

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

OCTOBER

25¢



LOUISE HUFF

Leo Sichel

A few
OF THE NEW
Paramount Pictures
ALPHABETICALLY LISTED

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Round Up"
A George H. Melford Production

*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Ethel Clayton in
"A City Sparrow"

Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"Humoresque"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Restless Sex"

Dorothy Dalton in
"Half An Hour"

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Something to Think About"

Elsie Ferguson in
"Lady Rose's Daughter"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"The Right To Love"

Dorothy Gish in
"Little Miss Rebellion"

William S. Hart in
"The Cradle of Courage"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

*Douglas McLean in
"The Jailbird"

Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"

George H. Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife!"

An All-Star Production
"Held By the Enemy"

*Charles Ray in
"An Old Fashioned Boy"

*Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"

Wallace Reid in
"Toujours de l'Audace"
("Always Audacious")

Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"

*A Thos. H. Ince Production

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NEW YORK

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Vol. XI

OCTOBER, 1920

No. 2

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr.)

Louise Huff has long held a corner all her own in the heart of the moving picture world. She is a Southerner by birth and came North to go on the stage. After three years of dramatic work she decided to go into pictures and joined the old Lubin company, with whom she soon became leading lady.

She has since been starred by several companies and was long a popular member of the Famous Players-Lasky Company forces. With her light, fluffy hair, shadowy grey eyes, and delicate oval face, this five feet of quaint charm is one of the cinema's most appealing personalities.

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This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. SHADOWLAND appears on the 23rd of each month.

The Fortune Teller

"I see a man—a dark man. He is talking earnestly to a young girl. She is trying to avoid him. He seizes her by both arms. They struggle. He has his hand at her throat. She falls. He strikes her. He goes—I cannot see where he goes. It is dark—dark."

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Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Bijou.—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree runs away with the production as an old maid teacher while James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

Broadhurst.—"Come Seven." Amusing adaptation of the Octavus Roy Cohen negro stories which have been appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*. All the characters are negroes played by white players. Funny, but of little depth. Arthur Aylsworth is excellent as a shiftless dandy. Gail Kane and Earle Foxe play the colored lovers.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan and Harris.—"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

Cohan's.—William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another summer revue, but we doubt if it will even appeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Fulton.—"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

Globe.—George White's "Scandals of 1920." Lively and well thought out summer revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

Casino.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skillfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult rôle.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Winter Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

"*The Hottentot*," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

"*Florodora*."—The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

"*The Storm*."—A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

"*The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox*."—Weak adaptation of the David Graham Phillips novel. Alma Tell in the stellar rôle.

"*Scandal*."—Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

"*As You Were*," with Irene Bordoni and Dick Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

"*The Purple Mask*," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"*The Sign on the Door*."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"*Look Who's Here*," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

"*Smilin' Through*," with Jane Cowl. An odd but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"*The Ouija Board*."—Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"*My Golden Girl*."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"*Shavings*."—A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

"*The Little Whopper*."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

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OUT of "the rainbow gleams of her youthful dreams" has come The Great Reward! The happy sequel to all her burning hopes—her eager aspirations! The magazine editor has accepted her story. His letter brings the happy news.

She moves as one in a daze. "Can it really be true?" she asks herself over and over. And all the while she glows with the pride of authorship, her aspiring spirit transformed in the bewilderment of this new triumph. 'Tis life's deepest moment for her.

She has crossed the Golden Rubicon! Enthralled, she stands upon the threshold of a New Life! She is at last—"AN AUTHORESS!" The story she has written, filled with fresh, bright realism, stirring incident and sparkling dialogue—written out of her very heart—painted in glowing words upon the Screen of Romance, will be read by thousands, thousands!

But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her to-day!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the notion counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really can learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

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This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic, and here is the most startling thing of all—a remarkable discovery that will thrill ambitious men and women of all ages throughout the world! The discovery is that: MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPlays AND DON'T KNOW IT!

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A remarkable New System, covering every phase of writing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, now busily supplying this information broadcast. And this New Method of writing stories and photoplays is everybody's property. Not for the select few. Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for men and women of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands who don't even dream they can write!

This institution at Auburn is the world's school for inexperienced authors—a literary institute for all humanity. And everybody is taking up the idea of writing. The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write!

You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents for the Pen of Realism.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, admiration, respect—in addition to glorious material rewards.

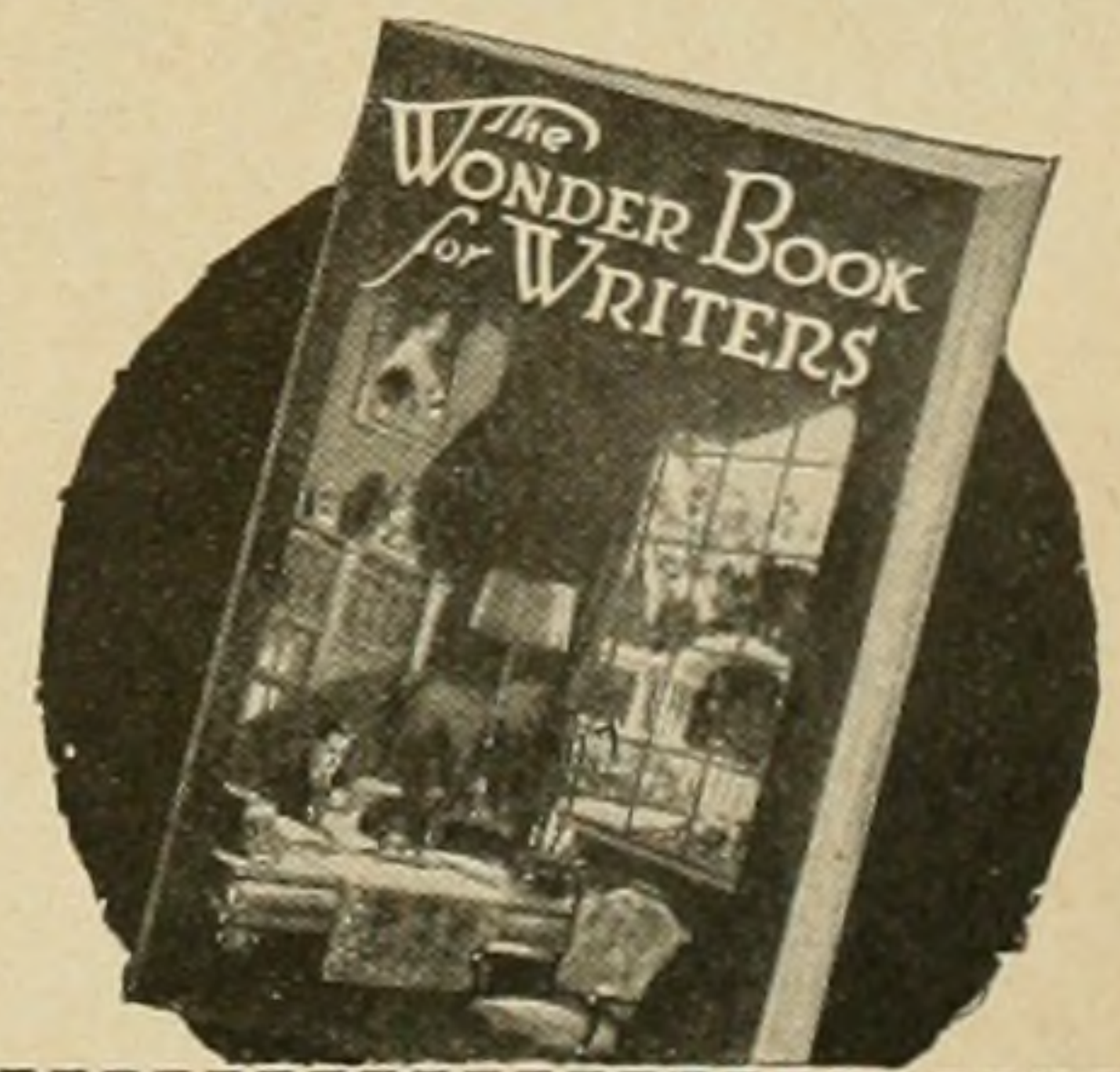
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who want to become writers. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How the scenario stars began. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune. How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through these New Easy Methods that simplify everything! How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

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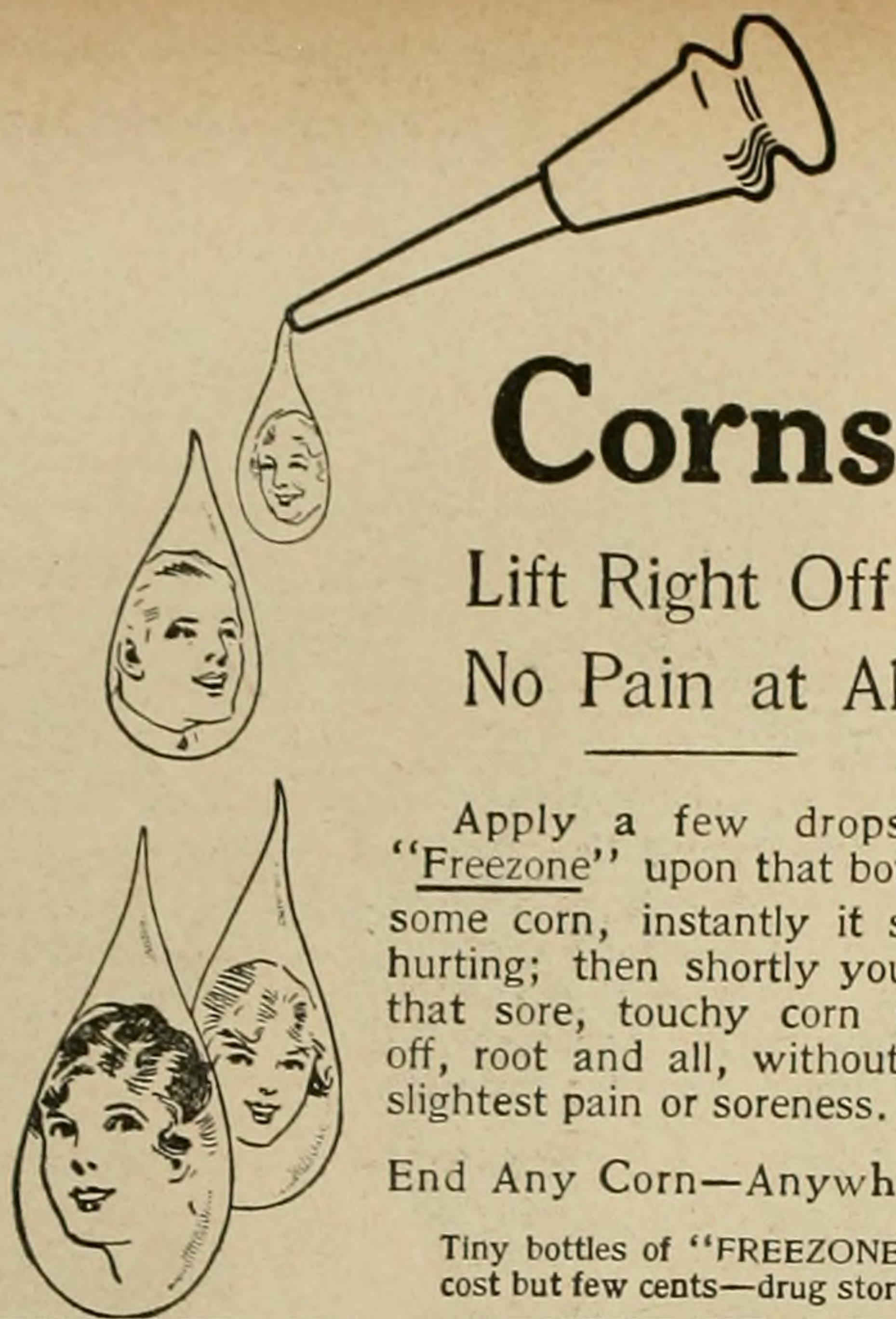
Contest Draws to a Close

The remaining days of the Popularity Contest are growing fewer and fewer as this book goes to press. While interest has been rife thruout the entire contest, it has never quite equalled that manifested during the last week or so—with everyone—everywhere working frantically to give their favorite a boost before it is too late. There are many changes in the positions of the players, but there is nothing final to be surmised until the last vote is counted and the ultimate tabulation completed. To arrive at the result may take longer than is expected, but an announcement will be made as soon as possible.

Here are the results at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford, 92,656; Norma Talmadge, 51,387; Pearl White, 31,422; Mme. Nazimova, 16,263; Constance Talmadge, 9,817; Bebe Daniels, 6,406; Mary Miles Minter, 5,258; Viola Dana, 5,004; Elsie Ferguson, 4,855; Lillian Gish, 4,716; Theda Bara, 4,469; Ruth Roland, 4,164; Dorothy Gish, 3,857; Anita Stewart, 3,812; Marguerite Clark, 3,559; Ethel Clayton, 3,250; May Allison, 2,307; Olive Thomas, 2,262; Dorothy Dalton, 2,203; Olga Petrova, 2,024; Shirley Mason, 1,928; Pauline Frederick, 1,361; Gloria Swanson, 1,547; Irene Castle, 1,526; Marie Osborne, 1,462; Geraldine Farrar, 1,451; Wanda Hawley, 1,305; Ann Little, 1,262; Alice Brady, 1,254; Marie Prevost, 1,213; Edith Johnson, 1,151; Alice Joyce, 1,007; Alice Lake, 974; Marion Davies, 934; Blanche Sweet, 921; Mae Murray, 899; Priscilla Dean, 864; Kathryn Williams, 815; Katherine MacDonald, 766; Doris May, 739; Vivian Martin, 730; Margaritha Fisher, 675; Betty Compson, 646; Clara K. Young, 611; June Caprice, 559; Madge Kennedy, 527; Jane Novak, 478; Phyllis Haver, 525; Sylvia Breamer, 473; Bessie Love, 464; Enid Bennett, 460; Juanita Hansen, 455; Gladys Leslie, 451; Marie Walcamp, 447; Dolores Cassinelli, 440; Winifred Westover, 434; Rosemary Theby, 431; Pauline Curley, 382; Eva Novak, 370; Mildred Reardon, 369; Lillian Hall, 364; Marjorie Daw, 360; Mildred Harris, 357; Billie Burke, 357; Mildred Davis, 351; Corinne Griffith, 342; Violet Heming, 337; Doris Kenyon, 330; Lila Lee, 324; Marguerite De La Motte, 301; Dorothy Phillips, 285; Grace Cunard, 276; Mae Marsh, 272; Betty Blythe, 270; Peggy Hyland, 266; Marguerite Courtot, 259; Jean Paige, 238; Virginia Lee Corbin, 217.

William S. Hart, 38,453; Wallace Reid, 36,961; Richard Barthelmess, 24,213; Douglas Fairbanks, 13,104; Eugene O'Brien, 9,319; William Farnum, 7,111; J. Warren Kerrigan, 4,460; Charles Ray, 4,402; Tom Mix, 3,756; Gaston Glass, 3,223; Charles Chaplin, 2,807; Thomas Meighan, 2,664; William Russell, 2,451; Ralph Graves, 2,346; Antonio Moreno, 2,309; Rodney La Rocque, 2,160; Tom Moore, 2,114; Douglas MacLean, 2,071; Bert Lytell, 1,916; John Barrymore, 1,862; William Duncan, 1,758; Harrison Ford, 1,613; Jack Pickford, 1,606; Owen Moore, 1,567; Elliott Dexter, 1,554; Kenneth Harlan, 1,548; Harry Northrup, 1,401; Earle Williams, 1,225; George Walsh, 1,051; Ben Alexander, 1,043; Lloyd Hughes, 981; Eddy Polo, 916; Lewis Stone, 869; Harold Lloyd, 855; Conway Tearle, 812; Robert Harron, 787; Robert Warwick, 770; Marshall Neilan, 731; Sessue Hayakawa, 719; Louis Bannison, 670; Monte Blue, 666; Monroe Salisbury, 661; Lon Chaney, 660; Bryant Washburn, 657; Harry Carey, 652; Tom Forman, 637; Eddie Lyons, 633; Wesley Barry, 607; Charles Meredith, 517; George Fawcett, 478; Henry G. Sell, 475; Percy Marmont, 464; David Powell, 450; Webster Campbell, 449; Theodore Roberts, 445; Joe Ryan, 440; Harry Morey, 416; Ben Turpin, 367; Jack Holt, 363; Creighton Hale, 360; Robert Gordon, 355; Albert Ray, 354; Emory Johnson, 346; Mahlon Hamilton, 340; Lee Moran, 338; King Vidor, 326; Francis MacDonald, 320.



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Motion Picture Classic



Photo by Abbe

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

As David Bartlett in the much-anticipated D. W. Griffith version of
"Way Down East."



Photo © by Ned Van Buren, N. Y.

J. W. JOHNSTON

One of the popular leading men of the cinema since the early days of the old Eclair. Mr. Johnston has appeared opposite nearly every feminine star of note. He is now playing in Jack Noble's forthcoming production, "Cardigan."



Photo by Freulich

THOMAS HOLDING

With an unusual theatrical background, composed of years of experience with the most famous English players, Mr. Holding has been winning popular favor with his screen work for Universal.



Photo Evans, L. A.

MARIE PREVOST

While so many ex-bathing beauties have been weaned over to the dramatic side of the silversheet, little Marie Prevost still continues to uphold the pulchritudinous traditions of the well-known Mack Sennett studios,—and with "half-an-eye," we should say she's doing very well, indeed!



Photo C. Houghton Monroe, I. A.

BETTY BLYTHE

Each month we vow not to print another portrait of Betty, but by the time we get ready to go to press, and her newest pictures are before us, somehow or other we weaken. Remember, we are only human! Miss Blythe recently created quite a flutter among film-lovers as a foil for the wiles of the irresistible Lew Cody.



Carol and Her Car



Photos by Abbe

he has been allowing her to develop slowly under his tutelage—to gather technique and atmosphere without forcing, as it were.

We can understand the Griffith faith in Miss Dempster after meeting her. She can think. She talks crisply and unaffectedly. Her viewpoint is fresh and girlish. She is ambitious. But, most of all, she is untouched by things theatrical—or shall we say *cinematic*.

Miss Dempster was born in Duluth, Minnesota. Her father was a Great Lakes captain. "From him I get my love of the water," Miss Dempster told us, as we sat on the porch of the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, overlooking the Sound. A sloop was drifting picturesquely thru the grey haze oceanward. "I couldn't live without the restlessness and placidity of it.

"We moved to California when I was four," went on Miss Dempster. "There was noth-

Carol Dempster has been a Griffith player for two years. Mr. Griffith has unusual faith in her and he has been allowing her to develop slowly under his tutelage—to gather technique and atmosphere without forcing. You can understand the Griffith faith after meeting Miss Dempster. She can think

AN interview is a trying matter at best, but a chat with an actress who has just purchased an automobile is—well, difficult. That was just the problem that confronted us upon meeting Carol Dempster.

Miss Dempster has just purchased a car. And her thoughts, to mildly express it, were wrapped up, centered, absorbed and completely engulfed with the

aforementioned purchase, a Chandler coupé.

Miss Dempster has been a Griffith player for two years, but in that time she has appeared in but three productions: "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," "Scarlet Days" and the much-talked-about Griffith photoplay, "The Love Flower," not yet released. Mr. Griffith has unusual faith in Miss Dempster and

ing interesting about that period. Just the usual school girlhood.

"Then the dance idea hit me. I wanted to be an interpreter of the classic muse. Probably the athletic side of it appealed to me. You see, I'm an outdoor girl. That's why I love motoring. Now, my car——"

"Yes, go on," we reminded.

"Well, I became a pupil of Ruth St. Denis at her studio estate, Denishawn, in California," continued Miss Dempster. "I studied with Miss St. Denis for a year and a half. That was in 1916 and 1917.

"Of course, I intended to seriously follow the dance. With seven other girls, I was going on tour with Miss St. Denis and mother was going along as chaperon. Included in the eight were two now rather well-known dancers, Florence Andrews, now known as Florence O'Denishawn, and Ada Forman.

"I have often read that Mr. Griffith first saw me during the production of 'Intolerance,' when he used the St. Denis ballet

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

in the Babylonian scenes. In reality I first met Mr. Griffith when he came to visit our classes and to watch us work. Miss Andrews and I did play bits in 'Intolerance'—and very inconsequential bits they were. I didn't think then that I would be a Griffith player, with a car earned upon my own salary, but——"

"You were just about to explain how Mr. Griffith discovered you," we ruthlessly interrupted.

Miss Dempster went on. "Mother's sudden illness prevented my tour with Miss St. Denis and I obtained my opportunity with Mr. Griffith. He first used me in 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home,' but I was new and crude to the screen. My make-up was not even passable. I was a bit better used to the films when I had my chance in 'Scarlet Days.' The story of 'The Love Flower' appealed to me when I heard it first, and I was delighted when Mr. Griffith gave me the opportunity to do it."

"The Love Flower" was done by Mr. Griffith at the time he made his nearly ill-fated trip to Bermuda



Photos by Abbe



At the left is a glimpse of Miss Dempster on the running board of her new car. Miss Dempster started out to be a classic dancer and studied a year and a half with Ruth St. Denis at Denishawn

last winter and at the same time "The Idol Dancer" was filmed. "The Love Flower" was first called "Black Beach" and was to be released by Mr. Griffith some time

ago. But the story appealed to the producer and he purchased it back from the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, to which it had been turned over. Upon the conclusion of "Way Down East," Mr. Griffith set about shooting new scenes and completely rebuilding the production.

"I like 'The Love Flower,'" continued Miss Dempster, "because it gives me a human rôle. I do not want to just be an ingénue. They are very sweet and pleasant to the eye, I know, but I want to mean something more. I hope I can always do regular girls—the healthy kind. I have no lyric qualities and I would be angry if anyone said I was cute."

There are not many Carol Dempsters in the realm of the silversheet, we admit. She has, for instance, been devoting a large part of her time recently to becoming a highly proficient swimmer. That is, all the time she had not given her car.

(Continued on page 83)



That Youth From Second Avenue



wouldn't sound like hyperbole, which has no place in a tale concerning him, I should say excessively, and certainly, surprisingly, young. His extreme youth impressed me first of all, to the exclusion of other things. I found out, by dexterous inquiry, that his years number twenty-four.

He bears a resemblance to many of the photographs of Rupert Brooke, in a certain sensitiveness, a certain expression. There is, too, a marked likeness, especially photographically, to John Barrymore. Incidentally, Mr. Coleman has an immense admiration for Mr. Barrymore, particularly for the lack of ostentation with which he bears himself personally. "He is a very great artist," said the younger man.

I asked Mr. Coleman what he thought anent the subject of artists being born rather than made, or vice versa. He said that he thought artists were born and that then it resolved itself into a question of finding one's self. "To me," he said "that seems to be the all-important thing.

I asked him about himself in this particular. "Was there any motivating impulse theaterward?" I wanted to know.

"I had an uncle," Mr. Coleman said, telling me his name, "who was quite a famous Shake-

All photos by Townsend, N. Y.

THERE are some few persons who make one feel that one is in the presence of artistry, in the immediate vicinity of the much exploited but seldom realized temperament.

Vincent Coleman is such a one.

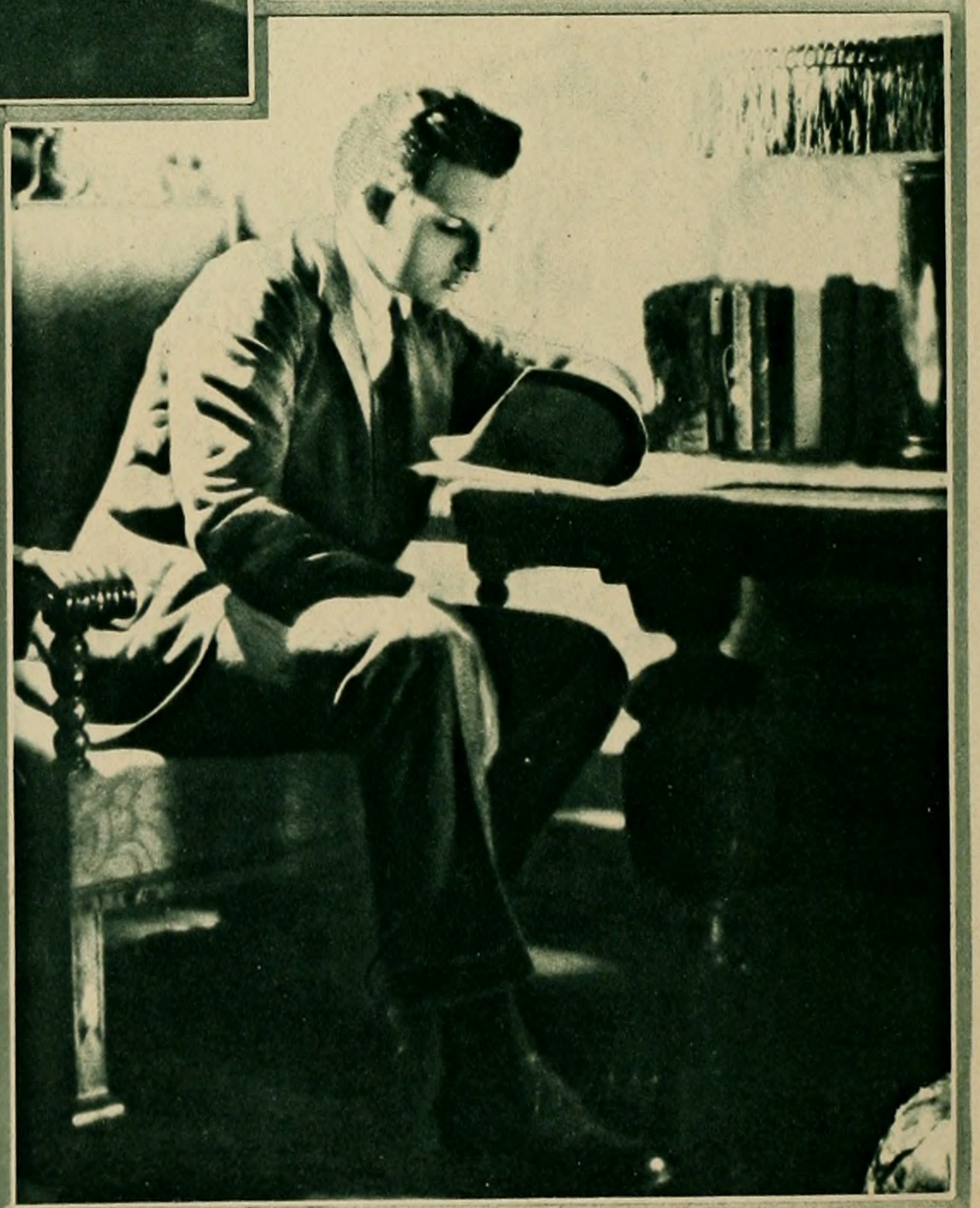
Curiously enough, despite the best propaganda to the contrary, temperament is evinced rather by simplicity of speech, of manner, of thought, than by the eccentricities of any of these. The true artist does not, because he feels no need, acquire an accent, a new brace of parents, or a country. He neither renames himself nor does he remake himself. He has essentials to deal with, and the logical development thereof.

To wit:

"I was born on Second Avenue," says Vincent Coleman; "my mother taught Sunday-school around the corner from my birthplace, so it was quite a family neighborhood for us." He laughed, (we had been discussing, amusedly, temperamental acquisitions). "Someone once said to me, in speaking of the taking on of foreign accents, that all I had ever done was to drop the 'deys, dese and does.'"

Mr. Coleman is extremely young. If it

The uncle of Vincent Coleman was quite a famous Shakespearean actor in his time, and one of the largest influences on Vincent's early theatrical ambitions was the gift of three trunkfuls of Shakespearean costumes given to him by said uncle



By
FAITH SERVICE

spearean actor in his time, but all I can recall his telling about in my extreme youth were the hardships of stage life. Of course, he was at his prime in the days when everything was made just as hard for an actor as things could well be. He narrated dismal horrors of one-night stands, lack of funds, lack of engagements, blasted hopes and blighted ambitions, and he was rather successful than unsuccessful, at that. Somehow, I wasn't daunted; on the contrary, I believe my appetite, or my natural inclination, was augmented. Still, I hardly believe I can attribute my desire directly to my uncle, either, unless subconsciously . . . for farther back than his remembered talks, when I was the tiniest sort of a chap, not more than four or five, I used to play theater. Playing theater consisted of a wooden stage I had my father build for me and a number of wooden spools representing the actors. These spools I would move back and forth, speaking for each one in turn. It was an endless and a tireless pastime. Later on, reciting in front of people took the place of the stage and the wooden spools. I think I never had the diffidence so many children have. In fact, whenever we had company, I was quite insistent upon taking the floor and delivering myself of



Vincent Coleman's acting last season in "Martinique," the Broadway success, and his recent pictures with Constance Talmadge, mark him as a youth of unusual ability

some sort of address. My father, who was daunted by his brother's dreary tales of stage life, did all

he could at this stage of the game to discourage me. He began to recognize the force and seriousness of my ever-growing passion for the theater. After I had recited something I especially liked and believed I had done especially well, he would draw me aside and say, 'That was awful, Vincent, perfectly awful. I wouldn't try it again if I were you.'

"When I was twelve I began to corral the children of the neighborhood and stage what I thought to be elaborate productions. That same year, a memorable year for me, my uncle, who saw, no doubt, being of the stage himself, that I was predestined, presented me with his trunks, three in all, of Shakespearean costumes. You can imagine the riches these were to me! I immediately induced my next-door neighbor, who was the possessor of a rather good camera, to photograph me in the different characters, and I posed all over the place. With the

(Continued on page 86)

American Royalty Abroad



A snapshot
taken on board
ship



Photo by The Daily Mirror

Sketch
Farrington
Photo Co.,
London

Top, Doug
and Mary
coming
down the
gang-plank
at South-
ampton
Right, Brit-
ish fans
break thru
the dock
lines to wel-
come the
stars



Photo by
The Daily
Mirror

When Doug and Mary Visited Europe



Photo by International, N. Y.

Doug and Mary bow to the thousands from their railway carriage



Photo by The Daily Mirror



Top, the honeymooners reach Waterloo Station, London. Left, Doug saves Mary from the crowds at the Queen Alexandra Rose Festival in London

Photo by Central News Service

How Young Is Anne?

Sarah in the acting line. A few, I will confess, have whispered that they're in the game only for the money, and they don't care a whoop for a seat in the Hall of Fame—but I've always discovered that these are the ones who pay good money to personal press agents.

The ages? Well, they differ, but I've never yet heard of a screen actress who will admit to being more than twenty-four.

And the marriage part of it! Screen stars, in the ultimate, are just as human as their unstarred brethren. They're all more or less anxious to have a home and family, altho—and I must confess again!—marriages in the cinema colony are not always guaranteed to last. But, then what of it?

All this preamble—this innocuous piffle—is merely an introduction to the very newest Universal star, a tiny little mite of a girl who's almost as much like the beloved Mae Marsh as M. M. is like herself. For Anne Cornwall, when you corner her on the "set" or sit opposite her at luncheon, just merely laughs when you pop the four introductory at her—largely, more or less, to get acquainted—and says that she is prepared to advance only such information regarding herself as all the Mary Pickfords and Charlie Rays before her have already advanced.



Photo by Freulich, L. A.



JUST what do you like to do?
What is your ambition?
How old are you?
And whom would you marry?

The foregoing, you will admit, are more or less direct questions. But, being an interviewer, the foregoing are the questions you always think to ask the motion picture *celebs* when you journey into their native haunts to put them on paper for any such publication as *THE CLASSIC*.

And, the funny part of it is, you nearly always get the same answer to every query from every *celeb* you meet. It's always the penchant of a screen star to be either literary or athletic; to be a motor enthusiast or a baseball fan; to be domestic and cook and sew, or to be an ideal hubby or wife.

Ambitions run along the same track. All the photo-famous whom I've ever met always wish to be still more famous. Within them is a burning desire to out-Bernhardt

Around the studio, the diminutive Anne is just as normal as any girl could be. Stardom hasn't affected her a bit. She stands on stage-corners talking to extras and property men, and even allows the supernumerary kiddies to sit on her lap, . . . quite unheard-of procedure from a real star

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

Miss Cornwall is, I will admit, a trifle "different." She has an infectious smile, a spontaneous little way of saying witty things. She's not the typically ingénue type, but a girl whose very self-consciousness and record of theatrical achievements prove that this new little five-foot sparkler has, as the vulgarians say, a lot under her hat beside her ears.

Her ambition is—and always was—to make a name for herself in theatricals. In fact, about three years ago she left a very comfortable home in the East to go into the chorus ranks of the musical comedy, "Oh, Lady, Lady!" And her ambition now is to do as good work on the screen as she possibly can, to make all the money she possibly can and to be as well liked as is possible.

When I lunched with her in the stuffy little commissary across the road from the Universal studios, she wore a plain, dark-blue organdy with one of those trick rolled collars. Her hair was done up rather high on her head, to make her, said Miss Cornwall, as tall as possible. She hates being little, and when Charles Hertzman, the "U's" publicity man and, by chance, an old, old friend of the Cornwall family, kidded her about her diminutiveness, Anne pertly stuck out her tongue at him.

What impressed me most about her is her extreme similarity to Mae Marsh. She has the same sort of wistful smile, the same way of arching her eyebrows, the same sad-happy little chirp in her voice, the same somewhat nervous way of tugging at her handkerchief. She's more sprightly, however, than the famed little "screen sister," and not so pensive. She's never met Miss Marsh, but she thinks her "perfectly adorable."

And not that she'd care to imitate her, either, because Anne doesn't care to imitate anybody. Ingénues—and she admits being one—are so stereotyped, she declares. Finding something new and yet cute for an ingénue to do is like looking for violets in December. Awfully difficult! And yet, because



Photo by Freulich, L. A.



Anne Cornwall always had wanted to go on the stage. So one day, she got herself a job as a chorus girl and learned to dance. She danced and sang for two seasons until she went into pictures with Alice Brady. Her portrayal of the ingénue rôle in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore established her

a girl's small, she hasn't any chance of being anything else than a flapper.

"When I get old," went on Anne, thoughtfully, "I hope that I'll have money enough not to have to work. I'd hate to be a screen mother and always be reminded of the time when I

was young and could do pretty nearly as I pleased, so far as health was concerned. I'd hate to look in the glass and realize that I wasn't so fresh-appearing as of yore. I think I'd cry. Then I'd spoil my make-up and get bawled out by the director. And I do so hate to be bawled out!"

No one would ever think of bawling out Miss Cornwall. Around the studio she's just as normal as any of the girls who purvey soup in the hash-house. Stardom hasn't affected her a bit. She stands on stage-corners, talking to extras and property men, and even allows the supernumerary kiddies to sit in her lap—quite unheard-of procedure from a real star.

All her life she's wanted to be an a tress. Finally the desire got so burning that she couldn't stand it any longer. She simply announced that she was going to try her luck in the chorus, got herself a job and learnt to dance. Her first season was in the New York ensemble. Next season saw her doing a small singing and dancing bit in another musical comedy, "Oh, Look!" in which the Dolly Sisters and Harry Fox were featured. And then one day she

(Continued on page 71)



Left, Rosie Quinn, one of the favorites of the Century Roof revue



Above, Cissie Sewell in "Honey Girl"

Photo by Old Masters Studios

Below, Beatrice Darling, another Century Roof beauty



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

In the Summer Revues

Photo by Ira D. Schwarz



This, That and the Other Thing

By
FAITH SERVICE

"THIS," said Bert Lytell, over the honeydews and iced tea we had been consuming at the Claridge, "is not an interview—surely?"

"What's in a name?" I said. "I must write something."

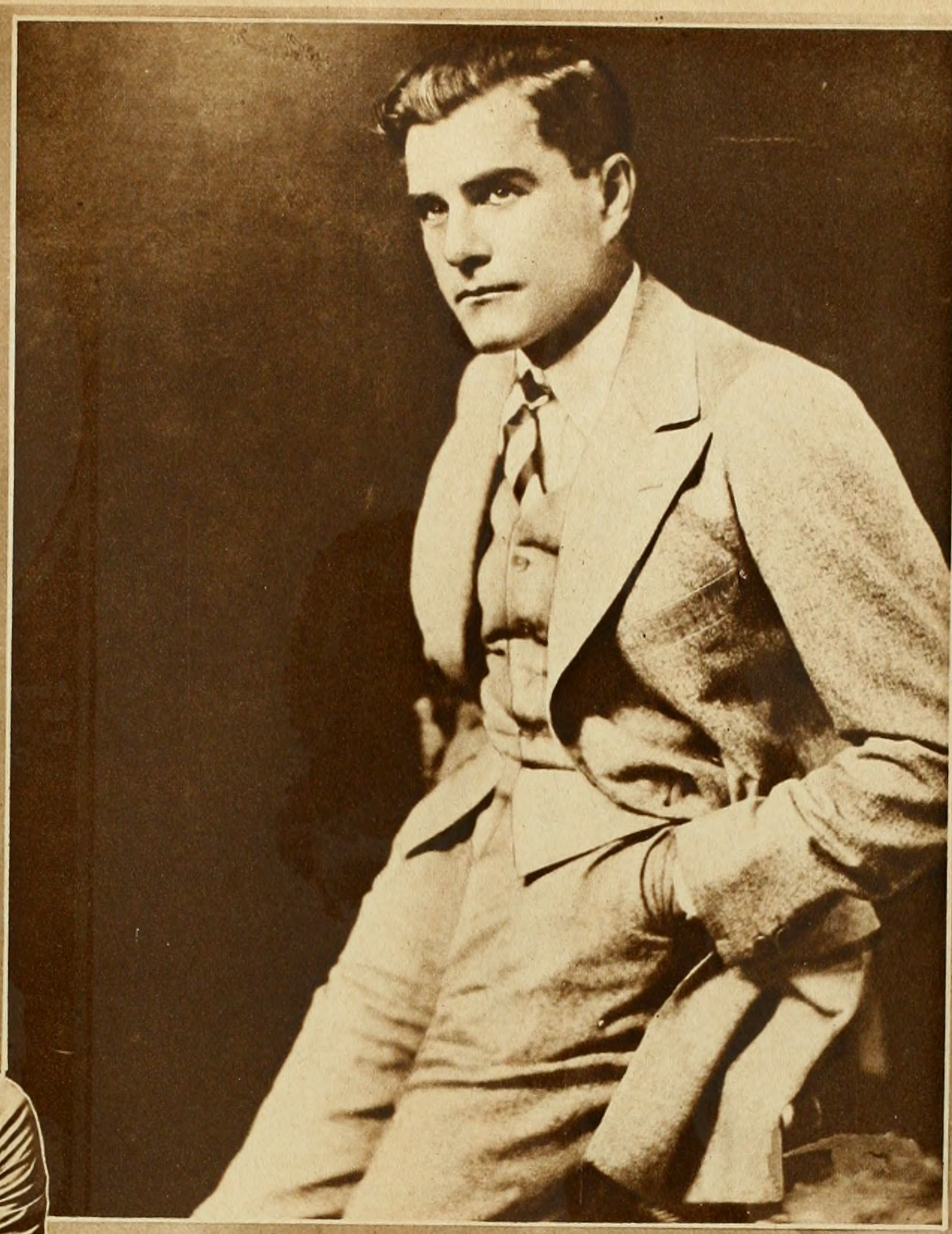
"But what *can* you write?" he persisted. "We have been talking about blonde ingénues, custard pies—and me."

"I came to talk about you," I agreed affably, "and, as for the rest of it, we have been exceedingly catholic in our range of subjects. If I remember rightly, we have touched upon the aforementioned blonde ingénues, custard pies, free love, prohibition, of course, work in the scheme-of-things-entire, love in the same scheme and——"

"And have arrived—where?" he asked.

"Do you," I said, "believe that the average person does 'arrive' so very definitely *anywhere*? Do you, for instance, have tabulated and set ideas and philosophies on this, on that, on the other thing?"

"No, I don't," he said, candidly: "I am



All photos © Ira L. Hill



"The only worth-while persons in the world, be they men or women, are the persons who are doing things, creating things, getting somewhere, fired by an idealism," says Bert Lytell—and we quite agree with him. Mr. Lytell answers the requirements of a "worth-while" person perfectly

extremely undecided about almost everything. So are most of us, admittedly or otherwise. With the many avenues there are to the many thoughts it could not *thoughtfully* be otherwise. I have come to one conclusion, however, one and one only—that I know absolutely *nothing* about *anything*—with one exception. I do believe that I am beginning—and *only* beginning—to

learn something about my work. I am beginning to learn something about *myself* in connection with that work. I am beginning to discover what it is I want to do and how it is I want to do it. That is a very great stride."

"Tell me," I said, "more specifically, I mean."

"Well, in the first place, loving my work as I do, I believe that it is the greatest thing in life. What is man without work? I believe, for the matter of that, that work is the greatest thing in the life of all men. It is the *really* great thing, taken from more than the purely commercial or professional aspect. It is the great thing from a *social* valuation."

"Social?" Pictures of humming studios, dusty locations, strenuous continuity desks, etc., etc., presented themselves to my dreiseristically realistic mind.



Photos © Ira L. Hill

"Social, certainly. You know, the only worthwhile persons in the world, be they men or women, are the persons who are *doing things, creating things*, getting somewhere or at least imbued with the belief that they are, fired by an idealism, how formless does not matter in the splendor of the person. The dilettante—the society 'bud'—the professional do-nothing—what are they? What can they give? The creators of something or other are the persons I want to be with, anyone wants to be with. Theirs is the magnetism, theirs the charm. This holds almost *more* than true of women. As a man emerges from the high-school stage, (when almost anything does, so long as the eye is somewhat beguiled), he becomes discriminating, as it were. The thing that matters, then, in a woman, is whether or no she is a good sort; whether she is, not mentally attractive, or physically attractive, but *temperamentally* attractive. To my mind, 'temperamentally attractive' sums up the whole. I would rather talk with one woman a year than flit from tea to tea, and ingénue to ingénue. There is no stimulus in that sort of thing for me.

"You can't be *with* the doers of deeds if you are not *of* them. In that field, the fields of activity, like attracts like more than in any other province. A drone is almost terrifically eliminated.

"That's what I mean by the social, or contact, end of it.

"And then the work itself, the solidity of it, the satisfaction, the way it will stand by you when all

things have failed. It is of you, you yourself, emanates from you, is wholly your own. It's a sort of bread and staff and cannot be over-estimated."

"What specific thing do you want to do?" I asked.

"There's one specific thing I *dont* want to do—or be," he said, with one of his frequent lapses from gravity into ingenuous humor, (I'd call it "boyish humor," only I stand in awe of one of the custard pies he has in store for certain of my species of the blonde variety).

"And that?" I prompted.

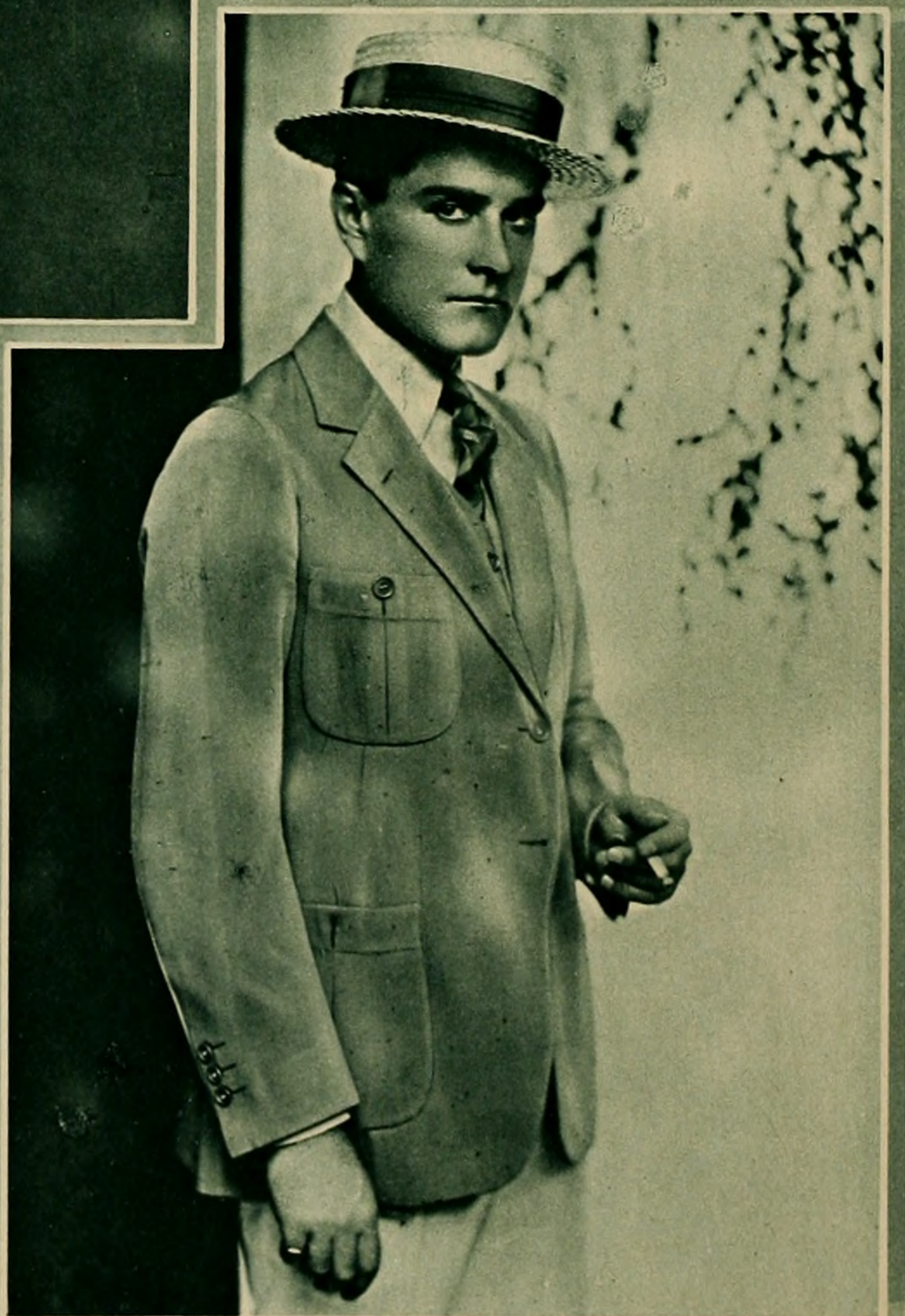
"A matinée idol. There is almost nothing I would not rather be than that."

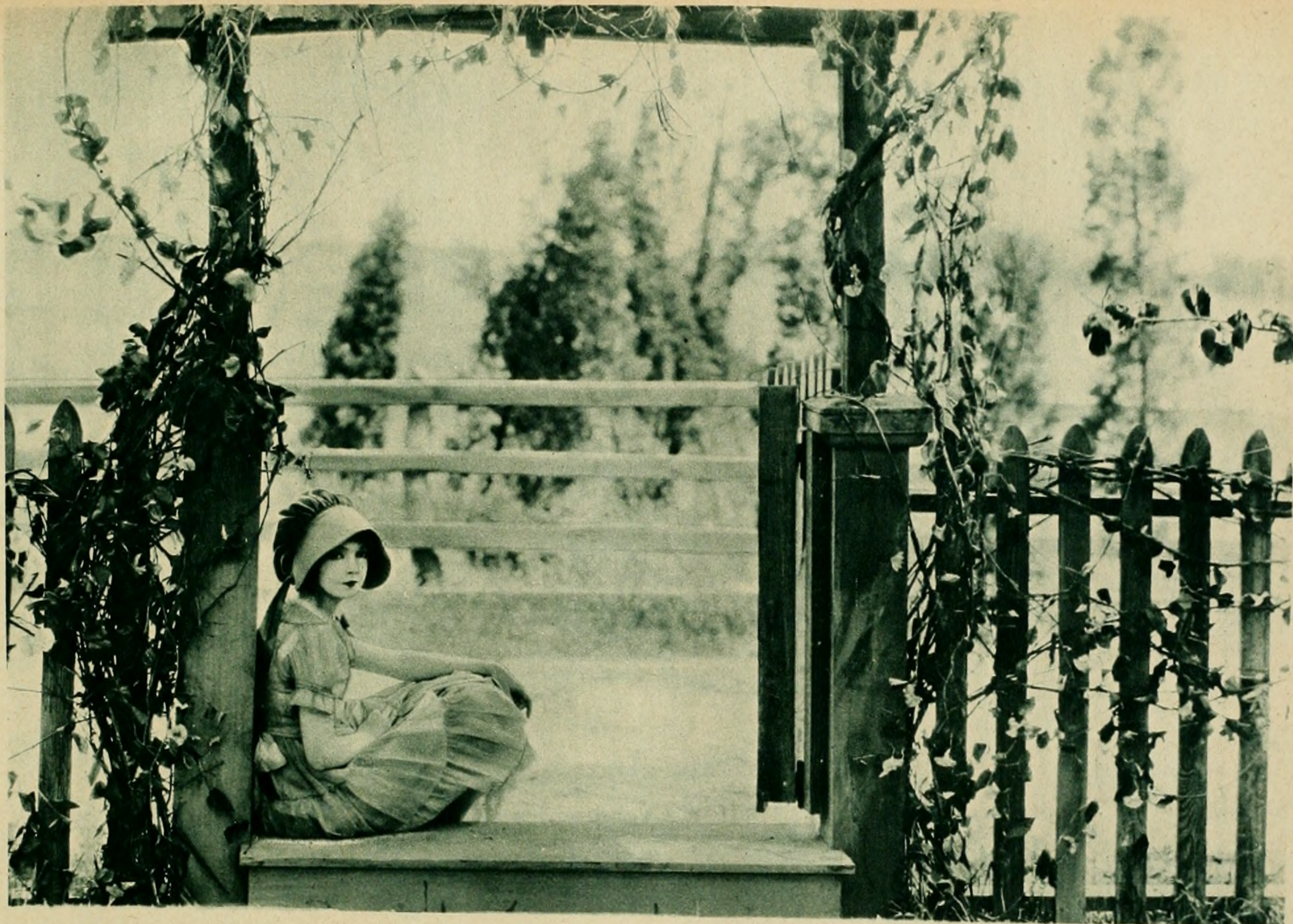
Altho he has quite recently come to the front, Bert Lytell finds his greatest happiness in continuous work, and no sooner does he finish one picture than he sets to work on the next. His recent work in "The Right of Way" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" will not be forgotten soon by film lovers

He literally spat forth the words.

"I think you are infinitely more a *villain*," I vouchsafed, with consummate tact.

He appeared to be comforted. (Continued on page 74)





'Way Down East

Fictionized from the D. W. Griffith Photoplay

By
GLADYS HALL

"I DON'T think I understand . . ." the girl shrank into the chair. Suddenly Sanderson's kisses had acquired a distaste for her, a shrinking of some super-sensitized fibers within her of which she had become, suddenly, aware.

The man laughed. How light his laughter was! No vibrancy, none of that timbre making laughter either sonorous or imbecile.

"What dont you understand, fledgling? You are here, with me. We are not married. The ceremony thru which your virtue dragged me was a mock ceremony, a sop to your scruples, that my hours of love might not be dimmed by reproachfulness. A reproachful woman is an abomination, probably to the Lord. Now, now I am being frank, truthful. We are not married, we never were. You are the timid country lass; I am the suave, mustachioed villain. I have roo-ned you!"

Anna put her fragile hands over her ears. Every added word was a stroke, hurting her. And when she stopped listening, memory assailed her—and that was worse. To a woman, memory is, no doubt, of all things, the most unbearable. Especially where her heart has been involved . . .

It had all been so sudden a tempest in so dreamful, so tranquil a life. She had gone, after her father's death, to her

wealthy aunt's in Boston to borrow some money for a course she had planned to take. In a sense, it had not been borrowing. The dead man was solely responsible for his sister's affluence, and Anna was, by every moral right, entitled to, not bounty, but rightful heritage.

She had arrived in Boston at night, and when she arrived at her aunt's munificent residence a ball had been in progress. There had been introductions, among others, Lennox Sanderson. She had not realized how quaint a figure she had cut, or how, in the medley of perfumes and powders, boxed, hoaxed beauties, her fragile appeal had shone forth, bell-like, wistful, clear . . . Lennox Sanderson had lost his head. That he was in the habit of losing it and that it was a none too steady appendage to his six feet of svelte good looks was not conveyed to Anna's unenlightened perspective. She only knew, very simply, that he thrilled her when he bent over her and talked to her as the poets had written, the poets who had thrilled her, too, in her romantic garret, back home . . . So she had dreamed that, some day, a man would talk to her. She had dreamed, too, that he would bear the general manner of Lennox Sanderson.

When he asked her to marry him she gave him her heart, with a little, throaty "Yes."

He pleaded that his love was consuming, and that he feared obstacles, hence his whirlwind plan to carry her off, at once, and make her his own. The fact that her aunt had refused her the aid she asked; that she felt very much alone and very sad; and that Lennox Sanderson made her nerves dance like tiny wires when he came near her; these things together had urged her to go . . .

And then, after a fortnight, this . . .

"Do you understand *now*?" he was asking. He seemed to take, today, as keen, as thrilling a delight in probing the wound he had inflicted as he had, a short time ago, delighted in lulling her with the lights of his fervency.

"I don't see why . . ." Anna stared up at him. He had said her eyes were the blue of forget-me-nots. They were dimmed to grey today, with the tears she kept in her heart.

"My dear child, strive for some *savoir-faire*. Take the world as the world is. Men as men are. With so many women . . . butterflies . . . roses . . . exotics . . . surely you could not suppose a man of my type and taste would tie himself for the rest of his days to a field flower, however charming? Surely . . ."

But Anna did not hear him. She had fainted, and when she returned to consciousness, Lennox Sanderson, bag and baggage, had gone.

After her baby's birth, Anna sought the country, for work, for some sort of relief from all the dead things pressing in upon her, and about her . . .

The baby was dead . . . her faith was dead . . . her heart and all its bright romantic dreams was numbed . . . She felt, solely, a craving for the feel of cool grass, the smell of new flowers when the spring should be enough advanced, the heavy repleteness of midsummer in the country when fields and forests and gardens and homes were ripe and refulgent.

The city ground her down like a monstrous heel. Even as it had, with literalness, ground her . . .

And then there was work. She had to find work. The only thing she could do, now, was some sort of housework. She and her father had lived very simply, out of preference. They had kept no help, and she had always been able to please him. He had been fastidious, too . . . Once, she had thought she might write, write verse. That had been when all her illusions were singing, gossamer-winged, in her heart. It was quite different now. Lennox Sanderson, sneering, mocking the sweetest gift she had had to give him . . . Her baby, dead . . . The dreary, endless months just passed . . . Yes, the country was best. The country—

and work.

The Bartlett family were more or less known to Anna by hearsay. They had lived in a neighboring town, at one time. She had heard that they were a God-fearing, kindly sort of family, and when she applied and they agreed that she could be helpful, she felt an immense relief.

From the first she warmed to them. The Squire, with his ponderous voice, his ponderous, omnipresent Bible, his dire threats of the Law and the Prophets—and the twinkle in his eyes. Mother Bartlett, shrewd and comfortable. Kate Brewster, a cousin who lived with them, merry, robin-like, jolly, with a glow for the whole world and a solid sort of belief that the world held an answering glow for her. The "butterfly professor," who sort of gamboled about the fields with his scientific and acquisitive butterfly net and who cast, from his remote and vision-seeing eyes, sheep's glances at the buxom Kate. And David—

"I don't think I understand . . ." the girl shrank into the chair. Suddenly Sanderson's kisses had acquired a distaste for her, a shrinking of some super-sensitized fibers within her of which she had become, suddenly, aware

(Twenty-eight)



David was different. He was different from his family. He was different, Anna thought, in her newly grave, abstract sort of way, from the whole world as she had known it. He was practical. He was romantic. He was kindly. He was safe. There could be no harm in a life, she thought, where the men were Davids.

If her baby had lived and had grown up to be a woman, she would have liked her to have had for a friend a man like David.

When she could not sleep at night because the past pressed against her with sharp, poisoned finger-tips, Anna would think of David's face, reassuring, infinitely steady, and she would be calmed . . . and sleep . . .

She did not think of it as being love.

She did not think of it because she felt so done, so dreary, of all emotions. Love had been a blast from an evil-smelling furnace—it had seared her and then cast her forth—so much, so little for love. But David had not been seared. His had been a fine reserve and a high dreaming. Thus far in his simple, hard-working life no person had touched this reserve or pierced this isolated dreaming. It had taken Anna's delicate white face, her dream-hallowed, dream-emptied eyes, her uncertain, yet skilful white hands, her fragile body wherein, he thought, dwelt a waxen white flower in lieu of a soul . . .

The Bartlett family had taken it for granted, after the matter-of-fact manner of such people, that David would, one convenient day, wed Kate Brewster. It was so obviously and comfortably the thing to do. Kate was on the premises, in the first place. They had always been chums, in the second place. Thirdly, she would make a good, sensible wife for David, who was a bit inclined toward the whimsical, and a capable, lovely mother for his children. In the minds of the Squire and his good wife the wedding was as good as consummated.

They were little given to subtleties, the Squire and his wife, and youth was very far behind them. They did not bethink themselves that the healthy comradeship of David and Kate was the most powerful obstacle to their marriage; nor did they sense the drift of things with the "Butterfly Man," as they called the young scientist, with the eager eyes



and the mellifluous voice. Kate's interest in him was, to them, inconsequential. Blushes and tremors escaped them . . . Kate was a sensible, likely girl and meant for their David. So be it.

She only knew very simply that he thrilled her when he bent over her and talked to her as the poets had written

Certain persons, it would seem, move in certain circles. However divisible their interests, their hearts, their essential lives, their paths seem to twine and intertwine with an almost deliberate insistency.

Lennox Sanderson happened to have a country place almost adjoining the Bartlett farm.

He also happened to be occupying the place, which was an infrequent occurrence. He was occupying it for a twofold reason. The first was a sort of necessity. He had been hitting rather a desperate pace, in town. He wasn't as young as he had been. His physician had advised him . . . rest . . . perfect quiet . . . the usual routine. He had rested and had been quiet, and then he had seen Kate Brewster. After the first sight, he assured himself of a second, then a third, etc. The second time he beheld her with her Butterfly Man. They had been skimming over the fields together and Sanderson had not got a look at her eyes. They had been on the Butterfly Man, so he couldn't. If he had he might—*might*—have had the discrimination to back out. There was love shining with a glowing frankness in the eyes Kate turned to the lovable, whimsical Butterfly Man.

'WAY DOWN EAST

Fictionized by permission from the D. W. Griffith photoplay, adapted from the story by Lottie Blair Parker. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast:

Squire Amasa Bartlett..... Burr McIntosh
 Louisa Bartlett, his wife..... Kate Bruce
 David Bartlett, their son..... Richard Barthelmess
 Kate Brewster, their niece..... Mary Hay
 Professor Sterling, a summer boarder.... Creighton Hale
 Hi Holler, chore boy..... Edgar Nelson
 Anna Moore..... Lillian Gish
 Lennox Sanderson..... Lowell Sherman
 Martha Perkins..... Viva Ogden
 Reuben Whipple, the village constable.... George Neville
 Seth Holcomb..... Porter Strong

PROLOG

Aunt Mary..... Josephine Bernard
 A society lady..... Mrs. Morgan Belmont
 Her neighbor..... Patricia Fruen
 Mrs. Elliott..... Florence Short
 Anna's mother..... Mrs. David Landau
 A landlady..... Emily Fitzroy
 A gossip..... Myrtle Sutch



Perkins was fitting some sort of past to Anna Moore. Sooner or later, the past would fit Anna . . . and himself, Lennox Sanderson.

It was easy to draw Anna aside. Her first glimpse of him had hypnotized her, with the fear a bird feels of a snake. He had hurt her so that helplessness enveloped her at his presence.

"You must leave here," he told her, the rasp of his impatience roughening the silken tones of his customary voice; "you have no right, my poor girl, to foist yourself as what you are not

And then he had seen Kate Brewster. After the first sight he assured himself of a second, then a third, etc. The second time he beheld her with her Butterfly Man

Later on, Sanderson made the acquaintance of the Bartletts. Kate was his motive. She gave him a freshened-up feeling. After the languid, orchidaceous growths he had been running about with in town—after Anna Moore, with

upon these people. You must know the Squire's opinion of . . . of . . . well, of unconventionality in general. Especially with a young girl on the premises—and a young man. Where are your sensibilities, my good—er—Anna?"

Anna raised her hand. Because it quivered and she could

her pallor and her forget-me-not eyes—

Like all small natures, he hated the persons he had hurt. He hated them unreasonably, and because he knew it to be unreasonable he hated them all the more. Anna he hated peculiarly. She disturbed him in the most primary ways. She came between him and his later amours. She came between him and food, between him and sleep. She was the motivating reason for his having to seek the farm. Whenever he saw a baby, he cursed.

The first day he went to the Bartlett farm he saw her. First, he could not be sure. It was as if across the bright gleam of a pearl an irreverent hand had drawn a veil. She wore black, too, and across the palpable invitation of her youth there had been an invasion . . .

The whole thing was abominable to him. He felt outraged and personally insulted. Besides, he had other fish to fry—what would the buoyant Kate Brewster think? Kate, with her untarnished vision of men and things? What would young David think, the Squire, the Butterfly Man, if this girl's sordid tale got out among them? And it would. Inevitably, it would. Women could never keep a secret. A moment of hysteria, a touch of emotionalism . . . A small town, too . . . the gossips would ferret it forth. There was the Perkins person, Martha Perkins, who lived on the dregs of the sins of others . . . Martha would have it, assuredly. Already, no doubt, the slim, black-clad figure of Anna Moore, moving about with the wistful smile, the eyes, still blue, but hurt with her broken dreaming, already Martha



not stop its quivering, she felt a loathing of herself. He, being he, would attribute the quivering to quite an erroneous well-spring.

"You," she managed, at length, "it is you who must go."

"I? I? But, my dear girl, how absurd! I have a home here. I—I have interests here."

"So have I. I—I have to live."

"Of course, of course. That goes without saying. But not here. Not among this sort of people. Not—surely I do not have to be franker than I am?"

"You are here—among this sort of people—"

"That is quite different. I am a man. You have not, it seems, quite 'caught on' yet. There is the question, too, of desirability."

Anna set her small chin, and into her blue, forget-me-not eyes there crept something akin to steel. David's face came before her, with its unquestioning tenderness, its calm, its ineffable assurance. "I am not going," she said, and was saved further dispute

by the boisterous arrival of Kate Brewster, her Butterfly Man in tow.

Nevertheless, with the perspicacity of persons to whom mental sewerage is the everyday fare, Sanderson was right when he presupposed that Martha Perkins would "get a-hold" of Anna's past. He had never, however, been so optimistic as to



(Thirty-one)



suppose that she would only get a-hold of *half* of it—*Anna's* half. Such was the case.

How Martha found it out, by what channel, Sanderson did not know, nor does it matter. The outstanding fact was painfully sufficient unto itself . . .

Anna had been with the Bartletts for nearly a year—it would have been a year in the spring. During that time there had grown across the rough edges of her hurt a sort of healing peace. David had placed it there. His touch had been sweet and sure. Not once had he failed. His sensibilities were delicately fine and unerringly true. The day before Martha Perkins' visit he had told Anna of his love for her. Sitting before the fire, she had dreamed the dream he sketched for her in the glowing of the coals—and had said good-by to it. David was too sweet . . . too sweet . . . Like wants like . . . She, she who thru him had learnt love, real love, to come to him dragging the tatters and remnants of her griefs as offering . . .

"I wish that I could," she told him wistfully.

"Then you dont, dear?" he had asked, so softly.

He seemed, always, to know that she needed a gentle touch . . .

"Yes, I do." They dealt in simplicities. "I do . . . but that isn't the part that matters . . ."

"It is *all* that matters . . . Why, Anna, love . . ."

(Continued on page 78)

It seemed, to the stricken group at the table, almost as tho a wraith, a ghost, an unreality, were passing from them. She went so noiselessly, so unprotestingly, so vaguely and yet so definitely, that it did not seem as tho it could be she, delicate as had been, invariably, her presence among them

And love is the conqueror, and there is both a quick and a dead . . . her eyelids fluttered under his breath; her hands stirred to meet his; her lips moved and uttered his name . . .

Mr. Tearle On Ambition



Photo by Witzel, L. A.

THE gentle art of interviewing holds many temptations, even for the most seasoned. One resists or succumbs according to one's individual resistive powers. I have just encountered an overwhelming temptation and, modestly enough, I may add, have resisted it.

Conway Tearle is a radical departure from the usual run of film players. He refuses to sign a long-term contract because he cannot tolerate the bondage of such a contract. He dislikes, personally, the electric-sign rating of the stars, for, as he says, "I'd never know whether I were Conway Tearle or a breakfast food"

I was tempted to call this interview "Who Took the Tea Out of Tearle?"

It is only fair to Mr. Tearle, to the gentle reader, not to mention myself, to again reiterate that I *have* resisted, not without, however, succumbing to the lesser evil of narrating the conquered Waterloo.

It all arose, the temptation and the victory, too, from a remark made by Mr. Tearle as we sat, and I sipped tea at Reisenweber's, where, for the past ten years, Mr. Tearle has stopped while in New York.

I had commenced my tea, having had reason to suppose, from a conflict of time, that Mr. Tearle was not going to appear. When he did, a bit out of breath, with rumpled hair and his wife reminding him that she had *previously* reminded him of this, I said, "Wont you join me?"

He replied that tea was one liquid he could never learn to imbibe, and this despite

the fact of having been bred in England. Just shows what the individual *can* do with environment.

"There are three things," he said, rather in the manner of a reverie, "that I cannot understand—tea, college men and society girls."

I didn't care very much about the psychological aversion to tea, but college men . . . and society girls . . . I made inquiries.

"In England," he said, "all men are college men, so to speak. The term a college man, said, in America, with such a mark of differentiation, always amuses and rather puzzles me. It is the same with 'society girls.' What *are* 'society girls'? *Which* are they? How is one to know them? By what earmarks are they distinguishable? I fail to get the nice discrimination."

"Speaking of girls," I said, "what *sort* of girl do you prefer? Not to be so banal as to say blondes or brunettes; I mean the ambiguous society type, the—"

"Actresses," he cut in quickly, "I like actresses best. Just for the matter of that, as I like actors best. My wife often tells me that I should cultivate other people, people I know outside the profession. But I say, why should I bother with



By
PEARL MALVERN

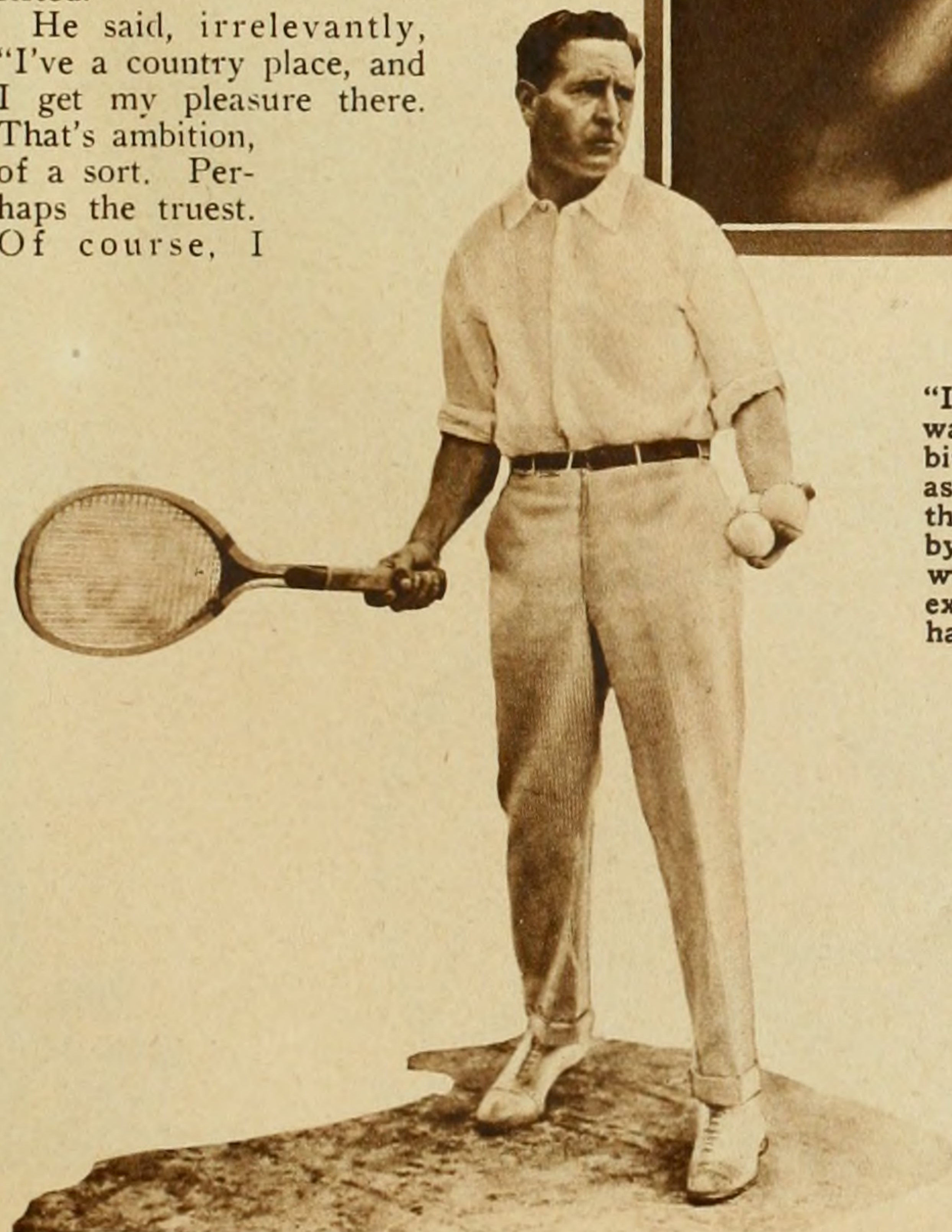
them? What can they do for me if they don't interest me? Actors and actresses are mine own people. I know them because I have been of them for the past twenty-two years, (a give-away on my age, but I'm wonderfully well preserved, don't you think?), and my family have been of the stage for God knows when. Knowing them, I understand them, and, understanding them, I love them. That is all. What can I get from persons who do not interest me? Mutual interest is, it seems to me, the only coin of advantage in the human relationship."

"Pictures?" I said, and paused suggestively. I surmised that the single word would open up a field of spoken thought. Mr. Tearle has a habit, a handsome habit, we admit, with obviousness, of sort of gazing into space and putting some naïve thought into words.

"At present," he said, "I'm freelancing it. Selznick wants me to sign up, but no three-year contracts for mine. I'd hate the bondage, I'm afraid. Nor electric signs, either." He added, "I'd never know whether I were Conway Tearle or a breakfast food. It would prove confusing."

"But ambitions?" I persisted.

He said, irrelevantly, "I've a country place, and I get my pleasure there. That's ambition, of a sort. Perhaps the truest. Of course, I



(Thirty-three)



Photo by Witzel, L. A.

"I played Hamlet when I was eighteen. What ambition could I have now?" asked Mr. Tearle—and the interviewer, hardened by past experience, gasped with surprise that there existed a film player who had no desire to out-Herod Herod!

wouldn't want to lie down and do nothing. The punch of pleasure would forthwith go at the same time. Still—ambition—I played Hamlet when I was eighteen. What ambition *could* I have now? I played it abominably, no doubt, but I played it, nevertheless. I had one other ambition, but it was nipped in the bud—by John Barrymore. I wanted to do Jekyll and Hyde for the screen.

Otherwise——" He waved a disclaiming hand.

"How about financial ambitions?" I urged.

"I don't know anything about them," he said. "These Aladdin Lamp salaries are all out of my line. I've worked for my living and I've never had any mint poured into my pockets for so doing. I don't know how they do it. I don't know anything about it. Some one wrote an interview with me once and called it 'Hard Luck Tearle'—and that will tell you a story in itself. It's like the Jekyll and Hyde episode—sheer hard luck plus hard work!"

There then appeared Mrs. Adele Rowland Tearle with announcement of the car and an impending date, and "Hard Luck Tearle" excused himself.

They
Aren't
Satisfied
With
the
Pacific.



There's no pleasing these comedy bathing girls. No mere Pacific Ocean seems to meet their tastes. Teddy Sampson and Helen Darling, the two Christie cuties here caught in aquatic attire, insist upon a bathing pool—exclusive, shaded, marble-tiled and all that sort of thing

We sort of suspect that Teddy—very much at the left of the right-hand picture—is about to push Helen into Mr. Bryan's favorite liquid. And Helen, we must admit, acts kind-of-reluctant-like. Maybe Helen doesn't approve of wa— But perish the thought





Photo Ince Studio



Photo by Abbe



Photo by Monroe

Screen Impressions

By
LOUISE FAZENDA

LOUISE GLAUM—Robert Hichens' heroines—White lotus—Peacock feathers—Incense and myrrh—Smoke of opium—Futurism—Spider webs on a white rose

BEBE DANIELS—California poppies—Chime of old mission bells—"La Paloma"—Odor of crushed flowers in warm lanes

DORIS KEANE—Sunlight thru stained glass on marble—Miniatures—Magnolias—Pressed flowers—Minuets on the spinet

ETHEL CLAYTON—Young widows alone in Egypt—"Divorçons"—Dinner at Rector's—Palm Beach—White parasols on boardwalks

DOROTHY DALTON—Hollyhocks and peonies—Alexandria—Cleopatra on the Yukon—Waters of Lethe

SHIRLEY MASON—Raindrops on violets—An echo—Little girls in party dresses—"Madame Butterfly"

VIVIAN MARTIN—The first long skirt—Gardens on sunny mornings—A pink rose on a grey bonnet—Mauvis

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE—Lollypops—Spanked babies—Blimps—The man in the moon

THEODORE ROBERTS—Southern Colonels "reminiscing" in mint beds—King Lear in a three-ring circus—"David Harum"—Lost collar buttons



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photo © Lumière



Photoplayers Studio



Photo by Ira L. Hill



Photo © Underwood & Underwood



Photo by Abbe

Letter of a Leading Man to His Interviewer

Leading Man, et al. . . Charles Meredith
Recipient (of letter) . . . Olga Shaw

And he would say, "Well, now, I'll tell you——" And then some stentorian voice would roar, "Mr. Mer-e-dith!" And there I would be, interrogatively suspended in mid-air.

This continued for three or four hours. It had something of the effect of a mental treadmill. Also an endurance test. When that petered out, I said, desperately, "Constance is waiting for you now, Mr. Meredith . . . I'll tell you . . . suppose you *write* me . . . write me a letter . . . just telling me, impressionistically, some of the things we have tried to enunciate, not to say elucidate, today."

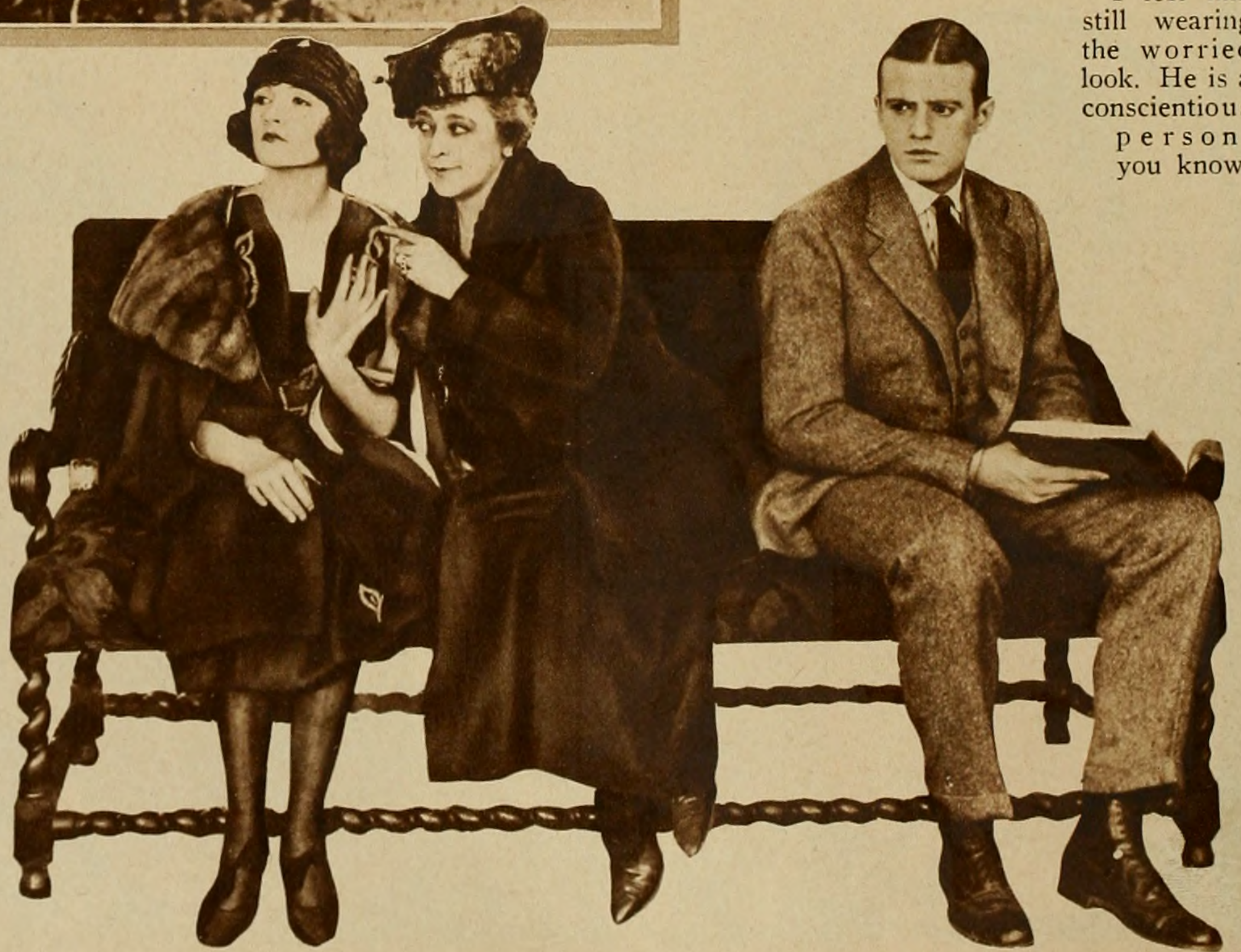
Charles Meredith studied architecture in college, and it was while applying for a job to do the scenic "investiture" of a Broadway production that he was offered a good part for the stage, which began his professional career

Mr. Meredith, looking rather worried, assented. "I'll do that," he promised; "I'm awfully sorry about today. I hope you won't think—things go this way sometimes, you know——"

I left him still wearing the worried look. He is a conscientious person, you know.



Photo by Evans, L. A.



(Thirty-six)

LAST week I went to the Talmadge studio to interview Charles Meredith, leading man for Constance Talmadge.

I did—so to speak.

That is . . .

Charles Meredith is a very serious young man. He is a worker, and it was quite glaringly apparent to me, despite his regrets and his infallible courtesy, that his work comes first and his publicity second. Which is, after all, being the true devotion to the G. A. P. (Great American Public)

In other words, we had a few snatched words in between scenes and close-ups and stills and various other integral parts of an actor's day in a studio. I would achieve a "Do you believe in the uplift of the——"

A few days later his letter came. It is now here, on my desk. It is written in green ink upon hotel stationery. It covers several pages and keeps all its promises. Because of these and other things, it tells something of him better than I could do. Here are a few excerpts:

First, he observes that for one of the "literati" to express themselves thru the medium of ink may be all very satisfactory and well, but . . . "As for an actor," he writes, "really interesting the public thru another medium than his chosen one—well, it is too much to expect." He adds, "As for one really saying what one thinks of any art popular in our present stage of civilization—well, it would be extremely easy to become as unpopular as Schopenhauer is with a débutante."

After a few further remarks anent the inability of himself in particular to present a picture of himself in words, (we admit the difficulty thru precedent, but not by achievement), he becomes agreeably autobiographical.

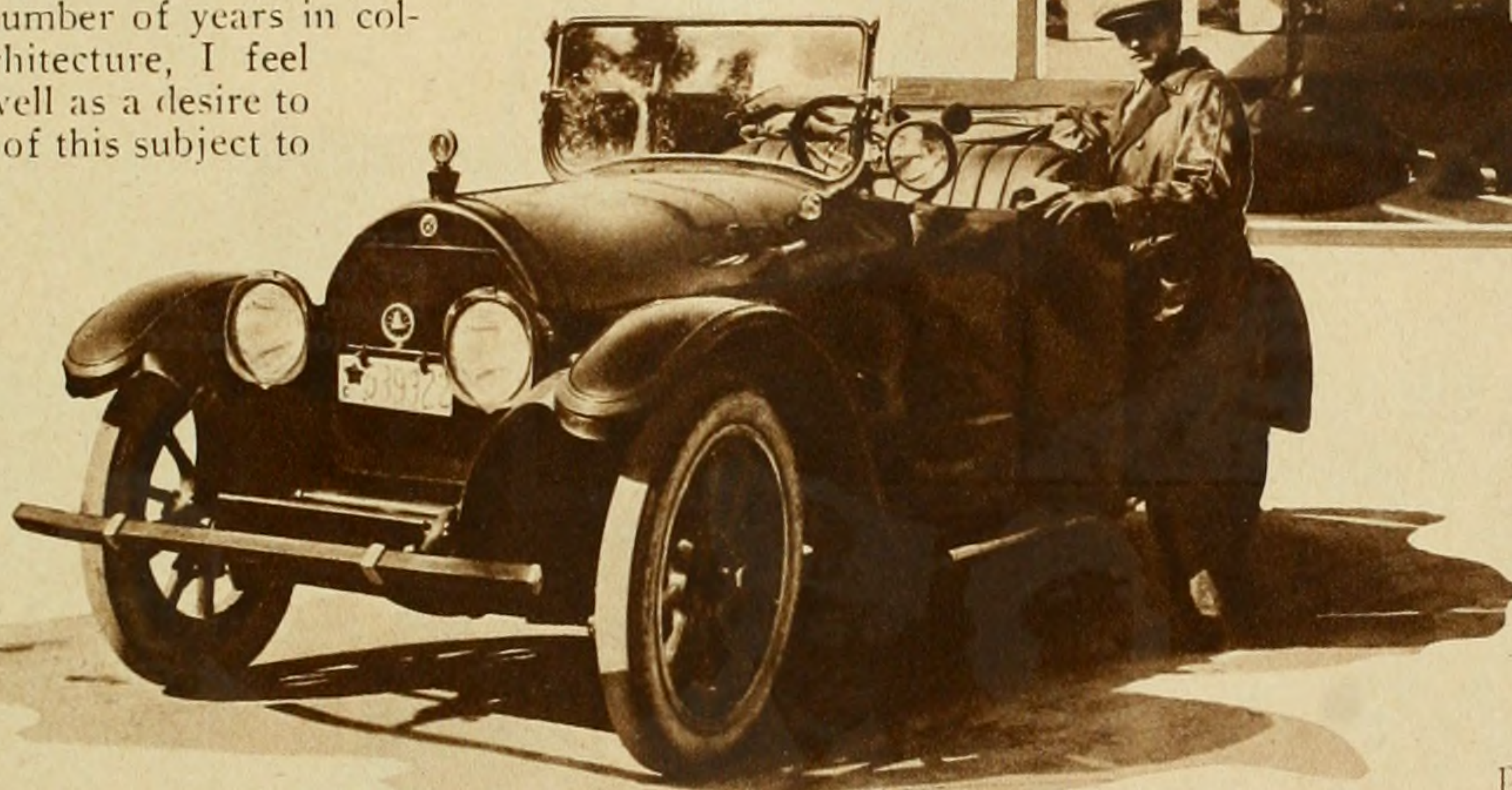
He says: "I have only done ten pictures, but have been very happy and fortunate in being with very fine and lovely people, and, of course, this made the last eleven months more than enjoyable. These so-nice people are Marguerite Clark, Marjorie Wilson, Mr. King Vidor and his charming wife, Blanche Sweet, Mary Miles Minter, Constance Talmadge and the lovely Ethel Clayton.

"I, like everyone else in the profession, perhaps, am looking forward to the time when I can be a part of an organization presenting pictures in which I might play, but in which I might also have a large part, such as selection of story, of director and organization and a sort of general interest and supervision of the entire production.

"As I spent a number of years in college, studying architecture, I feel I have a right as well as a desire to put my knowledge of this subject to some use. Also, I designed the scenic 'investiture' of a number of Broadway productions



Mr. Meredith feels that the personal elements in the life of an artist should be given to the public only thru the work that artist does



Photos by Evans, L. A.

of a couple of years ago. That, in fact, is how I started in the profession. I went to an office to inquire for a commission of this nature, and as I entered the 'man at the desk'

exclaimed that I was just the type he wanted and offered me a good part at a too-generous salary—and here I am! After that engagement I played in various productions on Broadway for almost two years, culminating in the leading rôle in William Faversham's production of 'Allegiance' at the Maxine Elliot Theater. I have been out of college—Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburg—three years this June. There—now you have my long and 'interesting-to-no-one' career, but I have enjoyed it, and especially the fine people with whom I have associated in the profession."

Mr. Meredith goes on to say that he feels the personal elements in the life of an artist should be given to the public only thru the work that artist does. It "tells," he says. He says: "Whether an actor should 'feel' the emotions he portrays has been an open question as long as there has been a theater, but there seems to be some agreement to the fact that he must be *capable*, at any rate, of experiencing these emotions to a considerable degree. The crux of the matter is not the *fact* of it, but the *capability* of fact. Therefore, any innate refinement of, and sensitive reaction to, emotions in general could best be seen in an actor's work, provided his part were in any degree adequate to his skill."

There follows another plaint about the inadequacy of the written word in this specific instance, then Mr. Meredith launches bravely

(Continued on page 70)



A Grown-Up Ingénue

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

So, being of a superstitious temperament, I sat quite still, near the Fifth Street entrance, and watched the crowds come and go, paying particular attention to those girls who were small and young and fluffy. This was more in the nature of a pastime than anything else, for she was to have me paged as soon as she came in.

There were a number of amusing false alarms. One I remember particularly—a girl wearing a bizarre little hat, made-up face, blouse practically sleeveless, skirt about two inches below her knees and stockings of so open-work a pattern that they looked more like a species of very wide cobweb than lace. A man sitting across from me looked at the stockings at the same time I did, our eyes met, and we both laughed. The girl went directly to a bell-boy, standing over against a post, and I waited to hear my name called. But she was looking for some one else, and I settled back in my chair again.

I was not surprised that Betty Bouton should be late. She was leaving for New York within the next two
(Continued on page 72)



Photo by Evans, L. A.

MACK SENNETT recently told Betty Bouton that there was one thing which might disqualify her from making a really great success in moving pictures.

"What is that?" she asked.

"You have too much education," he answered.

However, that, as Ruddy K. might say, is another story. This is the record of a meeting which came very near never taking place at all.

Three o'clock, three-fifteen, three-forty, three-fifty-five, the minutes passed while I sat in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles waiting for Betty Bouton and amusing myself by seeing if I could identify her on her entrance. At this time, I had never seen her either on or off the screen or stage. I had heard, of course, that she had distinguished herself, not only by her work in support of such stars as Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, William Farnum and Douglas Fairbanks, but also by the way in which she played a leading part in the Marshall Neilan production, "Dont Ever Marry," which had not been given its Los Angeles showing.

We had agreed to meet on the balcony at "the Alex" at three o'clock, but I arrived to find the balcony closed for repairs and the lobby crowded, not only with guests and people from outside there by appointment, but with workmen in white overalls who seemed, literally, to swarm all over the place. One could not turn one's head without a scaffolding appearing in the line of vision, nor move without being in some danger of walking under a stepladder.

Betty Bouton has distinguished herself by her screen work with Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, William Farnum and Douglas Fairbanks. She is a college girl and takes a keen interest in the woman's rights movement



Parlor, Bedroom and Bath

Fictionized from the Metro Photoplay

By
ESTHER STEELE

SAID the M. E. to the Town Tattler, 'Polly, Reggie Irving is in trouble with his wife.'

Said the Town Tattler to the M. E., 'Heavens, they've just went and did it. What's the racket?'

'That's just it. There isn't any racket.'

'You mean . . .?'

'I mean that Angelica Irving was and is a sensation seeker. She married Reggie because, to the best of her fond belief, he was a devil. He turns out to be—a husband. Angelica is throwing fits.'

Polly Hathaway, known as the Town Tattler, with a perfectly reputable reputation for doing and unearthing disreputable things, ele-



Then followed perfumed notes. The perfume was what might be described as violent. It assailed the nostrils in whatever part of the house one happened to be in

vated her perfect eyebrows. "What," she demanded, "and *where* do I figure in?"

The M. E. fixed her with a contemplative eye. "Can't you . . . er . . . write him up?"

he suggested. "Your colyum has given more than one man a scarlet aureole."

"But this—this must be *all* imagination. I demand an increase in salary. I have to manufacture the man's sins for him. Idiotic!"

Nevertheless, Polly got busy. After a bit of work the situation took hold of her imagination, and Polly was *there* with the imagination—especially when it came to scandals. The idea of Angelica wedding Reggie for the thrills he could give her, only to be confronted with the daily and nightly view of carpet-slipped respectability, was enough to prod her feminine sympathies. None knew better than she what life would be like without scandals. No doubt Angelica had been dutifully brought up. Polly had been. Such being the case, scandal in one form or another was her just meed and due.

Polly took pen in hand and waxed eloquent.

Result: the colyum called "The Tattler" of *The Society News* fairly blazoned innuendo, some of it none too veiled, anent the doings of the "debonair dilettante, Reggie Irving."

Reggie, in his slippers, feet slightly elevated above the ground, was astounded and indignant. He waved the paper at Angelica, his voice quavered, he denounced the iniquitous press and vowed he would institute libel proceedings, his face was very red and his hands pawed the air. Angelica was secretly ecstatic. Reggie, she thought, was acting *perfectly guilty*. After all, she had *not* been duped nor de-



Reggie agreed to the party. It was to take place in the most notorious place along the coast. "No one who goes there is quite the same afterwards," said Nita, enthusiastically

ceived. The man she had married was a perfectly good devil. He was fast. He was dissolute. He was a heartbreaker, a home-wrecker, an insidious Lothario. He had married her . . . well, put it down to infatuation. Her job would be to see that the future affairs did not go *too* far.

If all "The Tattler" said were true . . . heavens, how had he accomplished so much in the past fortnight, home as he was practically all of the time. What a consummate villain he must be! The "debonair dilettante" . . . just what she had thought him! And he was hers! She regarded him with a thrill of pride in her own prowess. Not every woman could have so neatly caught and impaled this butterfly on the wing! Everywhere, no doubt, he had trodden upon the hearts of women . . . hers he had not been able to trample under foot. What romance it was to have this love o' women for her very own, to bear his name, to introduce him to a languishing femininity as "my husband."

She thought of her own mother's domestic life. Her unimpeachable father! The endless monotony of home evenings. The dish-watery drabness of it! How *had* her mother endured it? Any woman could have held her father, could have caught him, in the first place. It took her, Angelica, to captivate the elusive, the captivating, the devilish Reggie. She wept aloud and derided him for his infidelities. It was her rôle. She must never let him know that, secretly, she gloated over his vices.

"But, darling," he was protesting, (still nervously, still *nervously*, noted Angelica, thru the corner of her eye), "you *know* these are infamous lies. Why, I've been with you every minute. It's that damned Hathaway girl—always stirring the mud up somewhere. *I* know. I'll go down to their offices tomorrow and force them to substantiate their statements. Worst of it is, there *aren't* any statements . . . just a lot of nasty implications a man 'd have to be a worm to wriggle out of. It's outrageous, that's what it is! It's . . ."

Angelica went to bed with the mien of a martyr and the heart of a seraph. She was happy! Reggie was a devil and he was making a devil's explanations.

Life would be just one thrill after another.

There followed perfumed notes. The perfume was what might be described as violent. It assailed the nostrils in whatever part of the house one happened to be in. Angelica took them to come from some exotic . . . a Peruvian, she thought most likely. Reggie hid them, rather obviously, Angelica thought. She almost always saw him hiding one with an air of ostentation. Probably, she comforted herself, he was more than customarily desperate over "this one" . . . hence the lack, or loss, of discretion. The matter required thought, and Angelica called in a handwriting expert. She made the most of it.

It gave her a magnificent opportunity to wear willowy negligées and wallow in eau de cologne. She also acquired a plaintive voice and found that reddening her eyes, ever so slightly, was not unbecoming. Angelica had never had so good a time.

The handwriting expert ruined it. He nearly ruined her life. To go further, he *all* but ruined the marital life of the pair. He informed Angelica, after much research and comparative study, that Reggie himself had written the perfumed notes. He added that he had probably *perfumed* them himself as well. Not a *houiri*, he said, would anoint letters like *that*.

Angelica's eyes were reddened in good earnest. Now, now *indeed* was she deceived, misled, made ridiculous. Here, while she had been living in thrilling proximity to a devil, there had dwelt by her side a pasty angel, with not a *liaison* to do him credit and *her* proud. She could never condone him, who had never sinned. She could never be forgiving, with nothing to forgive. She could never pity her mother, whose own fatuous fate was worse. *Diable!* She had married a hypocrite, whose thin veneer of evil slipped from him and revealed a plaster saint.

Polly, doing her best in the collyum of "The Tattler," was unable to counteract the damage the handwriting expert had done. Angelica's faith in her spouse's evil ways was irretrievably shattered. She was again disconsolate. God knew where, *now*, she would seek the thrill Reggie had failed her in. Polly, admonished by the M. E., sensed the fact that it was her duty as a humanitarian and a sister in the sex to avert Angelica's probably direfully impending fate.

Polly phoned Reggie. Polly had a way with her. She confirmed Reggie's worst suspicions in no uncertain tones.

"My boy," she said, "you've got to cut up, that's all there is about it. The safest thing for you to do, since you cannot seem to achieve anything that *isn't* safe, is to do it with *me*. We—you and I—will beat it together. We'll go to a summer hotel. I know of no place better calculated to scandal and wifely suspicion. Take it from me. Also, I'll see that 'The Tattler' narrates the worst. You on?"

Reggie, rather palely, consented. He felt a certain faith in Polly Hathaway.

"We'll register as man and wife," pursued Polly, "and

Friend Wife will happen in upon—the register. It ought to last her for a while. It *should* pass by the summer months quite pleasantly for both of you. It will take you a month to break down her injured pride. It will take her another to grant her forgiveness. It will take another for the pair of you to mush the thing over together. Still another will be consumed by a honeymoon of reconciliation. And there you are!"

"I dont understand women," moaned Reggie.

"That's obvious," agreed Polly, briskly. "I dare say, however, that you will come to some sort of an understanding after you and I are—er—discovered."

Reggie had a sort of terrified thrill when he recalled some of the things he had heard about "newspaper women"—this newspaper woman in particular.

However, he *did* love Angelica . . . and so . . .

And so he let himself in for more than he had bargained for—more, also, than Polly herself had bargained for. He discovered in the very beginning that there was more than one marital complication extant. He further discovered that his fame had gone before him. Literally awaiting him on the front porch of the hotel they had selected was Nita Leslie, one of the members of the set in which he had been wont to move. Nita was a clingy, effusive young person, with what might be tactfully described, had she been literary or professional, as "temperament." Being neither, what possessed Nita was not nominated in the bond—save by her husband, and then none too delicately, as Nita tearfully explained upon Reggie's astounded bosom. Polly, watching from the window of "their" suite, chuckled. Angelica, she foresaw, would get her bargain full this time.

"Fred has been a perfect devil," Nita was explaining to Reggie; "the last time it w-was a b-blonde chorus g-girl. I *know* it! The very worst variety' . . . and I said to mommer, and mommer said, 'Well, you *would* do it' . . . and then I just got desperate, and it came to me that there is only o-one person to settle one's troubles in this vale of t-tears and t-that is one's self, and then I read about you in 'The Tattler' . . . that perfectly frightful column in *The Society News* . . . and it all came to me . . . oh, *Mister Irving!*"

Reggie mopped a brow with a handkerchief. His voice had deserted him.

"W-what was it that—came to you?" he demanded.

Nita opened her eyes roundly. If, cogitated Reggie miserably, Angelica's sea-green eyes were not so persistently, so everlastingly before him, he, being a reasonable man with a pair of eyes of his own, would have conceded the really perfect baby blueness of Nita's. As it was . . . damn it all . . . why were women like Angelica thrust upon the earth to thus muddle up the cardiac regions, not to mention the cerebellum, of a man like he, Reggie?

"Why-ee," Nita was saying, "I read about your carryings on, and I heard someone say you were rather—well, indiscriminate, and I looked 'indiscriminate' up in the dictionary and found it meant that you ran around with almost *anybody*, and then I heard that you were coming here, and, 'The Tattler'

inferred, 'not alone,' and I thought, 'No, I should say not. I'll go, too, and Reggie and I will go h—go to—you *know*, Mister Irving, be naughty together.'" Nita smiled sweetly and wished the hero of her deviltries would not perspire so or look so perceptibly wilted. Reggie, at present, did not answer "The Tattler's" word pictures of him at all. Still, she might have known . . . a pack of lies . . . newspapers . . .

"But, Mrs. Nita," spoke up Reggie, then, "how is all this . . . er . . . between you and me . . . to . . . to solve your husband?"

"He'll be jealous, of course," explained Nita; "he'll probably be *so* jealous he'll commit a murder or do some sweet, adorable thing like that, and then I'll *know* he really loves me. It's all quite simple."

"Yes, I see," said Reggie, putting the overworked handkerchief into play again, "yes, of course. It is. It is *quite* simple. Oh, very."

That evening Nita planned a party. By night Reggie had cunningly concluded that Nita was in reality the "Town Tattler," masquerading. No living woman, he averred, could be such a fool as Nita, so-called, had represented herself. He had heard, too, that the "Town Tattler" was rare at covering her tracks. She was, no doubt, covering them now.

The party was in progress in Reggie's room when Polly trailed in





Reggie found himself embracing Polly . . . when Angelica entered, accompanied by Nita's outraged and palpably murderous husband

He agreed to the party. It was to take place in the most notorious place along the coast. "No one," said Nita, enthusiastically, "no one who goes there is ever the same afterward. It's delicious."

"I dont see how *she* can write," growled Reggie.

The party was in progress in Reggie's room when Polly trailed in, accoutered with lingerie and other "evidence" to scatter about "their room." Reggie had been having cham-

pagne, and the haunting quality of Angelica's too-green eyes had lost some of its poignancy. Polly was deuced attractive. It penetrated the haze in which he moved that she was the "Tattler." She had been clever enough to plan all this. He recognized her, remembered her voice now. He never had been good at voices, anyway. What did it all matter? . . . jolly time . . . pre' girls . . . 'specially Polly . . .

He found himself embracing Polly, telling her she had wicked hair . . . wicked

the trip. He would proceed to murder him on sight.

A chase ensued.

Reggie, or Reggie's champagne, or the fortuitous combination of the two, led him into the bedroom of a solitarily sleeping woman. The woman thought Reggie her husband, who had these methods of home-coming at night, and held out her arms to him. They were ample arms and afforded a shelter, a screen. Reggie took to them. Hard upon the taking, her husband burst in upon them. The din and clatter caused by Nita, Polly, (on the track of her story), and Fred was increased by the clamor set up by the irate husband, who was

observing what horror he called the gods to bear witness to.

In the midst of it all, Reggie disentangled himself from the ample arms and again made good his escape, to fall into the clutches of three house detectives, who loudly proclaimed that they were bound to arrest the notorious Reggie Irving.

"Your escapades, sir," they said in unison, "are enough to give any house a black eye. You are a disgrace to this respectable hostelry, to your
(Continued on page 75)

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH

Fictionized by permission from the Loew-Metro production, based on the scenario by June Mathis and A. P. Younger, adapted from the play by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan. Directed by Edward Dillon. The cast:

Reggie Irving.....	Eugene Pallette
Polly Hathaway.....	Ruth Stonehouse
Angelica Irving.....	Kathleen Kirkham
Jeffery Haywood.....	Charles H. West
Virginia Irving.....	Dorothy Wallace
Leila.....	Helen Sullivan
Ferdie Eaton.....	Henry Miller, Jr.
Fred Leslie.....	George Periolat
Nita Leslic.....	Josephine Hill
Barkis.....	Graham Pettie

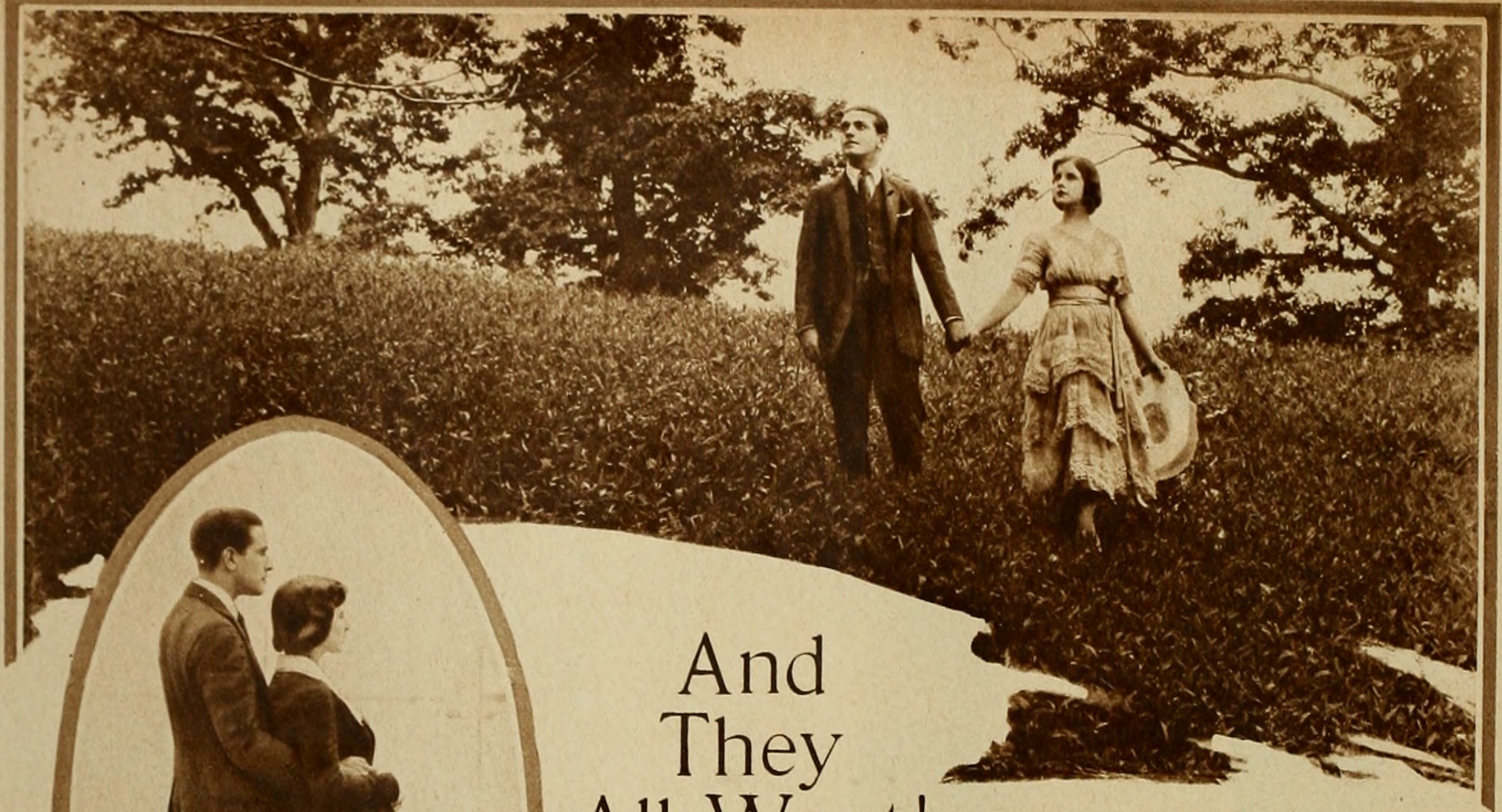
Autumn à la Sennett

Some day a poet is going to immortalize the Mack Sennett bathing beach in autumn. Until then observers will have to confine themselves to cold, prosaic prose



The bathing beauty with the hat atilt and the checker-board—er—attire is Marie Prevost

The young woman just above, carrying the fur to guard against autumn drafts, is MariePrevost. She is in the act of signalling a sea-going taxi. At the left are, reading from left to right, Jane Allen, post and Sibye Trevilla



And They All Wept!

By HARRISON HASKINS

THEY certainly wept! All the feminine fans east of the Pacific Coast and west of sixteen. For wasn't Richard Barthelmess—the adorable Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms"—being married? Could anything be worse?

Of course, Dick didn't think so. For he was marrying "his ideal girl," as he termed her, otherwise (as per the wedding announcements), Mary Hay Caldwell.

The wedding took place, to be exact, on June 18th, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York. And, at the exact hour, motion picture theaters in every part of the country played a wedding march. In fact, no one had ever before been so widely married.

In reality, Dick was married twice that week. The earlier wedding was—whisper—to Lillian Gish. But it was only a make-believe one for David Griffith's "Way Down East." There is a big double wedding scene in this rural play and, while Dick was being joined in cinema wedlock with Lillian, Mary Hay was marrying Creighton Hale. You see, Mary was also playing in "Way Down East." The make-believe ceremony created all sorts of merriment around the Griffith Mamaroneck studio, for the real wedding was to take place the day after.

The real one was very simple and formal.

No, Dick did not meet Mary in motion pictures. Their "meeting" was the oddest on record. For Mary met Dick in the Philippines, while Dick met Mary on the Ziegfeld roof. You see, it was this way, Dick was a shadow character in a Marguerite Clark photoplay when Mary first glimpsed him. And Dick first saw Mary on the New Amsterdam roof, where she was a member of the Ziegfeld revue.

Mrs. Barthelmess (*née* Hay) was only on the stage a year or two. She is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Frank Merrill Caldwell. (Which explains Mary's aforementioned stay in the Philippines.) She studied dancing with Ruth St. Denis at Denishawn in California and, oddly, played a small rôle in Griffith's "Hearts of the World."

(Continued on page 83)

At the left is a glimpse of Mrs. Richard Barthelmess as she appeared in the Ziegfeld Nine O'clock Revue. The other two snapshots were taken close to the honeymoon bungalow on Rye Beach



Photograph by Geissler & Andrews, N.Y.

The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE early summer dog days were not quite so dull as usual this year. Take Basil King's "Earthbound," (Goldwyn), for instance. This is going to cause discussion. It is going to be widely overrated. In reality, it is unusual. With the whole world delving more or less into the psychic, the motion picture has been slow to deal with it. David Griffith started in "The Great Question" and then lost courage. "Earthbound" dashes full length into the question.

Remember the story of "On With the Dance": two men and a woman, the murder, the subsequent trial and the regeneration of the woman's soul thru the way she saves the murderer by her testimony in open court. George Fitzmaurice treated the story from an emotional and wholly materialistic view-point.

Oddly, Mr. King's story has almost an identical groundwork, but the treatment is wholly from the spiritual angle. We see the spirit of the murdered man, at first defiant of God, moving thru the scenes of his earthly activities—a figure of hate. But, as he comes to realize the limitlessness of the other world, he brings about the woman's regeneration thru his unseen influence. Then, having adjusted two broken homes as best he can, he shakes off his earthbound shackles and moves on into the infinite—that is, via camera tricks, he walks over the tree-tops in the generally accepted direction of heaven.

Mr. King's story is not only a psychic one, but it preaches a certain doctrine of right living. The lives subsequently torn apart by murder are linked by a false and dangerous theory of life. "No God—no sin—no future life" has been the college creed of the two comrades, and Mr. King depicts how this destructive theory brings its inevitable disaster.

"Earthbound" was a tremendously difficult thing to visualize. We understand that T. Hays Hunter, the director, was months working it out at the Goldwyn coast studios. It was a vastly hard thing to show the spirit of the murdered man moving thru reel after reel and yet keep the right spiritual tempo. A false step anywhere would have meant a slip into the ridiculous. Sometimes Mr. Hunter lapsed into the banal and obvious, and sometimes the theatric is baldly apparent, but, on the whole, it is an elusive thing rather well done.

"Earthbound" held our interest strongly. It is a vivid clash of human passions and the spiritual. It is not our province to debate Mr. King's psychic theories here. They command thought, whether or not you dismiss them as banal. And we believe that the average person will get a message of uplift from "Earthbound."

(Continued on page 88)

(Forty-five)



Top, Thomas Meighan finds that a monocle is of great service in revealing the charms of Lila Lee, who comes back quite effectively in "The Prince Chap," Meighan's first starring vehicle. Center, Pearl White still serials in "The White Moll"; below, a close-up of the popular variety, of Ethel Clayton and Jack Holt in "Crooked Streets"

The Convictions of Conrad

At first, Conrad Nagel's conversation was all of the house. They had rented it furnished and grown to love it so much that they bought it just as it stood. Of course, now that the house belonged to them, innumerable things were to be done. Certain uncomfortable, old-fashioned pieces of furniture that, he said, reminded him of his childhood in Keokuk, Iowa, had to make way for furniture more modern and comfortable. New draperies were to be selected and the front porch was to be arranged so that they could almost live on it and still retain some privacy. Included in their plans were a vegetable garden for the back yard and more flowers for the front. One gathered that, as much as possible, they wished to do all this themselves. They are enjoying the romance, only too often denied newlyweds in the profession, of making their own home.

There would, in all probability, be fewer divorces, both in and out of the profession, if more young married people could start this way instead of as flat dwellers, moving around from place to place, with all the sense of irresponsibility towards each other and towards the community that comes from not having a thing to call their own.

Conrad Nagel is the incarnation of Youth in real life. He is impulsive, earnest and realizes keenly his responsibilities towards the world. He has not permitted his profession to absorb him to the exclusion of other interests



Photo by Woodbury, L. A.



CONRAD NAGEL suggested lunch at the Garden Court.

"Mrs. Nagel will be there, too," he said over the telephone.

But Mrs. Nagel couldn't come, after all.

You see, they had just bought a house. Not a blatantly new house, but a big house with a "homey" air, such as a house only gets when it has been built for quite some time.

(The rose-bushes were bearing heavily. One especially, a red climber, on the side-front porch, was a riot of full-blown blooms. And there was a white bush, too, in the center of the front lawn, so covered with flowers that you could scarcely see the bush for the roses.)

We drove around to see the house after lunch.

"I wunt promise how Mrs. Nagel will look," her husband said on the way, but, from the tone of his voice, you would have felt quite certain that Mrs. Nagel could never look otherwise than perfectly adorable.

By this time, if you didn't know it before, you have probably guessed that Conrad Nagel is married. He is. More than that, he is a newlywed, and not a bit ashamed of it.

His wife is a non-professional; a sincere, generous, comradely sort of girl, not beautiful, as beauty is known in Hollywood, but rather more than that—wholesome-looking. She has an exceedingly expressive face, large, dark eyes and dark hair. Conrad, on the contrary, is a blond. His hair is taffy-colored, his eyes blue and his complexion rather pale. He is six feet tall.

But if I am to begin at the beginning, which is the logical place at which to begin, I'll have to get back to the Garden Court. We were seated at a little table near a French window overlooking the Hollywood hills. Luncheon began with a fruit cup, progressed thru lamb chops, French fried potatoes and string-beans, to strawberry parfait and coffee at the end.



By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

The Conrad Nagels are not going to be like many young married people, spending every penny they get as fast as they get it with nothing to show for it after it is gone. Rather, they have the property-owning fever and are putting their surplus into real estate . . . and Los Angeles real estate at that. They discovered the West, literally, in a day, and loved it on discovery.

"It is really funny," he said, "that both of us should have become converted into Californians so suddenly. I think our house must be responsible, because I hated Los Angeles at first and made up my mind that we would go back to New York as soon as I could finish with *Mayflower*. (He was making *Athalie*.) We even secured our reservations." He drew from his pocket two tickets for New York which, he remarked, he could probably sell to some one. "Then we rented our house, the neighbors made us welcome and, before we had been there a week, the corner groceryman knew us by name. Why, if your corner groceryman called you by name in New York, you'd fall over from astonishment!

"Not only that, but we had room and freedom. You've no idea how strange it seems to look out of your window and see attractive lawns and flowers and know that friends and acquaintances are all around you, when you've been living cooped up in a New York apartment without even knowing the people next door."

Nevertheless, he had a clause inserted in the five-year contract which he recently signed with Famous Players-Lasky to the effect that he should make at least one picture a year in New



Photo by Apeda

The father of Conrad Nagel is a composer of note and also dean of the Highland Park College, of Des Moines, from which Nagel received his bachelor's degree when he was seventeen years old

York and that he may appear on the stage if he so desires.

"After all," he remarked, "one should keep in touch with the center of things."

Conrad Nagel played Youth in "Experience" for two years, and he certainly looks the incarnation of Youth in real life and acts it, too. He is impulsive, earnest and realizes keenly his responsibilities towards the world. He has not yet permitted his profession to absorb him to the exclusion of other interests. On the contrary, he talks politics enthusiastically and his religion enters into his daily life and influences all he does. He says, quite frankly, that whatever success he has gotten, or may get, will be due to his faith.

"I do not think an artist has any more right to shirk responsibility towards the community in which he lives than has a man in any other walk of life," he said, emphatically. "For instance, take the matter of voting. I think that a man who has a vote and doesn't use it is as bad as the man who has a vote and sells it."

He is also, by the way, an advocate of total prohibition.

(Continued on page 74)

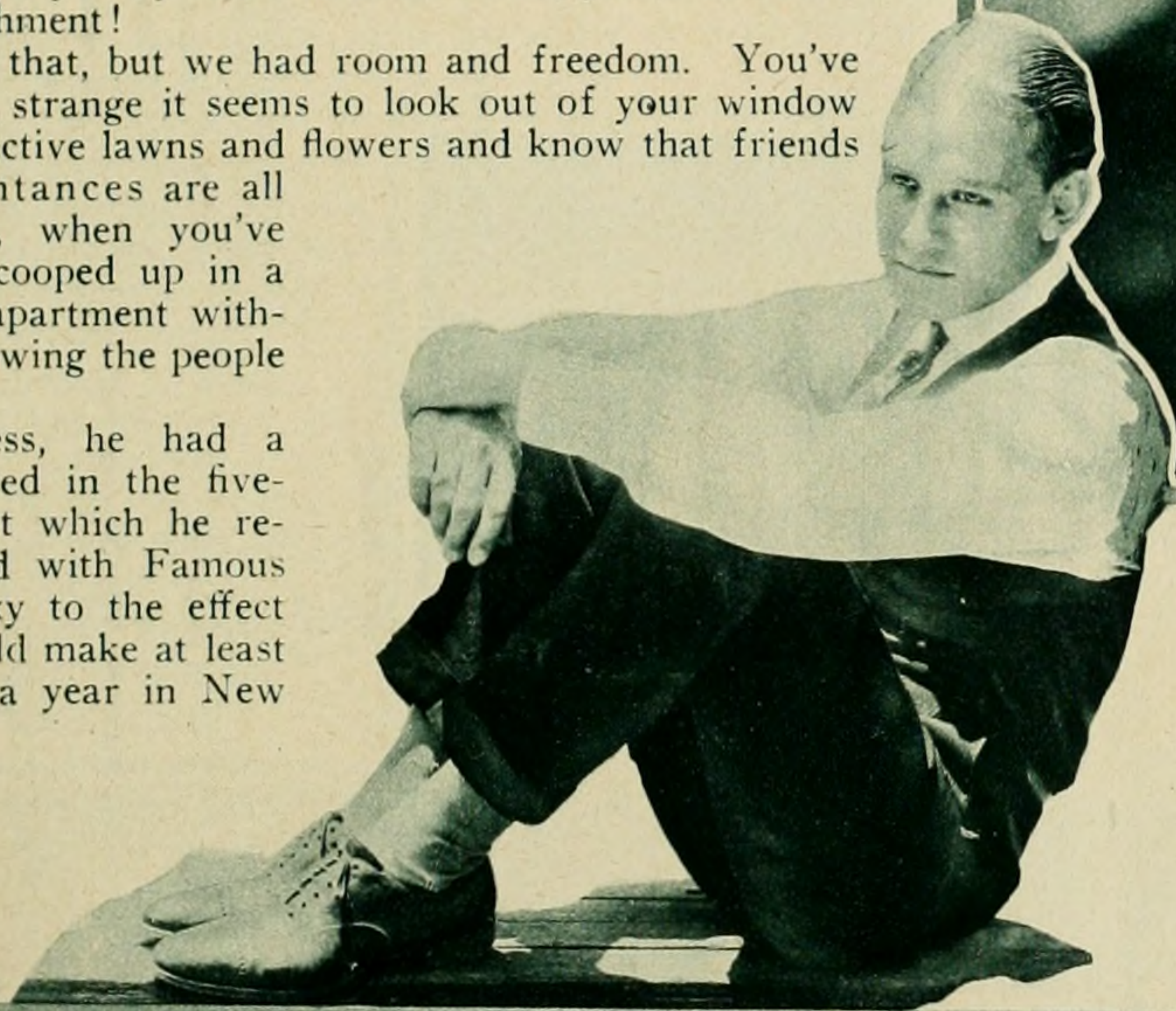


Photo by Woodbury, L. A.

A Pictorial Avalanche

mailed after August first, there has been no let up in the receipt of photographs from all parts of the country. It would be rather interesting to our readers, we are quite sure, if they could drop in and see the editorial offices these days, literally snowed up under an avalanche of photographs.

Inasmuch as the most difficult part of the contest is the fair and impartial judgment on these same photographs, and the final selection of the honor roll winners from them by the judges, it is needless to say that quite some time is required in this selection. Despite the fact that we have announced in all three of our magazines that the final decision of the judges would be published just as quickly as possible, this has made no difference to all those interested in the contest, for daily the editorial offices receive overpowering barrage attacks of telephone calls, telegrams, special delivery letters, etc., all containing inquiries as to the outcome and all frantically desirous of knowing whether or not the sender has been made one of the winners.

We are quite ready to concede that it is extremely difficult for those interested in the contest to overcome their desire to know what the outcome of the contest is to be, but as we have stated before, the final announcement of the winners will be made just as soon as possible. The cultivation of patience is a meritorious occupation!

Every Sunday there has been a swarm of contestants out at the Brewster estate at Roslyn, Long Island, where a thoro camera test has been given every honor roll member and all others who were notified to appear.

Just as soon as the committee finish their laborious task of separating the wheat from the chaff among

Photograph by A. M. Annis



Photograph by Starr, N. Y.



Photograph
© by
Strauss-
Peyton

Top, Dorothy Peabody, Berkeley, Calif.; center, Marion MacDonald, Syracuse, N. Y. Lower left, Violet de Barros, New York City; and, lower right, Almeda Fowler, New York City

By the time this magazine goes to press the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which has been conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, will have been finally closed so far as the receipt of photographs is concerned. Altho there has been a definite warning issued in each one of our publications to the effect that no photographs will be entered in the contest which have been

Last-Minute Photographs Inundate Editorial Offices

the photographic mountain now looming before them, the final honor roll members will be selected, and from these final honor roll winners, and all of those who have already appeared in *THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, *THE CLASSIC OF SHADOWLAND*, there will be chosen those contestants who will be the fortunate winners of the contest.

The judges who will make this momentous decision are Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

The honor roll winners for this issue of the *CLASSIC* are as follows:

Dorothy Peabody, 2622 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal., who has had some amateur dramatic experience, is a brunette, with brown eyes and light-brown hair.

Marion MacDonald, 102 Shonnard Street, Syracuse, N. Y., is a student of voice culture who has appeared in amateur theatricals. Miss MacDonald is the proud possessor of blue eyes and dark-brown hair, while her complexion is very fair.

Violet de Barros, 217 West 110th Street, New York City, has had some dramatic experience. She has green eyes, light-brown hair and fair complexion.

Almeda Fowler, 340 West 86th Street, New York City, has had some musical comedy experience. Miss Fowler has brown hair, hazel-colored eyes and fair complexion.

Florence Campbell, 44 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., has never had any previous dramatic experience. Miss Campbell has brown hair and blue eyes.

Helen Richardson, P. O. Box 181, Los Angeles, Cal., has done some extra work with various film companies. Miss Richardson is a blonde with very dark-blue eyes.

Hazel Donnelly, 1228 Morris Avenue,



Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

Top, Hazel Donnelly, New York City; center, Florence Campbell, Boston, Mass., and lower left, Helen Richardson, Los Angeles, Calif.



Photograph © Henry Shaw

New York City, is a member of the Ziegfeld "Follies." She has chestnut-brown hair and blue eyes.

We are quite sure that all of the contestants and their friends will be greatly interested to know that for some time past we have been receiving visits from the personal representatives of the very largest and most famous motion picture companies. These representatives are following the Fame and Fortune Contest with close attention, and have

informed us that they are willing to take care of the future of one of the final winners.

This fact is of the utmost importance, and should add greatly to the enthusiasm among those who are taking part in the contest, for it means that the lucky winner who is chosen by these men will be immediately signed up on a contract with a substantial salary, and the future film success of the one who is selected is practically assured.

Owing to the success of last year's contest, there were four final winners chosen instead of one, as was originally planned. Up to date, we find it impossible to state just what the number of winners for the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest will be, but this announcement will be made at the earliest moment.

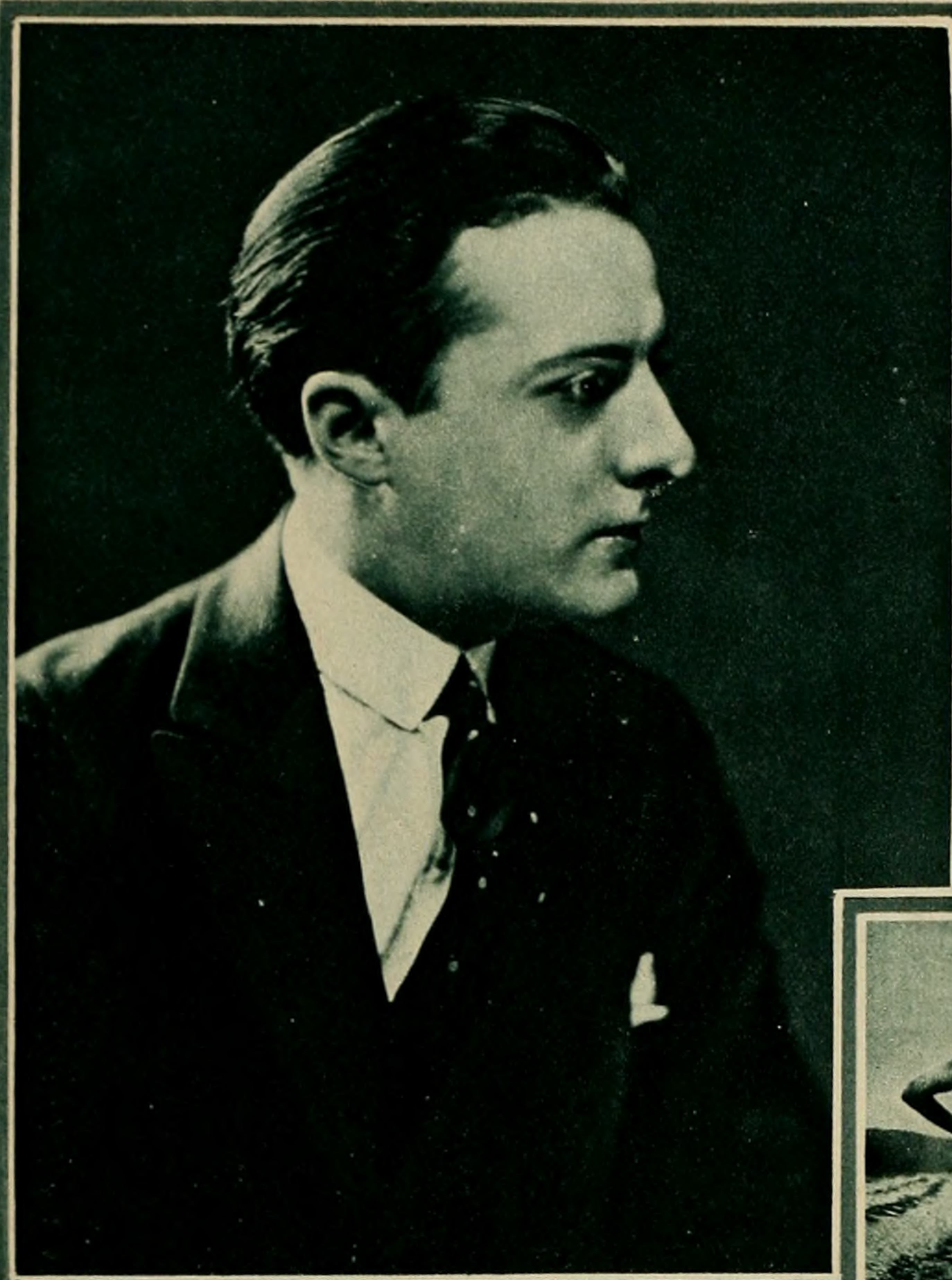
The filming of the five-reel feature drama, "Love's Redemption," is progressing rapidly.



Photograph Witzel, L. A.

The Glass of Youth

By
OLGA SHAW



Photos by Lifshy & Anderson, N. Y.



Whatever it may be, it is inherent and will not be marred or decreased by the inevitableness of his success.

He is the true artist. One feels that, or senses it, rather, in his own sensitiveness, to you, to impressions, to other persons.

Having been, or being, whatever the tense, no matter, the godson of Sarah Bernhardt has been, no doubt, a molding, a finely molding factor. I asked him about her, and his face lighted up with the fervor, the keen-edged interest a responsive person just naturally portrays for all truly great things of life, of art.

Gaston Glass is the godson of Sarah Bernhardt, and it was from her that he received his dramatic training. He has only been in America a little more than a year and still possesses a charming French accent. His work in "Humoresque" has proved him to be a player of the first rank

"She is a tremendous person," he said, with his still unflawed accent; "a great, a very great woman as well as artist. She gave me all my training and what I am, whatever I shall be, whatever there (Continued on page 90)

IT was a sultry afternoon. Not that the sultriness or the time of day has much to do with it, save that the sultriness was forgotten in the quality of the ensuing talk, atmosphere *in toto*, etc., etc.

I went to a predirected address in one of the West 40's near th' Avenue, and rang a bell inscribed, neatly, "Barthelmess-Glass."

The former of the two names had, impulsively, a pencil mark thru it. The simple line denoted the fact that Barthelmess had flown to a new, a hymeneal nest.

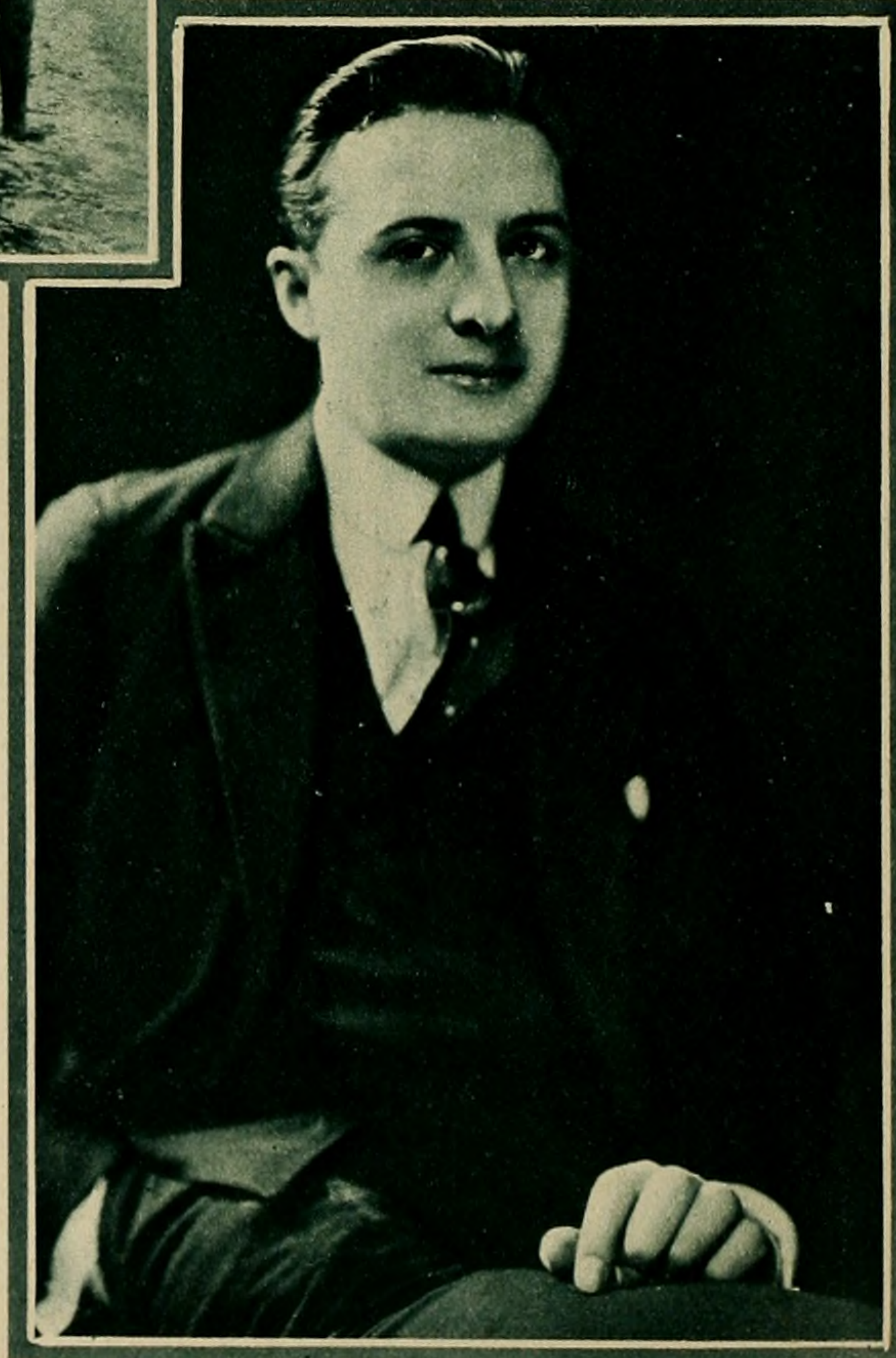
I ascended some stairs and was admitted by a neat-appearing colored maid with a capable air, who directed me to an ample chair in the shaded living-room and told me that Mr. Glass would join me immediately.

In the brief interim, (he is not the sort to keep one waiting), I glanced about me. I couldn't help but suppose that this room had been the shrine of many dreams and ambitions, of many, many talks and introspections, of philosophies and intolerances and prejudices and the many-hued, many-colored faiths and unfaiths of youth. "Barthelmess-Glass" had had, no doubt, much of mutual sympathies and aims.

The room itself was comfortable and unobtrusive and in excellent taste. There was a piece or two of sculpture. There were books on low racks, one or two good prints, a huge desk, a huge couch, smoking conveniences, and thru a flutter of immaculate scrim curtains a glimpse of an equipped kitchen showing the ingredients of a domestic ménage.

Then Gaston Glass came hastily in.

I had an impression, (which remained), of sweet and enthusiastic youth. He seemed to be eager with hope, with ideals, with aspirations, with opinions. He was charmingly unassertive and delicately self-depreciatory. In his interest in himself, (and, of course, he has it, else he would not be an artist or a *man*), there was a delicacy of touch sans all irritation to the mere listener. It may be, I thought, the French birth and breeding of him.



Her First Interview

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

THEY were having a party. There were music and flowers and refreshments and everything.

The *everything* consisted chiefly in noise, for the laughter and merriment could be heard to the far corners of the Lasky lot, while everyone who could possibly slip away from his post was crowding about the set to enjoy the fun.

"There's Viora Daniel," they told me. "That little girl in pink over in the corner with Roscoe." Eagerly I looked at the point mentioned, interested to see this new feminine lead of the rotund comedian.

Viora Daniel, by her prettiness and promise, has made fast strides in the realm of motion pictures, for after being in the Lasky Stock Company less than eight months, she was selected to play opposite Roscoe Arbuckle



I saw a slip of a girl whose vivid, sparkling face was framed in dark curls which were caught up in a huge satin bow. The frilly skirts just touched the round, bare knees, while pink socks and Mary Janes completed her "little girl" costume.

A scene from "The Life of the Party," Irvin Cobb's humorous story, was being transferred to the screen, and Roscoe was in the act of pulling Viora about the set while the orchestra jazzed a merry tune and the camera clicked.

Fatty, or Roscoe, as he is called now that he is making feature comedies instead of the old two-reelers, was a scream in blue gingham rompers, a child's round hat a-top his solemn face and "cunning" socks that failed by half a yard or so to hide his battered and bruised knees.

He must slapstick, and if not on the screen, it creeps in between acts and he tumbles about like a rubber ball. He is continually interpolating bits of hilarious comedy into his work—his strenuousness is remarkable—that keeps everyone in a roar, for there is no denying that Roscoe Arbuckle is just naturally funny at all times.

When the lunch hour was called, Viora and I started for her dressing-room. "Oh, look! There's Tommy Meighan. Isn't he *adorable*?" she exclaimed, grasping my hand, and we stopped to watch the handsome Thomas and Kathlyn Williams during a tender little scene in a Venetian garden.

"I've never met him," confided Viora, "but I've made up my mind that I am going to play with him some day. He is just my ideal of a hero," and she sighed romantically, even while her eyes danced.

"I remember I used to go and see Roscoe's films, and how I did enjoy them, but, of



good luck, and I touch this every morning before I go to work. I was so afraid something would happen to them that I tore them apart and keep one at home, one in my bankbook and one here at the studio. That makes it pretty safe, doesn't it?" and the smooth brow wrinkled in concern as she spoke.

"Oh, I'm terribly superstitious—that's my chief characteristic," and Viora laughed at the joke. "I look in the dream-book the first thing every morning and read the signs—and I have a hundred and one things that I do before I begin a new bit of work."

Glancing about the little room, I saw three dream-books, a volume of Kipling's poems and Laurence Hope's "India's Love Lyrics."

What is she, I thought, child or woman? For books are revealing, and this combination was decidedly unusual. Questioning her a little regarding the lyrics, which had been puzzle number one, I decided she was child—with a child's love of beauty and exquisite rhythm, with the romantic quality highly developed, which, of course, is in keeping with her emotional temperament.

Viora is a native daughter of California, having been born just eighteen years ago on a ranch near San Luis Obispo. Losing both father and mother while still a baby, she has but one relative, a brother, in the East. While attending the Cœur d'Alene College up in Idaho, she met a little girl fresh from Norway, Lorrie Larsen, who also is alone in the world, and these two have been the closest friends and chums ever since.

They have a pretty little bungalow up in Laurel Canyon, where they live all by themselves.

"The house is on the side of a hill, with a mountain stream running thru the garden. We have a balcony dining-room and, oh, it's
(Continued on page 95)



course, I never once dreamed that I would ever be *playing* with him. It is all so wonderful—sometimes I wonder if I'll wake up and find it isn't true."

It is indeed wonderful, and Viora Daniel, by her prettiness and promise, has made fast strides in the realm of motion pictures, for, after being in the Lasky stock company less than eight months, she was selected to play opposite Arbuckle.

"This is my first lead and my first interview—what shall I do?" she asked, happily, as we entered her dressing-room.

It was an Oriental shrine with gorgeous Chinese hangings, Chinese prints and several good specimens of their art needlework adorning the walls, while the dressing-table was quaintly set with various treasures from the countries beyond the Pacific.

"I'm crazy about the Orient and I love every one of these things," she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "My greatest joy is to prowl about the curio shops, and I know if I ever get to Japan or China I'll become light-fingered and probably be put into jail, for I'll never be able to control myself with all those lovely things about.

"See, this is my good-luck feather," and very carefully she handed me a tiny, narrow, white feather. "It has an interesting story. The first picture I made was with Jack Gardner in 'So This Is America,' and we spent some time up in Yellowstone Park. There was a Hawaiian there who used to go about with us, and when we left he promised to send me a rare gift from the islands. Sure enough, he sent me three feathers. They are from some sacred bird that brings the owner

Viora is a native daughter of California, having been born just eighteen years ago on a ranch. Her début into filmland was made thru a small part with Robert Warwick in "The Fourteenth Man"

ATHALIE



Told in story form from the Mayflower Photoplay

By
DOROTHY DONNELL

PEOPLE in Pineport said that Athalie Greensleeve was "different"; some of them whispered that she was "queerlike in her head, seed things as warn't there to see." There were odd instances they could bring up to prove their contention, the time she sat on the tavern steps and told a posse of excited farmers that they would find the lost Higgens baby under a juniper bush on Blueberry Mountain; the time she warned old Bill Edwards not to go fishing, and he went, scoffing, and was drowned.

"The moon shone on her cradle out of a stormy sky," the old wives whispered; "her mother died the same moment she was born. She's got the look o' the other world on her!"

Certainly Athalie, at eighteen, was not like the other, plump, noisy Pineport damsels, with their red, hard cheeks and their big hands, always ready with a slap not *too* discouraging for the first sign of "freshness." She was rather unusually tall and slender, without being meager, and her oval face, with its amazingly large, luminous blue eyes and frame of soft brown hair, was only faintly tinted. But her white, beautifully cared-for hands could work as deftly as any hands, and her mouth, tho usually sweetly grave, could smile as it smiled now under Henry Laidlie's adoring gaze.

"Henry! You promised!" she reproached him, drawing back slightly from the great, importunate bulk of him into the syringa-scented shadow. "You know I told you two years ago that I wasn't the girl you would marry."

"You're usually right, Attie," the big fellow beside her on the porch said, grudgingly, "but I aint willin' to leave this thing up to the sperrits! It's too almighty important to me—t' both of us. I want you, dear—I've wanted you for years, an' I'll be good to you, Attie; I promise you that before my Maker. Now mother's died and the tavern's got to close. You cant

stay here and there's nowhere for you to go. 'Sides, why should you go to traipsing over the earth, trying to earn enough to keep soul and body together, when I've got plenty, and I need you so?"

He was wily, big, earnest Henry, in appealing to her thru his lonely need, his forlorn, uncared-for state, but still she shook her head, dimly shining in the fragrant dusk.

"No, dear. I couldn't, truly. Why, Henry, we've been brother and sister, almost ever since we were children!"

"But not since we was grown," he countered; "you're too purty, Attie, so purty it makes me feel like being in church, somehow, looking at you. You wasn't made to take care of yourself, but for a man to take care of. Attie, say you'll let me take care o' you!"

But still she smiled, and shook her head, and suddenly he cried, with the violent tongue of a long-boarded jealousy, "Who is it, then? That city feller who was so sweet on you two year ago, and skipped out without even saying good-by? Day your father died, that was—I thought then all those tears you cried on my shoulder warn't for th' old man! Are you still thinkin' of him, Attie—when he didn't give you no right to think of him?"

The chair had stopped swaying. It was quite still for the space of an entire moment on the porch, then, tiredly, "Dont, please—speak of—him——" she controlled the tremble in her voice gallantly. "It is strange, Henry, when I can see so far ahead for most people, that I cant see into my own future at all, but I think—I have a queer certainty that I shall never marry."

Henry Laidlie made an uncouth noise; a sob, strangled fiercely. She saw the big, shaggy head twist downward against the low, white moon, then lift resolutely. "All right, dear,"

he said, with a great breath, "whatever you say. I won't bother you again. And now, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to New York," Athalie said slowly. The moon was full on her lifted face, and he saw that it wore the look of "differentness" he had learnt to dread and hate because it seemed to separate her so far from him. Her eyes were fixed upon something beyond reality, her lips moved stiffly as tho without her volition. "I—have work to do there. I don't know exactly what it will be, but I know that I must go."

Pineport folks shook their heads over her going. No need, they murmured, for 'Gus Greensleeve's girl to go away from home to earn her livin'. New York was no place for a female, except maybe onct or twice a year to see the Hippodrome show or do a little shopping. There'd be no good come o' it—mark their words! And after a little, for lack of news of her, their tongues ceased to wag, and Athalie was forgotten, except by one big, silent man who had an irritating way of starting up sometimes out of a reverie and looking around him as tho he had heard a call, a way that exceedingly irritated his wife—for Henry Laidlie allowed himself submissively to be married by one of the efficient, red-cheeked damsels of Pineport a year after Athalie went away.

When she took the train for the city on that afternoon in midsummer, it was as tho Athalie Greensleeve took the train out of the world, for it was another woman who got off in the Grand Central. In her four hours' journey she had gone over all possibilities and made her decision. She could not do anything which people would pay her for doing, except to "see clearly," to glimpse events as yet undreamed of. She had a

childlike faith in her own powers. Not a single tainting suspicion of dishonesty troubled her—more than that, she felt something akin to the exaltation of one who is "called to preach." God had given her a strange, very precious gift, and she must use it for Him. That was all. Very simple, surely!

She spent the first disillusioning, agonizing week in seeking a room, shuddering away from some of the women who answered her bell. Once she electrified a rouged slattern by bursting into tears. "No, no! Not *that* room! I couldn't—after what had happened *there!*"

The woman turned ghastly under the purple paint. "How'd you know?" she muttered, with stiff lips. "You couldn't know!" But Athalie had gone, and the woman went in, cowering as if from the menace of black, rushing wings.

Presently she found a dark, dingy front parlor on a once pretentious street, with a faded landlady who called her "child" and offered to make her a cup of tea. The room had belonged to a fortune-teller, and was hung with the cheap and tawdry stage setting of her profession, dusty, velvet draperies, charts, and on a table stood a crystal like a drop of pure light in the dank, dreary room. "Madame La Rene had a very high-class cle-antel," the faded landlady assured her, in the whine that served for a voice, "but she drank up all she made, poor dear, and was took away to Bedloes screaming something terrible. Are you a second-sighter, my dear?"

Athalie did not quite know what she was. For three days she sat in the terrible room, among its theatrical tinsel, with folded hands, waiting to be shown what she should do. On the morning of the fourth day there was a rap on the door and an old man, immaculately dressed, stood hesitating on the threshold. He stared down at her with ludicrous amazement at seeing such youth and loveliness in a place like this.

"Madame La Rene—but, good God! It's impossible!" he burst out finally. "I came here because I am so desperate that I am willing to plunge my hands into the vileness of professional charlatanism, but—I must have come to the wrong place." He was turning, but her soft voice called him back.

"You wanted to know about the children—yes!"

"You've heard?" He was actually panting with excitement. "Of course! They told me all mediums and star-gazers had a card catalog of the easy marks. Yes, I came about my grandchildren, who disappeared two years ago in this city. What can you tell me? But, of course, you can tell me nothing!"

"Only that—they are in Belgium." Athalie spoke bewilderedly, as if she repeated something whose meaning she could not guess. She moved to the table, stood staring down into the crystal. "At a convent—yes, a great stone building on a hill—near Brussels——" She sank suddenly down at the table, passed her hand across her eyes and looked up at him

blankly.

"What was I saying? I can't remember—only I seemed to see—it all—so clearly——"

Her words were the regulation cant

"She—loves you?" Athalie asked, "that woman with the red hair and the red sparks in her eyes?" "No! She never did," Clive groaned, "she wanted my name, and she will cling to it"



of the mediums, to which he had grown accustomed thru disheartening days, but her eyes were different, like the purest water in the sun. Elisha Symes had not lived for seventy years without being able to judge people. He laid his hat methodically on the table, with a hand that trembled, and sat down opposite her. "Now, suppose you tell me about yourself," he suggested, trying to speak casually. When her soft voice faltered to silence presently, he leaned toward her. "Tell me, did you ever hear of a man named Dane?"

Athalie half rose. Her delicate face was twisted as with sudden pain. "Dane—he was an explorer? Yes, I knew him. He—he came to my father's inn one summer with a friend—a friend of his, to shoot ducks. He told me he was going to Africa, and I told him"—she touched her forehead with fingertips wearily—"I told him to be careful of the injury he would receive in his arm."

"The same man!" her visitor gave the effect of shouting, altho it was his look that clamored, rather than his tone. "I had luncheon at the club with him yesterday, and he wore his right arm in a sling from the effects of a lion's claws. He told me of you—said if anyone could help me, it would be little Athalie—"

The girl was swaying, hand at her throat. "Did he speak—of anyone else? Any friend? The—man who was with him that summer at Pineport?"

But Elisha Symes, unheeding, was intent upon his own affairs. After weary months of seeking, he had found; after days of doubting he believed! He went away from the dingy front parlor, after having his generous check gently refused. But he had exacted a promise that Athalie would let him find her better quarters, worthy of her great gift.

She was settled in these, a bit awed at the quiet luxury of the apartment which old Symes had leased for her before he set sail for Belgium. "I'm going to find my darlings, I know it!" he told her, "and I shall bring them to you as soon as I come back! Meanwhile, help others as you have helped me."

The news of the beautiful girl with the strange powers spread, and the charming grey-and-mahogany drawing-room on the Drive was filled with the curious, the anxious, the despairing. Sometimes it was a stout, elaborately upholstered woman with a Pekingese and a tale of missing jewels, sometimes a white-faced girl whose lips faltered out some sordid story of wrong and misery. Athalie made no pretenses with them all. "I don't know whether I can help you, but I will try," she told them, gently. "I can't always see ahead. Sometimes there is a veil between—"

One day, Dane, the explorer, came and bluffly renewed his acquaintanceship; his eyes, reddened by the suns and winds of strange, far places, watched her pale face with a sort of won-



der. "You're looking tired," he declared, as he was going; "too much seeing! You need a vacation. I'm having a house party at my lodge in the Adirondacks this week. I'll expect you."

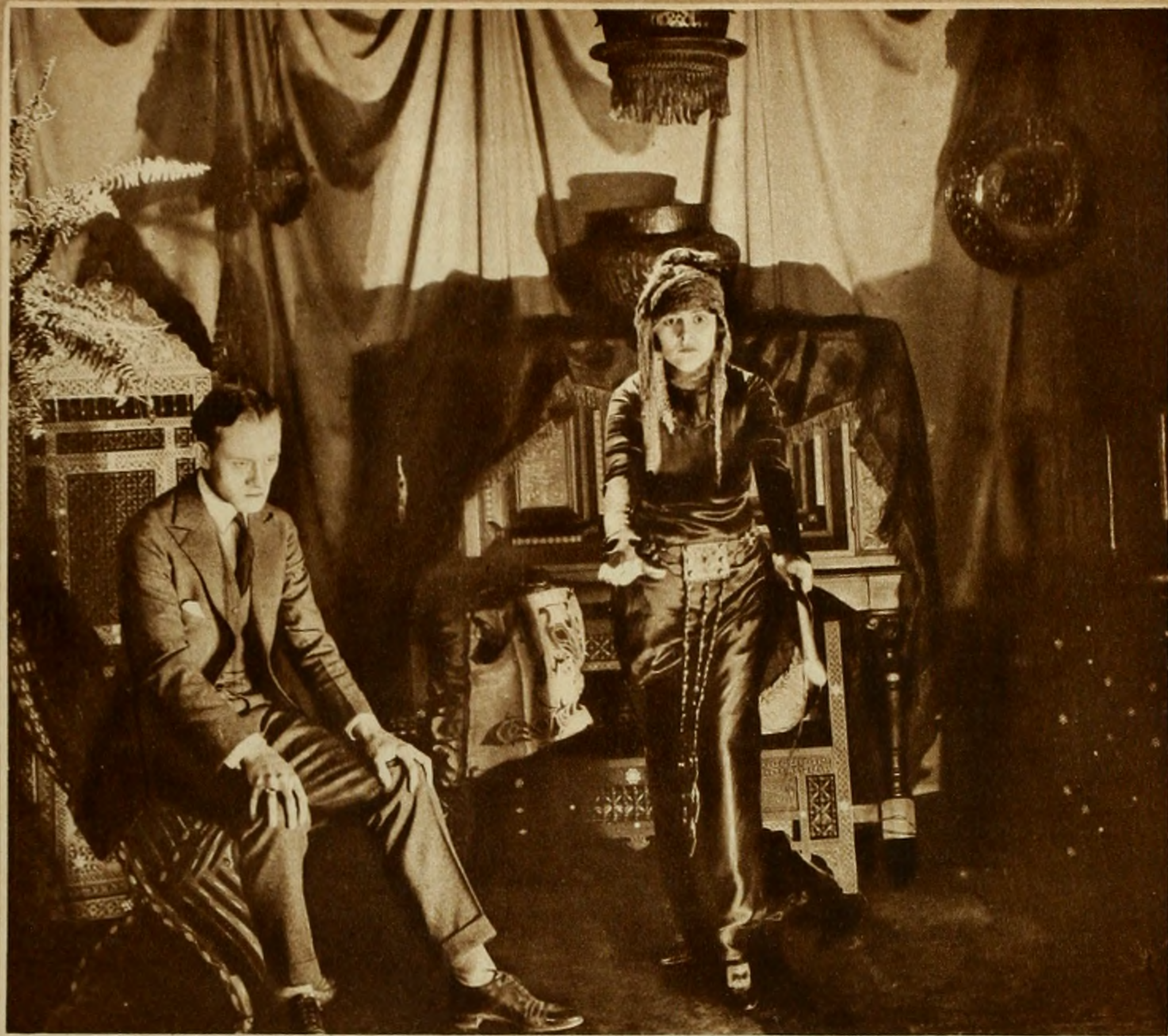
"Oh, no! I—I couldn't," she began breathlessly; "I'm not—one of you. I'm only Athalie."

But he brushed her objections aside, in the ruthless way of a man who is used to denying difficulties. "Nonsense! Do you good—besides, I'm having someone you used to know—young Clive Bailey! That's settled! Good-by till Saturday, Athalie."

It was the name that brought her, the name that she had shut away in her heart for four denied years, as a woman shuts away dried roses or other remembrances. There was a new beauty about her when she stepped into the hall of Dane's great lodge and looked about the group gathered before the blazing fire. So a woman looks when she comes to meet love with outstretched hands.

Many of the visitors stared, hostilely; some whispered, for

"He's seeing that fake fortune-telling woman almost every day," she told Arnold Wayne, viciously, just after they dined together at the Ritz, "and last night, what do you think? He actually came to me and asked me to release him!"



"So small . . ." the strange tone was saying yearningly, and Athalie held out her arms as a woman to a child, "so sweet! But it needs someone to love it! Babies must be loved or they die . . ."

remembering. "You went without a word—after that kiss—I saw you in Henry Laidlie's arms. What should I think?" "He was comforting me—my father had just died and we were like brother and sister."

While Dane's guests played bridge within the great room, Athalie and Clive walked the length of the piazza many times under a cold, winter moon that was like the corpse of the palpitant moon under which they had kist four years ago. "I married Winifred because I wanted to forget that I had lost you," he told her, lips set in a white line, "and as soon as I had done it the thought of you came and lived with us. Whatever we said or did, you were there; it was as tho I had put another

her reputation had preceded her, and she was already labeled a curiosity. But there was one who anticipated the host's advance of greeting. Tall, lithe, with a teasing look about him as of a faun startled at finding himself in evening clothes, Clive Bailey had leaped to her, her name blazing on his lips, "Athalie! You—after all these years!"

An instant the huddled group of mortals, holding sickly, sticky cocktail glasses in bejeweled fingers, had a blinding glimpse of what happens when the gods meet, the amazing simplicity of it, the blinding glory on their faces; then, being a woman, Athalie came back to earth first.

"Why, has it been so long as that? It's ungallant of you to remind me!" she smiled falsely up into his dulling face. "Captain Dane tells me you've been too busy shooting lions to care for anything as tame as ducks!"

The group blinked, and began to chatter as tho to cover up something. A striking young woman with a dark, sullen prettiness which the arts of the masseuse and hair-dresser had coaxed into beauty, came up and took Clive proprietarily by the arm. Her chin was held just a fraction too high, her voice was a bit too sugary as she addressed him, "Clive, dear, do present me! A wife has so much in common with a man's old sweethearts—"

The surge of the sea was in Athalie's ears as she heard his voice, inflectionless, at a great distance, "Mrs. Bailey—Mrs. Laidlie—"

They call men gallant who perish without crying out on the battlefield, but there is no medal for the woman who comes bravely thru the agony of a moment like this without wincing. Athalie laughed, quite gaily, quite naturally. "Oh, no, not Mrs. Anything," she corrected, "only Miss Greensleeve."

She caught the stricken look on Clive's face. Perhaps it gave her a strange comfort to feel her suffering was echoed in him.

It was bound to come, of course, the explanation, the futile

into your rightful place. Marriage cant make it right for people to live together always, and my marriage is wrong—wicked and wrong!"

"She—loves you?" Athalie asked, "that woman with the red hair and the red sparks in her eyes?"

"No! She never did," Clive groaned; "she wanted my name, and she will cling to it. We may as well face fact. She wont let me go, Athalie, and I cant stay. What are we going to do with the mess I've made of our lives?"

He was humble, like a sorry little boy, and she did not reproach him, tho she knew that he was right. It had been his blunder, his lack of faith that had made life for him regret, and, for her, remembrance. "We are going to do nothing," she told him quietly; "there is nothing we can do. I shall go on with my work. You will make Winifred as happy as you can, and we'll leave the rest to God."

"Your work!" he fumed. "I—yes, I *hate* your work. It takes you away where I cant follow. I'm so earthly, Athalie—men are creatures that live pretty close to the ground, and I cant substitute dreams and ideals for things I can touch. I—I want to touch you, Athalie—"

But he held his hands rigidly at his side, and only his glance kist her lifted face. Even in the days that followed, when he came to her grey-and-mahogany drawing-room again and again, because there was no strength in him to stay away, he never so much as laid a finger upon her hair, tho the want to do so shook his great frame piteously. After a bit she gave up begging him to stop coming. She lived such a strange, unworldly life among her crystals and visions that it did not even occur to her people could think unkindly of his coming. But Winifred read in their friendship the evil of her own suspicions, and, being an essentially practical young woman, determined to coin the situation to her own advantage.

"He's seeing that fake fortune-telling woman almost every day!" she told Arnold Wayne viciously, just after they had

dined together at the Ritz, "and last night, what do you think? He actually came to me and asked me to release him! He said we weren't making each other happy—happy! I told him I was satisfied with my end of the bargain, and was living up to it"—she cast a glance at the handsome, cynical face opposite, almost eager—"if—if you wanted it, tho, Tony."

Wayne lighted a cigaret before he answered. His eyes avoided hers. "Oh, come now, Winnie! I thought we'd argued that out long ago! Things are pretty comfortable as they are, what's the use of changing at this late day? It isn't as if—there were any reason, you know."

The light went out of the shallow eyes, like a blown candle, leaving them cold and dark and empty. "No, there's no reason—now," Winifred agreed, lifelessly beginning to draw on her gloves. Her face hardened. "You men make me sick! You think you can toss a woman aside whenever you're done with her, like an old shoe. But I'm not going to be tossed! And what's more, I'm going to drive that creature out of town!"

She was a vindictive woman, and she hated Clive because she was married to him and not to another. There was no one she could hurt except Athalie, and the pent rage of disappointed love and humiliation must find an outlet. So she went deliberately about the task of hurting Athalie. The newspapers were temporarily out of a sensation, the district attorney needed political backing, and the matter was really quite simple, after all. A test of Athalie's mediumistic pow-

ATHALIE

Fictionized from the scenario by Jack Cohen adapted from the novel by Robert W. Chambers. Directed by Sidney A. Franklin. Produced by Mayflower. The cast:

Athalie Greensleeve.....Sylvia Breamer
 Clive Bailey.....Conrad Nagle
 Arnold Wayne.....Robert Cain
 Captain Dane.....Sam DeGrasse
 Winifred Bailey.....Rosemary Theby
 Mr. Bailey, Sr.....Edward Martindel
 Elisha Symes.....Fred Warren

ers was demanded and arranged for, despite Clive's white anger.

"Let me take you out of this, dear!" he raged, while they waited for the others in the little drawing-room. "There's still time! What do we care for any one else in all the world? We'll go to Europe, to Italy, to Egypt, where we can't hear anything they say—come with me now, Athalie! Don't submit to this test! It will kill you—let me take you

out of this! Now!"

But she put him aside, gently. "I am not afraid, Clive. I've never pretended anything. I've only tried to help people when I could. Whatever happens, I know—I know it will be all right."

She faced the battery of cruel eyes with unassuming simplicity. "What do you want of me?" she asked them, tho she looked straight at Winifred's triumphant face. "How can I show you what you ask?"

"By telling us," Winifred answered vindictively, "something that has already happened, something that no one knows except the one whom it concerns. The future won't do for us. It can't be proved, and you will have to prove yourself, Madame Athalie!"

"Something—that is passed," the girl's tone was dreamy. Her gaze, still on the handsome, (Continued on page 94)

"If you love me, Clive, you can't lose me," she said. "I'll be near you all your days and nights. Because the love part of me won't die"



(Facing seven)

The Coming Collier

By
C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

IT was my first day in Hollywood—and, incidentally, my first day of sunshine. Months of slush and storm had passed since last I'd romped, a pagan of the summertime, abandonedly in exercise and perspiration. A boy passed by in comfortably soiled flannels and a ditto sweater. He was swinging a dreadnaught driver.

"Is there a tennis court near here?" I asked.

"Indeed, in back of the hotel—nice and sunny, too. If you want to play, I'll be there with a friend of mine, and you can join us."

A mused rush on the trunk followed, and a general scurry; and on the courts this chap offered that we double up. "Let's take the sunny side," he advised. "Sunburn will do you good."

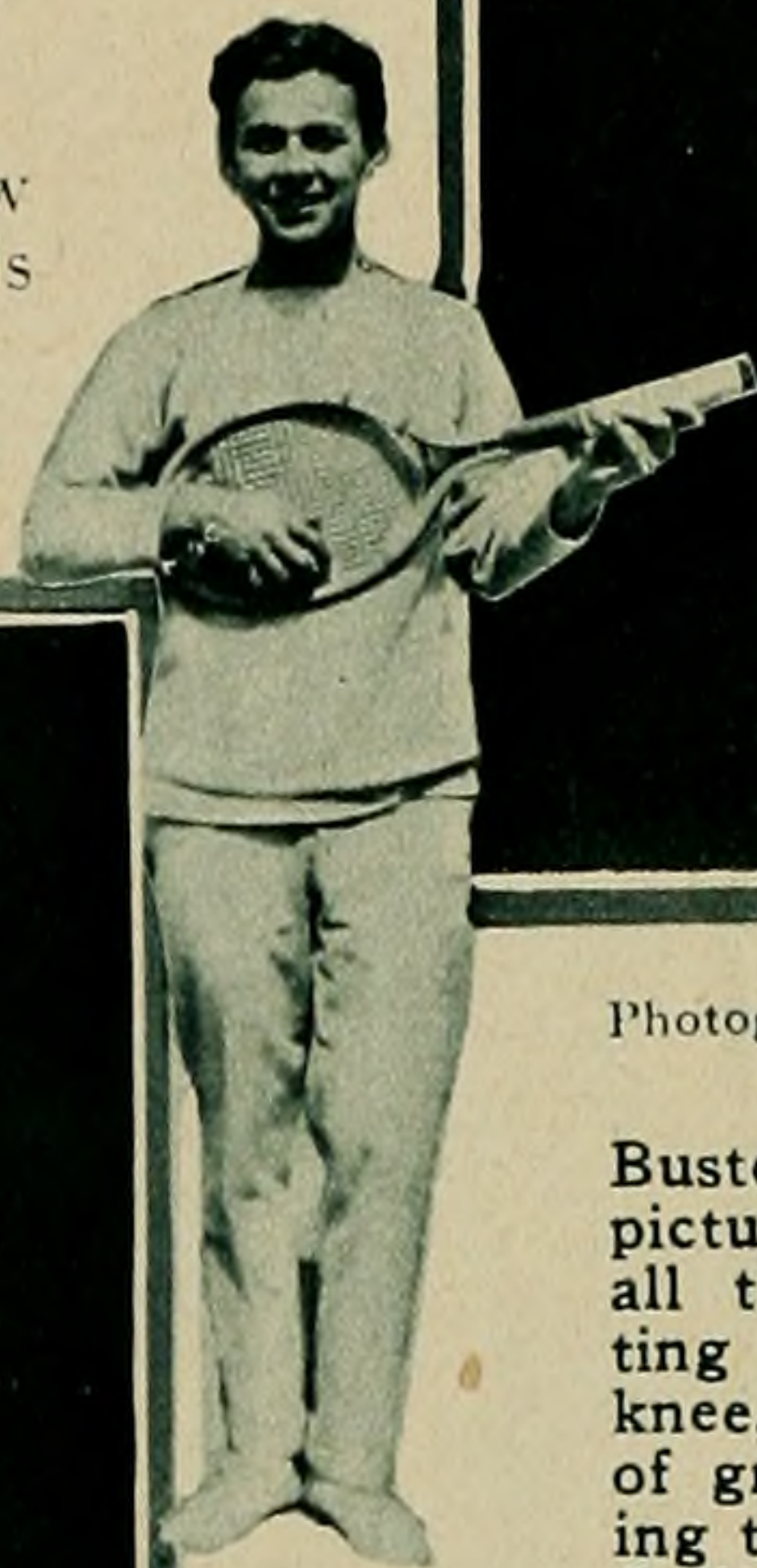
"But your nose?" It was extravagantly peeling.

"What's a little grease-paint, more or less?" he retorted and started the volley.

A few points, a few faults, a few games, the usual deuces and the usual darns, then, "Where do you come from, partner?"

"New York."

He dropped his racket. "Great Scott! Now we can form an Eastern club." He picked up his racket. "That's my country, too!"



Photographs by Lifshy Anderson, N. Y.

Buster Collier, whose pictures used to run in all the magazines sitting on his father's knee, is now a player of great promise. Being the son of William Collier, one of our best-known comedians, Buster naturally displays a deep tendency to the serious side of life, and expects some day to become a great producer

The young Mr. Carr opposing us, single-handed, was from Washington. For the moment, he didn't count at all.

"How's the new 'Midnight Frolic'?"

I told him and he served into the net twice.

"How's 'The Hottentot' going?"

I reported. He cut a gorgeous slam.

"Gee, it's great to meet someone who can talk your own language," and he suggested that we quit playing.

Under the shade of a sheltering palm he continued, "How's Ed Wynn? Who's ahead for the Equity president? Have you seen Dick Barthelmess? He's one of my best pals? How's Mary Hay? Where's . . ."

"Say, Collier, I think I better be going. So long, old man," and our Washington victor, (the score was something like 50-40), disappeared.

"Collier?" I stared at him.

"Yes."

"Buster Collier, whose pictures used to run in all the magazines sitting on his father's knee?"

"The same."

"William Collier, Jr.?"

"No other."

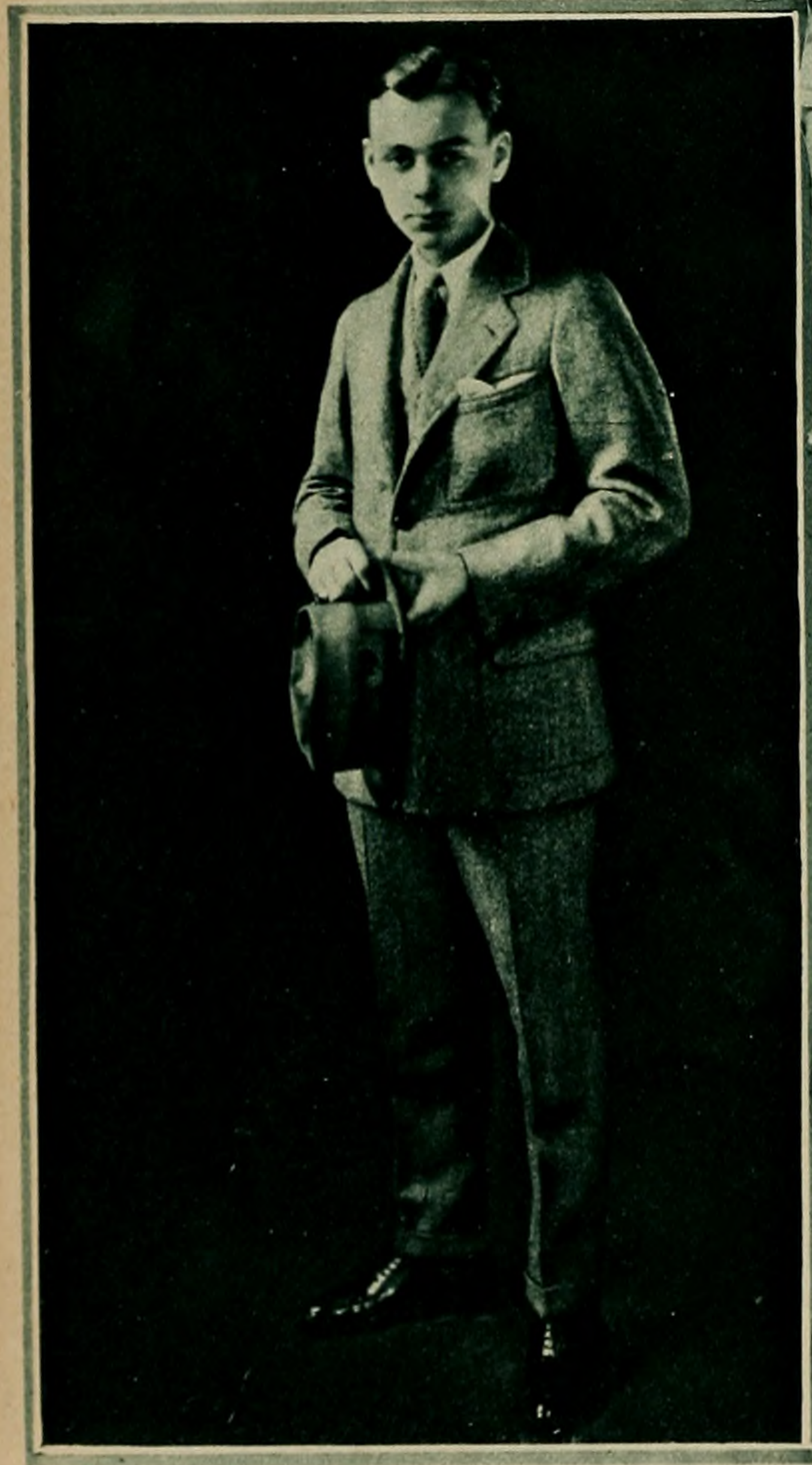
"Oh, Lord!" . . . (I had been playing such rotten tennis.)

By fanning his racket, he brought me to . . . He was impatient to hear more. "Tell me . . ."

But when my voice returned, I managed to summon enough strength to inquire, "Why your mention before of grease-paint? What are you doing here?"

"What everybody else does—movies. I am under contract with

(Continued on page 82)



THE CINEMA
CREDO
(With all due apologies to Messrs.
Menken and
Nathan)

That every movie star either has a divorce or is getting one.

That vampires always burn incense around their homes.

That villains are always kind to their wives.

That leading men lead notorious lives.

That cinema kisses are never real.

That directors tear up their scenarios before "shooting" their first scenes.

That scenario editors steal every good plot that appears.

That directors always use megaphones and camera-men always wear their caps reversed.

That doubles always do all the daring stunts while the star sits in his limousine.

That interviewers always have gay times with the stars—said gay times being omitted from said interviews.

That home pictures of the stars are faked and that anybody's home is borrowed for the eminent one to pose in front of.

That Mack Sennett bathing girls can't actually swim.

That scenario writers never on any occasion read the novel from which they make their script adaptations.

That feminine stars go to bed at nine o'clock because any dissipation shows the next day.

That tears are always produced by onions or glycerine.

That a screen star can't walk down the street without drawing a crowd.

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



Vera Stedman in Christie Comedies

OUR FAVORITE
MOMENTS OF THE
MONTH

A dull harem afternoon as depicted in "The Right to Love."

Mae Murray's *robe de nuit* in the same.

"What Do Women Love?" is the title of a new photoplay.

And the advertising offers the following suggestions: "Kisses? Clothes? Jewels? Cavemen? Home? Children? Romance? Adoration?"

Take your choice!

And the desert island cuties still come.

If the cinema has produced anything more appealing than those close-ups of Lila Lee in the final moments of "The Prince Chap," we want to know about them.

THINGS WE'RE TIRED OF—

Close-ups of bottles of home brew exploding.

Allan Holubar, the director, contributes the following advice to extras attending a movie reproduction of a

Ritz reception:

"Do not lift your dancing partner by her ears.

"Do not drag back your right leg in making a bow.

"Do not nudge your hostess in the ribs to attract her attention.

"Under no circumstances must men playing 'diplomats' engage in fist fights while the camera is clicking.

"Dowagers must not shoot craps with the property men; it interferes with their work.

"Dinner guests must not eat all the food until it is certain that a retake will not be necessary."

A FAREWELL

By JOHN HANLON

Harlequin and Columbine,
Hand in hand with yesterday,
Vanish o'er the sunset's rim,
Dancing all the way

Once love kindled at her laugh,
Maidens' eyes were soft for him.
Hearts were young then; now, alas,
Memories grow grey and dim

Harlequin and Columbine,
Uncrowned rulers of romance,
Fade like half-forgotten dreams,
Dying in their final dance.

But the world heeds not nor cares—
Days of dreams are done for ay—
And the player folk pass on,
Hand in hand with yesterday.

THE END OF SUMMER

By THELMA STILLSON

I never knew a dance could be
So sweet a thing before—
The viol's throbbing ecstasy,
The gleaming stretch of floor,
The little breeze whose melody
Crept thru the opened door—

Outside I knew were starlit skies
And summer's scented dusk;
But, gazing up, I found your eyes.
A fragrance sweet as musk
Upbore me into Paradise.
The world was but a husk.

I never knew what fragile things
Life's fairest treasures are;
How fleet the wave whose passion flings
Her beauty on the bar;
Our love, as frail as moon moth's wings,
Was dust upon a star.

That players really use the things they approve of in the magazine advertisements.

That stars never say the things credited to them in interviews.

That a star frequently changes the whole motion picture story around, if it doesn't suit her or somebody else gets a good chance.

That Griffith directs his pictures from notes written on his cuff and that he never uses a script.

Johnny Jones

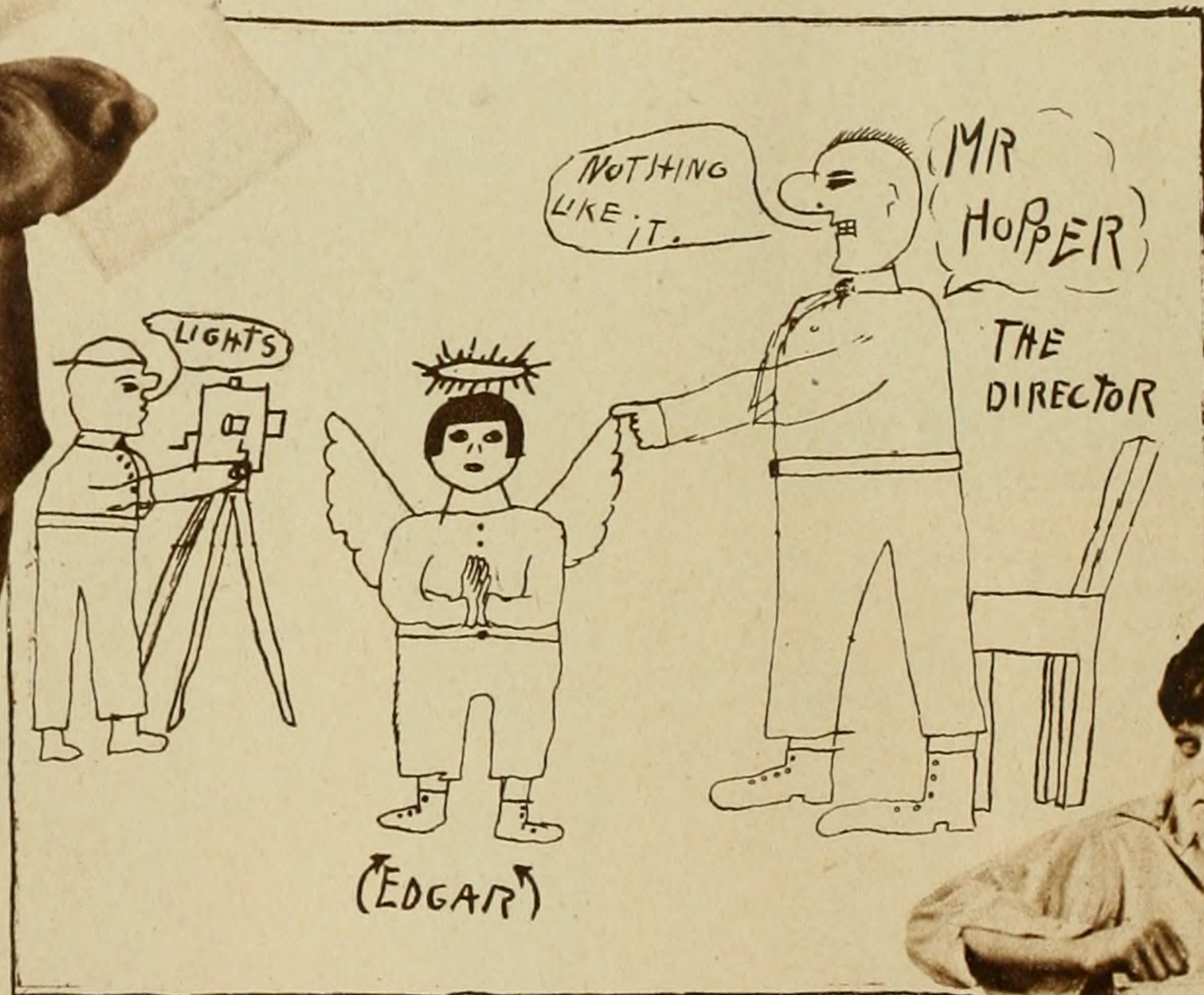
By FRITZI REMONT



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

When told to stand for a "still," he looked about eagerly for a stick to whittle into some pet toy, and whipped out a tremendous jack-knife, the sort one gets as a gift when purchasing "American Boy" clothes. Johnny would make a fine magazine advertisement for ready-to-wears. He photographs beautifully, with his bright, big grey eyes, which are as alert as those of a squirrel, and his brown hair stays in place when he slicks it down with lots of soapy water, he admits.

There's no neglect of Johnny's education, for the Los Angeles school-board has set aside a number of teachers who look after the three R's for the studio kiddies. Johnny dotes on Sallie Sykes, his schoolmarm at Goldwyn. Sounds like a



THAT isn't really his name, you know, but because it is easy to remember, is typically American, and pleases Booth Tarkington, who wrote "Edgar" especially to fit the Goldwyn boy-star, we shall so think of him. Besides, the powers that be wont divulge his real name,

and all that one knows of Johnny Jones' previous history is that he did a bit with Mary Pickford *once*, and appeared in some of the Franklin kiddie pictures. *Nobody* knew much about Johnny, but he presented himself among about four hundred other little boys for Booth Tarkington's critical inspection.

The author had in mind a well-behaved little boy, one who would be pepful and thoroly American, but obedient, able to act and quite original. Casting director and Mr. Tarkington sorted thru the entire aggregation and finally hit on Johnny Jones, whom they had seen in "The Walls of Jericho."

Johnny's family consists of a well-to-do business man father, a young mother and a tiny sister. He has been sensibly "raised" and still retires at eight-thirty without a murmur. His parents have taught him to be self-reliant without resorting to forward behavior, and Papa Jones is always saying:

"Now, Johnny, dont get a swelled head because you are an actor. Just remember that there are hundreds of other little boys who could do the part just as well as you, and the minute you think you are *it*, you are going to be fired and one of those other boys will fill your place. All you have to do is to be thankful for this opportunity and the interest Mr. Hopper takes in you."

I believe Johnny Jones would be plain and without conceit even without parental admonishments. He's just all boy.

Johnny Jones, the Goldwyn boy-star, has been selected by Booth Tarkington for his "Edgar" comedies because he, (Johnny) is one hundred per cent American boy. That is to say, he is a well-behaved, scientifically inclined youth who adores fishing, hose-battles, chasing innocently-protesting cats thru back alleys—and the lavish expenditure of all his spare change for ice-cream sodas, which his leading lady, Lucille Rickson, accepts most graciously

stage name, doesn't it? Just the same, Miss Sallie was born that way. There are not many in Johnny's regular class, but tho he's the oldest, he doesn't lord it over
(Continued on page 76)



Another Comedy Deserter



All photos by Evans, L. A.

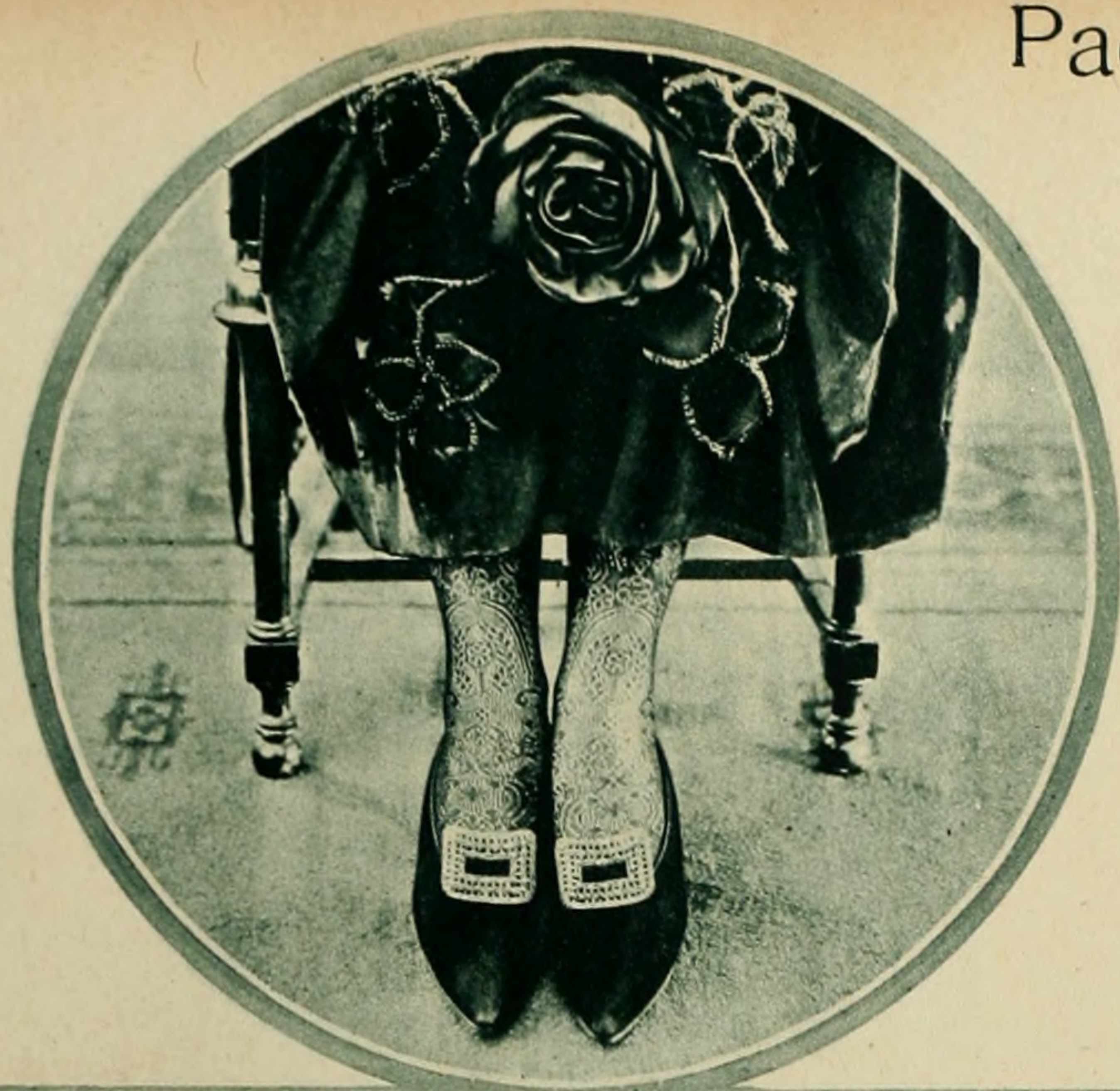
The Christie Studios follow an interesting and unusual custom in loaning their comedy players to various dramatic organizations. Following out this idea, Dorothy DeVore was recently "farmed out" to the Charlie Ray company. Now Miss DeVore is playing the leading rôle of Mary in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway"

Miss DeVore established herself in Christie comedies and, if she scores in Mr. Ray's visualization of the George M. Cohan drama, she will very likely follow in the footsteps of Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Alice Lake, Betty Compson, Mary Thurman and many other comedy charmers now dedicated to Art, (with a capital A)



Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By
HAZEL SHELLEY



STUDIOS spring up as quickly in Hollywood as do dandelions in our best kept lawns back East. Especially now that almost every star and star-director has his own studio, is one amazed at the increasing number and size of the shadow-stages.

Out on beautiful Santa Monica Boulevard is the Hollywood studio, very large and imposing and really charmingly encased in its light pink stucco exterior. Here Marshall Neilan is at work on his newest picture, and Dorothy Phillips and Allan Holubar started work on their first independent production, only to be interrupted by a severe cold which settled in Miss Phillips' throat and brought on a nasty attack of bronchitis.

Half a mile beyond is the Jesse D. Hampton studio, glistening in its white coat of stucco. Here the emotional Blanche Sweet is completing "That Girl Montana." H. B. Warner and William Desmond pictures are shot here also, but Warner was taking a fishing vacation with Mr. Hampton and William Desmond had been "loaned."

Still farther out is the new King Vidor studio, a quiet tan-and-brown structure furnished very tastefully. Mr. Vidor is anxiously awaiting just the *right* story before he begins another production. He has two

stories on hand, but neither quite suits him. Meanwhile, Florence Vidor is emoting at the Ince studio.

Top, Bessie Barriscale's foundation of success; center, Mildred Moore, Universal leading woman, whose life is one thrill after another, stops to powder her nose before taking the next leap; below, Eileen Percy, Fox star, enhances the beauty of the California beach

Down on Sunset Boulevard is the rambling, ramshackle, green, wooden Haworth studio, which used to be the famous old Griffith studio; it is now fairly

oozing Orientals of all sizes and ages who parade the streets during every momentary lull in the screen production of Otis Skinner's "Kismet," which Gasnier is producing there. And just opposite is the Charlie Ray studio.

Ray is a very serious worker, and for that reason objects to any visitors whatsoever. The other day I was made one of the fortunate exceptions, and when I slipped in on the banquet scene for "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." I was very interested in seeing the charming Ray bent over a piano, playing the same tune sturdily over and over again, while he waited for some lights to be adjusted. It seems that he had to play the piano in the picture, so he took lessons and wasn't satisfied until he could play the exact piece correctly. Persistency is one of Ray's chief characteristics.

When the lights were repaired, he acted a scene at the table with Eugenie Besserer, that excellent actress. He has a way all his own of going over and over his comedy business until he attains the exact result he wishes.

In direct contrast to the slow, careful, painstaking manner of Ray is the quick, hearty method of Donald MacDonald, who is supporting Charles Ray in his "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Donald MacDonald is a native of Brooklyn; in fact, used to live opposite our very own editor, Mr. Brewster,

(Continued on page 92)





Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening

Has this ever happened to you?

WHAT a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle—on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

Thousands of busy women the country over are learning to look after their nails with the same regularity that they do their teeth and hair.

Fifteen minutes' care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails looking always well groomed.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows—the more sore and unsightly it becomes.

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange-wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

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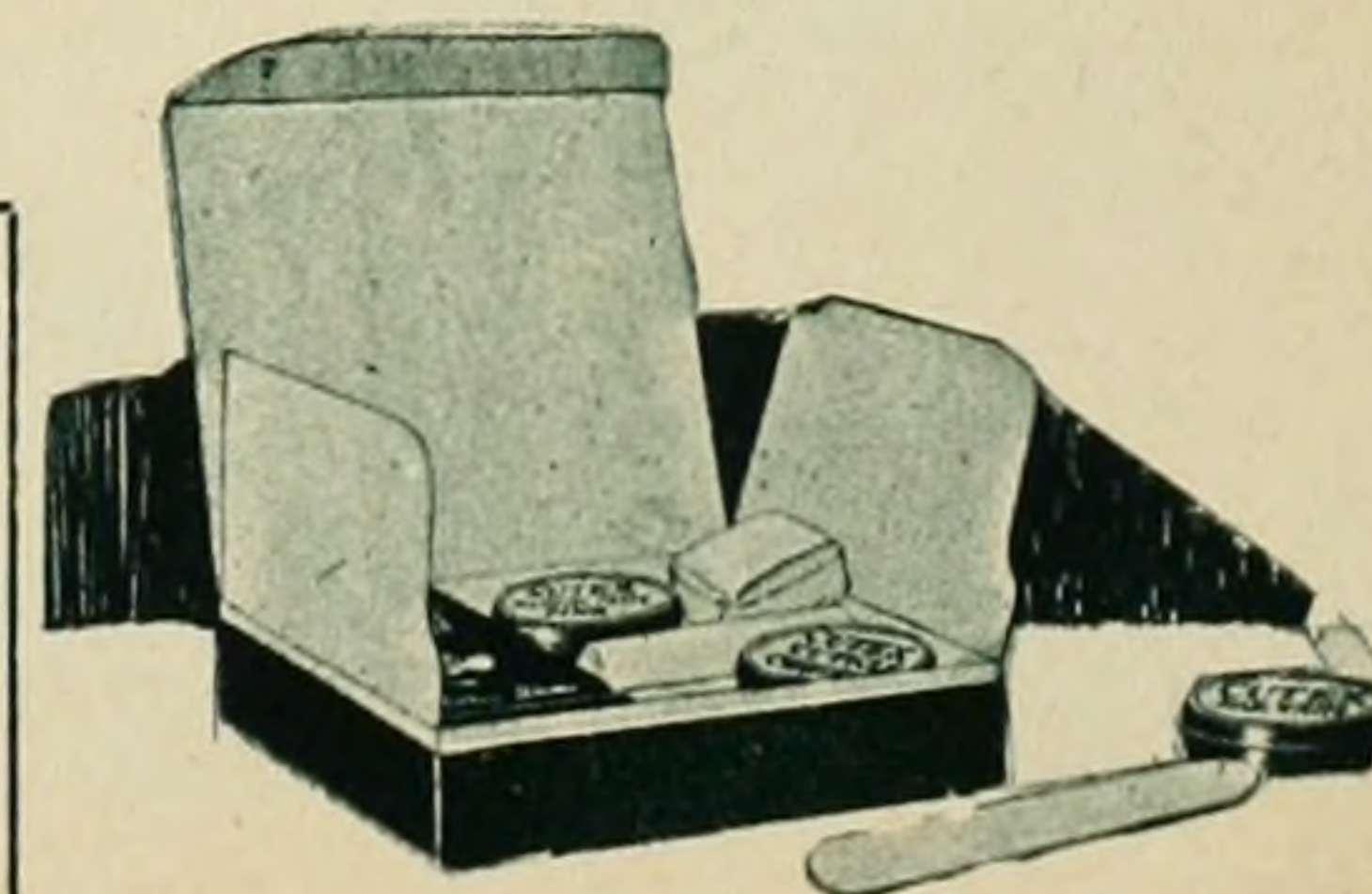
Today send two dimes with the coupon below and we will mail you a complete Introductory Manicure Set large enough to last a month. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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910

Where the Brook and River Meet

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

THE windows of Lila Lee's dressing-room at the Lasky studio in Hollywood open right into the pepper trees that line Vine Street. Here hundreds of mocking-birds build their nests while they spend their hours in joyful songs and carols.

"It is quite like 'Swiss Family Robinson,'" laughed Lila, "and we are all very chummy in our little world up among the trees. Hear those lovely notes!" and, breathlessly, we listened to the softly repeated tones with their pensive sweetness.

"No wonder they sing so beautifully," whispered Lila, "for they practice and practice—their patience seems infinite."



Photograph by Karl Struss



Photograph by Apeda

The dressing-room itself was a veritable garden, with its glowing pink walls and draperies, while the fragrance of roses from a huge bowl on the table furthered the illusion.

Then, there was Lila, looking like a lovely flower in a gorgeous pink negligée, its satin folds clinging to the slim, girlish form. Hattie, the efficient and popular colored hair-dresser of the studio, was diligently curling and twisting the long, dark hair into wonderful puffs and rolls, for Miss Lee explained she was scheduled to have some pictures taken and "had to be all dressed up."

"Of course, I like to dress up once in a while, but it's an awful nuisance," she cheerfully confided. "I always enjoy wearing gingham and calicoes in my pictures, they're so comfy."

"I loved Tweeny, my rôle in 'Male and Female,' the best of anything I have done," she went on.

Lila Lee was the big screen find of 1918, and for seven years before that was known to the admiring public as "Cuddles" of vaudeville fame. Her rôle as Tweeny in "Male and Female" will not be forgotten soon by film lovers

"That is the kind of character I like to play—something serious, but still comedy—do you know what I mean? You see, all the events meant everything in the world to me, yet they were funny to anyone else. Like Mary Pick-
(Continued on page 80)

Three common mistakes that mar the skin

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don't think of it again. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or

three times as long as ever before.

A SECOND mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind dries and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind sun and dust.

BECAUSE you have learned to depend upon Pond's Vanishing Cream for a powder base and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream. The very oil which makes cold



cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, cream oil base, in Pond's Cold Cream, makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known. Before going to bed, cleanse your face with Cold Cream. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Do this regularly and your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

Pond's Cold Cream has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin, giving a wonderful massage.

Get a jar or tube of each of these two creams today at any drug store or department store. Every normal skin needs both.



One with an oil base and one without any oil

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Sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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At the left is Dorian Romero in a character study as he appears in "Love's Redemption," while Blanche McGarity, who has the leading rôle, is to be seen at the right



"Love's Redemption" in the Making



Edwin Markham, the poet, appears prominently in "Love's Redemption." Mr. Markham in a scene from the photodrama



A group of Fame and Fortune contestants watching the filming of a scene from "Love's Redemption"



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Eastern Studio Gossip

Above, George Fitzmaurice directing Mae Murray and David Powell in a scene from "Idols of Clay," the much-expected Famous Players production. The scene is being filmed on the Florida coast. Center, Mme. Olga Petrova at her Great Neck, Long Island, home. Below, Creighton Hale as the Butterfly Professor, hiding from a prospective catch in "Way Down East"

Now that Mae Murray has finished her last George Fitzmaurice production, "Idols of Clay," and sailed for Europe, considerable interest centers in the next photoplay to be made by this master of light and shade. Its title has not yet been announced, but it is known that Dorothy Dickson, the dancer, has a leading rôle. Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, is again assisting Fitzmaurice on this production, which is being "shot" at the Fifty-seventh Street Famous Players studio in New York City.

Lillian Gish has started work upon her first Frohman Amusement Corporation production, and her initial screen effort away from the Griffith hand. Her first vehicle is an original story by Anthony Paul Kelly, altho, for a time, she contemplated doing a romantic costume comedy. Miss Gish is working at the Biograph Bronx studio.

Out at the Griffith Mamaroneck studio Bobbie Harron is busily at work on the Vance romance, "The Brass Bowl," with Elmer Clifton directing. This is his second Metro star production, and Gladys Hulette is returning to the screen as his leading woman. Chet Withey, who directed his first Metro vehicle, is leaving the Griffith staff. Mr. Griffith himself has been finishing "The Love Flower," with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess in the leads. All interest here has centered in the Griffith repertoire season at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, where "Way Down East" had its première.

(Continued on page 82)

(Sixty-eight)



TRUMPET
ISLAND

TRUMPET
ISLAND

ALBERT E. SMITH
presents

"TRUMPET ISLAND"

This picture, the biggest in the history of Vitagraph, is a magnificent and thrilling story of love and adventure, fashioned into form for the screen from one of those delightful and inimitable stories of Gouverneur Morris. The picturization was made by Lillian and George Randolph Chester and the master hand of Tom Terriss directed its making on a stage that had as its boundaries the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

Coupled with this effort to give it the very last touch of realism is an all-star cast, months spent in the making of it and an expenditure of more than a quarter of a million dollars. It is probably richer in spectacular value than any story ever transferred to the moving film.

"Trumpet Island" tells the story of Richard Bedell, Eve le Merincourt and Valinsky, the human derelict. Bedell goes through a period of hardship and deprivation in which he can find neither work nor the hand of good fellowship. He becomes bitter and discouraged. Eve is taken from the quiet seclusion of a finishing school to wed a man she loathes. Valinsky, with a perfected invention for airplanes and starvation staring him in the face, cannot find anyone who will consider him seriously.

Thus these three travel the roads that Destiny has put them on—Bedell, the Stony Path seeking Success and Fame; Eve, the Road of Roses with its thorns and Valinsky, the Road of Mud and Muck. After many windings and twistings these three roads converge,

bringing happiness and content to Eve and Bedell, while Death looms for Valinsky at the end of his journey.

Bedell's metropolitan orgies—his dissipations resulting from a too-bountiful Luck and a hopeless Love—his trip to Trumpet Island to become a *man* once more—Eve's fateful marriage—the airplane honeymoon—the storm—the wreck—the meeting which results in the strangest, the most alluring love story ever told—from this point on, sensational levels are touched in the unfolding of the story of Trumpet Island.

A VITAGRAPH
SUPER-FEATURE



TRUMPET ISLAND

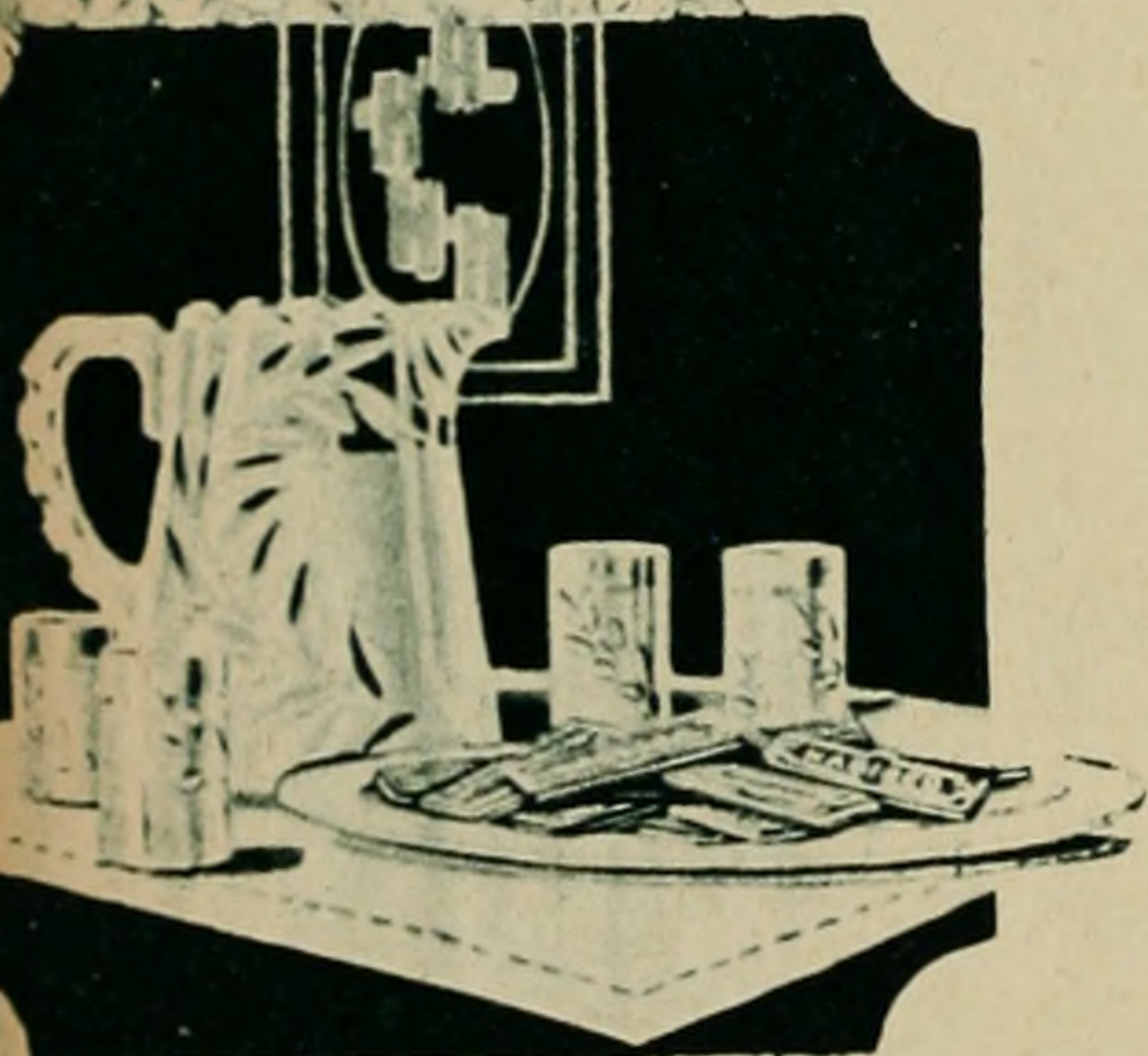
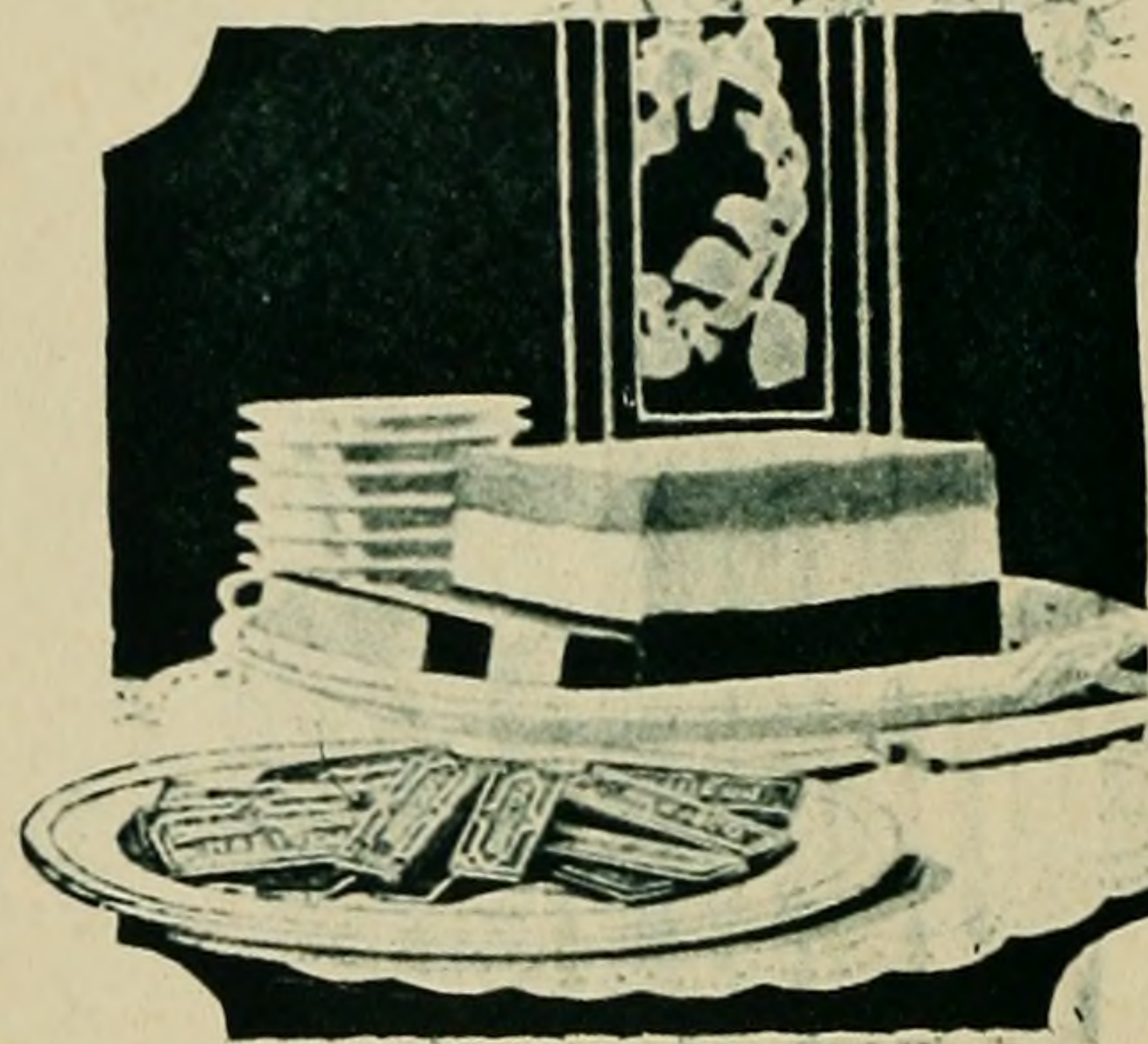
(Sixty-nine)

TRUMPET ISLAND



One lump, or two lumps?
With or without cream?
Whatever the fancy, a cup
of tea is always better
for being served with
NABISCO.

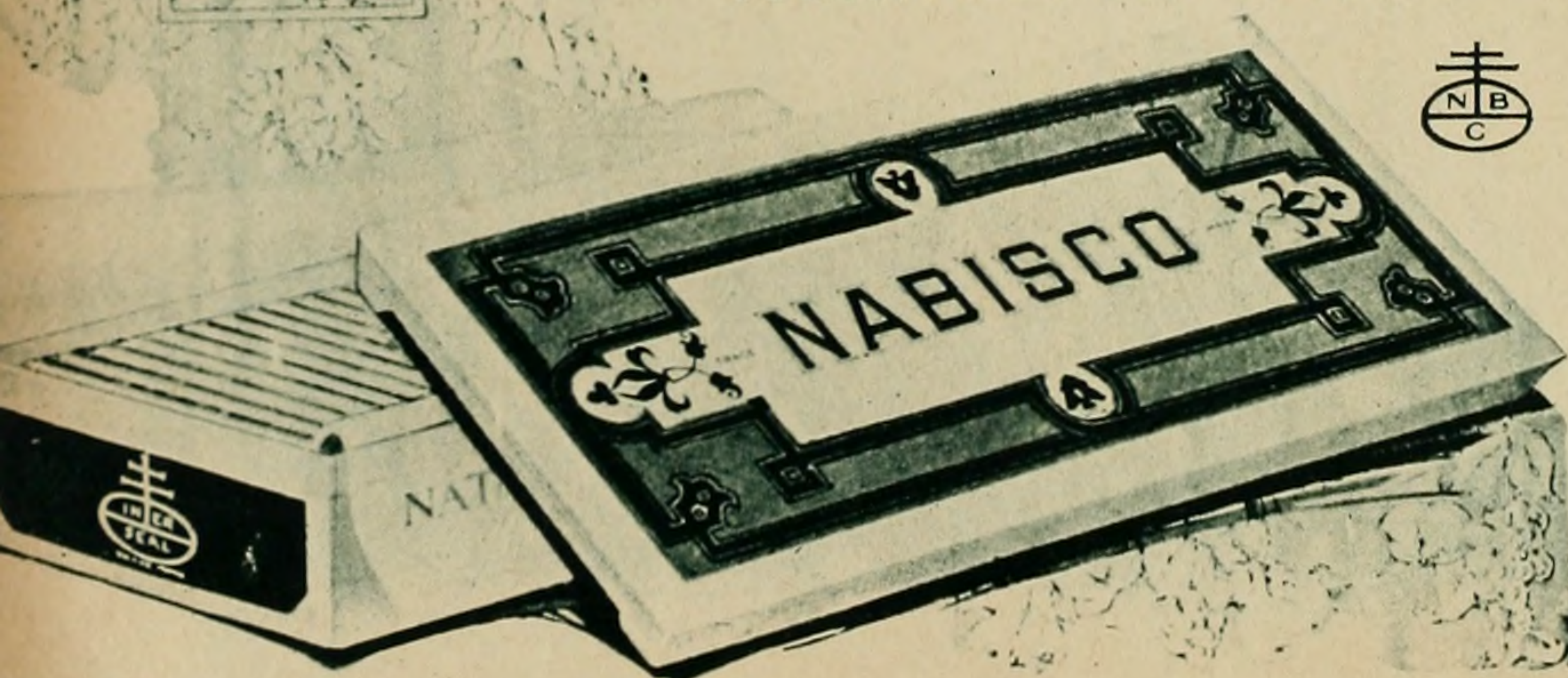
And ice cream tastes bet-
ter, too, with NABISCO.
The cool, creamy inner
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with the cream itself.



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whoever would think of
offering them without
NABISCO, sugar wafers in-
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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Letter of a Leading Man to His Interviewer

(Continued from page 37)

forth again, saying: "I should like to take advantage of this opportunity to state my opinion as regards photographs. In the course of one's labors, one often receives many requests from the most indulgent public for a photograph of one's self. Of course, one would like to comply with these kind requests, but what to do in *my* case, I don't know. I *loathe* photographs. I haven't had mine taken in years, except in my work. That I don't mind, for then one isn't one's self, properly speaking, but to a large extent one has assumed the personality of the rôle he happens to be playing. . . . Or photographs that have an artistic substance, irrespective of being reproductions of one's features . . . these may be worth while, but one meets very few of them. The tragedy of the photograph is that only the features are reproduced, and the real person is entirely omitted. I have no photographs of my friends. I have better pictures of them merely by closing my eyes a moment and seeing them as I know them. If I am like *my* photographs, I dislike being reminded of the fact."

He concludes, (I mean *almost* concludes—there are two postscripts), by remarking, with rather masculine plainness, that he is sure he hasn't said anything interesting or clever, as one should in "this sort of thing," but that "perhaps it is your kind office to make living substance of even the driest old bones."

I don't know about the kind office, but then, neither do I know about the old bones . . . Mr. Meredith is a very stalwart, very robust, rather Herculean young man, and there is nothing of the shrinking violet about him, save the essential qualification of modesty, which he does seem to possess, quite largely.

The aforementioned postscripts are as follows: "I have just received word which makes it look as tho I am going to have a sort of company of my own. It is really thrilling."

The second observes, naïvely, "I think it looks terrible to say an actor loves music and literature and is kind to his mother, etc., even tho this is probably the case. The discerning know these things without being told; the others wouldn't understand anyhow—and there you are."

A third postscript is mine own. I accept the responsibility, tho I don't know why I should. When I talked, or endeavored to, with Mr. Meredith, he was a bridegroom of, I think, five weeks' standing, and one of the nicest things about him was that he admitted it with a blush and the *very* proudest smile, saying, hopefully, "Don't I *look* it?"

EUREKA

For three days he had been poring over a big book, oblivious to the world about him. Suddenly he gave a piercing cry of triumph. The movie press agent had discovered an adjective never before used by his rivals.

(Seventy)

How Young Is Anne?

(Continued from page 23)

surprised her sisters in the chorus by announcing her intention of "breaking into" pictures. She went to the World studios in the East and was cast in a very small part with Alice Brady. After that she went back to her show, danced some more, and got a call to be in another picture with Miss Brady. Almost everything Anne has ever done on the screen has been with her—until she played the ingenue rôle in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore.

That rôle, of course, established her. The Universal people saw her work and decided to "import" her to their West Coast studios. And there she was, working in one of those downtrodden-factory-girl parts in a story called "The Girl in the Rain" when I saw her.

One of her outstanding characteristics is her unpretentiousness, a somewhat unusual trait to find among the film-famous.

Her frank admission of her deficiencies is one of the most truly delightful things about her. She admitted that she bought a small car because she couldn't afford a more commodious one; that her "flat," as she styles her apartment, isn't done up in the most expensive luxury; that she hasn't a maid at the studio because she's not yet one of the screen's larger luminaries; that she's always more or less gripped with heart failure when she goes into the projection room to view the day's "rushes" or film footage. She's very much in apprehension lest she will do a "flop," as she terms a failure, and yet the one thought that buoys up her hopes, she remarks, is that she can't absolutely "flop" until her contract expires—at least, she'll draw her salary until then.

She isn't very much interested in matrimony, altho every time she gets a "fan" letter from a man it gives her a thrill. Yet, when she is around men, she says that they always treat her so like a child that it makes her furious!

It's Anne this, and Anne that; Anne, have you your rubbers, and Anne, aren't you afraid that you'll catch cold?

All of which makes her think that if you're small, you must be a baby.

And all of which prompted me to ask the question, "How old is Anne?"

That Anne refuses to divulge. Her eyes sparkle, she laughs her infectious little chortle and shakes her head.

"Old enough to know better!" she sassed back. "And old enough not to tell my age."

But at that, with her natural chirpiness, her bird-like physical qualities—and the fact that she won't eat certain things, among them rye bread, which children don't like—makes me venture a guess.

Anne is nineteen. I thought she was, but when I asked her, she shook her head and mumbled an ominous "No-o-o! Lots older." But I asked Joe Martin, the monkey, and he shook his head "yes" and grinned his broadest. And Joe Martin is the wisest bird on the Universal lot.

He can even tell you what kind of perfume Priscilla Dean uses!

(Seventy-one)



"Keep Your Eye on Jim!"

"It's not alone what a man does *during* working hours, but *outside* of working hours—that determines his future. There are plenty of men who do a good job while they're at it, but who work with one eye on the clock and one ear cocked for the whistle. They long for that loaf at noon and for that evening hour in the bowling alley. They are good workers and they'll always be just that—ten years from now they are likely to be right where they are today.

"But when you see a man putting in his noon hour learning more about his work, you see a man who won't stay down. His job today is just a stepping-stone to something better. He'll never be satisfied until he hits the top. And he'll get there, because he's the kind we want in this firm's responsible positions.

"Every important man in this plant won out in the same way. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The factory superintendent was at a lath a few years ago. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room. The traffic manager was a clerk.

"All these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them ten times as much money as when they came with us.

"That's why I say that Jim there is one of our future executives. Keep your eye on him. Give him every chance—he'll make good!"

Employers everywhere are looking for men who really want to get ahead. If you want to make more money, show your employer that you're trying to be worth more money. If you want more responsibility, show him you're willing to prepare yourself for it.

For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men and women right in their own homes after supper, or whenever they had a little time to spare. More than two million have stepped up in just this way. More than 110,000 are studying now. Ten thousand are starting every month. Can you afford to let another priceless hour pass without making your start toward something better?

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A Grown-Up Ingenue

(Continued from page 38)

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days, she had told me over the telephone, and there were still a number of scenes to shoot for "The Mollycoddle," which she was making with Douglas Fairbanks.

The picture had been dragging on for an unconscionably long time, until the entire company were probably sick to death of it. Doug had broken a finger and so had been unable to work for several weeks. Then had come his marriage to Mary Pickford and the Nevada suit to declare the marriage illegal by annulling her divorce from Owen Moore. The entire profession was almost as indignant over this as were the principals. Thousands of people have gone to Nevada every year for no other reason than to get divorces and nothing said. But just because they are famous, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks may not be allowed their happiness. This was the general tenor of the conversation wherever the subject was discussed, and it was being discussed everywhere. Undoubtedly, this notoriety played its part in delaying the Fairbanks production.

No, I wasn't in the least surprised that Betty Bouton should be late and I decided to wait for her as long as possible.

It was five minutes of four. For perhaps the ninth time, I glanced at the girl sitting next to me, a pretty girl with large, dark-brown eyes, set rather far apart, and chestnut-brown hair. She, too, was obviously waiting for some one who was very late. It occurred to me that a conversation with her might relieve the tedium.

"Pardon me," I said. "Are you, by any chance, Miss Bouton?" It was on the tip of my tongue to add, "I'm sorry, a chance resemblance," when she answered, "Yes, I am," and we shook hands, laughing. It seems that she had been there since ten minutes of three and had had me paged four times! Ah, well, the carpenters had been making so much noise . . .!

In the tea-room, we selected a little table against the wall, where we could talk undisturbed, and while the waiter was getting our tea and toast, "cut thin"—("That is a little trick I have learnt here," she said. "If you order it cut thin, they have to make it fresh; otherwise you are as likely as not to get toast left over from breakfast")—I had a chance to really look at her for the first time.

She wore a dark-blue suit and her blouse was of a lighter shade of blue linen simply trimmed with pleating and rows of hemstitching. She wore a conservative little hat and veil.

The daughter of a successful inventor, Betty Bouton was born in Philadelphia and educated at the University of Pennsylvania. She and her sister both took, and, for that matter, still take, a keen and active interest in the woman's rights movement.

"I'm not much of a moving picture fan," she said, frankly, when we were discussing recent pictures.

She doesn't know how long she'll stick to the acting phase of the industry.

"I'd like to go into a scenario department and write continuity," she said, seriously.

"Because you are tired of acting?" I asked.

"Not exactly! But I've been doing it for a year and a half, and I've never stayed so long with anything else in my life.

"I was in Morosco's play-reading department for a while. I've also been a probation officer, a social investigator for a psychological clinic and a secret service agent, the latter during the war.

"My first job was as an investigator for a charity organization in Jacksonville, Florida, at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. It was a very large salary for a woman; every one in the office told me so. There was one man especially who didn't see how I could possibly be worth so much!

"And how we had to work! We even had dictaphones installed so that we could work on Sundays. It was just case after case of illness and poverty, until I could almost have believed that there was nothing but misery in the world.

"I began my stage work by going to Sargent's dramatic school in New York, and my first part was with Nat Goodwin in 'The Merchant of Venice' as Jessica." She smiled at the recollection. "I just romped thru that part, without any knowledge of its traditions, just enjoying every moment of it! I shall probably never enjoy a part that much again."

Followed "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" and a season of stock at the Shubert Theater in Newark, N. J. Her most recent stage appearance was with Bertha Kalich in "The Riddle—Woman."

On the screen, she appeared in "Three Men and a Girl" with Marguerite Clark; "Daddy Long Legs" and "Heart of the Hills" with Mary Pickford; "Man's Fight" and "The Man Worth While" with William Farnum; "The Final Close-Up" with Shirley Mason; "Dont Ever Marry" for Marshall Neilan and "The Mollycoddle" with Douglas Fairbanks.

It was during the making of "Dont Ever Marry" that she married Arthur Jackson, whom she met in the Alexandria tea-room thru Rose Mullaney, a Los Angeles casting director.

"I've been married for three months," she said, "and I've scarcely seen my husband for as many days! He had to go to New York to write his new show, 'Scandal,' and I had to stay here and finish my work with Mr. Fairbanks. But I'm going to join him at last. I haven't any professional plans at all—just a great many ideas about marriage that I intend to put into effect at once."

Doubtless, that was just a mood of the moment. I can hardly imagine her dropping the thread of her professional life; she appears much too ambitious for anything like that.



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 If I am not satisfied with the coat, I can return it and get my payment back.
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Youthful Stars
of America's Stage—and
Their Dressing Tables



HERE'S another new star in the firmament—Miss Grace Christie, whose Silver Bubble dance is such a charming feature of the John Murray Anderson re-visual comedy "What's In a Name."

May we send you "A Week-End Package" including all these Toilet Requisites or, if you prefer, separate packages for your trial. See offer below.

We never suspected embroidery and knitting contributed anything to Miss Christie's success in her unique dance until, in a moment of confidence, she said, "My Silver Bubble, they tell me, moves with the gossamer lightness of thistle down. It never would if my hands were not velvety smooth—a condition I credit largely to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Curiously enough, I first used this cream to keep my hands from "catching" when doing embroidery and knitting. Oh, yes! I do a lot of both."

GUARANTEED LOVELINESS—Whenever you see a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on a dainty dressing table, you may depend upon the owner being a woman of loveliness,—the possessor of those attributes so admired and desired by everyone,—a complexion of soft, glowing clearness, and hands slender, white and fragrant. Delightful coolness is the first sensation when applying Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Then follows a wonderful healing and softening process—a remarkable refining of the skin's texture and restoring of the surface to its natural clearness.

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Honey and Almond
Cream

A. S. HINDS

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Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U.S.A. from laboratory

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FACE POWDER

Those to the manor born sense the quality appeal of Lablache—the powder supreme. Like old friends, it wears best and is closely clinging. A dainty toilet requisite for dainty women who really care for their complexion.

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

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The Convictions of Conrad

(Continued from page 47)

Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1896. His father is a composer of note and also dean of the Highland Park College of Des Moines, from which Nagel received his bachelor's degree when he was seventeen years old. His mother, too, is a musician—a singer. Conrad Nagel drifted naturally to the stage. While in college, he was constantly producing plays and acting in them himself.

In athletics, he won several medals for sprinting. An interesting coincidence is that his first part on the professional stage was that of a sprinter. He was supposed to have fallen and had to come running on with a bad "cut" painted on his leg. Exactly the same sort of accident had happened to him in real life and the cut was painted over an actual scar. His first professional engagement was with a stock company in Des Moines, of which Fay Bainter was also a member. Followed "The Natural Law," "Experience," "The Man Who Came Back" and "Forever After." While he was appearing on the stage in New York he was also making pictures—a strenuous existence for any one who wants to try it, working all day and half the night into the bargain. Pictures he has made are "Little Women"; "The Lion and the Mouse," with Alice Joyce, "Redhead," with Alice Brady; "The Fighting Chance," a Robert W. Chambers story, for Famous Players-Lasky, and "Athalie," another Chambers story, for Mayflower.

Mrs. Nagel has made one appearance on the screen, because the director wanted just her type, but she does not expect to enter the profession.

This, That and the Other Thing

(Continued from page 26)

Incidentally, and this may carry more weight than even I am aware of, he admitted it.

"But the specific thing?"

"Oh—that. I'm looking for a play. In the market for a play. A speaking play, something with a character rôle—just so long as—" He waved expressive hands, indicative of the banishment of the aforementioned idol. "A play that will amuse, first of all," he went on, seriously, "for, after all, that is what the theater is for; that is what life is for. A great play, to my mind, is a play that thrills, that makes the man or the woman watching it forget, even if for the moment, the burden that is pressing upon him or upon her—that makes that man or that woman feel a sort of flaming, sorrowful but wonderful contact and sympathy with the whole world of tears and laughter—and the great artist is the artist who makes that play alive; the purpose of it an animate, vital one. Forgetfulness with inspiration is the work the theater has to do and can do better than any other institution known to man, and to carry on that work is the gift given to every artist, to every man and woman in the drama."

We talked of a great many other things. Marriage, for instance. Mr. Lytell believes in the infinite possibilities of marriage. He thinks the very young marriage is the serious deterrent to successful consummations. The getting-on-in-life folk not knowing their own minds, how can the hardly more than adolescent be expected to? They can't be. And there you have it; have most of the tragedy, most of the divorce, most of the unhappiness. Not marriage, but the age of marriage, is the point.

The rest of it must go under the titular heading. It leaves a great deal to the individual imagination, which is what every good writing should do, to be good, and which is what every man should do, to be interesting, and which is precisely what Mr. Lytell did, to be quite honest. And there you have it! Exert your imaginations and let them run riot! You won't go wrong and you probably won't go right, but as you won't know the difference in any case, it won't make any difference, and Mr. Lytell will still be the subject of your intensive wondering!

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath

(Continued from page 42)

county, to your state, to your country and to your God, sir. We arrest you in the name of a violated law which means order. *Order! Sir!*"

There was a sob from the onlookers. The sob was from one lone onlooker. Said onlooker was said wife. She crept from her sheltering corner. She wound loving, even passionate arms about the disreputable Reggie. She faced, disheveled, defiant, the officers of the law, the "Town Tattler," the Freddie Leslies, one or two others.

"He may," she said, with fine dramatic intonation, "be a disgrace to his county, his state, his country and his God. He is *not* a disgrace to his wife. His wife who I-loves him. His little wife who for—who forgives him all. All. *All!*"

"Oh, d-a-r-l-i-n-g!" sobbed back Reggie and fell upon her neck.

The "Town Tattler" fell upon her trusty Waterman and wrote the witching hours away . . . and they all lived happily ever after.

BAFFLED

By WRIGHT FIELD

I kneel here in this quiet place
And gaze upon your calm, dead face,
Not knowing if this thing be grief,
Or what I feel be vast relief.
I only know the tears I shed
Are for myself, not for the dead;
I only know, that, all my life,
Since, for some whim, you made me wife,
Your mind and heart were locked from me,
And tho I sought and sought the key,
I never found it, never knew
The secret, inner road to You!
Death levels all, they say, yet see,
Death has not brought you low for me,
I dare not say of you, "My own . . ."
The same proud look is carved in stone
Upon your lips. You hold me still
Aloof and waiting, at your will.
And secret still you hold from me,
Half smiling thus, inscrutably . . .
The path outside was dark and drear,
The inner road was sweet and near . . .
Yet, still denied the key by Fate,
Baffled, I kneel outside the gate!



See These Results

Learn what clean teeth mean

All statements approved by high dental authorities

See the results of the new way of teeth cleaning. They are quick and decisive. You will know at once that they mean a lifetime of cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people employ it. And the glistening teeth seen everywhere show what it means. See what it means to you.

A film combatant

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film—to that viscous coat you feel. Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So the film remains—much of it—and may do a ceaseless damage. Nearly all people suffer from it, more or less.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of

tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

New methods now

Dental science, after years of searching, has found new ways to fight film. All have been proved by many clinical tests. They are so efficient that leading dentists everywhere advise them.

These methods are combined now in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. This is the tooth paste we urge you to try.

Watch the new effects

The use of Pepsodent at once reveals many new effects.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize mouth acids.

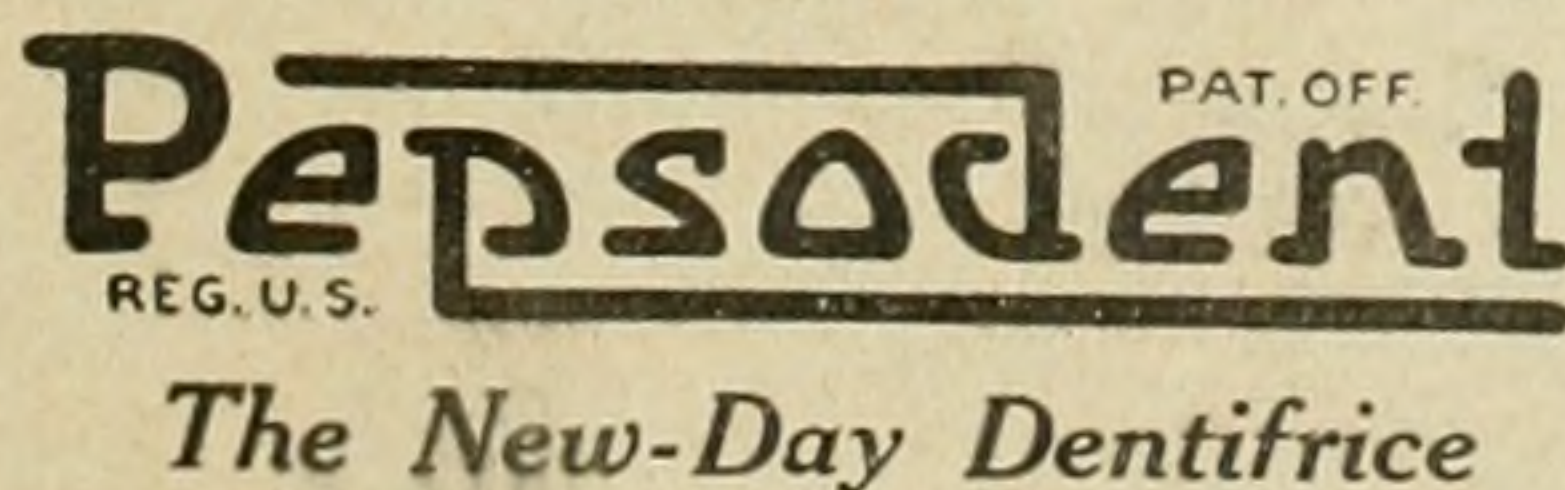
Two factors directly attack the films. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Pepsodent is the new-day tooth

paste, complying with all modern requirements. It does what never before was done. You should learn its benefits at once.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Watch the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Every one in your family needs Pepsodent daily, and a week will prove this to you. Cut out the coupon now.



A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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10-Day Tube Free

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

Johnny Jones—(Continued from page 60)

Buddy Messinger, of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Babes in the Wood" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" fame. You all remember little fat Buddy, and how funny he looked trying to chase villains in those entrancing fairy-tales?

The one distracting circumstance is that Lucille Ricksen, who plays leads with Johnny Jones, is the object of adoration of both Johnny and Buddy. Of course, the star has a better chance, partly because he's older, and again because his pocket-money is about double that of Buddy's—and you know the deadlier of the species, no matter how tiny, do love a spender!

Johnny has a mechanical turn of mind. Acting is just a means to an end, he thinks. He is going to be a civil engineer when he grows up—at present twelve birthday candles are all that he can "blow out"—but he spends his spare time enjoying the mechanical toys which his father gives him in great profusion. He has all sorts of building arrangements and tools and reads scientific magazines with zest.

Johnny loves to draw, and one of the funny things I viewed was a cartoon they had discovered that morning, in which Johnny, as Edgar, is portrayed as a pugilistic-looking infant with wings and a halo that resembles a centipede more than anything else, taking orders from Mr. Hopper, who is saying "Nothing like it!"—a favorite expression of the director's when the children do not get his idea at rehearsal. They all dote on their director, and no wonder, for he is play-fellow, story-teller and purveyor of sweets to them.

Johnny is temperamental, for all he's a lively lad. For instance, they had a violinist on the lot to purvey soft strains, the sort of cat-calls and woodland trills which were supposed to enthuse a new star.

Johnny Jones stood that sort of music for three days, then he said, impulsively, "Aw, say, Mr. Hopper, cant you cut that violin out? It makes me sick!"

Always obliging, the director got an accordionist, Charlie Fessia, who is brother to the famous vaudeville actor, and now Johnny enjoys doing emotional scenes and gets right into the action without difficulty.

There are some awfully cunning uniforms for Johnny Jones, one as the general, one as the President of the United States, in which garb he lays down the law to the Senate. They've built a little model of the White House just for Johnny Jones' new picture, and quite as much money and trouble have been expended on his sets as on any that Pauline Frederick might demand.

I saw them one day working on the Long Wharf at Santa Monica. The small village had turned out *en masse* to do honor to a great general's return with his soldiers. Johnny came marching home in his best new suit, preceded by the Santa Monica band of thirty pieces.

He wasn't keen about the gaping multitude, but he did enjoy that noisy band!

When I got a chance to talk to Johnny again, I said, "Wasn't that great? It must be lots of fun to wear a suit like that and pretend you're the biggest man in town!"

Johnny looked wistfully at Long Wharf, where boys and men stood minding fishing-poles, for halibut and dog-sharks were a-plenty that day.

"Aw, gee, I'd give anything to cut this stuff and go fishing," he returned. Later there's a scene in which Johnny and Buddy are permitted to squirt hoses on each other, and then the real joy of acting begins. No two boys ever had a grander time! In fact, director and helpers were drenched when trying to separate the aquatic combatants finally.

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Virginia Madison, Edgar's mother, is another who shows keen interest in the little brood. Taking it altogether, it really is a wonder that Johnny is not spoiled by petting. You just cant help loving him, he's so human and funny—and blest with lots of common sense and good deportment. It would be a strange thing indeed to walk out of a door without having Johnny Jones rush ahead to open or close it for one. He is always finding chairs for standing onlookers, and doffs his cap in the most cavalier manner, so that I'm not surprised to find Lucille showing a tiny preference for him.

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(Continued on page 79)



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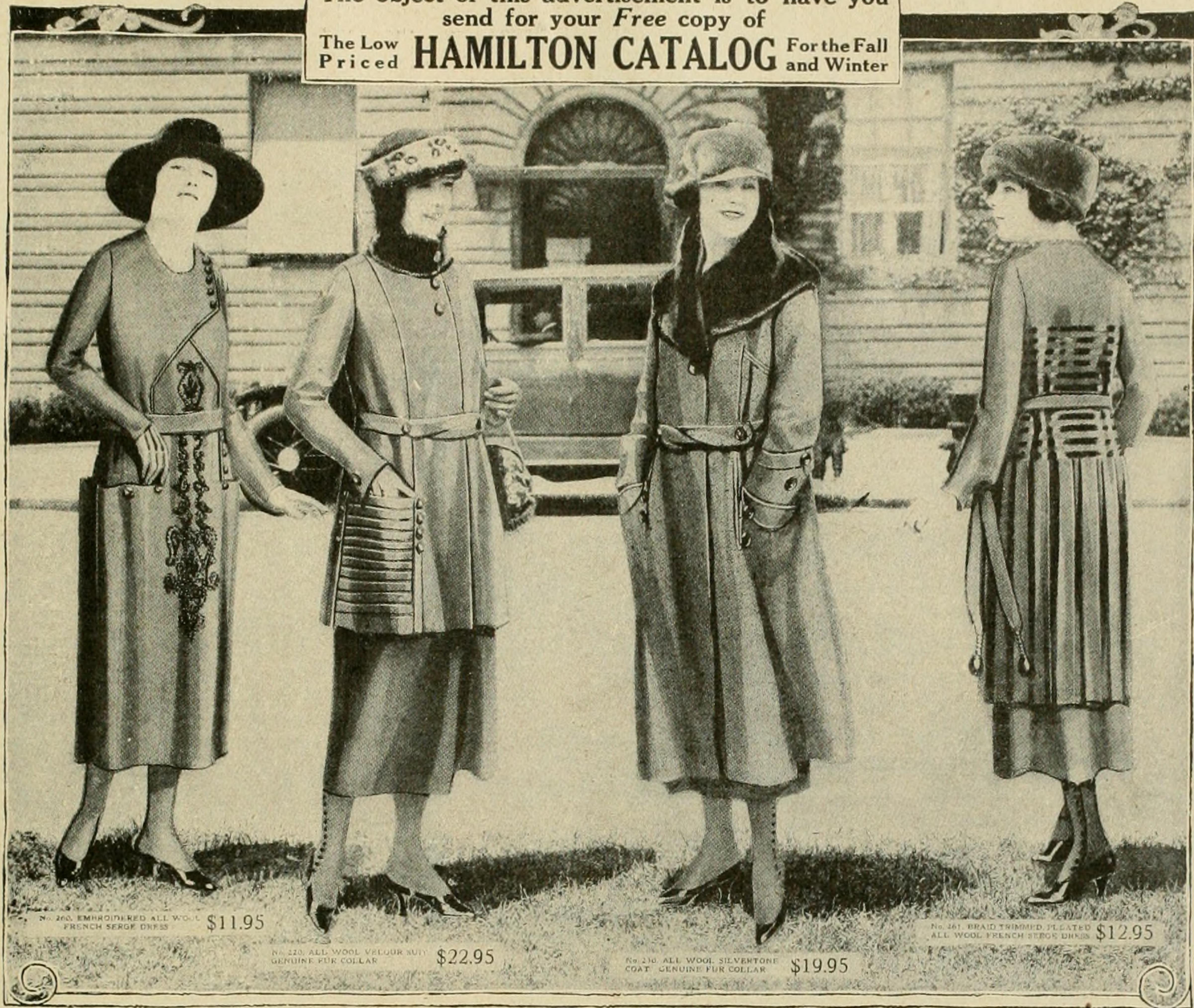
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(Continued on page 79)

(Seventy-six)



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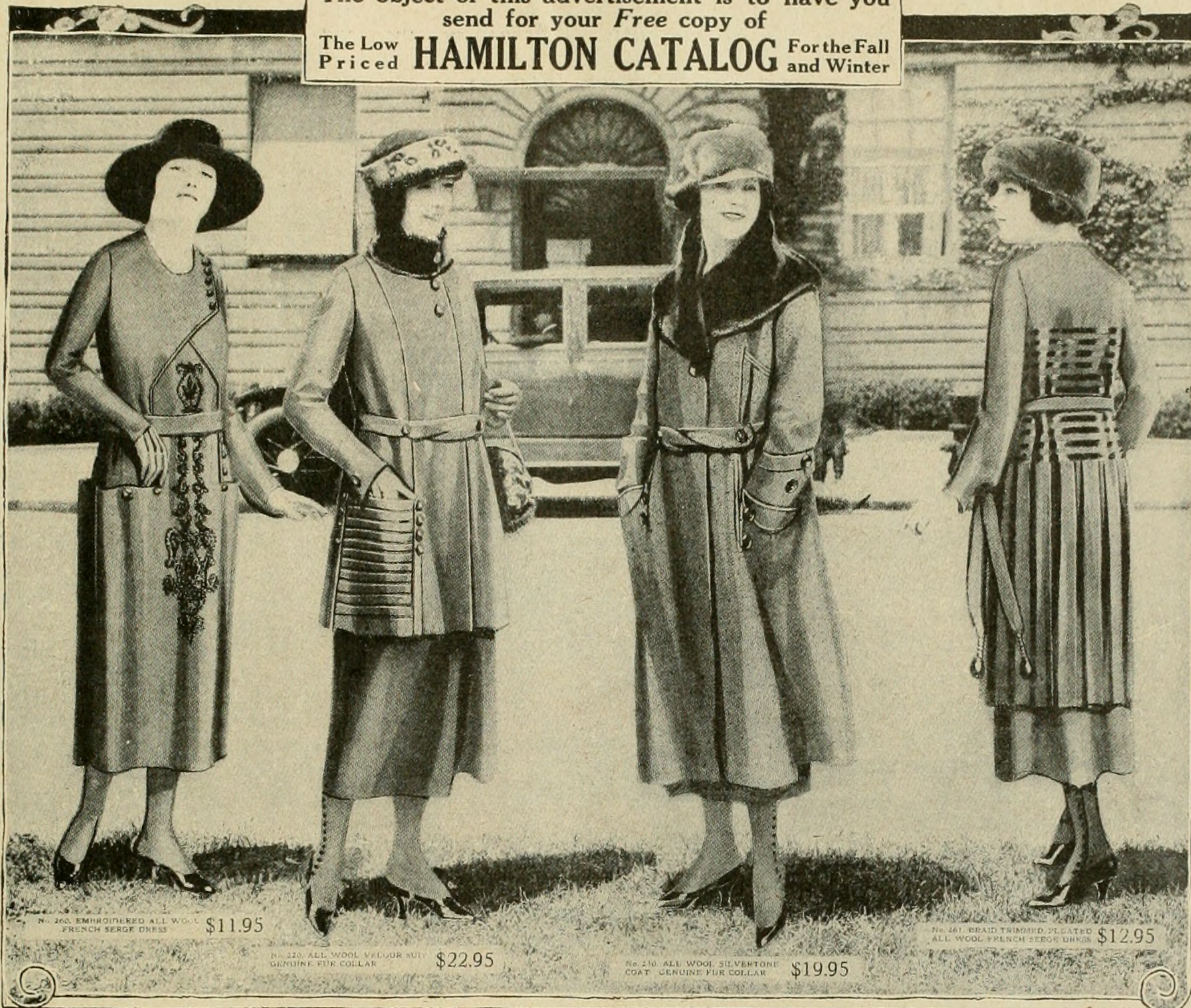
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Way Down East

(Continued from page 31)

"Wont you please believe me, dear? Wont you . . . wont you stop?"

He had kist her hand and gone away.

After a little she crept away, too. The glow of the coals had grown so dull and cold.

The next day was the day of the blizzard. About dinner-time Martha Perkins "dropped around." It was one of her many—peculiarities. Lennox Sanderson did, too.

The family entire collected about the usually genial board, yet somehow, on that night, it was not genial. There was not only a storm without . . .

The soup had just been brought in when the asperity of bearing of Miss Perkins congealed and became a definite thing. Her puckered lips, her darting glances, each one holding so many ounces of actual venom; her outraged hair, each bristle rampantly erect, all . . . At last:

"I must say, Squire Bartlett, that I, a God-fearing woman, believe in limits even to charity . . ."

There was a general stir about the table. Lennox Sanderson coughed, almost, it seemed, unnecessarily. It was obvious to even the unobservant that Anna Moore shrank against the back of her chair.

Then: "That woman, there," the pitiless Miss Perkins went on, "is—has a past. She—she had a *child*." Whereat Miss Perkins gargled in her throat and retired in great confusion amongst the folds of her mammoth linen handkerchief.

Squire Bartlett brought his grizzled brows together. The atmosphere seemed to hang, for a period of minutes, thick, definite, suspended, then came the righteous thunder of his voice, ordering the "unchaste woman" into the turbulent night.

It seemed, to the stricken group at the table, almost as tho a wraith, a ghost, an unreality, were passing from them. She went so noiselessly, so unprotestingly, so vaguely and yet so definitely, that it did not seem as tho it could be she, delicate as had been, invariably, her presence among them. The door closed after her and a squall of wind and snow whistled and shrieked in the room for a second after she had gone.

The silence succeeded her. Then David rose and faced his father.

"I am going after her," he said. "I've already lost a part of my self-respect in sitting thru your denunciation of the woman I so love. You—"

The anathema his father hurled at him, the imprecations, the threats of punishment in this life and hell in the life hereafter, he did not hear.

The faces of Miss Perkins, Lennox Sanderson, Kate Brewster, her Butterfly Man, he did not see . . .

He heard only that wraithlike passing, saw only that veiled white face . . .

Four hours later he came upon her at the bend in the river, where the ice had



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clogged too thickly to carry her farther. She had come to this as a merciful outlet to some wider, more kindly sea where there might be, at the least, oblivion.

He kist her closed eyes, her sweet mouth, her still hands. He promised her life and love if she would return from the dim recesses, the cold withdrawal . . .

And love is the conqueror, and there is both a quick and a dead . . . Her eyelids fluttered under his breath; her hands stirred to meet his; her lips moved and uttered his name . . . He took her home . . . so reverently that they had naught to say, so precious they could but step aside, with such an air of One who, long ago, forgave where love was great, they could but give their tender benediction.

Johnny Jones

(Continued from page 76)

Does Johnny love to study? Sad confession, but Johnny does *not*. He would rather act than tackle the books—then go to college—later travel as civil engineer thru India and South America. With the joyful abandon of youth, with endless animal spirits and perfect digestive processes, he wants to let off steam and hasn't the faintest idea at present that the four hated study hours daily with Sallie Sykes are stepping-stones to a scientific career.

So the only time I saw him scowl—altho he was too obedient and polite to actually demur—was when Miss Sallie pulled the small chairs about in a circle after recess and crooked one slim finger in a beckoning welcome to her corner of the stage.

Johnny turned to me for sympathy. "Did you ever hate spelling? I do. I love geography, 'specially about the unexplored countries—the kind Teddy used to visit—and 'rithmetic, because an engineer has to learn estimating—but I cant see what difference it makes how you spell a word as long as it sounds all right, can you?" Johnny practices what he believes in and spells *camera* with three a's.

Then he rushed off, whistling gaily—and when I turned to see why he'd faded out so quickly, I noticed Buddy dropping into a chair beside Lucille, who was smiling her very sweetest.

LYRIC

By JOHN HANLON

The ashes of my dreams I sift
To find a memory
Uncharred by pain, without a rift,
Some treasured ecstasy;

Sometimes the fragrance of a flower,
Broyant beneath the dew;
Sometimes the rapture of an hour
With silence, love, and you;

A sparkling cobweb's elfin lace;
The echoes of a song;
An unfamiliar, smiling face
Amid a sullen throng;

But this I cherish thru the years,
Its charm can never die;
Your blue eyes clouded up with tears
That day we said good-bye.

(Seventy-nine)



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Where the Brook and River Meet

(Continued from page 64)

ford's Pollyanna, in the scenes where she was scolded and had such a hard time, they were serious enough to her, but amusing to the audience.

"Some day I want to play big, emotional rôles. I should like to be a second Pauline Frederick. Wouldn't that be wonderful? I say to myself, tho, whenever I begin dreaming, that I'll do what I can do best and be satisfied in developing my own talents. So many girls ruin their future careers by insisting on playing rôles which are absolutely unsuited to them.

"See my mascot?" and Miss Lee pointed to a rusty horseshoe hanging over the door. "I found it here on the lot and I wouldn't part with it for *worlds*. I always say that I'm not superstitious, but I find there are three things I can't get away from: first, a good-luck horseshoe; then, I like to see the new moon over my right shoulder. Really, I have noticed that if you do this your whole month will be happier. Silly, isn't it? Then, I won't let anyone whistle in my dressing-room; that is an old stage superstition that still clings to me."

"There!" announced Hattie, pinning up the last refractory curl and stepping back to view her work. "It looks mighty nice and you are as sweet as a peach."

"You must be a favorite," I commented, watching Hattie's admiration.

"Oh, no; never believe that. There's only one favorite, and she's Gloria," (referring to the beautiful Gloria Swanson). "The rest of us merely strive for second place," merrily chided Lila.

"Oh, go 'long now; you know I like all my girls," chuckled the pleased Hattie.

As Miss Lee slipped into a wonderful frock of the new exaggerated hoop-skirt model, made of lovely shades of yellow satin and trimmed with bands of ostrich, we chatted on many subjects.

I enjoyed watching this young girl, who is fast winning a firm hold on the hearts of picture fans. There is a child-like frankness, a radiating sweet good-humor and an innocent spirit of mischievousness that are all very charming. She is passing thru the fascinating "growing-up" process, and alternating flashes of the poised woman and the ingenuous girl keep one guessing.

"So many amusing things happen while we are making pictures," Lila remarked. "I remember that I ate six big slices of bread and jam while we were trying to perfect one scene in 'Male and Female,' and I'll never be able to look at jam again.

"I have just finished making 'The Prince Chap,' William de Mille's first special production, with Tommy Meighan, and oh, I had a splendid part, and Tommy is wonderful to work with. I am now having a nice little rest—except when I have to come over to the studio and doll-up in finery to have pictures taken," and Lila twirled gaily in front of the long mirror to get a full view of her costume.

(Eighty)



Gloria Swanson

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Chicago*"The MAYBELL GIRL"*

She was indeed a vision, for she is a very beautiful girl, with clear-cut, perfect features, wide dark eyes and lovely complexion, while the soft curves of cheek and throat are most alluring.

It is always interesting to learn how one starts on one's career, and Lila gave me a glimpse of hers. She was born in New York, but her mother being quiet and old-fashioned in her ideas, they were far removed from the theatrical atmosphere, and she probably would never have touched it had the family not become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards. They took a fancy to the little girl and taught her songs and dances and later, under the quaint name of Cuddles Edwards, they made her a star feature of their clever vaudeville sketches. For seven years Cuddles played thruout the country on "big time," and, with her natural dramatic qualifications and magnetism, she became a great favorite.

"And your advent into pictures?" I asked.

"It was when I was in Los Angeles several years ago that I visited the various studios," Lila explained, "and, like everyone else, I became enthusiastic over motion pictures. On our return to New York, Mr. Edwards took me out to see Mr. Lasky; he had a test made and signed me with his company. It will be two years in June since I came out here, and they have been the happiest and gloomiest I have ever known. You see, I thought if my first picture was good, I would never need worry any more, that I'd be *made*, but I found that to succeed on the screen one must keep right on working and learning all the time. I realize that my work improves every time something happens that develops my nature, that tends to stir my own feelings. I don't believe I knew what emotions were all about when I first began."

Miss Lee lives in a pretty bungalow in Hollywood with her mother and small nephew, whom she adores. "We live much to ourselves," she told me. "I guess I became used to that while I was in vaudeville and traveling about all the time. I love to read, and my fad is embroidering lingerie pillows—I have stacks of them. Then, I am taking piano lessons and studying dancing at the Denishawn School. I love to dance best of *everything!*"

Lila went on to tell me that her only sister, Peggy Lee, was playing in Belasco's "The Son-Daughter" in New York, and Lila hopes some day—oh, there is plenty of time, for she is still in her early teens—that she can appear on the great Broadway in a big, smashing play.

Meanwhile, this happy, high-spirited young girl is growing up into a very sensible and well-balanced woman, as well as a beautiful one, and is giving us some refreshingly wholesome screen characterizations. There is no doubt that Lila Lee possesses the qualifications for a successful actress, the best one being the willingness to work, and work *hard!*



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The Coming Collier

(Continued from page 58)

Famous Players-Lasky and have just finished 'Young America,' to be called 'The Boy.' My next is with Ollie Thomas in 'Nobody'—some fun! We're to be orphan, rural, dirty, disheveled kids. F. P.-L. is lending me to Selznick."

"What does your father say?"

"He's proud that I want to do something. Oh, he's a brick! He even helped me get up my contract. I must make good for him . . ."

"And mother," he added. "I'm the only one they have and the two of them bank an awful lot on me."

There is no doubt but that he feels his filial responsibility. He intends to do big things for the name of Collier, not by it. He depends upon it for stimulus instead of support.

The son believes his forte to be managing and producing rather than acting, altho he has already appeared with his dad in a number of his hits, and at the prophetic age of six displayed a streak of family humor when he made his debut in "Caught in the Rain" by hiding under an umbrella and carrying it across the stage.

"I want to be in the business end of the theater. I am practical and commercial enough for that. I want to see a show. I want to cut out what I know doesn't belong and put in what I feel is lacking. My real desire is to get together musical comedies and present them on a colossal scale—in cooperation with my father."

The comradeship between the William Colliers and their son is one of the most unusual—not only of the theater, but out of it. Buster realizes it, too, and claims his was an unusual childhood, because he was brought up in a *same* way. The three of them, (quoting Buster), have been "on the square"—always. They have not made unreasonable demands, or argued, or laid down doctrines, dogmas and decrees. Theirs has been the principle to "talk things over." He was never once commanded to "do this" and "you must not do that," but "do this because . . ." His mother has never wrangled with him, or doubted or mistrusted him. From the first he's stood and talked; he's been placed on his own and relied upon to do what is best for himself and them. His name has always evoked fidelity. He cannot forget he's a *Jr.* and not only has something to live up to, but to carry out. For, all his eighteen years of life—

The creed imbibed in him has been *thorouness*. His father has persisted that whatever he learn, he learn diligently, from the beginning and all thru. It was that way when he was taught baseball, tennis, billiards, pool, and no doubt accounts for the golf father-and-son tournament the two of them won last spring. One winter, because of ill health, he had to stay away from school, so he went down to the Long Island home and finally occupied himself with becoming

(Continued on page 104)

Eastern Studio Gossip

(Continued from page 68)

New York has had a number of visitors from the Coast recently. These included Lew Cody, the he-vamp. Maurice Tourneur was another. Mildred Harris Chaplin and Helene Chadwick are visitors.

"Babe" Ruth, the home-run king of baseball, has been signed by Kessel and Bauman to make a feature or two. The first, "Headin' Home," will be released just about world series time this fall.

Goldwyn signed a Broadway theater, the Astor, for the run of its special production, "Earthbound," which opened August 11th. And they say Allan Dwan may hire another to show his "The Scoffer."

Mme. Olga Petrova departed Europeward after a brief vacation at her Great Neck, Long Island, home, following an Orpheum tour. Mme. Petrova, be it noted, broke every previous vaudeville record all over the circuit. She is booked for a thirty-seven weeks' Keith tour next season. And still we hear rumors of a return to pictures.

Justine Johnstone has been busy, both in Florida and at the Famous Players Fifty-seventh Street studio in New York, on her first Realart star vehicle, "Blackbirds." Jack Dillon is directing and William Boyd is playing the lead.

Hobart Henley, the director, sailed for Europe on July 24th, taking along his bride, who was Corinne Barker, the actress.

Lowell Sherman, well known on the stage as a "heavy," has been signed by Famous Players. He is playing opposite Alice Brady. Recently he was doing "Way Down East" with D. W. Griffith, playing the villain who lures the fair heroine away from the farm.

Whitman Bennett, the independent producer, placed Kenneth Webb under a three years' contract immediately after he finished "The Master Mind," the first Bennett production in which Lionel Barrymore is starred. Webb is now directing Mr. Barrymore in "The Devil's Garden" for Mr. Bennett. First National will release these productions.

Doug Fairbanks and his bride, our own Mary, made a triumphant return from Europe and were fêted and dined in New York before they departed coastward. Europe is reported to be slowly returning to normal.

Geraldine Farrar has been using the old Thanouser (New Rochelle) studio for her Associated Exhibitors' screen work. Her first A. E. vehicle, "The Riddle: Woman," was made there by Edward Jose. Pathé will release it, together with other Farrar productions. Adele Blood and Montagu Love appear prominently in the cast. Many of the scenes were shot at Marblehead, Mass. Following its completion, Miss Farrar went to the Adirondacks with her husband, Lou-Tellegen.

Speaking of the Adirondacks, Mrs. Sidney Drew is turning out a number of stories in her camp at Paul Smith's.

(Eighty-two)



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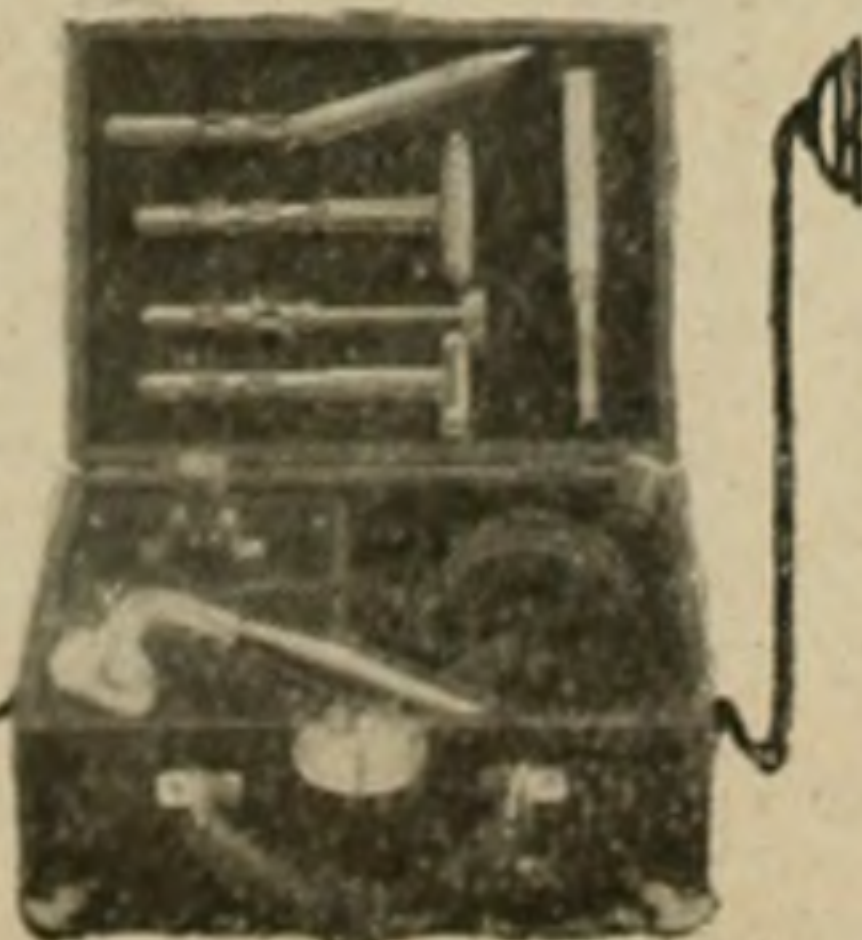
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Carol and Her Car

(Continued from page 17)

"The very first day I drove it to Sing Sing. (Miss Dempster lives with her sister at Mamaroneck, her mother having died but a few months ago, thus ending a comradeship that was rare and unusual.) I know every motor-cycle policeman in Westchester. They're all awfully nice to me."

We admitted, (mentally), the discernment of motor-cycle officers.

"I am up at seven these days and out along the hill roads. I used to ride horseback a great deal in California, but, gracious, I love motoring much more. And I love Westchester and the Sound far more than California."

Whereupon Miss Dempster offered to motor us to the Mamaroneck station, after grimly remarking that she had not hit anything *much*—yet. We accepted. Which proves one of two things: either the charm of Miss Dempster or our fearless attention to duty. And (we hope the owner doesn't read this) attention to duty is something exceedingly elusive on the edge of Long Island Sound in the dusk of a midsummer day. Particularly when said charm is thrown into the balance.

P.S.—We hit nothing en route. That is, nothing that prevented us reaching the aforementioned station on time.

And They All Wept!

(Continued from page 44)

Then she came East and, in 1919, went into the Ziegfeld "Follies" and later into the Nine O'clock and Midnight Revue.

Thus the meeting of Mary and Dick came about. When Clarine Seymour died suddenly, Mr. Griffith decided to help along the romance by giving Miss Hay the rôle intended for her.

The Barthelmesses have been honeymooning in a little cottage on the Sound, close to Rye and within easy distance of the Griffith studio. (Dick's mother has a bungalow nearby.) There is just one honeymoon intruder—a pet alligator yclept "Nasturtium." And we sort of suspect "Nasty," as Dick terms him, has been neglected o' late.

"DUST OF THE DESERT"

By MARGARET CABLE BREWSTER

Dust of the desert, tawny, gold,
Rhythmic with life, with joy untold.
You run, you leap in the morning light;
You sleep like a nestled child all night;
And I,—a human bodied thing—
Know all your heart and the song you sing.

Dust of the desert, your lips are mute;
But the breath of your spirit is like a flute
That has thrilled from ages strange to man,
And calls thru the dusk that no thought can span.

And I—when the world shall term me dead,
Shall be one with this buoyant dust I tread.

My body shall crumble, with yours shall merge,
My soul with your passionate life shall surge,
We shall dance, brave comrades, on pulsing sod

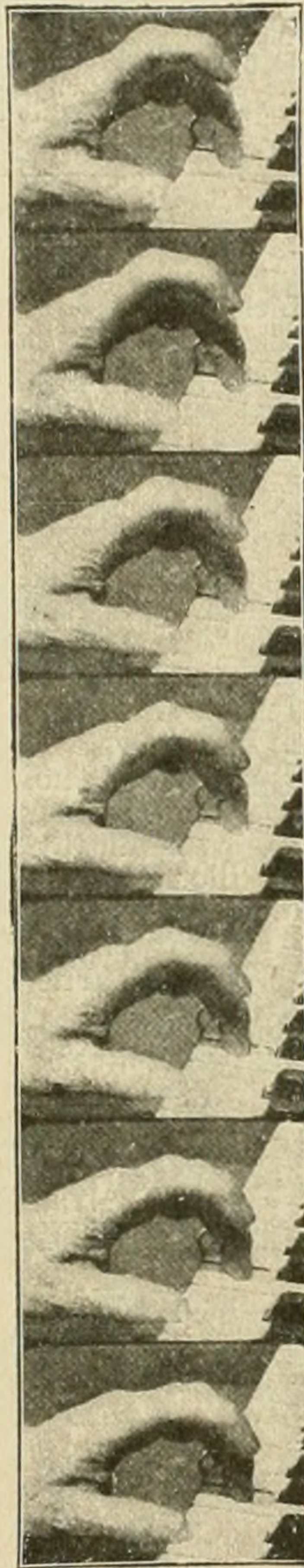
In the open reaches touch hands with God.
And all the while my body shall be
Dust of the desert—exultant, free.

(Eighty-three)

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To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail*. I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

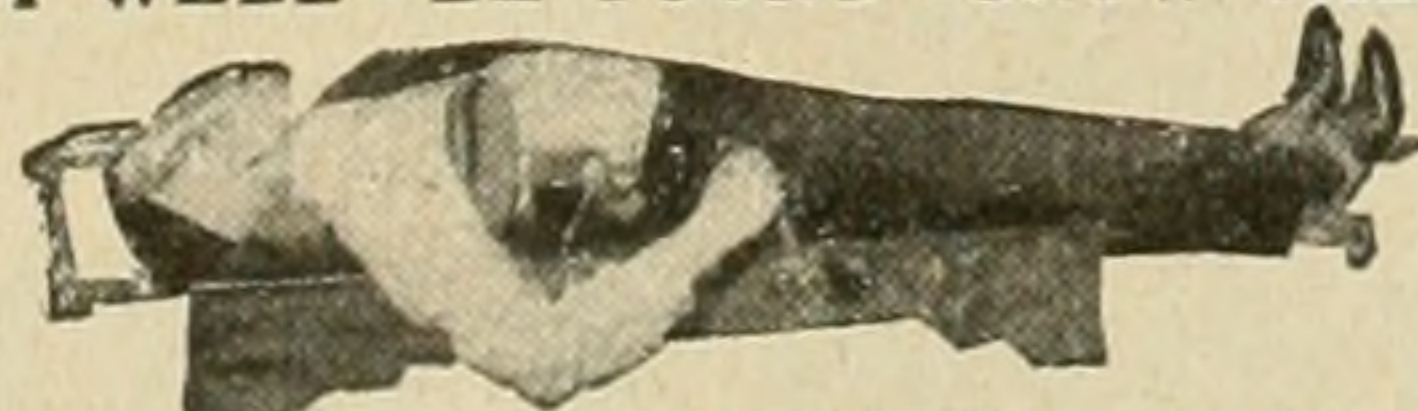


My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move*. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

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Studio KJ, 598 Columbia Road BOSTON, 25, MASS.

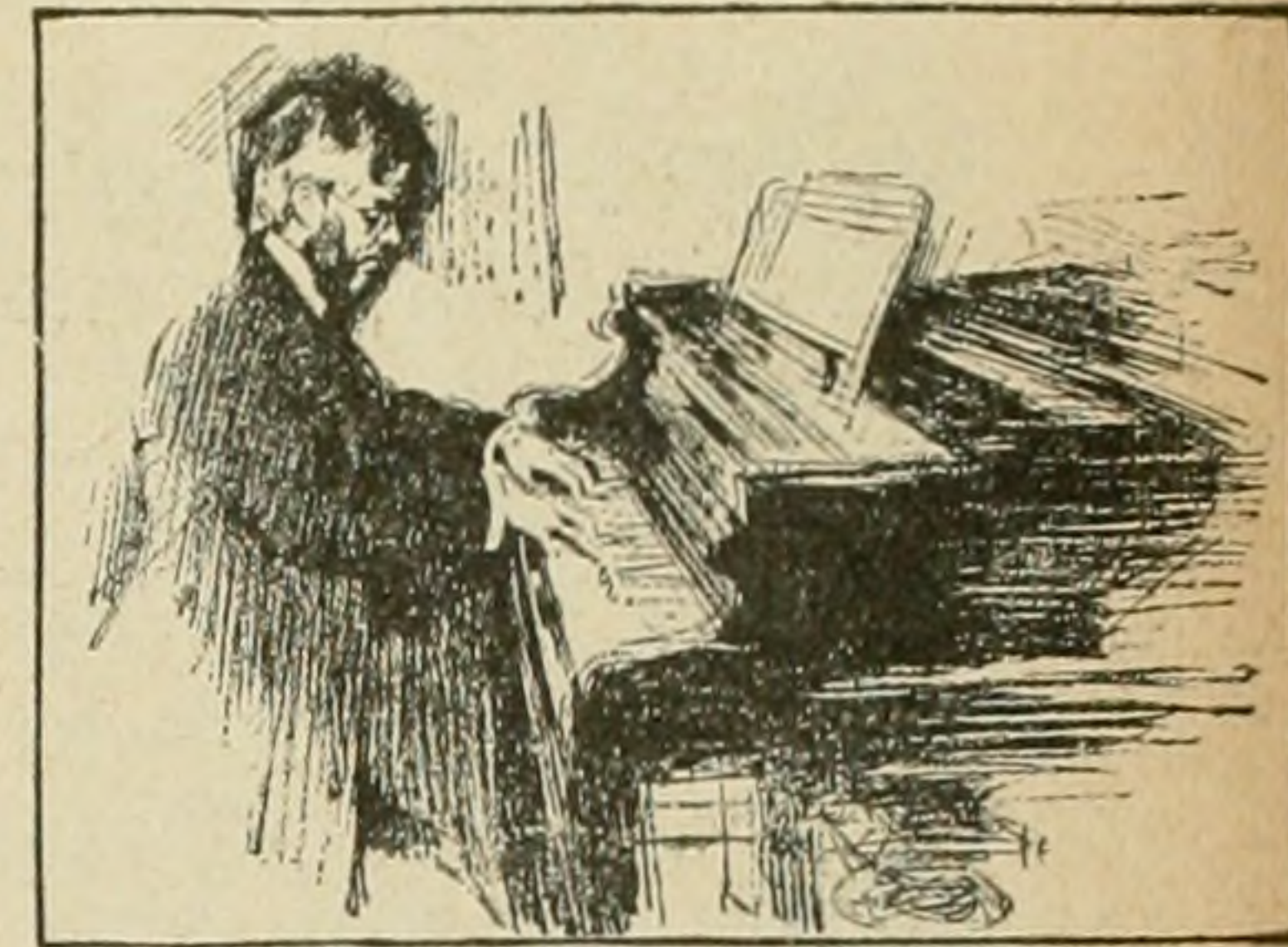
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- To learn ALL the little secrets of movie-land?

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SCREEN SNAP- SHOTS

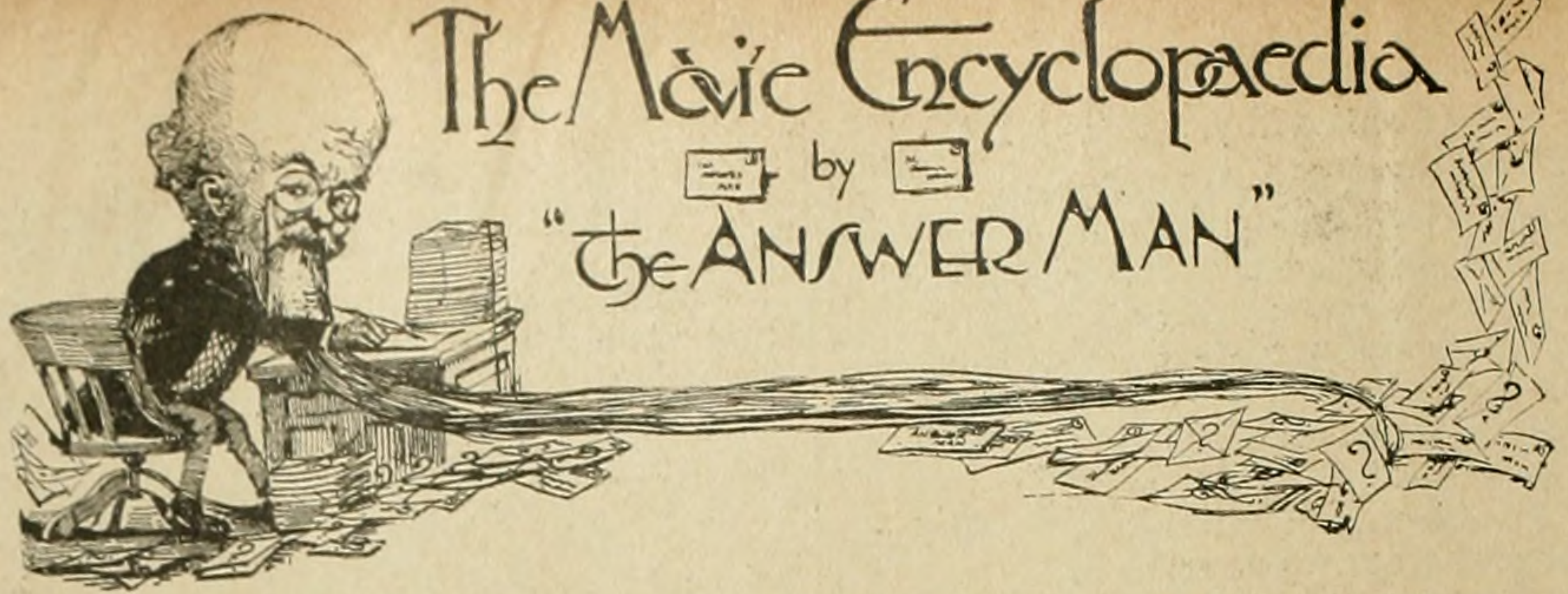
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This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to 'The Answer Man,' using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

A TEXAS BLUE B.—Greetings. Everybody's excited about election. You point with pride to the extract from Kipling which reads, "That lying proverb which says that the pen is mightier than the sword." Perhaps, in ages to come, history will note that the pen of President Wilson did more to end the Great War than all the swords in the universe. You can write to Blanche McGarity at this address, or San Antonio, Texas.

INQUISITIVE EVE.—*Je suis pret.* So you want an interview with Constance Talmadge soon. Ora Carew is playing in "His Friend and His Wife." Yes, Pell Trenton is starring. You will find Helen Jerome Eddy in "The First Born" for Sessue Hayakawa.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—No, I am not angry. Tho thou callest me all the vile names in Webster, still thou canst not raise my ire. With all thy faults, I love thee still, and the stiller you are, the more I love you. I would advise you to write to the Griffith Studios for her photo. Thanks, but I take that *aire* weekly. Write me again.

ALAN M. R., BRIDGEPORT.—I have answered you.

H. M. P.—So you want more addresses of the players. Most of them change about so often that the address wouldn't be correct when it appeared in print. California and New Mexico are the only states where a marriage license is not required.

WANDA AND ANNA.—I used to drink lemonade every day that I could not get buttermilk, but now I substitute grapefruit whenever I can afford it, because a grapefruit is nothing but a lemon that has grown fat and prosperous. You want to see more of Anna Q. Nilsson and Wanda Hawley. 'Nuff said!

G. T. R. 16.—Dont trust me with your secrets. A man who can be trusted with secrets can be trusted with anything, and it is usually not safe to trust a man who is getting \$9.00 per. Theodore Roberts in "The Old Homestead." Thomas Meighan in "The Frontier of the Stars." Call again.

PANKY.—Thanks for the gum. I had a chew on you. No, indeed. So you live in a dull town and it is not Philadelphia. But just you dont forget that happiness is the ability to recognize it. Remember the *Blue Bird*?

LOVER OF WALLY REID.—Memory is what makes us young or old. Wallace Reid has one child, and "The Golden Fetter" was produced in February, 1917. Wallace Reid in "The Charm School" and Billie Burke in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

NOBODY HOME.—Sort of an appropriate name! My favorite player? That's telling. Theda Bara is yours. Nell Shipman in "Back to God's Country." You seem to be able to believe anything you wish. What a lucky creature! Enid Bennett in "Her Husband's Friend."

WANDA HAWLEY FAN.—Oh, yes, I am a fine singer and have a fine range—I use it to get my breakfast on. You want Wanda Hawley on the cover. See the CLASSIC for August. Ruth Roland in "Ruth of the Rockies," Bert Lytell in "A Message from Mars."

THE GROVE.—Thanks, old chappie. Mabel Normand is not dead, Irene Castle is 27 years old, and as to her salary—nobody knows, and nobody seems to care. You say I have a wit which Touchstone would envy. Who's he? Juanita Hansen in "The Phantom Foe." Write me some more.

ESTELLA E. B.—Why, of course, that's Mary's own hair. And if it wasn't, what's wrong about it? Mary will continue in pictures. Some prominent English producer offered both Mary and Doug an enormous sum to play together in a picture, but they refused. Oh, yes, the great philosophers live under different conditions; Diogenes lived in a tub. Seneca in a palace, and I live in a hall room. Why, Marguerite Courtot in "Velvet Fingers" and "Pirate Gold."

MARJORY GOLDFINCH, 30 Falcon Avenue, West Adelaide, South Australia, wishes to write to some of our American girls.

ARTHUR A. I.—Well, here are just a few of the leading stage stars who have appeared in motion pictures: Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lillian Russell, Lew Fields, Edwin Ales, Tully Marshall, Robert Edeson, Elsie Janis, Cyril Scott, James K. Hackett, Betty Nansen, and Rose Coghlan. No, Lillian Walker has not been with Vitagraph for some years. No, I doubt if Caruso will appear in pictures again.

BETA.—I agree with you about those gowns. Some of the players with good figures display bad form. Ouch! Ethel Barrymore and W. B. Davidson played the leads in "The White Raven." Cleo Madison and Richard La Reno in "Black Orchids," Marguerite Clark and William Lorelli in "The Fortunes of Fifi," Viola Dana and Robert Walker in "The Mortal Sin." You're welcome.

FILLUM FAN.—I dont know, try California. So you think H. B. Warner dresses in exquisite taste. You are a clothes observer. June Caprice was on the stage last. Sorry I cant help you about the contest.

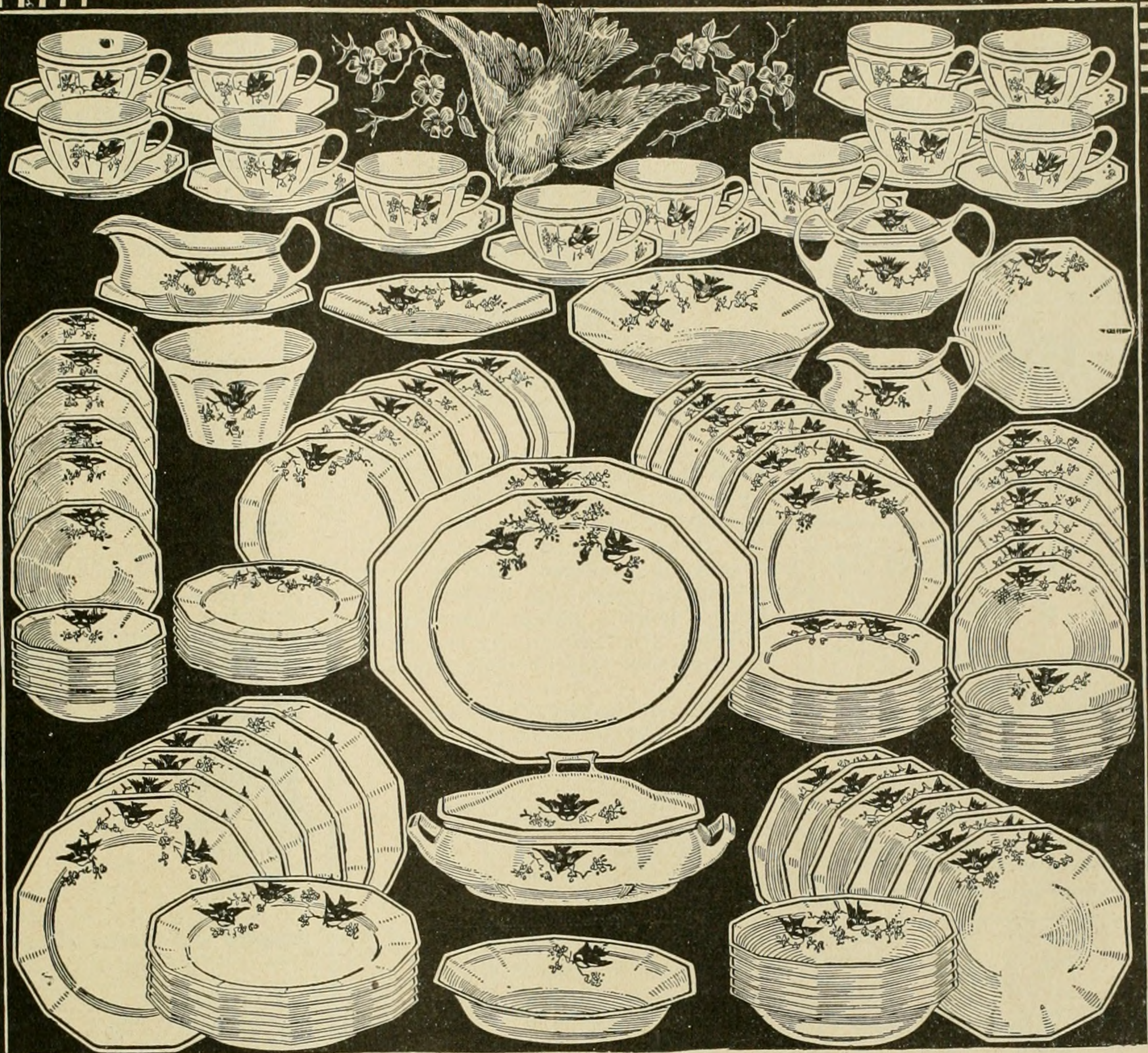
ELMHURST.—Yes, things fly in pictures. At fifteen a girl wants fame; at twenty she wants wealth; at twenty-five she wants a Rolls Royce. Natalie Talmadge is about two years younger than Constance. Constance is 5 feet 6 inches. Your list of players who are Jewish cannot be printed here. It is immaterial what one's religion is.

HELEN H.—Perhaps it was a slapstick comedy, and then anything is possible. Clara K. Young is not married now. Elsie Ferguson is, also Conway Tearle. Sure, they all like it. Never an actor born who does not appreciate applause. As Cowper says, "O popular applause! what heart of man is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?" And since the players cannot hear you applaud they naturally like to read it.

FIGURE.—Enjoyed your first letter very much. The correct quotation is, "Tho the mills of the God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; tho with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all." Of course, I go in the ocean. Yes, there are several excursions up the Hudson.

(Continued on page 87)

(Eighty-four)



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That Youth From Second Avenue

(Continued from page 19)

completed pictures under my arm, I vanished one day and made a round of the motion picture studios. Shortly thereafter I landed my first job. I was on my way! Nor family nor feud could stop me then!"

"And you've never wavered in your choice?"

"Never. Never once."

"You've been unusually successful—unusually young." I was thinking of his playing last season in "Martinique"; of his recent pictures with Constance Talmadge; of his rehearsal at the time of our talk for his new play to open the next month.

"I've had my struggle," he told me, "down to my last cent; not enough to eat; no place to lay my head, I might almost say; the gamut. And I'm glad. I don't want ever to forget that side of the ledger. I don't believe that I ever will. Just so long as we do remember it we preserve a balance; we hang on to the happier today; we appreciate the awards. It was a priceless experience."

I asked Mr. Coleman whether he intended to keep on with both stage and screen.

"I want to," he said; "I am anxious to establish myself on the stage so definitely that I may return to it at any time after a lapse."

"What type of work," I said, "in a general sense?"

"Oh," he said, "in a general sense . . . for instance, or for instances, Otis Skinner, the Barrymores, Leo Ditrichstein, William Gillette . . . once you have achieved standards of that sort, nothing short of death or general disability can take them from you."

"What of the screen?" I asked.

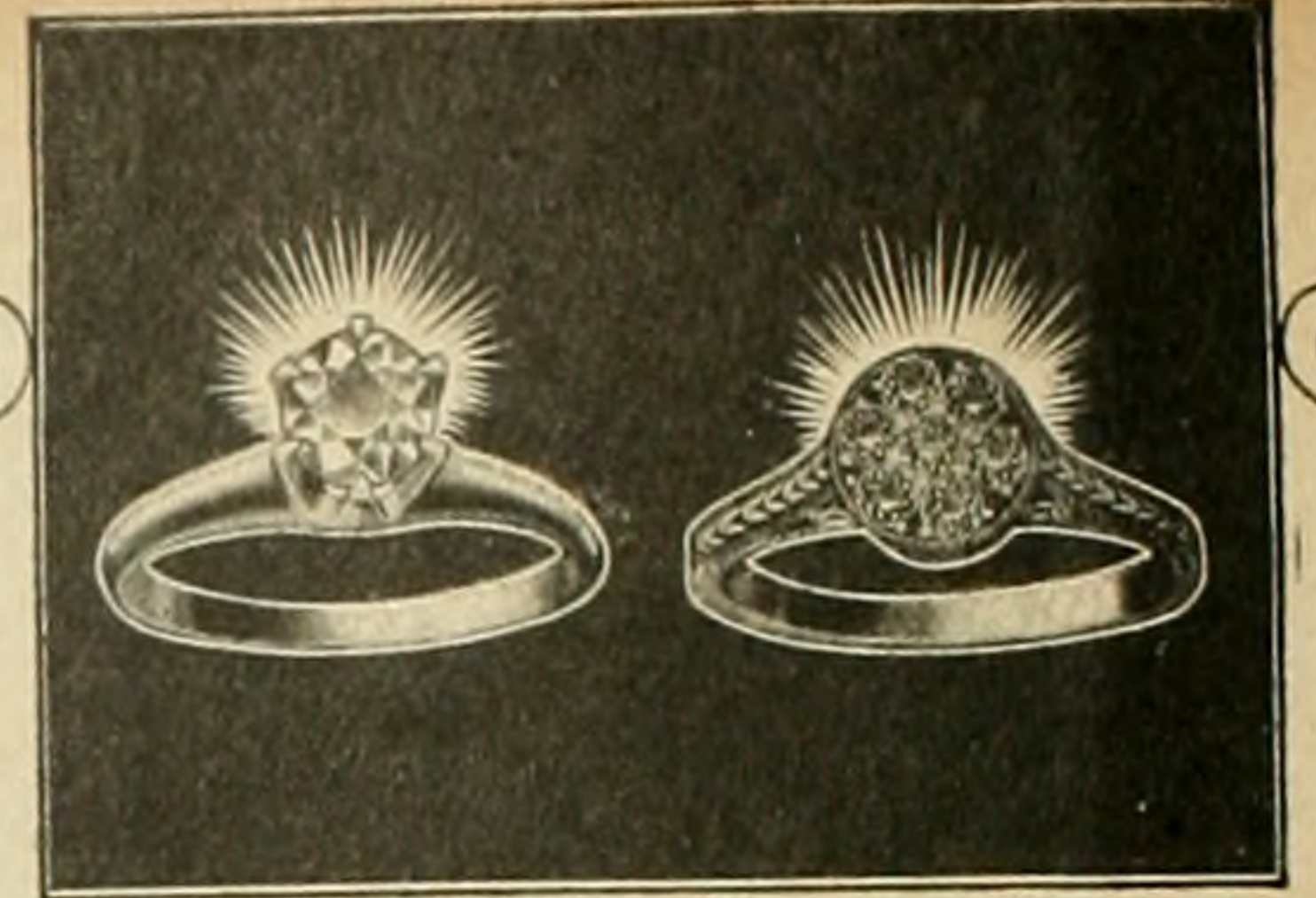
"The screen," he said, "is for the very young; that is, importantly. After youth . . . I want to do my best work on it now, but I want, also, to have laid the cornerstone for all the years that are coming after."

One feels, strongly, a sense of potential productivity in Mr. Coleman. He is one of those from whom, reasonably, the great may come. He is possessed of youth, sensitiveness to a marked degree, a passion for his work, for life, for the things of today and tomorrow. He has foresight and common sense. He is unlimited, (illustration, to wit). He says the feminine plays a large part in his very young life. He believes in marrying in his own profession, because of the inestimable bond of better understanding. The query arises: What good fairy was absent from his cradle of Second Avenue at the surely auspicious christening?

DIFFIDENT

By GEORGE S. REMMELL

A little breeze sighed,
And murmured, "I tried
To whisper your love in her ear;
But a blustering gale,
With grandiose tale,
Was holding her spellbound, I fear."



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The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 84)

O. J. B.; EDITH P.; A MERRY COUPLE; TOURMALINE; FLORENCE BILLINGS ADMIRER; ED M. D.; CAROLYN F.; MAE; JUNE L.; ANNETTE Y.; MULHALL FAN; ELIZABETH K.; MASTER RICHARD; JACK D.; FRANCIS M.; F. G. H.—Your questions have been answered elsewhere. Let me hear from you next month. Good night, and God bless you all.

H. C., OLEAN.—Greetings! Warm enough for you? (This question is enough to make even Job mad.) You can reach Wallace Reid at the Famous Players Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Of course, I want all of you readers to write to me. That's what I'm here for, to wait on you.

GUSSIE T.—Never heard of the player you mention. Florence Turner is playing in "Black-mail" with Viola Dana. But it is very probable that Job never had to answer questions. Why, Wallace MacDonald is playing opposite May Allison for Metro. No, he isn't married.

GODDARD W. S.—Horrors! You write that you find an inconsistency in "Male and Female,"—that when the party was rescued after being on the island long enough to grow a beard, they were all clean shaven. Nevertheless, you say you hand it to Thomas Meighan and Theodore Roberts. Thanks for the good wishes.

HATTIE H.—You say you want to keep on the right side of me. That's the idea, I'm a little hard of hearing on the left. What a question you ask me—Does Dick Barthelmess care for girls? Hattie! Dont you know that he now has a wife of his own! Charles Meredith is 23, and has brown hair.

F. R. F.—Well, I cant say nice things to each and every one of my several thousand correspondents. I haven't enough wit to go around. But be patient—all things come to the patient waiter. Yes, Cleo Madison was Judith and Rose in "The Trey of Hearts," while George Larkin was opposite her.

CHIN CHIN.—Have no fear, ye who enter here. SHADOWLAND has had a wonderful career during the first year of its existence. You want to see more interviews with Kenneth Harlan and Webster Campbell. I had a royal time reading your brilliant letter.

EDNA M.—Glad to hear that you patronize our advertisements and that you always get what you want from them—sweet are the uses of advertisements. You refer to Huntley Gordon as the doctor and Walter Neeland as Red in "The Dark Mirror." Alex Onslow was Jerry.

MARIE, HARTLEY, IA.—I have such a large family that I cannot remember you all. Have I met you before? Sorry, but I haven't the cast for "Mothers." Allan Forrest was married, but I dont think he is at this writing. Pat O'Malley was the husband of Madge Kennedy in "The Blooming Angel." By joining the correspondence clubs. Write me. By all means do.

WANDA AND ANNA FOREVER.—Good! You greet me as Philotheus. Ah ha, fair lady, I thank you. I am not acquainted with the gentleman, but it sounds good, and I believe philo means wisdom. You say Wanda Hawley and Anna Q. Nilsson are a duet of blondes which no other person can match.

SIXTEEN.—But it happens that oil was first struck in this country at the Drake Well, Titusville, Pa., on August 28, 1859. Put not too much faith in the Answer Man. He is getting old and is not infallible. Yes, Jack Mulhall is married. I'm sorry. You refer to King Baggot. You want to know of what faith is Bebe Daniels. Oh boy! I dont keep a church record of the players. I'm a busy person.

USURP.—You betcha I have buttermilk every morning. Food for thought. Thanks for the joke. Yes, those 15-inch German guns were heard 150 miles away.

CAROLINE V.—Yes, I guess Anita Stewart did the jig-dance herself in "Old Kentucky." Mabel Normand has left Goldwyn to go on the stage. Seena Owen is going to have her own company. It's a sad month that we dont hear of somebody going out for themselves. Thomas Meighan is with Famous Players.

(Continued on page 102)



"Ferd, They are Playing Your Song"

Imagine the thrill these words gave Mr. Ferdinand Hohnhorst, of Covington, Ky., as he stood on a crowded street, watching the great Peace Parade, when Meyer's Military Band came swinging along playing his song, "Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man." But let him tell his story in his own words:—

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"Gentlemen—My song entitled 'Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man,' that your Mr. Friedman composed and arranged for me, is making a great hit. In the Peace Parade at Latonia, Ky., Meyer's Military Band played my song three times, and we have now had it arranged for orchestras and quartettes, and it is making a good impression everywhere. The Vocalstyle Music Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, a concern manufacturing music rolls for player pianos, has taken up my song, and has already sold over a thousand of these rolls in Cincinnati alone, and are placing them in their bulletin for April, which will go to all the different cities.

"My song also has made a decided hit among school children, and has been introduced into several of the Cincinnati schools. Thanking you most kindly for the services you have rendered me, I remain, Yours very truly, (Signed) Ferdinand Hohnhorst."

LEO FRIEDMAN, Our Composer

of whom Mr. Hohnhorst speaks so enthusiastically



Leo Friedman

is one of America's most gifted composers and the author of many great song hits. Among his great successes are "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," the sales of which reached the enormous total of more than two million copies. Others that reached into the million class were "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "When I Dream of Old Erin." Mr. Friedman writes music to words, that cause them to fairly throb with feeling and musical charm. He has been styled "America's Favorite Composer," and properly so, for his melodies have reached the hearts of millions of the American people, and made them sing.

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Gentlemen:—Enclosed find poem entitled
.....
for your inspection.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City or Town.....

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

There is an interesting cast. Wyndham Standing is the murdered one, Mahlon Hamilton is the murderer, Flore Revalles is the impulse, Naomi Childers is the innocent wife of the murdered man and Lawson Butt is a friend who acts as protagonist of the King creed. Thru him speaks the theory. Of this cast, we hand the larger portion of our praise to Miss Childers. Never before was she so warm and moving. Only once or twice did she lapse from a fine repression.

Somehow or other, William de Mille's visualization of the Edward People drama, "The Prince Chap," gave us a large measure of entertainment. Now, "The Prince Chap" is not technically good. The lesser-known De Mille's direction is along cut-and-dried lines. The People story itself is basically as trite as the weekly comic journals and as far from actuality as a best seller. Yet the thing stands appealing and ingratiating, even if it isn't life.

How many times have grey-haired but distinguished guardians fallen in love with their pretty wards—in fiction and the drama? Here a young artist, loving and beloved by an American girl, goes off to London to study. There chance forces him to assume charge of a little motherless girl. The child grows up and love slowly blossoms. The far-away princess, of whom the artist has many times told the child, marries another, as far-away ladies often do, but the lonely artist does not quite believe that his ward can care for him—the prince chap of her dream. But, of course, she does, and things end happily.

Out of "The Prince Chap" stands little Lila Lee. We frequently felt it our critical duty to comment rather disparagingly upon Miss Lee when she was first thrust upon the screen as a star. But Miss Lee had the courage to go back to the very bottom and start anew. She has justified herself in "The Prince Chap." Her playing of the girlish Claudia, just budding into life, is a charming and infinitely touching study of melting girl-womanhood. Anyone who can play so sympathetically is sure to go far.

We thought Thomas Meighan adequate as the artist, altho he does not suggest the prince chap of our conception. Nor is Kathlyn Williams rightly cast as the princess. But Charles Ogle does some excellent character work as an old servitor who follows the prince chap to London.

On William de Mille's direction we have commented. Once he even permits the player who depicts the studio landlady to go thru an elaborate pantomime indicating eviction when she tries to collect her bill. Subtlety is missing—and yet "The Prince Chap" stands as good entertainment.

Allan Dwan's "The Scoffer," (First National), is above the recent Dwan average. Here is a sort of combination of the spiritual uplift of "The Miracle Man" and the regeneration note of "The

Right of Way." His wife having disappeared with another, and having been sent to prison unjustly convicted of an illegal operation, a young doctor, cursing God and man, goes off into the Northwestern lumber camps. He has resolved never again to aid man thru his science. How his cynicism gives way before the faith of a mountain girl and how he comes to save a little boy from death form the story. There is a picturesque scene in which misunderstanding lumbermen mob the cabin where he is performing an operation upon the boy. They destroy his lights before they understand. In desperation, the doctor calls upon God for aid, whereupon a bolt of lightning hits a hut nearby and the resultant flames provide the necessary illumination for the successful conclusion of the operation.

James Kirkwood is the cynical one who is redeemed. Somehow his cynicism seems too lightly shaded. One never quite believes him so lacking in godliness as the subtitles try to make us believe. Noah Beery really stands out as a drunken lumberjack who gets religion.

Marshall Neilan has blended Poe's "Murders of the Rue Morgue," the recent newspaper tales of transplanted monkey glands and a dash of journalistic romance, plus a serial view-point of life, in making his "Go and Get It," (First National).

Page your credulities when you go to see it. First of all, there is a wicked newspaper publisher who is trying to wreck his paper, owned by a rich young woman, so that he can buy it in with the help of the rival publisher. To do this he 'phones all his news stories to the rival and holds them out of his own paper. To the office comes a returned soldier-reporter and a young and pretty girl news-gatherer.

At this time the city is startled by a series of murders. These, it develops, were committed by a monkey to whom a surgeon has transplanted the brain of an executed murderer. This is revealed as the film unfolds, but Neilan finds it necessary to send his hero-reporter leaping from aeroplane to aeroplane and from 'plane to speeding train before he lets him discover the same thing. Finally the boy gets his news beat, the unscrupulous publisher is unmasked and everything ends happily, for the girl reporter whom the young chap has come to love turns out to be the newspaper owner herself.

This sounds involved. But "Go and Get It" is involved. Indeed, it is almost "Intolerance" in its leaping from thread to thread. We doubt its wide success. To us it seems an elaborate effort to develop a thrill melodrama, and the effort is apparent all thru. Pat O'Malley is the fearless stunt reporter and Agnes Ayres is the pretty owner, but the real honors go to the young and freckled Wesley Barry, who burns up the produc-

(Continued on page 100)

(Eighty-eight)



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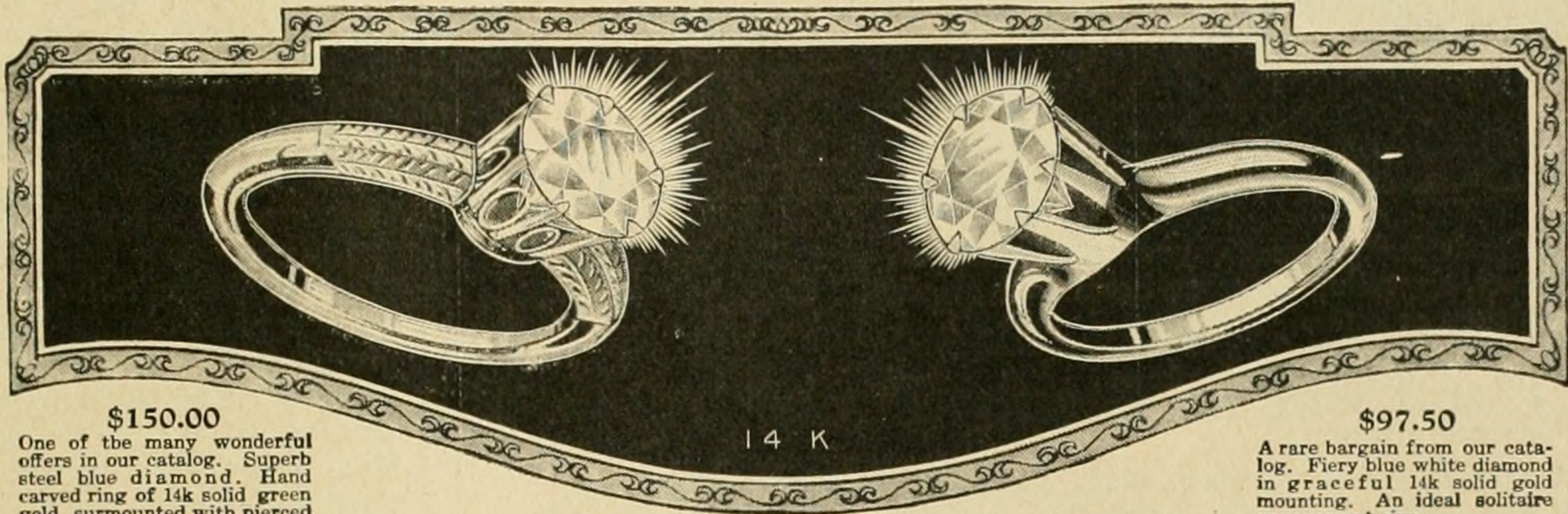
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The Glass of Youth

(Continued from page 50)

shall be in me of success, of promise, I owe to her. She had a limitless patience with me, as she has with all persons and all things—saving only when she is in a temper."

"Has she a temper?"

"Oof!" He threw up his hands and told me of an incident, or more than an incident to him, when on a tour with her. I think it was in Havana.

He had been told, he said, that the tour was to end rather abruptly. Thinking the information was to be accredited, he, in turn, passed it on to someone else. Madame Bernhardt sent for him and accused him of misinformation. He appealed to her secretary for confirmation and the secretary denied the truth. The youthful Gaston told said secretary what he thought of him, and Madame lost her temper to the extent of hurling some silverware about and informing Mr. Glass that he was a fool, would never be an actor and, in brief, to be gone from her sight and her company.

Later on, she telegraphed him for his return—which he did not make.

He told me this with a certain plain-tiveness and regretfulness. A certain hesitancy and fragmentariness. He has a perspective in it, but the regret he felt at it tinges his memory still. He has, it is evident, an admiration of Bernhardt mixed with love, and a love mixed with admiration.

"She told me," he said, "that I would never be an actor. How did I dare to suppose I ever would be? And I told her, 'But, Madame, you, you yourself, are the one who told me that I should be an actor, nothing but an actor, all the time an actor'—and now I have but the one ambition—when Madame Bernhardt returns to this country, I want to be playing on Broadway. I want to make her see, I want her to know that once she was right and once she was wrong, but that it was the first time, the early years wherein she was *most right*."

In "Romeo and Jane," the comedy which played on Broadway for a short while and which is to return there in the fall, Mr. Glass made a notable success. The critics compared him to Lou-Tellegen to the extent of warning Mr. Tellegen to look to his laurels. Gaston Glass showed me the clipping with this criticism with some glee. "I've sent it to Tellegen," he said. "I know him, of course, and I am wondering how he will take it. Probably," he observed, naively, "he will be as mad as anything."

When Mr. Glass first came to this country a little more than a year ago, he knew not one word of English, nothing of pictures and less of the customs of the country in general. A native pliability and adaptability, the artist who knows all things, all peoples and all conditions without, paradoxically enough, *actually* knowing them at all, is responsible for the perfection with which he has fitted into the scheme of things,



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31x3½	7.25	2.10	34x4	9.25	2.85	36x5	13.25	3.70
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screenically, socially, professionally—*every way.*

Already, and notably, he has been in "Oh, You Women," with Louise Huff; "Let's Elope," with Marguerite Clark; "The Lost Battalion," "Mothers of Men," with Claire Whitney; "Humoresque" and "The World and His Wife," with Alma Rubens; and "The Branded Woman," with Norma Talmadge. He is to do other pictures with Norma.

Previous to his picture work, Gaston Glass was a pilot in the French Air Service. He first came to this country, in fact, for the French Air Service.

I asked him what he thought was the difference between the theater in this country and in his own.

He said, "It is not so much a matter of *study* here. It is almost wholly a matter of *recreation.*"

I asked him what made him prefer the pursuance of his art in this country rather than in his own.

He said, "Money—why not?"

Having no adequate answer to so essentially sane a question, I gave none.

I asked him, further, what he thought of the American girls, comparatively.

He eschewed the query. "There is nothing comparative," he said, "about girls. I adore them—all." He added, plaintively, "There is just *one* thing about the American girls . . . they all say the same thing to me . . . and I do not know how to take it. Maybe you will tell me. They say to me, Norma Talmadge, too, 'Dont lose your accent, or you will lose your personality.' How shall I take a thing like that?"

He was quite plaintive and I had to laugh. "They all mean it in a complimentary sense," I said, with soothing reassurance, "of course . . . but . . . *dont lose it!*"

TENDER-HEARTED TILLIE

By WRIGHT FIELD

She never could abide the sight of sorrow,
And other people's suff'ring made her wince;
She once cut off a worm's head in an apple,
And so she never peeled an apple since.
When baking day came 'round she shunned
the kitchen,
The sight of pain she always tried to shirk—
She was so very, very tender-hearted
She couldn't bear to see her mother work!

She kept her room religiously on Sunday
Until the dinner on the table lay,
It hurt her so to see her mother cooking
And serving meals upon the Sabbath day;
About the hammock on the front piazza
On Monday mornings she would always lurk,
While mother on the back porch did the
washing—
She couldn't bear to see her mother work!

'Twas bad enough to watch her parent bending
With aching back above the steaming tub,
Worse still to see her furrowed forehead
swcating
When halls and floors she was compelled to
scrub;
And when the day for mending and for ironing
Arrived, the sight she felt she'd have to shirk,
And so went shopping—tender-hearted Tillie
Just couldn't bear to see her mother work!

(Ninety-one)



Puffed
Wheat

More Bubble Grains

Millions of dishes coming

Direct from the harvest fields we get the choicest wheat that grows. Then we seal the grains in guns, apply a fearful heat and explode them. They come out as bubble grains, flimsy and flaky—puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the grains remain shaped as they grew.

Every night of the coming year millions of children will enjoy this Puffed Wheat in their bowls of milk.

Three grains now exploded

Three grains are now puffed by Prof. Anderson's process, and each has its own delights.

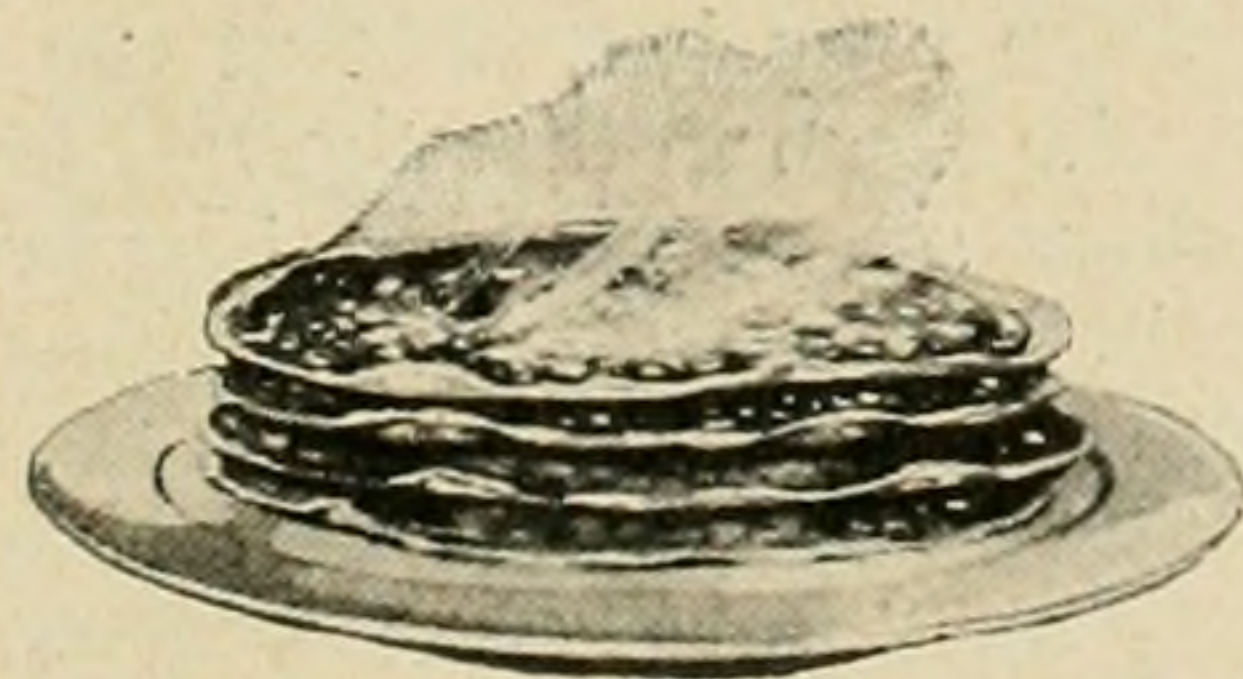
Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed.

All are thin and airy—all have exquisite flavor. And every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Serve all of them in, all the ways you can, for no other form of grain food can compare with these.

Puffed Wheat	Puffed Rice	Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour		

For nutty, fluffy pancakes



Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes nut-like, fluffy pancakes—the finest ever tasted. The flour is self-raising, so the batter is made in a moment. Try this new dainty. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(Continued from page 62)

long before either of them ever took any interest in pictures.

And, speaking of Ray, I met his father, who is visiting him at present, and I want to say right here and now that the elder Ray, straight, tall and handsome, would make a real rival for his son in the matinee girls' hearts did he ever wish to invade the silent drama.

One of the most interesting stories being told around Los Angeles these days is that of Tony's house. It seems that the handsome Antonio Moreno longed for a real home, a bungalow. So he went to work and bought a beautiful little place in the foothills. Then came the task of getting servants, buying food and running the place generally. The servants imposed on Tony for special privileges and special hours, and they ate him out of house and home. Tony found that buying his own bacon wasn't so fascinating as he thought it would be, so he literally threw up his hands, sent the whole troop of parasitic servants packing, forfeited his initial payment on the house and said, "Good riddance." Now Tony is back at the Athletic Club, bag and baggage, and perfectly content to let the other fellow take the responsibility. Even the men find that house-keeping isn't what it is cracked up to be.

Actually the most thrilling event of the month in Hollywood was staged when that daredevil aviator, Lieutenant Locklear, performed for his Fox feature. I arrived on the scene just in time to have a short talk with him before he went up in his aeroplane. His flying field is a flat valley almost surrounded by purpling hills. Here a church had been built for the picture and a road wound past it. On either side of the road towers had been erected for the camera-men and directors. Locklear himself is a charming Texan, tall, boyish and sincere . . . and he actually doesn't know the meaning of physical fear. He was wearing a dinner suit for picture purposes and was as interested in whether his make-up was on straight as a child is with a new toy. Finally the signal was given that everything was ready and Lieutenant Locklear vaulted into his plane. He had his favorite pilot at the wheel, because he himself was to do the stunts. In the picture he was supposed to be pursuing a band of robbers in an automobile. Down the road past the church sped the auto, and thru the air swooped the plane, then dipped down over the auto while Locklear climbed out on the wings and, hanging just out of reach of the propeller, shot at the robbers. A shudder ran thru the vast crowd of onlookers and people held their breath until he had balanced himself along the wings and climbed back safely to his seat.

"Oh, that was nothing," he said when everybody oh'd and ah'd at him, on his landing, and he meant it.

Several times he performed the same death-defying stunt so that the camera would be sure and get it, and later he

had to run the plane so that one of the wings knocked down the church steeple. None of us onlookers dared watch this exploit, so we'll have to go see the picture before we know what really happened. The next thing we knew he was back safe on the ground, a little out of breath and saying:

"Gee, this suit is a mess."

May Allison's sister, Mrs. Wright, was a delegate to the Democratic convention at San Francisco from Tennessee. At the close of the convention, almost every politician you have ever heard of begged her to get him a permit to visit the Metro studio. Poor May did her best for her sister's friends, but she says she was quite overcome, for each and every one of them wanted to know how they could get into the movies, (mainly in the business end).

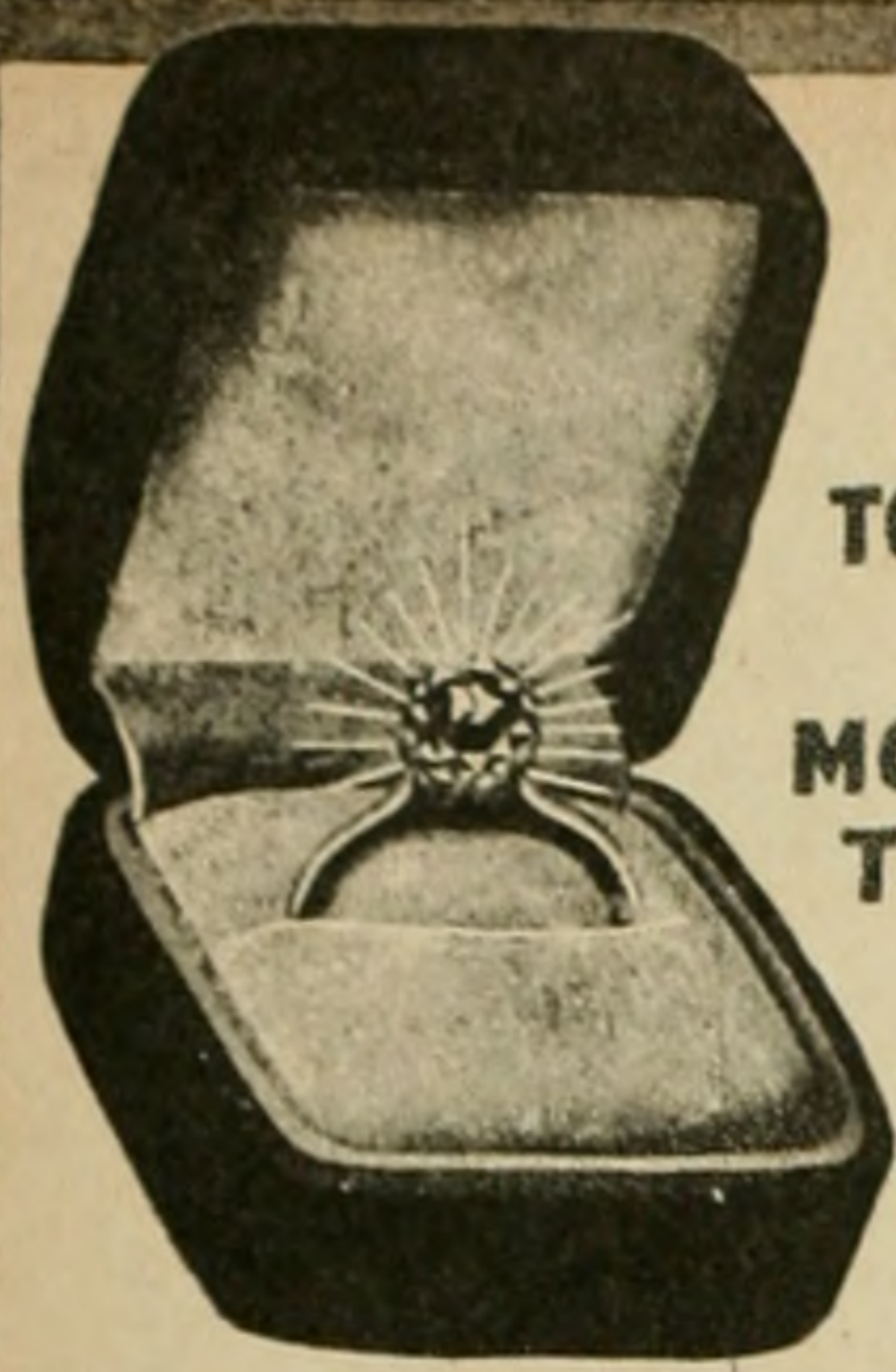
Speaking of Metro, I saw Nazimova assist in directing a huge theater scene for her next picture, "Madame Peacock," the other day. Nazimova is another who allows no one on her set when she is working. Screens are placed all around it and huge placards inform one, "Madame Nazimova set. Absolutely no one allowed except those taking part." Being small, I slipped in where angels fear to tread. Over three hundred extras were playing audience in a theater scene. Madame Nazimova's newest undertaking is assisting in the direction of her own pictures.

I talked to Wallace MacDonald in a remarkable duplication of Greenwich Village's "Pirates' Den." He was playing lead for May Allison in her new picture, "Are All Men Alike?" I tried very hard to get him to admit his marriage to Doris May, which all the film colony has suspected, but he only smiled, denied it and then assured me that Miss May was quite the most wonderful girl in the world. In among the extras in the scene was Wallace's younger brother. Wallace has just brought him out here from their home in Nova Scotia, and he is getting his start and practical training in that way. He is a good-looking young chap.

Another interesting young personage in Miss Allison's "Are All Men Alike?" is Henry Miller's young son. He looked very pallid and far from strong to me, but everyone raves about his histrionic ability.

Alice Lake was busily at work on "Body and Soul." She is a rather exotic little creature and a clever actress. She was wearing a black evening frock and carrying a blue ostrich fan in the cabaret scene that was being taken when I saw her, and in between shots she could scarcely keep from shimmying; the music of the orchestra was so peppy. Stuart Holmes is the wild, wild villain in this picture, and, a queer thing, the hero hadn't even been picked out at that time. Director Charles Swickard explained to me that all the work was the villain's and

(Continued on page 98)



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Dorothea Nourse
Attributes her success as photoplay writer to the Palmer Plan.

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NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the *arrangement* of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they *could* write.

Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplays plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still its fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from \$250 to \$3000 for successful *first attempts* by unknown writers. They must hold out these

inducements to *get the stories*, to *develop new writers into photoplaywrights*.

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may *not* be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

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Athalie

(Continued from page 57)

malicious face of the other woman, grew
fixed and far away. "There are moun-
tains, white, with cold black shadows,
and a hut among them—"

Winifred Bailey started, sat upright
and cast a quick, hunted look at the man
beside her, Arnold Wayne. "What is she
saying?" she whispered. "How does she
know?"

"So small," the strange tone was say-
ing yearningly, and Athalie held out her
arms as a woman to a child, "so sweet!
But it needs some one to love it! Babies
must be loved or they die—"

"Stop her! She shall not—oh, my
God!"

Arnold Wayne, his own face grey,
jerked at Winifred's arm. "Sit down!
Are you mad! She cant prove anything.
It's all guesswork, I tell you!"

But Winifred did not heed or hear.
Her wide eyes were turned toward the
unseeing figure before them, cradling
emptiness in her arms. "See! Cant you
see it! My baby! Our baby, Tony—
that I left in Switzerland! The old
woman said she was dead, but—I see
her—plainly—" and she slid, crump-
ling, down upon his shoulder. With sud-
den tenderness the man took her in his
arms, as one who holds what is his own,
and faced the room manfully.

"I dont know how she guessed our se-
cret, friends," Wayne said slowly, "but
by heaven, I'm glad! Bailey, it's the
truth. Winifred belongs to me, and I
shall take her. You will have to give her
her freedom, and I'll marry her, as I
should have married her five years ago!"

Pineport lapped up the news as a cat
laps up the choicest cream. Athalie
Greensleeve back, eh? And that city
feller Bailey hanging around, looking like
he didn't see nothing else in all the world
'cept her. Well, jest as we always said,
the city warn't no place for a gal—look
how she's fell away! She aint long for
this world, that's certain . . .

Clive Bailey was the only one who
would not see that Athalie was very ill.
He was full of breathless plans for the
future, their future, that they would enter
upon together as soon as the legal for-
malities of the divorce were ended. He
knelt beside her chair under the budding
spring orchard and talked eagerly, pas-
sionately, as tho to drive away by the
very impetus of his words any fear.
And Athalie listened, smiling faintly, say-
ing little, tho her eyes, on his flushed,
boyish face, were compassionate.

Then one day, he came and threw him-
self down on the grass by her chair and
silently laid a paper on her lap. She read
the first words of it, laid it aside, and
their eyes met. "Tomorrow—this after-
noon!" he begged her, "and then—for-
ever afterward, oh, my dear! my dear!"

"I think—I have been waiting for
this," Athalie said faintly. "I couldn't—
go until you had kist me, Clive. And
now you shall kiss me—good-by."

At that he gave a desolate cry, and,
rising, flung back and forth under the
pink boughs, defying God to take her
away just when he had got her, begging

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God, saying wild things. Presently he was beside her again, head on her lap, crying the tearing, difficult tears of a man. She waited until he was quiet, touching the rough, dark head with pitying fingers. Then . . .

"If you love me, Clive, you cant lose me," she said; "I'll be near you all your days and nights. Because the love part of me wont die."

"But it's all of you I want, Athalie!" the earth-bound soul of him cried agonizedly. "What am I going to live on all my years? What have I got to remember?"

"This!" Athalie whispered. She drew him up to her, lifted her face to his face. For the moment she was not spirit, but all woman, warm, tremulous, passionate.

"Kiss me, Clive!"

With his lips on hers, his arms around her, she let go her frail hold on Life joyously. For her the glory of Love's promises would never be tarnished by fulfillment, for her the rose of joy would never fade and wither in her hands.

Her First Interview

(Continued from page 52)

heavenly! We did have a maid, but she thought it was too lonely. We never get lonely, do we, Lorrie?" and Viora squeezed her friend's hand.

"She's the settled one," she continued. "Sometimes she has to sit on me, but I always mind her, dont I?" and Viora beamed on Lorrie, while Lorrie beamed on Viora.

"What in the world would you have done if you hadn't found each other?" I asked, for they seem such kiddies to be alone.

"Oh, I dont know!" they exclaimed in unison, while Lorrie slipped from her chair into Viora's lap and they hugged each other close.

"It was Lorrie that started this picture business," began Viora. "I was away on a little visit, and when I came back I found Lorrie working as an extra here at the Lasky studio. Of course, I came right out to see about it. Louis Goodstadt, the casting director, picked me out and gave me my chance. Everyone says, 'My, how lucky you are,' and I know they are right. I have been lucky, for, you see, I just bumped into it, for, really, I was never even stage-struck."

"Viora was going to be married——" began Lorrie.

"Yes," sighed Viora, pensively, "but after I began in pictures I didn't want to give them up, so I chose a career rather than a husband. I'll only be twenty-three when my contract expires, and that will be plenty of time to marry. I want a whole family of children, too."

The first thing Viora did was a small part with Robert Warwick in "The Fourteenth Man." Then things began to happen so rapidly that she hardly had time to get her breath. She played the rôle of a widow in Bryant Washburn's "The Sins of St. Anthony" so seriously that she went from a hundred and thirty pounds down to a hundred and twenty-three.



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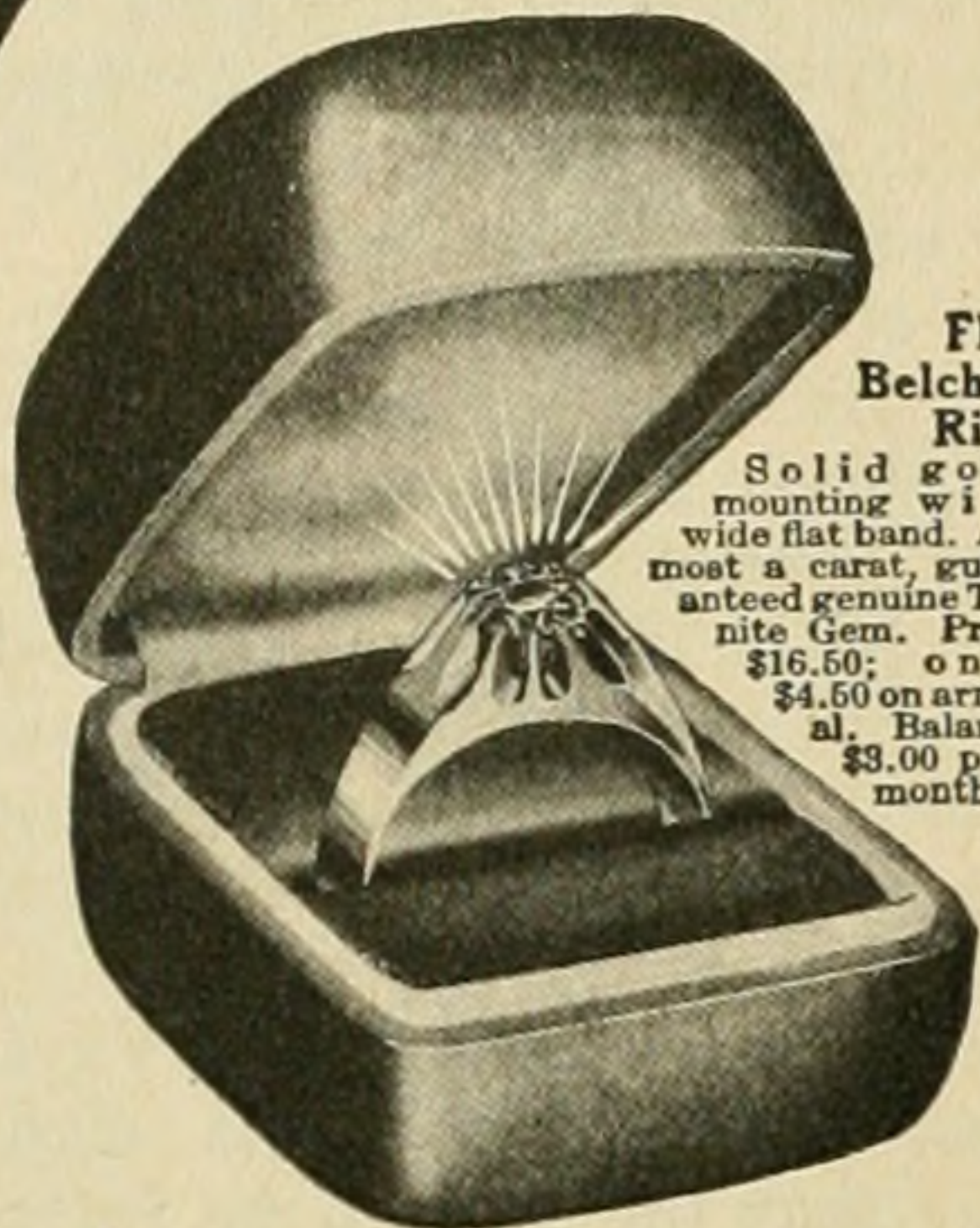
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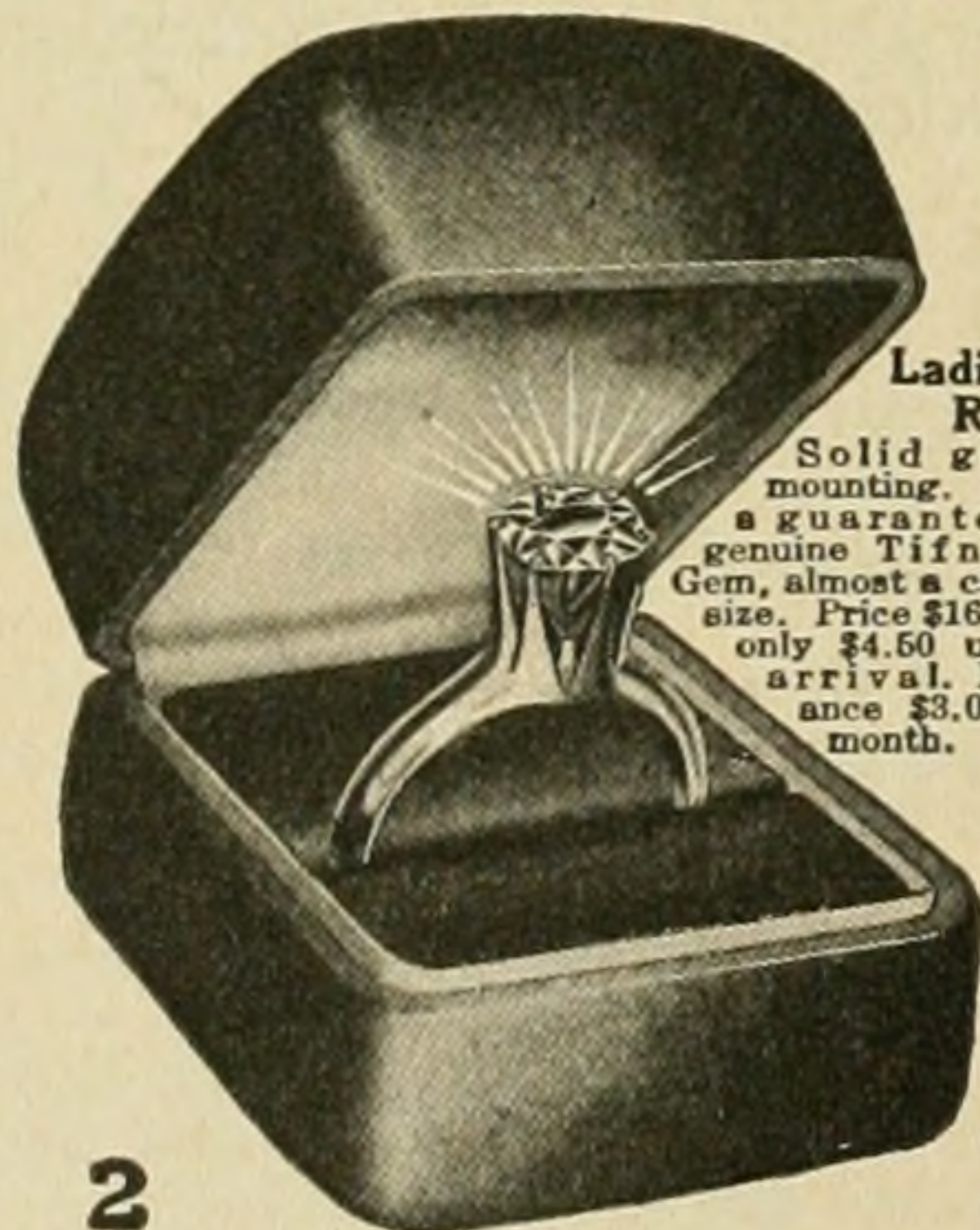
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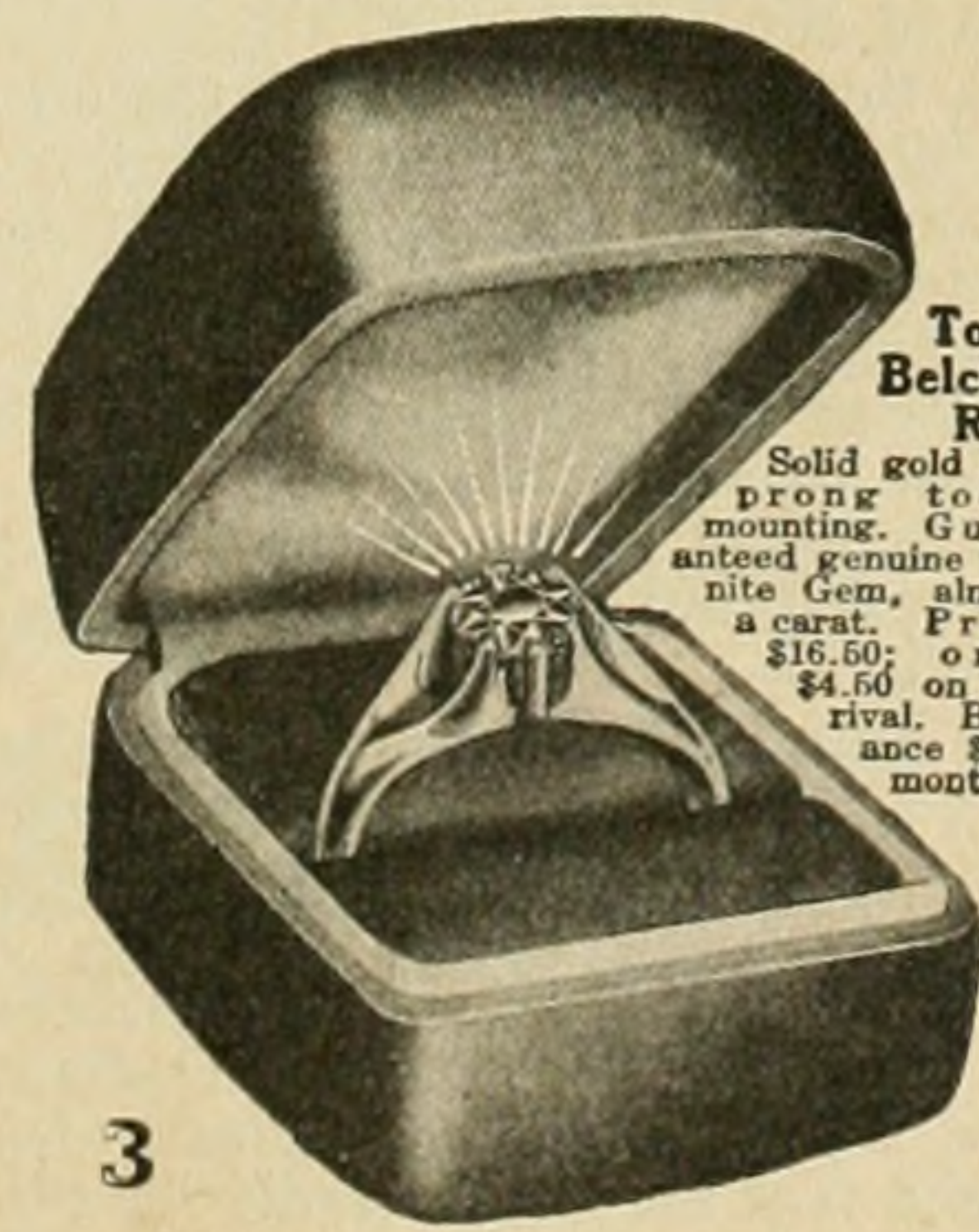
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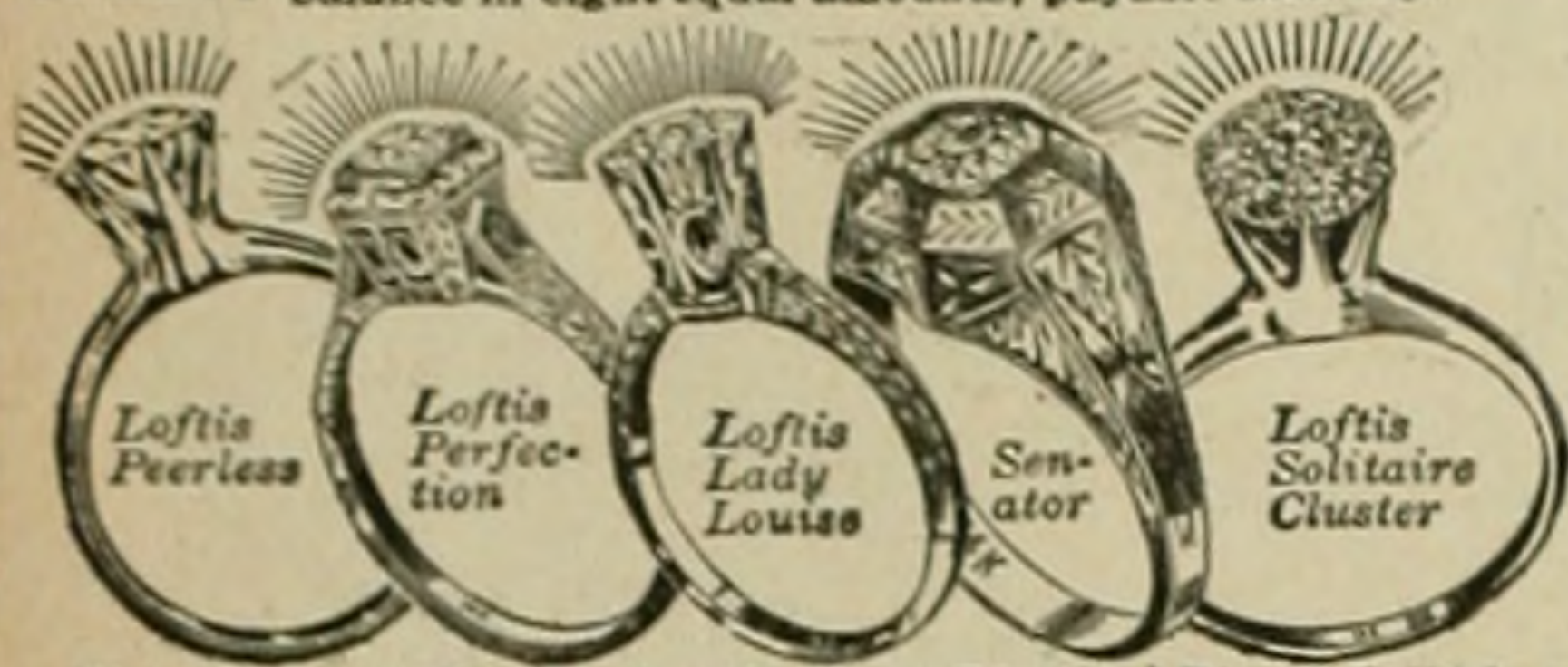
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"We hike and ride so I'll never get fat," she remarked, serenely. "I used to ride in rodeos when I was a youngster on the ranch. Lorrie and I wear boy's clothes at home. The first time I met Roscoe I had on my hiking togs, and I guess he thought I was a little boy coming to work with him," and both girls indulged in a giggle-fest.

"Roscoe is so funny, and a darling. In fact, the whole company are such fun, and they all help me in every way they can. I don't always know what to do, and Roscoe will say, 'Now, just what is it you want Miss Daniel to do in this scene?' and the director will explain it all over again.

"The greatest fun of all is receiving fan letters. I'm beginning to get them, have had twenty altogether. We get so excited when one comes. First I read it, then Lorrie reads it aloud. One came the other day from Illinois, and it spoke of me as a famous star. That tickled me. Oh, how I do prize them! Why, they are worth millions, and I know I shall never, never, never be bored with them."

While this embryo star loves comedy, she dreams of becoming an emotional actress. She adores Nazimova and worships Pauline Frederick, and she wants to play with Richard Barthelmess, too, some day. "He's so wonderful!" she exclaimed, which phrase means about everything to an enthusiastic, effervescent girlish point of view.

As we started back to the set, Viora grew serious. "Did I say the right things? Was that the way to be interviewed?" which shows how unspoiled she is.

With her beauty, her vivid imagination, her sweet, girlish enthusiasms and hopes, Viora Daniel promises to become a favorite twinkler.

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Once upon a time a comedy was produced in which there were no bathing girls nor slapstick.

Once upon a time there was a large-sized town in which there wasn't a single girl who thought she looked like Mary Pickford.

Once upon a time the screen version of a popular novel was produced just as the novel was written.

Once upon a time a screen star lived happily with his first and only wife.

Once upon a time a motion picture cameraman actually felt that he couldn't have done any better than the director for whom he turned the crank.

Once upon a time a famous studio didn't receive a single letter from aspirants anxious to enter the movies, for an entire day.

Once upon a time in a big movie theater during an entire evening not a single person read a title out aloud.

Once upon a time a very beautiful girl who had a chance to go into the movies said she preferred to stay at home and marry the son of the corner butcher.

Once upon a time a great picture success was produced and the director, camera-man, scenarist, star, leading man, producer and everybody agreed that the entire credit for the production's success was due to the author of the story.

The October Shadowland

Perhaps you feel that there is nothing left for you to discover in the way of the unusual in any of the magazines you may see on a newsstand. But you are wrong—

For after you have laughed over the drawings and comments of Wynn sent us from Paris;

After you have read the article by Oliver M. Saylor on the perfection of the cabaret in Russia;

After you have dreamed over the delicate beauty of the new poems by George O'Neil, that young prodigy of twenty-three who is hailed as the coming poet of America;

And after you have lived thru the one-act play called "Damnably Clever" by Gladys Hall and Dorothy Donnell, we feel that you will go on your way rejoicing that there is still one thing left in this humdrum state of affairs which is absolutely new; which is beautiful; which is, above all things, unusual.

Not that we mean to infer that the above is all the October SHADOWLAND offers—not at all, for there are new portraits, new articles of current interest, and new color plates of new stars and other luminaries.

Shadowland

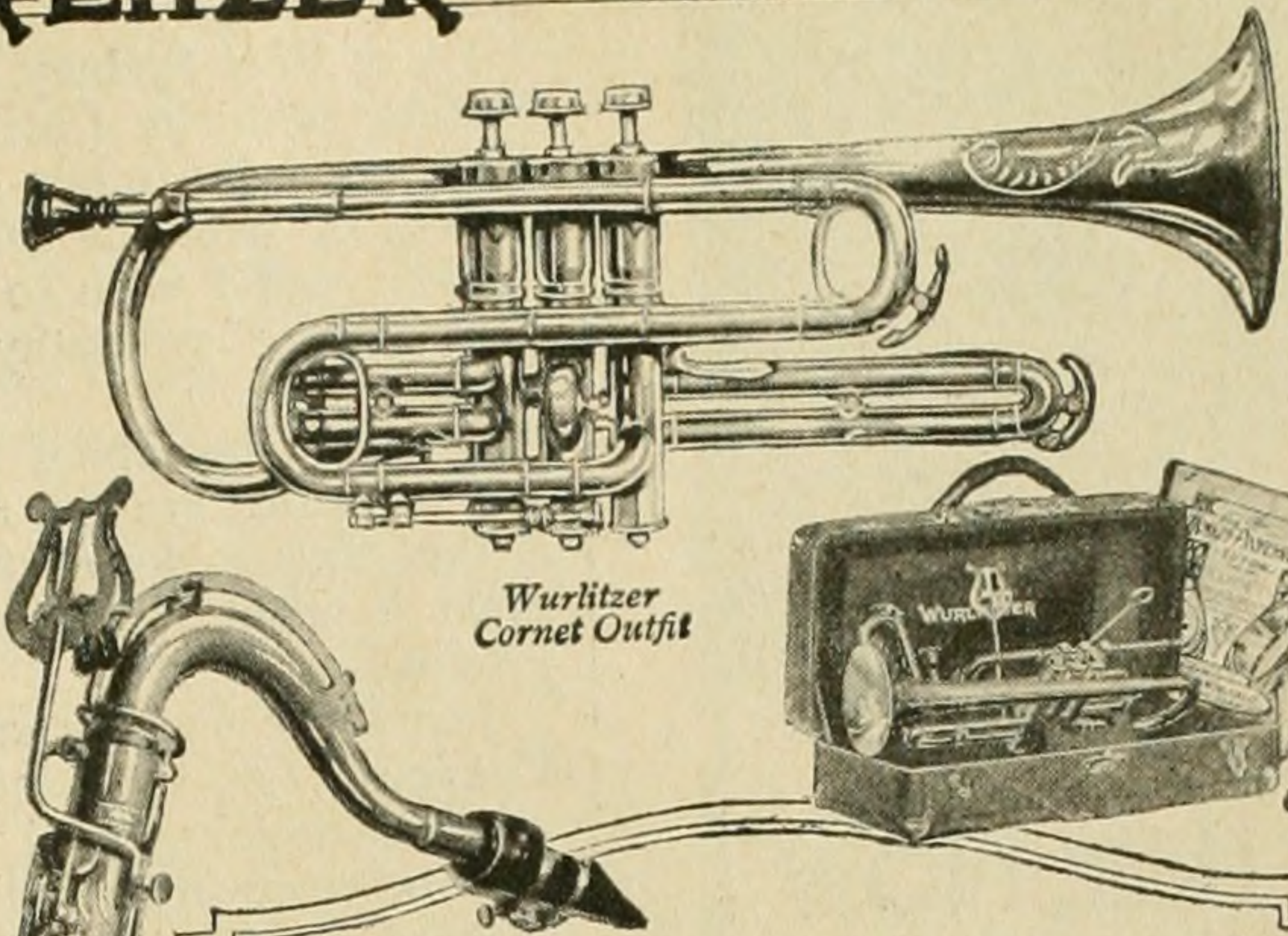
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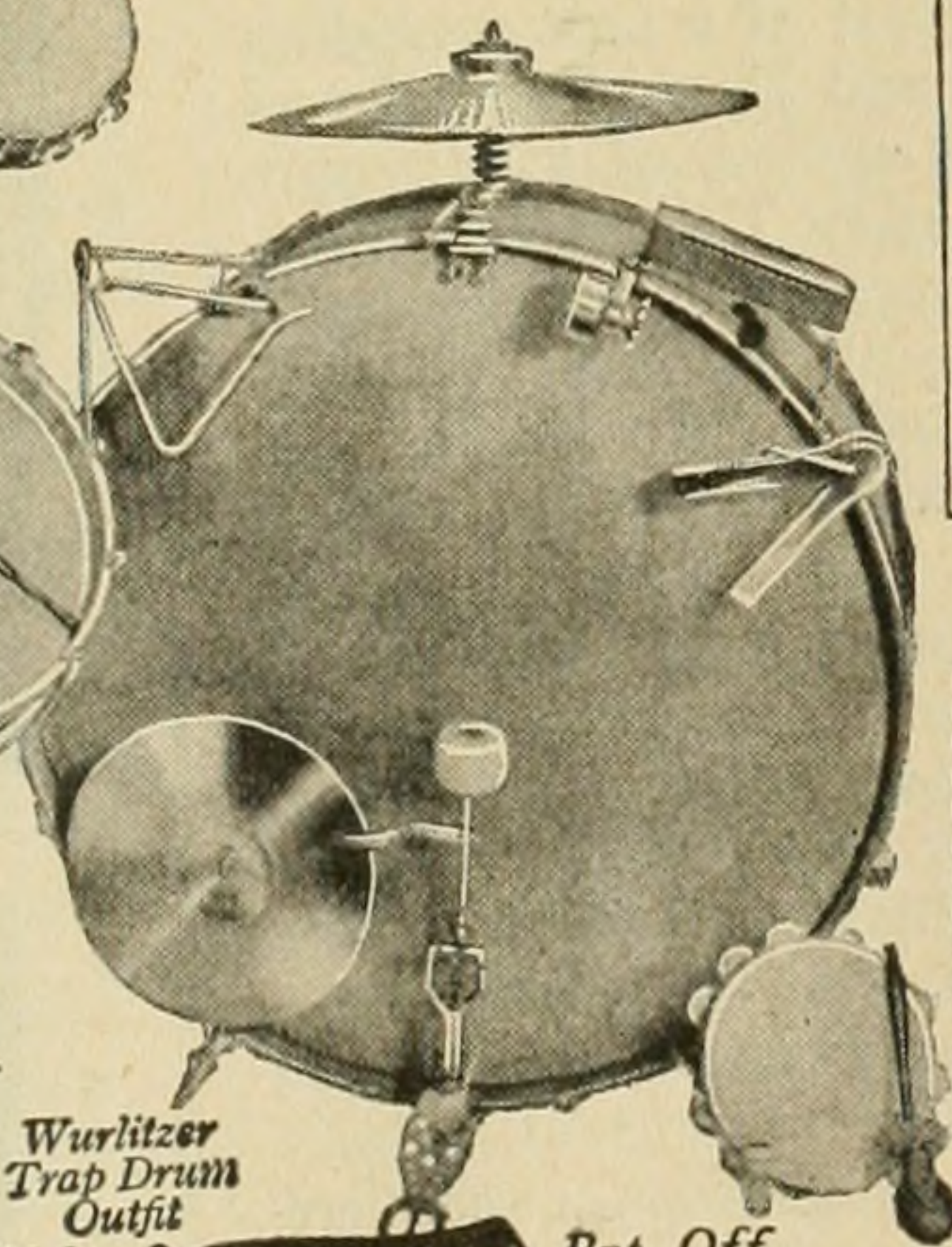
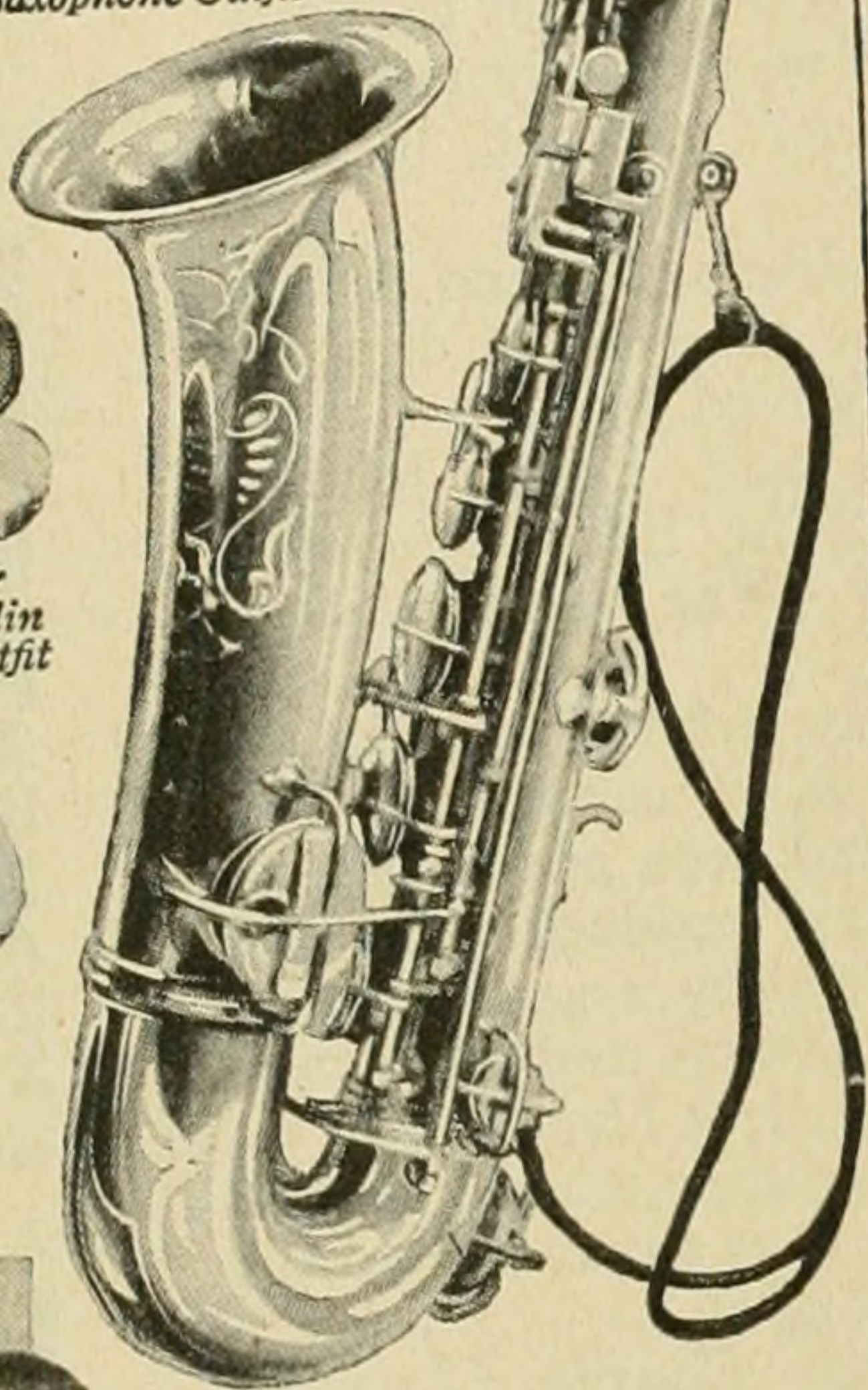
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(Continued from page 92)

the hero only came in at the last second to save the "gal."

I met Earl Rodney, that good-looking leading man in Christie comedies, in Hollywood the other day. He was all broken up over the sudden death of his mother, and I wish to express here our own sincere sympathy for him in his bereavement.

Out at Vitagraph I found that serials and comedies are the rage. The reason is that they make nearly three times as great a profit on serials as on feature productions.

Jean Paige was just completing "Hidden Dangers." As we stood beside the Vitagraph swimming pool, I almost envied her the necessity of diving in, but she assured me that the dangers encountered in serial making were really nerve-racking. They had been trying to get a picture of Joe Ryan saving her from drowning in a sewer-pipe. Up to that time all that had been accomplished was the cutting-up of Mr. Ryan's head when he dived in three feet of water to "save" her. Miss Paige was eagerly anticipating a three weeks' vacation in New York.

Our friend Antonio Moreno is also serialing, and this time he is directing himself in "The Veiled Mystery," while William Duncan and Edith Johnson have completed "The Silent Avenger" and are starting "The Wizard Spy-glass."

And, by the way, while I was in the Vitagraph office word came thru that "Lady Fingers" had been purchased for Earle Williams' next production.

Vitagraph is spending a great deal of money on Larry Semon and his comedies. He is given *carte blanche* for his productions and writes, acts and directs them himself. He is as funny behind the camera as in front of it.

Rumor says that Charlie Chaplin's long absences from the screen have necessitated the arrival of a new comedian to fill his shoes, and Harold Lloyd and Larry Semon are spoken of as the only possibilities. Frankly, Harold Lloyd has already nearly topped him in the heart of the public. In all the large Western cities I have found Lloyd comedies advertised as the main attraction, ahead of the feature.

Besides Ann Forrest and Forrest Stanley, other members chosen for Cecil B. de Mille's new all-star cast include Clarence Burton, Ann May, Theodore Kosloff, Kathlyn Williams, Theodore Roberts, Shannon Day and Bertram Johns. The picture is still tentatively called "The Other Wife."

Mildred Harris Chaplin is the recipient of an offer to star on the stage in New York from A. H. Woods. Whether she accepts or not, she intends to make her next First National picture in New York.

And, by the way, a bitter legal battle for the custody of Baby Marie Osborne, highest paid juvenile actress in the world, will probably mark the divorce suit and



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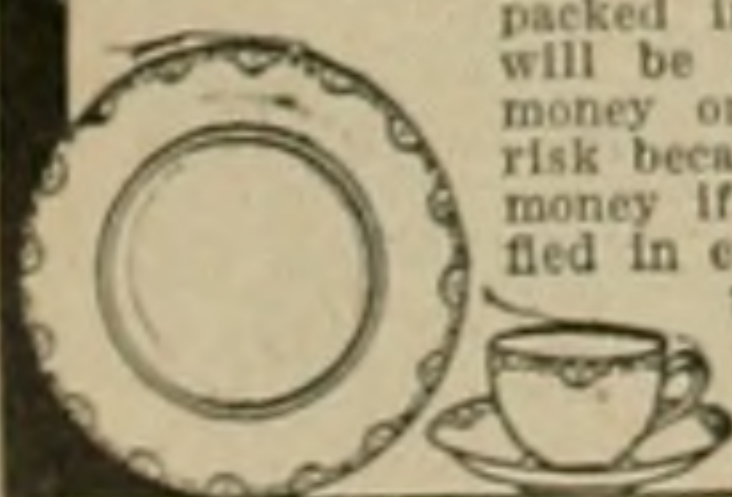
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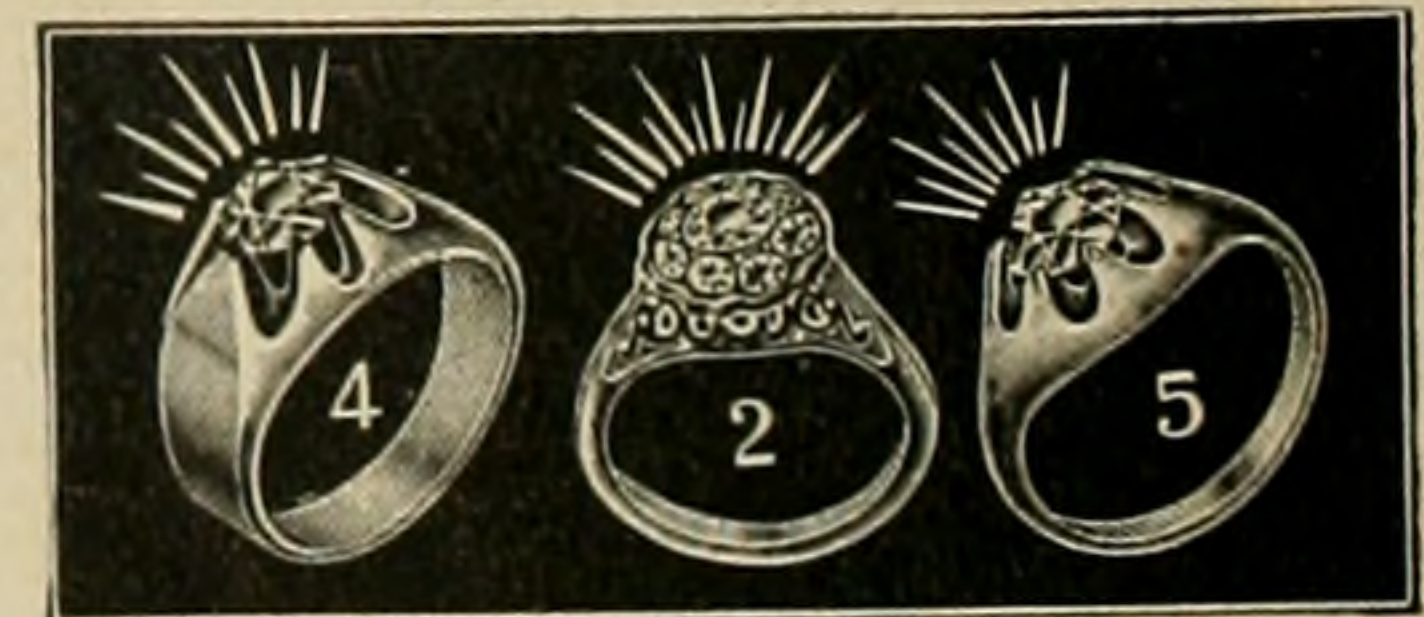
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counter complaint of pretty Edytha Osborne and Leon T. Osborne. So far, all attempts at an adjustment out of court have failed.

Carlyle Blackwell, long a star in the early days, is now a leading man for Marion Davies.

The plans for producing the picture, "Foolish Wives," at Universal City, under the direction of Erich von Stroheim, called for too much attention to detail to suit Captain George W. Hazen, secret service agent for the Treasury Department, and consequently warrants were sworn out for the arrest of von Stroheim, Clarence E. Riley of the Riley-Moore Engraving Company, Gleb de Vos, artist and designer employed in the art department of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, and three others, on charges of violating section 161 of the Federal penal code relating to counterfeiting money.

The extreme penalty for the offense charged against them is a fine of \$5,000 or five years' imprisonment, or both, according to Captain Hazen.

"Moving picture producers have been flirting with the counterfeiting laws for some time," said Captain Hazen. "We have warned them repeatedly and have confiscated counterfeit money from them on several occasions. There is no such thing as 'stage money.' Money is either real or counterfeit. We are going after motion picture people the same as we would any other violators of the law."

The scene of the picture, "Foolish Wives," is laid at Monte Carlo, and the script called for great quantities of French money. This, it is charged, the producers undertook to reproduce with too great accuracy of detail.

A get-together meeting between representatives of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and motion picture producers recently resulted in a love-feast at which all grievances dissolved into thin air and a spirit of cooperation developed. The meeting was held following complaints that those interested in motion picture work had been discriminated against by Los Angeles merchants.

Bill Hart and I had an interesting confab out at his studio one hot day recently. Bill's greatest concern at present is his law suit against Thomas Ince, for, as Bill puts it, "all the money he has in the world." So far, things look optimistic for Hart. Our great Westerner is really pleased with the picture he has just finished, called "The Testing Block," a story of the Sierras. Bill is writing his own stories these days, "The Cradle of Courage" being from his pen.

Clara Kimball Young is taking a two-weeks' rest before beginning work on another picture, the title of which has not yet been announced.

P.S.—We exceedingly regret to announce the receipt of a telegram notifying us of the death of Lieutenant Locklear, who was instantaneously killed while performing an extremely difficult aerial "stunt" for the camera. The interview contained in this article was the last one he gave.



NATIONAL BOB

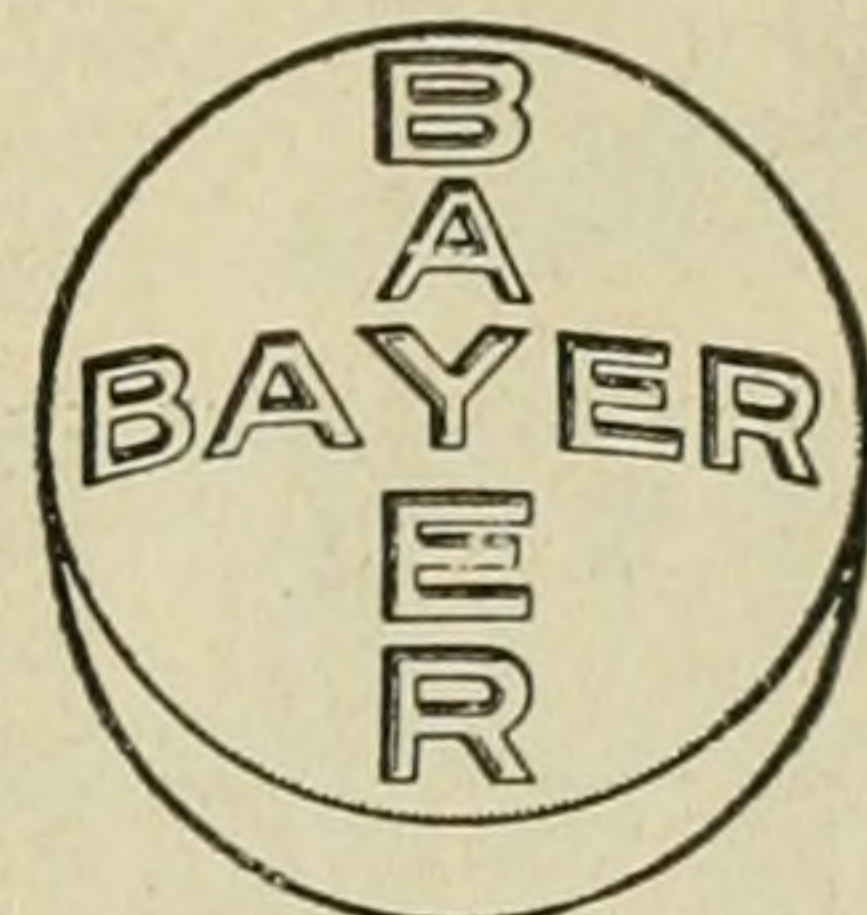
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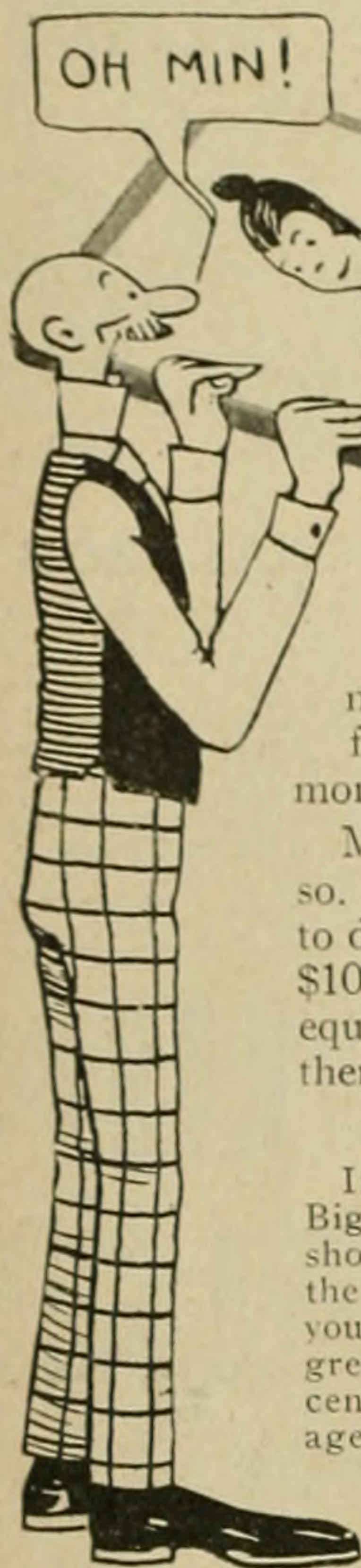
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The Celluloid Critic (Continued from page 88)

tion as a bespectacled newspaper office boy. You'll like him.

Far and away the best thing of our month—in points of workmanship and humanness—is the latest Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy, "The Unconventional Maida Greenwood," of her series of Julian Street's "After Thirty" stories. This is another near-amorous adventure of the susceptible Jimsie Wickett. This time his understanding wife returns just in time to diplomatically cure Jimsy of his *affaire* with a Bohemian studio dweller whose soul, according to the best seer information, is just in tune with his own. The lack of dramatic overemphasis, the adroit filming of thought rather than physical action and the closeness to reality all stamp this little photoplay as a gem of its kind. Mrs. Drew is one of the two or three directors whose faces are towards the movie Mecca of tomorrow. These "After Thirty" stories, subtle and slender tho they are, are actually milestones of progress. A word about John Cumberland. No player on the screen is doing finer or more carefully conceived playing.

We found George Fitzmaurice's "The Right to Love," (Paramount), to be rife with the splendid direction and fine photography characteristic of this admirable director. But Fitzmaurice has not duplicated his "On With the Dance," because here his story is weak, trite and hectic. CLASSIC readers are familiar with it thru its appearance in these columns under its original title of "The Man Who Killed." Fitzmaurice, however, never evolved more singularly beautiful cinema moments than in this fetid Constantinople tale. Mae Murray is a colorful heroine, to say the least.

Robert Vignola's draggy screen adaptation of "The World and His Wife," (Paramount), completely disappointed us. Announcements presented this as adapted from the play by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, in turn based upon a "poem" by Jose Echegaray. Which, of course, is a fearful injustice to a vigorous Spanish playwright. Echegaray is a leader of the younger Spanish school of the drama.

"The World and His Wife" is a study in the destructive power of gossip. Echegaray takes three people of Seville, a husband, a wife and another man, a young poet, and shows how, without a single real atom of wrong, they are wrecked upon the shoals of tittle-tattle. Echegaray told his tragic tale in terms of psychology. The theme has reached the screen in terms of obvious physical action. The whole opus becomes feverish melodrama. Vignola has failed in points of subtlety, atmosphere and shading. The striving for Spanish atmosphere is plainly labored. And there are numerous slips, such as the moment when the unmarried Theodora comes down to the gate of her house to meet her affianced husband. No well-bred Spanish girl would do this.

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No member of the cast seems wholly in his or her rôle, but Montagu Love easily contributes the most vigorous acting as the husband whose life is sacrificed to gossip. Alma Rubens is the wife and Gaston Glass the young poet.

We can't imagine why anyone filmed the old Rex Beach-Paul Armstrong farce, "Going Some," (Goldwyn), unless it is part of a systematic effort to do every play and book ever produced. Elaborate changes have been made to brace up the thesis. "Going Some" is just a skit built about a young college boy, a cheer leader, who masquerades as a crack runner in order to impress his sweetheart and who is thereupon forced to run a race as the candidate of a lot of bloodthirsty cowboys. Of course, he wins. We've forgotten how just now, but that is of no consequence. Cullen Landis is the rah-rah liar, but, to our way of thinking, Willard Lewis runs away with the film as a slangy trainer.

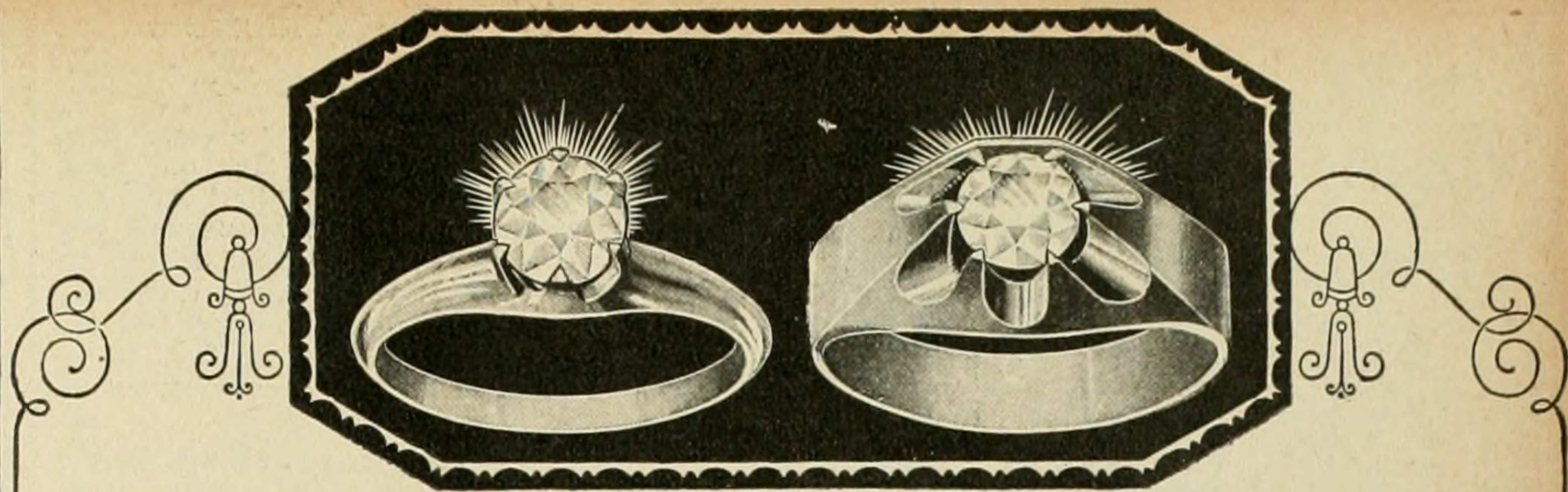
Bessie Barriscale's "Life's Twist," (Robertson-Cole), failed to even begin to get our interest. Miss Barriscale plays two rôles: a society girl and a factory worker who look exactly alike. When the rich girl and her husband become estranged, the double brings them together again. Turgid.

Strangely enough, "Yes or No," (First National), turned out to be Norma Talmadge's best vehicle in some time. Based upon a disastrous and crudely melodramatic Broadway stage failure by Arthur Goodrich, it transforms into an effectively theatric celluloid offering. Not life, obviously, but offering contrasting rôles. At once Miss Talmadge plays a young wife in the tenements and, plus a blonde wig, a luxury-loving matron of Central Park West. A scoundrel appears on the horizon in each instance. To their pleas, the poor wife says "No," but the other responds with "Yes." The motion picture shows how prosperity comes to the loyal lady of the negative, while suicide follows the butterfly's "Yes." Hectic stuff, but vivified by Miss Talmadge's playing and by R. William Neill's rather above-the-average direction. Neill has tried to keep away from a conventional handling of his scenes and has inserted little human touches here and there. We rather liked Rockcliffe Fellows' playing of the workingman husband.

Constance Talmadge is rather amusing in John Emerson and Anita Loos' "The Perfect Woman," (First National). Constance plays a cutie with a conquest system all her own. Her first collision with disaster comes when the young business man she fancies from afar turns her down when she applies for a job, because, by every point of his efficiency system, she falls short. So she goes home, rebuilds her face, minus powder and other aids, returns plus horn-rimmed spectacles and—wins the position. The employer is a man after Attorney-General Palmer's own heart, for he is engaged in rounding up "reds" and the lady with the system lends first aid, thereby

(Continued on page 104)

(One hundred and one)



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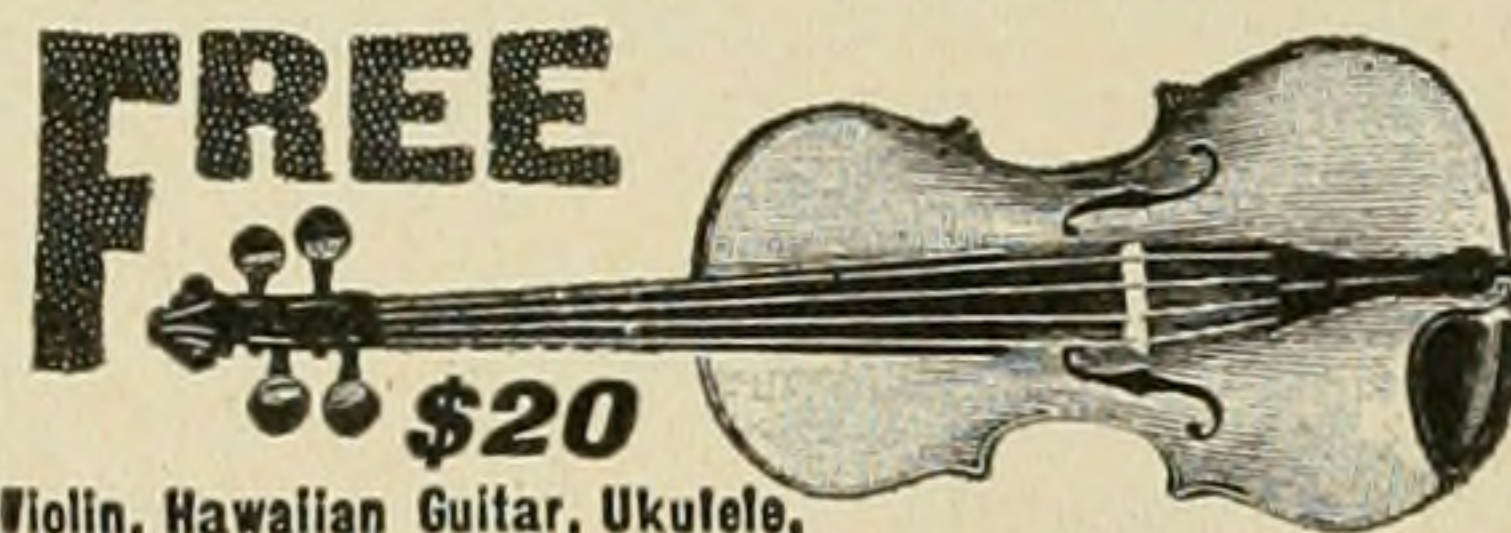
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| ..Colds | ..Youthful Errors | ..Gastritis |
| ..Catarrh | ..Impotency | ..Heart Weakness |
| ..Asthma | ..Vital Losses | ..Poor Circulation |
| ..Obesity | ..Short Wind | ..Skin Disorders |
| ..Headache | ..Flat Feet | ..Dependancy |
| ..Thinness | ..Stomach Disorders | ..Round Shoulders |
| ..Rupture | ..Constipation | ..Lung Troubles |
| ..Lumbago | ..Biliousness | ..Increased Height |
| ..Neuritis | ..Torpid Liver | ..Stoop Shoulders |
| ..Neuralgia | ..Indigestion | ..Muscular Development |
| ..Flat Chest | ..Nervousness | ..Great Strength |
| ..Deformity (Describe) | ..Many Weight Barbells | ..Professional Training |
| ..Weight Lifting | ..Falling Hair | |
| ..Advanced Course | ..Poor Memory | |
| ..Weak Eyes | ..Rheumatism | |
| ..Insomnia | | |

Name

Age..... Occupation.....

Street

City..... State.....

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The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 87)

K. K. K. K.—You say, "Ever since I first purchased a CLASSIC, the very first one published, I haven't missed a number. I have decided to take the bull by the horns and sell the cow, as it were, and make myself a source of amusement to your staff." Welcome, and I am glad to know you. You can address all of those players at Los Angeles, Cal., and I am sure it will reach them. Owen Moore is in New York playing for Selznick.

JUST JEAN.—Fat men are not always funny, nor thin men solemn. No, I'm not fat, been following "Eat and Grow Thin" to retain my girlish figger. Virginia Faire is sixteen, and you can reach her at Universal Company, Universal City, Cal.

J. R. W., KOKOMO.—Yes, there is a limit to everything—even my patience. Go ahead, tho. Monroe Salisbury was born in New York. He studied art and music and in 1898 went on the stage. Played with Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, Nance O'Neil, and later in stock. Mahlon Hamilton is playing opposite Blanche Sweet.

RUTH A. M.—Sorry. Yes, Frank Keenan is married. The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, with an elevation of 29,002 feet. Just met a friend who saw the sun rise at Mount Everest. Yes, Robert Warwick in "The City of Masks."

TALMADGE FAN.—Well, it is pleasant to hear that many appreciate me, but it is sad to think that all do not. Accent on the "zim" always. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass.

IRRESISTIBLE.—Dear me! I'm in the best of health, thank you. I rather like your description of love and malaria. You say love begins with a fever and ends with a chill, and malaria begins with a chill and ends with a fever. I think I get you. Referred to Darwin's.

C. M. E.—Nay, nay, I never get angry when my correspondents make fun of my bald head and long beard. I have had them too long. (But neither is too long.) Yes, I rather liked Mary Pickford in "Suds." It certainly was a touching scene when Mary saves the horse from going to glue, and when she takes him up to her boudoir.

JESSIE A.—Enjoyed your very interesting letter about Hawaii. You must write me again.

MRS. SIPPY.—Cannot tell you where Charlotte Claire Pierce can be reached.

PHANTOM, PEKING.—Guess you received my letter by now. Why, Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895. Yes, he has played with Gertrude Hoffman. Has dark complexion, dark hair and black eyes. Sessue Hayakawa is playing in "Li Ting Ling." Jack Mulhall is playing opposite Bebe Daniels.

JACK MEREDITH.—You are too intemperate with your praise. Admire, but dont adore. Doris Lee in "Hay Foot, Straw Foot." Larry Semon was in to see us the other day. He is as fine and as funny as they make them. He does some mighty clever stunts in "Solid Concrete."

G. P. M.—You say you are five feet six, and want to know if Mildred Davis is taller. You're welcome, keep the change.

MISS M. T. HEAD.—Well, just because your mama has given her consent you think that nothing stands in the way of your becoming a photoplay star. There may be other obstacles, alas! Oh, pshaw! The Shah of Persia possesses an armchair made of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones. If I had it I'd melt it up and buy me a houseboat and a buttermilk cow. Drop in and see me when you come to New York. If you have an aeroplane, I might say, drop down to see me.

NENA G.—Yes, to all of your questions. Every one of them

ZARAGATIN THE BOOB.—I understand the *Imperator* is the first steamship to be equipped with a full-fledged bank. Phyllis Haver is about nineteen. Norma Talmadge about five feet two. Married, of course. But you cant expect me to be nice if you call me a woman.

MAX C. B.—Mary Pickford was born April 8th, 1894.

(Continued on page 104)

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(One hundred and two)



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The Motion Picture Magazine for November

We're always on the lookout for something new. We know our readers appreciate anything that's a bit different. We have to offer in the way of novelty—a one-act play covering an interview recently had with Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks on their return from Europe. Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall are the collaborators of this play.

C. Blythe Sherwood, who has gone to the coast, sends us an interesting story on Blanche Sweet.

Douglas MacLean, now a star with Thomas Ince, has been captured for a heart-to-heart talk by Hazel Simpson Naylor. There are new portraits of Douglas which will delight all of his feminine admirers.

Maude Cheatham cornered Ann Forrest and made her tell of her plans with Cecil de Mille. Ann, you will remember, has just been signed by De Mille as his new leading woman.

Betsy Bruce interviewed Bryant Washburn just before he sailed for Europe. She also contributes an interesting chat with the ever-increasing-in-popularity Constance Binney.

The
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(One hundred and three)

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The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 102)

OLGA 17.—Bless you, my child. I fear you still have a feeling for Crane, because you write me on Crane's stationery. You say you are always with me. For this we have friends! I'm with you, Olga, every time.

CUTIE.—So you dont believe I am 79, and you think I earn more than I say. No, child, I always speak truth when hard pressed. Charles Ray in "Old-Fashioned Young Man." Priscilla Dean in "Outside the Law." No, I never read the Hearsed Publications. Nor the "Ladies Hum Journal"—I prefer "Town Tropics," and the "New York Whirled." My favorite author is Mrs. Humpty Dumpty Ward.

MISS LUTZ.—Joe Emory is not married. Elsie Ferguson is to play in "Sacred and Profane Love" for the screen. Violet Heming in "The Princess of New York." We have some queens here too. Haven't the address of the Fairbanks twins.

SILVER SPURS.—You want Earle Fox to come back. If it does you any good to unburden your troubles to me, go as far as you like, and if I can say a helping word I am yours to command. Douglas MacLean in "Lucid Intervals" and "Yancona Yollies."

BAYBE.—You say you are 19 and you would love to be Tom Moore's mother. I dont get you. What do you think I am running, a bazaar—send you a bit of my beard for a souvenir? Nay, I cant spare a hair. What's in a name? Rye, N. Y.; Bourbon, Ill.; Green River, Ky.; Cluquot, Mo.; Brandy, Va.; Port, Okla.; Sherry, Wis.; Brandywine, W. Va.; Tank, Pa.; Booze, Tenn.; Drinker, Pa.; Vichy, Mo.; and Lithia, Fla.

PEANUTS.—So you want to see Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" on the screen. Yes, it would be a treat. You also say, "Is it true that Mary Pickford is going to retire?" It makes me blue just to think of it. I dont care to live if I cant see sweet little Mary any more." Well, you will live a little longer, because Mary is still with us. Do write me again.

ANGELES, PHILIPPINE.—I have sent your letter on to Kenneth Harlan. Ashton Dearholt in "The Girl in the Dark." Among the Hindus enormous sums are spent on cremation of the richer classes in sandalwood. Of course, I want to hear from you again.

OLYMPIAN.—Yours was indeed brilliant. I am afraid you are too tender to succeed on the rough journey of life. When you have a pain you insist that the whole world know about it, whereas a window may have many panes all at once, without making any fuss about it. Be like the window. Ta, ta.

BERNICE H.—Thanks for the fee. Raymond McKee is 28 years old. Nazimova—I dont know whether she smokes or not, and Bryant Washburn is abroad. He is married and has a happy family. Yes, today would be sweet if we could kill yesterday, because happiness is but unrepented pleasure.

KITTY KAT.—You say you always read our magazines, from the girl on the cover to the Palmolive ad. Dear me, no, I cannot give you a list of the actors who are paying alimony. It would take a larger book than this. Alimony must be considered the biggest item in the high cost of living. Thomas Meighan in "His Friend and His Wife," and Sydney Chaplin is to play in "One Hundred Million." He's just playing in that, not getting it.

EDDIE.—Thomas Meighan—yes, he is married.

REBECCA.—Write to the Talmadge studio for that picture. Harrison Ford is not married. "Peter Pan," "What Every Woman Knows," and "Little Minister," are to be produced soon.

EMMA C. H.—You say all the fortune-tellers tell you, you are made to be a movie star. That's looking ahead. You can reach Virginia Faire at the Universal Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Enid Bennett in "I Wonder If" and "Incubus."

WALLACE REID FAN.—Thanks immensely. So you want more chats and stories about Wallace Reid. Cleveland is the fifth city in population of the U. S. That's going some, isn't it?

EUGENIA BIBBY.—I read with a great deal of interest your charming letter. I do hope you succeed as a story writer. Yes, women can vote for the Presidential electors and in a large number of other states. Lincoln was a Republican.

S. C. C.—And yours was a very interesting letter. John Barrymore is to play in "Amos Judd" from the novel by John Ames Mitchell. Fatty Arbuckle in "The Life of the Party," "The Traveling Salesman" and "Brewster's Millions." *Nous verrons.*

A. D. GISHADN.—Sorry, but I can give you no information about Clarine Seymour. The author of "Pollyanna" was Eleanor Hodgman Porter, a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Mayflower. Yes, an affinity is a high-priced luxury since the cost is alimony.

F. O. B.—Charge it, please! Glad to meet you. I really dont know of any star who would carry on a correspondence with you. They are all very busy. Yes, that's true about Pearl. You should have enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope. Write me again some time.

DAVID H.; A LITTLE BLONDE; NORMA'S ADMIRER; MRS. R. F. E.; R. C.; SWEET COOKEY; RUBY; ETHEL M. F.; JUST MINIE; FAN TAIL; CLAIRE L.; LILLIAN AHO; MARGUERITE BRUCE; GIRL NAMED MARY; FLORENCE F.; BUCK; AND CHUCHI.—Thanks for your interesting letters, but they have been answered elsewhere in this department. Better luck next time.

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—Yes, I certainly missed you. So you are seeing our Great Romantic West. Write me again.

JACKIE STAR.—And your ambition is to see me face to face. No, I dont have a license to run this department. Perhaps I ought to have. Gold teeth take black on the screen. You cant tell the difference between artificial and real ones.

J. B., YARMOUTH.—Well, you call me old Sphinx. Then you say a stone face often hides a warm heart. I dont know which candidate I shall vote for, altho I am nominally a Democratic Republican.

The Coming Collier

(Continued from page 82)

interested in a neighboring garage. Consequently, there is no piece of automobile machinery he cannot analyze, or any species of car he cannot drive. He took up boxing that way, also—from the beginning; and because he didn't think he would want to finish college, he didn't start.

"I gave up the idea of college because these next four years are what count. At twenty-two I want to be definitely started—ahead—on my life's work, whatever it may develop to be."

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 101)

winning his love. There are smiles in "The Perfect Woman," altho the story is pretty shallow.

This Harold Lloyd goes speeding along. His latest, "High and Dizzy," (Pathé), is made up of the oldest farce ingredients; *i. e.*, humor based upon intoxication and sleep-walking, but Lloyd invests the whole fabric with such adroit by-play and such lively touches of fun that it is easily his best celluloid farce to date—a classic in subdued slapstick. There is some tricked sleep-walking along the high window-ledge of a hotel which will keep you gasping, no matter how much you know about camera faking.

(One hundred and four)



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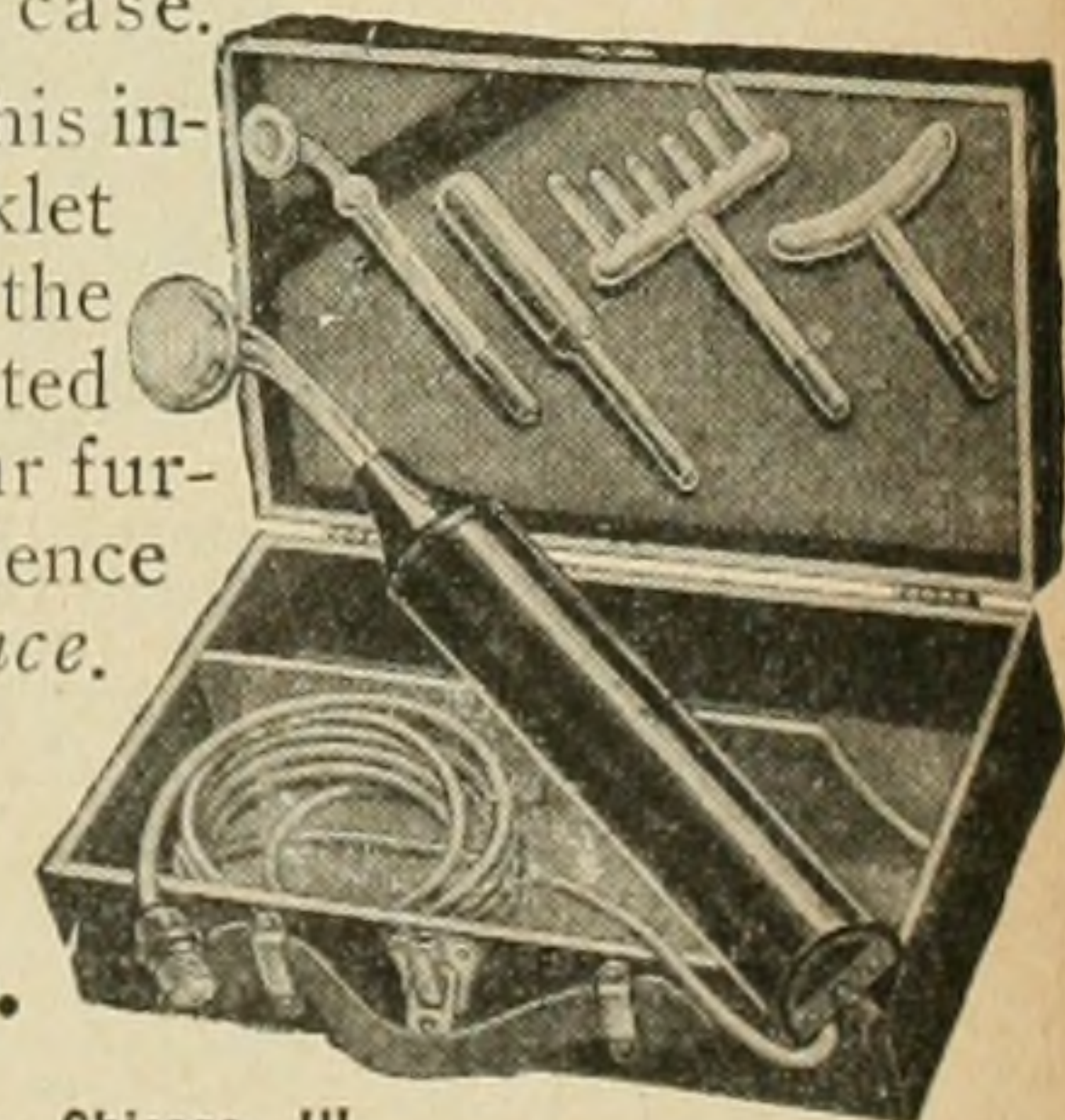
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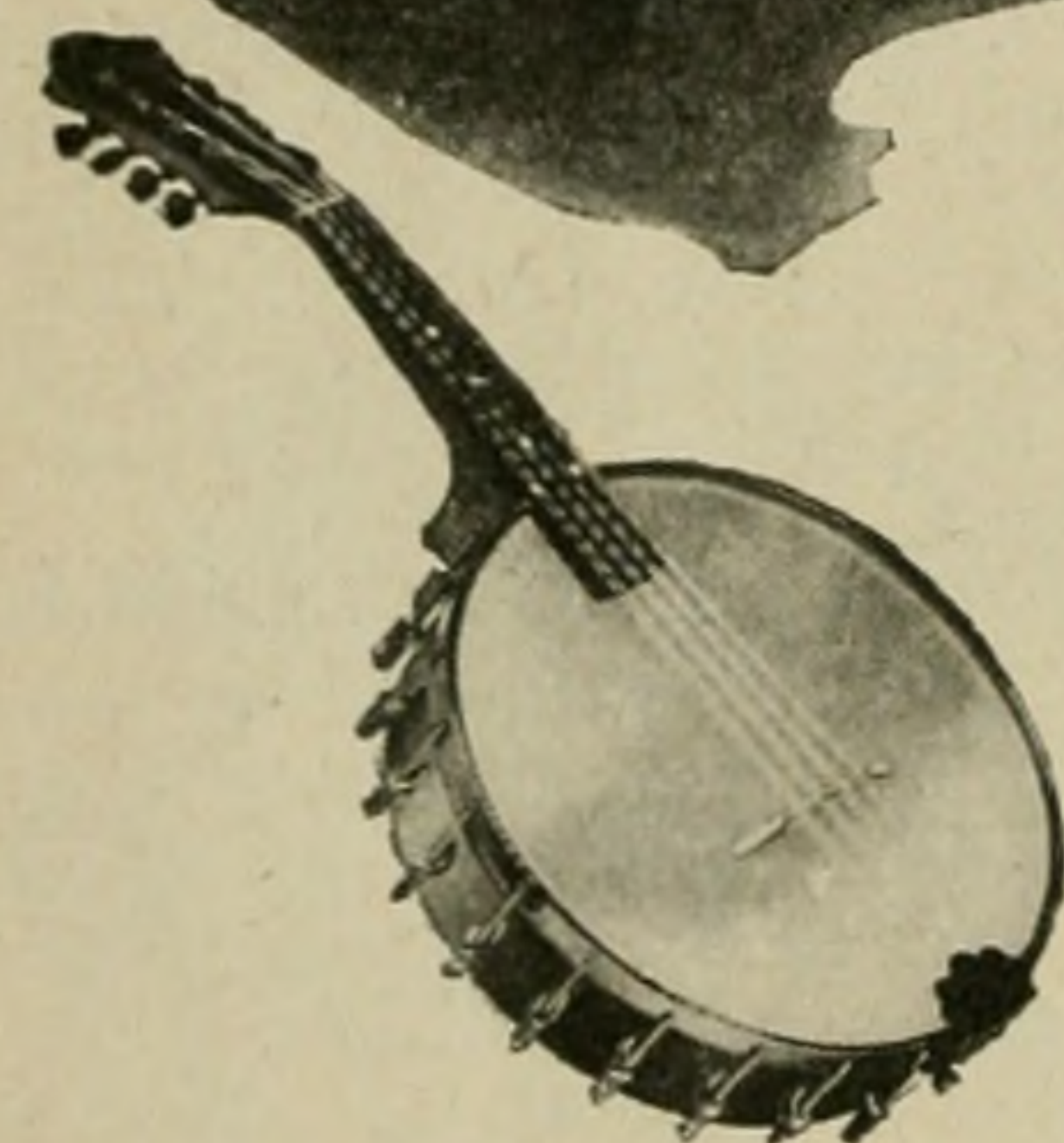
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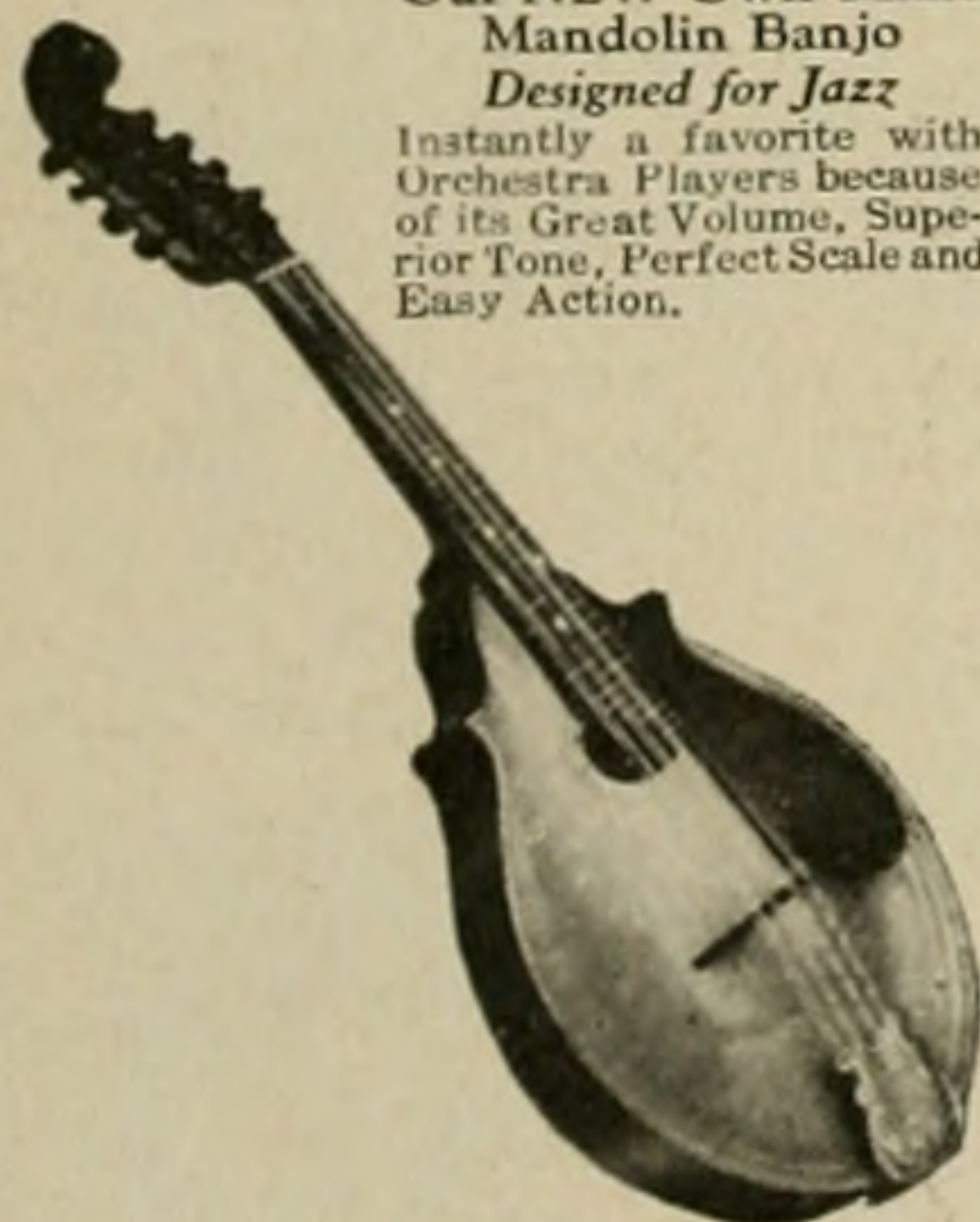
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