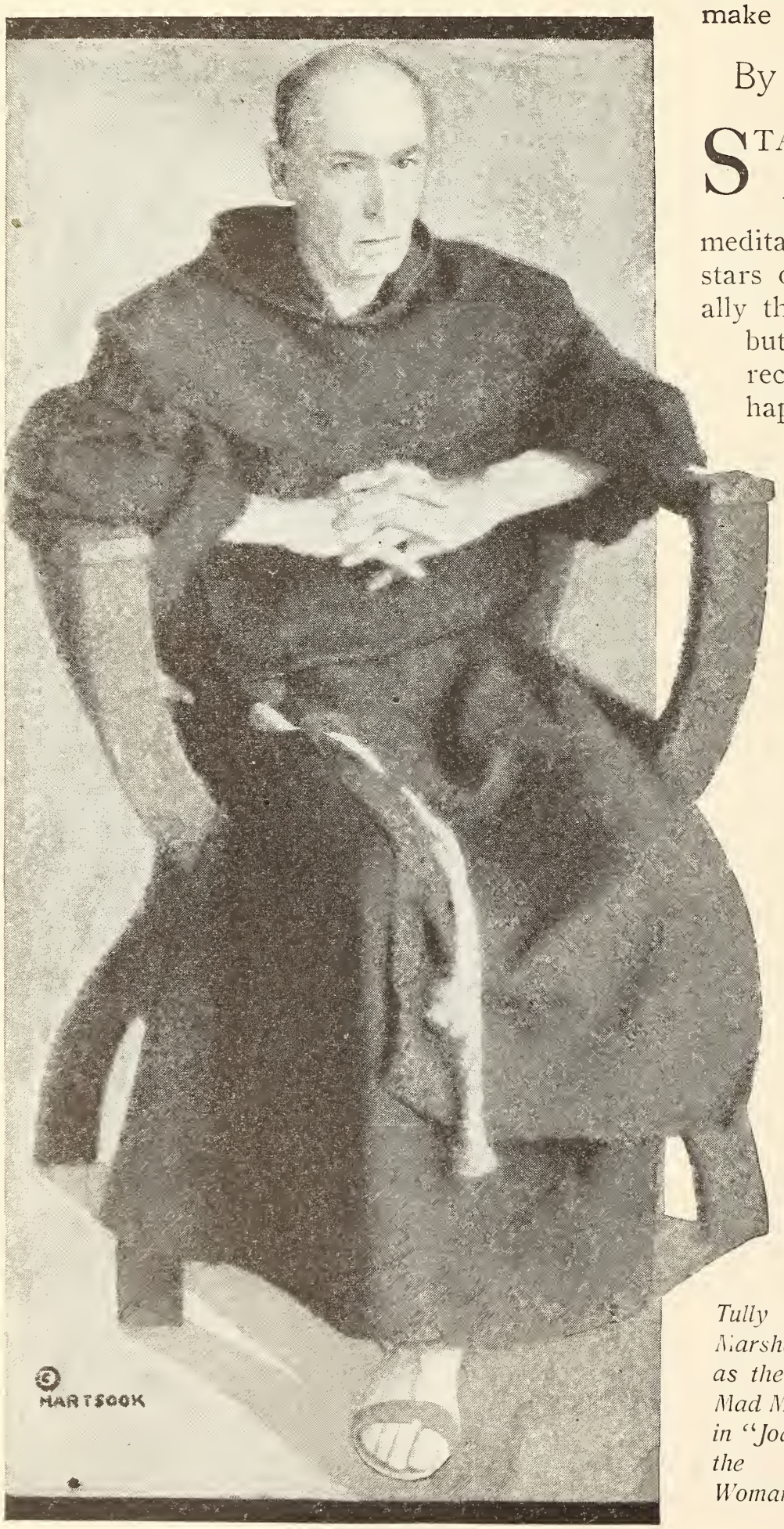
"Did I die in becoming fashion?" she asked. "One should always look well when dying or marrying. They are the climaxes of life.

"However," she added quickly, "let's not talk about mundane careers so close upon the heels of *Madame Arnot's* death. If you will come to my dressing room, I will send for some sandwiches and grape juice. I'm beastly hungry. You don't realize how dying stimulates the appetite."

She fulfills an ideal of French grace as Mme. Arnot in "Over the Top" with Sergeant Empey.

Fixed Stars and Comets

A few observations by a veteran of stage and screen on what it takes to make an actor.



Tully Marshall as the Mad Monk in "Joan the Woman."

By Adam Hull Shirk

STARS are of two kinds, shooting and fixed," began Tully Marshall meditatively. "The shooting stars of the screen are usually those who have nothing but beauty and youth to recommend them. Perhaps they carry a bag of rather pretty tricks, too. But it takes real dramatic ability to stay in the film firmament, and, lacking that, the star falls to earth and hits hard—nine times out of ten. Comets do, you know," he added whimsically.

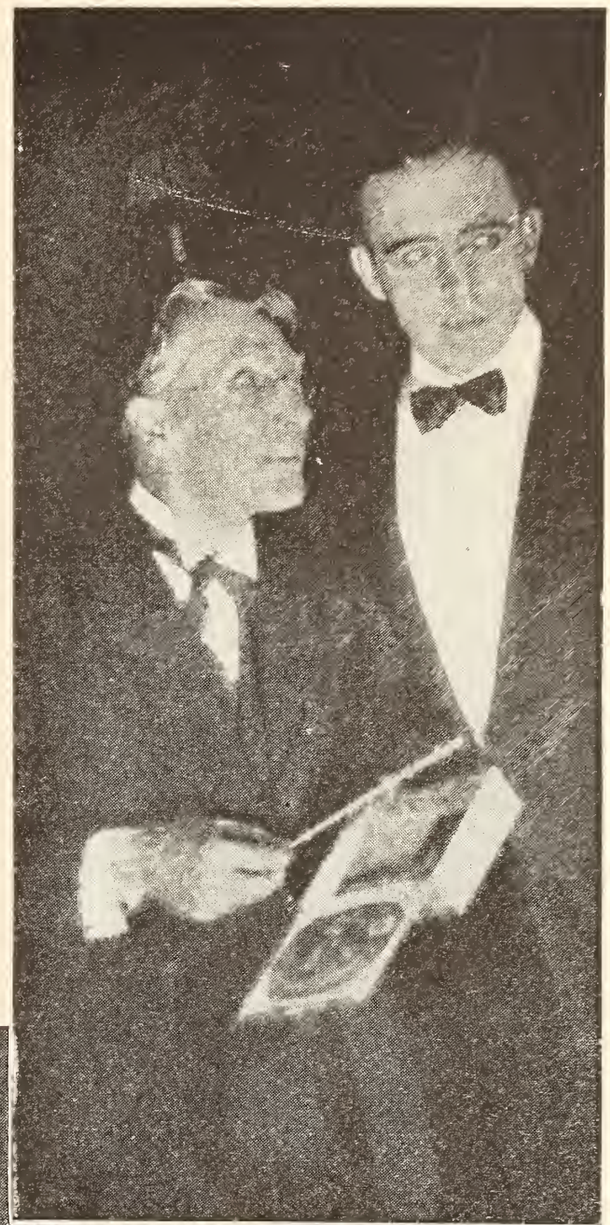
"The other kind of stars—well, they rise more slowly, moving steadily toward the zenith, and they don't suddenly wink out of popularity as if the fuel administration had decreed a lightless sky. They keep going, and getting a little brighter nightly.

"I know that some might deny this, but, on the whole, *I* believe that, other things being equal, the actor, man or

woman, who has had long experience on the legitimate stage, makes the most successful screen player. You understand, the photo drama has gotten into its stride; I mean photo drama as distinct from the movies. That means that the screen performer, first of all, must be an actor. Of course, the legitimate stage gives one that training."

Tully Marshall knows whereof he speaks, for there are not many actors either on stage or screen to-day whose experience, like his, dates back to the times of Booth and Barrett. His stage career began at the age of five, and ever since he has had the good fortune to be associated with men who have had a hand in molding American drama, making it what it is to-day.

He was born in Nevada City, California, and during



Marshall is best known as a character actor. Above, as he appeared in "The Devil Stone." Below, as Fagin in "Oliver Twist."

his vacations from school developed his dramatic talent. In the days of the old California Theater and the Baldwin, in San Francisco, he appeared in notable casts, and finally went East with Dion Boucicault the elder. Later he went to Europe for Charles Frohman, and produced plays in Old World capitals. He has managed and directed his own companies, appeared in stock, played character-comedy rôles with E. H. Sothern, acted with William Gillette and many others.

No one who saw him as *Joe Brooks,* in Eugene Walter's play, "Paid in Full," or as the dope fiend in Clyde Fitch's "The City," can forget his power of character portrayal.

Tully Marshall in a Western character rôle, with Fairbanks.

Of late years he has devoted himself exclusively to the work of the screen, as a member of the Lasky Stock Company, appearing in many Artcraft and Paramount pictures. His impersonation of *Fagin* in "Oliver Twist" was one of his best screen characterizations. He played with Fairbanks in "A Modern Musketeer," and acted the part of the *Mad Monk* in "Joan the Woman."

"But before I went to the screen," mused Marshall, "I had thirty-five years of the spoken drama—years that were full of wonderful interest, associations with men who knew their art and practiced it; men and women—Booth, Barrett, Sheridan, Fanny Davenport, Modjeska, E. H. Sothern—yes, I've played with all of them. And they were artists, every one.

"They were real actors, men and women who had a real knowledge of the technique of the drama, capable, even at the sacrifice of their voice—equivalent of the virtuoso with one hand tied behind his back—of heights of artistic achievement. These are the product of natural talent, developed through long years of training.

"If I did not think that the photo drama at its best, at least, had reached thus far on its circle; if I were not confident it has attained to some degree its possibilities and was rounding out its sphere, I should not be satisfied to remain in it."

Tully Marshall had an opportunity in "M'liss," Mary Pickford's recent Artcraft picture, to play the first comedy rôle he has essayed in a long time and he was glad of the chance, for he has portrayed heavy characters almost exclusively for many months.

"That is another reason that I like the motion pictures," he said. "One does not have to play the same rôle over and over for perhaps two years or more. Even though the rôles in screen work may be similar, they have many points of difference, and one gets the opportunity to develop new characterizations every month or two.

"Of course, one misses the applause, the sea of expectant faces in the darkness on the other side of the footlights. But there are many compensations—now that picture plays have got into their stride."

What I Think of "Old Wives for New"

A chat with Jeanie MacPherson

By Media Mistley

"IT all depends on what you mean," fenced Jeanie MacPherson. "And, by the way, are we talking about the theory of old wives for new, or about my Artcraft picture by that name?"

Jeanie MacPherson has written the scenarios for practically all of Cecil B. De Mille's productions.

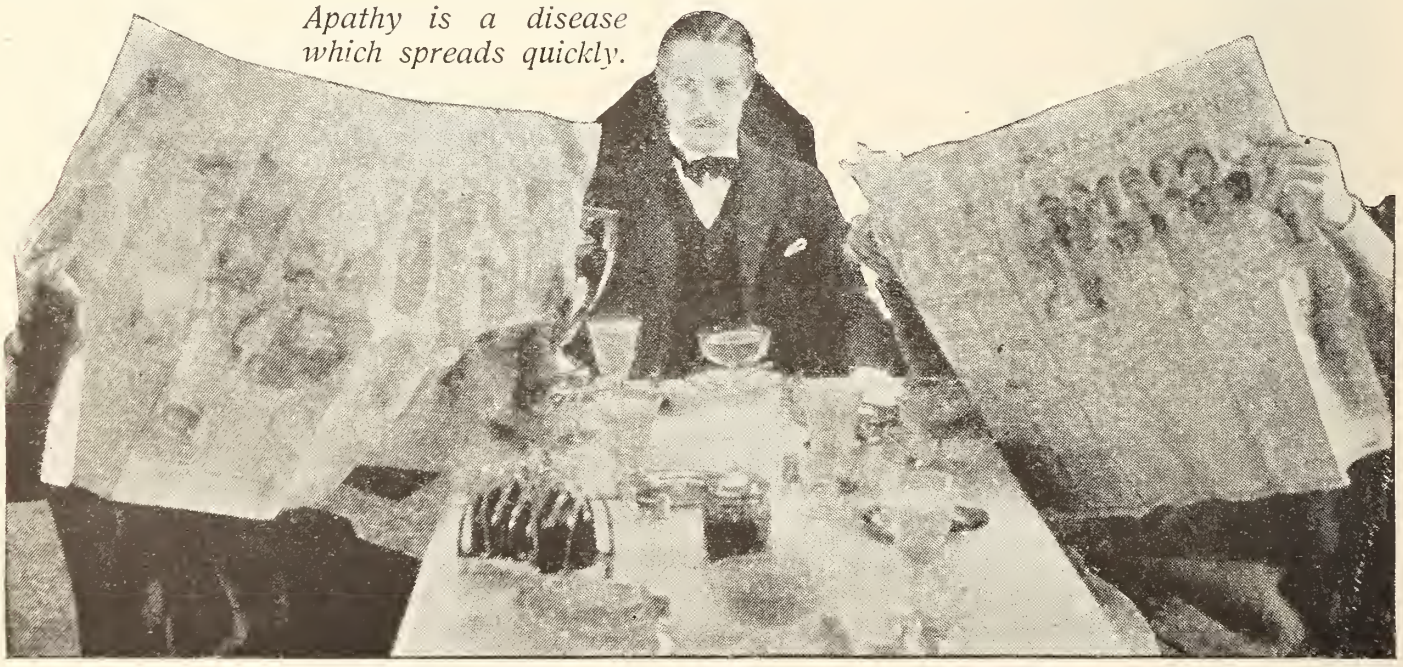
Determination to withhold their real feelings proved useless.

"Let's stick to the theory. Tell me what you think of it, and you could use examples from the picture to bring out your points," I suggested.

"Well, then, if you imply the trading of old wives for new ones, I should say the arrangement is occasionally a very satisfactory one, as divorce records prove. That is, if it isn't overdone. Of course, I don't believe that an old wife who has helped a man to succeed should be turned in like a secondhand car. No one can justify that. But a wife who has simply failed to do her part—like Sophy in the picture—that is a different matter.

"Mind, you can't lay down a general rule for cases which are somewhat similar to this, for Sophy was the victim of circumstances and environment, as well as personal shortcomings. If Murdock, her husband, had not become wealthy, they might have plodded along together with more or less success. With Murdock's success came the chance to see the side of

Apathy is a disease which spreads quickly.



life he was missing. He found out that all women were not as dowdy and careless as his wife. It takes a tremendous amount of mentality to make up for lack of charm. You see, no woman can afford to let herself become apathetic over the married state. It's an ingrowing disease. And sometimes she awakens too late."

"But," I objected, "she sufficed in the beginning."

"Ah, yes, that is the keynote of many an unhappy marriage. 'Marry in haste—repent at leisure.' He had given her every chance, and she had failed utterly."

"Yes," I agreed, "and had she married a man of her own mental caliber, all might have been well."

"Precisely."

"Then the argument is that a man and woman should weigh their respective mental as well as physical equipment before venturing on matrimony."

"If they can, yes. Sounds like

The springtime of love.

Sometimes she answers when it's too late.

In the perfume of a rose garden, beauty outweighs learning.

eugenics, doesn't it? In the springtime of love, or in the perfume of a rose garden, mere physical beauty overweighs all the world's wisdom. The clinging magic of soft arms will accomplish more to win a man's attention than, let us say, the learning of a Portia.

"But granted that love is something more than a mere physical attraction or mental stimulus—what then?"

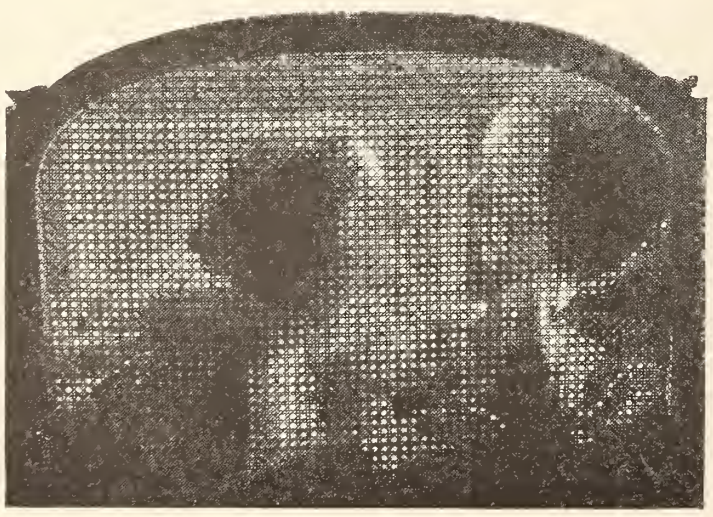
"Such love," replied Miss MacPherson, "is usually found only in the cases of those who are mated perfectly in every way. Some say this means a direct opposite. A love like that of Juliet Raeburn and Murdock in the play is an example of a genuine mating. The two were meant for each other. Even their determination to withhold their real feelings proved hopeless in the face of the inexorable fate or attraction that drew them together."

"The old affinity idea, isn't it?"

"Yes, I believe in affinities—that is, that they exist, and that they as often prove the solution of the happiness of all concerned as they do a stumbling-block to the deserted partner in the case—the third angle of the triangle."

"How about the other phases of the story?"

"I believe," said Miss MacPherson, "it teaches a wonderful lesson. It may save many a home from destruction—if the lesson is heeded. It shows the ultimate end of self-indulgence, in the case of Berkeley, the old roué who was careful only of his physical well-being, and of Sophy, who wasn't careful at all. For the production itself, I have watched its course, and I more than ever marvel at Mr. De Mille's ability to get all that is humanly possible out of a situation. I believe the picture will be worthy of the time and trouble, thought and energy that have gone into its making."

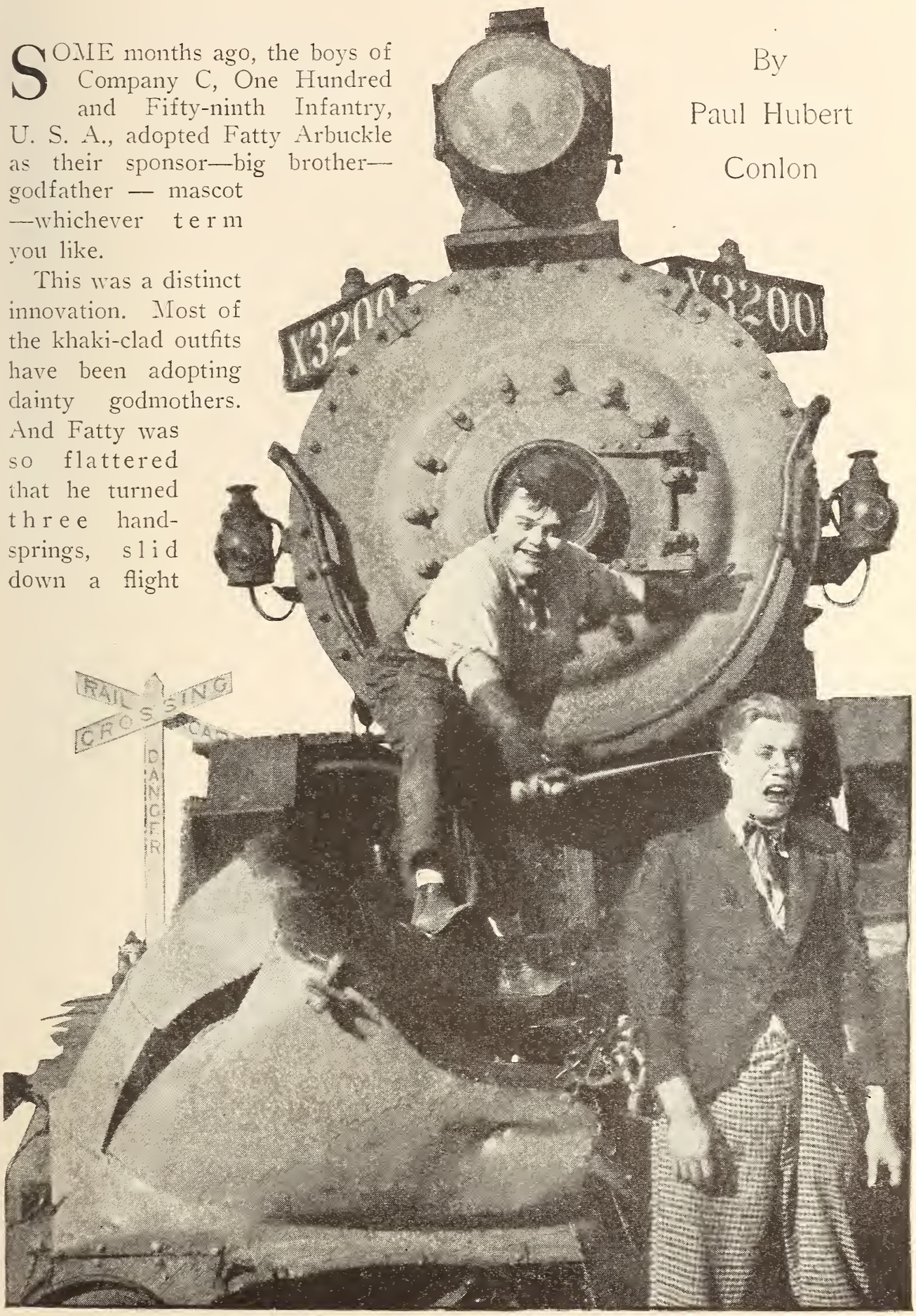


Fatty Arbuckle—Godfather

By Paul Hubert Conlon

SOME months ago, the boys of Company C, One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Infantry, U. S. A., adopted Fatty Arbuckle as their sponsor—big brother—godfather — mascot —whichever term you like.

This was a distinct innovation. Most of the khaki-clad outfits have been adopting dainty godmothers. And Fatty was so flattered that he turned three hand-springs, slid down a flight

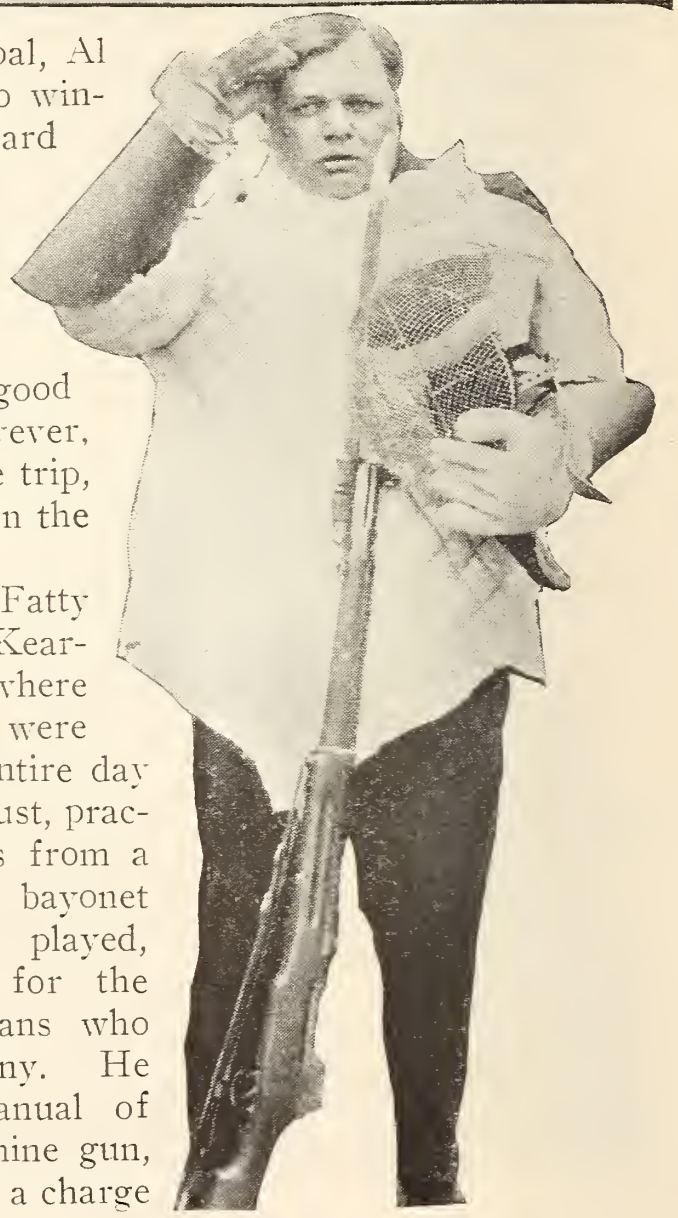


of stairs, and threw his pal, Al St. John, through a studio window when he heard about it.

"Hooray!" he exclaimed. "We'll go and visit 'em!"

There were a good many delays, however, which held up the trip, such as the one on the preceding page.

But at last Fatty reached Camp Kearney, California, where his little brothers were quartered. For an entire day he hiked through the dust, practiced throwing grenades from a trench, took lessons in bayonet fighting, boxed, wrestled, played, joked, and performed for the Texans and Californians who comprised the company. He went through the manual of arms, operated a machine gun, and led the company in a charge



over the top. Then, to round out the day, a reception was held, late in the afternoon, and Fatty entertained the company with jokes and stories. He also gave them a substantial check, and received, in return, a gold identification tag.

"I don't see why I wouldn't make a whale of a fine soldier," Fatty said, on the way home. "I'll admit I had to squeeze to get into the trench, and I'd have to have a tailored uniform. But Major Laurence O'Toole—of course, he's six feet four—but he's heavier than I am. He told me he weighed three hundred pounds!"

He sighed, for Uncle Sam has decided that Fatty's bit in this war is not to carry a gun, but to continue making people laugh and forget their troubles. And he's doing that job well.

Don't Look!

But a Bold Bad Camera Man did

——And this is the Result.

BETTY COMPSON opened first one sleepy eye and then the other, and remembered that she had intended to take an early dip. She jumped up and wriggled into a slim black suit.

And next she remembered as she skipped barefoot down the path that she had to be out on location early for the next episode in "The Wolf-faced Man," Pathé's Western serial, in which she is working.

Just as she was going to splash in, she turned and saw a man with a little black box, aiming it at her. Not that she minded at all, only she might have had on her party bathing suit if she had expected company. She took a dive off the end of the pier, and one sitting down off the side, and then it was time to hurry back to location. The morning dip was over.

Romance by the Reel

That's what an up-to-date serial "factory" turns out, and here are some "flashes" on how they do it.

By Charles Gatchell

I HAD been chatting with a young naval officer, on shore duty in New York. He had asked me where he could see some good pictures, and I mentioned two or three of New York's picture palaces.

"Oh, those places are all right," he said, "but I'd like to know where I could go to see some *good* pictures."

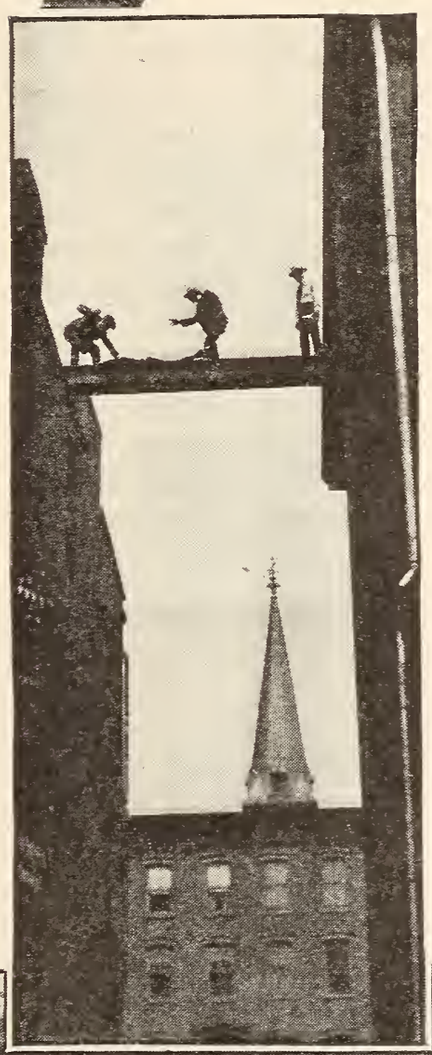
"*Good* pictures!" I exclaimed. "Those theaters have the very best pictures that are made. What do you mean by *good* pictures?"

"I mean the 'Perils of Pauline,'" he replied. "Now, there was a real picture. That's the kind we get on the battleships. And say!" He suddenly became enthusiastic. "You ought to hear the sailors when those films are being shown!"

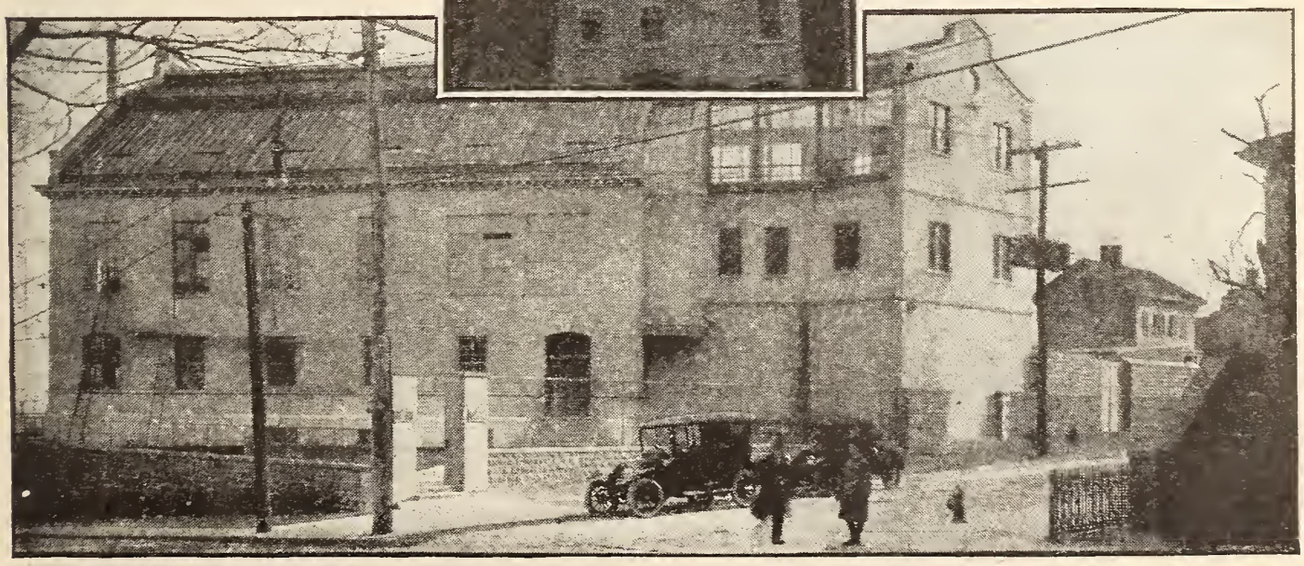
I understood.

"Pauline has long since passed safely through all her perils," I explained. "But one of her many successors—played by the same actress—Pearl White—is now appearing in 'The House of Hate.'"

I told him of a neighboring theater where the



The Astra Studio looks like a three-story hothouse.



new serial was being shown, and he grabbed his cap and started for it.

The next morning I started for the Astra Studio, in Jersey City, where "The House of Hate" was being made. For it had occurred to me that there were no doubt countless thousands who had followed the hair-raising adventures of Pearl White in this and former serials with something like the interest and enthusiasm of my naval friend, and who would be interested in reading something about serials in the making.

The studio, which looks like a three-story hothouse, is perched on the side of a hill overlooking the Erie Railroad yards. Those yards, by the way, like nearly every other part of Jersey City, have been used time and again for the exploits and adventures of the Pathé serial heroines. I half expected to see Miss White come screaming out from the big studio, and scramble down the hill, pursued by the *Hooded Terror*.

But there was no such luck. It was a cloudy day, and work had been postponed until afternoon. So, while waiting, I dropped in on Frank Smith, the scenario editor for the company. He was banging away on a dilapidated-looking typewriter.

"Hello!" he said. "Sorry I can't stop to talk with you. This installment has to be in the hands of the committee this afternoon, to be passed on. What do you want to know? Ask me anything you like. Only do it quick."

"I only want to know all about your serials," I replied casually.

"Oh, is *that* all?" he asked, lighting his pipe. "Well, here it is in a nutshell. The formula is: Place a girl in a situation of mystery. Throw in a hero and a villain. Start the action—bing! Like that. Then keep it going so that in each episode you begin by getting the girl out of the apparently helpless situation in which she was left in the preceding one, and then, just before the episode ends, get her into another situation even more perilous, if possible—from which there seems to be no earthly escape. The fans then will come back the next week to see how you're going to get her out."

Romance is the main thing, with thrills thrown in for good measure.

"Sounds easy," I commented.

"If you think it *is*—just try it," Smith rejoined. "But, remember, if you do, that writing a serial doesn't *end* with following that formula. The secret of the success of the modern serial is that it is the quintessence of modern romance—allowing due credit, of course, for the pulling power of the generous proportion of goose-flesh raisers which we throw in.

"It's the romance that makes everybody like them—from the poorest audiences in the neighborhood theaters down in the East Side of New York, where they stand up and cheer Pearl like rooters at a ball game, to the court of Siam, where—so I was told by a former Russian minister—it was a regular social function of the diplomatic circle to attend the serial each week." He paused to light his pipe again.

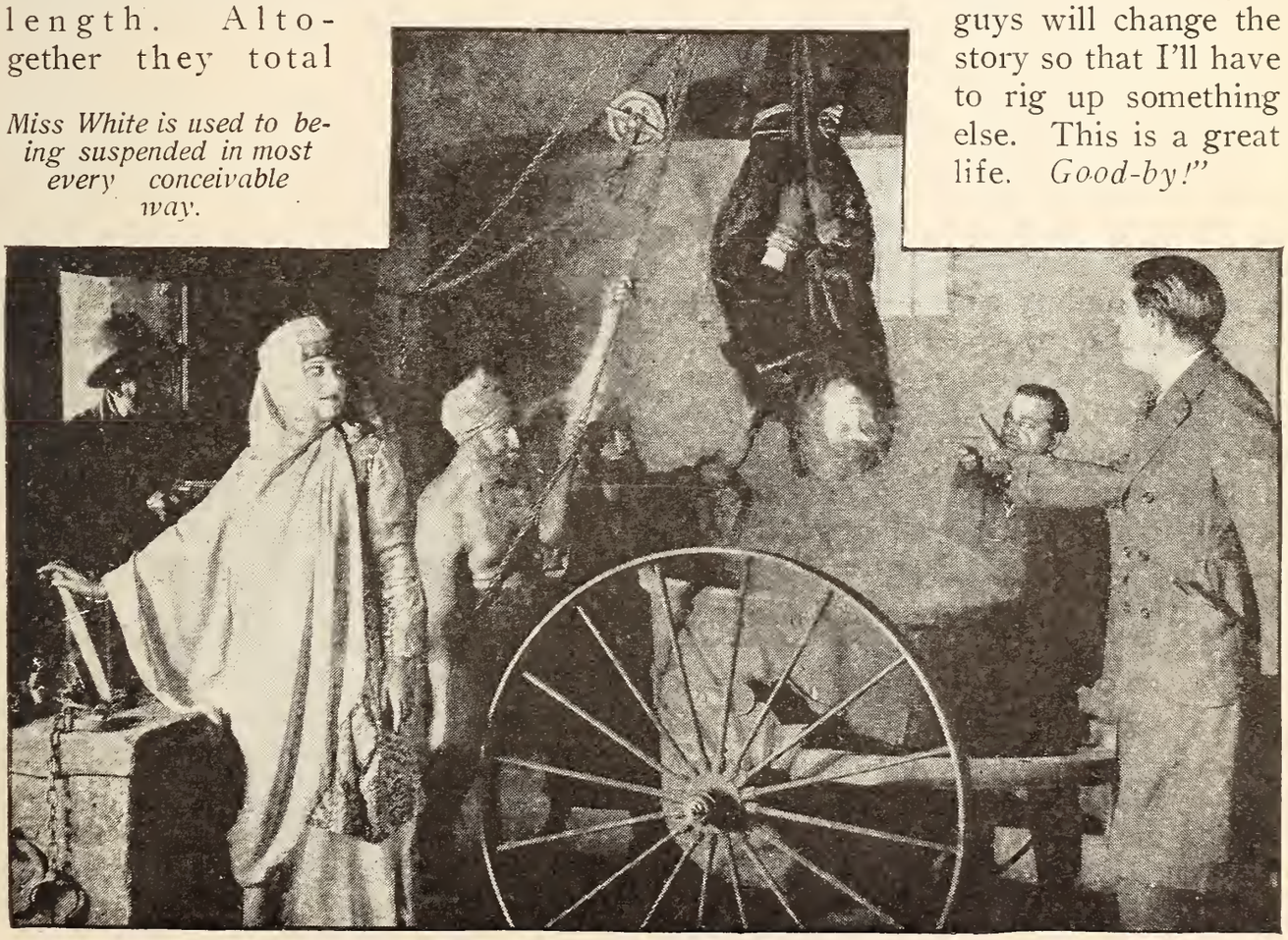
"We've done seven serials here," he went on, "of from twenty to forty thousand feet in length. Altogether they total nearly three hundred thousand feet of film actually shown. And I don't need to add that these pictures are shown in almost every country in the world.

"In fact——"

He broke off abruptly, and called to a man who had just passed the open door, and who was hurrying down the hall. A head popped into the room, and I was introduced to the master mechanic.

"Tell us something about your end of the game," said Smith, after explaining the purpose of my visit.

"How do you expect I've got time to stop and talk?" was the loud, indignant reply. "I'm near frantic now trying to work out the fool stunts you guys frame up. I've got to go out and hunt all over Jersey City to find a chimney on a three-story colonial house that Tony can shin up, with a tree near enough so he can jump over and grab a branch and beat the *Hooded Terror* to a get-away. And probably by the time I find it, you guys will change the story so that I'll have to rig up something else. This is a great life. *Good-by!*"

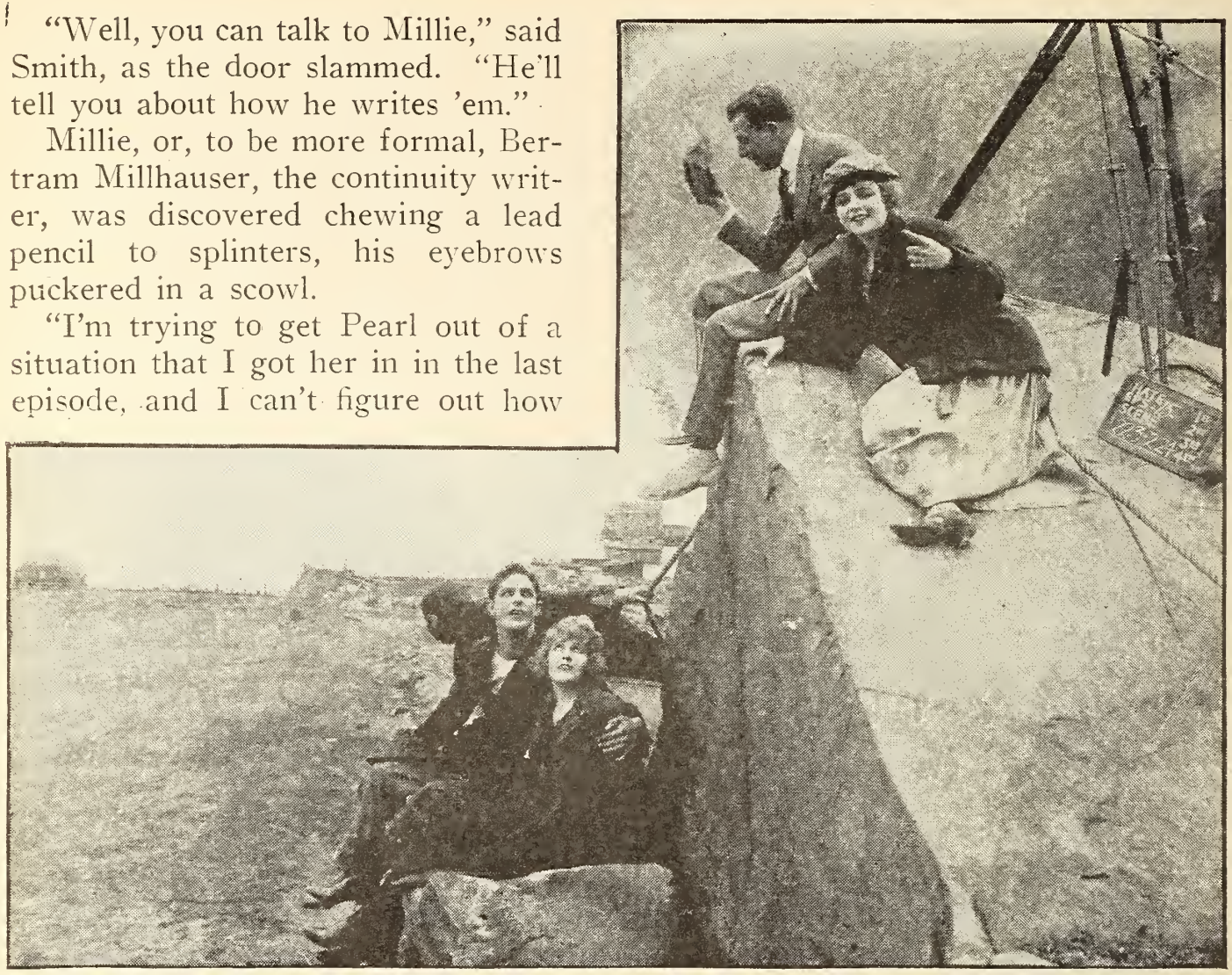


Miss White is used to being suspended in most every conceivable way.

"Well, you can talk to Millie," said Smith, as the door slammed. "He'll tell you about how he writes 'em."

Millie, or, to be more formal, Bertram Millhauser, the continuity writer, was discovered chewing a lead pencil to splinters, his eyebrows puckered in a scowl.

"I'm trying to get Pearl out of a situation that I got her in in the last episode, and I can't figure out how



The location, overlooking the Hudson, was on the edge of a tremendously high cliff.

to do it," he said mournfully. "It's got to be something different—and 'there ain't no such animal.'" He threw up his hands in despair. "What we haven't used—fire, water, burning buildings, falling cliffs—— Say, how about lunch?" he asked Smith abruptly.

"I guess it's ready," said Smith. "Come on."

I was led down to a dressing room, and there, on a tiny table, a chef was serving a huge platter of spaghetti and some other things. There are no restaurants in the Erie Railroad yards, you see.

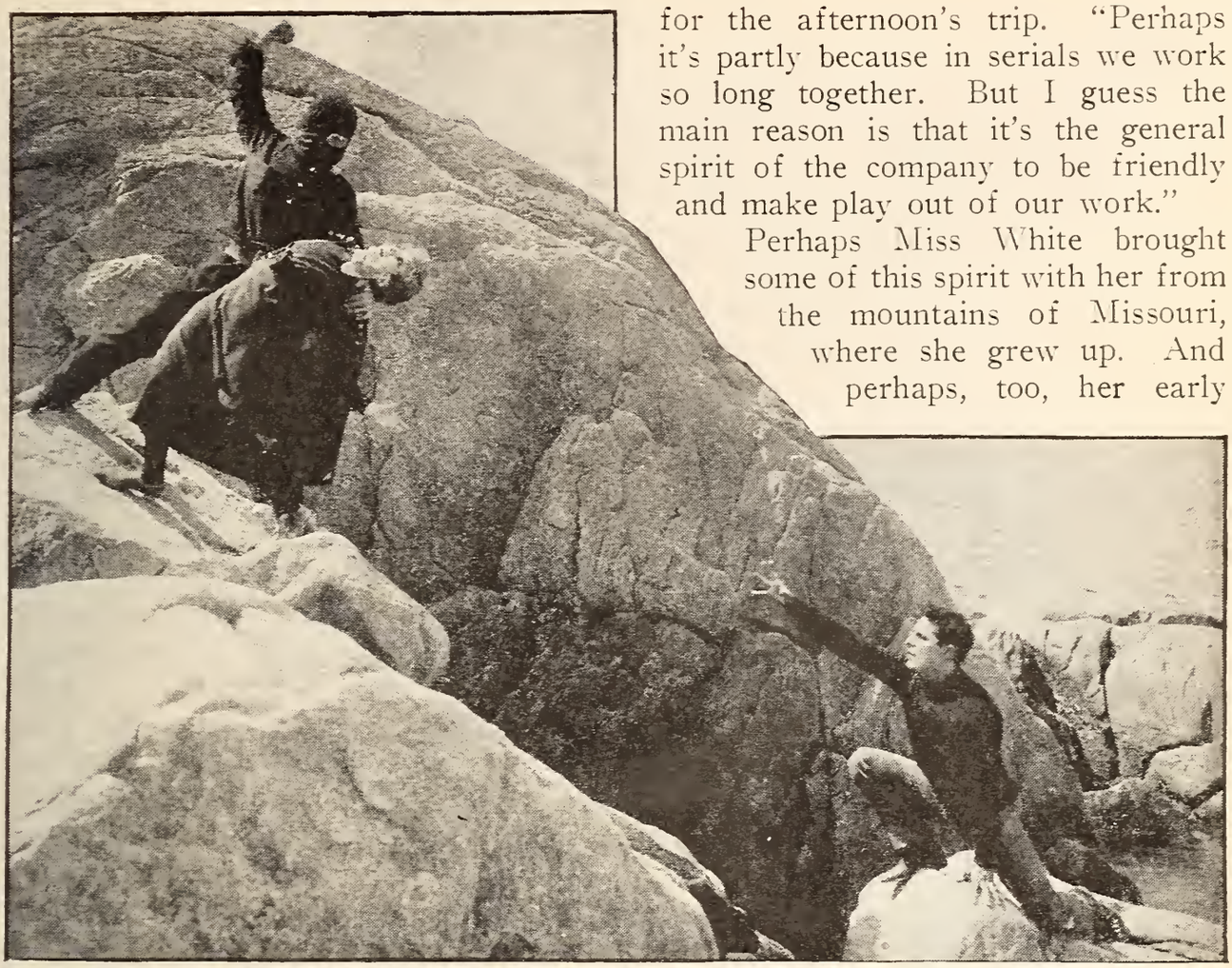
We sat down, and I was introduced to George B. Seitz, director of the serial.

"Say, that's a great idea of yours, having the boy chase a hop-toad in this next episode," Seitz said to Millhauser, as he started winding spaghetti on a fork. "That was one swell idea! Where do you suppose I'm going to get a hop-toad this time of year?" he asked, in a disgusted tone. "It's too early for 'em. Why not make it a rabbit, eh? A rabbit—how's that? A lot of people don't like hop-toads, anyway."

"How's a boy going to chase a rabbit?" exclaimed Millhauser. "Three jumps and he's out of sight. You don't get the idea. He's to pretty near catch him, and then the toad jumps again, and so on."

"Well, how'd a pig do?" asked Seitz. "A nice little pig. First thing—a close-up of the pig sticking his nose through a hedge. Then the kid chases him. What do you say to the pig, eh?"

"All right," assented Millhauser; "I don't care. Hello, Pearl!" he exclaimed as Miss White came bursting



The great trick is to get the heroine in some perilous situation from which nothing, apparently, can save her.

into the room. "Had lunch? Come on and have some more with us."

"Hello, everybody!" said Miss White, with a big, friendly smile. "Yes, I have. And I will."

A place was made for her, and she slipped off her motor coat.

"I'm certainly hungry," she said. "I've been making speeches all morning."

The way she attacked the spaghetti indicated that she must have put some pretty vigorous work into her speeches.

Miss White, when she is not being dragged through some breakneck adventure, usually carries herself with a good deal of reserve and dignity on the screen. Off duty, however, she was not the least bit up-stage, but a carefree, jolly "good fellow."

"We're just like a big family," she explained to me, as we were starting for the afternoon's trip. "Perhaps it's partly because in serials we work so long together. But I guess the main reason is that it's the general spirit of the company to be friendly and make play out of our work."

Perhaps Miss White brought some of this spirit with her from the mountains of Missouri, where she grew up. And perhaps, too, her early life in that wild, rocky country gave her the skill and daring she possesses.

A few moments later Tony Moreno appeared, wearing checked trousers and a red jersey. Then Miss White and the other members of the company hurried to dress and make up, and we were off, Miss White and Tony leading the way in a rabid-looking red roadster.

"We lost a day yesterday on account of fog," Seitz said to me, as I rode with him and Miss Helene Chadwick, a member of the cast. "The second day we've lost since we started this serial, and we have been at it more than a hundred and fifty days. But the boys plan very skillfully, and then, you know, expense is nothing so long as it results in good output."

We reached the location. It was a tremendously high cliff, an hour's ride

up the New Jersey roads, along the Hudson. Pearl and Tony had to be lowered over it on a rope, in their attempt to escape from the *Hooded Terror,* who was still pursuing them.

A strong rope—you can see it in one of the cliff pictures—had been provided. The property man fastened them securely, and over they went, while the camera men ground away unconcernedly from their perilous positions on the jutting point of rock.

After the close views had been taken, the star players were hoisted up again, and two doubles were lowered farther down, for the longer shots. They, in turn, were brought back, and replaced by two dummies, dressed to represent them, for the final scene in which the ropes were to break, sending them falling to the depths below.

The last scene was taken, and we started back for the studio.

"We'll put in the rest of the afternoon seeing the last episode run off," said Seitz, as our car headed southward. "We do that every week," he explained. "It helps us all to see how what we've done looks on the screen.

"To-morrow we'll go out again if it's fair. If not, we'll shoot some studio scenes. Almost all of our out-of-door stuff, by the way, is taken right around here in New Jersey, or over in New York. It's a wonderful region for pictures. You have everything—water, city, country, cliffs, woods—anything you want."

"Do you have many accidents?" I asked.

"No—that is—we have some, of course. But we've been at this game so long that we've learned how to avoid a good many of them. For instance, our man who jumps through glass windows—— By the way, those are real windows he goes through—there's no fake about them. Well, he gets a scratch occasionally, but not often. He knows how to do it.

"Accidents are too costly to have any more than are necessary. And, strange to say, they're no good for pictures. We had a fellow knocked out by mistake in one of the fights. Well, when we ran off the film, we found that it wasn't half so convincing as an imitation knock-out. It looked tame, too.

"At another time we had a sixty-foot ladder break, carrying a man, near the top, to the ground. We thought we might be able to use the incident. But it didn't hitch with the story, and we threw it out. It's a marvel, though, that Miss White hasn't been more seriously injured than she has, a good many times."

He leaned over and knocked on the wooden strip that lined the top of the door of the car, which was just drawing up at the entrance of the studio again. We hurried into the building, and joined the rest of the company in the projection room.

Then the episode of the week before was run off. There was no shivery music to go with it—only the monotonous clickety-click of the operating machine. But it was quite sufficiently exciting, and more interesting than it would have been in a theater, by reason of the comments of the director and the players.

That ended the day's work, and I started back toward New York City.

"I guess the naval officer was right," I said to myself, as I boarded a car. And I'm sure that if you know Pearl White's pictures, you'll agree with him.

Screen Gossip

By Neil G. Caward

B. A. ROLFE, who recently severed his relations with Metro as one of its producing units, has just organized a new feature company that will undertake the making of eight big super-features each year. It is Mr. Rolfe's intention to present several stars of note in these screen dramas; but the only one whose name has yet been publicly announced is Florence Reed, whose success on both stage and the screen has been decisive. Miss Reed's followers will watch this new undertaking with considerable interest.

If you've seen Griffith's latest masterpiece, "Hearts of the World," you certainly remember little Bennie Alexander, who plays the rôle of "the youngest brother" to Robert

Florence Reed is to appear in super-features produced by B. A. Rolfe.

Harron. He scored a decided triumph and is loved and adored, cried over and smiled at by thousands. You'll have another opportunity of watching him when you see Harry I. Garson's newest feature, "The Hushed Hour," which brings Blanche Sweet back to the screen; for little Ben is cast for an important rôle in this production, and some who have seen it on the screen are of the opinion that in him Miss Sweet has perhaps the greatest rival for stellar honors with whom she has ever appeared.

Enid Markey will soon be seen in a sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes."

Of course you have seen and marveled at "Tarzan of the Apes," the big feature production issued by the National Film Corporation through the exchanges of the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. Accordingly, you are sure to be interested in the news that a sequel to "Tarzan" is nearly ready for release. It deals, as did the original story, with life in the jungles, and is packed with thrills, stunts, and sensational events. Wilfred Lucas directed the making of the picture, and included in his company are such well-known players as Enid Markey, Elmo Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Colin Kenny, George French, Clyde Benson, and Phil Dunham.

Mary Birch Maurice, Vitagraph's "grand old lady," known to film fans the world over as "Mother Maurice," is dead. She passed quietly away at St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn, a few weeks ago, after being confined to bed some weeks on account of illness. She was perhaps known to fame as was no other "mother" of the films, her last appearance having been as the nurse in "Over the Top" who inspired Sergeant Empey to enlist. Born in Morristown, Ohio, November 15, 1844, she was educated in Philadelphia, spent a few years teaching, and then began her theatrical career more than fifty-one years ago as a member of the Pittsburgh Stock Company in "My Neighbor's Wife." She appeared with such stars as John T. Raymond, John E. McCullough, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and Joseph Jefferson. She retired from the stage in the '80's, but in 1890 returned to play character rôles with Robert Mantell. In 1910 she entered the motion-picture field, and up till the time of her death played continuously with the Vitagraph Company. She was adored by every member of the company, and possessed in real life the same sweet, lovable personality that she invariably portrayed on the screen.

Scores of stars have affiliated themselves with the army, either by joining it or by becoming godmother to some division. But the navy has not been neglected. Marguerite Clark a few weeks ago was won over to the service by the gallant efforts of the naval recruiting office in Kansas City, Missouri, and was sworn in as a first-class yeoman by Ensign R. B. Campbell. The ceremony included the taking of Marguerite's dainty finger prints, test for color blindness, and all the rest. Margarita Fisher recently became godmother to two naval units. One of

Anita Stewart will make her reappearance on the screen in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl."

these was the Fourteenth Aëro Squadron, to whom she announced in a speech at Rockwell Field, North Island, California, that she would present a solid gold medal to the first of her new godsons who brought down a Boche plane. The other godsons are the members of the crack navy baseball team at Balboa Park, San Diego, who have sent her a reading lamp made of shells from the navy guns. When Miss Fisher had given them enough cigarettes and tobacco to have produced the illusion of a forest fire if they had all started smoking at once, she bethought herself of a new way to please them and ordered a number of copies of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE sent to them each month. In all modesty, we think she will succeed.

Anita Stewart, the little star over whose person a suit for $250,000 damages was waged by the Vitagraph Company of America, in its attempt to prevent her leaving the Vitagraph plant and enacting photo plays for another film-manufacturing concern, is now once more in the Vitagraph ranks, and has just completed a screen version of Sir Arthur W. Pinero's "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," the play in which Billie Burke scored such a stage success. Wil-

fred North, who directed Sergeant Guy Empey in "Over the Top," superintended the staging of Miss Stewart's first production since her return to the Vitagraph Studios, and declares that as *Lily Parradell,* the musical-comedy favorite, she has one of the best rôles of her entire career.

Gladys Leslie, one of Vitagraph's brightest twinklers, whose current picture, "The Soap Girl," written by Lewis Allen Browne, author of "Little Miss George Washington," you have probably enjoyed within the past week or two, is busy with a new production, during the greater part of which she appears in boy's clothes. The new offering is entitled "The Rebel," and is an adaptation of the play by Douglas Bronston.

J. P. McGowan, known to screen fame as the husband of Helen Holmes, and the director of most of the American-Mutual serials in which she has appeared, is now in the employ of Universal, and, after getting all his crops in at his three thousand acre ranch near Lund, Nevada, is supervising a brand-new serial film for release by Universal. In the past, nearly all of the McGowan features, as well as the serials, have been of the railroad sort, with their thrills consisting of head-on collisions between trains, leaps for life from swiftly moving box cars, hair-breadth escapes from death when locomotives plunge off bridges into rivers, and stunts of a similar nature. The new serial is of a different kind. It relates to circus life and thrills that occur in and about "the big top." Eddie Polo is the featured player, and all who have seen his work in past serials know that McGowan will have to concoct some real hair-raisers to faze him in the slightest degree.

World Film has recently made two acquisitions—Fay Tincher and Nancy Palmer. Fay Tincher first rose to fame under the

Gladys Leslie will appear in boy's clothes in her next production.

direction of David W. Griffith and later was starred in a long series of Mutual comedies called the "Bill the Office Boy" series. If you have ever seen her astounding spit curls and costume of dashing black and white stripes, you surely have never been able to forget her. Nancy Palmer has never done screen work, but has posed for hundreds of Howard Chandler Christy magazine covers, and was the model for the Christy Liberty Loan poster that was displayed in every village and hamlet in America during the Third Liberty Loan drive, so her face and figure should be instantly familiar. It is in "Merely Players," just released by World, that you will make her acquaintance on the screen.

One of the real old-timers in the film industry is coming back. Thanhouser Film Corporation will shortly begin the making of super-features at its studio in New Rochelle, New York. Fans of long standing will recall the famous old three-reelers enacted by such favorites as James Cruze, Marguerite Snow, Florence LaBadie, Marie Elaine, Harry Benham, Mignon Anderson, Irving Cummings, and a half dozen more of the old original Thanhouser stock company. Then followed the sensational serial, "The Million Dollar Mystery," and Thanhouser wrote its name indelibly on the pages of motion-picture history. Still later, the productions began to drop in quality, and months ago the last Thanhouser production was released and thereafter the studios were leased to outsiders. And now Thanhouser is to attempt to regain its old laurels as one of the best producers in the business.

Director Cecil B. De Mille has begun work on "We Can't Have Everything," a new picture from a well-known and widely read novel by Rupert Hughes, the scenario for which was prepared by his brother, William C. De Mille. The production is being staged, of course, at the Hollywood studios of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and, while this picture is in the making, Mr. De Mille's other assistant, the talented Jeanie MacPherson, is preparing the continuity for still another De Mille Artcraft special.

Speaking of the Lasky productions, the Hollywood studios house, just now, the two recently acquired Lasky stars, Fred Stone, of musical-comedy fame, and Ethel Clayton, the ex-World star, both of whom are doing their first work on the Lasky lot. In the East, Shirley Mason, heroine of a number of Edison productions, is now at work on her first Lasky picture, she having been signed recently by Jesse Lasky himself, to be starred in a series of Anita Loos-John Emerson productions that have been especially written for her.

Elsie Ferguson, immediately following the shooting of the last scenes of "The Danger Mark" in the Eastern studios of Artcraft, departed with Marshall Neilan, her director, and a large company for Montana, where "Heart of the Wilds," a stirring tale of frontier life, in which United States soldiers play an important part, will be filmed. Many of the scenes will be taken in Yellowstone Park, the government having for the first time given its consent to the use of the scenic grandeurs of the park for such a purpose. Included in the company which accompanied Miss Ferguson West are Thomas Meighan, Mat Moore, Lucela Squires, Charles O. Loughlan, Sidney D'Albrook, and E. Fernandez. "Heart of the Wilds," it is said, will be the most spectacular subject which Miss Ferguson has done for Artcraft.

Mary Charleson is once more back in the harness, after an absence of quite a period from the studio due to a severe case of pneumonia. Her illness, besides causing her no little suffering, put an absolute stop, for the time being, to "Springtime," the vehicle in which Henry B. Walthall was at that time working. Director Bertram Bracken attempted to keep the company busy by filming some of the scenes in which Miss Charleson did not appear, but found before long that he would have to stop even this activity; since it was absolutely necessary to have Miss Charleson "register" in the remaining scenes, unless the whole story were to be entirely revamped.

Mary Charleson will be seen with Henry B. Walthall in "Springtime."

Before so very many moons, you'll see Douglas Fairbanks in "He Comes Up Smiling," one of his biggest hits on the stage. Fairbanks procured the motion-picture rights to the piece while he was in the East on his Liberty Bond tour, and, though he had to pay out ten thousand dollars of hard money for the rights to the play, he did so with a smile.

Sessue Hayakawa, the popular Japanese star, has just finished his first production made by his own company. It is a story written by Sessue himself, and William Worthington, who has staged plays for Universal, Pathé, and Goldwyn, directed it. Opposite the Japanese star appears Marin Sais, late star of such serials as Kalem's "The Girl from Frisco" and "The American Girl." Another feminine favorite in the cast is Mary Anderson, who achieved no little success as a Vitagraph star. Howard Davies, familiar to all motion-picture fans, has a strong rôle, and throughout the entire cast you will recognize familiar faces. San Francisco and Monterey were the locations used for the majority of the out-of-door scenes.

Mae Murray, the popular Bluebird star, whose latest success was "The Bride's Awakening," has been spending a week or more in San Francisco, getting some metropolitan exteriors for the big feature production in which she will next be seen. Robert Leonard is again directing her, and the vehicle is entitled "The Big Little Person." Rebecca Cooper Eastman wrote the story, and in many of the San Francisco scenes little Miss Murray is the only one to appear.

Undoubtedly you have thrilled over the wonderful pictures of life in the European war zone as depicted in the remarkable series of films Pathé has been issuing since last May under the title "Britain's Bulwarks," appreciating to the full that these were not specially posed pictures, but war as it really is. Interesting as the releases to date have

been, the ones to be issued this month promise to contain even more of interest. For instance, in the ninth reel of the series, issued the week of July 7th, the visit of King George and Queen Mary to the front is shown, and at one portion of the film you can see shrapnel bursting in the front-line trenches, liquid-fire waves in progress, and some of the famous tanks in action. The week following, reel ten of the series shows the visit of King George to the grand fleet "somewhere in the North Sea," and the first knighting of an officer that has ever taken place aboard a battleship. The climax of the whole series follows in parts eleven and twelve, released the last two weeks in July, for it is there that one beholds the Canadians on the western front, holding Vimy Ridge in the face of artillery and infantry attacks by the Germans.

May Allison's play, "The Way to a Man's Heart," was written especially for her that she might have the part of a Southern girl.

May Allison has just arrived in California, where she will continue to act in Metro productions for several months. Her third picture since her return to the screen—the last one made in the East—is "The Way to a Man's Heart." In it Miss Allison appears as a Southern girl—a rôle which was written especially for her by June Mathis.

Everything is set for the release of Vitagraph's newest serial, "A Fight for Millions," on July 15th, and for fifteen weeks thereafter the thrills and stunts will follow fast and frequently. As in his other serials, William Duncan is filling the dual rôle of star and director. Opposite him this time appears Edith Johnston in place of Carol Holloway, who was so badly injured during the making of the last serial that she has been confined to a hospital. Among the male members of the cast are Joe Ryan, Walter Rodgers, and Vincente Howard. All of the snow scenes—and they form a large part of the serial—were taken at a special studio erected by Director Duncan up in the mountains of California—in Big Bear Valley, north of San Bernardino, to be exact.

William A. Brady, father of Alice Brady, and former head of the World-Brady Film Corporation, has already launched his first big feature as an independent producer. It is "Stolen Orders," and has been playing to capacity business in a number of America's foremost motion-picture theaters. There is real news for you, however, in the fact that he has some still bigger treats in store for you during the year. He has publicly announced that during the next twelve months he will produce and

release such subjects as "Way Down East," the famous story by Lottie Blair Parker, which for over nineteen years has toured the country, playing the speaking-stage theaters; "Life," by Thompson Buchanan and Mr. Brady himself, and which the New York *Sun* termed "the biggest melodrama ever staged in New York City;" "Little Women," Louisa Alcott's greatest book and a story that is familiar to every one; "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," a famous Drury Lane melodrama by the authors of "The Whip;" and "Sinners," by Owen Davis, which ran for a solid year at the Playhouse, Mr. Brady's New York theater.

Shirley Mason is to appear in Paramount's Emerson-Loos productions.

Shirley Mason, the talented sister of Viola Dana, has been selected by Paramount to play the leading feminine rôles in the new Emerson-Loos productions. Miss Mason was featured in the McClure series, "The Seven Deadly Sins." It is rumored that Ernest Truex, who rose to fame on the stage in Belasco's "The Good Little Devil," in which he played opposite Mary Pickford, will play opposite Miss Mason.

Theda Bara has completed the final scenes of "Under the Yoke," her fifth big production at the Hollywood studios of William Fox. This is a story from the pen of George Scarborough, and most of its scenes are laid in the Philippine Islands during the post-Spanish régime. Miss Bara appears as *Maria Valverde,* daughter of an American civil engineer stationed at La Trinidad on the island of Luzon, and, upon becoming saturated with exotic views of life of the children of the Pacific, she creates a romance for herself that has some extremely dramatic complications. The hero of the story is an American army officer engaged in suppressing the Aguinaldo uprising.

Edith Storey is soon to appear in "As the Sun Went Down," the famous old stage success with which the theatergoing public has been familiar some fifteen years. Work on this production was started following Miss Storey's brief rest, taken at the conclusion of the last scenes of "The Demon," the drama in which she is now appearing and which relates the thrilling story of a girl sold under the hammer in an Algerian slave market. In "As the Sun Went Down," Miss Storey will be supported by an unusual cast. Lew Cody, who appeared opposite her in "Treasure of the Sea" and "The Demon," is again enacting the leading male rôle.

Director Lawrence C. Windom, who supervised such Essanay productions as "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," "Fools for Luck," and "Ruggles of Red Gap,"

all of which starred Taylor Holmes, has signed a long-time contract with World Pictures and is already hard at work on his first picture with June Elvidge as the star. The production is entitled "The Power and the Glory," and is an adaptation of the novel of the same name by Grace MacGowan Cooke.

Pauline Frederick and her talented playwright husband, Willard Mack, have organized the Frederick Feature Film Company and are already at work on the first of their productions, which will be released through Goldwyn, of which organization Mr. Mack is scenario chief. For a time Famous Players denied the rumor that Miss Frederick was leaving the Paramount program, but Mr. Mack gave out a statement in which the new organization was fully explained, and thus put an end to the denials from the opposition camp. Mr. Mack is known to fame as the author of such speaking-stage successes as "Kick In," "Tiger Rose," and others too numerous to mention. During 1917 alone, more than twenty-seven of his photo plays were screened.

Paralta Pictures had a decidedly exciting shake-up a few weeks ago. A reorganization has been effected, and Bessie Barriscale, Warren Kerrigan, and Louise Glaum are once more at work on future releases. Henry Walthall, however, has ceased his activities at the Paralta plant, and is once more under contract to D. W. Griffith, with whom he first rose to fame back in the old Biograph days.

Viola Dana, talented Metro star, has returned from California to the New York studios, and is just finishing a film version of Edgar Franklyn's novel, "Opportunity," under the direction of John H. Collins. Miss Dana enjoys, and is particularly adept at, the comedy-drama type of productions, so she should win even greater laurels in the new vehicle. In "Opportunity" she interprets the rôle of the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer who, for a lark, attends a prize fight disguised as a boy. Strange and weird are the complications which result, but the laughs are certain to come thick and fast. In the supporting cast appear such favorites as Hale Hamilton, Edward Abeles, Frank Currier, and Sally Crute.

Remember C. M. and S. A. Franklyn, the directors who staged the "kiddie" pictures released under the Fine Arts trade-mark back in the old Triangle days, and who more recently have staged such spectacles as "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," all Fox productions? Well, these selfsame Franklyn brothers are now directors in chief to Norma Talmadge and already are shooting the first scenes of a new Talmadge-Select production. They directed Miss Talmadge when she was a Triangle star, and, despite their youth, have had a rich experience in the picture field.

Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn star, has just finished an original play, by Charles A. Logue, bearing the title "The Service Star." The picture, despite its title, is not a war story, the great world conflict serving only as a background for a modern drama enacted right here at home. "The Service Star" tells the story of the scion of an old and respected family made a slacker by fear which has come to him through his mother. As the heroine, Miss Kennedy becomes involved in his affairs through an innocent deception she herself originates and as a result of which she finds herself obliged to become part of a much graver one than he is practicing.

An Old Tale Told Anew

By R. L. Lambdin

WHEN Director J. Searle Dawley started to produce "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the screen, bang! went tradition.

"I'm going to make just a big, human-interest story out of the old play—a story such as has never been shown on the stage," he said.

In the first place, Marguerite Clark was called on to double as both *Eva* and *Topsy!* And Frank Losee, the veteran actor, who has taken part in all the big stage productions of the play—always playing *Legree*—is now cast, for the first time in his life, as *Uncle Tom*—so he told Walter Lewis, the

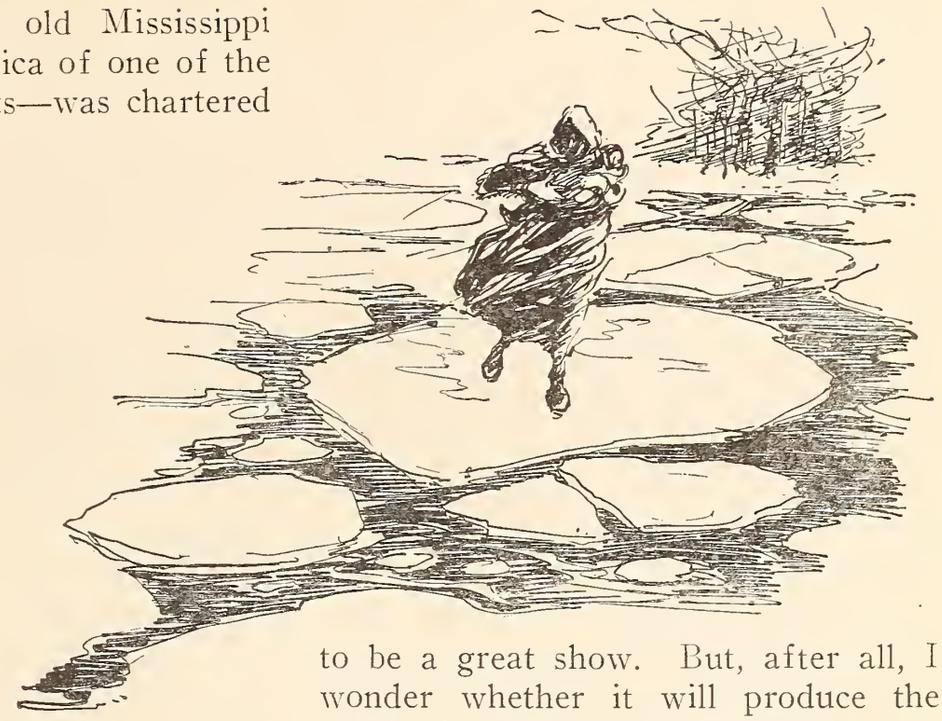
The mosquitoes made work in New Orleans very trying.

film *Legree,* while they were working on location in New Orleans.

But there are other changes. At the start Dawley decided to eliminate all the things that made for bitterness from the story, and all the burlesque. So out went *Marks,* the lawyer. *Simon Legree* was no longer a melodrama villain, but an ordinary human being. And *Miss Ophelia* became a real New England type, instead of an animated scarecrow.

It was a huge undertaking. Weeks were spent in the South, getting the atmosphere of South-

ern plantations. An old Mississippi River steamer—a replica of one of the ante-bellum river boats—was chartered and a long trip was taken by the company and a great crowd of extras. Many incidents from the book, which never could be shown in any stage production, were used in the screen version.



The old, familiar scenes from the play—the death of little *Eva,* for example—are, of course, retained, as are the dramatic moments, such as *Eliza* crossing the ice.

Only it was not studio ice, built by a property man, but the real ice of a river in Maine, taken last winter.

"Uncle Tom," on the screen, ought to be a great show. But, after all, I wonder whether it will produce the thrill of the old Tom shows of these many years, to which nearly all of us have at one time or another looked forward as to the coming of the circus—with the street parade at noon, the terrible bloodhounds held on leashes, and the "free band concert in front of the opera house at seven-thirty."

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases, by one of New York's leading authorities on matters pertaining to the screen.

By Peter Milne

"The Face in the Dark" has Mae Marsh and many other things to make it worth while.

THERE is a reviewer of pictures on a certain New York evening newspaper who is typical of a class which might be designated as lowbrow highbrows.

The lowbrow highbrow is a peculiar animal in that he bears all the marks of intelligence yet in reality has none of it. He is neither a lowbrow nor a highbrow. He puts himself above the former class and would have you believe that he belongs in the latter. One of the most prominent symptoms by which the casual observer may distinguish the lowbrow highbrow is his constant ridicule of pictures. As witness this reviewer, who said, in commenting upon Mary Pickford's "M'liss," her latest Artcraft, that it was "a welcome change from the usual inane movie plot." "The usual *inane* movie plot," mind

you! At first this is irritating. It made me hanker for a close-up of the nether part of his trousers, that I might propel him swiftly forward with my right brogan. But then, on second thought, the wherefore and utter ridiculousness of such comment showed itself and I pitied the reviewer. It was a welcome change to him from the usual inane movie plot, because, clever fellow that he was, he read on the title that "M'liss," was an adaptation of one of Bret Harte's works. The name of Harte carried weight with this gentleman. He knew that he couldn't conceive an inane plot. But as a matter of fact the plot of "M'liss" is, after all, that of an average melodrama. Our own C. Gardner Sullivan and Anthony Kelly have written plots with a more substantial and psychological foundation. But our reviewer knew that Bret Harte was great, and therefore immune to inanity of plot conception. If, however, this same gentleman had taken the care to scan the releases of the same month which heralded "M'liss," he would have found, to his horror, that he had ruthlessly classed Tolstoi, Sardou, Charles Reade, Irvin Cobb, Owen Davis, Porter Emerson Browne, Perley Poore Sheehan, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and several others of past and present and lasting fame in the world of literature and the drama as compilers of the *"usual* inane movie plot." Certainly, if the art can lay claim to so many screen versions springing from the work of celebrated authors, they can well be termed "usual." And to cinch the argument, I haven't the slightest doubt but what the reviewer has some respect for Tolstoi and Sardou and the rest. After all, the real definition for the lowbrow highbrow is that simple little word "ignorant."

Jewel Carmen in "Confession"—a powerful drama.

First of these "inane" plots comes Paramount's delightful version of Sardou's "Divorçons," adapted by John Emerson and Anita Loos and released under the title of "Let's Get a Divorce," with Billie Burke in the stellar rôle. It is fine, high picture comedy, filled with clever situations and subtleties that constantly tickle the risibilities. Miss Burke is thoroughly charming, while John Miltern and Armand Kalisz shine in her support. The plot centers about the sweet young *Cyprienne,* so used to having her every wish granted by her husband that she requests a divorce that she may marry his cousin. To cure the ultraromantic lady, husband consents, and straightway deprives *Cyprienne's* affair with his cousin of all the romance and adventure it possessed before it gained his sanction. And in the end *Cyprienne* begins to understand.

One of the most powerful examples of screen drama I have ever seen is presented by William Fox under the title of "Confession." S. A. Franklin conceived and produced this, and it truly warrants the use of that grossly misused adjective "gripping." The whole

The plot of "M'liss" is, after all, that of an average melodrama.

thing, or the better part of it, is a bride's dream. Her disturbed mind brings before her the awful sight of her husband, arrested for murder, tried, and convicted on circumstantial evidence. There is a game played by the girl and her father that tricks the guilty man into a confession. Then the rush for the pardon—the governor calls the prison to stop the fatal proceedings—but too late! Mr. Franklin brings you to the edge of your seat because he has developed his material so well and because he safely conceals the fact that it is a dream—or a nightmare. Jewel Carmen shows rare emotional ability as the bride, and the supporting cast is excellent. Mr. Franklin is a photo-dramatist, and "Confession" is a wonderful sample of his art.

World Film's "Masks and Faces," based upon Charles Reade's famous old play of English stage life, in which Peg Woffington, celebrated character of the English stage, is the most prominent figure, is to be noted chiefly because of the startling array of talent summoned together to interpret the principal rôles. It was made in England for a war-relief fund. In the prologue George Bernard Shaw, Sir John Hare, Sir James Barrie, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, and Sir George Alexander are discovered discussing the production. In the picture proper appear Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Irene Vanbrugh,

Dennis Neilson Terry, Lilah McCarthy, Dion Boucicault, Gladys Cooper, and Ben Webster, players prominent, many of them, in both England and America. The story of Peg Woffington's sacrifice for the man she loves, with its mixture of humor and pathos and its atmospheric old settings and costumes, is highly interesting.

I didn't like George Walsh when he first began jumping over tables and chairs for no other reason at all than to show the Fox public that Douglas Fairbanks didn't have his movie tricks patented for his own exclusive use. Now I think he is good. At least, that is the impression he gives me in "Brave and Bold," a lightning five-reeler taken from a story by Perley Poore Sheehan. Walsh is excellent, athletic, daring, and breath-taking, and proves by his performance here that even a chewing gum by the name of "Grigley's" would have a sale if it was good enough. Carl Harbaugh's direction is just the thing that the star needed.

Another rapid-fire comedy is "Mile-a-Minute Kendall," taken from Owen Davis' plot. Jack Pickford, U. S. N., is the fast young man who discovers for his audience's delectation that a country girl affords more inspiration to wild youth than a chorus lady. His picture of the millionaire prodigal is realistic and marked by the same sincerity always to be recognized in his work. His support is delightful and made me envious of him. Louise Huff's blond daintiness and appeal are seen to advantage when she appears as the country girl; and Lottie Pickford, the tangoing member of the famous family, with her dark beauty and her striking personality, which seems a cross between that of her sister's and Anita Stewart's, is a fascinating little siren of the chorus.

Goldwyn has two productions by authors that our reviewer would, I presume, include as producers of "inane" plots. "Joan of Plattsburg" is Goldwyn's contribution to pictures dealing with the war, and was mapped out, in part, by Porter Emerson Browne, the playwright. Mabel Normand is a little orphaned waif from an asylum near the Plattsburg training camp who, in her efforts to follow in the footsteps of the immortal Joan of France, almost unwittingly frustrates a German-spy plot. Mabel is not spiritual, but she is patriotic. And that is sufficient.

"The Face in the Dark" is by Irvin Cobb, and has mystery, Mae Marsh, and plenty of other good things to make it worth while.

Tolstoi's "Resurrection," as done by Paramount, with Pauline Frederick in the leading rôle, is a well made but rather gloomy offering. Tolstoi wrote

"Masks and Faces" includes, in its prologue, several English notables.

of Russia in its days of suppression, days which must have been as bad as the topsy-turvy days of the present Russia, and "Resurrection" is pervaded with gloom. There are gobs of it in every scene. Miss Frederick treads the path from virtue to degradation and then switches to spiritual rebirth and Siberia for life. She had a pardon from the czar, one of the last he handed out, I suppose, but would not avail herself of it. Perhaps she thought she didn't deserve it.

The Rialto production of "The Unchastened Woman," which as a play quite startled Broadway, is hardly a fit reincarnation of its original self. Louis K. Anspacher wrote of a woman naughty in mind but quite innocent as far as her body was concerned. The havoc she wrought was dreadful. Some ladies who saw the play felt like pulling the unchastened one's hair; others were inspired to go out and practice her tactics on their friends; it all depended on whether they came from the poles or the equator. Now Grace Valentine, who cavorts, unchastened, through this picture is a feast for the eyes, and sometimes very well succeeds in being dramatically effective. But the scenario! You who would become the Shakespeare of the screen, see this and learn—what not to learn. Page Mr. William Lord Wright for further particulars.

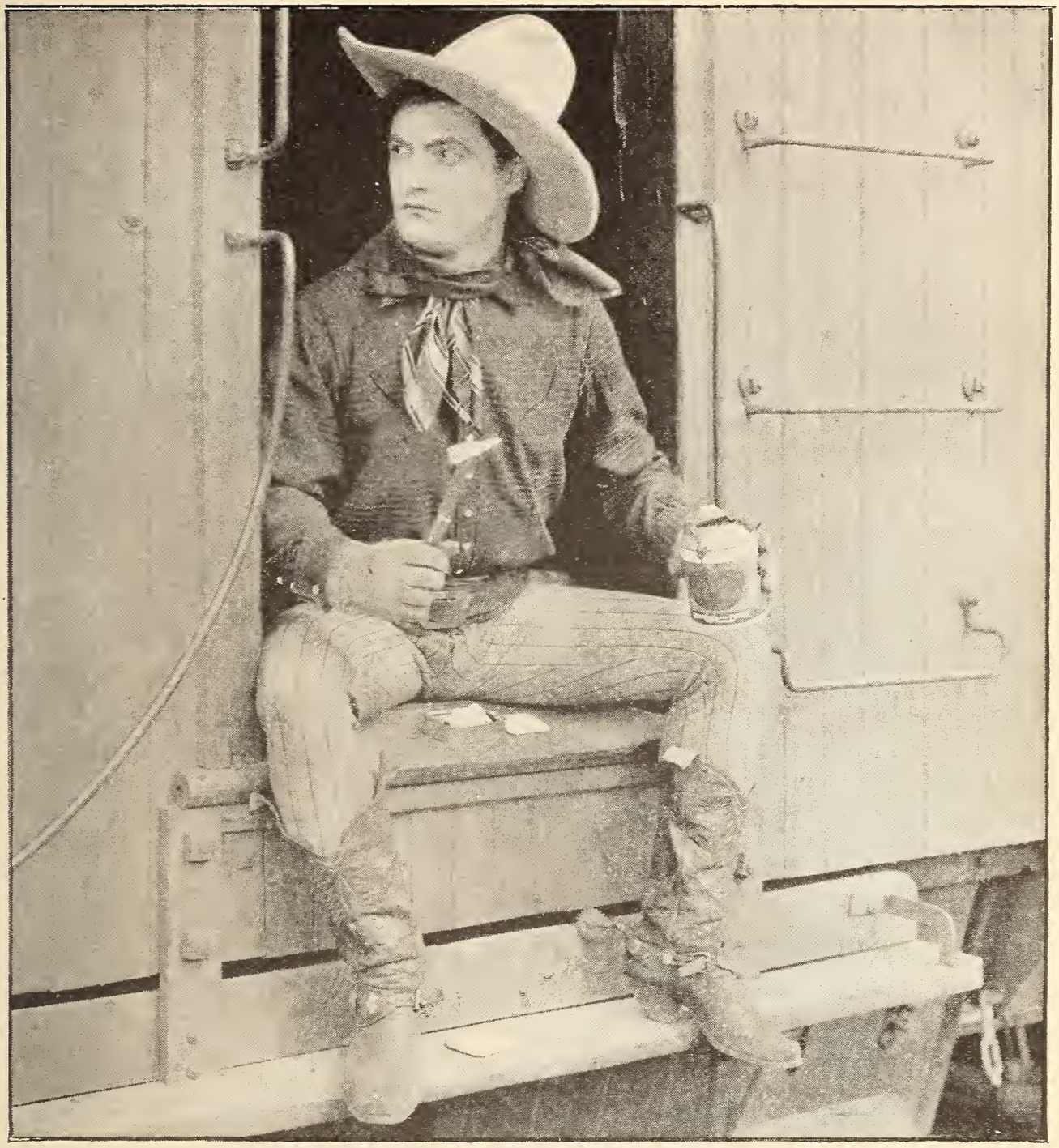
A trio of Goldwyn-Selexart productions, "Social Ambition," "Honor's Cross," and "Blue Blood," with Howard Hickman and Rhea Mitchell in the first, Rhea Mitchell in the second, and Howard Hickman in the third, are heavy pieces dealing with powerful themes in colorful style. "Social Ambition" depicts a man's regeneration through the love of a girl; "Honor's Cross" is laid in the underworld, where a corrupt boss and a man from the mountains battle for a girl; and "Blue Blood" shows up an aristocratic "gentleman" in a state of bodily decay. This last I wouldn't advise my maiden aunts to gaze upon, particularly as one of them can't even stand tobacco smoke, and the story has many more stifling fumes.

To take a long jump from that which is heavy to that which is light. Neither Charlie Chaplin nor Fatty Arbuckle nor Harold Lloyd have been drafted, after all, so let's breathe a sigh of relief. I saw Harold Lloyd in "The City Slicker" the other day and forgot all about the fact that thirty minutes later I was due in the dentist's chair to have a molar bored through down by the roots. He will always be my friend now, whether he cares to be or not. But I hold that any one who can make his audience smile in these times of ours is the friend of the nation.

Tom Mix, aided by his director, Lynn Reynolds, makes merry with "Western Blood" in breezy, efficient, and sometimes melodramatic style. Baby Marie Osborne does her bit to cheer in "Dolly Does Her Bit," a patriotic kid comedy-drama in which the little Ethiopian chap is again her principal support. Carlyle Blackwell is presented in a comedy hodgepodge of some merit entitled "Leap to Fame." The irresistible Shorty Hamilton, who will be remembered in the days of Thomas Ince's two-reelers, comes back in "Denny from Ireland," a five-reeler filled with so much good-natured foolishness that one forgets to stop laughing.

Enid Bennett, in Paramount's "The Biggest Show on Earth," is a pleasing sight, although the sugar-and-water character of the story reminds one of the fiction of school days. It has some tricky double-exposure work in it that ranks with the best I have ever seen.

The Dolly sisters, famed as dancers and two of the most popular young ladies in the show world of New York,



Tom Mix makes merry in "Western Blood."

make their début as co-stars of the screen in "The Million Dollar Dollies," a Metro production. They are twins. When you see one alone, you think she is the other, and vice versa. When you see them together, you are bewildered. A prominent habitué of Broadway swore never to touch another drop after meeting them on the street. Even Harry Fox, who married one of them—I forget which—had to watch carefully. So of course you can realize what a fine time they have, racing through the footage of this picture, fooling their respective fiancés at every turn. It is a light and airy thing, possessing something of a Parisian flavor, both in character of plot and with respect to the marvelous gowns the sisters wear. Such finery is staggering to mere male. At least I found it very bewildering and also very pleasing.

"The Sea Panther" shows William Desmond in romantic surroundings.

Pictures featuring big stars oftentimes do just that—and nothing else. Bill Hart must reform in every picture, I suppose, hence "Selfish Yates." He is a saloon keeper again, and sells "krude likker to them as shouldn't have it." Along comes Jane Novak, and the element of reform is injected. It is really a powerful and well-built picture, and, were it Hart's first, there would be columns to write of it—but he has done it all before.

Theda Bara reverses the Hart formula and goes wrong again in "The Soul of Buddha." It is a lavishly produced affair, in which Theda, in the last scene, pays the penalty for deserting the Buddhist faith and a score more crimes when an avenging priest stabs her to the heart after she has danced her way to popularity on the stage.

"With Hoops of Steel," neither in story nor production, was ever meant or justified the presence of Henry Walthall as leading man. Personally I think Walthall's forte lies in the somber, tragic rôle. Something like his part in "The Avenging Conscience," for instance.

And "At the Mercy of Men" should never have been produced at all. Alice Brady's talents are wasted on a story that is revolting and illogical.

William Farnum is again the virile, strong-minded, virtuous American in "True Blue." As a cowboy king, he lives to avenge the man who deserted his mother—his father. Instead, he takes his half brother in hand, and from a good for nothing changes him into a presentable man. This has the spirit of the great West running all through it and is a delight.

Clara Kimball Young, in "The Reason Why," is the suffering heroine once more. The play is from a story by Elinor Glyn and shows Miss Young as a widow forced to marry a man she believes does not love her. Developments change her opinion, and there is a happy kiss on which the film fades out.

"The Seal of Silence," in which Vitagraph presents Earle Williams, concerns the study of heredity, and is presented in highly dramatic form by its author, William Addison Lathrop. Grace Darmond does excellently in the rôle opposite the star's.

Gladys Brockwell takes to the dual rôle again in "Her One Mistake," a powerful subject, and so well handled by Director Edward LeSaint that the several stings of the plot are effectively blunted. Miss Brockwell does amazing work in her two rôles. In the one she

is the woman of culture and refinement, in the other the painted and somewhat sickly mistress of a crook. Adorned with a wig and false nose in this latter part, one finds it hard to believe that it is really Miss Brockwell.

"Tyrant Fear," in which Dorothy Dalton adorns the dance hall of the Far North, is interesting largely because of the atmosphere of the primitive which permeates it and some magnificent snow scenes. The author's attempt to sound the psychology of fear, as an emotion, is, however, quite futile.

Roy Stewart, aided by his director, Cliff Smith, chaps, and some crackajack stories, is rapidly coming to the fore as a portrayer of romantic Western rôles. Triangle presents him in "Paying His Debt," which has a touch of mystery besides.

Sessue Hayakawa must needs always be the "soul of honor." "The White Man's Law," a Lasky, shows him as an African Arab. The dishonorable one is Jack Holt, and the girl is Florence Vidor. The triangle is developed with great intensity, and the African setting is exceptionally realistic. Miss Vidor is one of the most refreshing young actresses of the screen. If the Lasky Company doesn't star her soon, I'm sure some other company will.

Of the late pictures seen, I think that "Men," produced by the newly formed Bacon-Backer Corporation, is the best. I don't quite see the wherefore of the plural title, because all men aren't the scoundrels of the *Roger Hamilton* type. *Roger* manages to betray one sister and get himself engaged to the other before right finally takes its course. It is an exceptionally powerful picture, well acted by a cast headed by Charlotte Walker, Robert Cain, and Anna Lehr.

Francis Ford, whose name always used to be coupled with that of Grace Cunard in Universal serials, now has the Fordart Company, which, as can easily be seen, is a combination of Francis and the artistic. His first production, "Berlin via America," is a spy melodrama that has more Ford than art. But, as spy melodramas go, it stands up with the best of them. The producer, director, and star is an American patriot forced to make himself out as a spy in order to serve his country. Result: pathos, thrills, and cheers.

Bluebird's "A Mother's Secret" also deals with spies in pretty good fashion. Ella Hall is the star, and is seen in her most congenial rôle, that of a little girl. The spies furnish the suspense, and Ella supplies the comedy.

"The Red, Red Heart" is a gripping drama of the West.

De Luxe Annie

The strange case of a woman who became a crook, and yet remained innocent through it all.

By Jean Francis

JIMMY was startled. When a man enters his own room, which he has left unoccupied but a few minutes before, and finds himself staring into the steel-blue muzzle of his own revolver held by a beautiful woman on whom he never before has set eyes, he has a right to be startled.

Likewise, if he knows anything at all about revolvers or women, he instinctively puts his hands as far up over his head as they will go.

Jimmy's hands went up—promptly.

Five minutes before, he had left his room in the Chicago lodging house for his daily stroll on Michigan Boulevard, only to discover, when he reached the corner of the next street, that he had left all the money he had in the world in his traveling bag and hadn't enough with him to buy even a newspaper. Hastening back, he ran up the steps to recover his roll of bills, and discovered—that he was held up.

Now, Jimmy was not a nervous person—men whose profession is outside the law cannot afford to be—so when his startled eyes took in the scene and it dawned upon him that his fair

In her face was the fear of a cornered animal.

visitor not only was "sticking him up" with his own weapon, but was even then tucking his money into the front of her waist, he decided to do something.

With a spring, he threw himself toward her and wrested the gun from her grasp.

"Set a crook to catch a crook," he quoted, in a rasping undertone; and then aloud to the woman whose wrists he held in a viselike grip: "Now, who in blazes are you, and what have you got to say for yourself?"

The woman, as he released her, passed her hand before her eyes in a dazed, uncomprehending fashion, and, sobbing, sank into a heap. As one in a trance, she muttered a half-intelligible reply to his questioning, pleading with him not to give her over to the police.

He looked down at her, his eyes taking in every detail of her graceful figure. Her finely chiseled features, her intelligent forehead, and the air of refinement and culture with which she carried herself even under the strain of her predicament appealed strongly to him. He observed that her clothes, though travel-stained and wrinkled, were of modish cut and fine texture, and her delicate hands soft and unspotted by toil. Everything about her marked her out as a woman of superior qualities, on a plane far above most of the women he had known.

What a pal she would make, with her good looks and thoroughbred air! How the men would fall for the de luxe game, if she played it!

His mind raced back in swift comparison to his last pal, "De Luxe Annie," she whose vulgarisms had limited their field of endeavor and whose taste for strong drink had queered their last job and brought the police down on his trail. With a little coaching, this woman would outclass them all.

He pictured her now, neatly dressed, entering the office of some new victim with more money than sense, on the pretense of showing him a wonderful

"That is the woman who lifted my brooch," said the collector.

de luxe set of books. He saw her smile at the man, touch his hand, perhaps, and, with all the alluring charm of her sex, lead him on and on until, just at the right moment, he himself would enter upon the scene, the perfect representation of the outraged husband, and make the wealthy victim salve his injured dignity with a good round sum of money.

The gentleman crook, with quick decision, helped her to her feet.

"There'll be no need for the police," he told her. "Let's talk business for a while. I don't know anything about you, but you look as if you would play square. Know anything about the de luxe game?"

Again the woman passed her hand before her eyes, as though puzzled and confused, and answered in the negative.

"Well, you're due to learn a lot about it, beginning right now. From now on your name will be De Luxe Annie."

In this fashion a strange partnership was begun.

Seated around a table in the downtown office of a New York detective agency sat Walter Kendal, a wealthy lawyer, his friend Niblo, the noted alienist, and the detective, Cronin. Kendal held in his hand a gold brooch which he had given to his wife on the night of her strange disappearance, months before, the first slender clew to her whereabouts. The detective had just recovered it from a pawnshop. He fingered the brooch nervously, while Cronin related the story of its recovery and of his country-wide search for the missing woman.

"——and they came in on the night train from Chicago yesterday. I can put my hands on them any time I want. The crook has been good to your wife, and, except for the de luxe game, she has lived straight."

"Do you mean to tell me that my wife has become a criminal?"

"Well, I—you can hardly call her that, although she has played the de luxe badger game all the way from Chi to Seattle for the last six months. But her head hasn't been working right, and she doesn't remember anything since the day she disappeared. Seems to be another person altogether. It'll take a pretty stiff jolt to bring her back to herself."

That night, in accordance with the plan they had arranged, the three men went to the hotel where Jimmy and his accomplice were dining. They picked her out easily—radiantly gowned, seated opposite her companion. All went well until the pair were about to leave the room. Then Kendal, unable longer to bear the strain, stepped across her path, crying: "Julie—for God's sake, don't you know me?"

The woman, thinking him drunk or crazy, took a firmer grip on her accomplice's arm and hastened past him without a sign of recognition. And yet there was a strange resemblance—a something that puzzled her about the man—some strange force that seemed to draw her to him.

The next morning a big box of rosebuds and a contrite note from Kendal were brought to her as she breakfasted in her rooms with Jimmy. The crook leaned over and glanced at the card.

At once scenting a new victim, he tried to interest his companion in the old scheme. For the first time since he had known her, he found her apathetic.

"No, Jimmy," she said, with a little quaver in her tone. "Not this time. And not this man. Some way or other I feel as if I had known him before—that he has been very dear to me. And it doesn't seem right."

"Aw, Nan!" importuned the crook. "There you go with that mystery stuff again. Why, this fellow has all kinds

of money, and one of those spotless reputations that he'd spend a fortune on to keep white. And look at the way he's falling, will you? Sees you once and sends you a thousand dollars' worth of flowers. He's crazy about you, I tell you; and the thing's so easy, it's a shame to take the money."

After much persuasion, the woman fell in with the plan and sent Kendal a note asking him to call on her that afternoon. But when she saw him again she found herself in the presence of some strange, subtle influence. The thing was impossible. The man's face haunted her as a face seen in a happy and but half-remembered dream.

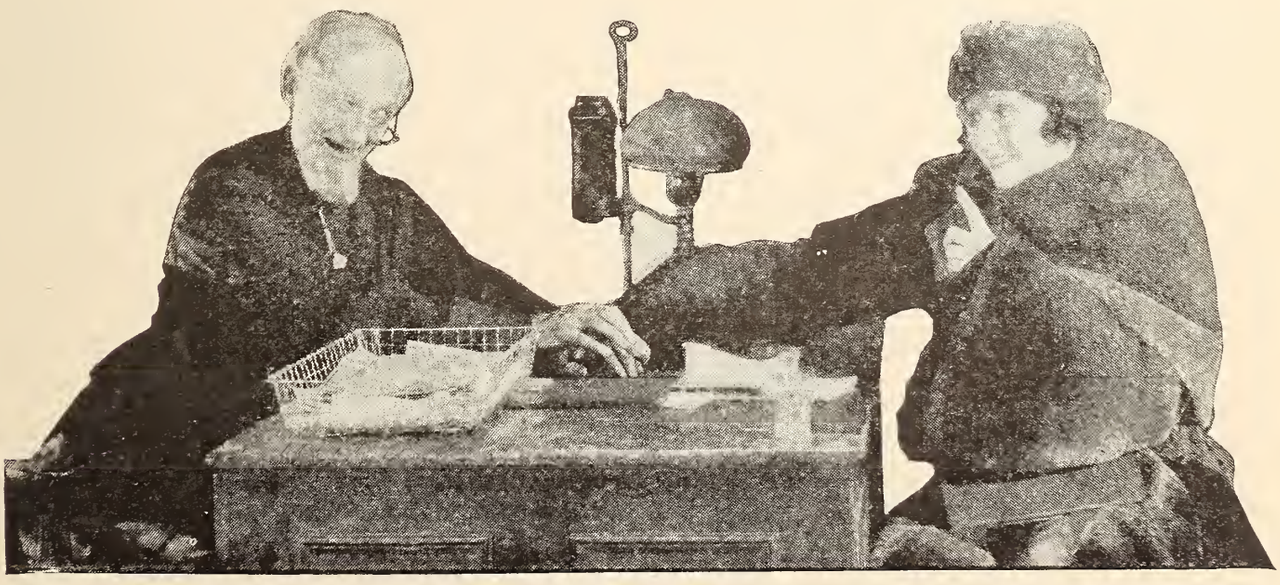
It was a strange week. Each day Kendal sent flowers, and, to the discomfiture of Jimmy, spent many hours with her. Then one afternoon, at tea in the palm room of the hotel, he leaned swiftly across the table, took both her hands, and asked her to marry him. De Luxe Annie, as one in a trance, acquiesced.

The following morning she broke the news to her accomplice. His loud protestations were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a woman collecting for war charities. Filling out the check for her subscription, Annie's eyes seemed irresistibly drawn to a gold brooch the visitor wore at her throat. Never before had she been tempted to steal, but something about its glitter seemed to draw her fingers toward it. She handed the little slip of paper to her visitor, and, as she did so, she deftly unclasped the pin, concealing it in the folds of her dress.

Jimmy, appearing from the adjoining room, where she had hid him before the arrival of her visitor, noted the brooch at once. What was more, he recognized it as the brooch his former accomplice had shown him the night they had been so nearly trapped. During his concealment in the next room, the voice of the collector for the war fund had reminded him of her, and his suspicions now seemed verified. De Luxe Annie, the original one, was "squealing" on him.

There was no time to lose. In a few terse words he explained the situation to his companion. As they were about to make a get-away, Kendal and Niblo, accompanied by Cronin and De Luxe Annie, rushed in; and Annie, playing the part which had been assigned her, denounced her successor for the theft of the brooch. Cronin stepped forward to arrest her; but, acting quickly in the confusion, Jimmy dragged her into the next room and locked the door. They

With the cunning of long practice, "De Luxe Annie" played the game.



quickly climbed out on the fire escape and made their way to the street, five floors below, while the men above vainly battered on the door.

Three hours later, in the little village of Riverside, miles away, the woman sat beside the desk of old Cyrus Monroe, the richest citizen of the town, showing him a set of beautifully bound books—and a smile that would have tempted a St. Anthony; while Jimmy, from his place of concealment in a doorway across the snow-covered road, awaited her signal.

Why she had bought tickets for Riverside the woman could not have told. Jimmy had suggested New Haven, but one of her forgetful spells had come while she stood at the ticket window, and before she had discovered her strange mistake they were on the way and it was too late to change.

The senile storekeeper, not at all interested in her books, readily succumbed to the witchery of her smile and endeavored to take her in his arms. She eluded him with a knowing smile, and, crossing to the window, pulled down the shade. Then slowly she yielded to his advances as he started to put his arm about her.

Just then the door opened, and Jimmy, gun in hand, stalked in upon them. De Luxe Annie knew every fine point of the game and played it well. She screamed and clutched the old fellow about the neck. The crook played the irate husband to perfection. He pushed the sobbing woman into a corner and threatened the quavering Monroe with the revolver.

The terror-stricken old man fell, groveling, at his feet, begging for mercy. He didn't know the woman was married; she told him she was a widow. He would make any restitution that lay within his power.

Jimmy, as the injured husband, appeared obdurate. The storekeeper tottered to the safe, and was about to open it and offer him money in order that his life be spared, when there was a stern command:

"Hands up!"

They turned to the door and saw Cronin standing there, with pistol levered at the crook.

Realizing that resistance was out of the question, Jimmy threw his hands up over his head, and then, at the command of the detective, lowered them again; while Monroe, directed by Cronin, sprang the handcuffs upon his wrists.

Meanwhile, his "pal" was watching her chance. Seizing a bottle of carbolic acid, she stealthily emptied it behind the desk, and, shrieking, placed the bottle to her lips and crashed to the floor.

Horrified at her act, Cronin was at her side. He knelt beside her prostrate form, while Jimmy, with terror in his eyes, crowded closer. For a moment, even he was taken in. With a hysterical laugh of triumph, the woman threw her arms about Cronin's neck and held him, while Jimmy brought his heavily manacled hands down with a stunning blow upon the detective's head, knocking him senseless.

Rising, she brushed off her dress, coolly reached into the unconscious man's pocket, and, taking out his keys, unlocked the handcuffs from Jimmy's wrists. Then quickly they tied the detective's head with her scarf. Monroe, in the excitement, had made good his escape, and Jimmy and his accomplice were about to follow him when they heard heavy footfalls on the stairs. They dashed back into the storeroom and took refuge behind the row of packing cases against the wall.

At this moment, Kendal and Niblo entered, followed by Monroe, and hastened to Cronin's assistance. They bent over him, anxiously asking what had become of the blackmailers. Cronin shook his head in dazed fashion as

Together they tied her scarf around his limp head.

they liberated him. Monroe, noticing the scarf, suddenly remembered that the sheriff had the finest pack of bloodhounds in the State. Meanwhile, the fugitives, in their place of concealment, listened breathlessly until the search party, led by old Monroe, had all filed heavily down the stairs.

Then Annie again passed her hand before her eyes in a dazed way. She saw, in memory, a page from a book she seemed to be reading to a child. "How Nezer Fooled the Hounds," it was called, and she recalled distinctly the fact that even the most keen-scented hounds cannot follow the trail of a person on skates. Quickly she imparted this information to her companion, and, snatching up some skates, they hastened out into the night toward the frozen river.

For a half hour or more they skimmed along on winged feet over the river, stopping now and then to listen for the baying of the baffled hounds, which had lost the trail at the river bank. Just as they were in a fair way to make a clean get-away, Jimmy's skate caught in a branch, half imbedded in the ice, and he fell forward heavily.

Annie helped him up the bank. They entered the woods, and, after a short walk, reached a bungalow. Prying

open the door, they got inside, and in a short time the woman had a blazing fire in the grate and the table set.

Jimmy was astounded at her seeming familiarity with the house.

"There's something queer about this," he told her, as they sat down to the hasty lunch. "If I didn't know you, I'd say that you had lived here, the way you find your way about. You put your finger on the electric-light switch in the dark. You brought me a drink from a cellaret that was hidden in the wall, and you seemed to know just where to reach for the matches which I couldn't have found in a week."

Again the woman passed her hand before her eyes. What was it? she pondered. She could not remember having been there before, and yet there seemed an odd familiarity about it all.

Meanwhile, Jimmy, nosing around, discovered on the desk a photograph of a woman and child. A cry escaped him as he recognized the face of the woman before him. Was Annie "playing him double?" He leaped back into the shadow as he spied a face at the window, peering into the room. Annie, following his glance, turned to see Kendal.

The crook rushed out by a side door as Kendal and Niblo entered the room. De Luxe Annie, obeying her instinct, snatched up a revolver and held them at bay. Then, to her dismay, as she was about to effect her own escape, Cronin reappeared, with the crook, again in handcuffs, whispering, as he did so, a word or two to Kendal.

"The game's up, I guess, Jimmy," said Annie, letting the weapon clatter to the floor. "I did my best——" the words trailed off, as the woman suddenly pitched forward into Kendal's arms.

"Julie—for God's sake, Julie, don't you remember? Don't you know me? Speak, little girl!" The strong man held her to him as if he would never let her go again.

"So this was a neat little frame-up on me, eh?" sneered Jimmy. "Well, I'd never 'a' thought that of Annie. She was a pretty nice little girl, and I took mighty good care of her. I always hoped that some day she might kind of like me."

"Listen!" demanded Cronin tersely, while Kendal lifted his wife gently to the lounge. "You're listening to me now, and when I've finished you can go—free as air. You remember the night that you and De Luxe Annie worked your game on Kendal? Well, his wife was in the house that night. One of you hit her with something as you were making your get-away, and knocked her down a cellarway. She's never been right since, and she wandered off to Chicago, where she fell in with you.

"Your side partner stole that brooch off her that night. Later she pawned it. We recovered it, and that's how we tracked the pair of you down—through Annie." Jimmy seemed stupefied by the story.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" he managed to say at last. "I used to say to her: 'There's something mighty queer about your being in this game; it ain't natural.' But she'd always just look at me in a dazed sort of way."

The whole place reeked of ether, giving Kendal a strange, sick feeling at his heart. A moment later, Niblo met him and led him into the little white room. His smile told of a successful operation.

Julie lay in bed with her head bandaged.

"Walter!" she exclaimed weakly. Kendal's heart gave a leap of joy.

"Walter, dear, I have had such a strange dream!" she whispered. "It

Cast of De Luxe Annie

Written from the Select picture play of the same title starring Norma Talmadge.

Julie Kendal.....Norma Talmadge
Jimmy Fitzpatrick.....Eugene O'Brien
Walter Kendal.....Frank Mills
Dr. Fernand Niblo.....Edward Davis
Detective Cronin.....Fred R. Stanton
Cyrus Monroe.....Joseph Burke

seemed as though it had separated me from you and little Janet for a long time. And yet I've been right here since I went to bed last night, haven't I?"

"Yes, dear," he said, his voice choking.

"It's all right, then," she said wearily. "Because I know that if I should be taken away, or should wander away as I dreamed I had done, you'd find me and bring me back."

Her eyes had closed, and she could not see the tears in his eyes as he leaned over and kissed her.

"Walter, dear, I have had such a strange dream!"

Concerning Cuddles

who makes her first bow in this number of Picture Play to the fans of the screen.

By Muriel Graham

A NEW star is about to appear in that resplendent constellation which includes Elsie Ferguson, Billie Burke, Lina Cavalieri, Marguerite Clark, and Mary Pickford. Her name is Lila Lee and she is said to be only fourteen years old.

Yesterday she was known as Cuddles. Perhaps you have seen her on the vaudeville stage, for that is where she has been appearing during the last few years, getting the training which was preparing her—though she never knew it—for this unexpected stardom.

It all began one day when she was six years old. It never occurred to Cuddles, on that particular day, that Fate was preparing a career for her. The only thing

The child of yesterday had suddenly developed into a beauty of deep-eyed splendor.

on her mind was how to get the most fun out of playing "ring around a rosie" out in front of one of the theaters in her home town, Union Hill, New Jersey.

There were ten children playing with her, and they all stopped their game when a big touring car drove up to the theater and a man whom the world knows as Gus Edwards stepped out. Mr. Edwards was at that time trying out a vaudeville sketch. In this sketch he needed the services of several young children. About twenty minutes before the act was scheduled to open, he decided to take one last look about the theater for a couple of kiddies, and it was then that Fate began to get in her strongest licks for the little girl playing in the gutter. Mr. Edwards saw her, found out who her mother was, got that lady's permission to use her little girl in the act, and then asked the child: "Do you want to go on the stage?"

"Yeth, thir," was the reply.

And from that time on until May, 1917, she became Cuddles, playing on the vaudeville stage all over the United States and making an immense hit as a new child phenomenon.

About a year ago, Jesse L. Lasky was looking for a new star, one with extreme youth, exceptional beauty, and acknowledged ability. The combination was not an easy one, and it was exactly a year before Mr. Lasky came across the star he wanted. Her name was Lila (Cuddles) Lee.

Grown up from babyhood, the toy wonder child of yesterday had suddenly

After searching for a year, Jesse L. Lasky chose Lila Lee for his new star.

shot up into a penetrating and exquisite beauty of deep-eyed splendor. She is still a child in years, but a superbly physical and temperamental exception; faultlessly built, tall, vigorous, and athletic. The wonder is that some other producer had not stolen her before.

Hearing about Mr. Lasky's new find, I hunted up Cuddles at the theater where she was playing her last engagement, a few weeks ago. Her dress only reached a little below her knees. She walked toward me, her hands in the pockets of her Mackinaw coat.

"I'm glad to know you," she said, in her big, serious way—and I knew immediately that Cuddles and I were going to go fifty-fifty from that date.

In the dressing room, while she spread on the rouge and powder with the dexterity of a mature actress, Cuddles and I talked about things in general. There were flashes of childishness that make her a tenderly human little girl, but she didn't want to talk much about herself.

Scarcely more than a child, she comes to the screen as a star.

"You know, this is a nice life, because you don't have to always take life soberly," she said, turning to me with the pencil poised to darken an eyebrow.

She told me she loved her work, and her whirlwind dancing verified her word. She has perfect control of every movement she makes—and she makes quite a few during the course of one performance.

She was the pet of every one in all the acts on the bill.

But what won Cuddles a permanent place with me is the way she took off the silk stockings that she used on the stage and donned a pair of cotton ones, slipped on a simple dress and Mackinaw coat, and was very, very careful to erase every bit of make-up from her face.

I'm sure you'll like Cuddles, too, when you see her this fall on the screen. Her first piece, I'm told, is to be called "One Hundred Per Cent American."

THE VERY IDEA!

MRS. GIVEM A. SHOVE was the president of
A Ladies' Reform 'Sociation.
"Picture plays aren't good for the people; they should
Be careful of their relaxation."
But while making this speech in her efforts to teach
The people and from the screen wean 'em,
She was asked: "Do you gaze very oft at the plays?"
Said she: "Why, I've never yet seen 'em!"

H. J. YELLAMS.

Gossip and Tea

On a bungalow veranda, with the sea wind playing tag with May Allison's curls.

By Barbara Little

MAY ALLISON doesn't want to co-star with anybody—not even Harold Lockwood, "nice boy" that he is—and she's terribly disappointed that she couldn't get a passport to England for the fall opening at the Gayety Theater in London, because she's never been abroad—she prefers New York to California, even though it's much pleasanter to do pictures in the sun instead of under artificial light—and she isn't in love with anybody (honest, she'd tell if she were!)—and she thinks that girls are dreadfully foolish not to match their eyes in bordered handkerchiefs.

These were some of the things May told me one warm afternoon at gossip and tea on the veranda of her Long Island bungalow, a cozy little nest on the Sound, to which she and her big sister and her mother all join

The Sound offers many delightful fishing possibilities.

hands and run away, to laze out week-end vacations far from the dust and heat of New York City.

And as my eyes traveled from the jaunty blue straw "tam," with its perky quill, to the still vivider blue of her merry eyes, and caught the same note again in—yes—a bordered handkerchief, I decided that Miss Allison was a young lady who not only laid down excellent precepts, but followed them. She had just run out from the city in her car, and looked a bit hot, and a bit wind blown—which was most becoming—and very pretty in a little navy serge suit with a pony coat.

And then, after she had changed into something cool, we had some more gossip and some more tea.

The latter Miss Allison shared with a nice big dog, who sniffed the fresh biscuits and came a-begging for some. But "Wobbles," who had been banished to the garage for the day, is her favorite, she says.

"Why don't you believe in co-starring?" I asked.

"Simply because it is very hard to get plays suitable for co-stars. They just aren't. One star is bound to get a better part than the other, one which presents better opportunities for acting. So you see how it was that I wanted to shine by my lonesome, even when I had such a nice star as Harold Lockwood to co-shine with me.

"My dear, I want to do something really big in pictures"—she shook her head deprecatingly—

She curled up in a corner of the porch.

—"oh, no, I haven't, not yet. Something more than mediocre, before I go back to the stage." Which naturally brought up the question of London.

"I *was* so disappointed!" For a moment the blue eyes clouded over, then, Aprillike, smiled again. "I had such an excellent opportunity to appear at the Gayety Theater, which is the 'New Amsterdam' of the Continent—that is, it is known for its musical comedies as the New Amsterdam is in New York. But I couldn't get my passport, though I tried for weeks and weeks. But, of course, it's only delayed fun, because some time I'm going."

"Back to the footlights, or to London?"

"Both—and part of this summer I'm going to be back in California, though I'd rather stay here, because most of my friends are here and in Alabama, where I come from. Though I do like California, too, because it's so full of out-of-doors."

"More than any other State?"

She nodded gravely. "There's so much out-of-doors there that you never think of working under artificial light—and that is so trying. It doesn't make as good pictures, either, because the outlines of the features take so much more harshly."

And as for being heart-whole and fancy-free—well, after being entertained by Miss May Allison at her bungalow for an afternoon, I began to think that if that young lady was, there were undoubtedly several nice young men who weren't.

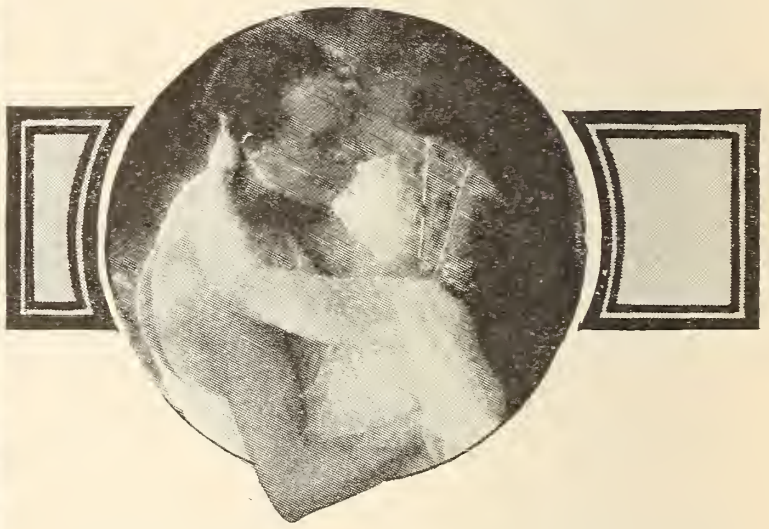
"You see, I am much too busy to get married," she demurred, recapturing a naughty, naughty sunny curl that the sea wind kept teasing.

"Which means that a career and marriage are incompatible?"

"At one and the same time—yes, I think so. You see, I regard getting married as an art in itself—that is, not *getting* married," she amended hastily, "but *staying* married—oh, no!" Here she became hopelessly tangled and superlatively pink. "I mean, just *being* married is an art!"

A friendly dog or two to make life pleasant.

Summer Idyls of



SUMMER comes, and with it the longing for the great open spaces, the wind and the sunshine, the sea and the mountains. And so the summer idyls—fairy tales, old and new, are shown.

Mount Olympus is the setting for the "Triumph of Venus," a mythological picture, featuring Betty Lee.

The story is based on the old Greek tale of how Venus, the goddess, being wounded by Cupid, fell in love with a mortal.

Mountains and Sea

ANNETTE KELLERMANN'S new spectacle, "Queen of the Sea," follows the line of its predecessors. *Merilla,* a mermaid, is told that she must save four human lives to attain for herself immortality. After many perils and hardships she is wooed and won by a Prince Charming, and at last attains all she set out to accomplish.

As in all the Kellermann spectacles, her famous swimming and diving are the important features.

Stars Shot from Ink Pots

The director of the Black and White Comedies talks about his troubles.

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

IN the studio of the International Film Company, Director Gregory la Cava, poor fellow, was having the most exasperating time. He looked up from his desk with a worried expression when I slipped by the switchboard watchdog and let myself in through his plate-glass door.

"Which one of the kids is it now?" I asked, carelesslike.

"The whole cast has gone on strike," he groaned. "That's the trouble with trying to run an all-star production. Too much temperament to the foot of film. It was this way," explained La Cava, leaning back from the drawing board on which Happy Hooligan and the whole Katzenjammer family were holding a demonstration and slinging ink around.

"The Captain started the whole business this morning when he balked at a simple little swimming scene that the picture called for. In a way, I don't blame the poor fellow, because 'props' has come across with an awfully small washtub that Mrs. Katzenjammer regularly washes the kids in.

"Hans and Fritz broke loose, and that started the Captain off. He said he wouldn't act in any more pictures that featured the kids, and I don't know what all else.

The riot spread to Happy, and he said he was tired of playing hobo rôles and that he wanted to get a dress suit and do real Bushman stuff.

"You see," explained Gregory, "it's all my fault for making them stars. When they were just novelties, they weren't so popular, but they were a heap easier to work with. Then we got the idea of running the Black and White Comedies to feature them, and getting up regular scenarios and sets for them like regular actors."

"You don't say!" I gasped.

"Look here!" commanded the director-manager, taking down a stack of manuscripts. "These are the scenarios of the pictures we have produced this season. Now come along with me and take a look at the sets we are building."

In the next room some twenty girls sat at desks which had glass tops and electric lights under the glass. They were transferring the sets from paper drawings to strips of celluloid, the strong light shining through making the tracing quite simple. It was on the same general principle as tracing maps on the windowpane, and a lot easier. In another room he showed me how they take the pictures, an exposure at a time, from celluloid drawings placed one over another, sometimes in four layers, clamped down over a glass plate lighted from below. The camera is a stationary one, placed directly over the desk. The celluloid is so thin that the black India-ink lines show through.

On the first celluloid sheet were drawn all the lines of the set that remained the same through the entire scene. On the second sheet appeared the lines which were sometimes interfered with—eclipsed by the introduction of the actors into the set. On still another surface were sketched the mov-

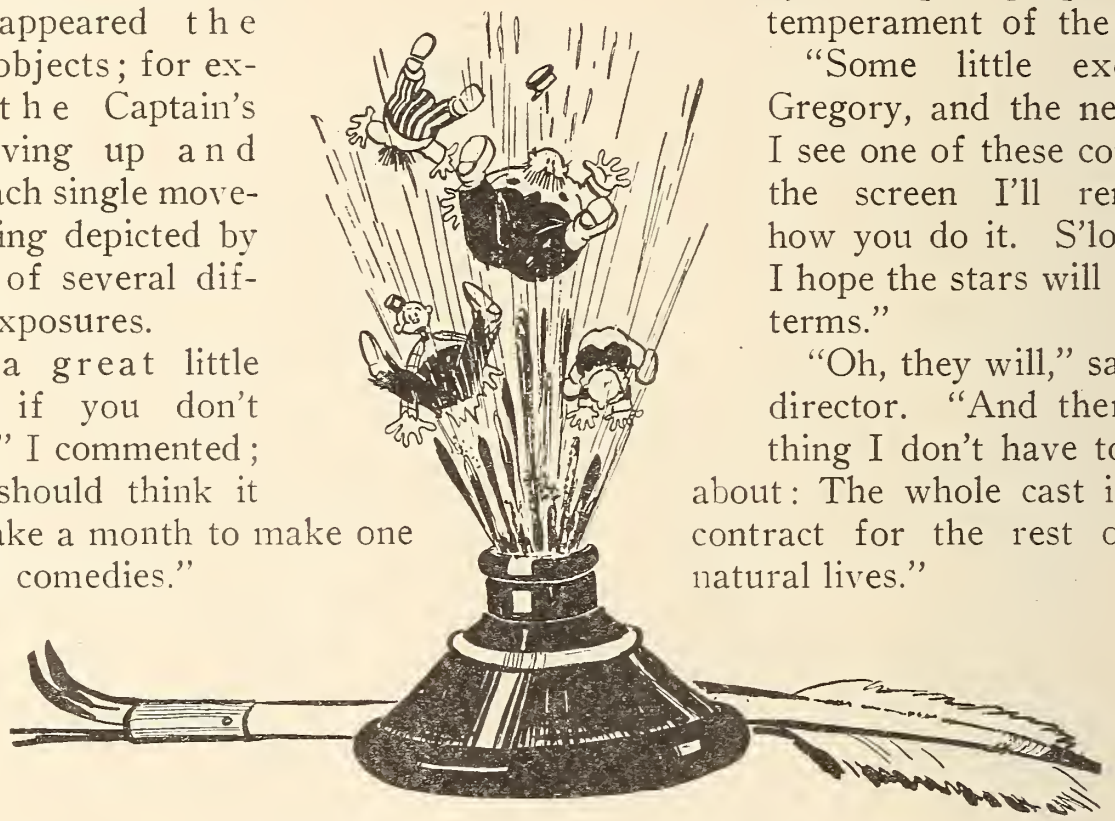
able objects, such as the table, chairs, and bathtub, together with those parts of the actors which remained still through a number of exposures—their bodies and legs in one case, for instance, while their heads, faces, and hands did the action. On the fourth sheet, which was the paper, appeared the moving objects; for example, the Captain's fist, moving up and down, each single movement being depicted by a series of several different exposures.

"It's a great little system, if you don't weaken," I commented; "but I should think it would take a month to make one of those comedies."

"It would take even longer," he replied, "if one man tried to do it alone. We have a force of nearly thirty artists and tracers here, working full time on these comedies alone, and we manage to produce a comedy a week. That is," he amended, "not allowing for time lost by a stupid 'props' or the temperament of the actor."

"Some little excursion, Gregory, and the next time I see one of these comics on the screen I'll remember how you do it. S'long, and I hope the stars will come to terms."

"Oh, they will," said their director. "And there's one thing I don't have to worry about: The whole cast is under contract for the rest of their natural lives."



SPOUTERS!

SAID the leading man to me: "I'm great—
I really am a wonder!
As an 'extra man' I made a hit,
And now on the topmost round I sit;
When it comes to Genius, you'll admit
A whale I am, by thunder!"

Said I to the leading man: "That's true,
A fact I am well knowing!
You are quite right in your modest tale;
I noticed once when I went to sail,
As soon as he gets on top, a whale
Usually starts ablowing!"

H. J. Yellams.

NO DOUBT YOU'LL AGREE

THAT to be the daughter of a Western oil magnate, to be the leading woman for Monroe Salisbury, in Bluebird productions, and to own such an attractive motor car, are three things which many a girl might well envy Edna Earle.

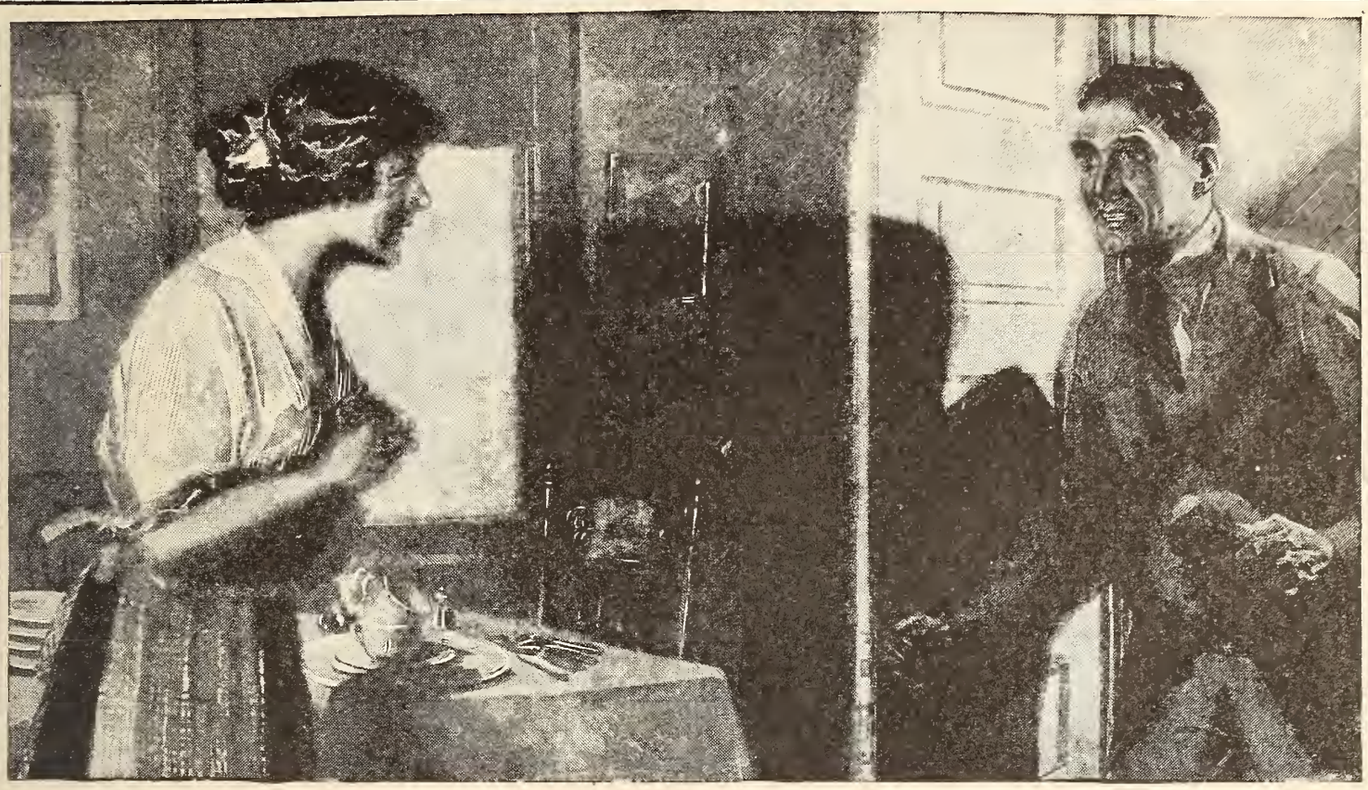
This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write 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.

LITTLE RHODY."—Not so bad, on your very first attempt, to land at the head of the Oracle Department, is it? If you have been reading the Oracle for so long it is about time that you asked some questions yourself. Louise Huff is the young lady's correct name. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore played opposite each other in "Caprice," a Famous Players production. Jack Pickford played with his sister in "Poor Little Peppina" and "A Girl of Yesterday." Jack is now a U. S. film censor. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Marguerite Clark would do a few more of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Sub-Deb" stories. They have proved decidedly popular. "Rich Man, Poor Man" is her latest offering on the Paramount. Any time you want to know anything else, "Rhody," just drop me a line.

I Am For Wheeler Oakman.—Well, Hope, I see that you have changed your heading again. How on earth do you keep track of them all? I should think that you would forget sometimes and overlook your answers. You must be gifted with a good memory for names. This is the second answer on my list, but if the fellow who sets it up takes another night off, there is no telling where you will land. "Margie's Admirer" is an Australian reader of Picture-Play, and the censor evidently thought that even a perfectly busy Oracle shouldn't read some of the things she wrote, for he blocked them out, and there was no telling what she said. Maybe they think I'm too mysterious to be told too much. You should write to Alan Dale yourself about not mentioning Wheeler in his review of "I Love You." Wheeler is now with the California "Grizzlies," and should make a very neat little fighter for Uncle Sam. You want to see him in "The Claim" with Edith Storey. Then another of your favorites, Charlie Ray, has a great little picture in "Playing the Game," and one due in a few days, "His Own Home Town." Harold Lockwood's latest is, "Lend Me Your Name." Yes, "The Hired Man" was very good, I thought. No, Hope, I agree with you that, although you may change your affections from one movie idol to another, you still continue a true friend to "ye Oracle," so I guess it is rather mean of me to call you "fickle," eh? May is not coming back with Harold as Metro announced. She is being featured alone. Write on both sides of the paper now if you like, as paper must be saved in these times—like food, and a nice disposition.

Whatta Chance.—May Allison and Harold Lockwood are not going to play opposite each other, as was announced some time ago by the Metro publicity department. May and Harold are both being featured alone in Metro productions at the present time, and there doesn't seem to be any chance of their playing together for some time. You can reach Harold at the Yorke Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California, and May at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 3 West Sixty-first Street, New York City. Both of them will send you their photos.

Edna and Charles.—Am very sorry that you didn't read the Oracle rules before you wrote, as it would have saved you a great deal of trouble. Your Chaplin question is against the rules. Sorry.



"I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service.

There is a job ahead of *you* that some man is going to be picked for. The boss can't take chances. When he selects the one to hold it he is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work. Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the International Correspondence Schools, just as nearly two million men have done in the last twenty-five years, just as more than 100,000 men are doing today.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way—and make it right now.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 4554, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

- ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Electric Lighting and Railways
- ☐ Electric Wiring
- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ Metallurgist or Prospector
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Window Trimmer
- ☐ Show Card Writer
- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Railroad Trainman
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer and Typist
- ☐ Cert. Public Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
- ☐ Railway Accountant
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Teacher
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- ☐ Auto Repairing
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Italian

Name_____

Present Occupation_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

KAMENOSUKE WATANABE.—Was indeed very pleased, and highly honored to get your letter from Tokyo. All the nice things you say about the magazine are indeed appreciated. You flatter me, but, nevertheless, I thank you for the compliment. It never occurred to me that I was considered a humorist. Mary MacLaren will receive any mail sent to her at Universal City, California. The same address will answer for Ruth Clifford and Helen Gibson. Address Myrtle Gonzales in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, twenty-eight cents will be sufficient for a photograph, even to far-off Japan. Helen Gibson was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on August 27, 1894. Let me hear from you again, and tell me all the film doings in Japan. Also who are the big favorites there now.

HIAWATHA.—Canada and Australia are the leading foreign countries in writing to the Oracle. England, France, South America, Finland, Japan, Ireland, and Scotland are close contenders. Features are released the same time in Canada as in the United States by the majority of companies. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1896. Dorothy was born two years later. Write Mabel Normand in care of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 16 East Forty-second Street, New York City. Alice Brady should be addressed in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks gets mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. June Caprice should be addressed in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

IRENE, AUSTRALIA.—Always have to greet a new correspondent, so I'll say "Welcome" before I answer your questions. Mahlon Hamilton gets all of his mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Can't answer matrimonial questions, Irene, as it is against the rules of the department. Yes, I am sure that he would answer a letter from you. I am indeed interested in your talk. America is in this war like the other Allies, so why shouldn't I? I would say that you have it very nice with only a walk across the street to see your film plays. Yes, I know Harold Lockwood personally. On the whole, the weather is very good in America, especially so in California, where most of the tourists in the East go during the winter months. Write again soon.

ESSIE K., AUSTRALIA.—Thanks ever so much for the souvenir views of Sydney. Very cute indeed, and I enjoyed them very much. Suppose I shall find a letter from you among the pile of letters that I am answering.

ORACLE FANS.—Corporal G. B. McKittrick, a veteran reader of the Oracle, who joined the colors when Uncle Sam threw his hat into the ring, would like to hear from you. Address him at Camp Custer, Ordnance Department, Michigan. The corporal is a rabid movie fan, and would like to keep posted on everything.

"CILLY AWS."—Enid Markey's latest feature is "Tarzan of the Apes," and the William Fox feature, "Six-shooter Andy." She is now working on a sequel to "Tarzan," which is being produced by the National Film Corporation. Enid has been off the screen for several months, playing in dramatic stock in San Diego, California. I haven't heard that Norma Talmadge was going on the stage. She is still making features for the Select Pictures Corporation. "Going Straight" was the Triangle feature. Write to Clara Kimball Young in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, where she is making her latest feature, "The Claw." She is not with Lasky; merely using stage space there. I am sure that she would send you one of her photos. Elsie Ferguson gets all her mail at the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Can't say whether Willard Mack will act in pictures in the near future or not. He is at present with Goldwyn, and putting most of his time into the scenario department there. All last season he played in New York in his own play, "Tiger Rose." David Belasco produced the play. Marie Doro is not acting in pictures at the present time. Conway Tearle is not with any special company. He seems to play with them all. Elliot Dexter is with the Lasky forces. Eugene O'Brien is at present leading man for Norma Talmadge, whose pictures are released through Select. Don't ask me to name my favorite actor or actress. Remember, I'm not Jess Willard. "A Messenger from Mars" was a foreign-made production. Yes, George M. Cohan is going to do some more features for the Artcraft. His latest is his well-known successful stage play, "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." Dorothy Gish will shortly appear in an Artcraft feature directed by Ghet Whitey and supervised by D. W. Griffith. You are quite right.

CUCKOO.—What did you do—forget to put half of the letter in the envelope? You start off by telling me a story, and, at the fourth page, everything stopped with the story only about one-quarter finished. Better look up the remaining pages, and send them on to me as soon as you read this.

ANTONE M.—I haven't seen the letter that you misaddressed, but I am looking it up. The Market Booklet has been sent to you, anyway. Drop me another line in case the letter can't be found.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Miss Kaura Thomas.—Francis X. Bushman is still making features for the Metro Pictures Corporation. Any mail addressed to him in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City, will be sure to reach him. Mary Miles Minter gets her mail at the American Studios, Santa Barbara, California. Beverly Bayne's address is the same as Francis X.'s. Carlyle Blackwell, John Bowers, and Ethel Clayton all find their mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Alice Brady should be addressed in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Faith.—"Hope" resides in California, which is quite a distance from Canada. The Oracle has a big following among the Canadian film fans, and they are always well represented among the questionnaires every month. You don't ask many questions. All you want are addresses of film players. Well, here they are: Write to Ann Luther, Fay Tincher, and Mary Anderson in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Julian Eltinge should also be addressed there. Owen Moore and Herbert Rawlinson, too. Douglas Fairbanks gets mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. June Elvidge has hers sent to the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Louise Glaum and Bessie Barriscale have their private letter boxes at the Paralta Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. William Farnum receives his letters at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Pauline Frederick and Ann Pennington should be addressed at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mae Murray, Monroe Salisbury, Louise Lovely, Ella Hall, and Ruth Clifford get all their mail at Universal City, California. Betty Howe, Corinne Griffith, Edward Earle, Alice Joyce, and Harry Morey will receive mail addressed to them at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. May Allison and Emmy Wehlen get their letters at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 3 West Sixty-first Street, New York City. Stuart Holmes should be addressed at the Screen Club, New York City. Edna Purviance can be reached by the mailman at the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Elsie Ferguson now gets her mail at the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Carol Holloway's address is at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. Address Billie Rhodes at the National Film Corporation, Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Peggy Hyland and the Lee Kids should be sent letters at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Alice Lake is still leading woman for "Fatty" Arbuckle, so write her at the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California. Fannie Ward receives her daily correspondence at the Astra Company, Universal City, California. Well, I guess that covers the entire lot of players whose addresses you required.

I consider ***Nonspi*** *indispensable.*

Edith Storey

So Say Millions of Women

No woman can radiate that atmosphere of freshness and sweetness, which is her greatest charm, so long as she is annoyed by excessive perspiration. Neither can she avoid ruined gowns and continuous embarrassment. For her summer is a dreaded season; her poise and self assurance are always menaced. If you are such a sufferer, by all means use ***Nonspi.***

Keeps the Underarms Healthfully Dry and Absolutely Odorless

Nonspi is a positively dependable remedy which harmlessly diverts moisture from the underarm to other portions of the body. It has a record of many years of honorable service; is used by millions of women; recommended by physicians, chemists and first-class toilet and drug dealers everywhere.

Nonspi is unscented and contains no artificial coloring matter whatever. It is not intended to appeal to sight or smell but consists in its entirety of antiseptic and other beneficial ingredients. Daily baths do not lessen the effect of ***Nonspi*** and about two applications a week will free you from perspiration worry.

50c (several months' supply) of toilet and drug dealers or by mail direct. Or, send us 4c for ***testing sample*** *and what medical authorities say about the harmfulness of excessive armpit perspiration.*

The Nonspi Company, 2620 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

TRADE NONSPI MARK

No More Gowns Ruined **No Dress Shields Needed**

AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID.

I. O. U.—I have a lot of I O U's in real life that I would like to collect on as steadily as your letters come in. Charles Clary has dark hair shaded with gray. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. "True Blue" is his latest release, in which William Farnum has the leading rôle. He is still with the Fox Film Corporation.

Bushman Admirer.—Write to the editor regarding photos that you would like to see in the gallery of Picture-Play Magazine. Dorothy Gish had the leading rôle in "Her Official Fathers." Olive Thomas was the star in "Broadway, Arizona," Bessie Love in "Nina, the Flower Girl." Conway Tearle in Stuart Blackton's "Judgment House." Kathleen Clifford had the leading rôle in the Paramount serial, "Who Is Number One."

Cuckoo.—Solitaire is a great game, but I used to know a man that cheated himself every time he played. Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons are still making comedies for the Universal. I do not use any special color in stationery. The nearest piece of paper that is handy to me is the one I use.

P. Monckton.—Yes, Norma Talmadge has had her own company for some time now. Her features are released on the Select Pictures Corporation's program. Address her in care of the above concern at 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Eric Campbell met his death in an automobile accident when his machine crashed into another car and turned over. Monroe Salisbury, Jane Novak, Jack Livingstone, Jack McDonald, and Kathleen Kirkham had the leading rôles in the Clune production, "The Eyes of the World." I thought Salisbury gave a finished performance as *Conrad le Grange*. Mary Thurman does not hold any track records that I know anything about. You must have been misinformed in the matter. Mary is very athletic, but no champion runner.

Judge Willis Brown Fan.—The Judge Willis Brown stories are still being released by the General Film Company. They are indeed very human little pictures, and I have enjoyed every one of them. "Bud's Recruit" I thought especially good. King Vidor is the name of the director of these pictures, and he deserves a world of praise for the pleasant films he has made of the judge's stories.

Comedy Nut.—Write Lloyd Hamilton in care of the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. I'll certainly have corns on the tips of my fingers if I don't stop typewriting for the day.

Slim.—What's the trouble, did you run out of questions so soon? I will see that the editor mails you a copy of the latest Market Booklet, which is just off the press.

E. S. P.—No, the man and woman who played the part of Madge Evan's father and mother in the World Film play were not the little star's real parents. A letter addressed to her in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, will be sure to reach her.

F. D. N.—Write to Eugene O'Brien in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Yes, it seems that your favorite, Mary Miles Minter, is getting even more popular every day. Address her in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. You have the wrong idea. They do not put my picture as an old gray-headed man. In fact, they don't put my picture in it at all. The editor believes in leaving a lot to the imagination. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado, in 1884. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and looks out of a pair of blue eyes. He wears his hat over a marcel wave of light-brown hair.

M. B. E.—Sorry, but I can't tell you the name of the village in the Select production. It must have been *some place,* because they don't remember it themselves.

M. Oloson, Australia.—You evidently have made a big mistake, and put the letter to your husband in the envelope addressed to me, and the question you wanted to ask the Picture Oracle in the envelope addressed to your husband, because I received your letter to him in the envelope addressed to me. You can imagine my surprise when I opened your letter and found two pictures, one which said "from your loving wife" and the other "from your loving daughter." I have mailed the letter back to you, so the tangle can be straightened out. I can imagine your hubby's surprise when he opens his letter from you and finds a frank statement of your taste in leading men.

E. E. C. C.—There is no picture on record by the name of the Lasky Shoe Company, so I can't tell you what you would like to know about it. Billie Burke receives her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Henry Kolker is not playing in any feature at the present time. Jack Pickford is a brother of Mary Pickford. Jack is now a film censor for the United States government. The pardon is granted.

Charles H.—The Market Booklet has been sent to you under separate cover. I am sure that you will find it of great help to you with your writings, as it will save you a lot of unnecessary trouble and expense in sending the stories that you write to the wrong place. I know, from the letters that I have received, the readers have been highly pleased with their Market Booklets.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

GEORGE FISHER ADMIRER.—Yes, George Fisher was the young man that played in "Shell 43," and also in "The Darkening Trail" with Bill Hart. He is with the Paralta Company at the present time, and was recently "lent" to the Pathé Company for a feature with Bessie Love. You are thinking of "Honor Thy Name" and not "Honor Thy Father." Frank Keenan, Charles Ray, Louise Glaum, and "Pinky" Thompson had the leading rôles in this film. Yes, Billie Burke filmed "Gloria's Romance" after leaving the Triangle Company. She is now making features for the Paramount program. George Fisher was the minister in "The Thoroughbred" with Frank Keenan, and not in "Honor Thy Name." He was with Clara Williams in "Three of Many."

MISS H. H.—Jack Mower is leading man for Margarita Fisher in her productions at the American Studios in Santa Barbara, California, where any mail will reach him. Address Conway Tearle in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

KERRIGAN FAN.—Your favorite was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. He played in "The Road to Yesterday," "The Master Key," and "Brown of Harvard" on the stage. His first picture experience was with the Universal, and then he went to the American, where he was featured for three years before joining the Universal. He is now being starred in Paralta Plays. "The Turn of a Card" is his latest feature.

STENOG., WIS.—Mabel Scott appeared in "The Bar Sinister" after she did "The Barrier" for Goldwyn. She has just finished starring in a feature with Niles Welch for Henry McRae Webster. Yes, I liked her work very much. Sylvia Breamer supported Charley Ray in the Triangle feature, "The Millionaire Vagrant." You should do better next time. You used only one sheet of paper, and then didn't ask enough questions to fill both sides of it.

HAM'S FRIEND.—Lloyd Hamilton is the name of Ham when he is not working before a camera, and his middle initial is V. His latest feature is "A Waiter's Wasted Life," on the Fox program, and his next release, which he has just finished, will see Ham without his famous mustache for the first time in five years. You remember how he looked in the early features with Ruth Roland at the Kalem Studios with Marshall Neilan directing? Well, he will look the very same again in his forthcoming comedy, appearing as a country boob, in a rôle that is ideally suited to his abilities. No, I don't know of his purchasing property on the Bay Shore cut-off. So you think there was a great deal of character in his mustache. Both the "muff" and the character are in his make-up box at the studio now. Write to him in care of the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. His former partner Bud, of "Ham and Bud" fame, is not working now. Bud is somewhere in New York.

Every Blemish Removed In Ten Days

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Your Complexion Makes or Mars Your Appearence

PEARL LA SAGE, former actress who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known.

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians and beauty specialists for years. You have never in all your life used or heard of anything like it. Makes muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment, in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** There is nothing to wear, nothing to take internally. Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatm ent is absolut ely harmless to the most delicate skin, and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living is necessary. A few minutes every day does it.

To every reader of this paper I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

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Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

HENRI.—If you don't want to become a motion-picture star you can consider yourself the eighth wonder of the world. There are very few like yourself. You will have received your Market Booklet by this time with the list of all the film-producing companies in it, and the type of stories they are in the market for.

MASTER RICHARD.—The editor is sending you a copy of the latest Market Booklet.

J. M.—Romaine Fielding is not playing in pictures at the present time. Francis Ford directed Harold Lockwood in one feature. He now has his own film company. "Berlin via America" was the title of his first release. James Young is now directing at the Morosco Studios. Edwin August is not directing now. He is acting again at the Universal Studios.

QUESTION MARK.—Why call me "The Mystery *Man?*" John Bowers has just signed a contract with the World Film Corporation to appear in their productions for a period of two years. He'll probably get there sooner or later. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know, but stars are made overnight—sometimes. Write the editor about having pictures in the gallery. He attends to all of that. He'll be glad to get your suggestions, I'm sure. Yes, Johnny is a nice little fellow off as well as on. The reason some answer sooner than others is because some of the players get more mail than others. Yes, your nom de plume suits you all right, although you could have asked a whole lot more and still kept it.

N. L. S., OMAHA.—Are you sure that you wrote to the right addresses for the photos of your favorites? Mary Miles Minter should be addressed in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Mollie King should have been written to in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Bessie Love has left the Pathé forces. Write to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, Olive Thomas is at the Triangle Studios. Write to Ethel Clayton in care of Paramount Film Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Grace Darmond is now leading lady for Earle Williams. Write to her at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. Pauline Frederick gets all of her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 385 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Virginia Pearson gets her notes at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Gladys Leslie should be addressed in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Edna Purviance is still leading lady for Charlie Chaplin. She can be reached at the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California.

DOUG ADMIRER.—Eileen Percy is now leading woman for Franklyn Farnum at the Universal. She did one picture for the Sunshine Comedies after leaving Douglas Fairbanks, supporting Lloyd Hamilton, the Ham of "Ham and Bud" in "A Waiter's Wasted Life." Roscoe Arbuckle is still producing comedies for the Paramount program. The reason the majority of players live in California is because most of the studios are located there. Yes, it is customary to inclose two-bits for a photo of a player. It costs them more than that to send each one out.

J. W. T.—The above answer goes for you, too. I never heard of the gentleman. Maybe he plays extras.

MRS. F. N. P.—Sorry, but I never heard of the person to whom you refer. He isn't playing in pictures, that's a safe bet, or I would know of him. He may still be playing on the legitimate, however, so maybe you had better drop a line to some theatrical journal and inquire about him.

K. O. G.—So that's where you came from? It's a fine place to come from if you come soon enough. Yes, Clara Kimball Young answers letters. Are you sure that you wrote to her at the right address? She now gets all of her mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, where she is making her present features for her own company. Mary Pickford is twenty-three years of age. Yes, I guess they will produce more of the "Sub-Deb" stories with Marguerite Clark. Yes, the players act just like other humans. Evidently you didn't understand much of the "Easiest Way." The weather is very nice in New York at the present time—at least it is at eleven a. m. to-day as I sit writing to you.

ALIAS.—You will have to write sooner than a week before the issue comes out if you expect an answer in that issue. Letters are always answered in the order in which they are received, so the sooner your letters arrive, the quicker they will be published in the Oracle Department. The latest Theda Bara production on the Fox program is "The Soul of Buddha," but her special release of "Salome" is her very latest picture. The "early bird" catches the worm in this department.

E. B., TEXAS.—Cullen Landis is the young man that played the rôle of the country boy with Jackie Saunders. He is now with the Christie Comedy Company, and has been playing opposite Billie Rhodes. The magazine mentioned the late Joseph Kaufman's untimely death in "Screen Gossip." Venus, Texas, must be a model place to live.

DAVEY ANDERSON.—William Duncan is still with the Vitagraph. He has started work in a new serial for that company.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Betty King.—Jane and Kathie Lee get their mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Baby Marie Osborne receives hers at the Diando Film Company, Glendale, California. Nigel Barrie played opposite Mollie King in the "Mystery of the Double Cross." He is not light-headed, however. No, William Duncan did not write either "The Fighting Trail" or "Vengeance and the Woman." Sorry again, but your Carol Holloway question is contrary to the rules of the Oracle Department, and what's contrary is unanswerable.

Bill Hart's Fond Friend.—Back again, I see, and rather prompt, too. "Selfish Yates" is the latest feature to be released by the Artcraft with your popular favorite in the leading rôle. "The Tiger Man" was the name of his preceding film. He still gets his mail at the Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Joseph J. G.—A copy of the Market Booklet, which you sent the six cents in stamps for, has been sent you by the editor of Picture-Play.

O. Ima Phule.—You were the last time you wrote to me, and I see you're still sticking to it. What kind of a drink is that Ruby thing? I never heard of it. If you pull any more jokes like that "What Does Wallace Reid" I'll order you shot in the near future. Yes, Charles Ray and Mary Pickford are two good favorites to have. Mabel Normand can be addressed at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 16 East Forty-second Street, New York City. Charles Ray can be addressed at the Triangle Studios, but the letter wouldn't reach him, as he doesn't work there any more, so you had better write to him in care of Thomas H. Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Mary Pickford receives mail at the Lasky Studio, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Write Julian Eltinge in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Jack Pickford has become a film censor for the U. S. Mary Garden's address is in care of Goldwyn. Write both Francis Ford and Clara Kimball Young in care of Willis & Inglis. Harold Lockwood gets his daily letters at the Metro Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California. Ellis Hall finds her mail box full at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. William S. Hart has his own studio on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, where the letter carrier can always find him. Mary Pickford doesn't stutter in the least, so you win your bet with your friend. Theda Bara's present address is the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Theda Bara hasn't a brother named Paul Bara. You must be thinking of the undertakers, Paul Bara and M. T. Graves. Her brother's name is Marque. J. Gordon Edwards directed "The Soul of Buddha." No, Lillian is two years Dorothy's senior. I never have the time to count the number of letters I receive a day. I don't keep all the letters I receive, as the building is only seven stories high. Carter de Haven is the young man you are thinking of. Of course I have Liberty Bonds of each issue, and Thrift Stamps.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

PEGGY.—Of course, every one has at some time or other a desire to "throw things" about. I do myself, but very rarely. Anita Stewart has not appeared before the camera since she left the Vitagraph Company. She tried to, but the Vitagraph secured an injunction against her for breaking her contract with them, and she can't work now until her contract expires unless with the Vitagraph, and Anita has not shown any desire to do that. What was the trouble? You didn't ask as many questions as you threatened to.

W. P. L.—Forty questions is quite a bunch to be sure. Address Elsie Ferguson in care of the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, 495 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Evelyn Greeley gets all her mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. William Farnum greets the mailman at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Edna Purviance and Charles Chaplin can be reached at the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Mabel Normand and friend Ruby will get letters sent to them at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 16 East Forty-second Street, New York City. William Desmond has his mail addressed to him at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Eileen Percy and Dorothy Phillips find time to collect their mail at Universal City, California. Mary Miles Minter has the American Studios, Santa Barbara, for her address, and Jackie Saunders receives hers in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. "The Lie" is Elsie Ferguson's latest; "True Blue," William Farnum's. "The Greater Call" is Mary Miles Minter's latest, but the title will be changed before it is released. William Desmond is being shown in "Society for Sale." "A Dog's Life" is Charlie Chaplin's latest effort. Jackie Saunders is not working in pictures at the present time. "Fatty" Arbuckle has just finished a moonshine comedy, but it hasn't been titled yet. The Drews are playing on the stage at the present time. "His Smothered Love" is the latest comedy with Chester Conklin. "The Risky Road" is Dorothy Phillips' latest Bluebird. "The Girl From Bohemia" is Mrs. Vernon Castle's latest Pathé feature. Mabel Normand was featured in "Dodging a Million," Ruby de Remer and Tom Powers in "The Auction Block," Irving Cummings in "The Whip," and Mae Marsh in "Fields of Honor." Elsie Ferguson and Olga Petrova have different leading men in many of their pictures. Mabel Normand also changes her leading man from time to time. Jackie Saunders hasn't any leading man now, as she isn't working. Alan Forest has been playing opposite Mary Miles Minter. William Farnum, William Desmond, and Chester Conklin change their leading women with each picture. Winifred Kingston is leading woman for Dustin Farnum. Walt Whitman is a character actor, and has no leading woman. Irene Castle is going to continue her picture work. Mary Pickford is the highest salaried player on the screen.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

A. W.—What do you mean, "uncle?" Maybe I'm an aunt; you never can tell. I might not have attained either title yet. Who can tell? Olive Thomas is quite fascinating, to be sure. You would have to stretch some to reach Olive from St. Cloud. Would suggest that the best way for you to reach her is by mail. Address her at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Sure, I think she would send you her photographs. Yes, most of them would rather not (?).

E. J. D.—William Desmond will get your letter if you send it to him at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California.

Cuckoo.—You are starting out in regular fashion, all right. Five letters the first month! Keep up the good work; you can't make me mad. May Allison and Olive Thomas are not the slightest related. Leonore Ulrich is not Theda Bara's double by a long ways. I don't think they look at all alike. I earn as much as Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford, to be sure, but I don't get it.

Movie Fan.—Elmer Clifton is the young man that played opposite Bessie Love in "Nina, the Flower Girl." He is now directing Monroe Salisbury in Bluebird features at the Universal Studios. Sylvia Bremer has not been starred in any photo plays, although she has had leading feminine rôles in several features. Yes, Mabel Scott was on the legitimate before she entered the realm of the silent drama. Thanking me a million times is some thanks, believe me. Most of my readers just thank me once.

O. P. X.—Ann Pennington should be addressed at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mae Murray receives all of her mail at Universal City, California, and June Caprice at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Mae Marsh did not play in "The Whip." Irving Cummings had the leading rôle. It was a real wreck. They are not easy to "fake" and get away with these days. So the minister moved out of town after trying to stop "A Daughter of the Gods" from being shown! No wonder they all laughed at him. I guess he won't try to stop many more in a hurry. You are right about the hand. King Baggot has just finished playing opposite Marguerite Snow in "The Eagle's Eye" serial for the Wharton brothers. Address him in care of the Screen Club, New York City. Robert Warwick had the leading rôle in the "Argyle Case." He is now a captain on General Pershing's staff in France.

I Wantano.—Douglas McLean is still playing in pictures. His latest is with Enid Bennett for Thomas H. Ince. He recently played opposite Dorothy Gish, in a play for Artcraft He will play with Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr." He was with the Morosco Stock Company in Los Angeles until recently.

E. W.—Alice Brady had the featured rôle in the Select Pictures Corporation feature, "Woman and Wife."

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

"Alias Cuckoo."—Here you are again, directly after your other letter. It seems to me that you have a great many nom de plumes to use in the Oracle Department. Why don't you stick to one? You have so many that you are liable to forget them all some day and won't recognize them when you see them in the Oracle Department. They do say that King Solomon had a hard time remembering his two hundred wives. Can you imagine being introduced to one of your wives and saying, "Pleased to meet you?" Take heed and be careful. Theda Bara is the best known of the various screen sirens. Sorry, but I can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Louis Glaum is an American, being born in Maryland.

A Society Lady.—Philo would undoubtedly be pleased to have you ask for one of his photographs. Address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Robert S.—I don't know the address of Audrey Munson. She is not playing in pictures at the present time, but any mail addressed to her in care of the Mutual Film Corporation, Consumer's Building, Chicago, Illinois, will be sure to be forwarded.

David F.—No, Franklyn Farnum hasn't a twin brother who looks like him. Yes, it is possible for an actor to take the rôle of two, three, four, or six men in a picture. King Baggot once played nine parts in the same feature, and appeared in three of the characters at the same time on the screen. This is accomplished by means of triple exposure. William Farnum and Franklyn Farnum are not related to each other. Dustin and William Farnum are brothers.

E. M. A. J.—The knowledge you require should be obtained from the various film companies. Features are booked on the open market mostly, and the exhibitors take their pick from the features made by the various companies. If they don't like a film, they don't book it for their theaters. Pearl White gets all of her mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Clarey's Admirer.—Address Charles Clary at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. His best-known rôle was in "The Rosary" for the Selig Company, although he is always good in anything he does. He plays mostly in the William Farnum features for William Fox. Can't answer matrimonial questions, because rules are rules, you know. It is spelled Clary and not Clarey. He was born in Charleston, Illinois, on March 24, 1873.

Polly.—Grace Cunard has just started work on a new feature at the Universal under the direction of Joseph de Grasse, but it hasn't been named as yet. Valeska Suratt is back on the vaudeville stage again. Shirley Mason is still being seen in Edison features, released by Kleine. She plays the rôle of a Japanese miss in her latest.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Mary Miles Minter Admirer.—Most players change their names for professional reasons, because they probably think their taken names sound better for business purposes than their own would. Viola Dana gets all of her mail at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. You should have looked the rules of the Oracle over before you wrote your letter, as there are several questions that I can't answer on this account. Mary Miles Minter is still working at the American Studios in Santa Barbara. Her productions are all released on the Mutual program. April 1st is her birthday. She was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902.

Dorothy V. B.—It certainly must be very hard on you not to have seen a motion picture since last September, after not missing a peek for over ten years, especially as some of the greatest pictures ever filmed have been shown since that time. Of course, when you are thirty miles from the nearest picture theater, it is very hard to manage things. Cheer up, you may find yourself in town one of these days with a couple of hours to spare, and then you can do the job up brown.

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Miss M. F.—Gave the editor your six cents in stamps, and he mailed you a copy of Picture-Play's latest Market Booklet under separate cover. You will find it a great help to you in your work, as it gives the names and addresses of all the film companies, and the type of stories they are in the market for to-day.

A. E. P.—Yes, I have a great many letters to answer, and not very much space to answer them in; that is why it takes a little time to see your answers. The sooner they arrive at the office, the quicker you will see them in the Oracle Department, as the letters are always answered in the order that they are received. I think that Grace Darmond is quite popular now. It will be all right to send the twenty-five cents in stamps for the picture. Address her in care of the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. She is playing opposite Earle Williams in all his features now. It is perfectly O. K. to use both sides of the paper when asking questions, now, if numbered properly. I have quite a few Canadian correspondents now. You didn't write a very long letter this time. From the way you started off your letter I thought you would have a bunch of questions to ask.

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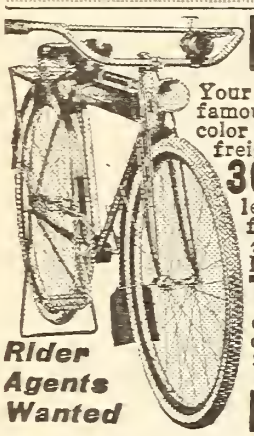

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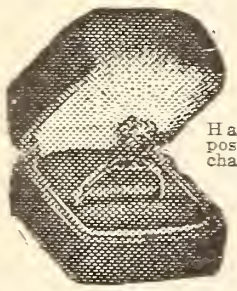

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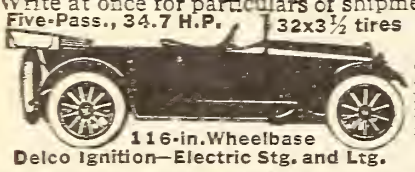

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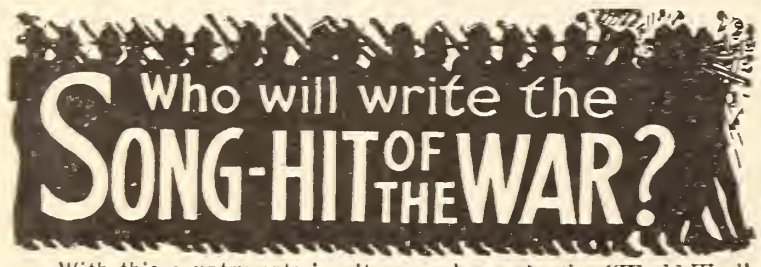

With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War," has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression, have Our Boys adopted another "It's a Long Way To Tipperary," which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies"? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song it appears to be still wanting.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

LANE K.—You inclosed but a two-cent stamp for a copy of the Market Booklet instead of the required six. Kindly send the editor the remaining four cents required, and the Booklet will be sent to you.

MYRA FULMER.—Yes, the address of the scenario department of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is the same as mine. Don't know whether Grace Cunard will appear in another serial or not. At present she is doing a feature at the Universal Studios. I think that Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark will send you one of their photographs. Address Mary at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and Marguerite Clark at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 495 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Viola Dana's address is the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Vivian Martin gets her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. May Allison receives her letters at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 3 West Sixty-first Street, New York City, and Carlyle Blackwell gets his at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

T. K.—Write to Harry Carey at Universal City, California, for one of his photographs.

M. F. C.—Tom Forman is now a first lieutenant in the United States army. A letter written to him at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will be promptly forwarded to him at his army post.

M. MILBANK.—Sessue Hayakawa has formed his own company, and gone into business for himself. Address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, I am sure that they would gladly send you the photos you require. Yes, Victor Moore, Frank Tinney, Fred Stone, and Fannie Ward are all personal friends of mine. "The Cheat" was certainly a very good picture. They are going to bring it out on the legitimate stage very soon. It should prove a winner if it turns out as good as the film.

BON-BON BUDDY.—Ruth Roland has just commenced work on a new serial for the Pathé Company. She is working at the Universal Studios, in Universal City, California. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. "The Lost Express" was the last serial that Helen Holmes appeared in for the Mutual Film Corporation. Of course Doris Kenyon has her own hair. Whose did you think it was? There are hardly any film companies working in Florida at the present time. Twede-Dan, the comedian, is the only one that I know of who is working in that clime at the present writing. William S. Hart is the gentleman's correct name off the screen as well as on. Mary McAlister is not playing before the camera at the present time.

E. N.—Sorry, but matrimonial questions are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Joseph Kaufman died several months ago in New York. Owen Moore is now in California, but not working before a camera.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

ADDIE.—Address Crane Wilbur and Tom Chatterton in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Tom Chatterton hasn't appeared in pictures for about two years. He has gone into the manufacturing business in Santa Barbara, California, and is making gas ovens. That's a hot thing for a perfectly good film star to do, eh? Earle Williams gets his daily supply of mail at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. Creighton Hale causes Uncle Sam to deliver large bundles of letters to him at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Bryant Washburn will get mail sent to him at the Paralta Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. I didn't think your letter was very long at all.

RUTH M'DALE.—If Mary Pickford's real name is Smith, "brother Jack's" is Smith, too, isn't it? Charles Gunn is with the Paralta forces, and can be reached by letter at the Paralta Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Marguerite Clark is still making features for the Paramount program. "Rich Man, Poor Man" is one of her late releases. Charles Ray is certainly a splendid actor. I enjoyed his performance immensely in "The Hired Man." Address him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Douglas Fairbanks gets his mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

MRS. H. E. C.—If you have admired the same star for ten years, you deserve to be decorated with the Oracle's lead cross. I haven't heard of any one who could give you a close race. Fidelity is certainly the word for it. I am sure that J. Warren Kerrigan would be tickled to death to learn that a fan has stuck to him through ten long years of rising picture stars. In fact, any star would. Why don't you write to him and tell him about it? I am sure he would appreciate it. Sessue Hayakawa is the Japanese star you are thinking of. "The Turn of a Card" is the latest feature with J. Warren Kerrigan as the star. Sessue Hayakawa has formed his own company, and will henceforth make pictures for himself. His latest and last release on the Paramount program is "The Desire of Tumra," in which Florence Vidor has the leading feminine rôle opposite him. Write as often as you like. I shall always be glad to hear from you. Marguerite Clark's latest feature is "Rich Man, Poor Man" on the Paramount program.

G. M. A.—G. M. Anderson, who acted in the "Broncho Billy" pictures, has not given up the screen for good as you imagine. He has just started work on a series of two-reel Western dramas at his studio in Glendale, California. He appeared in but one feature since he quit the screen several years ago, a five-reel feature called "Naked Hands." He has been producing plays for the legitimate, and making quite a success of it, too. Any mail you send to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will surely reach him.

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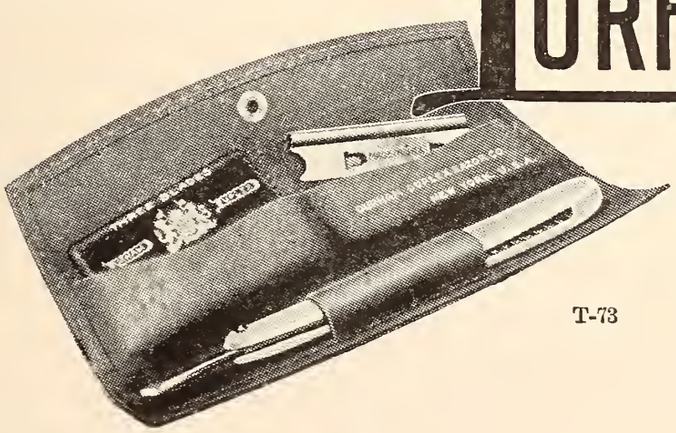

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