PICTURE-PLAY
MAGAZINE
JAN. 1922
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You'll soon see their names in electric lights—read about them in this issue.

Constance Talmadge

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READ
WHAT MY STUDENTS SAY

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What's Your Future

Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known.

"Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions

Be an "Electrical Expert"

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay

$3,500 to $10,000 a Year

Get in line for one of these "Big Jobs" by enrolling now for my easily-learned, quick-grasped, right-up-to-the-minute, Spare-Time Home-Study Course in Practical Electricity.

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I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also supply them with Drawing Outfit, examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish. You do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME. You start right in after the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way.

Get Started Now—Write Me

I want to make you my Electrical PROFI$E. Those are your words and you'll enjoy them. Many start today for a brilliant future in Electricity. Send in coupon—NOW.

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Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 441
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Oliver Typewriter—latest model

Before you realize it you have this splendid Oliver
paid for. And you get to use it right away—while
you pay.

To begin with, you save $50.50 on the price, for we
now sell the standard $100 Oliver for $49.50 cash. Or
you save $45 if you pay the installment price of $55.
It is our latest and best model, the No. 9. The finest
product of our factories.

We are able to make these great savings for you through the economies
we learned during the war. We found that it was unnecessary to have
great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous expensive branch
houses through the country. We were also able to discontinue many
other superfluous sales methods.

You may buy direct from us, via coupon. We even send the
Oliver for five days free trial, so that you may act as your own
salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the
sole judge, with no one to in­fluence you.

Before you realize it you have this splendid
Oliver, paid for. And you get to use it right away—while
you pay.

To begin with, you save $50.50 on the price, for we
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Oliver for five days free trial, so that you may act as your own
salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the
sole judge, with no one to in­fluence you.

This coupon brings you a
Free Trial Oliver without
your paying in advance.

Decide yourself. Save half.
Or this coupon brings further information.
Check which you wish.

Canadian Price, $79

The OLIVER
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1251 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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If it's a Paramount Picture
it's the best show in town

—best in plot, presentation, staging, starring, dressing, laughs, thrills, pathos, everything,
—best because it is made up to a standard and not down to a price,
—best because the organization behind it is great enough to draw on the best talent of every kind in America and Europe and co-ordinate it to produce a perfect photoplay.

If you are a real fan you know a real photoplay, and the way a real fan can pick out a Paramount Picture just by seeing a few hundred feet of it in the middle is the biggest tribute to quality a film can have.

Watch the panel alongside for Paramount Pictures and watch your theatre's announcements to find out dates of showings.

Check it up for yourself, anytime, anywhere, that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.
Over the Teacups
Fanny the Fan passes on the latest gossip about popular players.

Bebe's Way
How Miss Daniels—with the assistance of Ethel Chaffin—is solving fashion problems.

The Screen in Review
A guide book to the month's productions—showing which ones you will want to see.

The Minuteman of the Movies
A sketch of the remarkable career of Colonel Selig.

The Revelations of a Star's Wife
A fascinating narrative of the lives of many motion-picture players you may know.

Without Benefit of Thrills
A glimpse at the doings of the thrill king.

What the Fans Think
An open forum of discussion about motion pictures.

Griffith's Greatest
Views in rotogravure of "The Two Orphans."

Motion Pictures from the Land of the Midnight Sun
Scenes from some prominent Swedish productions.

Innocents Abroad
Glimpses of May MacAvoy and Corinne Griffith in colorful roles.

The Smell of the Sawdust
The real reason for the return of Mrs. Wallace Reid to the screen.

The Dragon Awakens
What the new Chinese productions promise to the fans.

A Fan Club Talk
Latest news of the activities of fan clubs.

Merry Christmas
A greeting from Jane Novak.

The Picture Oracle
Answers to questions of our readers.

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD—AS KNOWN TO HER DEAREST FRIEND

You who have known and loved Our Mary—haven't you wished you knew her better? Haven't you wished that you might have known her through her early struggles and shared with her the first joys of success?

Haven't you ever thought of how nice it must be to drop in at Mary Pickford's house to spend the evening—just as you do, perhaps, at your next-door neighbor's?

And do you know that the one who does know Mary Pickford like that reveres her even as you and I do—and loves her more, perhaps?

That fortunate person who has long been Mary Pickford's closest friend is Lillian Gish. She can tell you of Mary as no one else can.

Don't you want to share her great friendship with the reigning favorite of the screen? You can in next month's Picture-Play, for Inez Klumpp tells there the story of the real Mary Pickford just as Lillian Gish told it to her. It is a gripping story, poignant and sweet, and replete with that tenderness both these players radiate from the screen.

The Real Mary Pickford—As Lillian Gish Knows Her

WILL APPEAR IN THE FEBRUARY PICTURE-PLAY; DONT MISS IT
Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know how to behave.

At the dance, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of etiquette.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of etiquette knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to depart.

The lady knows how to accept and refuse a dance, how to assume correct dancing positions, how to avoid being a wallflower, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, with-out a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, balls, entertainments? Do you know the correct manner of making introductions? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement and wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what to wear to a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people with whom you come in contact.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence.

There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual everyday courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

Note: The coupon below offers free examination of the Book of Etiquette. You are invited to send for this excellent work and examine it for yourself. Why pay for it, when you can have the privilege of returning it without obligation and saving $3.50 in payment?

Send Coupon for Free Examination

Let us send you the Book of Etiquette. It is published in two handsome blue cloth library volumes, richly illustrated. Our free examination offer makes it possible for you to examine these books without expense in the comfort of your own home. Just send the coupon and get it into the mail-box at once, this very minute!

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 601, Oyster Bay, N. Y.
Without money in advance, or obligation on any 'art, send me the Famous Book of Etiquette, at the cost of sending the coupon and the privilege of returning it in case it is not to my liking.

Name: _____________________________
Address: __________________________

Check this square if you want these books with the additional full leather binding at five dollars, with 5 days' examination privileges.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
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Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
The market for original stories was never better, according to reports from Los Angeles. Paradoxical as it may seem, several new stars are being launched, while a majority of the studios are discarding most of their “director special” productions and thus creating an immediate demand for stories. But—and here’s the new rub—the stories will be actually starred! They are not to be written around screen personalities—no, sirree, there’ll be no more idi­otic close-upping; emphasis will fall where it logically belongs, according to the principles of dramatic construction. The star’s name, however, will be featured on the theory that it means more to the public than the rather vague all-star cast or the director’s name. The stars themselves—those with brains—should welcome this same new policy. For stars can rise to dizzy heights on the strength of three good photo plays and sink into irretrievable obscurity with three poor photo plays. The “star” who is vain and who in any way overpersuades a director to twist artificially a story so that his or her classic phiz may often be close-upped will be uncon­sciously closing an erstwhile profitable career.

At any rate, the S O S is out for stories, and originals written by trained, intelligent writers will receive generous consideration.

For our readers who wish to engage in screen writing we publish a booklet called “Guidesposts for Scenario Writers” which covers about every point on which begin­ners wish to be informed, and which will be sent for ten cents in stamps. For those who have written stories which they wish to submit to producers we publish a Market Booklet giving the ad­dresses of all the leading companies, and telling what kind of stories they want. This booklet will be sent for six cents. Orders for these booklets should be addressed to the Scenario Writers’ Department, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Ave., New York City. Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.

A director of a photo drama, probably inspired by “The Three Musketeers,” and “The Queen of Sheba”—or rather by the success of these productions. It will do the fledgling good to know that he is treading on the parade grounds of the great, lonely beasts of genius when he essays to create a photo play replete with spectacle and pageantry. While a photo play in which costumes and settings will entail great expense would be considered, if written by some established photo dramatist—such a story will receive scant consideration coming from the beginner. To begin with, why not play safe, Mr. Student, and Miss Tyro? Why not first send in something not quite so ambitious—or is the proper word presump­tuous? Remember that for one “Queen of Sheba” there are a hundred just ordinary program pictures released to satisfy the inordinately greedy public maw. The story about the boy and girl next door or the old man around the corner—the folks we all know—yes, you’ve got me—that’s what the herd wants; most of we poor two-legged sheep couldn’t stand a daily menu of Egyptian scenery and costuming—or lack of costuming. Most of us continue to live on Main Street, and want our type justified; therefore, the popularity of mirrors and movies. For the student of photo-play writing to essay miracles—I refer to spectacular cinemas and not horn­rimmed glasses—is like the writer of light fiction attempting to break into the Atlantic Monthly.

While on the subject of sticking to ordinary experience in contriving photo plays, it might be well once and for all to squelch the propagandists of reincar­nation, faith healing, and right thinking. From the hundreds of photo plays received at studios dealing with re­incarnation, in which—in some in­stances—inside stuff on divine plans are revealed, it all simply gets down to this: all these ideas and ideals are beautiful, and in many cases in more or less degree sustained or recurrent, but the success of photo drama hinges upon drama—philosophy and metaphysics are incidental.

Go Slow on Costume Dramas

Studio scenario editors again are reporting that a num­ber of amateur out­side writers are sending in costume photo dramas, probably inspired by “The Three Musketeers,” and “The Queen of Sheba”—or rather by the success of these productions. It will do the fledgling good to know that he is treading on the parade grounds of the great, lonely beasts of genius when he essays to create a photo play replete with spectacle and pageantry. While a photo play in which costumes and settings will entail great expense would be considered, if written by some established photo dramatist—such a story will receive scant consideration coming from the beginner. To begin with, why not play safe, Mr. Student, and Miss Tyro? Why not first send in something not quite so ambitious—or is the proper word presum­ptuous? Remember that for one “Queen of Sheba” there are a hundred just ordinary program pictures released to satisfy the inordinately greedy public maw. The story about the boy and girl next door or the old man around the corner—the folks we all know—yes, you’ve got me—that’s what the herd wants; most of we poor two-legged sheep couldn’t stand a daily menu of Egyptian scenery and costuming—or lack of costuming. Most of us continue to live on Main Street, and want our type justified; therefore, the popularity of mirrors and movies. For the student of photo-play writing to essay miracles—I refer to spectacular cinemas and not horn-rimmed glasses—is like the writer of light fiction attempting to break into the Atlantic Monthly.

The Most Popular Type of Picture

George Jean Nathan, in a recently published article, “In Defense of the Theater,” says: “The object of the theater is not, as is habi­tually maintained, a shrewd excitation of the imagination of a crowd, but rather a shrewd relaxation of that imagination. . . . The theater is not a place to which one goes in search of the unexplored corners of one’s imagination; it is a place to which one goes in repeated search of the familiar corners of one’s imagination. The moment the dramatist works in the direction of unfamiliar corners he is lost.”

This is a statement which practically every aspiring dramatist should read and remember.

Of course it is highly improbable that Doctor Nathan includes the motion-picture theater in any of his serious references, but his above observations are highly applicable to the cinema temple and to the photo dramatist. What are the most popular pictures? Answer: The Charles Ray and Mary Pickford type. Why? Because they are familiar to ordinary experience. Why was Maurice Tourneur’s film version of Joseph Conrad’s “Victory” a comparative box-office failure? Because it was a type of story so far removed from ordinary experience that the average spectator watching it failed to respond to it and found it, therefore, lacking in interest.

Continued on page 10
He sold two stories the first year
Will you clip the coupon, as Mr. Meehan did, and take the free creative test which he took?

THIS sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that a young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attack himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a few weeks ago he was retained to dramatize Gene Stratton Porter's novels for the screen. But if you have ever felt as you left a theatre, "Why, I could write a better story than that," you want to know just how Mr. Meehan went about it to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

He was doubtful when he enrolled, but he wrote that he was "willing to be shown." And with complete confidence in Mr. Meehan's ability, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, whose test he had to pass before he was acceptable, undertook to convince him.

The rest was a simple matter of training. The Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural storytelling ability which we discovered in him—the ability to think out the kind of story for which producers are glad to pay from $500 to $2000.

You too, may doubt your ability. At the outset, let us correct one false notion that is keeping many talented men and women from trying to write for the screen. Literary skill, or fine writing ability, is not necessary— it cannot be transferred to the screen. What the industry needs is good stories—stories that spring from creative imagination and a sense of the dramatic. Any person who has that gift can be trained to write for the screen.

But, you say— just as Mr. Meehan said— how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability—the test Mr. Meehan passed—provided you are an adult and in earnest. And, notice this particularly, we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire
The test is in the form of a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright and Prof. Malcolm MeLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you: have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It is not in business to hold out false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized solely to develop and produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with the gift of storytelling. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this free test
Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of being a photoplaywright. It will be a waste of your time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of the Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

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PALMER PHOTOPHY Play Corporation, Dept. of Education, Y-1

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free Sample Copy of the Photodramatist.

124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please return this coupon with your name and address.

[Signature]
The Screen Writers' Guild is of unusual significance at this particular time. Their membership is growing rapidly and now includes practically every representative photo dramatist and continuity writer in the Hollywood and Culver City studios. Frank E. Woods, recently elected president to succeed Thompson Buchanan, is chief supervising director of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. June Mathis, who transcribed "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power" to the screen, is the new vice president. The executive committee now consists of Woods, Miss Mathis, Dwight Cleveland, Eugene Presbrey, Thompson Buchanan, Elmer Harris, Jeanie Macpherson, Frederick Palmer, Rob Wagner, Elmer Rice, and A. S. Levin.

What the Screen Writers' Guild actually intends to accomplish is a solidarity among screen writers that will mean more proportionate recognition, both intrinsic and extrinsic. Heretofore actors and directors have monopolized an overwhelming share of the spotlight, while authors have often not even received screen credit.

Furthermore, the guild will be an intellectual brotherhood, striving to reach higher planes of intellectual beauty, representing an artistic consciousness that will assert itself against any overintensive commercial evolution. As a guild of the Authors' League of America, the Screen Writers' Guild is a mighty grip on the literati of America; it can be easily visualized what could happen in the event of the producers failing at any time to properly recognize or consider the artistic ideals of this formidable essential group. It is significant that at present, while other production costs are being cut, the prices for stories have not declined. The ultimate solidarity and tremendous force of the Guild is realized when it is considered that they will consider for membership all outside photo dramatists—free lance writers, photo plays in any part of the United States—who have written and sold one photo play which has been duly produced and exhibited.

Associate members are being admitted from the ranks of other arts, but only—with rare exceptions—on the grounds of artistic or intellectual prowess. Mere financial standing or conspicuous commercial success is insufficient of itself to make for eligibility.

Now comes the rumble of the low growl from our friend, the successful fiction writer, who objects to the rejection of his masterpieces offered to the studio market. He violently resents these "fool" turn-downs upon the ground of logic. What do people of the new art know about logic anyway? He raves when climax, dramatic conflict, or any of the hard-and-fast rules demanded by the photo play are tossed back at him with his manuscript. He knows full well that he has gone by all his life, in print, without being hampered by these dod-rotted objections, and the public has "eaten his stuff." Then comes his natural inquiry: "Why will not the public accept the same stuff, written in the same way, upon the screen?"

It is a new game, my brethren, and must be played under new rules. Your stuff has been played your way, and the box office has torn its hair in consequence. The "same public" is not out on a reading jaunt this trip, Mister Fiction Writer; it is out for mental athletics and won't pay for anything else at the picture theater. Then why not be a good sport, acknowledge you have something else to learn, and become a student of the "other" profession that is going to fatten up the old bank account?
Stage Beauty Loses a Pound a Day Through Amazing New Method

Without exercise, starving, baths, massages, or any bitter self-denials or discomforts, Ziegfeld Follies beauty and Artist's model reduces to normal weight in record time

Free proof that anyone can lose seven to ten pounds a week. Results in 48 hours.

In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly marvelous.

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, Famous Artist's Model and Ziegfeld Follies Beauty, whom a well known artist referred to as "one of the most perfect types of American womanhood." Yet, as she tells us in a letter written out of sheer gratitude, it is only a short time since excessive weight threatened to blight both her artistic and stage career. For some reason, unaccountable to her, she began to take on flesh steadily. This continued until in a very short time she was 20 pounds overweight—and still increasing daily.

In alarm, she tried dieting, eating only one meal a day. This brought about a weakness that was as bad as obesity. Exercise, applications of massage and rubber clothing were all tried, but with scanty results.

Learns of New, Easy Method

Then came the surprise. Through another young woman who had benefited by it, Miss Mullane learned of the new, simple, natural law that has been discovered, whereby she could quickly reduce to normal weight without any dangerous starving, without patent foods, exercise or special clothing—without any painful self-denials whatsoever.

It seemed almost too good to be true. But after all the disappointing and disagreeable things she had already tried, Miss Mullane certainly had been the height of foolishness, she felt, if she had neglected to try this newly discovered natural method which was so simple and easy to apply.

Her letter, quoted at the beginning of this article, tells us how wonderful and speedy results she secured. In three weeks she had reduced twenty pounds. And she had no fear of ever again becoming fat for the control of her weight has been now to lose as many pounds as you like—in fact instead of giving up the pleasures of the table, many people say they actually increase them. All you really have to do is to follow one of nature's simple laws—in return, Nature gives all and exacts nothing.

The Secret Explained

Eugene Christian, the world famous food specialist, discovered, after years of experimenting the one sure, simple and easy to apply method of regaining normal healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten in place of others, cause fat instead of adding to it. Certain foods cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated, nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly.

The CORRECT combinations which reduce weight, are regarded by users as so much more appetizing than the WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that their plates could have been so easily satisfied in the past. They approach their meals with more zest than ever, enjoying them more thoroughly. They are even able to eat many delicious dishes which they have been forced to deny themselves in the past. They will be shown how to arrange your meals in such a manner that many delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Results are now eating off weight by this new method. Men who were so stout that they had to pay out a tax, report a rapid return to normal health and strength and energy. Stout women, who always felt tired and listless, and who had to wear the plumpest and dullest clothes because of their appearance to find how simple and easy was the method by which they obtained weight and secured figures which look well in the daintiest, fluffiest and most stylish garments.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope, the renewed vigor it would bring to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of this simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "control of Her Weight and Hands of Health." This is offered on free trial. Send no money; just mail coupon and note the remarkable result. If you prefer, you may enclose 10 cents in return postage. If you do not like the result, you may return the book and have it at our expense and we will gladly refund your money immediately. We all know the value of a good diet and the results of the Scientific Christian Food Combination. This is an actual photograph of Miss Kathleen Mullane, famous Artist's Model and Ziegfeld Follies Beauty, who tells how she reduced 20 pounds in less than a month without self-denial or discomfort.

$1.97,—or you can write for a free trial for 10 cents in stamps. We will send you a book, "How to Control the Rate of Weight" in return postage. If you prefer, you may enclose 10 cents in return postage. If you do not like the result, you may return the book and have it at our expense and we will gladly refund your money immediately.
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I Will Give You Wealth, Health, and Happiness

I will take that body of yours and make it physically perfect. I will make a new man of you. I will fill out your chest so that every breath means increased life, purifying your blood and sending vim and vitality throughout your entire system. I will broaden your shoulders, and give you the large muscular arms and legs of an athlete. I will strengthen your back and every vital organ within you. You will be bubbling over with life, having the keen, alert brain, the bright flashing eyes and the spring and step of youth. Passers by will stop and admire you for your physical make up; and you will be the favorite in both the business and social world—you will be a leader of men, and the good things in life will naturally come your way.

I Challenge the World

If a man stood on the housetops and shouted to the people that he was the strongest man on earth, it would avail him nothing. Someone would make him come down and prove it. But records speak for themselves. I will gladly show anyone personal letters from the leading strong men in the world today that my course is absolutely the best and quickest to acquire physical perfection. Come on, then, and make me prove it—I like it. I have the means of making you a perfect physical specimen of manhood, of making you a successful leader of men. I have done this for thousands of others. What I have done for them I will do for you. I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are the more noticeable the results. Come on, then, START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.
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The motion picture industry is the most spectacularly successful business the world has ever seen. In fourteen years it has leaped from a cheap novelty to fourth place in the race for industrial supremacy.

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It has brought within the reach of all the people entertainment of the most fascinating type. It has recreated the pageantry and pomp of every age. It has realized in living form the tragedies, conflicts and heroisms of the souls of men and nations.

We see in motion pictures a great force for culture, for clean pleasure, for entertainment and education. As producers and distributors of such pictures as "Salvage," starring Pauline Frederick; "Black Roses," starring Sessue Hayakawa; "The Foolish Age," starring Doris May; "Kismet," with Otis Skinner, directed by Louis J. Gasnier; "The Barricade," directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne, we have established a standard of quality that never has been excelled.

"Possession," a thrilling tale of love, pluck and adventure, a screen version of the novel "Phroso," by Sir Anthony Hope, is a recent R-C release. Set in the sun-blest isles of the romantic Aegean, nothing is spared to make this newest picture meet the highest artistic and moral ideals.

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New York
Down through the ages love and jealousy have fought for power. In the conflict men and women have reached the heights of sublimity, or have been hurled headlong to oblivion.

“The Lure of Jade” in climax on climax, unfolds a story of deepest love, violent hate and spiritual sacrifice.

In the difficult role of Sara, a woman whom sorrow and tragedy at first make bitter and unrelenting, but whose greatness of soul eventually conquers, Pauline Frederick stands resplendent.

No other woman of the stage or screen could have successfully interpreted this “enigma woman” and kept the love and sympathy of her audience.

A visionary creature of the author’s imagination, Sara steps forth a living, vibrant woman who will remain as deathless as “Camille,” as matchless as “Carmen” or “Cho Cho San” in Madam Butterfly.

As a further example of R-C ideals, an R-C picture that will live long in your memory, you are invited to see Pauline Frederick in “The Lure of Jade.”
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with complete directions for the care of delicate silk, wool, chiffon, and lace garments that can not stand ordinary washing. Address Section 47-AF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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colors still bright;
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The original owner says that when she bought the blouse she was advised not to wash it, for fear the colors would run. But she had had such success in washing other delicate garments with Ivory Flakes, that as soon as the blouse showed soil she put it into cool Flakes suds, and has been washing it this safe way ever since.

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IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer
A Calendar of Past Performances

As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.

**JANUARY**

1-1904-FRIDAY-Lillian Gish must have felt that life held few compensations as she wended her childhood through that first idyl of classic, "Her First False Step," at the Music Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, and she probably made many New Year resolutions about no false steps in the future.

2-1909-SATURDAY-Clara Kimball Young was blossoming as ingenue and along with her, a band of hopefuls at the Loiter Theater, Seattle, Washington, and upon this special occasion she had particularly spectacular opportunities, being cast for "Wendy" in "Peter Pan."

3-1909-WEDNESDAY-David Wark Griffith hadn't the slightest doubt that as an actor he was born to be a director, and the same thought may have occurred to his audience at the Metropolitan Theater, Grand Forks, North Dakota, as they watched him as "Jack Ferrers" in "London Life."

4-1908-SATURDAY-William Desmond then, as to-day, was a conspicuous figure in the life of Los Angeles, California, but at this time he was an actor of the spoken word at the Burbank Theater, where he caused feminine hearts to flutter as "Miles Handson" in "The Prince and the Pauper."

5-1912-FRIDAY-May Allison vastly impressed everyone who was present at the Lyric Theater, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, when she chirruped her one and only line in the role of "Vivian" in the heterogeneous drama, "Everyman."

6-1904-WEDNESDAY-Elliot Dexter probably prided himself upon geographical knowledge, as he toured about the map in "The Man from Missouri," and this night he added Owatonna, Minnesota, to his list, appearing at the Metropolitan Theater there.

7-1913-TUESDAY-Louise Huff, then most ambitious to distinguish herself behind the footlights, was doing her utmost to justify the salary paid her for playing "Sirrah" in "Ben-Hur," which biblical drama was the first before the patrons of the Columbia Theater, San Francisco, California.

8-1900-MONDAY-Marguerite Clark almost swooned with the thrill and excitement of seeing her name upon a theater program for the very first time. She played "a Page" in the opera, "Nanon," with the Aborn company at the Music Hall, Baltimore, Maryland, in which city she was living at the time.

9-1893-MONDAY-W. S. Hart was delighting amusement seekers as an exponent of classic and romantic roles, having the temerity to offer what must have been a highly diverting conception of the character of "Napoléon Bonaparte" in "Josephine, Empress of the French," with Hortense Rhea, at Foster's Opera House, Des Moines, Iowa.

10-1906-WEDNESDAY-Cecil De Mille, with not a thought in the world of motion pictures, was doing his histrionic utmost, this as the "Earl of Huntingdon" in "The Prince Chap," at the Colonial Theater, Cleveland, Ohio.

11-1906-TUESDAY-Conway Tearle was making a brave fight to find his place upon the American stage, having had considerable experience in England and Australia, and at this moment, at the Broadway Theater, Brooklyn, New York, he was agreeably placed as "Richard Ainslee" in "Mrs. Leflingwell's Boots."

12-1909-TUESDAY-Catherine Calvert was nothing if not ambitious as she bravely contributed her histrionic mite, supporting that director of to-day, James Young, as "Ophelia" in "Hamlet" in the afternoon, and in the evening as a girl named "Evelyn Kenyon," in "Palace of Harvard," at the Lyceum Theater, Toledo, Ohio.

13-1908-MONDAY-James Kirkwood and Henry Walthall were ambitious struggling up the stage ladder, both to be found in the cast of the same play, doing their best with minor roles in "The Great Divide," which settled down for a week's stay at the Nixon Theater, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

14-1906-SUNDAY-Bebe Daniels undoubtedly gazed out of the car window in childish bewilderment, as she arrived between Charleston, South Carolina, and Augusta, Georgia, reflecting that this was a pretty way in which to spend one's fifth birthday on the way to play the "Duke of York" in "Richard III."

15-1904-FRIDAY-Jesse L. Lasky, assisted by his sister, was contributing to the gaiety of entertainments as a manipulator of musical instruments, being part of a vaudeville bill. They were billed as "The Military Musicians" and were to be seen at the Jefferson Theater, Hamilton, Ohio.

16-1902-THURSDAY-Julia Swayne Gordon was devoting her talents to comedy, as against her screen adventures of to-day, being "Kitty Clive" in "Peg Woffington," but this was a sad and salaried day in Anderson, Indiana, as the star, Eugenie Blair, was too ill to play.

17-1901-THURSDAY-Douglas Fairbanks, just seventeen and chivalrous, went upon a career as an actor of costume parts, trying to register moving emotion as young "Plorio" in "The Duke's Jester," with Frederick Warde—and great was the excitement this night at Minig's Opera House, Helena, Montana.

18-1916-THURSDAY-Kathryn Perry, certainly without a thought in the world that she would one day become Mary Pickford, was cavorting happily about in the chorus of "A World of Pleasure," at the Winter Garden, New York.

19-1917-FRIDAY-Gaston Glass was to be seen in the flesh, as he was appearing in support of the one and only Sarah Bernhardt, with whom he played juvenile roles. On this date they were doing their best to entertain the patrons of the Grand Opera House, Macon, Georgia.

20-1917-SATURDAY-Niles Welch and Lelle Boone decided that this was an eminently proper time to get married, so at eight o'clock in the evening, at Snyder Memorial Church, Jacksonville, Florida, the happy event took place, their respective attendants being John Davidson and Grace Darmond.

21-1901-MONDAY-A precocious youngster, by name Gladys Smith, made her début on the stage as "Mignon" in "Bootles' Baby," at the Princess Theater, Toronto, Ontario—thus beginning the world-famous career of the one who has reigned supreme as Queen Mary Pickford.

22-1902-FRIDAY-Stuart Holmes had not then embarked upon the career of screen crime which has since distinguished his public appearances, at the moment being concerned with the part of "Herr Gros-ker" in "The Devil," at the Academy of Music, Newport News, Virginia.

Continued on page 97
Off With the
Modes in film favorites change, make
comedian

By Malcolm

so many people like to call the palmy days. The heroines were not emancipated women; they were clinging vines, languorous beauties, ladies diffusing sweetness and light—a far cry from sweetness and light comedy. The vastness of the variance in styles becomes apparent once we start naming names and pointing out specific examples.

Francis X. Bushman and Carlyle Blackwell and Maurice Costello and J. Warren Kerrigan were the recipients of the most mash notes in those rosemaried days. Thousands of pounds of fudge cascaded down upon this quartet every week. Hand-sewed doilies and knitted neckties flooded their mail. Who have we to-day in their stead?

Here is Wallace Reid, athletic, debonair, as handsome as any two of the aforementioned Apollos, and, unlike them, always harboring an appreciative sense of humor when things seem a trifle too Harold MacGrath. Another humorous Romeo is the irrepressible Fairbanks. When the elegant Blackwell felled a burly flock of ruffians grim determination strengthened him; the Douglasian trick is to snicker with the scelario writer at his prowess. The representative leads need little explanation. Richard Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, and Tommy Meighan, compared man to man with any of the

W e need not page the oldest living inhabitant to remind us who were the stars of yesteryear, who were the candelent twinklelings of a decade past, who the Mazda stars of long ago. Most of us, with good memories for unimportant things, will recall without a second's hesitation whose fleeting face it was captured our idle fancy in those days, whose last-reel clinch—they all had them then—caused us to sigh longingly, wistfully. And now, when we hark back to the celluloid charmers, and array them comparatively with the beaus and belles of the present-day silver sheet, we find that styles change in players just as unmistakably as they change in hobble skirts and puffed sleeves. We are a more advanced audience, I think, if it is fair to judge by the types the public chooses for its favorites. And obviously it is fair; what could be fairer? "Vox populi is the most potent war you can find."

This is an age of sophistication. Consider the evidence.

When two reels meant a "special feature," and Lyman Howe drew all the "carriage trade," and some slick-haired songster with good intentions and a bad voice sang "Harrigan" between pictures to clear the theater for the next show—with colored slides to chase any who might be deaf—the fashionable heroes were wavy-haired, shouldery gents with beautiful teeth and, if possible, dimples. These were the celluloid saints of 1911 et seq., these the psalmed and serenaded matinee idols of what
Old Love

ing yesterday's hero seem more like a to-day.

H. Oettinger

old-timers—well, we leave the decision to you. Gone are the heroic gestures, gone the valiant determination; naturalness has come to stay. We are advancing.

Then there is the unfair sex. Florence Turner, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Ormi Hawley, Edith Storey—these were heroines who had burdens. There was no Dorothy Gish exploding miniature bombshells of mirth; no Connie Talmadge satirizing current fads and foibles; no crinolined charmer straying one inch off the beaten path of conventionality. We must step more lightly when treading among silks and satins, but again comparison is anything but detrimental to 1921.

To replace Marion Leonard, the Florences, and the lustrous Clara Kimball Young of those days we offer Lillian Gish, Normal Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, and Gloria Swanson. The Little Mary of the old Biograph has blossomed into the exquisite Pickford flower of to-day. The Katherine MacDonald type is here, the adventurous and independent type visualized

The popular comedy team of the present is Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.

—and how potently!—by Corinne Griffith, Betty Compson, Constance Talmadge. Again we see the mark of sophistication.

The serials have advanced but little, if at all, but serials are the antithesis of sophistication. Serials are for the people who enjoy Chautauquas and minstrel shows. Ruth Roland, reigning undisputed queen to-day, in the making of her ninth—or is it nineteenth?—consecutive "see next week's" is no whit better than was Pearl White, when, in 1912, clinging to the rope across the chasm, she was left hanging until next week, when she was ultimately rescued by the United States Air Forces commanded by Crane Wilbur.

It was back there that Ruth Roland comprised, with Marshall Neilan one of the most popular comedy teams of the day. Comparable to them to-day we have Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. The slapstick is still present, but less pronounced, the subtlety of these times far outranks that of those.

Mickey Neilan manifested a genuine comic spirit in those short outbursts—some of them half a reel —even as Lloyd manifests one to-day.

Of course the laugh maker of the time was dear old John Bunny, not to be compared with the Chaplin of the present, but a wonderful comedian withal. Few indeed can be compared with Charles. I know of none, in fact. For the Ham and Bud burlesque of 1913-14 we have Buster Keaton's drolleries, again emphasizing ideas and cleverness rather than a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. The advance in subtlety may not be so marked in reviewing comedy, but nevertheless it is apparent.

Plausible people doing possible things are the favorites now; heroes were the favorites then. American types of natural mien and unherculean conduct have replaced the old-time D'Artagnans who used to throw the Twentieth Century Limited for a loss to save the heroine's life. If some bold spirit projected some of the old pictures to-day I venture to say we who formerly sobbed would guffaw gustily.
The Penitent Pauline

Incomparable Miss Frederick has checked her hectic film past and gone in for a new type of picture. Allow us to present some one you have always known—to be different.

By Gordon Gassaway

Pauline has changed forever from a down-Easterner to a dyed-in-the-wool out-Westerner.

Never again will Pauline Frederick play rôles which call for doubtful doings, for questionable pasts, and lurid presents. She has shed the Zazas, Fedoras, Mrs. Daines, and Irises with whom she climbed to fame as a butterfly sheds its drab cocoon, and so far as Pauline is concerned all her future rôles are to be as sweet as that of Little Eva.

When we met for the very first time, in the luxurious managerial offices of the neat, flower-bedecked Robertson-Cole studios in Hollywood, a small figure garbed in riding breeches and coat jumped from a deeply upholstered chair to greet me. It was Miss Frederick, and she extended a slim, tanned hand which took mine in a grip which might be termed a knuckle cracker. Where I had expected to find a languorous lady of haughty mien, garbed in a low and behold gown, the sort of lady who looks as though she has a past, I found a blithesome, girlish imp with a Western frankness you could almost scrape off.

"You are just in time to hear about my next picture," she exclaimed. "I'm going to make a real 'Western' with cowboys and lariats and a big ranch. I'm so happy about it I can hardly sit still!"

Pauline Frederick playing the rôle of a Western ranch hound! Could this be the same actress, I muttered to myself, who had given us the vibrant Iris, the zippy Zaza, and the dubious Mrs. Dane? I could remember her in slinky gown, with narrowed eyes and many jewels and in the black shawl of the sorrowful Madame X, but it took a mental right-about-face to visualize her in the great, open spaces of the West.

"What's the big idea?" I stammered inelegantly. "What is it that has worked this change in you? We thought you were a thoroughly Ritzed N'Yoker; epitomizing Fifth Avenue, and all of a sudden here you are bubbling with Western enthusiasm minus all camouflage, and about to play a real outdoors Western story. How come?"

"Horses!" she replied with her famous smile, which is as inclusive as June sunshine.

There is no doubt about it, cow ponies have worked a miracle in the life of Pauline Frederick—Boston's fairest flower. Of course Will Rogers has had something to do with it. Oh, no, she has no matrimonial designs on Will; he just taught her how to "rope," and he plays hooky from the studio to come over and play cow-puncher in her back yard. He has been a part of the great Western ameliorating process which has changed Pauline forever from a down-Easterner to a dyed-in-the-wool out-Westerner.

Sans lip rouge, sans powder, sans hairdress, sans every feminine first aid to beauty, save a brilliant manicure, she greeted me with a cowboy yip-ay-aye upon our second meeting. This was on the day I had flivvered out to her Beverly Hills estate to see her as is. She came galloping across a broad field rimmed with eucalyptus, and I knew that she was mistress of all she surveyed, for she has spent money in California with lavish hand when it comes to increasing her private domain so that she and her hard-riding friends would have plenty of space for their pet rodeos.

Every day's a rodeo in the life of Pauline Frederick now. She staged one for my benefit that late afternoon of which I speak. I was carried to the opposite side of the broad acres adjoining her luxurious home, riding "double" on a pony behind her uncle and manager, Mr. Pettingill. Deposited in the shade
of the eucalyptus rim, I found a seat on an upturned barrel and grandly ordered the ropin' to commence. In the little group before me were the men who attend to the Frederick requirements in the way of stabling and grooming the wiry ponies she rides, Miss Frederick herself—and Uncle Pettingill. That was all. And then she started to rope. She roped everything from a barrel to uncle. And I am here to say that she throws a mean lariat! Will Rogers has taught her thoroughly and well, and one of her grooms is a cowboy roper of no small ability. Besides which, she is at it, they told me, from early morning until dusk. She doesn't know what the mystic "tea hour" is any more. And she gets up with the dawn to go out and see the ponies eat their breakfast grapefruit or whatever it is they feed cow horses.

Western winds and California zephyrs are sweeping the memories of a rather hectic career from the fair Pauline's mental pabulum. She is through with vicarious marriage, with late parties and with society snickers and snickerers, her uncle confided to me as we sat on adjoining barrels and watched the *Mistress of Shenstone* toss a snaky spiral of rope about two horses as they galloped abreast across the field. She abhors the sight of a newspaper. She feels that all news sheets are enemies of hers.

"They never print anything nice about me," she said later as we perched atop the brick wall which separates her "rodeo field" from the magnificent gardens of her home. "It is only the unhappinesses to which they give space. I no longer have time or patience to read headlines of murders, divorces, and filth. My horses and the pictures take all my time."

"Are you going back to stage?" I asked rather fatuously, since this has been a moot question for some weeks in Hollywood aeniet the penitent Pauline. "I can go back on the stage with a sixty-day notice to my company," she replied seriously, I thought, "and if I can find a rip-snorting good play, there is no telling what I might do. An animate audience affects me like a herd of cattle affects my ponies—I'm rarin' to go!"

When she gallops out across her fields, she is mistress of all she surveys, for she has spent money with a lavish hand to provide plenty of space for her rodeos.

Even her vocabulary has undergone a change out West. She has adopted the chatter of the corral, and it falls naturally from her lips as you see her wearing her natty little leather "chaps" and her cowboy shirt, but the soft, cultured modifications of her voice give Boston a boost every time she speaks.

Miss Frederick is allowed to choose her own stories for the screen. It was she who elected to do "Madame X," and a hot time she had of it persuading the studio to sanction the deed. It was she who selected "The Lure of Jade," that torrid South Seas story, and "The Sting of the Lash." And now she has made a real "Western," as Westerny as anything Tom Mix ever got mixed up in.

What will she do next? There was a time when the New York reporters were asking this question, but for a very different reason. Now it refers only to the expansion of her cinema repertoire, for there is apparently nothing at which this marvelous actress hesitates when it comes to characterizations. I feel that she would not balk at slapstick comedy if she thought she would get a kick out of it—or that the public which she loves would like it.

In an attempt to finally settle the reason for this remarkable return to the soil of one of America's greatest drawing-room beauties, I asked, as we wended our way toward the house through the twilight shadows:

"Are you a throwback? Were, perhaps, some of your family farmers or Western ranchers?"

"Yes," she replied. "My grandfather was a farmer in northern New York State. My family are really of the soil, but I was born in Boston. My style was cramped after I went on the stage in N'Yorik, and I became as much of a drawing-room drone as any of the rest of them there, but I see now that my heart always longed for the outdoors. In California I have found a larger and more real..."

Continued on page 96
Where Do You

Revealing the beauty secrets of several famous all who will

By Louise

Betty Compson buys it with plain, old-fashioned methods—by living up to the "early to bed, early to rise" maxim; by eating simple foods and living the simplest sort of life.

Now I'm not saying for a moment that every one of these famous young women, and probably you as well, hasn't beauty to begin with. But I do call to your attention the fact that those who have beauty know that it must be guarded, really bought all over again in the care which preserves it. For, just as the hardware merchant keeps his stock bright, so must the woman whose beauty is part of her stock in trade keep it burnished.

Gloria Swanson is delightfully frank and straightforward in discussing her methods of caring for this important asset of hers.

"I believe in care—the best of care," she told me. "I believe in anticipating wrinkles and rubbing away the very faintest suggestion of one. And I think every woman ought to have some one who knows how to do it show her how to take care of herself; how to use cold creams, which ones to use; and just how much of them she needs."

"I never use water on my face—haven't for about five years. I cleanse it with cold cream, which doesn't dry the skin as water does. Of course this means using a great deal of cream, especially when you have to use make-up, as I do—and so only the very best cold cream can be used."

"I use oil on my body, too—three times a week, when I'm home, my masseuse rubs me all over with oil; the body massage is very restful, and the oil keeps the skin in good condition."

"How about exercise?" I asked.

"That's determined by my bathroom scales," she answered promptly.

"When I notice that my weight is going
Buy Beauty?

stars and containing many helpful hints for take them

Williams

up, or that my waistline is beginning to disappear, I begin to exercise for a short time every morning before breakfast. I touch the floor twenty times without bending my knees, and do all the other exercises that every one knows for preserving the figure."

That sounds very staid and sedate, which Gloria certainly is not. And looking at her that day, clad in a gorgeous, sunset-colored negligee, I could picture those early-morning exercises, done in the sun-colorful privacy of her boudoir. They must resemble aesthetic dancing more than anything else.

“What about your hair?” was my next question. It is a very live, beautiful red, you know, and has the sheen which shows that it is not neglected.

“Rubbing and brushing,” she answered. “Hair responds so promptly to treatment—there’s no reason why everybody shouldn’t have pretty hair, if they’d just give it a few minutes’ attention every day.”

So there’s a brief list of the rules which you must follow if you want to carry out Gloria Swanson’s theories about caring for one’s looks.

Irene Castle seeks for beauty in thrilling sports— in playing in her big swimming pool and riding horseback and skiing and dancing. Beauty is an accessory in such a case as hers. Her tawny hair shows that the sun shines straight down on it all summer long, and her slim, round body shows, too, that it is alive all over. She believes in care for it, of course—a pretty woman’s dressing table is as essential a part of her life as is his desk to a business man. But it’s outdoor sports on which she places most reliance.

Nazarina strikes a happy medium between the two methods. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs— anything that can be so wielded that it helps to make the body supple and keep it responsive is included in her equipment. And recently, when she was in New York, she proved that she believed in Gloria Swanson’s methods by going every day to a charming little house in the Fifties, where she was given treatments which keep the muscles of face and neck pliable and strong, and that keep the skin beautifully clean and active. There were treatments, too, for the hands and arms, in which an aromatic oil that comes straight from Egypt was poured over them and rubbed into them—a delightful process it is, this business of being beautiful!

And next we come to Betty Compson, of radiant, childlike beauty. “I’ve been to only one dance this year,” she told me some time ago. “And then I didn’t dance—just sat in a balcony and watched. I have to go to bed early when I’m working, you know, and I have to live on simple foods and drink milk and all that sort of thing. I believe in plenty of exercise, too—all the things that schoolgirls have to do are on my list. I suppose, for that matter.”

That’s a high price to pay, most of us would think—giving up good times and highly seasoned foods and leading Continued on page 101
ILLIAN GISH said it first; Dick Barthelmess said it to me a few days later; every once in a while some one made the same remark to me—from Constance Talmadge to the little girl who writes fan letters to the stars.

"Of course you know Dorothy!"

And when I said that I didn't the speaker would rave on about how ingratiating Dorothy Gish is. Frankly, I didn't take it very seriously at first. I had an idea that you could get a fair sample of Dorothy's repartee by going to any vaudeville show, and that she was about as charming as the young women in strip cartoons. I always went to her pictures, but I cherished the notion that her brain was of the jazz-record variety and that she just couldn't make her feet behave. I shared the popular idea that comedians were always comedians.

After a while, when all my pet idols continued to speak of her with something akin to awe, I began to feel blue whenever a remark was prefaced with, "Of course you know Dorothy!" I always seemed just to miss meeting her.

Of course I did know Dorothy, in a way. I knew the saucy little comédienne I had seen on the screen; I knew by sight the disdainful flapper who accompanied Constance Talmadge on shopping expeditions and trips to the hairdresser; I knew, too, the little girl who shrank from the admiring scrutiny of the crowds at premieres of Lillian's pictures, and I had often watched the charming irrepressible who never seemed to grow tired of dancing at fashionable hotels and midnight roof shows in New York.

But I didn't really know Dorothy. And now that I've found out that all my preconceived ideas about her were wrong, I feel like taking up a megaphone and shouting to all the world what she really is like. You will get a hint of it when you see her as Louisa in "The Two Orphans"
"Oh!" we said. "You won't be able to get her for your picture. It would be impossible."

"Why would it?" said Mrs. Drew. "Everybody is doing it now. Look at Mrs. Lydig Hoyt and Lady Diana Manners and—" "And Elaine Hammerstein," we added. "That pretty girl over there is Oscar Hammerstein's granddaughter, and she's been making pictures for several seasons now. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Selznick; he knows."

"That is what comes of not seeing any pictures!" exclaimed my hostess. "I've lost track of everything for the last two years. But I thought Arthur Hammerstein's daughter was younger than that. It doesn't seem as though she can be a young lady. Why, only yesterday—" "Yes, it was only yesterday, as we agreed, after reminiscing for a few moments, that she ran away from the stage and went back to the convent. Most of them do just the opposite of that, we might add. To be exact, it was in 1914, when Mr. Hammerstein put on "High Jinks," and little Elaine was fifteen—or was she sixteen—then? We're sure of the date, for it was the time we did our first interview, and that interview was with her. She did a song called "When Sammy Sang the Marseillaise," and she was all upset over it because she thought that her dress was too short.
"I hate the stage," Miss Hammerstein had declared to us at that time, "and dad made me go into this just because he thought that I had inherited, or should have inherited, histrionic talent."

It's funny, but Alice Brady told us almost the same thing about her father's making her go in "Pinafore" when she didn't want to.

On the way to the elevator we stopped to speak to Miss Hammerstein, and she remembered us immediately, too; so there is another person who has a memory for names as well as for faces. Miss Hammerstein introduced us to her mother, and asked us to sit down and have a pastry with her. "I'm going to have another," she added, "for, thank goodness, that is one thing I do not have to worry about—I never get fat."

Neither do we, so we accepted, but Mrs. Drew said she wouldn't eat any more pastry, and, besides, she had an engagement which had something to do with a permanent wave.

"Do you remember the last time we interviewed you and how rabid you were on the subject of the family tree?" we asked.

"Was I? I don't remember, but I know I used to act just the way I felt, and it doesn't always pay. It makes you, as well as every one else, uncomfortable."

"You're not usually so passive. It must be this weather," said Elaine's mother. "Remember what happened last week?" Elaine blushed.

"Well, that was different. Some one wanted me to do something I didn't want to do." We all laughed.

"Hope you didn't do it," we volunteered.

"I did not, and I never shall. It had something to do with a picture, and I knew I was right."

"We, for one, are sure you were. We always did like your views on pictures and clothes, and we used to agree perfectly on screen actors and actresses. Tell me quickly—do you like May MacAvoy?"

"I think she is clever, charming, and beautiful," said Miss Hammerstein, and we rewarded her by telling her that Miss MacAvoy looks like her. Which is true. Both have those lovely fair skins and pink cheeks, dark wavy hair and very large blue eyes with smudgy marks around them which have nothing to do with mascara, but are a decoration put there by nature.

"What are you working on now?" we asked.

"'Remorseless Love.'" Miss Hammerstein said it slowly, making it sound just as tragic as she could. "But cheer up; I think they are going to call it 'When Youth Rebels.'"

"Do you remember the first time I interviewed you and you came out with the statement that the tree which caused all the trouble in the Garden of Eden was not an apple tree at all, but a family tree?"

"I guess I thought that because it is the tree which gives so much trouble to all of us daughters of Eve. I used to believe that it was a decided handicap for an actress to be endowed with relatives who have done something. What success I had on the stage was attributed to the fact that I was the daughter of Arthur, who was the son of the famous Oscar. I hated the stage, and I loved the pictures, so I decided to strike out on my own. I have been making pictures now for five years, and I still love them, but I had to take the plunge all alone. Isn't it funny how your parents always think that just because they brought you into the world that they are to be 'the divinity which shapes your end.' If you want to go to college they want...

Continued on page 95

What's Bill Hart Going to Do?

A great deal has been written about his "retiring;" but Bill at last speaks up and says that he's going right on making pictures.

By Russell Holman

Jesse James at a tea shoppe, Bad Bill Dalton sipping a soda in Huyler's, Bill Hart parking his two guns at the Waldorf-Astoria! Well, we don't suppose Bill could be expected, on his visit to New York, to pitch a tent in Times Square and take a prebreakfast canter on his pinto pony up through the theater belt. Besides, Bill had excellent precedent. President Harding and our other national institutions stop at the Waldorf.

We proceeded demurely along the plush-lined corridor of the plutocratic hostelry. We knocked.

"Come in!" roared a resonant bass voice.

Our knees knocked.

But there was no need of it. The hero of a hundred cinema gun duels was sitting in front of a little writing desk in the corner, addressing envelopes. His long knees barely fit under the desk. In place of sombrero, chaps, and both guns, he wore a pepper-and-salt suit—conservative cut—bulldog shoes, a traveling cap, and a stiff collar. The eyes, however, looked natural—small, keen, and blue—and they smiled at us as the star twisted around and we disclosed ourself as the lad who had made the date with him. He rose and gave us a stone-crusher handshake.

"Have a chair," he offered, and pulled his own up in front of us. "My mail follows me all around." He nodded back toward the envelopes on the desk. "Home I guess I average about two hundred letters a day. Keeps a couple of girl stenographers busy answerin' them."

The Hart voice, in conversation, is remarkably soft and possesses the real Western drawl. The Hart vocabulary is racy with the slang of the corral, picturesque and quite barren of final "g's."

"Letters from the fans?" we inquired.

"Purty near all of them," said Mr. Hart. "I make it a point to answer them all, too. I reckon my mail is different from most of the picture people. I don't get many of these scented notes from the young ladies, but I get lots of letters from boys and youths that are interested in the outdoor life. They ask me about huntin' and campin' and fishin', and I answer best I can."

The telephone tinkled in that peremptory manner New York telephones have.

"Excuse me," said the star, and silenced the instrument by placing a strong, tanned hand around its neck. "My mail follows me all around." He nodded back toward the envelopes on the desk. "Home I guess I average about two hundred letters a day. Keeps a couple of girl stenographers busy answerin' them."

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What's Bill Hart Going to Do?

He's so homely he's good looking, and he brought with his rugged face and old-fashioned manners something of the freedom and wholesomeness of the Western prairies.

Continued on page 88
The Glorious Adventuress

The business of being villainous has not detracted at all from Maude George's reposeful charm. And likewise her wholesome, simple home life has not tempered her wickedness on the screen. Both personalities are well worth knowing, and here is presented the Maude George the screen has never shown you.

By Alden Hughes

coming around the edge of the house, and a moment later Miss George herself appeared. She wore a wide-brimmed straw hat and a gingham gown. A pair of ancient gloves protected her hands, and she carried a formidable-appearing trowel.

"How do you do?" she said, and inquired if I were the person who had telephoned her. "I am Miss George; will you forgive the attire? But, remember, I warned you that I was working in the garden."

This laughing-eyed, olive-complexioned young woman the viciously inclined Madame Malot I had viewed in "The Devil's Pass-key?" Impossible. And yet one must take a lady's word when he reveals her identity.

"Yes," she said, noting perhaps a certain state of open-mouthed wonderment on my part, "my garden is just commencing to bloom. I've raised every single plant in it by hand—that is, my husband and I have—and I'm mighty proud to show it off."

The garden is as unexpected as the house itself. So seldom do we see nowadays a typical old-fashioned flower plot of such flora as hollyhocks, snap-dragons, bluebells, lobelia, pansies, and the like.

She is equally at home among the old-fashioned plants in her garden.

Eric von Stroheim has found Maude George admirably fitted for such roles as the malicious adventuress, the Princess Olga in "Foolish Wives."

You may come right out," the voice informed me over the phone. "I'm working now in my garden, if you don't mind that—"

And after Maude George assured me that she hadn't the least idea what she'd say when she was interviewed, I made quickened tracks to the address in Hollywood she'd given me.

"New angle!" thought I. "A viewless interview."

"Devonshire House," the brass plate on the wrought-iron gate, Old Worldly in sentiment and quaint in appearance, announced. It is a little house, full two hundred feet from the front gate, whose very unexpectedness makes it an interesting dwelling place. It has individuality—a distinct personality. When I rapped with the heavy brass knocker on the door panel I heard footsteps

Continued on page 100
Somehow the news got around that I was to interview Richard Barthelmess.

Said another fan writer of my acquaintance, who has become rather jaded: "If you rave about him I'll kill you!"

Said the girl who had never seen a movie star face to face: "Oh, my goodness, isn't that just too grand for words! You'll say something terribly nice about him, won't you? You know, I think he's just——"

Whether to rave or use my reason—that was the problem. For I have known some rabid cynics whose professional armor was pierced—absolutely riddled after a half hour with the erstwhile Griffith star. Privately I suspected their enthusiasm must have been induced by something more than the high spirits of the young Barthelmess—by liquid spirits, in fact. A cold cocktail on a hot day—well, even critics are human under such circumstances.

Ye Editor himself accompanied me to the Algonquin, the place assigned for the interview. Perhaps he thought I would do all the talking without giving Richard a chance to express himself on the decadence of the star system. Or perhaps he was afraid that I wouldn't talk at all, being dazzled into silence by the too near proximity of the prince of every flapper's heart. Anyway, there we were, waiting in the lobby, watching gentlemen stars with patent-leather hair stroll by and lady stars with ultra-yellow tresses undulate past us, leaving a faint trail of perfume in their wake.

"He's read Wells' "Outline of History,"" said Ye Editor tentatively.

"Um," I replied without enthusiasm. "I read the last chapter myself to see if it came out happily."

"And he's deeply interested in Oriental things," Ye Editor went on persuasively.

"In Japanese fan letters probably," I answered tersely. It was brutal, but I was making a stand for reason. And I knew very well that if I found out that Richard Barthelmess was a student of Chinese philosophy, if he knew that Ku An Yin was a goddess and not a subtitle for chop suey, that I was gone. Being deeply interested in things Oriental, I would be raving like the most demented fan who ever sent him a proposal and twenty-five cents in stamps for his picture.

And just then Richard himself hurried out of the elevator and toward the sofa where Ye Editor and I were waiting. My first impression of him was, "Older; much older than I had expected." And the next, "His hair is too long; he's got a duck curl!"

The duck curl should be explained. It is one of the first symptoms of that ailment common to film folk, enlargement of the ego. If a handsome young extra man gets a "bit" or a small part, he immediately starts letting his hair grow until the barber can bring it down to the nape of his neck in the back and twist it up in a duck curl. It's a sure sign. And here was Richard Barthelmess——

But just as I was getting my most cynical smile into working order he was shaking my hand in a firm, friendly grip, and was leading me over into a
Raving Versus Reason

The love story of a little girl who grew up and married her motion-picture hero.

By Grace Kingsley

Can you imagine anything more romantic than marrying the picture hero with whom you fell in love when you first, as a little girl with long, shiny curls, saw him on the screen?

She was a little convent girl, who sat in a dark, smelly little picture house one afternoon ten years ago. She had long blond curls, and her eyes were shining and expectant as they glued themselves to the screen. She was allowed to go to the pictures only once a week, and then only after they had been censored by the nuns.

The picture opened right snappily with a bunch of cowboys galloping like mad across the plain at the foot of a mountain, and then down the steepest trail you can imagine rode the cowboy hero. Nearer and nearer he came, the cowboys waved their hats in greeting—and gallant Tom Mix swung into the foreground.

The little convent girl involuntarily clapped her hands, and it was right then, declares Vicky Forde, that she fell in love with Tom Mix. She was just fourteen, and she got her mother, Eugenie Forde, who was an actress, to get Tom's picture for her, and she kept the picture hidden in her "secret" drawer, along with her diary and a ring out of a prize box which a little boy had given her when she was nine years old. And after that nothing could keep her away from Tom Mix's pictures whenever they came to town.

"Oh, anybody could be happy with Tom!"

That's how Vicky raved over him at tea, out at Tom's home, the other day. Vicky is Tom's wife now, and she should know! If you could just have seen the light in her eyes when she said it—oh, well, there are marriages like that in the world. Tom Mix may bulldog steers and hurl villains around the place so hard that he breaks things with 'em, but he's a model husband.

Tom was married once before, but it was an unhappy experience, I believe, for both Tom and the lady, lasting over several drab years, and so it's a closed chapter. And looking at Mrs. Mix, who is just the right proportion of pep and feminine allurement and gentleness, it struck me that anybody could get along with her, too.

The Tom Mixes don't live in a mansion. They live in a cozy story-and-a-half bungalow in Hollywood, just
The Tom Mixes don’t live in a mansion. They live in a cozy little bungalow in Hollywood.

The sort of house, in fact, that you’d imagine Tom and his leading lady retiring to after Tom has saved her from the villain and after the clinch has happened in the last reel, with Tom and his lady love sitting on her pa’s front stoop as the golden sun goes down.

But somehow there’s an air of genuine affection and contentment about the Mix home that is like an aroma—if that simile isn’t too artificial—which it’s impossible to convey unless you have seen them together in it as I have. No doubt there are subjects on which they disagree, but Mrs. Mix has a little air of always sweetly giving up, whether she does or not. Being a real daughter of Eve, I suspect she doesn’t. But then Tom doesn’t know it. Doubtless in the essential she surrenders. She hasn’t, for instance, worked on the screen since she was married. That was because Tom couldn’t want her to.

“Tom says that when he comes home he likes to find me here,” she said simply, with a little air of sweet seriousness and importance which is very becoming. “We’re always together when we possibly can be. Even when he goes out on location in the mountains I nearly always go along. You see, I can get up dances and entertainments for the members of the company, which keeps’em happy and in good humor. They work better when they feel that way. When I can’t go with him on a trip he writes or sends me a telegram every day.”

She confesses that some day she wants to do some more screen work, possibly as a director, because it’s really difficult for a woman who has ever cultivated her talents and brains to give up her career entirely. Tom says he doesn’t object to her taking up directing some time, though it did strike me that the “some time” was a bit vague and wistful. She is well equipped for any sort of stage or screen work, having helped Tom to direct while she was his leading woman and having had stage training as well as screen experience. She played as a baby actress in New York with Maxine Elliott and John Drew, beginning her stage career at three.

“I suppose it was an awful play,” said Mrs. Mix. “It was called ‘A Desperate Chance,’ and really I think we took a desperate chance every time we played it. Mother was in the play, and I always stood in the wings and watched another child play the baby part. One day the little one was bitten by a dog, and I was given the part. Afterward, mother took me off the stage and put me in a convent. It was when I was fifteen, and had played one or two parts, that mother lost her voice, which caused her to go into pictures. In those days that was thought an awful comedown, and mother felt very bad, though glad and grateful for the work at the same time. She joined the Selig company in Chicago, and as grandmother and grandfather were out here in California, mother begged the company to send us West to the California studio. So they did, and they decided to make an expert horsewoman of me. I guess they did; anyhow Tom thinks there isn’t anything I can’t do in that line.”

And right here enter Tom Mix, hero of this romance.
When Eugenie Forde reached the West she became a member of Tom Mix's company.

"We arrived in Los Angeles one hot afternoon," said Mrs. Mix, "and I didn't think I should like it so very well. Mother went right over to the studio, but I stayed at home to fix things up a bit for her. She came home that night tired and hot. I was making tea for her. 'What did you do, mother?' I asked. 'Why,' she answered right out of the blue, 'I'm going to be Tom Mix's leading woman!' Was I thrilled? Say, I nearly dropped the teapot! Even if I had recovered from my first girlish crush contracted when I was at the hero-worshiping age, I had never ceased admiring him, and here he was, right in the family, so to speak.

"It was early on the following Christmas morning that mother spoke up and said: 'Tom Mix seems a little bit lonely. I think I'll invite him over for Christmas dinner.'"

"Well, I was so thrilled I couldn't eat a bite! I had never met him yet, though I had seen him at a distance over at the studio. You can imagine whether I put on my prettiest dress or not, and whether I didn't try to manage so I'd sit beside him at dinner. But, alas! mother had a little ingenue for his dinner partner. And then afterward, when he did come and sit down beside me, I was so shy I couldn't talk. He rambled along the way he does, and I just smiled and blushed and said 'Uh-huh,' and other brilliant things. After dinner there was a Christmas tree, and on that tree was my first present from Tom. It was a bottle of perfume.

"No, I don't remember the first thing we said to each other. Tom has those talkative eyes, you see, and I think we just made eyes at each other across the table. I remember the ingenue acted peevish."

He used to call often on Vicky Forde after that, and by and by she became his leading woman in Tom's Selig wild-West company. Their first picture together, oddly enough, was titled, "Weary Went A-Wooing." By that time Tom was very much in love with Vicky, he says.

"Tom had been something of a woman hater for a long time," Vicky went on, "but he and I used to go out together like good pals. He had just secured his divorce, and he was very careful and very nice about going around with me, telling my mother all about his affairs and asking her if she thought it was all right for him to take me about a little. Mother often went with us."

At that moment Tom Mix came in. We had heard him tramping upstairs the back way, presumably to tidy up a bit for tea. Not that a strong man like Tom ever really contracted the tea habit. He just goes through the motions sometimes to please his wife. He had been out in his garage—which, by the way, is as large as the house—working on one of his cars and on a story at the same time. Whenever Tom wants to work out a knotty point in a story he goes out and crawls under that old car with some tools, whether there's anything the matter with it or not. He looks up and tinkers, gets all covered with oil, and comes out full of dirt and ideas.

Tom is just a big boy, with a boy's frankness and a boy's shyness, but he didn't mind at all our talking his romance over.

"Y' see, the way I happened to start going with Vicky here," he began seriously, "was because she was going with somebody I thought she oughtn't to be seen with—" Tom was dead serious, looking into the fire, and I glanced over at Vicky. Her face told me nothing; but I've a suspicion that maybe Miss Vicky, being a regular daughter of Eve, played that up strong at the time, especially in light of her confession that she had always been in love with Tom. He's a fine sort, is Tom, a real defender of women, outside pictures as well as in them. He has always kept a clean and gallant attitude toward women. Maybe
The New Star Shower

Some observations on its causes, and a glimpse at the players fair and fierce who make up the deluge. Between the lines you may find hidden a yardstick with which to gauge the depth and potency of parts of this shower.

By Gordon Gassaway

OLD friends are best, they say, and an old friend has come back in the cinema world. It is the star system.

Star dust allowed to collect on studio shelves, so to speak, while "imminent" authors and "big stories" and all-star casts cut sportive capers in the public eye, without attracting any noticeable attention, has been stirred into the atmosphere as never before in the heyday of the system.

Twinkling, twinkling little stars, for long we've wondered how you are, and now to brighten the New Year comes the star shower in a brilliant, blinding array of new names to be loved and coddled or cast aside, as the case may be.

New names? There are scores of them. Some of them we have waited eagerly to see in the ranks of stardom and others that have been illuminated almost overnight we question—"Who is she?" and "Who is he?" What is their pedigree? Why are they starred?

Cullen Landis, Marie Prevost, Lloyd Hughes, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Jewel Carmen, and Jack Holt are some of the leading men and women, long familiar on the screen, whom we have expected to be starred to these many moons, and it is like old-home week to welcome them in all their starring brilliance. But these are only the beginning.

In a sort of glorified Milky Way the shower comes on apace. There come Barbara Bedford, "Lefty" Flynn, Jack Gilbert, and Johnny Walker. Although we might have expected it of Johnny after his sterling characterization in "Over the Hill." Here come Madge Bellamy, Mary Philbin, Diana Allen, Gareth Hughes, May McAvoy, Richard Dix, and Helene Chadwick. We aren't quite so homy with these last—but we are willing, and want to be. We look in vain for the name of Monte Blue in the star shower, but it is not there. Mr. Lasky did not keep his promise.

Glance back, for a moment, through the threshold of the past year. It was only a short twelvemonth ago that the prognosticators of the projection rooms said: "Down with the stars—bring on your eminent authors and all-star casts and feature stories, but the day of the star is over." Was it over? Not on your celluloid! What followed the determination on the part of the producers to do away with the system which made the motion-picture industry famous—the great star system? Theaters, in the summer of 1921—the early slump period—went into a state of vacuum. Empty seats greeted the best efforts of the best book writers and play makers in the land. Even "good" stories failed to pack 'em in, as had been prognosticated. A few sporadic efforts on the part of a few isolated companies were made to create new stars between January and June—but they were very few.

"The author's the thing!" continued to be the cry—until New York theaters, and others throughout the land, forced to abandon their large orchestras at high prices, in order to cut down expenses to meet the exigencies of empty houses, wondered how long they could remain open.

Then, as the summer sun waxed and waned, one at a pop, and sometimes two or three at a pop, the shining faces of new stars, some unheard of before, began to dot the cerulean blue—indigo blue in some parts—of the cinema sky. Now we are in the midst of the world's greatest shower of stars. Halley's Comet, should it suddenly reappear, would feel lonely and neglected in the midst of all this brilliance.

Of what stuff are stars made? In the days of the ascendancy of Florence Lawrence, John Bunny—blessed...
be his memory—Arthur Johnson, Florence Turner, King Baggot, and others who ushered in the original star idea, producers and the makers of pictures in general, found out that what the public wanted was concentration of affection. The public loves to love, and it has not learned to worship in the abstract. Personality is the thing. In the early days it was guided in worship of personalities by shrewd advertising. Not the admiration of authors or stories or spectacles, but of familiar faces on the screen. Those who achieved stardom achieved it because the public evinced its liking of them by saying so at the box office. The early stars were loved for themselves alone and not because of the stories in which they appeared nor because of the men or women who wrote those stories. The face on the screen took the cooky. But in those days stars were not made overnight. It took months, and even years, for enough star dust to accumulate to make one good star.

To-day new stars are apparently being hatched in steam-heated brooders. A majority of them are hot-house products. Star dust is amalgamated with another element. What is that element?

Who is that clean-cut youth playing the son? Who is that vivacious girl chosen by directors? A glutting of programs throughout the house or a question at the box office, as in days of old, announces the dawn of public interest in a new personality. That is the legitimate conception of a star.

Nowadays a star is often "made" in the projection room. His work in some studio "special" or in a commonplace picture is observed by the powers that be even before the picture is released, and the decision to star them is arrived at. The public, in this case, has no voice in the matter. In the rush to get a player in the present star shower this was true in many instances. Sometimes a single feature picture was sufficient to incubate a star.

"Over the Hill" brought out Johnny Walker. In that case there was a rustling of programs, and the public inquired: "Who is the boy?" Instead of "cherchez la femme," good old French detective phrase, it is "Find the star!"—good old American phrase. "Sentimental Tommy" incubated May McAvoy into stardom. Gareth Hughes was made because of his appealing work in "The Chorus Girl's Romance," with Viola Dana. Consequently he was selected to play part of Sentimental Tommy, the Barrie figurine, and his success as a star was cinched. Agnes Ayres achieved her present stellar brilliance because of her work under Cecil B. De Mille in "Forbidden Fruit," howbeit she had appeared on the screen for some time previous to that.

A case of a "projection-room-made" star is that of Miss Du Pont—Margaret Armstrong, if it interests you to know it—of Universal. Her work in "Foolish Wives," which was a year in the making and during which time she really served her star's apprenticeship, if the element of time counts for anything, was the determining factor in the minds of the Universal City executives who watched the rushes of the picture as Von Stroheim ran them off week after week.

Diana Allen, whom Selznick hails as another Olive Thomas, might also be classified as a projection-room star. Madge Bellamy was taken direct from the New York stage, incubated on the Ince lot, and thrust into stardom because her work at once showed up well in the projection coop.

But Doris May, Marie Prevost, Jack Holt, Cullen Landis, Lloyd Hughes, and Richard Barthelmess have been near-stars for some time. It took only the slump of 1921, and the producers' wild efforts to get out of it, to make them over the top. Doris May was divorced from the team of MacLean and May on the Ince circuit when it was decided to star Douglas MacLean. Miss May was too distractingly attractive to have in juxtaposition to Doug, so out she went. Marie Prevost, for a number of years a Mack Sennett water baby, was grabbed by Universal on account of her winsomeness as well as her popularity. Her history, however, does not dovetail with that of Betty Compson or Gloria Swanson, other water babies taken out of slapstick and put into drama through their work in a single serious picture such as Miss Compson's in "The Miracle Man." Jack Holt has for years been a sterling prop on the Lasky lot when a real he-hero was needed as leading man. His growth to popularity in fan land was slow and, according to Jesse Lasky, sure, like that of Thomas Meighan. "Once upon a time" has been the enigma of the studios. Under contract to Goldwyn, he has been nearly featured and nearly starred for so long that, in his case at least, I think the public has actually expressed impatience at the delay in starring him. The enigma resulted from the wonderment at this delay. But it must be remembered that Goldwyn has been the foremost proponent of the "boosting the author" game, and all players were held back while the "imminent" authors on the lot were pushed forward. Now, with the starring of Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, and Landis, it looks as though the author system has been retained, so far as Goldwyn is concerned, by the star shower. Every picture in which Landis has appeared has strengthened his following, but it was in "It's a Great Life," written by one of Goldwyn's pet authors, Mary Roberts Rinehart, that he indicated to the world, at least, that he could hold his own in the shower.

Lloyd Hughes, once a butcher's delivery boy in Los Angeles, knocking at my back door, plugged his way to stardom through the extra ranks. He wasn't as rank as some of the others, and got his big chance in "Below the Surface," with Hobart Bosworth. There was a tentative effort to feature him by Mr. Ince, whose banner had waved red whenever the star system was mentioned and who held out for "all-star casts," but who has changed the color of the flag to white and capitulated along with the rest of them. This was in "Home Folks." Hughes has "that something" which Cullen Landis also has that makes stars out of nebulae.

Helene Chadwick is not an incubator baby. She has appeared in several successful Goldwyn pictures, notably of late with Richard Dix, who, by the way, graduated into pictures from the same Los Angeles stock company which gave Douglas MacLean and Warner Baxter to a waiting world. Dix himself was star material from the first, on account of his winning smile and his manly appearance. He will prove to be a knock-'em-dead hero.

Continued on page 90
PROMINENT in the star shower is Jewel Carmen, an old favorite who too long has been absent from the screen. Roland West's "Nobody," a First National picture reintroduced her to the fans.
JACK HOLT for years has been a sterling prop on the Lasky lot when a real he-hero was needed as leading man. "The Call of the North," introduces him as a Paramount star.
Pages 37-38

Missing from source
HELENE CHADWICK emerged into stardom slowly in spite of splendid work, for she was allied with Goldwyn, the most conspicuous discourager of the star system.
STARDOM for Agnes Ayres came as a surprise to no one who had seen her splendid work as a leading woman in Paramount pictures. "The Lane that Has No Turning," marks her début as a star.
MARIE PREVOST, for a number of years a Sennett water baby, was made a star by Universal because of her winsomeness and popularity. "Moonlight Follies," was her first star picture.
GLORIA SWANSON had so long enjoyed the popularity of a star through her work in De Millie specials that her transition to actual stardom in "The Great Moment," was hardly noticeable. But even so, the Swanson lot has not been a perfect one as she tells you in the interview on the opposite page.
Gloria, Ltd.

Gloria Swanson claims that her repertoire is restricted to the limits of her wardrobe.

By Malcolm Oettinger

MOST of the far-away film fair become prosaic maids and matrons when they leave the glamour of Hollywood studios to shop in the East. Mary Minter is an average girl with decidedly more than average looks; Elsie Ferguson is a New Yorker, poised and calculating, as is Madame Manhattan herself; Alice Brady is an industrious professional woman; Marjorie Daw is a flapper, quieter than most, but of the boarding-school pattern. And so, as Ethel Sands would verify, they go.

It is, therefore, with something of the light of discovery in his eyes that this chronicler hastens to record the discovery of a star who toes the mark set by tradition, convention, and imagination, a star who looks like a star, and who, willy-nilly, carries the part from the studio to the suite.

The stellar prima donna hailed with this flourish of trumpets is the decorative motif of De Mille's purple-lined-plush opera, the newly crested star of the bizarre, empress of modes, Gloria Swanson. There is more than a little aesthetic pleasure in meeting such a woman. Her beauty is comparable to that of gleaming Sauterne, cool, smooth, and possessed of a distinctly tingling quality that renders it all the more memorable. In gazing upon it you achieve a sensation similar to the one you enjoy upon envisaging a Maxfield Parrish landscape, an Urban setting, a Dulac canvas—colorful all. Add to these inanimate riots of radiance the attributes of graceful motion, swimming movement, and a not unintellectual outlook on life, and you will have a hazy idea of the Swanson in the flesh.

She is of the Ritz Ritzy, and it was entirely in keeping with her personality to hold court high in the gilded pile bearing that standardized name. Hers is not the hauteur of upstage aristocracy, hers not the regal manner in any way, but about her there is an unmistakable air, an atmosphere of chic, of smoothness, of that je ne sais quoi that might make the passer-by stop to stare.

She loves luxury and ease and soft, smooth things and beauty. Hers is an epicurean philosophy, a leaf lifted practically in toto from the "Book of Omar." In Hollywood, she told me, her dressing room was done especially for her, in purple and green and ivory. Striped taffeta curtains, floor cushions, a Victrola so constructed as to permit its designer—Gloria—to remove records from the cabinet without stooping.

Fifth Avenue had been her playground immediately prior to my intrusion. As I had entered the hotel another taxi had preceded me, stopping abruptly to disgorgeme a hurrying figure in tweeds, who slid past me, scurried into the lobby, and boarded the ascending lift just before I faced the closed door. There had been something familiar about the figure; when I faced her, in the Swanson suite, two minutes later, I found that it was Gloria herself! The svelte señorita of the silk-lined cinema sermon in—tweeds!

She was flushed and smiling as she greeted me. We were both fifteen minutes late. She had been shopping, she explained, had hurried so, was fatigued, hadn't troubled to change her costume, hoped that I wouldn't mind. All this with a smile that left destruction in its wake. Then she sat on one of the Ritz's gilt chairs without looking like a transient sitter—which in itself was art—and talked of the theater, of men, of Hollywood, of dinner guests, of Broadway, and, of course, of clothes. Who could engage in conversation with this serenade in satin without alluding to—aye, dilating upon—clothes?

"There may be some grounds for questioning whether clothes make the man," she said, "but I think every one will admit that they do make the woman. I claim no
credit for acting. Clothes make me act. I never re-

hear in street clothes—it is for me a waste of time,
because I feel no sympathy with the part unless I am
dressed for the part. I do not mean that I must be
dressed up to feel the urge. But if I am to do a
gypsy I must wear gypsy rags. Clothes are everything.”

Rarely enough, she assured me, does she venture into
the public higgledy piggledy attire in two words—severe tweed, I am
as she pointed out. People expect so much of her, know
so much of her sartorial exploits on the screen, that it
has become imperative for her to live up to the reputa-
tion, to some extent, off the silver sheet.

“When I go to the theater I am pointed out as Gloria
Swanson and stared at. Knowing that this will happen,
I must prepare as best I can for the battery of eyes, a
far more critical battery, I might say, than the cameras.
If I were to affect simple things, people would be dis-
appointed and perhaps steer clear of my pictures.”

“Does it annoy you,” I wondered aloud, “to have the
great American public stare at you wherever you may happen to be? Or does it weary you? Or thrill you?”

She considered, with a diplomatic frown troubling her
face.

“I like it, I think,” she said. “And then again, it’s
rather embarrassing. In restaurants, for instance. No
one looks her best, you know, eating spaghetti. Or corn
on the cob. And I love both.”

And while on the subject, it is interesting, as a matter
of incongruity, to note that this exotic, orchid woman
orders instantaneously, before anything else on the tea-
gram, fudge sundae with vanilla cream. That, be-
lieve it or not, is the Swanson special. Where, as a
matter of fact, she should like baked Alaska with sherry,
or biscuit Tortoni served to an accompaniment of muted
violins.

Manfully I continued to ask her about clothes. I
knew that the world wanted to know everything she
thought about them—and why.

“Well,” she said, after answering the phone and re-
ceiving some flowers and passing me some Havana per-
feclos. “I should like to do pictures that have lots of
costuming and heart appeal besides, punch and patterns
combined. I realize that clothes make me what I am
and I dread, at the same time, becoming a mannequin
sort of actress. So there you are. I want a happy com-
bination.”

In Elinor Glyn’s original cellulegend, “The Great Mo-
ment,” this wish was realized, and yet, says Gloria, the
more she sees the picture the less enthusiastic she be-
comes over it. “Notwithstanding the fact that was just
made to order for me.”

Mothers all over the country have seen their daughters
“doing a Swanson” before the mirrors, heels high,
coiffure higher, lips red, cheeks redder. And I asked
the cause of it all whether or not she felt guilty.

She laughed artlessly, and waved it aside with
white hand that wafted a gentle perfume toward me.

“Forgive us, for we know not what we did!” she ex-
claimed. “If youngsters shouldn’t see such things, let
their mothers censor the plays they go to see. My particu-
lar pictures have, in most cases, depended
upon the extremity of my styles—Mr. De Mille used that as
a basis for the ‘Why Change’ series, you know.”

Mr. De Mille incidentally is the Swanson ideal in
directors—the last word in screen dictators. It was
Cecil who lifted her from the rut of Triangle society
stuff, so-called, to introduce her as the velvet note in
his luxurious celluloid symphonies. And it was this
same putteed czar of the vacillating photos who decreed
that she had attained to eminence befitting the rank of
She didn’t want to be a star.

“First of all, there’s the person. I’m not ac-
customed to it. When I used to appear in the De Mille
productions, everything was done to make them perfect.
Time and energy and labor were expended like water.
Now I’m a star, working on program schedule, holding
up the heavy end of each picture. Do you realize that
when you’re a star the success of the picture depends
upon you?” She looked at me searchingly as she asked
the question. I admitted that I hadn’t thought the matter
much thought. “Well, I hadn’t either before I became
a star. And I can’t say that it’s a bed of roses, the
star’s life. Doing specials was much more fun!”

After doing her second stellar story, “Under the
Lash,” she was glad to be pressed into service again
by De Mille, who cast her in a feature boasting the
presence of Wally Reid and Elliott Dexter and Theodore
Roberts and Agnes Ayres in its roster. This studded
cast completed a picture play that is as yet untitled.
Elliott Dexter is the Swanson choice for the ideal oppo-
site, from an acting point of view. And among the
women, she feels that Norma Talmadge leads the field.

Suddenly she removed her round beaver hat, striking
in its simplicity. She pushed her hands to her temples.

“I’ve been shopping so long. The models simply
bored me. I could have shrieked at them, strutted round
and round in front of me.”

I smiled tolerantly. This was the star’s prerogative.
to shriek at the shadow of ennui drifting over her. Her
eyes flared angrily as she read my thoughts.

“But I am not temperamental. I don’t lose my temper
for no reason at all. There is nothing petty about my
feeling for things or against them. I’ve always been
accused of being temperamental, and I resent it. Tem-
perament is simply a softer word for temper. Every
one loses his temper occasionally; let an actress do it
once and she is branded as being temperamental.”

I hastened to assure her that she impressed me as
being anything but temperamental. And, as you would
have done under the circumstances, I lied.

“ ‘Away from the studio,’ she said, changing to a more
placid subject, ‘I forget my screen self and try to be
domestic. I can’t putter round the kitchen, but I adore
the home self. No actress can continue to be an actress
as long as she is a star. And I can’t say that it’s a bed of roses, the
star’s life. Doing specials was much more fun!”

Proof of her sincerity may readily be found upon
reviewing the files of the picture magazines; no shots
of Gloria’s baby are to be found in any of them.

“At times,” she went on, “I confess I feel like a
feminine Jekyll and Hyde, but it has worked out per-
fectly so far—this studio self a different person than
the home self. No actress can continue to be an actress
in her own home, and still be successful there as a
mother. ‘She must have two sides—and more.”

While she talked I found myself saying, “This is her
actress side. I am seeing her public self.” Even in
simple tweeds she suggested the screen celebrity. Minus
all of her silver-sheet trappings, still she carried a note
of acting that would not be denied.

“When you are at home,” I asked, “how—just how
do you act? What do you wear? Are you—different?”

She looked at me, and her smile might have been
flooding me from the elevation of a theater proscenium,
so detached, so pictorially perfect was it. And before
she spoke I knew what she was going to say.

“When I’m at home,” she repeated, her smile per-
sisting, but her eyes looking past me, into a Hollywood
bungalow perhaps, “when I’m at home—I’m at home.”

Which undoubtedly meant that when she is at home
she is not being interviewed.
Here's to the Brave

A story for the cynics and the wise ones who know that dangerous scenes are always played by "doubles" and that accidents in pictures are never real.

By Helen Christine Bennett

LADIES and gentlemen, stars of the screen, I apologize! For years I have sat in my comfortable seat in the orchestra and smiled knowingly, even with a bit of a sneer, when a thrilling scene and a hairbreadth escape were shown. Somewhere down in my smug consciousness there registered the comforting thought:

"Faked. Of course there isn't an atom of risk in it."

And all these years I have cheated you of your due. For I am one of those who are lost in admiration at the intrepid explorer, the daring engineer, the pioneer who goes into the unknown and risks his life—to give the world something new. And all these years I might have ranked you along with these—if I had only known.

It isn't wholly my fault. For my sneers blame the press. Who started it I don't know, but after reading time after time of fakes, double exposures, and various kinds of make-believes, I, with no doubt thousands of other motion-picture attendants, got the idea that the precious lives of the stars were guarded religiously, and that some poor soul unknown took any risk, if there was any, said risk being minimized in the extreme. And now, after six months about the studios, I take it all back. I have seen men and women risking life and limb and nervous system in the most extraordinary ways, and these people were not acrobats or athletes, but just plain actors and actresses taking the risk as a part of the day's work. I found out a part of this when I went on the trail of the animals in the pictures, but I never got a full realization of it until one afternoon, as Mr. Fairbanks was showing me the sets for "The Three Musketeers," he said casually:

"I carry Miss de la Motte all over those roofs."

I looked at the roofs, and then hastily back at Fairbanks. The rest of the world calls him Doug, but as a matter of distinction, I being the only human being left to do it, I insist on calling him by the surname.

"Over those steep things?" I asked incredulously.

Fairbanks nodded, and began explaining with his usual energy. I never saw anyone with as much energy as he possesses; it runs out all the time, as if from some inexhaustible spring. I wish he could bottle the overflow and sell it; I'd be a steady customer.

"I get her over my shoulder," he said, "and run down there, and there, and get into the window there."

"Yes," I echoed, looking at the roofs. Steep? My word on it, they were little precipices of tile, red curved tile. Now I suppose that if I had seen that picture I would have registered in my smug consciousness the fact that the roofs were probably near the ground when the picture was taken, and that after the negative was superimposed on another of the houses and that everyone was comfortably safe all the time. Yes, and thousands of others believe the same thing or the same kind of thing.

When I next cornered Mr. Fairbanks he was making up, right on the set, and he talked while applying powder and rouge, and at the same time some assistant painted ghastly looking wounds down his right arm.

"Tell me the biggest hazard you ever undertook," I demanded.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. Then he reached out his left hand and lifted a sword from his table, handing it over to me.

"That's about as big as any," he said. "Look at the tip. It's guarded, but the blade is as sharp as ever."

I examined the sword. It had a gluey substance covering the tip for perhaps an inch, and the blade was, as he said, sharp.

"I tell you," he went on, "in 'The Mollycoddle,' in that tank with the fishes, I had an experience. The first time I went down one of those big yellowfins, weighing about seventy pounds, objected to my coming and swung his tail around, hitting me in the side of the face and head. I was so dizzy that for five minutes I had no idea of anything, and it wasn't any too safe a
place to get dizzy in. But all I do is what any man can do if he keeps fit."

I am quoting Fairbanks because he is echoed in substance by all the other stars. You can't get them to admit risk, no wonder. If they ever admitted it, they might not be able to carry on. Fairbanks won't have a double because he says it's bad psychologically. If he once let up he might let up too often. For the same reason he sets himself a stunt each day, something new, something difficult, something untried. If you want to know the risk actors and actresses run, the real hazards of the game, go to the onlookers, who can let their nerves run riot, not h.ying to keep up their courage.

All the onlookers in the Famous Players-Lasky studios still thrill when they tell you about the making of "Male and Female," a Cecil De Mille picture. Risk after risk, danger after danger was encountered by the actors in this picture, Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan taking the biggest, from being pounded on rocks in a wild surf to intimacies with lions and leopards that bring a lump in your throat. "Male and Female" involved the wrecking of a yacht and the lives of the people who were wrecked on a tropic island. A model of a real yacht was used, and it was planned to have Meighan stay on the deck until the last moment. It was also planned to wreck the yacht on a particular rock out in the surf off Santa Cruz. She was to strike and hold for some minutes before she keeled over, and during those minutes Meighan was to swim to shore. It's a bad shore off Santa Cruz, rocky and wild, and Meighan, though a good swimmer, took quite a chance of being pounded, even if the thing had gone off as planned. But it didn't. The yacht, driven by an unexpected wave, struck the rock on the side and turned instantaneously. Meighan, quick-witted, ran across the deck perfectly still during the rehearsal of the scene as well as the scene itself. The lion, of course a "good" lion as lions go, came in with his trainer, and was coaxed to put his paw on a cloth laid on Gloria's back. He did this until he got used to it, and then the trainer whisked the cloth away and the paw came down on the bare skin. The whole studio held its breath. No one knows what Gloria did, and she won't tell, but every one is certain she prayed. There were men about, to be sure, with guns, but who stood the chance, the lion or the gun, of getting there first? Not daunted by this, the director staged a third miracle in a leopard scene. Gloria, as Lady Mary picking figs in the wilderness, is approached by a leopard. Tommy Meighan, appearing, kills the leopard and flings it down beside Lady Mary and proceeds to declare his love. The leopard was a real leopard and appeared. Tommy appeared to kill it, and a dummy was substituted for Tommy to carry and fling down by Gloria. But the stuffed leopard looked stuffed; it wouldn't hang limp like a freshly killed leopard ought. Somebody had an inspiration.

"Why not chloroform the leopard, and then Meighan could carry it?" But nobody knew how much chloroform a leopard could take and still live, and the trainer objected mightily to having his trained leopard killed, and the studio didn't want to pay for killing a trained leopard anyhow; they are very valuable and expensive products. Well, there was a long discussion. Finally a man who had been a nurse of some kind during the war and who was now helping in the mechanical end at the studio offered his services. He measured out the dose, and the trainer held the leopard's head to carry it off by the obedient leopard. Mr. Leopard amiably went to sleep. When he seemed deep enough in slumber Meighan grabbed him, hoisted him on his back, and
carried him out to the waiting Gloria. He flung the leopard down—and the big cat, jerked out of slumber by the fall, came up spitting and snarling and going for Meighan. The trainer jumped in, and there was a very nice five minutes for everybody. After which, believe me or not, they applied a bigger dose of chloroform, and Meighan did it all over again. This time the leopard did not wake up!

In an Ince production to be released this fall, called "The Cup of Life," Hobart Bosworth added another chapter of daring to a long history of risks. Bosworth fought a live shark under fifteen feet of water. To take the picture, the camera men were sent down in a glass diving bell. The battle was staged off Catalina and the shark was a real shark. To make certain Bosworth would win the battle the shark was harnessed with wires and his movements were supposed to be under control from above, but he was able to swim freely and to put plenty of action into the fight. Bosworth had to dive a number of times before he could, without too much danger, get near enough to the huge fish to plunge a long knife into the monster and dispatch him. Nobody having tried harnessing a shark in wires before, it was of course problematical just how the harness would work, whether it would hold or break, and just how Bosworth would come out.

"The Old Nest," a current release of Goldwyn's, written by Rupert Hughes, is a homy type of story which would not suggest that any great risks were to be taken. But in two instances women took very real ones. Helene Chadwick, standing with her sweetheart on the vestibule of a railroad train, is jerked almost out by the sudden jolting of the train. The man with her grasps her by one arm and pulls her in. This happened just as stated; the train was real and the jerk was real. But suppose she fell to the right or left of this small affair? In the same picture Mary Alden, the mother dreams of falling from a precipice. In order to get her facial expressions during this fall Miss Alden was held high in the air in all conceivable positions—upright, on one side, the other, and on her head. After standing on her head—so to speak—in air for five minutes she would begin to cry, "Up—let me up," and when she got up she was limp indeed. If you see the picture you will know why those expressions of Miss Alden depict genuine fear and agony. As for risk, there was a net under her, in case the apparatus broke, but the main risk was to her nervous system.

When Johnny Bowers was acting in "The Sky Pilot," written by Ralph Connors and produced by King Vidor, he was asked if he cared to risk the great scene where the hero turns aside a cattle stampede and saves both himself and the prostrate girl he loves from being trampled to death. The producers were willing to provide a double who would take the risk, but Bowers thought it over and declined. "I'm so dead tired of being an ice-cream hero, I'd take any risk," he decided.

A ranchman furnished the cattle for the stampede. Driven from behind, the cattle thundered toward him, heads lowered. If he could stop them and turn them to one side, he was safe. He had his hat, and nothing else. And with this and his arms he beat them in the faces as they came, so that they turned off just as the book had planned, leaving him safe. When the picture, or rather this part of it, was done the ranchman came up to Bowers. "Young man," he said, "I don't know whether you're the bravest man alive or—you don't know anything about cattle!"

"Gently reader," to quote H. C. Witwer, I have just discovered that I am three quarters through the pace allotted for this article. And I assure you I sit here, panting with tales, just aching to tell you them all. For to me they are really truly marvels, and I have for the people who take these risks the most genuine and deep admiration. After all, like the explorer, the engineer, and the man who pioneers in the wilderness, they have an object. To keep a picture faithful, they risk life and limb. That comes perilously near being a real respect for art. But before I have to stop, and I only hope you are as sorry as I am, I want to tell you how some of the things you and I, in our
comfortable seats, never dreamed could be dangerous often are.

Guns—how many of them have we seen go off in motion pictures? And loaded with blanks, of course. But if you get a blank in your face it is pretty bad, not quite as bad as a bullet, but bad nevertheless. Actors are supposed to shoot to one side, but—and here is the greatest hazard of all motion-picture acting—many of them are so excited, carried away by the scene, that they forget and shoot right at the object they are supposed to shoot at. In "Manhattan Madness," Fairbanks was supposed to chase a villain who turned and shot him in the face. The pistol was loaded with blanks, and the villain knew how to shoot, but lost his head and shot straight at Fairbanks. The flash hit Fairbanks in the eye, and it was a question for some days whether he would lose that eye or not.

Take fights. Most of the fights staged are real fights, and often the actors are badly injured. They take that risk when they fight, and they know it. For this reason fights are always left until the last thing in making a picture, because the combatants may be so done up that they cannot appear for a week. Will Rogers and Lefty Flynn had an honest-to-goodness fight in "Doubling for Romeo," in which one of Flynn's hits on Rogers' jaw knocked Rogers ten feet. Recovering, Rogers jumped on Flynn's back and proceeded to get even by pounding him. They were both so beaten up at the end of the battle that retirement from pictures for several days was advisable. In another scene in "The Cup of Life," Hobart Bosworth, fighting with Niles Welch, hit the floor instead of Niles. The blow broke three bones in Bosworth's hand.

Riot scenes are often so real that extras lose their heads entirely. In one riot scene in which Monte Blue played some one, in an attempt at realism, suggested that a real policeman be employed to act. The policeman was supposed to tap Monte lightly on the head with his club, and Monte was to go down and out. When the time came, the policeman, a real one, was so wrought up by the scene and the acting that he came down with a real wallop and Monte went down—and completely out, with a broken skull. After that he spent six weeks in a hospital. In "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London, Noah Beery was supposed to be hit over the head with a bottle. Now for this purpose there is a stage property bottle made largely of
This editorial is going to get us into a lot of trouble. It is going to expose the facts about The Observer's mind, so he probably will be shunned from now on by all decent folks. Respectable women will draw aside as he passes, young people will point their fingers at him, and those who have the time and the postage will write letters to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE and demand that he be fired at once.

Brief. The Observer's conscience won't let him be a hypocrite. If it is wrong to expose his innermost thoughts in all their nakedness—so be it.

Here's the blow-off.

The Observer is getting fully fed up with highbrow pictures. He is becoming weary of beautiful photography. He snores at fine sets and gorgeous costumes. A crowd of ten thousand extras carrying spears excites him no more than a dish of mush and milk.

The motion picture is getting wishy-washy, literary, educational, inspiring—something you "ought" to see. And we never yet had a good time seeing something we ought to.

The time has come for frank talk—and we believe we have a lot of folks on our side. The Observer believes that the motion-picture producers are trying too hard to make pictures for the folks that seldom come to see the shows and that they are forgetting the regular fans.

More pep, say we! More guns, more detective stories, more red-hot love stories, more thrills, spine-tingling thrills, thrills that make you grab your girl's arm and gasp—action, drama, punch, galloping horses, mortgages, fires, sudden deaths, suspense, suspense, more suspense!

Do you get what we mean? The motion picture is getting too darned nice and refined.

"Go to the serial," you'll say.

We don't want just serials, either. We want the gosh-darnedest drama that anybody can give us. We want the gosh-darned crafty, but we are yelping for something to happen in the picture shows. The producers are afraid of the old idea better than it had ever been handled before.

If you must know, that's the hardest thing in the writing business. Shakespeare, as we remember it, is about the best exponent of this plan. He took old stuff and doctor it up, but he was a right smart doctor.

We have seen the gorgeous Pola Negri in "One Arabian Night," and in spite of protesting letters to the editor, again state that Pola will do for us. She is coming to the United States next spring. Rumors have it, and alas! then we shall know what she thinks of love and marriage and shall have her advice on how to keep a gardner or a husband.

Pola is in trouble in Germany, and is rather glad to get out. It seems that she contributed toward erecting a statue in her home town in Poland. All would have been well if they hadn't learned in Germany that the statue was of a Polish gentleman who had fought with no small success against the Germans. And to make it tougher, in order to make a place for the statue they tore down one of some German ancient and dumped him into the alley. All in all, Pola had a good deal to explain.

Perhaps the ambition of the motion-picture producers to seek for something new should be lauded and such searching will do no harm, provided they don't find it.

The public, as a matter of fact, does not demand new stuff. In fiction the same old love story goes best. On the stage the most successful plays are not novelties. The circuses have found that the public wants the same old idea better than it had ever been handled before.

If you must know, that's the hardest thing in the writing business. Shakespeare, as we remember it, is about the best exponent of this plan. He took old stuff and doctor it up, but he was a right smart doctor.

They're going to have a bit of a fight for the example of that State will certainly be followed throughout the United States.

If Massachusetts votes in favor of censorship we might as well give up the fight, for the example of that State will certainly be followed throughout the United States.

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"This State voted for censorship," the reformers will say, "and proved that the people do want their pictures censored. That's a fair criterion as to how the rest of the country feels."
The Observer

And the legislatures will fall into line. The important thing about it will be that they will be absolutely right.

The Observer does not believe that the public wants its pictures censored by a bunch of politicians. He never will believe that a person who thoroughly understands the operation of a censorship board will vote for one.

But it is possible that the reformers may put on such a campaign in Massachusetts that the public either will vote for censorship or will not vote at all. What the motion pictures need is a tremendous number of citizens of Massachusetts who will vote against the law. They must take the trouble to register their feelings regarding a political board made up of nondescript who can manipulate the screen to suit themselves.

It will be a critical election; of interest to you wherever you live, for Massachusetts will cast the vote for the nation.

The Author's Value

The Author, by the way, is settling down and is paying more attention to his job and less to his publicity. There are Authors and authors in motion pictures. Capital-A Authors aren't doing so well these days. Several companies had a heap of excitement over Authors and hired a lot of them.

The real authors, the men and women who had been writing the real shows, were crowded out, and the big names began advising how to do things. Most of the big names flopped. They may have been able to write great stories, but they didn't know drama as it is turned out in Hollywood.

When they failed, most of them blamed the motion-picture public. As a matter of fact, few of the Authors knew nearly as much about constructing real entertainment as do half a hundred real scenario writers who have been operating efficiently for a good many years.

Out of the wreckage Rupert Hughes stands supreme. He is the only Author who became an author and who delivered the goods. Elinor Glyn delivered one good story and then left the lot. Hughes stuck and learned the business.

Authors are a good deal like bricklayers. Some are good and some are not, which is about all you can say about them.

If any person tells you the author is the thing, or the star is the thing, or the director is the thing, tell him he is raving. Every fine work, whether it be a motion picture or a building or a motor car, is the work of many good minds.

The authors were called to save the industry. They came on the run, like a volunteer fire department, but when they arrived it was found that few of them knew how to couple a hose or operate a pump.

A New Use for Movie Theaters

A motion-picture theater has been put to a new use in a Montana town. It was employed by the local Chamber of Commerce as a magnet with which to draw from out of the homes in that region the catalogues of the large mail-order houses.

Every one who has ever lived in the West knows how much competition the business men in the smaller towns have from these great mail-order institutions, and how much they dislike that kind of competition. In this particular town some one conceived the idea that if they could gather in all of the mail-order catalogues for a few miles around they could pretty nearly wipe out that competition, at least for the time being. The question was, how to get the catalogues. They couldn't offer money for them without giving away the idea. Finally some one got the idea of having a movie theater on a certain date accept these catalogues in lieu of an admission fee, with cash prizes offered for the oldest, the newest, and the like.

The scheme worked beautifully, and the entire region was almost cleaned out of catalogues. The merchants made a fine bonfire of them.

But if you're thinking of duplicating the plan in your town, you had better first look up the results of the investigation that was started by the Federal trade commission, which, at the time this was written, had not been concluded.

Trust the Censors to Have Bad Taste

If the New York censors wished to injure the cause for which they stand they could hardly have chosen a better method than the ugly license numbers which they have insisted shall be inserted next to the main title of each picture they allow to be shown. The ugliness of these inserts is a fair commentary upon the taste of the persons who are chosen to censor one of the most beautiful of the arts.

The Music Menace

Folks were mighty pleased when some of the bigger motion-picture theaters abandoned the whangy piano accompaniment in favor of an organ. It made quite a hit, too, when good-sized orchestras were installed in some of the theaters. But now, proceeding no doubt on the theory that if a little seasoning is good a lot of it is better, some theater managers are evolving supplementary musical programs that quite overbalance the program of motion pictures.

"How long must I wait for the pictures to start?" a somewhat irate woman demanded of an usher at one of New York's picture palaces when, to her dismay, the "Tannhauser" overture was followed not by Harold Lloyd, but by a singer.

"Don't you like it either?" the usher answered despairingly.

But I'll bet that if a vote were taken among the audience there would be an overwhelming majority in favor of cutting out some of the surplus music.

It wasn't so bad when only the Broadway picture palaces suffered from too much music. We could all go to our neighborhood theaters, where five chairs were enough to accommodate the orchestra, allowing one to put the extra music on. But now that the menace is spreading to the smaller theaters The Observer rises to protest. Only last week he saw a pretty little film in a small theater in Stamford, Connecticut, but the beauty of the picture was completely lost in the blare of sound that came from the orchestra pit. He wonders how many people are annoyed by too much music—either during the picture or introducing it.

The Eight Most Handsome Men

A few months ago we published two sets of pictures called "The Eight Reigning Beauties of the Screen," the first set chosen by one of our staff contributors and the other eight by the readers who wrote to us protesting against some of the selections of the first group.

Now the fans are writing in and asking why we don't run the pictures of the eight most handsome men. In fact, so many have asked for this that we're going to attempt it. But we shall not ask any one person to make up a list this time. There will be but one group, and that one made up entirely by our readers. So if you wish to have a hand in selecting them, just drop a letter to the editor of Picture-Play Magazine, mentioning your favorites and telling why you think they should be chosen. The list will be made up, as before, of those for whom there are the largest number of requests.
RIGHT OFF THE GRILL

Observation and comment upon the comings and goings of the movie folk, as seen from Hollywood.

By E. Lanning Masters

What of the Fairbankses?

PROPHESYING the future plans of Doug and Mary is like predicting whom Charlie Chaplin is going to marry. The reason is that they don't know themselves. So how could we?

A chart of the Fairbanks' mental vagaries for the past four months would resemble the zigzag lines of a London weather map. When they went to New York for the premieres of “The Three Musketeers” and “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” they were to return to Hollywood immediately, where Doug was to begin the production of “The Virginian.”

In New York this program was switched, and the two succumbed to the lure of Paris. Since then a dozen different plans have been on again and off again as many different times. First, they were going to stay a month; then six months; then a year. They were going to produce abroad, and then they decided not to produce. One day Doug talked of a yacht and a tour of the world; the next of taking Mary to the south of France for a rest cure.

The latest report at this writing is that one or the other of the celebrated couple will start producing in Paris immediately after the holidays, remaining abroad until the late spring, when they will return to Hollywood. Doug will then do “The Virginian,” and if Mary can obtain the rights to “Tess of the Storm Country,” she will then repicture this success. Thenceforth the two will alternate between their studios in Paris and Los Angeles, spending six months at each place.

By the time this appears, however, this whole program may be knocked into a cocked hat. Rumors persist that there is a very good reason for the seeming inability of the famous pair to make up their minds as to what they are going to do. On the other hand, it is possible that the plans of the two are not nearly so nebular as they would have them appear, and that the haziness which has surrounded their future activities has been deliberately simulated to hide the real object of their trip abroad—escape from the public’s eye during the next few months.

Notwithstanding past refutations, the Los Angeles Times, in a recent editorial, insists that an “interesting event,” as I believe it is termed in the best sewing-society circles of Pennsylvania, is imminent in the house of Fairbanks.

Mary’s reply at the time of this rumor a few months ago of “Wouldn’t it be wonderful if it were true?” was generally accepted as a denial, but in the light of recent developments one is justified in wondering whether it was meant as such. One remembers the denials of their rumored marriage, given out by both Doug and Mary within a week of that event. Mary, if I recall correctly, even went so far as to say that she was “through with marriage forever.”

I did not criticize Mary for this statement then, nor would I now should it develop that her answer, with respect to present rumors, should prove to be equally evasive. To no one is marriage and motherhood more sacred than to “America’s Sweetheart,” and if she seeks shelter from the pitiless glare of publicity in these hallowed experiences it seems to me that this is a sentiment which all of us should not only respect, but admire her the more for.

Whether the revival of this report is well founded or not remains to be seen. If it should prove correct, the Fairbankses have not taken their closest friends into their confidence, so far as I can learn. But no one who has witnessed the infinite tenderness and beauty with which little Mary invests the role of Lord Fauntleroy’s Mother will doubt for a minute wherein her ambition lies, and it is to be hoped that the world some day will have an opportunity to rejoice in the fulfillment of this dream.

In any event, those within the inner circle of the Fairbankses friends predict that within the next two years both will forsake the screen. Certain it is that the two will make fewer pictures henceforth, possibly only one a piece a year until they do retire, each of exceptional magnitude, such as their last two productions, culminating their remarkable careers in their greatest effort, in which picture they will play opposite each other.

Both Doug and Mary feel that after a few more pictures they are entitled to rest on their laurels.
Right Off the Grill

Who is she, and why doesn't some live producer looking for real screen material grab her?

Played Fraility in "Experience."

Just a "bit," but she ran away with the acting honors.

"Jerry" Comes Back.

"Jerry" came back to Los Angeles this fall for a brief forty-eight hours. Known to the rest of the world as Geraldine Farrar, but to the West Coast film colony as just "Jerry," the lyric drama's premier songbird returned to the scenes of her former triumphs before the camera—and every one who is any one in the celluloid capital turned out to bid her welcome.

But it was not to the "love nest" in Hollywood, where Geraldine and Lou Tellegen, "the perfect lover," were wont to hold open house that the diva returned, but rather to a single public appearance with the Scotti Grand Opera Company, in that most daring of all her roles, Zaza.

Notwithstanding her wealth of friends in Hollywood, the formerly incomparable good fellow and pal of every one in studio life, from property boy to producer, kept herself strictly incommunicable during her brief sojourn.

Despite her seclusion, Hollywood found in her return the occasion for a gala and glorious fashion parade which it has seldom duplicated, even in De Mille's sense-stirring displays of plumage and puchritude.

Stars and their most recent husbands and wives; bathing beauties, ingenues and their newest leading men; directors and their latest "discoveries"—all were there. And for the benefit of those of my readers who may think that a motion-picture career tends to make one shock-proof, let me say that the fair Farrar gave this supposedly case-hardened audience a gasp as great as it, in turn, has ever given the members of the Purity League.

Loath as I am to shatter illusions regarding the worldliness of our cinema favorites, an exact regard for the facts compels the statement that the frankness of Geraldine's disrobing scene, as the French music-ball singer, and her subsequent preparations for the reception and conquest of a new sweetheart completely took the breath of an audience made up of what is often believed to be the world's greatest aggregation of experts in affaires de la cœur, notwithstanding that effete audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House have been witnessing the same scene for the past two years without lifting an eyebrow. After the distinguished diva's demonstration of allurement at her performance in Los Angeles, many of our most celebrated cinema charmers decided that they were still in the kindergarten class when it came to the fine points of this art.

The film favorites, in their opera regalia at this performance, made a brilliant picture. The Spanish motif predominated in the costumes, splashes of crimson being especially plentiful. Many of the gathering wore shawls of beautiful designs and elaborate handiwork as opera cloaks.

For the benefit of the legion of my feminine followers

longs for the life of a home, uninterrupted by the demands of the studio; Doug for a life of adventure in the out-of-the-way corners of the world, and then a career of writing.

It is their ultimate plan to retire to a villa on the Italian Riviera, keeping, however, Mary's home in Los Angeles for annual visits. Doug revels in the Old World atmosphere of Europe, and ever, since he was eighteen years old has spent as much time there as possible. Mary, who has worked incessantly since childhood at high pressure, seeks rest and quiet.

Personally, I question whether either of them can retire permanently from the screen. Their lives are too completely bound up with it. A year of travel—a couple of years of retirement—and the combined call of the megaphone and an insistent public will prevail. Their destiny has been irrevocably fashioned by an adoring populace, and I doubt whether they can escape it if they would, and whether they would if they could.

A Pertinent Question.

Lewis S. Stone, standby for Royal Mounted Police stories, recently had to make a scene in which he was to enter a cabin followed by a real wild wolf.

When everything was set, the director inquired of Stone:

"When the wolf comes after you, do you think you can jump up to the rafters?"

"I know I can—but can the wolf?" was Stone's terse reply.

Getting the Drop on Them.

As a result of the visit of the censors to Los Angeles last summer, Universal has engaged a censor of its own. The gentleman is a former member of the Chicago censorship board. He will view every foot of film produced by Universal and try to outguess other censors over the country as to what should come out.

The first picture which he inspected was "Conflict," Priscilla Dean's recent production, which he pronounced as pure drivel.

An Apology.

In a recent issue I stated that Cecil De Mille's latest production, "Saturday Night," had nothing to do with a bathtub. I now find that the regulation De Mille swimming pool plays an important part in the picture.

Appropriate.

Now that we have a production labeled, "No Woman Knows," and another one advertised as "What No Man Knows," one is moved to wonder whether the picture producers have anything left to be filmed.

Auto-suggestion.

Vera Stedman's last Christy comedy was "A Pair of Sexes"—a twin-baby story.

Recently Vera, known in private life as Mrs. Jack Taylor, gave birth to twin girls. They are the film colony's first.

Vera asserts she will never appear in a picture with anything but a singular title henceforth.

Another Comer.

Florence Flinn!
Right Off the Grill

I will attempt to list a few of the most striking costumes, as detailed to me by two compassionate screen sirens whose own costumes attested their right to speak with authority.

Betty Blythe was attired in a gown of black and silver brocade, thrown over which was a Spanish shawl of cream ground, embroidered in red and green, with a deep fringe. To finish this picture the regal Betty, equally as queenly with as without her pearls, wore a high Spanish comb in her closely waved and high coiffure.

Bebe Daniels was picturesque as usual in an imported gown—how do you girls know that gowns are imported?—of white sequins, a sealskin wrap, corsage of orchids, and an American Beauty ostrich fan.

Arlene Pretty, affecting a high headdress and Spanish comb, lived up to the name with which they do say she was born, in a gown of chiffon and gold lace, with a wrap of coral velvet and ermine.

Kathryn Williams, who grows more beautiful every year in my estimation, appeared in a gown of white satin with crystal beads and a wrap of sable. A wealth of green ivy leaves about her forehead and an emerald-green fan were the only bits of color.

Olga Printzlau, who combines grace and talent with such fairness that I wonder every time I see her how she escapes from the scenario department at Lasky’s without being signed under a long-term contract as a leading woman, wore a stunning black satin gown, trimmed with black ostrich feathers, and an evening wrap of black satin and ermine.

Blanche Sweet, who, rumor has it, is very soon to become Mrs. “Mickey” Neilan, looking pathetically sweet—no pun intended—and demure after her long illness, wore a simple frock of gold cloth, untrimmed, except for a bit of gold embroidery on the bodice.

Mrs. Charles Ray, who occupied a box with her bashful husband, was charmingly gowned in black, with much net and a wrap of gray fur.

All the rest looked as well or better, but I can’t take the whole magazine to tell you about them. Besides, that’s all my aids-de-camp told me.

Ethel Sands’ Arrival.

I leave it to my readers to imagine for themselves how excited Ethel Sands was when she stepped off from the California Limited a few weeks ago, when it arrived in Los Angeles.

As you know, she was sent by Picture-Play for a second series of “Adventures in Movieland,” this time in the film capital.

It was her first train trip of any great distance, and it had taken her across the entire continent. Here, instead of brief trips to the studios and to the players’ homes, each lasting but a day, she was to spend several weeks in Hollywood, taking in, at her leisure, every phase of movie making and movie life.

Betty Compson was at the train to meet her and—

But I had better wait and let her tell it.

You’ll prefer her version, I’m sure. Her new adventures will begin, I believe, in the next issue of Picture-Play.

On the Move.

The voyaging virus with which picture circles seem to have become inoculated this fall is still rampant. The industry is becoming cosmopolitanized. As this is Underwooded, even Charlie Ray is preparing for his maiden trip to New York, with side tours to Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

Will Rogers, after a two years’ absence from “The Folies,” has decided to run back for a short trip to see how the old playbooks.

“I haven’t been back to the old town for a long time, y’ see,” said “Bill,” discussing his proposed trip, “and I think it is a good time now that the elections, peace conference, and everything else are over. Maybe I’ll have a chance to make a speech.

“Am I comin’ back? Sure I am. I’d go broke if I had to move my family again.”

After postponing her return so many times that Mack Sennett threatened to send a sheriff after her, Mabel Normand is back on the famous folly lot, and Ben Turpin has also returned from his triumphant vaudeville tour, which included a personal appearance at that most sacred temple of cinema art, the Capitol, in New York. Shortly after his arrival, Ben began work on a comedy with pretty Phyllis Haver, she of the shapely nethers and “come-hither” orbs.

Continued on page 91.
A well-known Greenwich Village character, as he appears in Ollendorff's film.

Village types.

Sketchographs Novelty

With illustrations clipped

EVERY now and then a brand-new novelty bobs up in the movies. There were the first animated comics, the acting dolls, "Out of the Inkwell," and Tony Sarg's "Almanac."

Another recent novelty, and a very popular one, is the series of "Sketchographs," made by Julian Ollendorff and released by Educational Films. A Sketchograph is a film of an interesting informational nature, enlivened by the frequent insertion of clever drawings which emphasize, in a humorous way, the points of the picture. So far Ollendorff has been alternating between such subjects as a history of costumes, in which his drawings—representing a vast amount of labor and research—play the greater part, and short travel bits, such as "A Trip

Eating plays a prominent part in any tour of the Village; here is a Village waiter.

One of the real artists, caught in his studio.
Along Fifth Avenue" and his "Ramble Through Greenwich Village"—scenes from which are shown on these pages.

Although the bits of the drawings which are reproduced here give a good impression of Ollendorff's work, they do not convey any idea of the effective way in which they are worked into the film to bring out some point, particularly, in the frequent instances of where one suddenly dissolves into another of the same outline, but otherwise entirely different.

Ollendorff, who is his own artist, camera man, scenario and title writer, film editor, and business manager, was prepared for his present occupation by several years on the art staffs of different New York newspapers.

In the lower right-hand corner is a village book shop and art gallery.
Rubye de Remer had a chance that everyone might well envy—an invitation to go abroad with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—and she missed the boat!

"I'm not afraid of fate any more," Fanny announced to me by way of explanation as she fished a lot of stuff out of her vanity box and directed the waiter to throw it away. There was a rabbit's foot, a lucky coin with a hole in it, and two little French dolls, besides a lot of things I didn't recognize.

"No more mascots and lucky pieces for me; no more walking around ladders and dodging black cats. Why, I'd even open an umbrella in the house or spill salt without being afraid of the consequences."

"And why—" But I got no further. Fanny was obviously going to explain what she was talking about in her own good time.

"Rubye de Remer did it. She's lost all her belief in superstition—and I have, too. It happened like this. Mrs. Pickford and Mary and Douglas all invited Rubye to go abroad with them, and even though there were a lot of things here in New York to be attended to she accepted. And then she missed the boat! It was simply tragic. And worse even than missing the boat was the way Rubye worried over it. You see, ordinarily she is so lucky that when this happened she was sure it was her good luck working in some devious way. She became so obsessed with the idea that the boat the others were on was going to sink that she was afraid to look at a newspaper because she dreaded confirming her fears. One night Lottie and Jack Pickford were at Rubye's house, and she heard an extra paper being called down on the street. She slipped out of the room and sent the butler down to get one, so convinced all the time that it announced some terrible disaster at sea that she was almost afraid to look at it. And it was all about the Ku Klux Klan or something unimportant like that. When she got a cable from Mary announcing her safe arrival in London, she drew a long sigh of relief and said she'd never be superstitious again.

"She's gone abroad now, and Lottie is with her. Rubye had hoped for a real vacation, but it doesn't look much like one to me. She is going to make a picture for Famous Players in London between shopping trips to Paris."

"And what about her lovely apartment here?"

"Oh, it is just waiting for Rubye's return. No matter how far away she goes she always has that jewel of an apartment waiting for her. She says she likes to feel that she has a foothold in New York at least—what the stars who have been to Paris would call a pied-a-terre."

"But I know some stars who've been abroad and can still speak American," I proclaimed proudly.

"Yes, you would," Fanny retorted. "But I don't see why they shouldn't acquire an accent or talk French if they want to. It doesn't show in films."

There was no answering that argument, so I let the conversation drop while I gazed around the room and on out the windows to the crowds hurrying past.

"Looks like Norma Talmadge, doesn't it?"

"Yes; and Constance has gone, but just to make exteriors. Her husband can't leave his business, and Constance doesn't want to leave him a bit longer than she has to, so all the inside scenes will be made here.
in the East. But did you hear about Norma having her fired?

Naturally I looked incredulous at that.

"It was all a joke," Fanny went on. "Constance was so far ahead of her schedule that she hadn't been working for nearly three months. It bores her to death not to be making pictures, and finally one day it got on her nerves so that she went over to the studio where Norma is making 'Smilin' Through' and gave herself a job as an extra. Just as they were about to shoot a big scene, Norma spied her and dramatically told the director to stop the scene. The company looked on interestedly, suspecting that the lovely Norma at last was going to show signs of artistic temperament. 'I want that girl fired.' Norma announced in ringing tones, pointing to Constance. And the director did it. When the company found out who the unfortunate extra was they laughed so hard the director could hardly get them calmed down enough to play the scene.

"And did you hear the story about Ben Turpin cashing a check?"

Before I could shake my head, Fanny had launched into it.

"He went to a bank and asked them to cash a check for him, but they said he would have to identify himself in some way. 'All right,' said Ben. And before their astonished eyes he made his eyes look blank and staring, the way they do in pictures, and flopped backward right there on the floor. That was enough; they cashed the check."

"Wouldn't it be a wonderful idea," I crowed in before she could go on, "if every star had some distinctive trade-mark like that? Of course, Chaplin has his feet, and Bebe Daniels has her smile, by way of identification. Corinne Griffith has her funny little walk that she could perform, and no one else can cry as Helene Chadwick does. Oh, well, there are lots of possibilities."

"Speaking of Chaplin," Fanny cut in, ignoring my suggestion, "Donald Crisp is back from London. He was up at the Griffith studio the other day, and he told all about Charlie Chaplin's reception in London. You know he was with him, and to hear him tell about it was just like talking to the only survivor of a disaster. The Londoners were so enthusiastic over Charlie that they nearly killed him with cordiality. The mayor of Southampton and the mayor of London went to the boat to give Charlie the keys to the cities, and the crowd was so great they couldn't get to him, even with the aid of a mounted guard.

"Lots of the people took scissors along to snip out pieces of his suit to remember him by, and the result was that he arrived at his hotel looking like the climax of a slapstick comedy. He was practically a prisoner in his hotel all the time he was there, because when he attempted to go out such crowds gathered that it seemed as though all London was closing in on him.

"He received seven thousand telegrams of welcome the first day, and innumerable invitations to dinner. The one that pleased him most asked him to dine with H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, and Sir James M. Barrie. Of course he accepted. When they sat down to dinner, Bernard Shaw said, 'Here, now, Mr. Chaplin, speak up! We've been hearing all about you for a long time; now show off.' Charlie looked utterly aghast, then he told him, 'I've been looking up to you three men all my life. You've been gods to me. Now that I'm here I haven't anything to say. I'm just going to listen.' Of course they were delighted with him."

"I guess Mabel Normand isn't going abroad after all. Every time she threatens to sail her New York friends
Over the Teacups

record for numbers of important productions this year. She had barely finished the Vitagraph special, 'Flower of the North,' when she made 'Ma'm'selle Jo' for Robertson-Cole. And now she is playing opposite Thomas Meighan in 'If You Believe It, It's So.' The only disadvantage is that she rarely has time to wear her own lovely clothes. She's in costume most of the time."

"And how about Margery Daw?" I asked.

"Oh, haven't you heard!" she answered superciliously. "She's another awfully busy one. She's playing opposite Herbert Rawlinson in his first Universal star picture. And Irene Rich is another. If you want to reach her you might as well have all the studios in Hollywood paged, for she finishes pictures in a rush and jumps from one studio to another. She is out at Universal now, playing opposite Lon Chaney in 'Wolf-breed.' She is going to be with Harry Carey in 'Man to Man' next, though that hardly sounds like a fat part for Irene.

"But why talk about work?" Fanny added despairingly. "It's the great drawback of motion pictures. It keeps lots of interesting people out of the restaurants. It would be much more convenient if actors could just make pictures in the morning, when there is nothing else to do. Worst of all are the hard-working people who insist on playing on the stage and on the screen, too. Kathlyn Martin is the latest. She's a graduate of the Ziegfeld Follies, you know. They all go in the movies sooner or later. She is playing in 'Sally' now, on the regular stage, and it is rumored that Kathlyn Martin is the most recent graduate from the Ziegfeld ranks to motion-picture honors.

Lillian Gish looked like a dainty French doll while some of the scenes of 'The Two Orphans' were being made.

beg her to stay over just one more boat, and now it is about time she went back to California to start her next picture."

But Fanny wasn't even listening. She was watching a girl who had just come in. "That's the first time I've seen Doris Kenyon in ages. Scuse me while I go over to talk to her."

But she soon returned. Doris was so completely surrounded by her friends within a few minutes after she put in her appearance that Fanny could hardly get a word in edgewise.

"No, she hasn't been ill or anything," Fanny announced breathlessly. "She is playing opposite George Arliss in 'Idle Hands,' and she is working so hard that she says she hardly ever goes anywhere but from home to studio and studio to home. And that reminds me that lovely little Louise Huff is playing opposite Dick Barthelmess in his new production. It is a sea story, and they are making it up on the coast of Maine. Had a note from his mother, and she said she was having a glorious time. She's never happier than when she is with Dick.

"If I were in pictures I'd much rather be a leading woman than a star because they make so many more pictures. Doris and Louise never have a boresome gap between productions the way some stars do. Think of Pauline Starke—she almost holds the long-distance
she is to have her own company to make motion pictures. She is such a darling that probably she will soon be just as popular all over the country as she is in New York now."

Fanny absently played with her meringue glacée and sighed, but I could see that out of the corner of her eye she was watching Lew Cody, who had just come in.

"He's finished his tour in vaudeville, you know," she whispered so hoarsely that Mae Murray, yards away, must have heard her. "And it is rumored that he is going to marry Elinor Fair. He is going to start in making pictures again right away. Wonder if Elinor will be his leading woman. I'd like to see some romance in the studios—there don't seem to be nearly so many elopements or weddings or engagements any more. Let's start a rumor that Wesley Barry is engaged to Miriam Battista and that—"

"Sh, not so loud," I begged her. "Some one will hear you and take you seriously."

"Oh, all right," Fanny assented. "But, speaking of Wesley Barry, this is really true. He is going on the speaking stage and will play in a piece called 'Dummies.' Will Rogers is going back on the stage, too. And of course Lillian and Dorothy Gish are likely to go on the stage any time—provided they can find suitable plays. Broadway will look like a motion-picture convention pretty soon. Mae Marsh and Bessie Barriscale will be there in plays; Catherine Calvert is on already, and I've heard that Corinne Griffith has had some mighty attractive offers. Elsie Ferguson is going back, but then she does that every little while. It never seems to interfere with her making pictures.

"Oh, yes, and out in California Colleen Moore is going to make her debut on the speaking stage in a short play written for her by Rupert Hughes. She's playing in another picture by him now—one he wrote particularly for her, so of course it is Irish. She and Pauline Starke and Bessie Love have all been taking dancing lessons together from Kosloff, and Bessie dances so beautifully that I suppose some one will come along and want her to go on the stage as a dancer. Oh, yes, and ZaSu Pitts is going to be in a Famous Players production. That's the studio where her career started; she says it is just like home to be back there.

"And have you heard about Mabel Ballin?"

Even if I had she wouldn't have given me a chance to tell her.

"She is threatening to go to Spain to make her next picture. I am simply desperate at the idea of losing her, but she says the only good scenario they can find demands real Spanish backgrounds. Please—oh, please—find me an author that I can give to her

Continued on page 90
There is a veritable war on between Paris with silks and chiffons over the trend of them—so why not take a hint from exuber-

By Louise

the screen. You can’t say in a subtitle, ‘Mary was a social veteran of two seasons at dancing school and one high-school prom,’ and then show on the screen a girl in a dress suitable for the president of a woman’s club. And all the Paris fashions do seem like that this year. Why, Miss—’s gowns—I won’t tell you her name—make her look positively statuesque!”

But I knew she was talking about Mary Miles Minter. Everyone in New York just at that time who had any particular interest in styles and the trend they took was talking about Mary Miles Minter. For she had just returned from Paris in gowns that made her look like a settled young matron of thirty or thereabouts.

“But what are you going to do?” I asked, realizing what a problem she was facing. I was thinking of the thousands of costumes that Miss Chaffin fashioned last year to be worn in Realart and Famous Players-Lasky pictures, literally thousands of them—three thousand, if figures of that sort interest you. I was wondering if this perverse turn the styles had taken would make her creations seem less smart on the screen. You who may have copied your frocks from the charming dresses that Wanda Hawley and Bebe Daniels and May MacAvoy wear might

PARIS wants skirts long; Hollywood wants them short. No one wants a compromise between two such varying styles, because in that way are made frocks of no distinction.

There’s no doubt about it, you will just have to decide which one to follow—Paris or Hollywood. But don’t follow one or the other blindly—take a look at the reason behind the styles—and select what is best for you.

When Ethel Chaffin, designer of thousands of costumes for Realart and Famous Players-Lasky stars, came East to shop and look about at the weather vanes of fashion, I asked her what people were going to do about the clashes of opinion on this season’s styles.

“All the newspapers and magazines keep printing pictures of Paris modes—long skirts, trailing drapery, severe lines—but you can’t imagine a flapper dressing like that,” I protested to her. “What are people going to do?”

“Whatever suits them best, I hope,” Miss Chaffin said. “I don’t want others to be like the darling ingénue who went abroad and came back with six Paris gowns of the latest style, gowns that made her look like a dignified young matron. She can’t possibly wear them on

As supervisor of costumes for Famous Players-Lasky and Realart productions, Ethel Chaffin (in the foreground) has gone adventuring in chiffons and sequins and found the answer to most of the questions on how women ought to dress.
When Bebe is jllst her own exuberant self, a dress like this expresses her personality per,fectly, “said Miss Chaffin.

For the sweet young girl full of whimsicalities and dainty mannerisms, frocks should be made as delicate as moonlight—like this one of Bebe’s.

If you feel dignified and haughty and statuesque,” Miss Chaffin commented as she handed it to me, “I know of nothing more suitable for you than a gown made on the lines of this one. Of course I’d never design a dress like that for Bebe to wear in real life. In the first place it is overelaborate for such a simple and charming and unassuming personality as hers. The long waistline makes her look older, and all that trimming—crystal beads and tassels and brilliants—also take away the girlish effect. But that was what the part called for, and if you fit that part I think you would like a dress like this one of Bebe’s.

“Even in such an elaborate dress as this, I can design fluffy little dresses with lots of ribbons and rosebuds—just the sort of dresses Bebe wears in real life—but if she is supposed to look older we have to make something more severe, with a long waistline and drapery. Drapery almost always makes people look older, you know.”
In "Ladies Must Live," the last production of the late George Loane Tucker the spotlight is about equally divided between Betty Compson, Leatrice Joy, and two others.

The Screen in Review

A collection of tributes, objections, warnings, and whole-hearted recommendations to the month's offerings.

By Alison Smith

WE hear much discussion these days of the proper material for film stories. Authorities on the subject are fond of stating that "the screen is a separate art" with much the same final tones of the days when they reminded us that the "film business is in its infancy." This art, they insist, must have its own stories written exclusively for it, and hence we are dazzled by temperamental flashes from the type of author known as "eminent," whose imagination is devoted to weaving original plots.

Now perhaps the screen doctors are right and a plot to succeed on the screen must be written for the screen and for nothing else. Rupert Hughes, like Sentimental Tommy, seems to have "found a way." His exclusive screen plots may sometimes be maudlin, but they always hold your interest—you laugh and cry, even if you are a bit ashamed of yourself for doing both. But even Mr. Hughes' scenarios usually have their basis in one of his earlier printed tales or novels.

The answer is that you mustn't generalize. Some one has said that all sentences beginning "All men" or "All women" are wrong from the start. To this we add sentences beginning "All scenarios." A picture play may be written as an original story, it may be adapted from a novel in six volumes or a short story of three pages, it may have been a play, an opera, or a pantomime. If it has the right quality of human feeling—recaptured of course by the scenario writer—it will appeal. And "contrariwise," as Alice would say, if it hasn't, it won't.

"The Sin Flood."

In the mind of your more or less humble servant, the film of the month which has caught this quality most successfully is the adaptation of a play which, when produced on Broadway, was what is known as an "artistic failure." In 1914—before the fateful August 1st—Arthur Hopkins brought to an uptown theater a Scandinavian drama called "The Deluge." For one of those mysterious reasons best known to the theatrical manager, he chose the hottest weeks in the year for the play's first night, when every one who might appreciate its message was either at Atlantic City or up on a roof garden. The audiences dwindled accordingly, and were finally baked out by the heat. There are rumors growing stronger every month that Mr. Hopkins will bring back this strong and significant drama, with most of its excellent original cast, in a season when the people who could know and love it may have a chance to see it played.

Meanwhile the picture rights have been secured by Goldwyn. Not, however, from Arthur Hopkins; the wily film magnates went to its original source and made the picture from the Scandinavian play. That is why it is called "The Sin Flood"—a literal translation of "Synaflden." And if the title seems to you to suggest a nickelodeon melodrama and a vamp called Merciless Mazie, don't be discouraged. It is really one of the
most natural and restrained human dramas of the season's output.

Its plot goes deep into the psychology of the mob. For its setting we have a saloon in a little cotton town on the banks of the Mississippi. In this relic of bygone days are gathered a motley group of human beings—a young broker, a girl of the streets, a hungry tramp, an old millionaire, and a dozen others of equally contrasting stations in life. In the midst of their drinking the levee breaks, the river floods the town, and the group is trapped in the saloon, which is below the level of the street. They are safe from the flood, but they face certain death by suffocation through the exhaustion of air, as a dying candle testifies.

To the astonishment of all concerned, a scene of general reformation follows. Facing death as they are, the coward shows unexpected bravery, the skinflint grows generous, the cynic becomes tender. And the young man about town, who has turned a deaf ear to the unfortunate girl who loves him, suddenly discovers that he loves her above everything in his empty, frivolous life.

Then comes the dénouement. The little company, so united in the bonds of brotherly love, decides to court death by drowning instead of the lingering torture of suffocation. They break open the storm doors of the saloon, only to find that the flood has spared the town and the sidewalks are bright with sunshine. Immediately they revert to their former selves. The millionaire again locks his pockets, the barkeep is again a bully, the trickster returns to his trade, and brotherly love is forgotten. Only the two young lovers hold to the love they discovered when facing death, and go out into the sunshine together.

A sympathetic cast has been trusted with this message, which they can communicate to the audience because they understand it themselves. Helene Chadwick has the role of the unfortunate girl; she looks a bit demure and domestic for the rôle, but her emotional work is really touching. Richard Dix is the young libertine, James Kirkwood the apostle of light, and L. H. King the most perfect and convincing tramp we have ever seen on stage or screen. In the capable hands of Frank Lloyd, these players have given the subtle and difficult idea of the original.

"The Sheik."

This last picture is an example of adaptation which does full justice to the author's intent. Also in the month's output arrives a screen version of a novel which is as far from the original as it could well be. We refer to the scenario which has been made from that preposterous and phenomenal best seller, "The Sheik."

This is the hectic tale of an English girl in the clutches of an Arabian chief, which has been for so long the delight of old ladies' boarding houses and young ladies' seminaries. If published during the same year as "Three Weeks" it probably would have shocked as many people as that Elinor Glyn effusion. But, in this era, it excited some mild amusement, but not a word of protest from the book censors.

The screen censors are another thing again. We can just see them patting The Sheik into a decorous mood mild enough for the most tender mind. His fierceness—which so delighted the gentle spinster readers—is all gone, his language and manner are as meek as a Rollo book, and his attitude toward the kidnapped heroine is that of a considerate and platonic friend rather than the passionate, ruthless lover, "on an Arab sod with fire."

Of course Rudolph Valentino was too young for this rôle, anyhow. The Arab of the story was a disillusioned man with a hectic past behind him. We liked Agnes Ayres better as the obstinate beauty who shrinks from his advances, though we
"After the Show" is a story of the stage in which Lila Lee and Jack Holt appear.

Miss Ballin, as Jane, is the quiet, mouse-like governor with flashes of emotional fire—as Charlotte Brontë painted her. Norman Trevor was not our idea of Rochester—the uncouth, ugly, and yet fascinating figure which Charlotte Brontë modeled after Thackeray and which set a new fashion in heroes for the Victorian novels. Of course Trevor is too suave and handsome for this, but if he is not uncouth he is at least taciturn. These two principals carry the thrilling old romance through its background of an ancient English estate with the maniac wife as a sinister and overpowering shadow.

"Jane Eyre."

Here is an old masterpiece which has preserved much of its quaint and eerie atmosphere in a screen version. Probably this was due to the fact that both Hugo Ballin, who made it, and Mabel Ballin, who played it, knew and loved the Charlotte Brontë romance long before they knew the films. This is a guess on our part, because neither of them have confided the fact, but no director or actress who had not loved the book could have made such a lovable film version.

"Ladies Must Live."

If only the idea in the film called "Ladies Must Live" was as obvious and indisputable as its title! As a matter of fact, it hasn't any plot that is visible to the unprejudiced eye. All it has is some very beautiful scenery and several equally decorative young women wandering aimlessly about seeking to solve the problem of existence. The spotlight is about equally divided between Betty Compson as an idle débutante, Leatrice Joy as an ambitious shopgirl, Cleo Madison as a marble-hearted wife, and Lucille Hutton as a kitchen maid. You see, it is a very democratic film.

All these ladies are possessed with the very natural desire to "live" at all costs. The shopgirl succeeds by borrowing money from a platonic broker, the society girl by vampmg an aviator, the wife by clinging to a cave man with a flourishing growth of whiskers. The poor kitchen maid decides that after all it is too difficult for ladies to live, and gives up their struggle at the bottom of a lily pond. These stories overlap each other so confusingly that you are sometimes puzzled to know just which "lady" it is that you are following.

George Loane Tucker staged this involved tale against a background of surprising beauty. No director through his lifetime could equal the amazing use he made of wide sweeps of scenery on land and sea. A rainstorm, a bit of coast, a shack in the mountains—all the misty shots of the open country give the picture a glamour which its absurd construction cannot entirely destroy.

We would give anything for the film rights to the expression on Alice Duer Miller's face when she first read the maudlin subtitles!

"Footlights."

This amiable and amusing study of an actress is the result of the back-stage explorations of Rita Weiman, who gained a practical knowledge of the craft through her own successful play, "The Acquittal." The plot is literally stranger than fiction, but not, at that, stranger than many movies.
The Screen

It is the story of an American actress who is told she can be famous under her own name of Lizzie Parsons. Where she promptly acquires a Russian accent, a wolfhound, samovar and emerges as a Russian actress, Madame Paras.

It is hard to believe that this is anything but a fantasy from a writer's brain, and yet all the incidents are from the life of a real actress who is now in scrm. We can only hope her career will end as happily as Weiman's gently satiric play.

Elsie Ferguson catches this spirit perfectly, and human-interest note of her own. This genuine actress has suffered as much through clumsy direction as has Rita Weiman through clumsy mutilations. It took the crafty John Robertson to set the right, as he has in the combination of these two imaginative women.

"The Case of Becky."

The good old Jekyll and Hyde plot was dramatized on the stage success from which this scenario was written, since Robert Louis Stevenson discovered the plot of a dual-personality theme we have been deluged with on this fascinating idea. Usually the imitations have the central figure a woman instead of a man, on the theory that two pretty girl personalities are more interesting than any number of males.

So "The Case of Becky" deals with a young person who, as her normal self, is called Dorothy, and when she is good is very, very good, like the little girl who had a little curl. But alas! a wicked hypnotist discovers her other self, who romps under the devil-may-care name of Becky and is very, very bad—in fact, horrid. The game in the plot is to exclude Becky and maintain Dorothy, and this is accomplished by a kind psychologist in a very interesting laboratory scene.

Constance Binney, as the well-behaved Dorothy, is all that could be expected of a very pretty little ingenue. As the unruly Becky, however, she is not bad enough to scare anyone. Indeed, if it were not for her habit of flourishing a pistol and shooting wildly, she might be allowed to keep this personality forever without injury to the cast.

Montagu Love is the savage hypnotist, and a wicked eye he has! Glenn Hunter makes an unimportant role—that of the young lover—stand out through the naturalness and charm of his work. Chester Franklin was the director.

"The Hunch."

Glenn Hunter reminds us of that other delectable young juvenile, Gareth Hughes, whose latest film adds little to his fame as a skillful comedian. It is called "The Hunch," and, beginning with a burlesque on Wall Street melodrama, turns into rube comedy which closely approaches slapstick.

The "hunch" is a tip given to a young broker in one of those anti-Volstead conferences where so many sure things are confided. On the strength of this tipsy information he borrows a small fortune, and when the stock goes down attempts to establish suicide by leaving blood-stained clothes on a river bank. Of course a rural cop arrests him for his own murder, and of course it ends in a turtledove close-up with the town belle.

You can easily see that this is a stupid and criminal waste of Gareth Hughes' talents. Why, when clever young juveniles are so rare in the film world, must their producers throw away one of the best of them on crude stuff like this?

The latest and best example is this sagebrush melodrama of Fox which brings Buck Jones back in the chaps and spurs of the cowboy hero. It is one of those old-homestead plays, where a girl and her invalid brother are struggling to protect their home from the villainous intruder. Only, instead of a New England farm, the home is a Western ranch and the villain is a merciless cattle buyer. And, instead of the slick city feller, our hero arrives, riding a wild bronco in that debonair way of all cowboys on the screen. He sets everything right and marries the girl,

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"Under the Lash," in which Gloria Swanson appears, is one of those stories that is designed to show how exceedingly disagreeable a husband can be if he puts his mind to it.

"Bar Nothing."

Plots may come and plots may go, but the good old Western thriller has nothing on Ten- nison's brook in its ability to go on forever.

Strongheart, the dog-star of "The Silent Call," has the vigor of Lionel Barrymore and the suavity of Norman Trevor.
By Paul H.

The Minuteman

The final chapter of the fascinatory and the great influence he has pictures and serials. But, like everything else, the progress of the years brought too much of a good thing. Too many cooks spoiled the broth. There wasn't enough feature material to supply the demand. Real short stories were padded into so-called features, and much mediocrity resulted.

This brings us to the present day. The minuteman is again on the job. Perceiving evidences of sleeping sickness and anticipating the trend of public opinion, Selig came through with one of his old-time sensations. He revived, in new garb, the old and popular two-reel drama. Again the doubting Thomases quibbled. Again he was right. With all-star casts in stories of literary fame, the short subject has come into its own.

No less timely is his new picturization of "The Rosary," which should afford welcome relief from the eternal sex problems and a boomerang to the censorship advocates.

His new discovery is Snowy Baker, the Australian champion all-around athlete, whose three pictures, made in the antipodes, have caused American critics to hail this new hero with unusual ardor. The Australian possesses a magnetic screen personality. His novel stunts, thrilling athletic feats, and superb horsemanship feature his American debut in "Sleeping Acres."

Business of any sort is generally regarded as dull material for story-telling, but O. Henry found his greatest romances in apparently unromantic life. There is romance in the making of motion pictures as well as in the glamorous rise to fame, of the stars. For instance, Colonel Selig's career in recent years has been romance—"The Adventures of Kathlyn."

With the first few episodes of indescribable thrills and the harrowing suspense of "continued next week," the nation went serial mad. But before the excitement could die down the pioneer producer struck home with another startling idea. In a day when the wiseacres claimed that the public would never be interested in any picture longer than three reels, Colonel Selig made the daddy of all big feature productions, "The Spoilers"—in nine reels.

"The colonel has gone crazy," they averred, but within the season, 1913-14, the motion picture was completely revolutionized. The day of the short drama was over. Theatregoers would have nothing but feature pictures and serials. But, like everything else, the progress of the years brought too much of a good thing. Too many cooks spoiled the broth. There wasn't enough feature material to supply the demand. Real short stories were padded into so-called features, and much mediocrity resulted.

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"How did you hit upon the serial idea?" I asked Colonel Selig, who replied with a query: "Do you remember when readers of newspapers looked forward each day to the continued story?"

Everybody remembers the popularity of the newspaper serial some ten years ago. I began to see the light.

"Nine or ten years ago we picture makers were slipping into a rut," said Colonel Selig. "Too many mediocre ones, two and three-reel pictures, were being ground out. We started going backward, artistically, instead of forward. "One day I happened to be reading a continued story in a newspaper, with the thought of purchasing the picture rights; when the great idea struck me. Why wouldn't the public go to see the popular continued stories on the screen if they liked to read them in the daily newspapers? I didn't have to think twice. I was sure. Straightway I got in touch with one of the leading popular authors of the day, Harold MacGrath, and revealed my idea. He was enthusiastic. As the idea was evolved
The splendid characterizations of Tom Santschi and George Fawcett in "The Crisis" of long ago, are still remembered.

What put the movies on the map as the greatest amusement of modern times? The answer is to be found in the second episode of this Selig "The Adventures of Kathlyn." Proven to be "open sesame" to even the greatest newspapers in the country.

Through the pioneer's efforts the story of Kathlyn appeared as a continued novel in the Chicago Tribune, and more than fifty other leading newspapers of the country, week by week, simultaneously with the showing in the picture theaters of the various installments of the visualized versions. Selig is the man to whom the motion-picture business owes much of the credit for the cooperation and friendliness of the press. Newspapers created special photo-play departments which we have to-day. Thus he coordinated the picture and the press in a common cause, namely, furnishing the public with interest.

Besides Kathlyn Williams, these splendid actors, Tom Santschi and Charles Clary, were in the cast.

The romance I want to bring out is that Selig's serial idea completely revolutionized motion pictures. I wonder if you readers know that only eight years ago the press of the United States maintained an absolute and dignified silence regarding the lowly movie. They were even antagonistic.

"The Adventures of Kathlyn" proved to be "open sesame" to even the greatest newspapers in the country.

With the advance in motion-picture art Colonel Selig longed to do "The Rosary" again, so he has made a seven-reeler of it, with an all-star cast including Jane Novak and Lewis Stone.

The splendid characterizations of Tom Santschi and George Fawcett in "The Crisis" of long ago, are still remembered.

"The Spoilers."

What put the movies on the map as the greatest amusement of modern times? The answer is to be found in the second episode of this Selig...
romance—in the birth of the feature picture, which has supplied the world with an evening’s entertainment at popular prices.

The first of these, and certainly one of the greatest, was “The Spoilers,” by Rex Beach. Others besides Colonel Selig may have had the idea of eventually producing longer pictures, but as usual the minuteman led the way.

“A whole evening’s screen entertainment had been my dream ever since I began making motion pictures,” said Colonel Selig, when I asked him regarding the source of his idea.

“Why not? Wouldn’t you rather see a good picture than a third or fourth-rate stage company in a play? What about the ‘small town,’ which represents the larger portion of the population of our country? They had very little theatrical amusement. The stage magnates were hardly able to send road shows to the representative smaller cities, let alone supply the demand in thousands of small towns. Some of these enjoyed cheap repertoire companies for occasional amusement; some had nothing. Why wouldn’t the motion picture fill this tremendous demand?”

“With the amazing success of my serial venture I knew the time was ripe. I had even gone so far as to purchase the copyright of several big stories by famous authors. For my plunge I selected the one I believed the best, ‘The Spoilers,’ by Rex Beach.”

Well do I remember, and most picture fans do, the furor created by this first feature picture. “The Spoilers” was released April 14, 1914. It proved an even greater sensation than the serial. The minuteman was on the job.

With his usual foresight he cast the Rex Beach masterpiece of Alaska, with absolutely the best artists for the virile characters of the story. Who has forgotten the magnificent performances of William Farnum, Kathlyn Williams, Tom Santschi, the late Marshall Farnum, Wheeler Oakman, Bessie Eyton, Jack MacDonald, and Frank Clark?

To this day I have heard picture fans comparing great screen fights with that classic set-to between Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi in “The Spoilers.”

The season of 1913-14 marked the turning point—which the lowly movie ceased to be a mere fleeting shadow and was metamorphosed into a recognized art.

Foreseeing at this early period that the cost of first-class stories would increase tremendously, the minuteman began purchasing novels, plays, and short stories. He speedily acquired the most amazing library in the film industry. Even to-day he still owns the rights to hundreds of stories by well-known authors, and he has sold to other producers many of the most successful stories they have produced.

Thus he was able to follow right on the heels of “The Spoilers” with such masterpieces as “The Rosary,” by Edward E. Rose; “The Ne'er-do-well,” by Rex Beach, which was made in Panama; “The Crisis,” by Winston Churchill, which was produced in Mississippi; “The Garden of Allah,” by Robert Hitchens, and many others of equal note. These were really big features, ranging from seven to twelve reels in length. The acting was in keeping with the fame of the stories.

Well do I remember “The Crisis” and the splendid characterizations of George Fawcett, the late Matt Snyder, Marshall Neilan, Tom Santschi, and Bessie Eyton.

Speaking of old favorites reminds me of the third episode of this romance:

“The Rosary.”

Colonel Selig has never produced a salacious or vulgar picture. Being a bit old-fashioned, despite his minuteman mind, he has never approved of sex pictures. And he has steadfastly refused to make one. In this day of complex censorship it is gratifying to see him revive in a bigger and better way “The Rosary.”

Several years ago Colonel Selig produced “The Continued on page 98
CHAPTER XXI

WHEN I telephoned Carol Burnet and asked if I might drop in to see her when I was in town, she seemed delighted, but when I sat in her living room, waiting for her to come in, I began to wonder if I had made a mistake. I could hear angry voices somewhere down the hall—Carol's and a man's; hers was low and conciliatory, but his was angry and rather loud; evidently he didn't care whether I heard him or not.

As I sat there, the doorbell rang, and the colored maid who had let me in answered it. It was a boy from the cleaner's with Mr. St. Mark's clothes, and he wouldn't leave them unless he got the money. I couldn't help overhearing that.

"Well, here 'tis, here 'tis," the maid told him hurriedly.

"But this is a check—it ain't his name on it—Carol Burnet," the boy read distinctly in a puzzled voice. "Who's that?"

"It's all right; you take it back to the shop and tell 'em it's all right," urged the maid, and a moment later the door slammed and she went off down the long hall.

From there the story continues.

THE REVELATIONS OF A STAR'S WIFE

A story of the intimate lives of motion-picture players whom everyone knows on the screen.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

WHEN I telephoned Carol Burnet and asked if I might drop in to see her when I was in town, she seemed delighted, but when I sat in her living room, waiting for her to come in, I began to wonder if I had made a mistake. I could hear angry voices somewhere down the hall—Carol's and a man's; hers was low and conciliatory, but his was angry and rather loud; evidently he didn't care whether I heard him or not.

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"But this is a check—it ain't his name on it—Carol Burnet," the boy read distinctly in a puzzled voice. "Who's that?"

"It's all right; you take it back to the shop and tell 'em it's all right," urged the maid, and a moment later the door slammed and she went off down the long hall with several suits of clothes dangling over her arm.

So Carol was paying St. Mark's bills. My heart sank. She must indeed be in love with him if she would defy her mother to the extent of using her money that way.

She came in a moment later; I could hardly suppress a gasp of surprise at my first sight of her. For she was wearing the most hideous dress, made of black English print calico, with tiny magenta flowers in it. Pretty as Carol was, it made her look dumpy and old-fashioned.

"I made it myself," she told me, when, unable to control my curiosity, I commented on it. "Don't you think it's pretty? Philip designed it. He's designing some more things for me, after old costumes that are in the museum; he says I need distinctive clothes to make the most of my looks."

I wanted to shriek with hysterical laughter. If there ever was a girl who needed to wear frocks that are the last exclamation point of fashion, it is Carol Burnet. She is such a clearly defined type, with her yellow hair and blue eyes and pretty, empty little face, that she looks like a fashion drawing herself. They would have put her on candy boxes ten years ago.

She sat there and prattled on about Philip, while I looked about the room, fearing that my eyes would betray me in an unguarded moment. It was a cross between the property room of a motion-picture studio and the sales gallery of an auction. Originally a pretty room, with four great windows that overlooked Central Park, it had been filled with great, carved tables, tiny gilt chairs, a davenport so hideous that it was grotesque, fur rugs with heads that were life-size and all but snarled at you, marble statues that hurled the discus at the unsuspecting guest from dark corners or peered out through ratting artificial palms like prisoners looking from between the bars. I couldn't help thinking of what a wonderful place it would be to do a Mack Sennett comedy in.

Huge oil paintings were crowded indiscriminately on the walls; quite evidently Mr. St. Mark's slogan where art was concerned was "The bigger, the better." And enormous framed photographs of St. Mark—in costume, in evening clothes, even in a bathing suit—stood on the grand piano and the desk.

Carol was like a pretty luster-ware cream pitcher which has been emptied of its contents and refilled with cheap imported wine. Everything that she said had originated with St. Mark quite obviously. She made me think of the dolls that a prestidigitator uses. Even her voice showed St. Mark's influence; whenever she remembered it, she made it as deep and low as possible, and cultivated an accent that would have made the success of any comedienne who could have duplicated it on the stage.

Presently her mother came in, looking so harassed two, Baby?" she urged the first moment a pause occurred in the conversation—or, rather, in Carol's monologue. "She'd just love to have you, and the country air would do you good."

I wilted inwardly; there was nothing on earth I wanted less at that moment than a visit from Carol Burnet. But there was no danger of her accepting.
"Oh, I couldn't; my work, you know—" She cast me an apologetic little simper that made me yearn to wring her neck. "You see, I have to be here to work with Philip—" And then she paused and sprang to her feet as he came into the room.

I shouldn't have said "came into the room." He really made an entrance, just as he had done in the barnstorming days of his career on the stage. He stood for a moment in the doorway, the red velvet portières lifted in both hands, his long-lashed eyes fixed on a point just above Carol's head, as if he were gazing out into infinity. I wondered if I was expected to get up and salaam.

Then he stalked dramatically over to her, lifted one of her hands, and kissed it reverently. He turned next to Mrs. Burnet, but she sniffed and put her hands under the folds of her skirt, so he turned to me with all the hauteur of the colored doorman who used to stand outside Shreve's, in San Francisco.

We were introduced, and he bowed low before me; if he could have known that I was thus enabled to see how carefully he had to brush his hair in an attempt to hide his tendency toward baldness, I think he would have been less ceremonious.

After that we talked—no, we conversed. I felt as if I were in school again. He lectured to me on the subject of his "art treasures," indicating those terrible busts and the most enormous of the oil paintings, while Carol sat by and beamed.

Then he began on the furniture. Later I learned that most of it had been bought at auctions around New York, but that day he solemnly assured me that he had brought practically all of it over from his "ancestral home" in England. I don't believe that the man meant to lie; I think that he was just completely absorbed in the part he was playing. He had a deep, rich voice, and he liked the sound of it. To himself he was the exiled descendant of a long line of illustrious Englishmen, showing his treasures to people who never could realize their value.

"Now this—this is period stuff!" he assured me impressively, picking up a tawdry little gilt chair. Feeling that I was expected to say something, I asked what period.

"Oh, just—just period," he answered sonorously but vaguely. "And this is a presentation piece," indicating a huge carved chair that looked as if it might have come straight from a torture chamber.

Before we were seated again he lighted incense in a burner on the Victrola, and drew the heavy velvet curtains that screened the windows, shutting out all air. Returning to sit on the couch with me, he said something in a low voice to Carol, and she, murmuring something about tea, left the room. As she passed her mother she caught the pathetic little old woman by the arm, fairly hoisting her from her chair; not quite aware of what was happening, Mrs. Burnet was skillfully propelled out of the room. Again I wanted to shout with laughter. Obviously Philip St. Mark and I were being left alone so that he could make an impression on me!

He leaned forward and gazed at me soulfully, as if he and I had been kindred souls, met for but a brief instant, and soon to be torn apart by cruel fate. His manner was that of the ham actor; I couldn't help expecting him to rise and stalk about the room, murmuring one of Romeo's speeches. His really beautiful voice murmured caressingly as he told me of his hopes for Carol, of what he was doing for her, of what a marvelous actress she was bound to be, of the depth of her character—all the virtues and talent in the world were hers.

"And you are acting with her?" I asked. I had heard that Carol's word, surprisingly enough, had some weight with the company to whom she was under contract. Doubtless she could see to it that he was always sure of a good part and a good salary.

"Oh, yes—she is so beautiful, so fragile and untouched by the grim squalor of the world, that I cannot
bear to let her play love scenes with any one who does not esteem her as I do," Later, when I saw one of these love scenes and noted how neatly he had "hogged" it, so that his face showed and hers did not, I saw light on that subject. "Yes, I play opposite her in every­thing now. Later we shall star together, unless we go on the stage."

That sounded well, of course; if I had not heard so many down-and-out screen actors who never had made good on the stage say exactly the same thing, I might have been more impressed.

The cat popped out of the bag presently. He had always been a great admirer of Hugh's, Mr. St. Mark had said. And he had thought, just for the amusement of it—this with a light, jocular touch—that he would like to work in a picture with Hugh.

"But this picture is all cast—in fact, it's nearly fin­ished," I told him. "There wouldn't be an opportunity now——"

"Oh, well, it was nothing, of course. But on the directing end—of course I have had so much experi­ence; why, I've been in pictures since the very begin­ning—now I might have time to run over and advise him a bit. I'll try— I've always liked your husband, and I'll just see if I can't squeeze out the time to do that for him. You tell him I'll see what I can do."

I was annoyed, and would have liked to tell him that Hugh certainly wouldn't have him around the studio if he could be kept out of it. But I sat there and looked at him as he burbled on, and thought of how Hugh and I used to go to see his pictures, in Chicago, 'way back in the days when we were engaged, before we even dreamed that Hugh would ever see the inside of a studio. I won­dered if Hugh would ever be like this man, cast aside by the public in favor of some one else, forced to tell people of his past glories if he wanted their attention, and then not getting it.

"Oh, never! Hugh will never be like that!" I cried to myself. I re­membered what Lillian Gish said to me shortly after the sensational night when "Way Down East" was first shown in New York.

"I wish, somehow, that I could stop making pictures now," she said. "Probably I'll never do anything better than I have in this picture, and I'd rather have people remember me by this than by something I might do in future that wouldn't be anywhere near as good."

And a resolve sprang up right then in my heart. When "Unredeemed" was released, if it was the success that I firmly believed it would be, I would ask Hugh to leave the screen. We would make enough from the picture, if it went at all well, to buy the ranch we had been wanting. We could sell the Los Angeles house, and retire, and Hugh could carry out his lifelong desire to be a rancher. Then nobody could ever say about him, "Too bad he's gone down so, isn't it? Why, I remember him when he was one of the most popular men on the screen, and deserved his popularity. You wouldn't think it now, would you?"

Of course Hugh couldn't possibly have been like Philip St. Mark was in some ways. In his manner, of course—it was what Hugh and Danny had long ago christened "The bla-bla style," and Danny used to imitate the men stars who turned it on for their per­sonal appearances. Gazing intently into Junior's eyes, he would exclaim in deep chest tones: "My dear Miss Nincompoop, I have looked forward to meeting you— you can't know what this means to me. We poor actor chaps never see our audiences, you know—and now actually to meet you face to face, after reading your many charming letters—oh, yes, I always read all my mail: I work at the studio from nine in the morning till twelve at night, and I get seventy-five thousand letters a day, but I read and answer every one of them—in long hand!"

Then Junior would gurgle and shriek with laughter, and Hugh would ejaculate "Ye gods!" at the thought of the actors who think that the public expects them

Continued on page 86
A SK any well-informed fan where serial stars come from, and what a scenario writer is like, and he will probably tell you: that serial stars are ex-acrobats, ex-pugilists, ex-steeple jacks, or ex-anything equally adventurous and dangerous and hardening, and that a scenario writer is a meek little man or woman who sits at a big desk and contrives action for the star to carry out that he wouldn't dream of doing himself.

And the fan would be right in many cases—which only makes the exception more interesting. The exception is Charles Hutchinson—dare-devil hero of Pathé serial plays, and known in real life, as well as in his latest serial, as “Hurricane Hutch.” They call him “Hurricane” because he is so polite and easy going and thoughtful, even as you and I always call the fat boy “Skinny” and the girl of swarthy complexion “Lily.”

But to go back to the beginning. Charles Hutchinson used to be a scenario writer, but the stunts he contrived were so hair raising that no one could do them but himself, so he just had to go into pictures. His career dates back, as you probably know, to the “Wolves of Kultur”—and in each picture since then he has shown more ingenuity and more reckless bravery. If you don’t think he has gone about far enough, study the pictures on this page—they are from his most recent production.

And even before he was a scenario writer he didn’t follow any of the adventurous careers that are popularly supposed to antedate a career as a king of thrillers. He never was advertised as “The Human Fly;” he never did stunts at a county fair or fought in a prize ring; he was the politest of handsome young leading men the Murray Hill Stock Com-
Benefit Thrills
what comes in the way of out a single qualm.

Carter

arm he injured while making a picture last year. And he just can't bear to see any kind of conveyance that he hasn't done tricks with—be it canoe, motor cycle, or aeroplane.

During the recent World's Series games, when most of male New York was either at the ball park or before a scoreboard, he accomplished the seemingly impossible; he gathered a swarming, pushing mob in Forty-fifth Street, far from a scoreboard. And what was he doing? Merely riding up to one of the top floors of the Pathe building sitting on a safe.

But if you think of him as a dynamic, powerful creature, bristling with energy and training at the leash that conventional New York puts upon him—you will have to revise your ideas. For Charles Hutchinson is a genial young Irishman of quiet and winning charm. His muscles of steel are hidden under a satin exterior—and he gets no more excited over his reckless exploits than a business man does over his day's correspondence. Although his life is devoted exclusively to his work and keeping in training for it—his conversation betrays a wide interest in affairs outside the studio.

pany in New York ever boasted, and when he gazed into the leading woman's eyes and started making love to her there wasn't a young girl's heart in the theater that was beating normally.

But that is all over now. He'd much rather flirt with death and an onrushing locomotive than with any limpid ingénue who ever lisped an answer to his ardent love-making. He spends his spare time—not in voice culture, as in days past, but in the most strenuous gymnastic exercise. Wherever he goes he carries with him a fifteen-pound lead weight to strengthen an
Two Opinions on De Mille's Latest.

I SAW "The Affairs of Anatol" last night. It was wonderful! In my estimation Cecil B. De Mille is the greatest director in America, with the exception of D. W. Griffith. Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson did some splendid acting, but Wanda Hawley ran away with the honors. Nearly all of my friends left the theater as sincere admirers of Miss Hawley. Utica, New York. ANTHONY A. ABBOTT.

We came, we saw, but we did not enjoy "The Affairs of Anatol." It was really nothing more than a fashion show, with a few impossible scenes, and our regret for having spent fifty cents to see it is so great that it will be some time, I am afraid, before I'll invest any more money in a movie.

The best acting was done by Wanda Hawley—every one else was extremely amateurish, with, of course, the exception of Elliott Dexter. I was sorry he had such a small part, but maybe that was for the best. Had they given him a more important part, it is very likely he would have disappointed us, too, and then there would be nothing to look forward to in his future pictures.

The best title was "Honesty and Loyalty, Like Charity, Begin at Home." As for Polly Moran, we have been to cabarets, and no place in the world would tolerate a performer like that. It seems to me that producers who spend as much money on a picture as was no doubt spent on this one should stick a little more to real life.

Mrs. W. H. MCKINNON.
563 Ponce de Leon Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.

What One Fan Believes.

A remark from a close friend of mine makes me want to express my views concerning motion-picture actors and actresses. We were talking about the pictures when my friend said, "Those movie actors must be wild, or they wouldn't play in such pictures."

Think of it! In this one line he gave the verdict of thousands of people, people who believe this to be true. What is the cause of this belief? Here it is: A movie actor or actress is judged in the hearts of most of America's plain people by the type of picture in which he or she appears. Those who have read intelligently about the movie stars believe differently. Here is what I believe:

1. Movie stars are human beings, not anything more or anything less, and
2. Being human beings, they are like all people, some with good morals, others with bad.
3. We cannot condemn actors because some are not what they should be any more than we can condemn all millionaires, lawyers, or farmers for the misdeeds of a few.
4. Last but not least, I believe that the stars should be allowed to play only in clean and decent pictures, so the public will not come to believe ill of them.

There are some who think differently, and I would be glad to hear from anyone who can testify that what I have said is not true.

LAURENCE R. BENEDER.
Clark's Hill, Indiana.

Let's Have Plays That Are "Different."

We movie patrons must have variety. The really successful picture is invariably the one which is different. It has been the writer's privilege to see a majority of the best productions, both foreign and domestic. Above all stood Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" because it was different. Artistic production with a careful selection of the characters written by the writer pays tribute to motion pictures out of the depths of an understanding heart, simply because he loves them. This is your department. Haven't you something you want to say?

Dictated By Heart Only

When a person goes to all the trouble of writing us a letter about his likes and dislikes in motion pictures, we know that his interest must be pretty keen. He has no interest in writing to this department other than in setting forth his views, for no payment is made for contributions.

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Like a delicate print from old Japan is this scene from the latest Sessue Hayakawa picture, "The Street of the Flying Dragon." It is as picturesque throughout as its title, and rejoices in the presence of Tsuru Aoki, Sessue Hayakawa's wife, in its cast.
These scenes are probably in no way reminiscent of "The Two Orphans" you sobbed and sighed over at your local theater, but neither was D. W. Griffith's production of "Way Down East" much like the local stock company's versions. What the interpolated crashing torrent of ice was to "Way Down East" the French Revolution with its guillotine is to "The Two Orphans." These views give but a faint suggestion of the scope and power of the story as he has developed it. In the scene above, Monte Blue as Danton pleads for Henriette, played by Lillian Gish, whom the angry crowd had gathered to see executed. Below, a singer of Revolutionary songs entertains some revelers.
All the vigor, and fire, and depth of understanding evident in the direction of "The Birth of a Nation" have gone into the making of "The Two Orphans." Here again is shown man's passion for power unbridled, and the consequent inevitable suffering of innocents. Mob rule at its craziest heights with its attendant blind hero worship holds sway, giving almost unprecedented opportunity for crashing climaxes. These scenes from the French Revolution, the lower one of which shows Monte Blue as Danton, reveal again the Griffith flair for recreating history on the screen. "The Two Orphans" promises to add another triumph to D. W. Griffith's long list of sensational screen successes.
Now the foreign invasion is to be augmented by Sweden, whose Biograph company will introduce her best productions to America some time this winter. Many of them have all the interest of travelogues added to their interest as drama because they mirror so accurately the customs of the country. One of these is “Dawn of Love,” a scene from which is shown above.

At the left is shown a colorful bit of characterization from “The Fortune Hunter,” and above is Gösta Ekman, the Wallace Reid of Swedish matinée idols.
Pictures From of the Mid-Sun

One of the most sensational offerings made by the Swedish Biograph company is "Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness," from the novel by Selma Lagerlöf, a scene from which is shown above. This is prohibition propaganda and is said to have made a great impression in foreign countries. Victor Seastrom whose pictures have been shown in America is the star.

Astrid Holm, shown above, is one of the most popular of Sweden's younger actresses, and Mary Johnson, at the right in a scene from "The Fortune Hunter," is looked upon with the same affection Americans lavish on Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish.
The Oriental peril, if any, is not political but pictorial, for even the most American of our beguiling ingenues insist occasionally on straying into foreign parts. It is more of a blessing than a peril, however, when this urge for the Oriental is responsible for such scenes as these from May MacAvoy's latest Realart picture "The Morals of Marcus," adapted from the famous novel by W. J. Locke.
"Here's Where Wally Lives"

That is the remark that is made by the hundreds of people who pass this home in Hollywood—and so that fans all over the country may share their peep at how and where the smiling screen idol passes his spare time, we print this picture. At the left you see him with Dorothy Davenport-Reid, his wife, inspecting a part of the lily pond in their garden. You may have heard recently that Mrs. Wally Reid is returning to motion pictures. If you want to know the whole story of why she is doing it, you’ll find it on the following page.
The Smell of the Sawdust

The real reason for the return to the screen of Dorothy Davenport, better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Wallace Reid.

By Jerome Weatherby

I WENT in search of some highbrow reason for the return of Dorothy Davenport to the screen—as Mrs. Wallace Reid. I entered the luxurious Reid home, expecting to find a languorous matron waiting to pour forth a diatribe on the emptiness of life without a career.

Instead, I was ushered with a nod by a tall maid into the play bungalow of Wally out in the back yard, near the azure swimming pool, set in its rim of pink-tinted cement, where I found Dorothy Davenport Reid with a paintbrush in one hand and daubie pot of paint in the other. She detached one somewhat grimy hand from the brush and gave mine a shake that ratted my teeth. She tossed her bobbed hair, which is red, and asked me to have a seat if I could find one that wasn't messed up.

"We're batikting the furniture," she announced crisply. I glanced about the large single room of the play bungalow and saw that the piano had been glazed a brilliant Davenport, in the person of Mrs. Wallace Reid, will come back to the screen permanently, for the name of her famous husband has a tremendous drawing power. There is the money consideration which no hard-pressed family is going to overlook in this day and age. Although Wally is making plenty now, another little bit won't do 'en any harm, I gathered from the general trend of the conversation.

"Why are you going back to the screen?" I asked, choosing a seat in a rocker near the pool table. It was then I took out pencil and paper, prepared for a long tale. But I needed neither pencil nor paper. The cuff of a sleeveless gown and my own poor memory would have recorded her answer.

"It's the 'smell of the sawdust,' I guess," she replied, daubing away at the fat leg of the table. That was all. In the classic words of Ethel Barrymore—another famous comeback, by the way—there wasn't any more.

If the smell of sawdust is anything like the smell of new-mown hay, I could sympathize with her, but I had never heard of hay fever driving any one back to the screen or anywhere else but bed. And then the bright light dawned upon me. Her cryptic remark meant the lure of the arena—the call of the wild public—the smell of grease paint and the circus ring—the urge that makes old fire horses answer to the jangle of a street-car gong.

"How come?" I asked, determined to be just as cryptic.

"My aunt, you know, was Fanny Davenport. The same Fanny who made Sardou's 'Cleopatra,' 'La Tosca,' 'Theodora,' and 'Fedora' famous in America. The stage is in my blood. Why should I give it all up?"

"But," I interjected, "you have plenty of money, a rather well-known husband, and a young son. Some actresses complain that the making of pictures is work, and they are often too tired even to grant interviews. I shouldn't think you would want to go back to that."

And then I learned that Mrs. Reid entertains no illusions either about herself or about the public.

"Outside of the fact that this first picture I have made with Lester Cuneo was done more as a joke than anything else, I know that the public, particularly the feminine part of it, wants to get another good look at the wife of Wally Reid. They want to see what Wally has been tied up to for eight years," she went on with a twinkle in her large dark eyes.

"Of course, since Wally became a star, the name 'Mrs. Wallace Reid' has some value on the screen, and I know it. Now that Bill is past his baby stage, I have more time to myself than I had before, when he was an obstreperous infant. Also than I had when we were building the house, because I personally supervised the work while Wallace was busy at the studio. Now there is a lull in my domestic career. Lester Cuneo suggested that he needed an ingenue lead for his picture, 'Pat of Paradise,' and kidded me into playing the part."

"I don't like ingenues, and I never did. But at the present time it is the only type of part that seems open to me."

"I want to find pictures, however, that give me a sensible woman's part, without a lot of simpering and cox glances."

After this first playful plunge back into the rigors of studio life it is more than probable that Dorothy Davenport, in the person of Mrs. Wallace Reid, will come back to the screen permanently, for the name of her famous husband has a tremendous drawing power. There is the money consideration which no hard-pressed family is going to overlook in this day and age. Although Wally is making plenty now, another little bit won't do 'en any harm, I gathered from the general trend of the conversation.

At the time of our informal chat she was considering offers from a distributing company and from a large film concern. In fact, at this writing I shouldn't be surprised to see her playing in one picture at least opposite her own husband, unless the powers that be figure Wally's attraction stands better alone.

Mrs. Reid came into screen prominence back in the old Biograph days, along with Stephanie Longfellow, Arthur Johnson, James Kirkwood, Lucy Cotton, Henry Walthal, Mary and Lottie Pickford, and Del Henderson. Her first California picture venture was as Harold Lockwood's costar in Nestor releases. Eight years ago she married Wallace Reid when he was her leading man, just after she had abandoned the Nestor banner to star for Universal City. Two years after young Bill was born she came out of the shadow silence to play the lead in a picture written by Hal Reid, Wally's author father. That has been her only appearance on the screen for four years, and now she is back with a bang. But I feel that she will not remain long with the screen again unless everything is found to suit her."

"If I remain in pictures now it will only be in the type of story that will reflect credit upon the Reid name," she announced, abandoning her painting of the fat legs of the pool table and sitting on the edge of the little raised platform at one end of the room, which serves Wally as a stage when he gives saxophone "recitals."

"I realize that at first half the audiences going to see my pictures will carry their hammers with 'em—particularly the women. 'Look at what Wally's got!' will be their first remark. But this will not keep me at all from giving the public some real work."

"Like all the rest, I want good stories and good parts. If I have these I am back to stay."

Just then Wally sauntered in, and we talked of other things, including golf and jazz and Bill. Mrs. Reid's affairs were shelved, and she became just a wife.
And the significance to motion-picture will have the rare beauty of Chinese

By Emma-

We hear much about young China and the awakening of the Dragon Land. It sounds vaguely like politics, economics, ponderous machinery of government that the layman cannot comprehend. We talk of the rising generation of the Orient, and picture a group of young devotees, fired with a sort of sacred zeal, different from the rest of us—we never connect up the new movement in the Far East with the simple, familiar things which comprise our Western life. We are determined to look upon China as a mysterious, alien land, inhabited by men who never smile, women who never speak, children who never play.

Fiction writers have done their best—or their worst—in furthering the distorted viewpoint that the public has toward everything Oriental. They have pictured the Chinese as a race almost incapable of love, shackled with prejudice and tradition, lost in an age-old dream of custom and superstition. They have missed the kindlier side of the Orient, the human, homely side. They

Shoddy—Gives Way to Gold

Oriental pictures made in America by Americans have spread misconceptions of Chinese people and their customs. Craftiness and guile have been featured in them; tenderness and affection left out.

But now fans are to see Chinese people and their customs as they really are. A Chinese motion-picture company has been formed and soon you will have an opportunity to see their first production "The Lotus Flower."

Where we have grown used to a curious hodgepodge of mistaken ideas in our motion pictures of Chinese setting, a shoddy web of falsities, we will now have the clear gold fabric of tradition in Chinese pictures sponsored by Chinesemen.

There is love interest in "The Lotus Flower," but not a kiss in the entire picture.

havent wanted to tell us that fathers love their almond-eyed daughters, pet them and spoil them, even as fond parents of the Occident are wont to do, because the popular conception is that of unbending sternness and a fanatical, inhuman lack of affection.

Our motion pictures have had their share in fostering these lurid ideas of the Orient. They show us opium dens, singsong girls, slant-eyed mandarins with queues and long finger nails, mysterious temples where strange gods hold sway. It is all very picturesque—and quite erroneous. And it has remained for young China to produce motion pictures that will show us China as it is—and as it was.

"I have never seen a movie of Oriental life which was true," a young Chinese student told me. "No wonder that the Americans are prejudiced against us. They gain their impressions of us from these lurid films and from highly colored magazine stories."

"Just as we in China get our ideas of American life from the movies that are shown there," another one remarked. "My father went to see one when I was a little girl, and came home absolutely shocked. He told mother and me that the women in America went naked and that men with hairy trousers shot off guns in the streets of New York. He had seen, as I afterward found out, a Mack Sennett comedy and a wild-West film."

"What is this picture, 'Lotus Flower?" I asked, greatly interested, when I was told that this first production of the Chinese company had already been completed.

"There is a private showing to-morrow for Mr. Sen Wu, the consul, and his friends. Would you care to see it?"

I assented enthusiastically, and it was arranged. The director, Leong But-jung, was told, had been in motion pictures in the West, both as an actor and as a technical director. The leading lady was Tsen Mai, a noted actress of the Orient, who has appeared in this country in vaudeville, in musical comedy, and on the screen. The theme of the story, he said, was an adaptation of an old Chinese legend. And, although filmed in Los Angeles, it was true to Oriental life in every detail. All the actors except two
fans of the awakening of young China is that they customs brought faithfully to the screen.

Lindsay Squier

were Chinese. After his glowing accounts of the picture, which he had already seen, I could scarcely wait for the next day to come.

Nor was I disappointed. The story may not appeal to the thoughtless mass who are accustomed to swiftly moving plots and saccharine love interest, but it will interest those who can understand that the picture is a Chinese classic, and as such is not amenable to Western standards and values. There is a love interest, but there is not a kiss in the whole five reels. Neither is there a queue in evidence, for the legend of Lotus Flower, the girl who gave her life that the sacred bell might be sweet toned, and so save her father's reputation as an artisan, antedates the Manchu period, wherein the first queues were worn, enforced emblems of the subjugation of the Chin race, whom the Manchus conquered.

We sat in the pitch-black projection room of the Sun company in a building just off Broadway, the Chinese consul, his friends, the director of the Wah Ming Company, which had produced the pictures, and some Oriental newspaper men. There were some Americans, too, typical picture magnates, who watched the film flash before us with interest that was keen, at the same time half skeptical.

"Say," one of them blurted out, when the appealing little Tsen Mai as Lotus Flower ran to her father in the garden, "Chinese girls are afraid of their fathers, aren't they? You've made this one absolutely twist her dad around her finger. Why she's as spoiled as any American ingenue!"

In the darkness I knew that the young and handsome Leong But-jung was smiling.

"Of course she is," he answered promptly. "Fathers are the same the world over—and daughters, too."

Then came a fist fight, in which Jack Abbe, as the young hero, fought an Oriental bully in defense of an old man. Again the American demurred.

"I didn't know that chinks fought with their fists," he said, and again Leong But-jung smiled.

"They do upon occasion," he said. "I have had my nose bloodied more than once in a rough-and-tumble fight that will never convince a Western audience, bits that argument."

Mr. Leong But-jung, who directed "The Lotus Flower," is a veteran in motion pictures, having assisted in the direction of Griffith, Inc., and Goldwyn productions.

Lotus Flower and her lover were in the garden, holding hands. The father looked on indulgently. Again the American was moved to protest.

"I thought that girls and boys never saw each other until they were married. And look at 'em holding hands; would they do that in China?"

"They would and do," replied Mr. But-jung promptly. "Lovers even kiss—though never where anyone can see them. And though it is not customary for them to see each other before their wedding day, there are many exceptions to the rule. This is one of them. The boy and girl are raised together as brother and sister. Then, too, in the families of the higher class, women are much less restricted in their actions. Why, if a man marries the only daughter of a wealthy man, he takes her name, and she, not he, is the head of the household. Everything is referred to her, and she has absolute control over the house and her husband."

The magnate chewed his cigar in silence. He was clearly dubious.

The theme in itself is a simple one, and, according to our standards, not altogether logical. There are touches in

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to act that way, intently and devotedly interested in every woman they meet, while Danny would defend himself with, "Well, you should have seen Jim Blank for one day—that's the way he did it. And every girl who went out of the theater, clasping an autographed picture of him, was wearing a pussy-cat smile."

Presently Carol came back, and ushered us into the dining room, which was even more horrible than the living room. I tripped over the head of a bearskin rug and bumped my head smartly on a statue of "The Dying Gaul" on the way out, and Philip St. Mark was most solicitous, but Mrs. Burnet murmured fervently from the depths of the gloom that enveloped her: "It's a mercy you weren't killed," and I, remembering the way the Gaul had tattered on his onyx pedestal, heartily agreed with her.

When I had bade them all farewell and was waiting for the elevator, hoping that I could remember all the details until I met Hugh, she came scuttling down the hall after me and clutched me by the arm. "It's awful, isn't it?" she whispered. "You know the way he glared at her when she spilled the tea on the table—well, she bought that table with her own money; she bought all these things in this place; no heirloom about 'em! And he treats me perfectly awful; I just hate to stay here, in my own daughter's house. Can't you do something to get her away from him? She's just crazy about him—says he's a master artist."

"I'll try—I'll think of something," I assured her, as the elevator door clanged open for me. But on the way down to the street my heart was all the details until I met Hugh, she clapped me by the arm. "You know the way he glared at her when she spilled the tea on the table—well, she bought that table with her own money; she bought all these things in this place; no heirloom about 'em! And he treats me perfectly awful; I just hate to stay here, in my own daughter's house. Can't you do something to get her away from him? She's just crazy about him—says he's a master artist."

"I'll try—I'll think of something," I assured her, as the elevator door clanged open for me. But on the way down to the street my heart was nearly mobbed, and the proprietor thought he'd have to call the police before she could get away. She's almost as unlucky that way as Mary Pickford.

We met Claudia and Danny at the uptown hotel where they had been dining; Claudia adores our Italian restaurant, but she can't go to places like that because she's always recognized and a crowd gathers, and the last time she went there she was nearly mobbed, and the proprietor thought he'd have to call the police before she could get away. She's almost as unlucky that way as Mary Pickford.

Danny was fairly bursting with news; he could hardly wait till we were seated before he burst forth with it.

"Who do you suppose is in town?" he demanded. "Guess—"

"Oh, they never could, Danny!" exclaimed his wife. "It's Philip St. Mark's wife and children—yes, honestly, Hugh, it is."

"Oh, no!" I doubled up with mirth at the thought of a family of rampagious children in that apartment. "Surely they're not going to stay with him?"

"The children are, all four of them. Danny met them in the Claridge, and Mrs. St. Mark said that she was going to her home in Wilmington for a rest and leave the children with him to get some new clothes."

"Poor little Carol!" said Hugh. "She's going to get her disillusionment sooner than I'd expected."

But strangely enough, it didn't affect Carol that way at all. I was buying Junior a new sweater a few days later, and met her with the four St. Mark children, getting them everything they needed. They were making the most of it, too; I could picture their mother telling them to get everything they could out of their father. The oldest girl bought no less than six pairs of new shoes, and when the next oldest one, a boy, remonstrated, "Why, you've got a lovely little life here, you know," she silenced him with, "Well, they'll wear out, won't they?"

Little Carol, in another of the hideous dresses that she had made for herself, beamed on them and bought clothes and still more clothes, and they treated her as if she might have been a nurse girl. She had everything charged to herself, and as I saw the bills mounting higher and higher—she had begged me to stay with them and have luncheon—I finally remonstrated.

"Oh, but they're Philip's children; it's a pleasure to return in this way some of the good he's done for me," she retorted. "Besides, he's going to pay me back; this is just a temporary arrangement, he having things charged to himself is so much quicker than paying cash for everything."

Obviously I could do nothing to bring her to her senses, so I left the small cavalcade trailing its way into Maillard's and beat a hasty retreat to my own peaceful little home. I pictured it as I rode out on the train; the two terraces of flowers that rose to its white walls, its solid blue awnings, its window boxes that made vivid lines of color beneath the sheer, blowing curtains, the honeysuckle that tossed fragrant sprays up over the sleeping porch that overlooked the Sound. It was true that Hugh and I led a complicated, unsettled life, dependent largely on the whims of the public for its success. We were passing through a critical stage of his career, which might mark his success or failure. Yet our home was a retreat from the tawdriness of the world in which we had to move. Sometimes I wished that Hugh was a lawyer or an engineer or something like that, so that we could spend our days in the sort of

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NOW, let's have a talk.

What are you new clubs doing in the way of organizing and beginning your activities? And you, whose clubs have been formed for some time, are you busy with winter plans for meetings and parties?

I have had some interesting letters from members of the various clubs. Many members asked what the motion-picture players thought of the fans organizing, so meeting Vera Gordon, whose interpretation of the mother in “Humoresque” proved such a success last year, I talked with her of the clubs.

“I wish you would say for me,” she concluded her remarks, “that I am very much in favor of these clubs. It is a splendid idea of the fans to organize them, as cooperation is the prime need of the fans just at present. I am interested in girls. They take pride in their movie knowledge, and are better judges of pictures than most older people think. I, like most of the other players, love to get their letters, and from my screen experience I can say these clubs will be of great help to their favorite players. Also they can express their opinions of this censorship question from the viewpoint of the ones most concerned—the young fans. I shall be interested in the development of these clubs, and extend my very best wishes to each of them.”

But it seems that girls are not the only movie fans who are anxious to organize. In the list of members attached to many of the letters were boys’ names, and there were two letters from boys who intended to organize clubs.

Now, since this is to be a real fan-club chat, let us see what some of the members have to tell us.

Many of the clubs enlarged on the suggestions offered in these articles, adding original touches in organizing. Beatrice Stibyen, of 5434 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, writes the following of a club composed of eight girls, varying in ages from fifteen to nineteen:

It is called the “Bug Club,” and we have our “Big Four,” whom, as we enter, we pledge to support. These are Monte Blue, Lillian Gish, Harold Lloyd, and Colleen Moore. Of course, each member has her other two favorites; the “Big Four” are by mutual consent. We are now enrolling our club, and as each new member joins, we have an “initiation party.” Instead of president, we say Star; vice-president is Leading Lady; secretary is Support; and treasurer is Extra. Also, we have a special sign to greet all members by whenever we meet them. Best of all, we have our “bug rings,” just a cheap ring worn on the little finger of the left hand with a bug made of sealing wax on it, as our emblem.

As our “guiding” stars, we have chosen people we believe will keep on doing better things and never fail, and at each meeting we dedicate a few moments to the memory of Olive Thomas, Bobby Harron, and Clarine Seymour, who did very great things while they were here, especially Bobby Harron.

We try to get the best and cleanest plays at the neighborhood theaters. Ever so often we give a dance, each member bringing an escort dressed as some movie celebrity, and we give a prize to the one guessing the most players represented. We are also collecting a scrapbook of pictures and bits of gossip from the various newspapers and magazines about our favorites.

We are helping the girls in Freeport, Illinois, organize a “Bug Club,” and we intend to keep each other posted concerning our activities. Each club meets every two weeks, and whenever there is a play in which any of “our” stars appear, we have a theater party, and all go to see it, then we write the actor or actress and tell them our candid opinion of it. We have adopted Monte Blue’s motto, “Sincerity.”

If you want to enlarge your treasury fund, Minnie Glassman, of 645 Lamont Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., suggests an easy way in her letter:

Thanks to your outline of a real fun provider, we are now proud to proclaim the existence of the “Pickhanks Movie Fan Club.” Immediately after reading your article, we congregated on the back porch where a lengthy and interesting discussion ensued. We took much pleasure in organizing and naming our club. We voted on naming each member after the player she most admired or slightly resembled.

Since we are all high-school girls with limited allowances, we were obliged to enforce your idea of theatricals at once. Our third and most profitable affair was the movie wedding of Ben Turpin and Katherine MacDonald. The cross-eyes of a false face were tied across the eyes of our ZaSu Pitts, and a badly fitted man’s suit made her a “handsome” groom. Our prettiest girl wearing her best dress was the bride, and there never was a more laughable combination. The wedding guests were all film notables, attired according to their most successful roles. Harold Lloyd’s man’s suit and heavy-rimmed glasses—only make-up—was present, also, Corinne Griffith and Connie Talmadge, represented by our bobbed-haired members. Our “heavy” thought she would be only a part of the audience, but the suggestion of W. W. Cotters was to dress up as herself. Any member of our club, a Marie Prevost. Adding with these a variety of stunts, dramatic scenes, comic situations, our audience thoroughly appreciated our efforts.

We pair off for the different movies in town each week, then at the next meeting, each couple tells of the show they’ve seen and we feel as though we’d attended six movies. We always discuss the most interesting scenes and save them for our next show.

So far, it has been fun with us, but we hope to develop into a movie club of which the others may be proud. I wish every girl would organize a similar club which is sure to produce good, wholesome enjoyment.

Some of you, perhaps, have just organized, and as yet have not attempted any stunts or parties. You will be interested in the letter of Grace Hannagan, of 732 Harris Street, Appleton, Wisconsin.

Our club is formed at last. We met at my house last Friday night. Hereafter, we will take turns meeting at different members’ homes from seven-thirty until ten o’clock every Friday evening. There are six of us now, and we’ve named our club the “Gloria-Reid,” after Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson. We are all sixteen and high-school juniors except Marion, who is a “soph.”

At the first meeting, we really didn’t do anything novel, but we intend to have something original at our next meeting. As it was, we all sat around the table, and elected officers, then we spoke of the different pictures we were anxious to see, and of the framed portraits of our favorites on the walls. Wednesday evening, we are going to have a theater party. We are going to see “The Old Nest.”

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What do you do at your meetings?

YOUR CLUB MAY WIN A PRIZE

We have offered three prizes of twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars for the three best letters describing the organization and activities of a fan club. Any member of any club—new or old—is eligible to enter this contest. Letters entered in this contest should be addressed to the Fan Club Contest Editor, and must reach her not later than January 1st.

Get Your Letter in Now. It May Win a Prize

What’s Your Fan Club Doing? How did you organize and what has your club come to mean to your members?
neighborhood where we were now. I wished that he went to an office instead of a studio, that whenever he appeared in public people weren't likely to turn and stare and exclaim, "Oh, there's Hugh Beresford; isn't he good looking? Wonder if that's his wife with him." I wondered if, when Junior got old enough to go to school, we would have the experience of a friend of mine, who was informed that motion-picture actresses' children weren't permitted to register in the school in which she had wished to enroll hers.

Of course people didn't treat Hugh and me like motion-picture folk, as a rule. When the men came to know Hugh, and see that he felt about his business just as they did about theirs, and that there was nothing temperamental about him, they apparently forgot about his being an actor and let us prove that we were worth being friends of theirs. But I have known of communities which made it very hard, not for stage folk, but for friends of ours who were in pictures to become one of them. And Hugh always used to declare that before Junior grew up he was going to leave the screen.

"He'll want a father who's in a regular business," he'd say. Not that he was ashamed of his profession, but he used to be afraid that Junior would think it a rather undesirable one for his father to pursue.

Our gardener met me at the station; we had not engaged a chauffeur, as Hugh and I both drive, and we felt that we'd prefer to put the chauffeur's salary on getting a good man to do the art titles for the picture. Always the picture, you see!

"There's company at the house," he announced as he slammed the door beside me and rushed around to the driver's seat. He'd never stood on ceremony, apparently feeling that there should be no restrictions in the association of a gardener and those for whom he gardened, and to this day I wouldn't be at all surprised to have him come in and hail me as "Sally"—in fact, I'm always expecting it.

"Company—who is it, Pablo?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a girl, with red hair, kind of, and awfully pretty, cook said; I didn't see her," he answered, swinging past a truck with such a narrow margin that I held my breath and wondered if I couldn't tactfully suggest that I'd like to drive. "I don't know her name, but it was something like Millard."

I leaned back and gasped. No thought now for the steering wheel—if Gypsy Millard was at the house I'd need the time it took us to get home in which to assemble my self-control.

To be continued

What's Bill Hart Going to Do?

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it'll cost you two thousand dollars.' 'Hell, I ain't goin' to hurt him,' I said. 'I just want to do a little easy riding.'

"Well, we takes this big horse up Sixth Avenue around Fifty-sixth Street at seven o'clock in the mornin' when the traffic is light. The taxi-cab starts up and I vault on the horse's back. No sooner do I hit the saddle than that nag gives a snort and lights out like a bat out of Hades. We goes around that corner and past the cab in six strides, and I had no more chance of grabbin' that villain than the kaiser does of bein' elected head of the American Legion. Boy, how he run! I saws at his mouth, but nothin' doin'! It was Seventieth Street before I got him stopped. I had to run him for almost plumb into a buildin'. Three times we tried it, and the hotter that horse got the wilder and faster he got. Finally I gives it up and turns him over to the livery man and his assistant.

"They both grinned and started to lead the horse away. 'Why don't you ride him?' says I. 'I don't need a ride that bad,' says the livery keeper. 'The lad that tried to ride him last is now gettin' along nicely in the hospital.' By that time I got suspicious and asked questions. Well, sir, it turns out that that horse is a wild Kentucky stallion owned by some rich fellow who wants him busted in as a saddle horse. 'None of us could do it,' the livery man says. 'We figured you'd be a good man for the job.' "Well," I says, 'you sure had a nerve to tell me it would cost me two thousand dollars if I hurt the horse!'"

Speaking of horses—and who doesn't when he talks to Bill Hart?—reminded me of the famous pinto that he has used in pictures. Ah, there is a subject upon which the big Westerner waxes truly eloquent! If ever a man loved a horse, Bill has lost his heart to the pinto. He related the whole story—how "Fritz," the pinto, came first from the Nevada plains with a band of Indians that Universal had hired as extras in the old days when Mr. Hart worked for that company; how Fritz was half Arabian and a "di-reckt descendant" of "Red Top," the famous horse presented by an Arabian chieftain to General Grant in the last days of the Civil War; how Grant, when he became president, had no use for the horse and sent him out to Nevada, where he ran wild for several years.

"The pinto's up-country at my ranch now," explained the star, "about thirty miles from Los Angeles. He's gettin' fat and sassier than ever. Boy, talk about your horses! That horse has got personality—yes, sir, there's no gettin' away from it."

With Mr. Hart thus in a genial frame of mind, we thought we would venture our final and quite personal question.

"Is it true that you're engaged to Jane Novak?" we asked quite bluntly.

The keen eyes of Bill Hart softened. He lowered his voice a little; we think it was even a bit husky.

"Boy," he said earnestly, "she's the finest little woman in the world—one of God's own creatures—but there's no engagement, and I guess there won't be one."

He blinked a little and smiled and swallowed a lump. So did we.

Well, we're keen for him. He's so homely he's good looking, and somehow he brought with his rugged face and old-fashioned manners and tangy speech something of the freedom and wholesomeness of the Western prairies. It was like talking with Kit Carson and Daniel Boone while the "L" roared and the taxicabs thumped twelve floors below.

"If you ever read any wild stories about Hollywood," were Bill's final words, "remember this—most of us are workin' twelve and fourteen hours a day and too busy to hardly stop for meals, let alone parties. At least, I've always worked that way—and expect to."
JANE NOVAK was so imbued with the Christmas spirit that she determined to show the whole Selig-Rorke studios what a real Christmas—not the warm Hollywood variety—was like. She wanted crisp snow and jangling bells, a ruddy Santa Claus with real reindeer, and presents—lots of them. And Jane got what she wanted; she's that sort of girl! She brought this yuletide spirit into the studio, even as she is giving it to you now. And she would bring it right into your home if she only could.

OF course Lewis Stone was frightfully hot in his Santa Claus outfit, as was Jane in her furs, but she thought they looked more wintry that way, and she wanted to have her Christmas party realistic. Minor drawbacks like having a stuffed caribou instead of a live one, and staging the snowstorm in the conventional studio manner with salt and paper and wind machines didn't dampen her ardor a bit. Though the props are artificial, it is with heartiest good will that she is wishing you a Merry Christmas.
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Barbara Bedford, one of the Fox contributions to the glorified Milky Way, achieved distinction for her work as the elder daughter in Tournament's "The Michian." Because of this work, Mr. Fox grabbed her and added her to the support of Jack Gilbert in his first starring vehicle under the Fox banner, "Gleam o' Dawn." Jack, by the way, is another addition to the new comet cosmos. He was not incubated, but achieved success after many years in the picture business. Miss Bedford's first star release, it will be remembered, was "Cinderella of the Hills," and thereby she gained a fan following as a portrayal of outdoor girls, and struck her stride. "Lottie" Flynn, as a star in the Fox fold, is a special-production graduate, since he was chosen as worthy of honor because he acquitted himself so well in "The Last Trail," directed by his namesake, Emmett Flynn. Edna Murphy, costarring with Johnny Walker for Fox, was also a special-production product, having distinguished herself as the blinded wife in "Over the Hill," which produced Walker.

Exotic personalities have no place thus far in the greatest of all star showers. It was expected that Rudolph Valentino would be starred ere this because of his popularity in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Camille," but his is an exotic type, "different" as those of Theda Bara, Nazimova, ZaSu Pitts, or Pola Negri. Special stories must be provided if Valentino is to star, and, as has been already indicated, the producers are apparently not yet ready to have special stories written by competent authors for their stars.

Not that the star shower has softened the brains of all the excellent literary talent called to the screen in the heyday of the eminent author. Far from it. Famous writers, such as Sir Gilbert Parker, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, and John Fleming Wilson, are still turning out interesting stories for the pictures, but that is all. The public is no longer asked to worship at the shrine of these literary luminaries whom they never see on the silver sheet. Their brains are being employed, but not their personalities, for the producers have found out that the public will have none of that. When the producers deem it expedient to combine these brains with the talents of their stars, then the star system will be put upon a firm foundation and remain where it belongs.

O temporal! O movies! What follies the business office can commit! Why not say to Mr. Eminent Author: "Write us a story for Helene Chadwick or Jack Holt or Lloyd Hughes, and make it really interesting?" Instead of that, the business office apparently reasons that so long as they have taken the trouble to make a star by paying for the advertising, which is the principal expense in star making these days, since the stars' salaries are nothing much to write home about, it is justified in putting the new star in any old kind of story just so long as it can be coaxed into five reels. The shush that little May McAvoy has been given, after her excellent portrayal in "Sentimental Tommy," is a case in point. What fate awaits some of the others we have mentioned remains to be seen.

Of course "star" pictures are less expensive to make under this process. It is cheaper to trade on the personality of a star and her fan following than it is to create a special production, work up the publicity and advertising on it, and then sell it to the world. But how long is the star going to last, in this day of keen competition, with meaningless stories and slipshod direction?

What do you remember about Betty Compson after you sat up in joy and watched her troop through "The Miracle Man?" I'll bet you can't recall the names or the plots of two stories she has appeared in since. I hold no oracle office, but, in the words of Bill Bromide, I can see the finish of many twinkling stars if this cheap policy is maintained well into this year. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been expended on single-feature productions, which take thousands of additional dollars to "put over" with advertising, and yet the business offices hesitate to spend a few thousands for good stories with which to bedeck their star. The star shower has fallen upon the countryside, but its brilliance must be fanned into a permanent glow by good direction and substantial manuscripts.

Old favorites are holding their own in the face of the rebirth of the system. With her accustomed foresight, Mary Pickford paved the way long ago, when she injected "Stella Maris" into her schedule, against the rise of new rivals, and she had them lashed to the mast before they ever started.

Pauline Frederick, first in playing "Madame X," and now appearing in a rip-roaring Western ranch story, has jazzed up her repertoire with a few "Madame X's" and "Stella Marises." Others, however, of less perspicacity, are bound to be showered under by the new arrivals to stardom on the screen.

Among the newcomers there are many who undoubtedly will achieve a permanent place in the love of the fans, just as there are many who will fall by the wayside under the weight of poor stories shouldered on to them, and it behooves the favorites of the past to watch their steps and jazz up their curriculums with a few "Madame X's" and "Stella Marises." In the year 1922 it will be the survival of the fittest for fair!

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 59

and Hugo for Christmas. I don't want to lose them."

She began fishing around in her bag, and when I saw her studying a railroad time-table I knew the worst, or the best, rather.

"If you're going up to the studio to see Lillian Gish you have to take me with you. I've heard she is simply ravishing in her white wig and old French costume."

"Yes, but she only wears that in some special scenes. Most of the time she is just as bedraggled and poor as usual. People around the studio get so accustomed to seeing Lillian in those poverty-stricken clothes that when she gets dressed up they hardly know her."

"The picture will be finished pretty soon—they are cutting it now. Lillian is simply wonderful, of course. And if you're not crazy about Monte Blue already, you will be when you see 'The Two Orphans.'"

"And that reminds me that Theda Bara once made a production of 'The Two Orphans.' Do you suppose they'll have the audacity to reissue that when D. W. Griffith's 'Two Orphans' is released? I almost wish they would. The contrast would be so ludicrous. And that reminds me—"

"I don't care what that reminds you of," I protested. "The clock reminds me that if we are going to get up to the Griffith studio before night we'll have to run for the train. Coming?"
Right Off the Grill

Anita Stewart, recently returned from her summer vacation in the East, has begun work at the Mayer studio in “The Woman He Married,” which sounds as if it were another one of “those things,” under the direction of Fred Niblo, who, since “The Three Musketeers,” is fast winning a long-deserved recognition as one of the screen’s sincerest and ablest directors.

Incidentally, Anita’s contract with her present producer expires with her next production. Just what is going to happen after that is still on the knees of the gods. Said producer favors all-star casts to the extent that he recently paid Mildred Harris twenty-five thousand dollars for permission to reduce the display of her name to the same size type as the other members of the cast. I understand that he desires to renew his contract with Anita without starring honors, but Anita isn’t very happy over the idea. It may be that Rudolph Cammell, her husband, will form an independent company for her, and she will become her own producer, à la Nazimova.

The migration of the Talmadges from their Forty-eighth Street studio, in New York, to brother-in-law Buster Keaton’s lot in Hollywood, was the occasion of considerable rejoicing on the part of the film colony and the Los Angeles chamber of commerce. Norma has done no producing on the Coast since the time she ran away from Vitagraph, following her first great success in “The Battle Cry of Peace,” and joined forces with Triangle at many times the Vitagraph stipend. “Connie” is fairly familiar with the Coast, having spent her early picture career here. The fact that Mrs. Natalie Keaton is now making her home permanently in Hollywood, and that Mr. Joseph Talmadge Schenck is the owner of the Keaton studio and head of the Keaton company may be regarded as the principal lure of the Talmadge entourage westward, rather than the climate. The sisters were homesick to see Natalie, and Mr. Schenck decided that he could combine business with pleasure by closing his New York studio and operating all of his companies at the one place.

I hope that the change of environment will have a salutary effect upon the quality of the stories which are selected for the Talmadge sisters. I know of no other screen stars who have suffered so grievously from wretched stories as have these famous sisters during the last two years.

That these two clever girls have survived the weaknesses of their production is convincing testimonial of the personal esteem in which they are held by the public, but even the gods may sometimes tempt fate too far.

Another recent arrival in Hollywood is William Farnum, who changed his mind about staying a year in Paris, and after getting wid of the aeroplane he purchased over there came back to his old stamping ground, the Fox fold, where his brother, Dustin, is holding forth also now. “Bill” is doing one of his popular “he-man” roles, under the direction of Edgar Lewis, of “The Barrier” fame.

Although Charlie, Farnum, Donald Crisp, and Paul Powell are again in our midst, a dozen others have left since my last report. These include: “Jimmy” Kirkwood, who is playing the title role in Booth Tarkington’s famous play, “The Man From Home,” now being made at Paramount’s London studio, with exteriors taken in Italy.

Ruby de Remer, who is playing opposite Kirkwood, and will also appear in other English-made productions.

Anna Q. Nilsson, who, after completing several pictures in London, will go to Sweden, her native heath, to be starred in a series of Ibsen plays.

Ann Forrest, who has already completed her first London picture, “Love’s Boomerang,” and for whom I am offering a little prayer daily that she will be chosen to play “Peter Pan.”

Elliott Dexter, the sincerest and most convincing actor the cinema boasts, who is playing opposite Miss Forrest in her English-made productions.

Norman Kerry, best known for his work in Cosmopolitan features, whose first English picture, under the Paramount banner, was “Three Live Ghosts,” supporting Anna Q. Nilsson.

And now comes word from “Papa” Laemmle, of Universal, who recently arrived in Hollywood to see why Mr. von Stromheim’s “ Foolish Wives” don’t get busy and start cutting up, that he is going to send Priscilla Dean and a company abroad within the immediate future to do a big costume picture. The production will be made either in Vienna or Berlin, but will have scenes photographed also in France and Italy. By the way, Mr. Laemmle started the vogue for foreign-made productions away back before the war, when he sent King Baggot and Leah Baird across Europe to make a series of pictures. They made “Absinthe” and “Ivanhoe.”

Unless present plans miscarry when this appears, Cecil De Mille will already be in the wilds of northern Africa, after which Paramount’s director general will go to Europe to look over the ground there with a view to doing some producing abroad later. Mr. De Mille will visit Tunis and Algiers, in Africa, and from thence will motor along the Riviera to northern Italy, and then across Switzerland into southern Germany, arriving in Berlin for the première in that country of “Forbidden Fruit,” scheduled to occur the first of the year.

Other well-known directors now abroad include:

Albert Parker, who will direct Fairbanks in his first European-made picture.

George Fitzmaurice, director of “Experience,” “Peter Ibbetson,” and other special Paramount pictures, who filmed “Three Live Ghosts” in London, and who is now engaged on “The Man From Home.”

Ouida Bergere, in private life Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who wrote most of Mae Murray’s pictures, and who is now picturizing the productions being made by her husband abroad.

Lois Weber, producer of “The Blot,” “Shoes,” and other domestic dramas, and discoverer of Mildred Harris, Mary MacLaren, and Claire Windsor, who expects to make a number of pictures abroad with European casts exclusively.

John Robertson, artist extraordinary of the megaphone; producer of “Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” “Sentimental Tommy,” “Footlights,” and other exceptional Paramount productions, who will direct “Peter Pan.”

Harley Knibbs, long identified with the motion picture industry of a large English film company which produced “Carnival,” being shown extensively in this country at the present time.

And, lastly, I learn that even little Jackie Coogan has been infected with this voyaging virus, and that as soon as he has two or three pictures completed he will make a tour of Great Britain and the Continent. I am assured by Jackie’s managers that as a result of his sensational success in “The Kid” and “Peck’s Bad Boy,” the English public is “clamoring” — yes, that is the word — to see Jackie in the flesh.

But with Mary, Doug, Jackie, De Mille, Ruby, Anna, Jimmy, Priscilla, little Ann Forrest, Elliott, and a number of others constituting the cream of our cinema elite rendering our foreign cousins and allies, it certainly looks as if it were going to be a very dull winter in Hollywood for those of us who are forced to content ourselves with such Volstead antidotes as can be had.
Continued from page 65

For Dorothy Gish is one of the most complete dyed-in-the-wool and warranted-not-to-run pessimists I have ever met. And having given up the world as hopeless, she is impressively funny about it, which makes me suspect that perhaps she's partly pretending.

The last time I saw her she had just made her debut on the speaking stage; not a nice, carefully planned début, but a sort of pinch-hitter one. The leading woman of "Pot Luck," which was playing in a New York theater, had fainted at the end of the second act and was unable to go on with the performance, and Dorothy was rushed on to take her place. She knew the part because she had attended every performance—she likes to watch her husband act, and he, you see, was the leading man.

She remembered all the business, never missed a cue, and went through the scenes like a veteran. The audience applauded her wildly. And was Dorothy all tremulous with joy, and Dorothy all sunniest disposition imaginable, and Dorothy all sacrifices his life to save her future. Charles Ogle plays this rôle with the utmost simplicity and sympathy, and Lila Lee is a dark-eyed and infantile stage child. Jack Holt is so suave and fascinating as a villain that it is almost with regret that we watch him reform in the last reel.

"The Beggar Maid." Some imaginative director suddenly had an inspiration while walking through an art gallery, and the experiment of "The Beggar Maid" was the result. It is the first of a series of films which will be based on a single great masterpiece on canvas. To launch the enterprise the producers hit upon the Burne-Jones creation, which, in a few bold strokes tells the story of Tennyson's celebrated poem in which King Cophetua woosed the Beggar Maid.

This is told against a mellow rural background, with a very beautiful young beggar maid in the person of Mary Astor.

"The Silent Call." Another screen experiment which promises to be a thorough success is the experiment of First National to star a dog as the hero of a serious drama. He is a Belgian police dog called Strongheart, and he combines the vigor of Lionel Barrymore with the suavity of Norman Trevor in his screen technique. Seriously, it is not too much to say that this handsome and sagacious creature seems to have a real realization of the emotions which he conveys so simply. Of course much credit must be given to Jane Murfin, the owner, who trained the dog, and to the director, Lawrence Trimble.
In Cold Blood

A gripping tale of real life, full of color, passion, and drama, appears complete in the January AINSLEE’S. It is by one of AINSLEE’S best-beloved authors

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Among the many unique short stories in the same number is

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By WINSTON BOUVE

by all odds the strongest Christmas story which any magazine will publish this season

Two good reasons why you should not miss

AINSLEE’S
THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS
A Purple Rider.—William Duncan and Edith Johnson have deserted serials for feature pictures. "Where Men Are Men" is the name of their first. "Do or Die" is Eddy Polo's latest serial. Elmo Lincoln appears in "Adventures of Tarzan," with Louise Lorraine. It is in fifteen episodes. Joe Ryan's most recent serial is "The Purple Riders," in which Edwin O'Hara appears with him. He also made "Hidden Dangers," with Jean Paige. Ruth Roland's latest to be released is "The Avenging Angel," which is hard at work on a new one, however. Helen Holmes is to make twenty-two railroad dramas of two reels each for the Aywon Films.

T. Flanigan.—"The Threshold" is Belle Bennett's latest picture. Margaret Gibson is now Patricia Palmer, and her latest work is with Louise Gaum in "Greater Than Love."

Mary A. G.—Generally one incloses a quarter to cover the cost of mailing the photographs. I do not discuss the religion of the players. "Beyond Price" is the latest Pearl White vehicle. Miss White recently divorced her husband, Wallace McCutcheon. Anita Stewart appears in "Playthings of Destiny."

Miss Genevieve G.—Nazimova's hair is really bobbed. She is the wife of Charles Bryant. He sometimes plays her leading man. Whether you can induce her to answer your letter is something you will have to work out for yourself. "Camille" is the modernized version of Dumas "Camille." It is dressed in the present-day mode of 1921. Yes, the weather is fine. A little warm but all right as summer weather goes.

High School Girl, E. M.—I neither holler for the winter nor dash for the seaside. I haven't time to do either. I have to go right on working. No, you aren't the only girl who does not harbor an ambition to some day be a great star. There are others as sensible that write me. Glad to hear, however, that you are "some fan." Why don't you write the editor about the interview you would like to see? Ora Carew used to appear in Keystone pictures back in her comedy days. Mary Hay is a dark. Thanks for all the nice compliments.

The Spectator.—Addresses at the end of The Oracle. Lon Chaney is the correct spelling. Wallace Beery and Eric von Stroheim are not the same person. They are two distinct men. Both villains—on the screen.

Laurensa P.—You failed to inclose a stamp for a personal reply, so you have broken into print. Mary MacLaren does not appear with her sister, Katherine MacDonald. Mary is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." Katherine has her own company. Mary is not Katherine's only sister, but the others do not appear before the camera.

Edith Sterling Admire.—You will have to write the little lady personally for her photograph. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

PITT.—The picture you refer to with Billie Burke is her very first appearance before the camera. It was Thomas Ince's, "Peggy." William Desmond and Charles Ray were in the cast. Also William Thompson, the veteran stage character actor. Your description isn't definite: the picture you refer to with Billie Burke is her very first appearance before the camera. It was Thomas Ince's, "Peggy." William Desmond and Charles Ray were in the cast. Also William Thompson, the veteran stage character actor. Your description isn't definite enough in the others for me to give you the names. Emil Jannings was played by Emil Jannings. Your other questions have already been answered elsewhere in these columns.

Winter Park, Florida.—Bebe Daniels is unmarried. She is at present taking a short vacation, but will return to work at its completion. She was born in Dallas, Texas in 1901.

Fred Charles H.—You will find your questions already answered in the preceding replies in this issue.

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Elaine—with a Mind of Her Own

Continued from page 26

you to go on the stage, and if you want to go on the stage—oh, how they want you to go to college and be another Portia! If you want a career they want you to marry and settle down. Don't they know that by adding that 'settle down' they make it less attractive? Oh, I don't mean you, mother; you are always a dear about letting me have my own way. You know, they used to think I could sing; that's how I came to go on the stage. When I was home from school one day I inadvertently warbled, and that was the beginning of my stage career. In other words, 'how I became an actress.'

Miss Hammerstein is pretty—there is no doubt about that—but it isn't the thing about her which most impresses you. Plenty of girls are her equal in beauty, but she has a savoir-faire, an elegance, which is most delightful and which is—alas!—as rare off the stage as on it. Add to this a knack of picking out just the right clothes for any occasion, a trick of putting them on so that they look perfectly stunning without ever being conspicuous, and you know something of Elaine Hammerstein. She is not a great actress, perhaps, and she does not consider that she is. That is another nice thing about her. She is totally without conceit.

"Which way are you going?" she asked as we all left the nice cool roof shop for them, and these are for my hairdresser's, and to sit for pictures I was rash enough to promise to have made to go with an interview.

"Then you don't like being interviewed any better than you used to?" "Not a bit," replied Miss Hammerstein. "The publicity directors have always chided me for my lack of appreciation of their efforts. Sometimes I even spoil their plans."

We couldn't help entirely indorsing Miss Hammerstein's views on publicity, although sometimes it does make it difficult for the interviewer. But then she is never like that with us.

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of your teeth—combat the film

If you are brushing your teeth in a wrong way, learn what this new way means.

Authorities now advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use. Millions of people employ it.

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That dingy film

Film is what clouds the teeth's beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Countless teeth discolor and decay because the old ways of brushing do not effectively fight film. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. That is what discolors—not the teeth.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Ways to end it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight film. It has proved them by careful tests. Now they are embodied in a new-day tooth-paste—called Pepsodent—for daily application.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings three other effects, natural and very important.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits. They may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use does five things which dental authorities now regard as essential.

You'll quickly see

A 10-Day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. That shows the delightful effects. In a week you will realize that this method means much to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons in our book. That test may lead to life-long benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 396, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
The Dragon Awakens

Continued from page 85

The Penitent Pauline

Continued from page 21

outdoors than ever existed in northern New York State. My family was not a stage family at all. I was "just a nice girl from Boston," and then I took up the theater because I had to. I have been plagued with pimples and blackheads since childhood, and I was always made fun of because of it. I did not want to be left alone with my ponies and my picture work. I am not discussing the private affairs of others, but why should they bother with mine?

But one gathers the idea that there will be no more "private affairs" so far as Pauline Frederick is concerned. The slate is clean. Oxygen and ozone are great purifiers of pasts, and ozone is Pauline's middle name. Her greatest pleasure, outside of straddling a horse in the good old Western way, is to spend the afternoon downtown in Los Angeles shopping. And she purchases ribbons and hair nets and perfume and cosmetics? She is not! She is buying bridles and new cinches that will not rub the ponies' tummies, and chaps and gauntlets. She only wears one evening gown in her new Western ranch picture, and her modiste had an awful time getting her to "sit" for it.

Perhaps her manner of extending hospitality is the best indication of her great Westernization. After our petit rodeo that afternoon she invited me, a poor reporter, to "stop for dinner." In New York they would never do that, but on a Western ranch the most casual acquaintance is never turned out into the twilight—hungry. Of course one doesn't accept, and it was with the memory of her little cowboy "Aye-yip-ay" ringing in my ears that I left.

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From a Lady:—"I cannot thank you enough for all this. It has been great. One bottle has cleared my face wonderfully."—Mrs. Mary Young, Haverstraw, N. Y.

From a Soldier:—"It is certainly wonderful."—Louis Grinnell, Troop P, 2nd Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Montpelier, Vt.

From a Clergyman:—"Cleared my face of acne."—H. J. Howland, B. H. Boarding School, Pompano, Fla.

People Amazed:—"Has cleared my skin completely of pimples since receiving. Everybody who sees me is amazed."—R. B. Wilson, Peoria, Ill.

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E. S. GIVENS, 237 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
A Calendar of Past Performances
Continued from page 17

23 - 1904 - SATURDAY - "Glad of It" was the title of a play, which died this date at the Savoy Theater, New York, being listed as a lamentable failure despite the fact that the cast included John Barrymore, Thomas Meighan, and Robert Warwick, each of whom were playing very - oh, very! - minor roles.

24 - 1905 - FRIDAY - Shirley Mason was an engaging, pathetic little figure as the half-Indian boy, "Hal" in "The Squaw Man," supporting William Faversham, then playing at Powers' Theater, Chicago, Illinois.

25 - 1906 - WEDNESDAY - Theodore Roberts was a vastly picturesque figure as the Indian father, "Scar-Brow," in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which was the opening attraction at the Empire Theater, New York, a playhouse eventually gathered in by the Famous Players-Lasky interests.

26 - 1897 - TUESDAY - Dustin Farnum was simply bursting with the importance of making his first appearance on a Broadway stage - this important event occurring at Wallack's Theater, New York.

27 - 1908 - MENDAY - Dorothy Phillips, just free from short skirts, was making a modest bid for histrionic glories, contributing her bit as a maid in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," as offered by the Fawcett Stock Company, at Albaugh's Theater, Baltimore, Maryland, in which city she was born and bred.

28 - 1899 - MONDAY - Thomas H. Ince was determined to find his place in the dramatic arena - when one has just espoused long trousers all things are possible, and he was playing young "Nat Berry" in "Shore Acres," with James A. Herne, at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Illinois.

29 - 1910 - SATURDAY - Mahlon Hamilton knew perfectly well that he could hold his own with Edwin Booth, if given the right opportunity, and this night he did his best to prove the fact, as the "Count of Morice" in "Israel," at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston.

30 - 1906 - TUESDAY - Dorothy Ince was determined that all her family stage fame should not rest upon her older sister's shoulders, so upon this occasion we find her at the National Theater, Rochester, New York, where she made her big debut in "The Fatal Wedding," which upon this Lord's Day was the bait at the Bijou Opera House, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
The Minuteman of the Movies

Continued from page 88

Rosary.” It proved a great picture, but with the advance in motion-picture art he has long desired to give this wonderful old story the broad picturization it deserved.

He secured Bernard McConville, who has more successes to his credit this year than any other writer, to adapt Edward E. Rose’s famous stage play, and Jerome Storm to direct.

The cast is all-star. It includes Lewis Stone, Jane Novak, Wallace Beery, Robert Gordon, Eugene Besserer, Doris Davidson, Harold Goodwin, Mildred June, Pomeroy Cannon, Bert Woodruff, James Conway, Walt Whitman, and Ann May.

The Return of Short Subjects.

The fourth episode concerns the decline and rise of the two-reel drama.

Colonel Selig started something when he produced the first feature. He had always believed in the value and need of the short subject, such as the two-reel drama, because some of the greatest stories that have ever been written are short stories. But with the sensation created by the success of “The Spoilers,” he found himself swept away in the mill race of competition. No more was the short picture wanted. Therefore, gradually and despite everything such men as Selig could do, the two-reeler slipped into obscurity. But through all these years the minuteman has clung to the idea that some day the two-reel drama would come back into its own, to take its deserved place beside the feature picture.

The day is at hand!

In their desperate efforts to fill the ever-increasing demand for film entertainment many producers have deliberately padded ordinary short stories into feature pictures. Such a condition could not continue. There must be a place in the sun for all kinds of pictures.

“The time has come at last,” said the minuteman, “when we must produce motion pictures in the length the story deserves—and no more. In the old days the short dramas never got a square deal. They were relegated to the cheaper directors and actors.

“Through the years I have been acquiring scores of good short stories. These will not conflict with a legitimate big story. In partnership with Sam Rork, I am now carrying out this policy of producing a picture in its proper length. And, most important, is the fact that we are giving each of these short stories an all-star cast.”
The Selig-Rork two-reel dramas, at this writing, have been acclaimed by the critics as the necessary relief to the overflow of bad features. The biggest theaters in the country, such as the Capitol and Strand, New York, are showing them with Chaplin, Keaton, or Lloyd comedies for a novel evening's entertainment, and they have met with flattering success.

No wonder! Imagine allowing a two-reel drama such an all-star cast as Lewis Syk, Wallace Beery, Ethel Grey Terry, William Desmond, Jack Minhall, and many others. And the stories filmed are from the vast Selig library, such authors as James Oliver Curwood, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Randall Parrish, Sir Gilbert Parker, Hallie Erminie Rives, B. M. Bower, Winston Churchill, Harold Mac-Graph, Bertrand Sinclair, Salisbury Field, General Charles King, Robert Hichens, Clarence L. Cullen, Mrs. Otis Skinner, and others.

Thus I close the last page of the quarter century of romance of the entire life of motion pictures, that of Colonel William N. Selig, who for twenty-five years has unceasingly labored for the progress of his beloved art.

What will the next quarter of a century bring forth? Will it produce another man who will do as much for motion pictures? Let us hope so. But in any event, the minuemen is starting anew on the next lap.

Here's to the Brave

Continued from page 48

...as usual the turn would have gone all right.

And often—honest I am going to stop soon— the collapse of materials makes a very nice hazard. In making "The Cottage of Delight" a King Vidor production, Lloyd Hughes had to shoot some rapids along the Truckee River. This was dangerous enough, but after going through successfully once, it was necessary to make a second shot. Hughes was offered a double, but he preferred to do it all himself. Things went very well on the second trip, when suddenly the raft, held together by nails, collapsed under the strain, and Hughes and the tangle of lumber were swept into the waters whirling about the rocks in the river. Director, camera men, and helpers started to rescue Hughes, but, not finding him, felt certain he had drowned. But Hughes was on the bank, in the thick underbrush, nursing two severely lacerated legs, a black eye, and various cuts and bruises.

Risk, hazard, danger, seem to be the order of the day in motion pictures. The serials and the comedies have the most, but the straight features, as I have shown, have so many they run a close third. You may read that 'Gloria' has a double whose ankles are photographed for hers, but when it came to the lion's paw it was Gloria who took the chance. There are fakes, and there are doubles, trained acrobats who do things impossible without years of training. But in addition there is a big streak of bravery and daring running right through the ordinary actors and actresses, a daring which enables them to take the most extreme hazards just as a part of the day's work, or, if you like it better, as a part of the picture. Won't you join with me? Here's to the brave!
The Glorious Adventuress

Continued from page 28

It is this Old World atmosphere which characterizes Maude George, her home, her garden—diametrically opposed to the atmosphere of modernity which permeates her screen self in such roles as the aforesaid Madame Malat, the malicious modiste of the "The Devil's Pass-key," and the equally malicious adventuress, the Princess Olga of Von Stroheim as yet unreleased picture, "Foolish Wives." "It's just another case of shock," agreed Miss George when I gave utterance to the thought that was in my mind. "We movie adventuresses are quite different in real life. We have to be wicked and villainous, because the expression of intrigue is the work of a theatrical heavy woman."

It is difficult to believe in her as a villainess, even a play adventuress, because she has such a keen, ready sense of humor, such generosity and sympathy. And, besides, hadn't she spoken emphatically about her husband?

"Of course I have a husband!" she declared. "He doesn't in the least object to my being on the stage or in pictures. He helps me with my work—lets me rehearse scenes using him as a foil. He gives me pointers regarding the subtlety of doing certain bits of villainy, and"—and she sighed fondly—"he's so wonderful about doing errands at the grocery store for me! He's gone now to get oranges."

At this there was a decided twinkle in her gray eyes.

"I guess I'm a peculiar sort of adventuress, if that's what you insist on calling me," Miss George, or, rather, Mrs. Arthur Forde, laughed, "because I can't smoke cigarettes without getting just the least bit suffocated. All through "Foolish Wives" I had to smoke long, intriguing Russian cigarettes because Princess Olga, the character I played, thought nothing of the bad effects of tobacco."

"But personally I think it is so much more interesting to be wicked on the screen than to be merely a straight leading woman where you can always count on the hero's kiss just before the last fade-out. It is difficult to avoid being crude in stage villainy, and to be subtle is always a trying adventure. Villainy, wickedness, on the screen or off, is just disgusting if it lacks subtlety."

"And "Mrs.-Von"—her nickname for Eric von Stroheim—"has told me—oh, so many times!—that I've the wickedest smile he's ever seen."

"Smile!" I entreated, and she smiled a very amused, very un-villainous smile. I entreated her to be wicked, however, because I wanted to see how she'd do it.

"Look," she instructed, lifting one eyebrow a shade higher than the other, drawing the corners of her mouth downward ever so slightly and disclosing her teeth, set firmly together in a vampish, calculating grin.

"Nevertheless," and she dropped the acting pose and became herself, the lady o' the gingham, again, "I want some day to do a really dramatic, beautiful part. I've always admired Pauline Frederick; I should be happy to be able to do something like her type of work and—who knows but that some day the opportunity may present itself?"

In private life Miss George has only one mission. She is truly in love with her husband, Mr. Forde, a quiet, scholarly gentleman who is well known as a film critic but who is, in addition, the father of Mrs. Tom Mix, who was before his marriage Victoria Forde, one of the earlier coterie of film comediennes. And, being in love with her husband, she is intensely interested in everything pertaining to him and his work.

She is a glorious admixture of the adventurous and the Quaker. She has all the verve and brilliance of a De Maupassant heroine, and yet, in the confines of her unique Devonshire House, where she wears gingham morning dresses and old gloves to protect her hands, and where her chief duty is seeing that her husband's wants are promptly attended to, she is as quaintly conventional, as sweetly sympathetic as the fragrant, lovely, old-fashioned flowers she has planted in her garden.

Winners in Film Stories’ Picture Contest

In accordance with the announce-ment which appeared in the November 10th issue of Film Stories Magazine, we are printing herewith the names of the winners in the picture contest conducted by that publication. Miss Flora Krug, 2735 South Karlove Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, was awarded the first prize of one hundred dollars; Miss Eva B. Casey, 21 Amy Street, Providence, Rhode Island, won the second prize of fifty dollars, and Mr. Frank Power, 53 South Park Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, received the third award of twenty-five dollars.
Where Do You Buy Beauty?

Continued from page 23

the very simple life. But a glance at her proves the worth of this system.

Lillian Gish combines all these methods. For exercise she turns to a wooden wand, such as children use in gymnasiums; even when she goes on a journey which is to last a week or so she takes it along. She believes in cosmetics, too—that is, she uses a special kind of cold cream, the formula for which has been in her family for generations—she is of French descent, you know, and that's always a synonym for knowing interesting beauty secrets. Her mother has always prepared this cream, and it contains such delightful ingredients as French rose water, English almond meal, and honey—just plain American honey.

Dorothy backs this up with a most invigorating bath salt—plain corn meal. One gets impossibly grubby in picture making, you know—especially when working out on location, on a dirty field, or in such a city as that built for "The Two Orphans," where the ground is covered with cinders. A hot bath in which soap is supplemented by handfuls of corn meal is the best thing in the world to help in regaining cleanliness.

Norma Talmadge has all sorts of expert care—massage to banish the bugaboo of increasing weight. is one of the most important ones; not that any of her friends have ever felt that she was too stout, but of course the motion picture magnifies one's size so much that so many actresses who look too thin in real life are just right on the screen. Consequently many of them turn to diet—it's almost to be expected that, when you lunch with one of the screen's beauties, she'll say: "Order whatever you like—I'm dieting, of course, so I have just a cup of tea."

Lillian Gish has her hair cleansed with an herb shampoo, which makes it fragrant as well as beautifully clean, and which is supplemented by massage. Betty Blythe hies her to a hairdresser who is an expert on methods. For exercise she turns to "The Two Orphans," where the ground is covered with cinders. A hot bath in which soap is supplemented by handfuls of corn meal is the best thing in the world to help in regaining cleanliness.

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There is a Job Ahead of You

Some man is going to be picked for it. 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 yourself as good as you can and put your work subject to promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the I. C. S., in nearly two million men and women have done in the last 30 years, just as more than 125,000 men are doing today.

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Then the Coffee Boiled Over

Latest fox trot comedy hit, Professional copy, complete words and music, sent free for advertising purposes. Short, poetry wanted, NOT song poems. Pay on acceptance.

Raving Versus Reason

Continued from page 30

"Well, it's a pretty big responsibility. You have to know just where the money goes and attend to a thousand little details you never thought of when you were working under salary. But I like it, of course. I have a good release—First National—and I can pick the kind of stories I want to do. On the whole, it's a great satisfaction—or it will be if this picture goes over, as I'm hoping it will. Mr. Hershegerman seemed very much pleased the way we did it, and when an author gives his O. K. to his brain child on the screen it must be good."

Richard Barthelmess has a straightforward way of talking that makes you forget that he is a star. I doubt very much whether he himself thinks of it. Behind his charm of manner there is an earnestness which you feel not so much from what he says, but by the way he looks at you. I imagine that he could relax and play with the same whole-heartedness that he puts in his work. No doubt he dances well, plays tennis well, and is an excellent host. I quite envied the guests at the birthday party the night before.

We lingered long after we should have been on our way. The person who told me that it was terribly hard to get Dick Barthelmess to talk must have come upon him at an inopportune time. For he chatted without self-consciousness, talked of the Gish girls, of Griffith, of his favorite stars, and of the books he had been reading lately. Mary Hay Barthelmess upstairs must have thought that we had kidnapped her husband.

"Well," said Ye Editor as we left the Algonquin, "what do you think of him?"

"Wonderful," I answered promptly; "a regular fellow. I think he's—"

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 32

We almost collided with the jaded fan writer. I felt her eyes boring accusingly into the back of my neck. But I avoided her neatly. If I wanted to rave a little it was my own business.

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Tom is a very busy man and a very contented one. Besides working in pictures he's preparing notes for a book he means to write on Theodore Roosevelt as he knew him. You see, Roosevelt used to come out to Montana to his hunting lodge there, where Tom was working as a cowboy in the old days, and the two spent many days hunting together. And then he and Mrs. Mix always work out his screen stories together. In fact we began talking about his current one that day at tea.

It was Tom himself who took me home after tea, and on the way we got to talking about men, women, and marriage.

"You've got to study your domestic business same as any other," declared Tom as we bowed along.

"And men are so selfish they don't study to see what a woman wants. For one thing, I try to bring Vicky home some little present every once in a while. A woman likes that. But I ought to hear how some of the men talk to me. 'You oughta cut that stuff out, Tom,' they say to me. 'You're making it awful hard for us other husbands.'"

Just one thing is needed to make the happiness of the Tom Mixes complete. Why, of course you know. Will it be? Vicky Mix says it will. And she should know.
think the lines should be simple. Perhaps it is because I studied to be a sculptor before I took up dress designing that preserving the natural lines of the body is such a hobby with me. But whatever the reason, I do like simple lines for every one.

“When Bebe is to be dressed to represent just her own exuberant self I design quite different dresses for her. She has such a lovely figure that I use almost no trimming on them, and to get a rich and colorful effect without using trimming I use unusual and interesting fabrics. I made one of metal brocade, trimmed with monkey fur, that I think just suits Bebe. The fabric was so beautiful and so effective that I made the sash of the same material so as not to detract from the effect at all.

“The new long sleeves are going to be a great trial to me in designing gowns for Bebe, for her arms are so beautiful that it seems a shame to cover them up. Fortunately sleeves are being made of transparent material and frequently slit from shoulder to wrist, so yielding to the Paris vogue of long sleeves won’t be too much of a hardship.

“We can’t yield to the long skirts, though. We must have our flapper styles, for people want young-looking girls on the screen, and no matter how youthful they really are they won’t look young if we dress them in those long skirts.

“One kind of dresses that I just love to design are frilly, frivolous party dresses for very young girls. For the sweet young girl in her teens, who is just full of whimsicalities and dainty mannerisms, I think frocks should be made as delicate as moonlight. Bebe loves frills and ribbons and rosebuds, and they suit her so perfectly that I am always glad when I have a chance to design a dress for her like that.”

Now Miss Chaffin could go on indefinitely telling about the lovely gowns she has made for the lovely Bebe, but you can see them for yourself on the screen. And if you want to try this scheme of fitting your clothes to your character, I know of no better way for you to take your first lesson than to send you to a theater where you will see characters garbed in clothes designed by clever Ethel Chaffin.
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American School

Dept. C-176
Drexel Ave. & Sth St., Chicago

Concerning "The Little Minister." I wish to register a protest against casting Betty Compson for the role of Babbie in "The Little Minister." I know that many of the fans will join me in saying that Miss Compson is not fitted to play Babbie. Not that I don't admire Miss Compson. I do immensely, and I think she did very unusual work in "The Miracle Man." But I cannot believe that she has the soul behind her pretty face to play tenderhearted, innocent Babbie. In her work she lacks magic, witchery and her versatility. She is too modern, too sophisticated. I think little May MacAvery, with all her comparative plainness, is much more fitted to play the part with feeling and understanding. To me she is the perfect Barrie heroine. I only wish that Garey Hughes could share honors with her as the Little Minister himself.

E. F. A.
Banger, Michigan.

From a Native of Denmark.

For some time I've been a reader of Picture-Play, and your department, What the Fans Think, has been of especial interest to me. I am writing to become a contributor, but have hesitated because I wasn't sure of my English, having been over here only a short time. At last I've decided to try, be it right or wrong.

Recently I saw "Passion," starring Pola Negri. I saw it last year in Denmark, but enjoyed seeing it again as I think it a fine picture and fully deserving the fine reception it received everywhere over here. I can't help wishing that American theaters, because, though it is true that the European movie industry is microscopic compared with the American—due, I believe, to the fact that the people there lack money—they do turn out some pictures well worth seeing. I believe it both interesting and valuable to American fans to see pictures from other countries, and am sure that people here would love and admire players from across as much as American actors and actresses are beloved by natives of their own land, Denmark, claims the honor of having Europe's most famous movie actress. Her name is Asta Nielsen and she is considered a sexier beauty than Pola Negri, who has not yet freed herself of imitating Asta Nielsen. She has been playing in Germany and Austria and at the last picture I saw she was in a German company, the cast consisting only of German actors save for Asta Nielsen. It was a screen version of "Passion," played by August Strindberg's play, "Brott and Brott," played under the title of "Love Madness." It was a tragedy, but the acting and directing were so wonderful that the audience after the show was sitting motionless for minutes; there were no comments, no attempts to express appreciation, because words couldn't express the feelings which the picture aroused. How I should love to have my American friends see it!

Other well-known players there is Clara Postopoulos and Olaf Jones, who has his own company—only the one left in my country, since the others went bankrupt during the war. Norway has only a few well-known movie players of which the best known are the three sisters, Aud, Gerd, and Ada Egede-Nissen, Sweden has the greatest movie industry of the Scandinavian countries, and a great many talented players, among whom the best known are Thora Teje, Edith Erasoff, Mary Johnson, Karin Molander, Richard Lund, Lars Malmer, Tore Svedberg, and Gosta Ekblom.

In Pola Negri, Henny Porten, and Erna Morena, Germany has three very talented stars. Supporting actors in the German companies are running close to the stars, and I wish they would print their names so we could get to know them. I remember that in the last French picture I saw, "The Count of Monte Cristo," and every rôle was played by actors and actresses...
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PHOTOPLAYS wanted for California Producers; also Stories. Submit manuscripts, full data. L. N. Knickerbocker, Photoplay dept. and Details, Harvard Company, 560, San Francisco.
What the Fans Think
Continued from page 104
from leading Parisian theaters. It was good acting, though, and the settings were fine.

In Austria there are two stars of note: Mia May and Max Landa. Italy, too, has some wonderful actors, such as Giancarlo Bertini and Lydia Borelli, who, if they were given half a chance would surprise the world, but it doesn't seem that any one likes pictures in Italy. None of the Italian pictures which I have ever seen have had any more, if as much, artistic value as the average American serial film. However, they will pick up, I'm sure, and in time America will have to consider a competition from abroad, which will mean "better moving pictures"—something that every fan desires.

MRS. HENRY COLE.
Sterling, Colorado.

Down with the European Films.

The worst picture I ever saw was "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari." I don't see what is so wonderful about these European pictures. "Passion" was very good, but it's a foreign picture, and it really showed. A friend of mine was anxious to see "Deception," and when she saw it later, she said it was as bad as another one said the same thing. I didn't see it, but "The Queen of Sheba," I thought was very good. And "The Connecticut Yankee," I think, is the best of the year!

A HIGHBIDGE MOVIE FAN.
1018 Nelson Avenue, New York City.

"All Hail to Antonio!"

It seems to me, that at the present time the whole country is wild over Mary Pickford, Wallace Reid, Douglas Fairbanks, and the Talmages. But there is another star who is a thousand times brighter than any of these. His name is Antonio Moreno. I have followed his serials from "The House of Hate" to "The Veiled Mystery," and I have enjoyed them each and every one. He certainly deserves all the credit we can give him. When it comes to doing stunts he has in there his life. He took him fight a bloody battle with the villain on the top of a speeding taxi, hang at the mercy of the ocean after being tied in a small boat. His serials are always full of action, and that is what I like. As for good looks, Antonio Moreno is better looking than all of the other heroes put together. And what better could be recommended as a sure cure for the blues than to go to the movies and there see that wonderful smile that only Antonio Moreno can smile?

Next in order is Pearl White. Her pictures are always interesting.

There are several others that should receive praise, among them are William Duncan and Edith Johnson. Ruth Roland and Juanita Hansen are the greatest serial stars. There are several others that should receive praise, among them are William Duncan and Edith Johnson. Ruth Roland and Juanita Hansen are the greatest serial stars. There are several others that should receive praise, among them are William Duncan and Edith Johnson. Ruth Roland and Juanita Hansen are the greatest serial stars.

LaFayette, Ind.

E. G. T.
A Fan Club Talk

Continued from page 97

We are anxious to begin corresponding with other fan clubs. We are grateful to PICTURE PLAY for this splendid idea and mean to make the most of it. Those girls who had the Wallie Reid party surely were clever, and we hope to have an idea as original as that some time soon.

How would some of you clubs like an answer man of your own? Miss Sunny Colton, Orpheum Theater, Grand Rapids, Michigan, makes the following suggestion:

To-day, I read of the fan clubs, and I would like very much to belong to one, but I do not know of any one who could join as I am in the theatrical profession and, of course, never very long in any one place. I was wondering if there wasn't some club that would accept me as a member?

I know a few of the stars personally, and I could be quite as useful as an Answer Man—or should I say Answer Woman. Perhaps, I could be a research reporter, as my traveling around enables me to be in a position to find out things, which information the members might otherwise be unable to secure. My favorite players are Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmess, and Conway Tearle. I am sixteen and very anxious to join a club.

And now we come to the end of our chat. You've learned how some of the other clubs have organized, and proceeded with their meetings, and, perhaps, it will be easier for you now to begin your activities. Your club is not restricted in any way, except that it must be a fan club, so do not hesitate to use any original ideas of the members. "What youth wants most," once said a great author, "is room," so now that you've plenty of it, let's see how unique you can make your club.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

SHAKESPEARE JR.—Ruth Roland has been married, but isn't now. Once upon a time she was Mrs. Kent. Dorothy Gish is married to James Bean. Mary Pickford was born Gladys Smith. Mary Pickford is her legal name, however, the courts changing it from Gladys to Mary at her request, and has a Vitagraph to it to Mrs. Fairbanks at "Doug's" request. Olive Thomas' body was brought from Paris to New York for burial services. Jack Pickford has not married again. Louise Lovely is married to William Welch. Gloria Swanson has a baby daughter a little over a year old. She is Mrs. Somborn in private life. Stories are in process of tricks photography, or "double exposure" as the camera man call it Florence Vidor's correct name was Florence Arto, until she married King Vidor, the director. They have a daughter, Suzanne, two years old. Robert Harro're's death was accidental. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

I. J. K.—William Russell has been married and divorced. Gretchen Hartman is Mrs. Allan Hale. They have a new arrival in their family. Edith Sterling is not working in pictures at the present time. "Trumpet Island" was a Vitagraph production with Wallace MacDonald and Marguerite De la Motte in the leading roles. "Black Beauty" was also a Vitagraph with Joune Paget (Mrs. Albert Smith) and James Morrison in the leading roles.

LARRY—Mona Lisa is not married. Charles Ray is married to a nonprofessional. Jane and Eva Novak are sisters. Jane Novak is Mrs. William Harby as yet. Constance Talmadge is married to John Pialogou, a tobacco merchant. Ethel Barrymore is not appearing before the public. "The Road Demon" was made by any recognized and reputable school of art. Special terms to a limited number of new students and complete Artist's Drawing Outfit given Free to new students. Fill out and mail the attached coupon or write to:

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MRS. J. G.-Roscoe Karns was the young man who portrayed the role of Bradley in the Gladys Walton feature, "The Man Tamer." All addresses at the end of this department.

LESTER A.-John Jones and Lucille Rieckson are the two youngsters who appear in the Goldwyn-Booker Talmadge films. They come from California. You will find all the addresses you asked for at the end of The Oracle.

THOS. B. Jk.-If J. Warren Kerrigan lost ten years, as you say, then he was ten years old when he was born. He arrived on this hemisphere two days after Christmas, 1888.

Charles Meredith played the leading male role opposite Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventure."

WILMA H.-Margaret Cortot and June Caprice are not related. They aren't related. June Elvidge has flattened from the screen to the stage. She is heading up on the Keith circuit. Gladys George played opposite Charlie Chaplin in "Paris." Your other questions have been answered elsewhere in these columns.

MISS HERPA.-"Hoot" Gibson was born in a barn, Nebraska, in 1892. He has light hair and blue eyes. He is making feature films for the Universal. His latest is "The Sheriff of Cinnabar," adapted from the Peter B. Kyne story of that name. Molly Malone, the former Goldwyn leading lady, is in the feminine role in this picture. He has no children and has not married again. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He sends his regards to him personally for his autographed photo.

SUSANNE D.-Ward Crane does not appear with any one company. He is free lance and takes whatever parts he is cast for, no matter who the company may be. Your other questions concerning him have already been answered in this issue.

ROSALIE W.-Robert Brunton is not the husband of Miss Gordon. She left Don Beresford in private life. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. Harold Lockwood will continue to be seen on the screen as he decides to resume his old Metro productions. Joseph Schenck is married to Norma Talmadge. Wallace Reid has one son, William Wallace Reid Jr. Jack Mulhall's wife is dead. Her name was Laura Buxton. She left a son four years of age. Wheeler Oakman will not appear opposite his wife, Priscilla Dean, for the present at least, as he has signed a contract with another company. It looks as if Geraldine Farrar has deserted the silver sheet for some other coating, as she is at present planning an extensive operatic tour for the coming year. Harold Lockwood died on October 27, 1918. "The She Devil" is rehearsed some little time ago. "Peter Ibbetson" is the latest picture in which Elsie Ferguson appears. In the same cast are Wallace Reid and Elliott Dexter. You will find your other questions already answered in this issue.

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—May Allison is not married. Yes, Gloria Swanson is really the proud mother of a baby girl. Colleen Moore has one blue eye and one brown eye. Odd, isn't it? It is not statistically related, however, and you wouldn't think so unless you were near icebergs. Reminds me that the heat is terrific here. I would like to have one of those "bergs" to bathe my heated brow with right now. Bobby and Humphrey Bogart are not related. Lincoln Steadman is Myrtle Steadman's son. Faire and Constance Barney are sisters. Sorry to hear of your illness. Hope by several years. O. K. ones more.

MISS ANNA H.—Address at the end of The Oracle.

MISS VELMA.—Earle Williams is married to Florence Walz. Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan, Jr. Addresses at the end of this department.

LUCY M.—Bebe Daniels is not engaged to Harold Lloyd. Thomas H. Ince, Ralph Ince, and John Ince are all brothers. Carmel Meyers was born in 1901.

EDNA B.—Robert Leonard is married to Mae Murray. He also directs her. Ella Hall is the wife of Emory Johnson. They have two little boys. Ella does not play in pictures any more. I expect that the care of her two small sons keeps her quite busy. Emory, however, is to be seen on the silver screen. Myra Colleen is not married. Her husband died during the "flu" epidemic. She has no children. Violia has been on the stage since she was a little girl. She started in pictures a few years ago with the Edison company. She was born in 1898.
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Millions of people can write stories and photo-stories. The editor doesn't have to try to get in the movies. When you write, you have the whole world in front of you. Write anything—any story. It needs not be a novel. It may be true just the same. Many novelists and story writers suddenly discovered they could write stories when they thought they couldn't. The demand is immense. There are endless interesting plots for stories and photo-stories. There is never a year without an endless stream of circumstances—like Tennyson's brook—forever providing rich food for the pen of the writer.

There is nothing in all this world that dominates the heart and mind and fills it with a fascination for writing. It gives you a new power, a new understanding of things that touch you and thereby makes you a better person and gives you a new and a different and a beautiful sense of duty. You become interested and you become capable of meeting the new challenge.

We have just published a new book for you to read about a world that amazes everyone, and where the amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This book, now being distributed by the thousands, is pouring plans and ways and means of aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to make money in their spare time. And the book is full of interesting suggestions and anticipations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with the most important and most fascinating literary success stories. Stories of brilliant instances of literary fame, instances of change, instances of hope, encouragement, help, hints—things you've long wanted to learn. The book is called "THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS"... stories of success; brilliant instances of literary fame; and suggestions for hope. The book is your key to the future. It is a key to make you the man of the century. You are born for success. It is a key to the future.
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Mary T. Goldman, 1400 Goldfinch Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

GRIFFITH FAN.—The cast for "The Greatest Thing in Life" is: Lillian Gish as Jeannette Peret, Adolphe Lestina as Leo Peret, Robert Harrin as Edward Livingston, David Kerr as J. S. V. P, Robert Young as themselves, and Peaches Jackson as Mademoiselle Peaches.

MISS MATHILDA M. K.—Ethel Clayton has two daughters.

INQUISTIVE BETTY.—Vincent Coleman has brown hair and blue eyes. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. Katherine Mac- Donald has blond hair and blue eyes. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-two pounds. Wallace Reid has light brown hair and blue eyes. Wheeler Oakman has brown hair and blue eyes. Norman Perry has dark hair and hazel eyes.

I. H. M.—Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Havens latest picture is "The Girl in the Taxi," taken from the stage success by that name. Enid Bennet's latest picture is "Keeping Up with Lizzie." Wallace Reid's last release is "The Hell Diggers." Charles Ray's latest picture is "Scrap Iron" and "R. S. V. P." In the first he is a prize fighter, in the second an artist.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR, FOREVER.—At last your patience has been rewarded. Your favorite was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1897. She was educated at St. Joseph's Convent and Notre Dame Academy. Her screen debut was with Keystone, Rolin-Pathé, Fox, and Universal. She is five feet four and one half inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Kathleen's hair is fair and her eyes are blue.

Mr. A.—Noah Beery has appeared with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro," and in Marshall Neilan's "Bob Hampton of Place." He was born in 1884. You weigh two hundred and twelve pounds and are six feet one.

POLLY TINY.—Priscilla Dean's latest picture is "Reputation." Mildred Davis plays opposite Harold Lloyd in his comedies. "Bride 13" was a Fox serial. Natalie Talmadge is the youngest Talmadge sister. She is now Mrs. Buster Keaton. Charles Ray's latest picture is "R. S. V. P." Wanda Hawley played opposite Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man." That picture looked very much like "Daddy Long-Legs." I think it was very good for a small youngster like you.

T. J. H.—Dustin and William Parnum are brothers, so you're in no relation. John Henry's parents are nonprofessional. Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge were married the day after Christmas. Yes, they had a double ceremony. Charles Hutchinson's birthplace is Pittsburgh. "Hurricane Hutch" is his latest serial.

MISS ELIZABETH M. A.—The William Parnum that played "Ben-Hur" many years ago is the same William Parnum who is so popular in pictures to-day.

JESSIE B. MCL.—John Griffith Wray's wife has her own stock company in San Diego, California. Your friend Corinne does not play leads in pictures.

FRANCIS E. M.—You pronounce Maxine, Meehan, with the accent on the first syllable. Farrar has the accent on the last syllable.

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K. M. LAVENDER.—Norma Phillips is the name of the young lady who had the leading rôle in the old Mutual serial “Runaway June.” She also did a serial called “Our Mutual Girl.” Remember that one? You are going back quite a bit.

ANXIOUS AL.—Eddy Polo is an American. He was born in San Francisco, California. Wyndham Standing is married, so is William De Mille.

KATHERINE K. I am sorry, but I cannot give you the address of any correspondence club. Against them there rules.

FAN BELT.—They change their cars so often that by the time you find out what they are now driving they would have purchased some other.

THE LL HOM.—Ben Wilson is the huddy of Jesse Willard Madison, Neva Gerber, and Violet Mercereau are not married.

MISS F. R. B.—Martha Hedman is not working in pictures at present. She devotes her time almost exclusively to the footlights. Elliott Dexter and Marie Doro are still married. Dustin Farnum is married.

W. S. HART FAN.—Your favorite has announced his intention of returning to the screen at an early date. The type of stories he will undertake upon starting his new contract has not been announced as yet. Will let you know as soon as he hears from New York at the present writing. completing arrangements for the distribution of his forthcoming screen productions.

SARA B.—The “Market Booklet” has been sent to you by the “Picture-Play Magazine.” The other booklet published by this magazine is the “Guideposts for Scenario Writers,” and can be secured by sending ten cents in stamps to the editor. It deals, as does the “Market Booklet,” with the scenario-writing end, and has nothing to do with the history of the various players.

MISS HAMILTON.—Write to the editor. He has charge of all Mahlon’s. His name is thirty-five. His wife is a nonprofessional. Hale Hamilton is not related to him.

A. B. C.—How do you get that way?

BARBARA T.—All addresses at the end of The Oracle.

KENNETH.—Write to the players personally at their studio addresses for their photographs.

BIG BROWN EYES.—Vivian Martin has light-brown hair. Marjorie Daw has light-brown hair and hazel eyes. Ruth Roland’s hair is reddish-brown and her eyes are violet. Answers are given elsewhere in these columns.

BONNIE W.—See the reply to Kenneth, two questions above, for your answer.

BETTY G.—Alma Hanlon is not making any pictures at present. Your other questions will be found answered elsewhere in these columns.

MRS. GEORGE L. GREEN.—Wallace Reid plays Anatol in “The Affairs of Anatol.” Gloria Swanson was his wife in this film. The other members who made the affairs possible were Elliott Dexter as Max Kunon, Bebe Daniels as Salome Syrene, Monte Blue as Abner Elliot, Wanda Hawley as Emile, Theodore Roberts as Gordon Bronzore, Agnes Ayres as Annie Elliot, Theodore Kendall as Witzler Stahl, Raymond Hatton as Hofmeier, Julia Faye as Tiber, and Polly Moran as the orchestra leader.

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79 Seventh Avenue New York City
A Eugene O'Brien Advertiser.—The picture you refer to was a Cecil B. De Mille production, called "A Passage to Persia," called "For Better, For Worse." Gloria Swanson played Sylvia Norcross; Ethel Dexter, Doctor Edward Meade; Tom Forman, Richard Brunswick; Mary Astor, and Dorothy Raymond Hatton, Bud; Theodore Roberts, the hospital head; Wanda Hawley, Betty Hoyt; and Jack Holt, a Crusader. Harold Augusta is the little girl, and May Allison's boy is her husband, Robert Ellis, the Selznick director and film star as well. Ruby de Remer is not with any special company. She lives in New York, N. Y. and the following is to the New York, N. Y. and that the following is to the Broadway. do it all phone calls to the Chapell Ray Studios, at the Chapell Ray Studios, Melrose Park, California. New mortgagees, Theodore Roberts, 79-89 and belief as to the circumstances Smith 79-89 in Athletic Club, That similarity 11.60 Francisco, Cali. Albert Hay, S16 on ounce and worth ever considering the whole of the stage shown above, required by the Act of the Government for the date shown section 443. Postal Laws and Regulations, (a): 1. That the names and addresses of the public and bus­ ness managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Corporation, New York, N. Y.; editor, Charles Gatecli, 70 Sev­ enth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, Street & Smith Corporation, 70-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; business men­agers, Street & Smith Corporation, 70-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the Street & Smith Corporation, 70-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, Street & Smith Corporation, 75-90 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., 70 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond G. Smith, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, or other securities, areNone. 4. That the names given below of the owners of stockholders, the stockholders. The names, addresses, and positions as to the list of stockholders and security holders are not the owner of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements, conveying all that is known and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities, or act as agents for the benefit of others, and that no bond, mortgage, or other security holder has any right of interest in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as a holder. ORMOND G. SMITH, President, of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of "PICTURE PLAY" Magazine, a daily newspaper, 114 West Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. Day of September, 1921. Francisco 8, Duffy 2nd Avenue, New York City. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address Johnny Jones, Lucille Richard, Lena Minnix, Harry Cholles, Mary Alden, Cullen Landis, Richard L. Tarbell, at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming/Brunswick, 553 North Broadway, New York, N. Y.

May Pickford, Mary Thurman, Jack Pick­ ford, at Warner Bros., 1235 North La Salle Street, Los Angeles, California.

Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Tully Marshall, Thomas Roberts, Anna Ayes, Gloria Swanson, Ethel Clayton, Lois Wilson, Edith Roberts, Laura La Grange, Mildred Harris, Marie Doro, at the Hollywood, California.

Estelle A. Allan Forrest, George Deaborn, Ethel Sterling, Eva Novak, Ann Mayes, Kay Loomis, Betty Blythe, Mitchell Lewis, James-Morrison, and Clara Anderson, at Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy MacDonald, Albert Ray, Thomas Meighan, William Desmond, and Antonio Molcini, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

George B. Scott and Marguerite Court, at Pacific Grand, 126 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Lad Laforge and Madge Evans, care of Edward Small, 1406 Broadway, New York.

Marguerite De La Morte, and Mary MacAulay, at the Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

David Powell and Billie Burke, care of Pacific Grand, 126 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.


Horace Claude, Elsie Percy, Shirley Mason, Marion Mason, Tom Mix, and Buck Jones at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, California.

Oscar Moore, Ben Turpin, at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Orange Blossom, Gladys Leslie, and John Negril, at the First National Pictures, 1040 Four­tieth Street, New York City. Also Richard Barth­ olomew, G. G. Rice, and John McGowan, at the Famous Players, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy O'Keefe, June Milligan, and Dorothy French, at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

May Allison, Vioa Beaum, Alice Lake, Garbo, and Huddleston, at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

John Harrington, William Pickford, and Madge Evans, at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Pearl White, and William Fox Film Corporation, 17th Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

May MacAulay, care of Reaou Studios, Hollywood, California.

Claire Windsor and Louis Calhoun, care of Loew's Studios, Hollywood, California.

Franklin Roosevelt, and Eddie Polo, at the Paramount Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Priscilla Dean, Gladys Walton, and Miss Pond at Universal City, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Man­ age­ment, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the "PICTURE PLAY" Magazine, published monthly, at 6 New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921.

State of New York, County of New York, (seal) this 1st day of October, 1921, that the said "PICTURE PLAY" Magazine is a daily newspaper published at Broadway. do it all phone calls to the Chapell Ray Studios, at the Chapell Ray Studios, Melrose Park, California. New mortgagees, Theodore Roberts, 79-89 and belief as to the circumstances Smith 79-89 in Athletic Club, That similarity 11.60 Francisco, Cali. Albert Hay, S16 on ounce and worth ever considering the whole of the stage shown above, required by the Act of the Government for the date shown section 443. Postal Laws and Regulations, (a): 1. That the names and addresses of the public and bus­ ness managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Corporation, New York, N. Y.; editor, Charles Gatecli, 70 Sev­ enth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, Street & Smith Corporation, 70-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; business men­agers, Street & Smith Corporation, 70-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the Street & Smith Corporation, 70-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, Street & Smith Corporation, 75-90 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., 70 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond G. Smith, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, or other securities, areNone. 4. That the names given below of the owners of stockholders, the stockholders. The names, addresses, and positions as to the list of stockholders and security holders are not the owner of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements, conveying all that is known and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities, or act as agents for the benefit of others, and that no bond, mortgage, or other security holder has any right of interest in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as a holder.

ORMOND G. SMITH, President, of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of "PICTURE PLAY" Magazine, a daily newspaper, 114 West Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. Day of September, 1921. Francisco 8, Duffy 2nd Avenue, New York City. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

Addressee of Players

Addressed for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address Johnny Jones, Lucille Richard, Lena Minnix, Harry Cholles, Mary Alden, Cullen Landis, Richard L. Tarbell, at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming/Brunswick, 553 North Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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