THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD
THE ONE BY WHICH ALL OTHERS ARE GOVERNED

DECEMBER 1918

Marguerite Clark

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The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude.

(Signed) W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury

The motion picture is like the magician's crystal. You gaze into it and you see life.

Life alight with gaiety and purple with dreams, life astride the champing steed of adventure, life careless of death.

By what test have Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures emerged crowned monarchs in this art?

By the test of the faithfulness and clearness of their crystal-reflections of life!

By the sheer vitality of their foremost stars—by their sheer beauty—by their sheer charm—often by their sheer loveliness—by their LIFE!

And nowhere else is there such directing as in Paramount and Artcraft, such gorgeous presentation, such superb understanding of the story's artistic atmosphere, such closeness to life's richest hues!

In deed as well as in name are these motion pictures—Paramount! Artcraft!
IN MEMORIAM

Harold Parry Quicksall, first managing editor of the Photo-Play World is dead, a victim of the deadly scourge of influenza, which swept the nation. That he, though only 27 years old, should answer the "Taps" of life is unseemly, and his passing robs the great motion picture industry of a potent force for betterment.

Better, cleaner and more elevating moving pictures has been the basic principle of Mr. Quicksall's connection with this thriving medium of entertainment and education. His qualifications to judge the requisite elements to gain his elevated goal, is attested by the fact that the keenest students of the art of acting, both on the stage and screen, had admitted Mr. Quicksall to a place among the foremost critics of the nation.

His editorials, appearing in this magazine and many times directed against the natural impulses of those in the motion picture field more sensationally inclined, were grounded upon a thorough knowledge of his subject. This insight to stage and screen work, coupled with a clear-mindedness seldom evidenced among present day critics, made him a wholesome credit to his profession.

Not alone did the photoplay benefit by Mr. Quicksall's constant battle for elevating entertainment, but everything with which he was associated felt this influence. Better music and literature were among his consistent demands. As dramatic and music critic of the Philadelphia North American and as a contributor to the Christian Science Monitor, of Boston; the Outlook and Book News Monthly, upon topics of his calling, Quicksall always demanded the very highest product of enlightened brains.

One of the foremost dramatic writers and composers in this country, once said of Mr. Quicksall:

"Quicksall, to my mind, though still in the development stage, ranks among the most constructive critics of stagecraft and music in the United States. His keen vision and unusual insight to the art of acting, and his remarkable knowledge of music composition, make him a most valuable asset to the world of art. I predict for Quicksall an honor-place among the authorities of the world on drama and music before many years pass."

True sincerity of purpose, as we who worked with him know, was the underlying principle of Mr. Quicksall's relentless fight for the public's benefit. At times his comment upon things dramatic and musical were probably harsh, but it was only because he honestly believed his opinions and possessed the unalterable courage of his convictions.

It was one of his pet desires to establish the "first line of defense" for the photoplay industry in the studios, to offset the unconscious will to destruction of a probably well-meaning sphere of digested persons with a legal right to censor art.

While fully in accord with the spirit of censorship laws and insisting upon a high standard with which to make photoplays conform, still Mr. Quicksall fought continuously against the appointment of persons to the boards who had little or no knowledge of the art they were passing upon.

It was his contention that persons, no matter how well versed in literature or how high a position they held socially or ecclesiastically, were not qualified to censor unless they also had an intimate working knowledge of their subject.

Aside from his extensive critical and editorial work, Mr. Quicksall was one of the most active promoters of the great Liberty Sing movement, which has, since its inception in Philadelphia, extended to every section of the nation.

While the Photo-Play World will miss an ability such as Mr. Quicksall's, our personal grief at the loss of such an association is unbounded.

He was born at Bristol, Pa., June 23, 1891, and was educated in the public schools of the Keystone State and the University of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Friars' Club of New York, and the Sketch Club. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, three years old; a mother and sister.

Mr. Quicksall was the son of the late Rev. Fred Foster Quicksall.

—The Editors
Mona Lisa
Triangle

Olive Thomas
Agnes Ayres
Start
the
New Year
RIGHT

THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD
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Dorothy Martyn
THE BELOVED IMPOSTOR

By LILLIAN MAE KIPLING

OU'RE a mite of teasing, heart-grabbing debutante!"

The words were addressed to Betty Thorndyke, an irresistible little miss of eighteen summers who, it was true, only two weeks previous had made her premiere into the staid society set of Virginia, in a little exclusive town not far from Richmond.

It was Hugh Gordon who gave vent to this unusual outburst, and the fact that Hugh was the third man to propose to the much-amoured Betty within a week—and the third to be rejected—had a direct bearing upon his state of mind.

But Hugh was of the persevering sort, and the fact that the two were seated on the quaint old garden settee, with the wonderful surroundings of the old Edwards' mansion for atmosphere—which, in the spring of the year, of all times, was not to be denied its influence—spurred him on hopefully. Betty strategically had handicapped the wooing Hugh, by keeping his hands nervously occupied holding apart a skein of yarn, which she was winding into a huge ball.

But what is a skein of yarn to a throbbing heart, soliloquized Hugh, and he clasped her hands, yarn ball and all, in his entangled as they were, and pleaded once more:

"Betty, you must be my wife!"

"I can't say 'yes' to you and 'no' to all the rest—I love you all equally," Betty argued, rather logically, and to break the tension that followed, she scolded him for the snarl he had gotten into her skein of yarn.

Hugh was blue and inclined to beg his cause, when the old family carry-all appeared, coming up the front drive of the beautiful estate, disgorging a bevy of laughing, sky-larking young men and women, and saved the situation.

Betty leaped from her seat, dropped the tangled yarn into Hugh's lap to be unsnared, crying, "Oh! there's the rest of my house party," and she started toward the new comers. It was Betty's first week-end entertainment, which probably added to her apparent delight and surprise.

The party reached the front veranda of the house before Betty, and immediately showered their greetings upon Mrs. Jessie Edwards, mistress of the Edwards' household, and better known as Aunt Jessie to all. Aside from being Betty's guardian angel, Aunt Jessie was probably the one upon whom this captivating little miss centered her affections. That she should have been the embodiment of the finest in the south, sweet, gentle, charming and well-bred, Aunt Jessie never appeared in better form than when she sat on the spacious veranda of her stately home, as the new arrivals found her, with her knitting, fancy cap and kerchief. Betty's choice reference to her dear old aunt was that she epitomized the life of the past and love of the present.

It seemed applicable.

Betty interrupted the shower of respects after vowing to spend his life in the seclusion of the jungles and shun all of the feminine sex, was evidence that he had not succeeded in completely living down the God-given impulses of man—although he thought he had.

Dick still felt the pain of a heart-wound inflicted by a woman whom he could neither forgive nor forget; but here he was, back in civilization, ostensibly to visit Aunt Jessie. At least he told himself so, for he had not seen her in years.

Dick was a handsome man; tall, strong and possessing the facial features that imply character. For this reason his dislike for women and utter coolness toward them was the more noticeable.

As Dick was waiting for a taxi, George Trumbell and Jack Pierce, old-time acquaintances, on their way to catch an outgoing train, strode in front of him, almost bumping into his numerous bags. Dick's heart leaped. He greeted the men warmly. He could do this and still maintain his vow, but the women—It was the first time he had been put to a test since leaving the United States for the wilderness. He braced himself, bowed courteously, although rather stiffly to the ladies and, bidding a hasty adieu, stepped into the taxi, which had rolled up to the curb, He was satisfied with himself.

Dick drove to the nearest telegraph office and wired to Aunt Jessie:

Back in civilization."

Betty's first house-party was in full swing that afternoon. Hugh, Gertrude Fisher, a girl chum of Betty's, and others of what was a happy, laughing congregation, were gathered around their adorable Aunt Jessie on the veranda of the Edwards' mansion, when a messenger boy, lazily drawing a cigarette, entered the gate on a bicycle.

"Telegram for Mrs. Edwards," he announced, dismounting.

Betty took the message, incidentally confiscating the cigarette. This was done so abruptly that it actually aroused this disciple of Deadwood Dick and the Dime Library.

A look of mild surprise came over the face of Aunt Jessie, as she read the telegram, which Betty had handed her, in the midst of her admonition to the messenger boy.

THE CAST

Written from the Vitagraph Photoplay

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Dick found himself attracted by this child, and her impish ways.

"My distant cousin, Dick Mentor, is back in the city," she said eventually, when she had recovered her poise.

The announcement meant little to those present, because Dick, to them, was a stranger. Even Betty did not indicate much excitement, although she did break the silence by asking:

"Is he nice? Can't we have him out?"

"I doubt if he would come if he knew there were to be women," Aunt Jessie replied, after some hesitancy, smiling at Betty. Her thoughts interrupted her speech and the old lady grew serious, apparently thinking of Dick's past.

"Woof, woof; he must be a woolly old bear," suddenly burst out Betty, as she assumed a funny little attitude, at the same time throwing her arms tenderly around her aunt's neck, to allay her apparent mental stress.

Hugh was visibly aroused by Betty's cynical outburst.

"See here, Betty," he finally blurted out, "I'll wager the best thoroughbred horse in Virginia against a———kiss that YOU couldn't win the heart of Dick Mentor, although you'd lose your own."

This was a challenge that no woman could let go unaccepted and maintain a semblance of her self-respect, so that no sooner had the real significance of the dare settled in Betty's mind, than she replied with a sudden "Done!"

Although Aunt Jessie rebelled at the idea, she revealed just a little touch of hesitancy as she thought that if she must lose Betty, it could be to no finer man than Dick. Her opposition faded, and the girls thereupon bombarded Betty with a fusilade of queries as to just how she was going to accomplish this unusual undertaking.

Betty assumed a mischievous air and addressed her quizzers with: "I shan't tell my plan, but I guess I will win—in my own way."

That there were mysterious "doings" around the Edwards' mansion that afternoon was not unusual, in view of the events that transpired previously. Aunt Jessie had telegraphed Dick to come out from the city and, although he was inclined to a wager, was to come down the stairs giggling, it only tended to make matters worse.

Attracted by footsteps at the top of the stairs, all eyes turned in that direction. Slowly, a child of twelve years in manner, and dressed like a lovable youngster, with a copy of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" under her arm, descended. A look of surprise came to the faces of all—it was Betty.

So this was the scheme by which she hoped to win the heart of this woman-hater, Dick. The thought and its extreme possibilities flashed through the minds of the group and they looked at each other, each with curiosity in the outcome and covering their thoughts with a whimsical smile.

Gertrude suddenly broke the silence by turning to Hugh with:

"A thoroughbred horse against a kiss that Betty can't win Dick? Better buy your horse, Hugh."

Hugh laughed, while Aunt Jessie crooked her finger at Betty, beckoning to her.
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much after the fashion that one would a child. She had a yearning and a hope that this child might at accomplish what a woman might not—win and soothe the heart of Dick. But she suddenly grew stern at the thought of the ruse as she commanded, half heartedly: "Bett! Go up at once and put on a proper dress."

Betty drew closer to her aunt, with the winning approach of a child that was amazing. Putting her arm around the old lady’s neck she said, appealingly: "If this terrible woman-hater saw me ‘grewed up’ he’d run. Please—give me a chance to win—as a child."

Aunt Jessie hesitated, but finally gave in. It was just a time. Dick’s motor had rolled up to the house and he was alighting. Aunt Jessie advanced to the door to greet him, while Betty, with a swift adoration to the looming party, moved over to the corner of the great hallway, seating herself by the big fireplace and becoming deeply absorbed in her book.

Dick, with his usual cordiality greeted the men of the party, upon being introduced by Aunt Jessie, toward whom he showed the greatest affection. Toward the women he was unusually stiff and formal. In fact, his manner was such as to make Gertrude wince and Hugh smile slightly, as he thought of his wager with Betty.

Betty, buried in her book, did not look up during the formalities of introduction, although her eyes were covertly studying the new comer. A look of approval flashed over her face, as if to imply “a foeman worthy of steel.”

Dick had not noticed the demure little child in the corner up to this time. If he had, he might have detected an inclination on this child’s part to step out of her character, as she contemplated some of the complications her ruse might entail. Betty’s courage was beginning to fail her, but a defiant look from Hugh settled the question. She would go through with it.

Dick had been so engrossed in his attentions to Aunt Jessie since his introduction to the rest of the party, that only an accidental glance in Betty’s direction revealed the child in their midst, who was then deeply interested in her reading.

"Am I not to meet little Cinderella," Dick asked, turning to Aunt Jessie.

Aunt Jessie, though a little nervous, managed to nod an assent, while the others watched with delight.

Betty rather proudly arose, as she was presented to the new comer, making a prim curtesy. Dick bowed graciously, saying: "I am not the prince, but may I pay homage to little Cinderella? Indeed, I am certain that the slipper would have fitted your little foot."

Betty looked down at her foot with an air of confusion that made Hugh have to turn away to conceal a betraying grin. Then she looked into Dick’s face with such audacious coquetry that he was surprised, and answered, rather curtly: "Who knows but that you may be the prince, after all."

"Coquette is born in them even at HER tender age," Dick remarked, as he turned to Aunt Jessie with a hearty laugh.

Betty pretended to be hurt by Dick’s remark, and sat down abruptly, delving into her book. Hugh helped the game along, even at a risk of losing his horse, when he grabbed Betty by the hand and led her to the center of the room with the others, to indulge in a rather spirited spasm with Cinderella, but I don’t want to keep her up beyond her bed time."

Betty nodded and had a little private laugh, as she turned to go into the house with him. The dance had stopped, and Dick turned to Aunt Jessie, asking if it was not yet Betty’s bedtime. The old lady looked helpless, but Betty saved the situation by holding up ten fingers over Dick’s shoulder. Others in the party, who had observed the by-play, could hardly restrain their laughter.

Assured that his child acquaintance could remain up a few minutes longer, Dick asked that the victrola be started once more. Although an3 splendid dancer, Betty did everything to make life temporarily miserable for her partner, as they started to trip what was far from a “light” fantastic. They struggled through the experience and Dick, although he tried hard to look pleased, made rather a failure of it, because Betty certainly had spent more time on his feet than on the floor. They ended the dance by the stairway, and turning to the grandfather clock in the corner, Betty assumed a look of dismay and pouted childishly, as she observed and indicated to Dick that it was ten o’clock.

Betty was just about to mount the stairs, after waving a good night to the party, when Dick stopped her.

"Isn’t there to be a good-night kiss," he said. "I’m sort of a cousin, you know."

Betty puckered her lips, and took the kiss, in spite of some wild gesticulations Hugh was making from the other side of the hall.

Betty stopped, sulking at the head of the stairs, regretful that she should have to curtail her evening’s fun, when Mammy grabbed her arm, as one would a child, and dragonlike, led her into her boudoir. It was the end of a perfect day.

A week passed only to bring another week-end party. In the meantime Dick, who had consented to remain as the guest of Aunt Jessie, was fortifying his kindness for this child Betty. The big heart of the man was finding a soothing influence in the first feminine association in years.

Betty, playing the twelve-year-old girl to a point of perfection, had held Dick’s continuous attention in her childish whims. This bright morning found her snooping around the garage with him, of course, mournfully proclaiming to her companion that “everybody was too busy to teach her to drive.” The chauffeur, who was tinkering with the carburetor and had his head down in the hood of the machine, bit a generous piece out of his tongue,
when he jerked his head back, started at the remark. Betty, in reality, was unusually adept at the wheel.

Dick agreed to teach her to run the car and no sooner said than done, they were proceeding cautiously down the roadway outside the Edwards' estate in less time than it takes to say it. Betty purposely aimed the car at a tree and Dick dutifully grabbed the wheel, just in time to avert a disaster.

The car was brought to a halt and they sat there, man and child, gazing at each other. Between them, it was apparent, there was ripening a sweet intimacy, which the non-humanish Dick allowed merely because Betty was, as he thought, a little girl of fascinating ways.

A wood in its attractive spring regalia was invitingly present at the right, and soon Dick and Betty were tramping through it, hand in hand, neither really conscious of the love that was developing between them.

That night faithful Mammy, observing the affection of Betty for Dick, proached her as she was preparing for bed.

"Lamb," she started, rather hesitatingly, as though she believed she was taking too much liberty with her little mistress, "you'll better take off them childist garments, 'caus de woman part of you shore done fell amuck in love." Betty was startled by the observation. "In love? Oh, Mammy, I dare not; I musn't be!" she almost shrieked, although she realized all too well the truth of the statement.

The next day found Betty and Dick planning another automobile ride, and the balance of the party, not excluding Hugh, were content to let them alone. As they reached the car, Betty made a move to get into the driver's seat, but Dick stopped her. "I'll drive," he said. "I want to take you to my lodge in the forest. I haven't been there for—for a good many years." Betty noted a cloud of sadness come over Dick's face and, without making any further comment, she dutifully got in beside him and they drove off.

Dick's lodge in the forest was a beautiful little spot, well kept by a couple of old attendants, who were constantly on the ground. Flowers adorned the place and the shrubbery was arranged artistically. It was as an oasis of rare artificial taste in the vast natural beauty of the woods. Betty could not help but notice the look of sadness which came over her companion's face, as she alighted from the car in front of the lodge. She took her gently by the hand, dismissing the attendants, and led her into the bungalow, after she had stopped to pluck a rose.

The living room showed that it had been untouched for some time. As they entered, Betty remarked about its cozy arrangement. Dick sat on the couch, his expression growing more serious as he looked around. To him it was like the opening of an old sore and yet not, for as Betty observed his mental anguish, she crept over beside him and placed a hand on his arm, in gentle sympathy, as a child who knows that there was something amiss, but who cannot grasp the depth of its meaning. Dick drew her down beside him on the couch.

"Little woman," he started slowly, "it was here that I knew my greatest happiness and my deepest sorrow." Betty's masquerade could not hide her feelings, as she instinctively drew closer to him. She placed a hand on his, folded in his lap, and he drew it into a firm clasp, with a feeling that this child would understand that he will be the stronger for telling her of his past.

"When you are a big woman, Betty," he started, "and your Prince Charming comes along and places his heart at your feet, do not accept his gift unless you can hold it sacred for all time.

"My little princess broke me on the wheel of fortune—" he faltered, and then, with a quizzical look at Betty, continued. "We were truly happy. She was a singer of ability. I loved her dearly and she me, I thought. But a singer, used to the plaudits of thousands, soon wearies of Arcadia, and by and by the Ogre came.

"Our baby came, first to exhilarate the love between us and later to make this tragedy more tragic. Not long after a man, who claimed himself an operatic impresario, came into our lives. He pictured to her the world and the place in it that awaited her. She believed him and—" he again hesitated.

With an unsteady voice he finally finished the story of how his wife had yielded to the pleadings of this man, and left him with a helpess infant to face the world alone.

"God claimed the little life he had given us," he concluded slowly, "and by and by the wife who was gone, passed away, deserted, in poverty.

He paused and his shoulders shook with a great sob. Betty put her face close to his and the tears slipped down her cheeks. Thus they sat for an instant, then Dick, feeling the sympathy of this child, and seeing her move her face upward so that it was near his, yielded to his impulse and pressed his lips to hers.

In the flash of an instant the two ceased to consider the relation of child and man, and their great love and its new found expression in their eyes. Dick took her in his arms and their caress was that of man and woman, loving, passionate.

Of a sudden Dick realized that he had given the caress of love, and Betty had responded as to the man of her choice. He broke away, shocked at himself, surprised, humiliated at his display of emotions. He arose and, his head bowed, turned away. Betty sat as if in a stupor, her lips tightly locked and a look of yearning on her face.

Suddenly Betty arose, and resuming, as if by compulsion her childish attitude, she started toward the door. Dick strode beside her and they left the lodge. The trip home was without comment on the part of either, but both were thinking. There was almost restraint between them as they reached home, Dick going to his room and Betty seeking refuge with her Aunt Jessie, who was sewing in the living room.

Betty dropped to her knees by the side of the old lady, and poured out her woe and mortification. "Oh, to think that I have wagered to trap, through a living lie, the heart of the man I—love!" she sobbed.

Her aunt was nonplussed and Betty sat wrapped in doleful consideration of the wreck she had made of her life.

"Why don't you tell him?" Aunt Jessie finally asked. "Dick will understand—if YOU go to him."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," Betty answered, half hysterically, "he would HATE me."

Aunt Jessie could not say much, and deciding it is best for her to think it over, left Betty with her thoughts.

Dick, in the meantime, had come down stairs and gone into the garden for a stroll, to collect his thoughts. Hugh came upon him accidentally. The restrained brooding in Dick's eye was enough to inform Hugh
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had lost a perfectly good thoroughbred horse, and he thereupon made the decision to get it. This little mental process was what was responsible for Hugh’s air of mysticism a few moments later, when he jumped into his runabout at the garage and cast back a merry chuckle of some of those who had casually questioned him as to his destination.

Betty was still sitting in the living room when Dick entered the house a few moments later. Dick was foremost in her mind, and it was evident, because the expression on her face could not conceal it. Mentor approached her with an air of determination and, seating himself beside her, took her hand.

“Little woman,” Dick began gently, as it seemed, he always started his remarks to this child-woman, “some day you will be a big woman, and then I am coming back, but you—do not ask me to think of that.”

But Betty looked at him. There was a great surge of happiness in her heart, as she was convinced for the first time that he did love her. He had broken her train of happy thought with sort of an apologetic explanation. “You cannot understand just now all that that means—I do not wish or ask to bind. But—perhaps my truth to you. I love you forever.”

He bent over her, and as he did so, Betty tried to get up her courage to the point of telling him the truth. Each attempt failed her, yet she lifted Dick’s head and gave him her lips, in what he took as a childish acceptance of some rite not fully comprehended, though intuitively sensed as very solemn. He released her from an embrace into which they had fallen and, of a sudden, wild with fear lest she break down before him, Betty rushed away. Dick looked after her, fearful lest he had startled, frightened, the child, but he did not follow her.

Betty rushed up the stairs and into her boudoir, sinking down in a chair, her bosom heaving and her eyes alternately happy and dim, as she vibrated between the joy at winning, the knowledge of losing the one true, real, true, and loving heart, for the moment, her treasure.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet. “I’m going to grow up, Mammy—get out my prettiest frock.” Mammy stared at her little mistress and then, realizing that she was in a very tense situation, obeyed.

In the meantime Dick had gone to his room to dress for dinner. Others of the guests, sensing something in the air, had also dressed, and were assembled in the room adjoining the dining room.

Betty was impatient. “Hurry, oh, hurry,” she pleaded with Mammy. “I must talk to Dick before the others get down.” But Mammy, in her eagerness, only mulled things. Finally dressed, she hesitated in the selection of one of two corsage bouquets; was surveyed by Mammy, admired, and left the room, bearing herself for subsequent events.

Aunt Jessie had joined the guests and all had entered the dining room. A commotion at the French window attracted their attention, and they were startled to see Hugh enter, leading a beautiful full-blooded horse, bedecked with garlands of flowers, and with a blanket over its saddle. A closer inspection of the blanket revealed the inscription:

TO BETTY

For winning her bet

DICK MENTOR

Dick came down the steps at this moment and, seeing the horse, stopped, staring at the peculiar spectacle of an animal in the dining room. Spotting the blanket, he walked over and petted the horse, at the same time reading the inscription.

Betty, coming down, stopped as she saw Dick looking at the horse, an expression of dismay and terror coming over her face. The guests were laughing and jollying her, but, paying no attention to them, she walked straight up to Dick.

Dick turned toward her, and observed the metamorphosis from child to woman. He looked from her to the horse, and a queer expression came over his face. Her lips quivering, Betty began to explain, fighting for her love.

Hugh had thrust out to the edge of the veranda, and Dick and Betty followed almost automatically.

“Dick,” Betty pleaded, “I started this as a playful wager and never realized what it might lead to. I have lost my heart—to you. You must hate me for it—I know”—she stopped.

Dick’s face was slowly becoming severe, while Betty looked at him pleadingly. “So,” he finally almost shouted, glaring at her, “the most sacred sanctuary of a man’s heart has been trampled—for the amusement of your kind—for a wager.”

Betty crept away, helpless, her eyes pleading for mercy, at the same time thrilling him with the love against which his heart was closed. Very slowly he finished—

“You have collected your wager. Still, there is another debt to be paid—and I am going to collect it.” Betty stared apprehensively. Suddenly Dick picked her up bodily and threw her astride the horse, leaping on behind and spurring the animal on out of the drive and to the road, while the startled guests looked at each other in consternation.

Hugh was the first to collect his thoughts and, rushing to the lodge where Betty had gone, that they were set right.

Reaching the lodge, Dick took Betty in, and sank into a chair, bewildered at it all, and terrified at what his wrath might cause him to do. Mentor went out of the house, calling one of his two caretakers, whom he found in the rear, tending to a flow-er bed.

“Bring me a clergyman—at once,” he commanded. The old man moved away hurriedly, as Dick paced up and down in deep thought outside the cottage.

Entering the house again, he found Betty, apparently in terror. As he approached her, he found Betty, apparently in terror. As he approached her, she pleaded, but he interrupted her.

“You did not think of the pain you would cause ME’?” he charged. “Am I to consider you now?”

Dick ordered the old woman caretaker to prepare a “wedding supper,” and surveyed the job as she proceeded. It was very elaborate but, under the circumstances, it would have to do. Betty watched, too, in suspense.

The arrival of the old man and the minister interrupted their matrimonial preparations of the conflicting future, and Dick arose to greet the clergyman. Betty, then realizing what her punishment was to be and, her fear gone, stepped toward the group. Dick directed that the ceremony could proceed, and was somewhat surprised at Betty’s readiness to go ahead with it. The caretakers were brought into action as witnesses.

With the ceremony finished—it was surprising how smoothly the event transpired—Dick paid the minister and dismissed the attendants. Then he turned to Betty and there was an instant of tension as they faced each other.

“Come, we shall eat,” Dick said, in a tone that bordered on a command, and Betty, obeying dutifully, daintily seated herself at the table, Dick taking the seat opposite her.

Filling the wine glasses, and holding his aloft, he repeated a grim toast: “To Betty, the incorrigible, who shall be broken on the wheel as she has broken—ours to one-night honeymoon.” The sudden realization of what Dick meant to do caused Betty to stare questioningly. She jumped up and ran around the table, her face close to his.

“You don’t mean that—you are going to leave me?” she questioned, in a frightened tone.

A half austerer expression came over Dick’s face. “Tomorrow,” he started slowly, “I go back—to the jungle—and its bitter solace.”

Betty stood up staring vaguely. A feeling of anguish and fear grew upon her. She was going to leave him, this man that she had come to love more than her life. So THIS was to be her punishment.

As she thought, she surveyed Dick, who was struggling inwardly against his real love for her. Her hand fell to his neck. He was up in a flash and caught her to him, but his face hardened; turning, he pushed her away. “Go,” he commanded, “you are only a child after all—and I will punish you for your horrid wager—but don’t you see? Won’t you understand—that in trying to punish me you have done the thing I have longed for ever since I knew you? I—Dick turned slowly and observed her as she stood, trembling with love and dread lest he again put her from him. Leaping up, he caught her in his arms again.

Just at that moment the door opened and Aunt Jessie’s face appeared. What she saw caused her to smile, as she turned to others of the searching party. Then she closed the door.
"Old Wives For New"
He Loved Too Early and Not Wisely.
The Poets Show the Course of Romance in the Artcraft Picture

"He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span."
—Keats.

"He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves."
—Keats.

"A time is now coming when Love must be gone."
—Walter Savage Landor.

"I loved thee once; I'll love no more—
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not as thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?"
—Robert Ayton.
"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."
—Francis William Bourdillon.

"Then saw with calm, dispassioned eye, the end
That waits when we our better selves offend."
—A. H. Shirk.

"Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!"
—John Suckling.

"Oh, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie
along in thine?
As a little stone in a running stream, it seems
to lie and pine.
Now drop the poor pale Hand, Dear, unfit to
plight with thine."
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"I made another garden, yea,
For my new love."
—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.
A LADY’S NAME
By CYRIL HARcourt

Oh, dear,” sighed Mabel Vere to her friend, Maud Bray. “It’s no use; I can’t get even the first suggestion of an idea for a new book.”

“What’s the odds?” yawned Maud. “Keep cool, and perhaps the ideas will come. As for some suffragist literature, there’s a ducky; you may find an inspiration in it, after all.”

“Suffragist literature, with Gerald Wantage for a fiancé,” scoffed Mabel. “Why on earth would I marry a rich man, instead of one who hasn’t a dollar to his name? I know,” jumping up with a bounce. “I’ll advertise for a husband! Who knows, I may find a rich one, and anyhow, I’ll get hold of some new types for a book at least. I must write a book—I need the money.”

“And what, pray, will Gerald say when you advertise for a husband?” Maud wished to know.

“Gerry’s a pig,” announced Mabel calmly. “If he doesn’t like it, he can do the other thing.”

Thereupon she sat down and wrote an advertisement for a husband, and phoned several papers to have it published for the following morning.

“Now for the applicants,” she gleefully remarked Miss Bray the next day. “Will you wait with me, or shall I receive them alone?” she inquired, mischievously.

“You can have them all to yourself,” her friend assured her; “that is, if there’s any man foolish enough to come.”

Mabel smiled, the superior smile of the pretty woman. And just then the doorbell rang. Maud fled precipitately.

“Of course you can’t imagine how I got so caught,” she said. “The young man who entered on the heels of the trim little maid was a quite ordinary person. He stated that he was a New Zealander; he had come in answer to an advertisement which he found in the paper; was this the young woman who wanted a husband?

Mabel questioned him, but found his answers unsatisfactory. He wanted to know how old she was; could she cook; was she poor or rich, and so on. Mabel began to grow impatient. Who was he, to ask all these questions? After all, he was very commonplace; there was not a scrap of “copy” in him.

“Look here,” he said finally. “I think you’re stringing me. What do you mean, now, really?”

His manner was distinctly unpleasant. Mabel began to wonder if this was a good way to get types, after all. She called for Maud to come in, and asked Maud to get rid of this bullying person. Maud minced no words, and having met his master the New Zealander took his departure discomfited.

“You see what comes of these crazy ideas of yours,” Maud told her when the visitor had gone. “I think you’re ridiculous to invite strange men to the apartment. How do you know what they are, or what they will try to do?”

Mabel had to admit that up to the present her plan seemed scarcely a success.

“What I want to know,” Maud demanded, “is this: Are you or are you not in love with Gerald Wantage?”

Mabel would not answer directly. “When you’ve been engaged to a man for ages it stands to reason that you think something of him,” she vouchsafed. At which Maud merely sniffed, and at that moment Gerald himself was announced.

Mabel’s greeting left something to be desired. Gerald’s attitude was one of discontentment. He proffered the information that money was tight.

“It always is—with you,” Mabel sneered.

—

Then she dutifully gave him her cheek to kiss. It was evident that Gerald didn’t like the remark.

“All you think of is getting somebody to give you things,” he declared.

“And all you think of is making money,” snapped Mabel. “Why can’t you be a real man? Wear a little, do something wicked—I’d like you better, I can tell you that.”

Gerald was shocked. He wouldn’t swear—not for any woman.

“Anyhow, I’ve advertised for a husband,” announced Mabel, coolly. Gerald looked nonplussed. He turned to Maud for an explanation. That lady shook her head hopelessly. Mabel came to the rescue by showing the “ad.” Gerald confessed that he had seen it before. At the club there had been some betting on it. She would doubtless receive some replies. But he didn’t like it, all the same.

Mabel accused him of having answered the advertisement himself. But he denied such a thing. Maud decided that it was time for her to leave, and after her going Gerald made no secret of what he thought of Mabel’s behavior.

“It was a cheap thing to do,” he maintained.

“It was,” she admitted, “but I have to make a living, and to make a living I have to write books. If you had any sense of humor you wouldn’t take it this way. Also, I need diversion and certainly you don’t provide it.”

“I can’t and you know it,” he retorted. “It’s not my fault that I’m poor. Perhaps you’re tired of entertaining for me,” he ended, lamely.

But Mabel denied this. Only she wanted him to take her out; she needed a good time.

“Let’s go somewhere and dance—dance till we’re tired to death,” she proposed.

Gerald, however, could not see the use of that. It would cost too much. He prepared to leave, but not before he had coaxed her not to answer any letters from applicants. He made such a point of this that in sheer self-defence she promised him. Then she dutifully gave him her cheek to kiss.

Just as Gerald left the room, another applicant arrived.

The two men glared at each other, and then the newcomer introduced himself as Adams. He was a butler, he said, and he wanted a wife with a bit of money, so that he could set up an up-to-date establishment of his own. He recommended himself highly; he was very clean—“a bath every Saturday night, man, and three fresh shirts a week.”

Mabel was delighted. Here was a real type. She determined to lead him on, and so made an engagement to take tea with him the next afternoon. His master would be out, and he and the cook would entertain her. Adams took his departure, highly satisfied.

“He’s rich!” shouted Mabel to Maud, and gave a very creditable imitation of Sholto’s manner. “Sholto,” she chided. “Oh, isn’t it rich? Baptized irregular. Oh, dear; oh, dear!”

But once again the maid appeared to announce an applicant, and into the room came a tall, athletic-looking man, a man of means undoubtedly.

His name was Noel Corcoran. He had made a bet that she would answer his letter. Mabel took to him at once; he was a gentleman and interesting.

“You had no intention of marriage?” she said to him.

THE CAST
Written from the Select Photoplay

MABEL VERE . . . . Constance Talmadge
NOEL CORCORAN . . . . Harrison Ford
GERALD WANTAGE . . . . Emory Johnson
MAUD BRAY . . . . Vera Doria
FRANCES . . . . Frances Fairley
ADAMS . . . . Fred Hueston
BIRD . . . . John Stepping
BENTLEY . . . . Trumans Van Dyke
EMILY . . . . Zaun Pitts
MRS. HAINES . . . . Lilian Leighton
MARGARET . . . . Emma Gordes
"Not when I made up my mind to come, no," he answered. So Mabel retorted that neither did she intend marriage. She was merely collecting types. That struck him funny, and they began to get on together immensely. In the end she confessed to her engagement, at which he was somewhat chagrined.

However, that need not interfere with her regarding him as a heartbroken suitor. He would commit suicide, he declared. She had better marry a man with a sense of humor.

After Noel had gone, Mabel discovered that he was the employer of Adams.

"What fun," she said to Maud. "I shall have tea tomorrow with his butler."

True to her word, she was at Corcoran's house on the minute the following afternoon. Adams was very correct in his manner, and introduced the cook and the parlor maid. They sat down to tea, and Mabel began to have the time of her life. But suddenly the telephone bell rang, and then over the wire came the message that the master was returning home for dinner. He would bring three guests. Adams was agitated, the cook rebellious. She was suspicious of the young lady having tea; she all at once learned the truth: Adams, who had promised to marry her, was flirting with this girl; they were actually engaged.

Cook took the opportunity to indulge in hysterics, whereupon consternation reigned in the Corcoran mansion. For who would prepare the dinner for the arriving guests?

Mabel came to the rescue of Adams. She would cook the dinner.

"Show me the kitchen and get me an apron," she promised glibly, and Adams was too grateful for words.

But the job was bigger than she had bargained for. Hot and perspiring, she ordered the servants around, getting a thing here, another there. There was fowl for dinner—how do you cook fowl? Mabel wrinkled her pretty forehead, and tried to remember all she had ever heard or read about cooking fowl.

The time went on; the fires were lighted; the potatoes were pared; there was a dessert ready. Then Adams was called away. In the presence of his master he looked a trifle guilty.

"What's wrong?" Noel demanded.

"Well, sir, you see, sir, we was havin' our tea. We didn't expect you, sir, and cook's taken ill, sir. There's a young lady, sir—" Adams paused. "We hope the dinner'll be all right, sir."

"Look here," said Noel, "what's the mystery? Where's the young woman?"

"In the kitchen, sir," Adams admitted, respectfully.

"Noel betook himself to the kitchen. "Hello!" he cried, at the sight of Mabel. "What's this mean?"

Mabel laughed.

"Sh, she whispered. "Don't let Adams hear," and she made as rapid and clear an explanation as she could.

Noel laughed long and heartily.

"You're game," he said. "Come on, I'll help you with the dinner."

That was the end of the dinner. Noel was more interested in the advertisement and its results.

"There's a man at the club," he told Mabel, "who always bets on a certainty. He laid bets all over the place that nothing anyone can write will induce the girl of the 'ad' to answer the letters. You can depend on it, you're going to get some letters."

"Who was this man?" inquired Mabel, her doubts of Wantage aroused.

"Oh, a fellow who comes around a good deal," Noel evaded.

"Gerald Wantage, I bet," said Mabel.

"No." Noel lied like a gentleman. "Not Gerald.

"It took more than that to convince Mabel, however. She made up her mind to punish Gerald. In the meantime, Noel seemed a very good sort; at least he had a sense of humor. And he was taken with her, that was obvious.

All at once she sprang to the oven.

"The poultry, we forgot it!" she cried in dismay. Sure enough, when it came forth it was burned to a crisp.

"Oh, that's too bad," Mabel lamented. "Your guests—who shall we do?"

"Noel refused to be disturbed. "I'll telephone them to come another time," he said. "You and I'll go out and have dinner together."

"But," began Mabel—

"Never mind the but," interrupted Noel. "You've spoiled my dinner at home; you've got to come and housekeep for me when I go out for it."

After all, Mabel liked the idea. This young man had good sense.

To the mystification of the servants, a taxi was called, and the master and the strange young lady drove away together.

"You see," sniffed Cook, "she's not respectable. You've been taken in, Adams; you shouldn't have been unfaithful to me."

Adams hung his head. He was perplexed, and Cook was right, he was afraid. He hoped that he wasn't going to lose Cook, too.

Mabel enjoyed her dinner. She had made up her mind to answer some of the letters that came. She would punish Gerald properly, and make him lose her bet. How had he dared?

That very night some of the letters came, and she answered two of them, inviting the writers to call. They came promptly, and she had a lovely time making game of them. But they were both harmless men, and her clever persuasions succeeded in getting from one of them a generous check for her pet charity; while the other very solicitously begged that he might bring his wife to call. Just as they left, who should appear but Gerald. Neither man even spoke to him.

Gerald was angry. Mabel had caused him to lose money.

"You broke your promise," he accused her.

"Of course," she returned pertly. "How dare you bet on a certainty that depended on my promise?"

Gerald wanted to deny, but could not. He took refuge in reproaches.

"It's all over," Mabel cried. "You can take back your ring. Only—" she sighed, "I wish we might part friends."

But Gerald was too angry to heed. He took the ring and his hat and went.

"Now I've done it," Mabel moaned to Maud.

"You had no intention of marriage?" she said to him. "Not when I came, no," he admitted.
“That's all right,” consoled Maud. “Here's some suffragist literature. Read it and you won't want a husband.”

But it wasn't over yet. Adams was announced.

Mabel met him with a superior air. What did she care for this butter person, anyway? Once rid of Wantage, as she was sure she now would be, why shouldn't she risk a serious flirtation with Adams's master?

“What is it you want?” she inquired, with sweetness that held a latent sting, the while the irate Adams glared at her balefully.

“You made me lose Cook and her twelve hundred dollars,” he complained. “I want that money. If you don't give it to me, I'll tell all the newspapers about you.”

“No you won't,” declared Mabel, and called Maud, who witnessed that Adams had tried to blackmail her. Just then Noel turned up. In a few seconds he had sent his dejected butler about his business.

“Come now,” he coaxed Mabel, “have lunch with me.”

But Mabel would not. Later, she might, but not today. So, with her promise to see him in three weeks, Noel also left.

After he had gone, Mabel fell into a fit of the dumps. After all, she had not the makings of a suffragist in her. With the best will in the world to be convinced that a woman doesn't need a man, she took up Maud's pamphlets and tried to read them. No use—the faces of Gerald Wantage and Noel Corcoran persisted in intruding themselves between her and the books. She wondered now if she had been wise in sending Gerald away. He had been a big protection. At this thought she grimaced. Noel would make better protection still. He was known as a man of wealth; a man who moved in the best circles; he was good-looking and apparently generous. If he wanted to marry her, why not? As his wife she could have an automobile, and write books when she liked, or not at all if she did not like. Her failure to get “types” that would make a book discouraged her from book-writing anyway. And all else that she could do was to turn out hackwork. She needed clothes, and Christmas was coming. If Corcoran went on liking her, she could see that she was going to like him.

That night at the club Noel Corcoran learned of the broken engagement. He was a man of decision. He called up and told Mabel to meet him, and where. He did not intend to be denied. Mabel, meeker than usual, consented to see him.

Noel arrived in his own handsome limousine. He handed her into the car with a gentle courtliness, and she found herself feeling very natural among the depths of the soft gray upholstery. There were flowers in the small vase on a bracket and a wonderful robe of fur. The little ceiling light glowed softly, and under its rays Mabel's face was very winsome, as she looked up into Corcoran's eyes and said:

“This is so nice.”

Corcoran let the chauffeur take his time getting to the place where he had decided to dine. It seemed to Mabel that they went through the Park a couple of times, and all the while Noel talked, jested and laughed, and seemed bent on making her happy.

“So you Chucked Wantage?” he asked her.

“How did you know?” she parried.

“That would be telling,” he laughed.

“But you see I didn't waste much time.”

“Where are we going?” she inquired, to change the subject.

“To the Astor,” Noel replied. “I have had a table reserved. Are you very hungry?” teasingly.

“Starved,” she insisted.

To her surprise, Noel leaned over and ordered the chauffeur back to the Astor.

Arrived at the hotel, Corcoran escorted her to the great dining room. Mabel saw in a flash what life with this man would be—gay dinners, beautiful gowns and the best of everything to eat. For years she had struggled to maintain a foothold among that sort of people who appealed to her; on her precarious income it had been hard work at times to keep up appearances. Now all that would be over; she would be honored and respected as the wife of a very rich man.

Noel looked at her across the table at which they had seated themselves.

“Cosy, isn't it?” he asked her, with a smile.

“Really, though, we should have stayed and braved out the dinner at home,” she replied.

“Home?” he questioned, with a teasing glance.

Mabel had the grace to blush. “Our house, I meant,” she corrected herself.

“Apologies not needed,” he hastened to interpose. “There's more to be said on that subject.” And his eyes continued to look her over reflectively.

“She's a beauty,” was his inward comment. “She will make a wife to be proud of.” He leaned over toward her and stretched out his hand till it lay over hers. The pressure he gave it was encouraging; Mabel looked at him with eyes grown suddenly shy.

“Come, now,” he said softly, “don't you like me?”

“Of course I do,” confessed Mabel.

“Well, then, marry me,” he persuaded.

“I just know that you will like diamonds and sapphires for an engagement ring.”

That settled it. Mabel let him kiss her.
MADGE KENNEDY'S EYES
Or an Illustrative Argument for Optical Conversation

The piquant comedienne here invites you to her corner, where the candle light is reflected in her naughty wink. So clever is she that no one suspects she is carrying on a flirtation with you.

"How do you do?" she says. There is a touch of formality in her greeting, but if you are clever you will see also a coy invitation.

"Oh, yes, we've known each other since childhood"—this when she introduces you to her dearest enemy, although you both know your acquaintance has only just begun.

What does she think when the chaperon sweeps toward you two? The dearest enemy has mentioned you to the dowager, and the little flirt wonders how she can square herself.

She lies superbly. "He has mistaken me for his sister's chum, who lost her looks driving an ambulance," she murmure. "Isn't that amusing?"

And as you bow and cross the ball-room, this is the look she sends to you: regret, penitence and "Isn't he wonderful!"
"THAT TYPICAL AMERICAN MAN"

Famous Artists Depict American Girls, But Who is The American Man?

By FRANCIS PARRY

SOME years ago when Clarence F. Underwood, Lester Ralph and other celebrated artists were not so celebrated and held forth in a studio colony near Washington Square, New York City, they discovered a prize model whom they called "the typical American man." This youth, they said, was just the type for such works of art as magazine illustrations and advertisements for collars, tooth paste, garters and athletic goods. He knew how to wear a collar, had good teeth and legs and was an accomplished athlete.

Doubtless, you have noted that typical American, as revealed by magazine illustrations. He is tall, athletic, square of jaw and shoulder and possessed of blond, slightly curling hair. He is a sort of modern Viking.

Now in New York City these American Vikings are no common variety. One sees more of the exotic, aquiline beauties and those whose ancestors wore earrings and bid on the curb for the banana and da' vernicelli. So when a youth meeting the specifications of the "American Man," as conceived by the artists, swung into the Underwood-Ralph studio one morning and said he wanted to absorb a little art instruction during the summer, he was invited at once to take the model stand.

"What do you think I am, a cartoon subject?" retorted the young American with some asperity. "I came to learn how to wield a brush fluently and paint beautiful ladies all dressed up in yards of red hair."

"My dear young man," said the artists, escorting him to the posing platform, "before you can acquire the technique of which we are masters, you must pose. All great artists start their careers by posing."

"They do, eh? Well, no wonder they starve for years," retorted the American Adonis, giving the artists a supercilious survey.

He obliged, however, and for a time it appeared as though acting and sketching were running neck and neck for his services. But now the race is run and the name of the "Regular American" appears in gigantic letters of light on the motion picture screens, instead of in delicate scrawls on the canvases of the Metropolitan Museum.

The man—Edgar Earle, pure American, with a dash of Scotch. He is an athlete, aviator, artist, popular Lamb and star of drama, musical comedy and such Vitagraph pictures as "For France" and "The Blind Adventure."

Perhaps Thespis won him because she had the start. Earle enlisted in her ranks when he was a mere "fresh" in High School at Toronto, Canada. He just had won a declamatory contest, and he got to wondering who was to take Joe Jefferson’s place on the stage. While walking down the street one day, trying to work up courage to approach the stage door of a local theatre, he met Lester Lonergan, the manager of a stock company. Eddie "Hold! enough!" cried the one man, objective, halting the big drive just as it was going over the top. "Drop around at the theatre tonight. I have a "find" in you."

"What’s my part to be?" eagerly inquired Edward.

"Scene-shifter," replied the gentleman.

"You must be strong you have such lung power."

But the star of the Light Brigade was undaunted. He did not shift scenes long before he had got his "bit" on the stage. The very next night after putting over that stirring emotional line, "My Lord, the carriage awaits," he was assigned a long comedy role. In the same company appeared a little girl with wondrous eyes and curls of gold. She, too, was making her début before the footlights, having determined to forsake her dolls and skipping rope for a serious career. This ingénue has developed into the Great Star, known in the picture constellation as Mary Pickford. Distinguished is the theatre that boasts the introduction of "America’s Sweetheart" and the "Ideal American Man" on the same night at salaries these two stars would be ashamed to bestow as tips at the present time.

Some one told Earle that he should go in for opera. Having been a cheer leader at football games, he thought he could equal the thunder of Caruso. And he looked much better in tights and knightly gear. So straightway he took a flying leap into a musical stock, then back to "The Old Homestead" and "Why Girls Leave Home."

After several seasons in repertory, he decided New York should have a treat of histrionism. He landed at the Grand Central Station and inquired for a certain theatre in Brooklyn. No one knew exactly where or what Brooklyn was, but a cop said it must be somewhere near the Brooklyn Bridge. Eddie took a trolley car to the bridge and then asked where Brooklyn was. The general opinion prevailing among the cops and vendors in that region was that Brooklyn must be on the other side of the bridge. He finally reached the theatre after spending sixty-five cents for car-fare; caused by the many detours he made before gaining the strategic point. The stock company was closing for the summer when he arrived on the scene. The manager liked his appearance, however, and promised him a part the next fall.

Being truly American, he had little money but a lot of nerve. He decided he would add another accomplishment to
his list by studying art. Like Micawber, he felt something would turn up to afford sustenance. Of course, something did. He was paid for posing. But the artists invariably remarked, “Remember, Eddie, you are the Ideal American Man, thus generosity is the keynote of your character.”

Thereupon, Eddie would buy a feed with trimmings. This was the big meal of each week, occurring regularly every Saturday night. All the other days, he aven, were wheatless, meatless and well-nigh eatless. But they were not artrless. He sketched and posed with a vim. His posing was more successful than his drawing, he decided. For he did see himself in conspicuous positions in magazines, though never once did he see the masterpieces of his own brush or pencil.

When fall came around he announced his intention of returning to the stage. Tim Murphy, one of the most popular stars of the day, had offered him an excellent part. The artists protested. They even volunteered to pay him fifty-five cents an hour, instead of fifty, for continuing in his role of the American Man, a position which he could hold on the model stand for two hours at a stretch without a rest period. Earle refused. He said his muscles were stiffening, and he was tired of being an ideal specimen. At that time the artists were beginning to break into the best publications with their drawings. This did not impress Earle, however. He packed his wardrobe trunk and set forth on the footlight trail. He played in a number of big dramatic productions and in musical comedy with De Wolf Hopper and other stars. Then came the call to pictures. Eddie, always an adventurer in search of new experiences, decided he would go in for them. Since he had already served an apprenticeship in the business of posing, he felt that the thing would be easy.

His first experience was in Edison productions, which featured him in a variety of parts. Then he went under the Metro banner, and was seen in a number of pictures with Viola Dana. Albert E. Smith, President of Vitagraph, who has brought to stary prominence such men as Earle Williams, Harry Morey, James Morrison and innumerable others, saw the young man, and declared, as did the artists, that here was the true American type. A contract was drawn up, and one year ago Earle entered that studio where have worked such famous players as Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Mabel Normand, Edith Storey, Constance Talmadge, and where Alice Joyce, Earle Williams, Harry Morey, Corinne Griffith, Gladys Leslie, Grace Darmond, Nell Shipman and a host of others create their characters.

Under the careful supervision of the great star-maker, Mr. Smith, Earle scored as the young American aviator in “For France,” one of the most popular plays presented by Vitagraph during last year. In “The Blind Adventure,” Vitagraph’s New York release, he again played the dashing, dare-devil young American, so attractive to the public, and gained another victory. When Mr. Smith decided to produce a series of comedies showing the domestic experiences of a pair of typical American Newlyweds, he gave Earle the role of “Hubby.” Fans and critics protested that one reel of Earle at a time was not enough, even when offered every week. Earle returned to feature plays. There was an intrepid young American needed for the Irish comedy drama, “Ann Acushla.” It was an Earle part; no one else at the studio would quite fit it. On the other hand, no one could play the Ideal American Husband in the comedies. Thus the series of one-reelers was terminated, and Earle dashed off to “Ireland” to lick the Mickeys and woo and win Gladys Leslie.

Nothing pays so well as to be an All-American star, judging from the increasing popularity of Edward Earle. The secret to success in pictures is summed up by him in the principle, “Take an interest in everything, and a chance on anything.” It is a typical American principle of the typical American man.

And so it is evident that this matter of being an All-American star, or, as the artists called him, the “typical American man,” is not a matter of training or upbringing nearly so much as a natural phenomenon. Edward Earle is the typical American man because of heredity, because his ancestors, whoever they were or wherever they came from, were quickly and easily assimilated by the spirit and social life of these United States. He followed their bent. With his philosophy of “Take an interest in everything, and a chance on anything” he has become the incarnation of American philosophy and life. He is not alone in this either in the films or the world at large—politics shows many men of this type—but he is eminently successful because he combines with this spirit an unusual measure of ability as an actor and because his artistic medium is the films—most favored of American forms of entertainment.

It is just such figures as Earle in the world of the arts that aid America to interpret itself not only to the world but to its own citizens. In Earle, America is often able “to see itself as others see it,” to stand off and get a mental photograph of the exact nature of national ideals.

All of which shows that in the pictures there is realization of the social functions of art; there is understanding of the nature and purposes of the drama and how it reacts upon the life of the people.

Earle makes a tour of his studio in his “motor boat,” an invention all his own.
The Late Harold Lockwood
THE LIFE OF HAROLD LOCKWOOD

Showing a Relentless Fight for Success of a Typical American

By JANET PRIEST

The story of Harold Lockwood is the story of youth and ambition; the story of young American manhood.

Harold Lockwood climbed the ladder that leads to fame, and had reached its summit when he claimed his share. His favorite screen star, beloved by thousands upon thousands of picture patrons all over the world, was a thoroughly happy, wholesome young American.

He will always enjoy a unique position in the attention and affections of the people, because of the very struggles that led to his success in his chosen profession, as well as the fact that he was stricken at the very pinnacle of achievement.

"Fals First," a de luxe production in which he starred, had just completed a special run at the Broadway Theatre, New York, before going on tour. In this scene version of Lee Wilson and Dodd's play, dramatized from the novel by Francis Perry Elliott, author of so many of his successes, Harold Lockwood won the ungrudging admiration of critics and public. Later he produced "The Great Romance," an original story by Finis Fox, and had already completed "The Yellow Dove," a picture version of George Gibbs' thrilling novel. These productions were all released at the time of his death.

Many a boy with ambitions for a stage career will try to model his life after that of Harold Lockwood. Lockwood was a "regular" of "the hill"—the kind that plays baseball out on the corner lot and likes to take a dip in the old swimming hole. A childhood friend of his recalls that at about the age of ten, Harold was very "sissy" on a girl whose father owned a merry-go-round, so even at those tender years he was a favorite of fortune. This friend also "deposes" that Harold was a terrible tease, which proves that he was a normal boy.

Harold acquired the "wanderlust" naturally in his early youth. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., but his family moved frequently to New York City, generally being the point of return. The family also lived in Norwalk, Conn., and Newark, N. J., at different times. Most of Harold's grammar and high-school years were spent in Newark, and the inhabitants of that city are more insistent than all the others in claiming that he belongs principally to them. After attending the Newark high school, he went to New York to business college. His father was a breeder of trotting horses, and expected his son would join him in the business, but Harold wanted to enter some other commercial line. The way in which he did it is indicative of the "stick-to-it-veness" of his character.

When he finished his course at business college, he chose the firm he wanted to work for. It was a wholesale dry-goods establishment in lower New York. He walked in and tackled the proprietor for a job.

"What experience have you had?" he was asked.

"Absolutely none. That's why I'm here."

"Well, we can't use a man with no experience. But leave your name and address, and I'll let you know if anything develops."

Next morning Harold was there when the store opened, and as the new employee had not repeated his request for a job. "I told you I'd let you know," said the proprietor testily. "I'll send for you if I ever want you." Next morning at 8.30 he was there again. By the fourth morning the "boss" was so "mad" he continued to sputter at the young man's nerve all the way into his office. Harold followed him and argued with him.

"But you've had no experience," expostulated the "boss."

"How am I going to get experience if you don't give me a chance?" insisted Harold.

The big man pushed a button, and a clerk appeared. "Here, put this man to work as a salesman. He doesn't know anything about the stock, but he's got nerve enough to sell golf sticks to a wooden Indian."

The months sped by, and Harold sold goods, and kept on selling goods. Never, at any period of his brief and brilliant career, did he see any particular reason for being afraid of anybody. Jolly and whole-souled, he proceeded on the principle that all men were his friends. But his "boss" couldn't understand this attitude.

When the summer vacations came, Harold's two-weeks' salary was given him in a private session.

"Young man, is your father a millionaire?"

"No," answered Harold, puzzled, "Why?"

"Because you're so darned independent. When your two weeks are up, you needn't come back."

"What's the trouble: hasn't my work been satisfactory?"

"Perfectly. But you're so sure of everything. Some morning I'll come in here and find you've decided to be boss. And then where will our good luck be?"

The disappointed young man still wanted to be a business man, but fate was against him. It was a slack season, and he couldn't find another job. Someone suggested that he go on the stage. He could sing and dance a little, although he had never thought about those things as assets. He got a job as chorus-man in "The Broken Idol," with Otis Harlan. He didn't like it very well, but it was better than asking "Dad" for money, and he stuck. Then he decided he would try acting, and he secured an engagement with Edward N. Hoyt in a vaudeville version of "Faust," in which he played "Faust," and Mr. Hoyt "Mephistopheles." Five years more he spent in stock companies and on the road, and then a friend suggested that he was just the type needed in the motion pictures, which were sweeping the country by storm. By correspondence, he received an offer from Rex-Universal in California to come out and try his luck. He seized the opportunity, paying his own way from New York to the west coast. He was a sufficiently good business man to realize that he had to show his goods before he could get the proper price for them. But there were times on the way out when he didn't work very sumptuously.

"For a short time people were saying that Harold Lockwood was born for the screen. Young Lockwood was given better and better parts. In 1910 he was with Nestor, in 1912 with Bison 101; then successively with NYMP, Selig and Famous Players. He became a leading man, with a constantly growing following of screen patrons. As lead for Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen," "Hearts Adrift," and "Tess of the Storm Country," and opposite Marguerite Clarke in "Wildflower," his work attracted favorable attention, and great things were prophesied for him—all of which were fulfilled. His dream of stardom was realized when he signed a new contract, this time with American-Mutual, and his steady upward progress continued. Now he came in the role of the "Masker of the Mask," "The Life of the Little Alley," "The Turn of the Road," and other productions.

With American, he became associated with May Allison, whom he had met while both were playing in the screen version of William H. Crane's "Davy, the Harum." They proved an ideal team, and the combination was continued when the co-star became identified with Metro Pictures Corporation, both later branching out as individual stars. With Miss Allison as his co-star, Harold Lockwood made eight Metro pictures: "The Come-Back," "The Masked Rider," "The River of Romance," "Mister 44," "Big Train," "Pilgrim Island," "The Promise" and "The Hidden Children."

These pictures reflected the life of the great out-doors, of which Harold Lockwood was always a devotee, and which he could always be depended upon to have a Lockwood "fight," which was always a real one. Lester Cuneo used to be his sparring partner, before he stopped playing to go to war, and the two were the worst of enemies before the camera and the best of friends away from it. Vigorous, clean, wholesome romance made the Lockwood output popular with "fans" and exhibitors, both in America and abroad.

Harold Lockwood became the idol of countless American youths, men, girls and matrons.

When Lockwood branched out as an individual star, he determined to give the screen public the very best there was in him. He chose photoplays that were superb examples of screen art, often adapted from famous novels. The out-door element still predominated. The young star even luxuriated in the occasional chance to wear a "staple" beard before the cameras, unheard of for a man supposed to set the standards of masculine appearance. Lockwood was a "he-man." His vogue and drawing power continued to grow with "The Haunted Pajamas," "The Hidden Spy" under Harlan, and "Paradise Garden." Romance and red-blooded action were united in "The Avenging Trail,"

(Continued on page 60)
A Star’s Christmas

By Grace Deeter

RENA GLENDARM listened indifferently to the gay chuck going on around her. It was two days before Christmas, and the popular screen actress had invited a group of her friends and associates to share a part of the festive season with her. Now that they were gathered together—Max and May and Everding and Hartman, not to mention Herman Baird, who was her own particular property—Rena found no pleasure in the company; their light banter annoyed her; the insistent attentions of Baird more than usually distressed her.

"Come on, Rena," Max Royce challenged her. "May won't take a hand at bridge, and Bill and I have been layin' for each other all week. What's the use of having five hundred perfectly good bucks in your pocket, if you can't find some fellow to give you a run for them?"

"Five hundred bucks will buy more things than a game," suggested May, pointedly. "Don't forget my Christmas present is come out of that same five hundred, and I've planned some fine little present from you, Maxy dear, this year."

"Ho, ho, hear the woman," rejoined Max. "Think she's married to me already, does she? Well, little one, you'll guess again if your choice is too elaborate. Come ahead, Rena, and join up in the game," he finished, coaxingly.

"I'd rather not," Rena admitted. "I know I'm a pig, but my head bothers me tonight. I couldn't play worth a cent anyhow; my partner would only stand to lose all he bet."

"Don't play cards," May protested. "Let's have some music. By the way, Rena, don't forget my cat party tomorrow. Maxy boy, here, is signed up for a football game; I've asked all the girls we know to come."

Rena smiled. There was something in May which was wholesome and inviting. She had the gift of making people like her, and the girls meant a bunch of pretty screen actresses, who had always a good time together.

"Don't spend your money too freely," Rena cautioned her, however. "Getting married costs a lot, you know, and you and Max want that little apartment up on the Drive."

Max pretended to groan. "Why remind me ever of that marriage?" he inquired. "Isn't life short and sad enough without henpecked years in an apartment?"

May turned to box his ears, whereat he grabbed and kissed her. After all, they were very much in love, though their habit of life had taught them to regard even the more sacred things lightly.

Rena shivered a little as she saw the kiss. In a moment more the piano was ringing with a popular ragtime air, played by Hartman. But the noise of the music could not still the memories of the girl, who sat curled up in the corner of the big divan; the taste of the cigarette between her lips seemed almost to nauseate her; the sight of Herman Baird standing beside the great tall vase of lovely roses, that had been his afternoon's gift to her, made her turn pale. Herman had kissed her only today, but what a different kiss from that of Max. She could feel his hot lips still, and the clasp of his arms around her; when he kissed her, she hated him; she recognized in him that impatience for possession that was even now driving him to urge her to an early marriage, and she knew—none better—that she could not and would not love him, though she gave herself to him and took his millions in exchange for herself. Hers was not an idyllic romance, but a bargain between love of luxury and the things money would bring, and a man's mad passion to own and parade and enjoy the beautiful woman, whose very sight caused his heartbeats to smother him; whose every denial was like strong wine rushing to his head to make him drunk with desire for her.

Something in her face must have warned him that her thoughts were not pleasant, for now he strolled over and sat down close beside her, his arm circling her across the back of the divan; his knees purposely drawn close to her, as if he sought as near a contact as appearances would permit. For while this was a light crowd, it was a clean one, and even Herman Baird was not permitted licenses.

"Tell me, sweet one," he murmured now, "why so distraught this evening?"

Rena looked up at him, straight into his eyes, and before her clear gaze his own faltered. That something unapproachable in her that baffled him and challenged him, lay like an arrow between them and made the coward afraid.

"Listen to this," Rena bade him, and drew from her bag a letter. Without preliminary she read it, Herman listening attentively, a slow smile creeping about his lips.

"Dear Little Sister:

"Again we have almost reached the twenty-fifth of December, and again we are missing the bright face of our dearest one from the family group. Do you realize that it is now three years since you saw us or we you? In those years you have grown rich and famous, and you have shared your riches with us here at home. But sister mine, no gifts however fine could compensate for the loss of you; we need the sight of you; the touch of your hand; the sound of your sweet voice. Our mother fails gradually but surely: she longs for you. Your brief and infrequent letters put new life into her. What, then, would the actual presence of you do? I do not want to be selfish; I know that you have outgrown us; but perhaps you too have times when the near contact of those who love you above all things else on earth would give you a deeper joy in your work than even now you must have. Here's hoping that a good angel will whisper into your heart a wish to sit this Christmas at the table in the old home."

"Your loving brother,

"John."
Rena raised to Baird eyes that were swimming with tears. For a moment there was a touch of pity in his heart. Then the thought of her possibly leaving him, even for a few days, hardened her heart.

"Your brother has quite a literary gift," he commented lightly. "Write and tell him that you have more important things to do on Christmas Day."

Rena rose slowly and faced him.

"I am going to send a wire," she said, with a calmness that was very deliberate, "saying that I shall eat my Christmas dinner at home."

For a second only she and Baird measured each other with their eyes. Then he recovered himself—for in that instant he had seen red. Now his voice was tense, scarcely more than a whisper. The piano was still bunging; fortunately the rest were fully occupied.

"You are mine," he said thickly. "You shall not go; I say, you shall not! I have waited a long while, my lady. But I will wait no longer. On Christmas Day you will become mine. We shall have the minister or not, as you say, but you will keep the engagement."

His tone frightened her. Then she came to her senses.

"You would make an excellent hero for melodrama," she answered. "But unless you can love me as Max there loves May—unless you can wait for me, until I am ready to come to you, I will never willingly be yours. I have promised to marry you, and I will do so, but your insults do not serve to hurry me!" Before he could recover his breath, she had crossed the room and had gone out through the doorway.

Max turned away from the group at the piano.


"Let him alone," whispered May. "Don't you see something's happened?" And so when he bade then good night, without further explanations, Rena's friends knew that there had been a scene of some sort back there on the divan. And being a good sort at heart, they all kept quiet and refrain from making any comment, even when later on Rena reappeared, a sweeter, gayer Rena, who a little after midnight—an early hour for the breaking up of a party—said a pleasant good night to them all.

A long, low, green car slowed up before a small house among the hills of Connecticut. A tall woman clad in wonderful furs stepped out and walked up the pathway. The little gray-haired woman who opened the door stared at her, and then with a soft cry, almost pathetic, because it was so burdened with surprised joy, threw herself into the visitor's arms.

The tears Rena Glendarm shed in those few minutes were healing for many of the hurts that a life of frivolity had given her. The face she showed to the crippled brother, who sat by the fireplace, was softly alight with love and tenderness. And so absorbed was she in the welcome of these dear ones, that she did not at first see that a third was present. But her brother called her to greet the tall, bronzed, bearded man who stood silently, smilingly, waiting.

"Dr. Temple," John's voice trembled. "You remember him—Horace Temple from over Pears-grove way?"

Horace Temple and Rena Glendarm looked at each other with one long look. Their hands clasped and each murmured an acknowledgment of the meeting. But a great confusion was sending the blood hammering to the ears of the woman, while a deep thrill, such as he had never known, went through the man. Then out of the confusion Rena caught one picture: the picture of a girl nursing an injured hand by the side of a clump of roadside thistles and a young man who got down from his bicycle, opened a little medicine kit he carried, and ministered kindly and efficiently to the sore fingers. And the girl and the man had looked into each other's eyes, and the girl had dreamed of that look for many days after the encounter. Now he and she met again after years and both remembered. He was famous, she soon learned; she, too, was famous. But he had kept his heart pure for the sake of the memory of that girl by the roadside; she had forgotten those youthful dreams, and had sold herself in a promise to Baird.

If there was a hint of restraint and sadness in Rena's manner through that Christmas Day, it was best understood by the bearded man of the world, who was Dr. Temple. The white-haired mother was rapt in the sunbeam of the presence of the long-absent one; the brother was too quietly joyful to notice anything amiss; Rena herself knew only that she had lost something—just what it was she was not sure—but an insistent pain deep within her oppressed her; the memory of that studio crowd and their coarseness, lay like a shadow over the pure light of a new world that was shining for her in the eyes of the man who sat so quietly and yet so actually near her.

* * *

"Good night," brother John said, shaking hands, and went to his room under the roof.

"Good night," Mother Glendarm repeated, kissing her daughter softly, almost regretfully, then holding out her hand to the other visitor.

Something had told the two souls who loved her so dearly that there was none who had something important to say to her. And something had told the spoiled artist that at last her Fate was upon her.

Dr. Temple came over to where she sat.

"You, too, remember the golden day in the summer?" he asked her.

She nodded silently.

"For all those years I have waited for you," he continued. "Tell me, why didn't you come?"

And then in little broken sentences she made her confession. She had played with something called Love; now she was face to face with the real thing. And she was not worthy. She came stained by the kisses of another man, to whom she was promised. When she was done, Temple knelt beside her.

"Put your arms here," he commanded, and laid her arms about his neck.

"You are done with sham," he told her, "The Bairds of the world are forgotten. Your lips, sweet-heart, your lips."

And the pride that had repelled Baird melted to amazing tenderness, as the woman in her yielded her preciousness to this real lover.
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART AT THE LASKY STUDIO

Distinguished Authoress Makes a Lightning Tour with Cecil B. DeMille

By HELEN LOUISE HARTMAIER

HAVING been in the shadow of the big guns on the western front, braved submarines, visited the Queen of England in her palace, talked to thousands of young men in the war camps, bidding farewell to one of her own sons as he left for France, and having a husband and another son ready to leave, is nothing to the brilliant Mary Roberts Rinehart compared to her mad flight around the Lasky studio in Hollywood under the guidance of Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Mrs. Rinehart can assure you that Mr. DeMille can make Cook’s best look like a second-rate snail. The same will probably be vouched for by Mary Elizabeth Evans (if you’ve a sweet tooth, you must have heard of the delicious confections known by her two first names), who accompanied Mrs. Rinehart to the Celluloid City and brought up the rear with William C. DeMille, brother of Cecil, arriving a bad second, panting for breath and feeling like a human kaleidoscope.

It came about in this wise: Mrs. Rinehart, who has written detective stories that make the reader hate to blow out the light, wonderful pictures of the tragedy across seas; the delectable tales of the “sub-deb,” which were interpreted on the screen by Marguerite Clark, for Paramount; who created the unforgettable and much-beloved “Tish”—Mrs. Rinehart had never before visited a picture studio. She happens to be an old friend of the DeMille family, however, and when she came to California, she received an invitation to visit the studio.

Here was a new experience—if such a thing could be possible after what she has seen in the last year or two—but it is unlikely that she anticipated a great deal. She had seen behind the scenes of the theatre. All make-believe is much alike—she supposed—tinsel, frail canvas walls and dabs of color that lost all semblance of form or purpose once you got close to them.

Mr. DeMille was exceedingly busy on a new production but refused utterly to permit anyone else to escort Mrs. Rinehart about the plant. He wanted to show her and explain the work and the things that have grown up under his eye, many of which are the products of his own fertile mind, things in which he takes a very natural pride.

So he asked the distinguished visitor if she minded taking a rapid-fire journey about the place. As yet she had merely entered the office so it didn’t appeal to her as risking a great deal. Ah, rash promise! She little knew what was in store.

But first Mary Pickford came along in care-free manner, sans make-up, having just completed a scene from “Johanna Enlists,” so the great writer and the great actress met and chatted comfortably in the sanctum of Cecil DeMille—the cathedral-like room with its accumulation of strange objects gathered from all quarters of the globe. They both enjoyed the talk, and only the call for luncheon terminated the interview.

For realizing the necessity for preparation against the strenuous afternoon, the Director-General had arranged for a delightful studio luncheon, served in his private dining-room adjoining the Fairbanks offices and fronting the well-known Fairbanks Alley. Miss Jeanie Macpherson, writer of the DeMille special pictures, was hostess and the merry party ate unsparingly—and still Mrs. Rinehart did not guess what was in store.

Thus far she had been impressed merely by the bigness of the place, the evident perfection of organization—but it still seemed artificial, presumably—it was still the back stage of a theatre—only bigger.

They emerged finally from the dining place and opportunely Douglas Fairbanks forth from his dressing room. But what a shock—it was a Douglas transformed. Where were the chaps, the broad hat, the six-shooters—the spurred boots? Gone, alas! Gone to give place to a black frock coat, lavender trousers, patent leathers, a derby, cane, pearl gray gloves—spats—for Fairbanks was attired as a dude—a dude of the genus discovered by the comic weeklies. And he made a sweet, melodious and periphrastic obeisance.

“Chawmed, chawmed, ladies,” he declaimed, “a perfect day—eh, what?”

They were photographed with the novelist seated in a Chinese sedan chair, relic of the Oriental scene in “The Whispering Chorus”—one of DeMille’s best pictures—and with the agile Doug perched upon its sloping roof at the imminent risk of destroying the almost painful creases and the immaculate delicacy of his lavender trousers.

The transformed westerner was finally whisked away by his director for a scene and then began the most rapid, amazing and bewildering sightseeing tour Mrs. Rinehart ever remembers undertaking. Cecil DeMille became suddenly a human
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Mr. DeMille evidently had a task to induce Mrs. Rinehart to (continued in our next)—

film Baedeker and a compelling if condensed anti-gravity force.

Arm linked in that of the visitor, with William C. DeMille and Miss Evans struggling valiantly to keep them in sight, the Director-General shot through Virginia Street, into a corner of Sierra Leone, through a village in Kansas and into an Ohio business thoroughfare; on, past decaying walls, into a caeti-haunted bit of the painted desert, through fallen archways and over broken pavements to a street in Belgium. Off the Argyle Lot and into the Lasky Lot proper, through the great glass stages, over priceless rugs and threadbare carpets, hurlding chairs of antique design, or lowly rockers; through massive archways, hung with crimson velvet or down dark and winding staircases of some tenement abode—then into the brilliant sunlight again, to the brink of a mysterious and frond-hung pool; into an early Californian mining camp; through carpenter shops, paint shops, costume shops, stock rooms developing rooms, laboratories, moulding shops, property rooms, offices, haunts of scenario writers, on and on, like travelers on a magic carpet—on and on, till Mrs. Rinehart and her escort came to a sudden rest.

"Where am I?" she gasped.

"Back in my office," explained Mr. DeMille calmly. In the far distance loomed Mary Elizabeth Evans and William C. DeMille, still trekking through Oriental sands.

"Where have I been?" demanded the writer again.

"Why, I thought I explained—"

"Oh, yes—you explained—" she drew a hand wearily across her damp brow and sighed gratefully as she sank on a cushioned divan, "You explained, all right—I'm certain I heard you telling me all about it—but I feel as though I'd been around the world four times in forty minutes. I'm dazed."

Some minutes later, when Mrs. Rinehart had recovered her breath, she thanked Mr. DeMille. It began to come back to her, bit by bit—and she declared that she had been impressed unbelievably.

"It's dignity, perfection—affect me strangely," she admitted. "I had no idea a motion picture studio could be so wonderful. And I can now understand why Mr. DeMille said it was the most democratic endless fields in the limitless land of Make-believe.

Mrs. Rinehart was not at the studio without a purpose. With all her experience in the way of fiction, with all the enormous success which her stories have obtained in the magazines and in book form, she realizes that in approaching the art of the motion picture she is dealing with a new medium, that it must be studied with a full realization of its scope and influences, that the methods of fiction and the photoplay are related but by no means identical.

This does not mean that Mrs. Rinehart is going to give her attention exclusively to scenario writing. She hasn't, or at least she has not permitted such an announcement to creep into the trade journals. But in her case there is another instance of how completely the photoplay producers are obtaining the attention of the artists of the literary world.

Scenario writing demands a high order of artistic skill and understanding of life, it needs close, consistent and conscientious methods. And these are the qualities which are to be found most frequently, and in the highest standing, among the most accomplished writers of the day.

The union of the literary folk and the film producers has been long in coming—too long. It has been delayed by a score of unfortunate influences. The writers were wary and the producers were ignorant. But the time came when improvement of scenarios was a vital need of the cinema. This was a need which could no longer be denied. And with pressure being applied on both sides, like the approaching walls of Poe's torture chamber, the amalgam of writer and producer is now in a fair way of accomplishment.
BIDE A WEE WITH PEGGY HYLAND

For Here is a Sample of the Star’s Leisure Hours

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

If you’ll come for dinner at seven,” dainty Peggy Hyland had told me over the telephone the night before, “we’ll have our chat then.”

And so—delighted at the prospect of an interview—I presented myself at the door of her apartment at six-thirty o’clock.

The trim white-cap maid ushered me into a small living-room, where she relieved me of my wraps, and as I waited for Miss Hyland I found myself studying her abode carefully. A log fire crackled merrily upon the hearth and everywhere was evinced the fact that the room had been furnished for comfort. In one corner was a writing table appointed in orange leather, big tapestry arm chairs stood about invitingly, and on a carved mahogany library table stood one or two books and magazines and a pretty bowl of fresh flowers. A chintz lounge stood beneath a unique Japanese floor lamp and the hardwood floor was covered with a dull blue rug.

In a minute I heard a swish of skirts coming down the hall, accompanied by a catchy little melody and presto—Miss Hyland stood before me a vision of loveliness. Her chestnut curls were pinned in graceful confusion upon the crown of her pretty head, while her dress was made very simply of a sea-green chiffon. And a more becoming color for her pink and white skin and pretty eyes could not be found.

“We’ll have dinner before we do anything else, for if you’re half as hungry as I am, words would be useless,” she laughed. “Work always makes me hungry and we did a number of scenes today in order to finish the picture. It’s my first for Mr. Fox, you know. The harder we work the better I like it, for you grow so interested in the story that you can’t wait to see how the different scenes will work out.”

As the dull gong sounded, Peggy cried:

“Food at last. It’s the first I have had since seven o’clock this morning. I was so busy signing photographs, that I didn’t touch the lovely luncheon they brought me at the studios.”

Miss Hyland’s mother met us at the dining-room door and in another minute we had gathered about the table—a happy party. Everything was delicious, and between courses I learned how the little star had entered the movies.

A clairvoyant friend was responsible for her trying theatrical work in the first place and when she left a week-end party in England, she did not return home, but took up quarters in a London boarding-house. She told her family that she was determined to earn her own living—and earn it on the stage. The round of the managers discouraged her, even as it has discouraged some of the greatest stars ever known. She just wanted a place in the chorus in order to “get her bearings,” and when one manager offered her a small part, she was so frightened that she nearly returned to her home fold and five shocked uncles—all members of the English clergy.

But, finally, a part in the chorus fell to two of her pictures had been released, she was offered an attractive contract in America, which she accepted—you know all the rest. How she has pleased us more and more in each new picture, and now that she shines in the William Fox firmament one cannot fail to expect great things. Little Peggy will not disappoint us, of that I’m sure.

When we again repaired to the cheerful living-room for our after-dinner coffee, the maid announced a captain of the English army.

When he had introduced himself, for Miss Hyland had not met him before either, I learned that he was touring the country with her father to aid British recruiting. Being in New York on a leave of absence, he had come to deliver a message.

He mentioned his delight upon finding a log-fire, and together he and Miss Hyland knelt before the open fire place to build, for his special benefit, such a fire as they have in the country houses of England. The picture they made together was one typical of wartime, for his severe khaki formed a strong contrast to her dainty frock. And as they made the flames leap up the chimney, I sat at the piano and played “Keep the Home Fires Burning.”

So he took his leave, and Miss Hyland agreed to show me some of the frocks she had purchased the day before.

Her boudoir is a combination of ivory furniture and pink cretonne and when I say it forms a fitting background for its dainty owner, I’m praising it highly.

The first frock brought from the recesses of her big closet was fashioned from baby blue velvet, made with girlish lines and a little bustle. For sleeves, the modiste had conceived wispes of chiffon in butterfly bows—that was all. Elaborate trimming had no place in this girlish dance dress.

The evening cloak of a Nile green satin, brocaded in a deeper velvet, claimed huge cuffs and a collar of silver fox, and its billowy fullness insured the safety of the dress beneath.

Then came a dainty creation, which I find it difficult to describe. Many fullnesses of a delicate pink chiffon over a silver cloth, with a wide band of silver lace at the bottom of the skirt and a crushed silver girdle with silk flowers here and there, made one of the prettiest things I’ve seen this season.

Diving again into the recesses of the deep closet, she emerged with another beautiful wrap thrown over her arm. It was made so that it might be used for afternoon wear in her big closed car, or donned in the evening to protect some fairylike dance frock. This cloak was fashioned with full lines from a silver grey net, with loose flowing
sleeves and a wide shawl collar. The collar, cuffs of the sleeves, and many inches about the bottom were trimmed with two-inch bands of the most beautiful squirrel, and as the collar fell half-way down her small shapely back, it appeared to be entirely covered with this silver grey fur.

"I've saved my most priceless treasure until the last, just like the kiddies always save their favorite kind of ice cream or candy," she declared, laughingly, and held up a gorgeous kimono to my admiring gaze.

"This was sent me all the way from Japan by one of the native girls, who embroidered it herself," she exclaimed.

Never did I see anything more beautiful. The kimono itself was dull black satin, embroidered with many bronze butterflies, in all sorts of flying poses. No wonder dainty Peggy gazed at it fondly, and admitted she had hastened to send the little Japanese girl a gift from the American shops in return.

Everything which met my admiring eye bespoke of the artistic woman!

"What do you do with all the beautiful things your work demands?" I asked, curious to know the fate of these wonderful frocks and wraps.

"These you see here," she answered, brushing back one of the chestnut curls which had escaped its pin, "I'm wearing in private life. You see, they're quite alright, but the many, many others which are decidedly 'screen clothes,' I either have remodeled or given to the girls who play the smaller parts in my pictures. You see, these girls find it necessary to dress well and their salaries often do not prove sufficiently large for their needs. You never recognize the clothes, for they make them over so cleverly that I often don't remember them myself."

Here the telephone rang, and running to her little ivory bedside table, she brought the instrument forth from beneath the voluminous skirts of the pretty doll, dressed in old rose silk, which had entirely hidden the object beneath.

Her secretary was on the other end of the wire. This girl addressed the hundreds and hundreds of envelopes which her pictures go out to the movie go ahead and get the mailers addressed and I'll sign the pictures—I will, really."

Replacing the phone, she turned to me and took up the conversation where she had left off, not daunted by the task which loomed up ahead. Personally, I didn't blame those players who had their autographs attached to their pictures by a lithograph method, but when I spoke to Miss Hyland of this plan, she declared she wouldn't think of it; saying some ink smeared on a picture by a press was not an autograph, and I think she's right.

When her maid came in to put the clothes safely away, Miss Hyland jabbered to her in French, as though it were her native tongue and I found myself wondering how much this little thing could know so much. But that was not all. In a few minutes her chauffeur called her on the phone, and she questioned him so intently about all those mysterious parts of her motor car that I was dumbfounded. She was having her big closed car overhauled, and when she heard that the work was completed, she made an appointment for Sunday morning when they would test the workmanship in a drive through the Park.

Ye Gods! where did she ever find time to learn all those things? She may have mastered French in the convent she attended in Belgium, but where on earth did she get her knowledge of her motor's intricate mechanism?

The evening passed all too quickly and it was getting late when I took my leave, despite the fact that my hostess had to be made up and on the studio floor at nine o'clock the next morning. And the studio was across the river in Jersey! But dainty Peggy laughingly declared that she didn't mind—her tact and courtesy, perhaps; that she never goes to rest early, as there is always too much to be attended to. And so I gleaned that there was more to being a moving picture star than merely acting.
May Allison
(A Girl from the South)

Fame has come to May Allison, charming Metro star of "The Return of Mary," both through natural talent and by hard work and application. Born and brought up on a plantation in Georgia, the stage, as a profession, was far from the thoughts of this young Southern girl. She possessed a rich soprano voice, however, which her parents consented to have trained, and through this came the operatic ambition. She was naturally gifted, and at the age of sixteen wrote an opera in which she called "The Life of Moses." This was produced by her local Sunday School, and in it she played the leading feminine role. The success she achieved in this strengthened her resolve to seek a professional career. Much against the wishes of her parents, she came to New York. Here she met Henry W. Savage, producer and manager, who was so struck with her beauty and grace that he immediately engaged her for the part of "Vanity," in his big morality play "Everywoman." After this she played an important part with Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl," and the following season appeared with De Wolf Hopper in "Caprice." Following upon this success, she was starred in "Apartment 12 K" at the Maxine Elliott Theater, and the next year opened with Ethel Wynn Mathison in "The Governor's Lady." Her screen debut was made with William H. Crane in "Dand Harum," and after that she was co-starred with the late Harold Lockwood in many Metro productions, some of them being "The River of Romance," "The Masked Rider," "The Chimney" and "Big Tremaine." Miss Allison's work won for her the title of star with this company. Since when she has played in "Social Hypocrites" and "The Winning of Beatrice" and "A Successful Adventure," which dealt with the Southern life with which she is so familiar.
"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN," IS AT HAND

As we are writing, whistles are shrieking, horns are blowing and bells are ringing the death-knell of autocracy. The forces of humanity have wrung from the war lord of Europe an humble admission of defeat and a plea for mercy. Germany has signed an armistice imposing upon her proud Prussian people a set of conditions, the severity of which has not been equaled in history. The correlated monarchies of Prussianism have capitulated. Kaiser Wilhelm, has abdicated; his son, Crown Prince Frederick William, has renounced the throne, and with Field Marshal von Hindenburg and the advisory staff of the autocracy, has fled into Holland. Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria are clinging at the feet of the allies. This, indeed, is a bright Christmas outlook compared with twelve months ago, when we commented in this column, "Another Christmas and no peace." And that there was little hope for a truce then, was attested by the continued advance of the German armies starting in March and the brilliant counter movement of the allied forces, which commenced at the Marne July 18th, and have not ceased until now they have this war-mad carbuncle on the arm of progress conformed into a whisked, whining cur.

But our work is only half done. It is a question whether the peoples who have lived under these dynasties are not to be more pitied than censured. In spite of the unspeakable atrocities committed by our enemies, or rather in view of them, should not the German, Austrian, Turkish and Bulgarian peoples be taught the rules of this game of life as played by white men? They should be enlightened, forcibly, that women and babies are sacred things, and that honor, much higher than the Hobenzollern conception of the word, must bind all agreements. After this terrible catastrophe of more than four years, the world is determined to have peace, if the nations in it must crush and obliterate the first disturber.

Even though hostilities will cease before the new year rolls into view, America and the governments associated with her, must remain on a war basis for months or possibly a couple of years. Don't be deceived on this score. Devastated Europe must be reconstructed and its peoples, who have felt so keenly the privations of war, fed. The United States must bear the brunt of this work, and it must and will carry the work with the same glorious spirit as it has its war preparation. This means continued conservation. There will be another Liberty Loan issue. Mr. McAdoo has assured us on this point. The fact that the actual fighting in the field will stop must not be cause for failing to subscribe any amount our Government may ask. Our armies must still be fed and clothed until they can be brought home. This will take time and money.

The conservation program of the moving picture industry will continue, and that great business will do its share toward subscribing to the next bond issue. Men behind photoplay production and theatres are of too high a calibre and too far sighted to fail to realize the necessity of throwing all their resources into making this great fight of the world's free men a truly successful one.

Moving picture theatres must increase rather than diminish the food saving propaganda which they have been showing. Liberated sections of France have added to the food drain on America, and peace will not relieve this condition for some time.

We know the moving picture world and we know that some of the requirements of it, made by the Government, have been severe. It has reached the point where theatres have had to close under the strain. But they haven't protested and they never will, some writers to the contrary. The shut-down order which followed the recent influenza epidemic was a strain on the industry, tying up millions of dollars of capital at studios, with its natural effect of a dirth of pictures in theatres. But this was endured with a spirit of its necessity.

Producers are satisfied with the prospect for future developments and are, with all humanity, glorying in the anticipation that "peace on earth, good will to toward men," is at hand.

LIGHTEN THE BURDEN ON THEATRES

The inception of peace, it is conceded by national leaders, will result in the curtailment of the Government work campaign and, according to recent conferences between Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and Senate and House leaders, a subsequent reduction in the amount of money to be derived from the so-called Eight Billion Dollars War Revenue Bill. Already the Senate Finance Committee has pared the house draft of the measure to $6,250,-000,000 and the indications are that further cutting will be effected. It is logical that the strain should be relieved from those sources of revenue that can stand it least and the theatre, in consequence, must be considered.

Moving picture theatres took on the war tax burden of ten per cent with a vim and it has, during the months of war, been a splendid source of revenue to the Government. In many cases managers stood the extra expense, but in the majority this was impossible. The public paid it, apparently willing, though attendances in some cases were lowered. A twenty per cent tax, as contemplated in the revenue bill, will emphasize this condition, and many theatre owners and managers in the middle west are sincerely in fear of having to close their houses if the added burden is put into force.

The question is: Does the Government further its own interests or impair them by adding this cumbersome tax on picture theatre admissions? We believe that a twenty per cent tax will act as a boomerang. Attendance at theatres will be lowered by the move. This will mean that the Government's revenue will not be doubled, but increased possibly only one half. One result will be that fewer people will be reached through the moving picture theatres by the extensive Government food conservation and reconstruction propaganda, which will necessarily follow the conclusion of peace. The activities of theatres will be less effective in the new Government "Victory Loan" for the same reason.

President Wilson, defining non-essential occupations and industries, when the preferential laws were put in effect throughout the country, allowed the theatres and lodges associated with them to go unmolested, excepting in a few minor instances. This proves conclusively that the nation's Chief Executive has not or will not conformed the moving picture industry an important position in the life of the nation. It should not be hobbled by burdens that might be destructive, if these burdens can be avoided. In reconsidering the amount of money to be derived from the new revenue bill, the Government will do well to take into serious consideration relieving the contemplated pressure on the world of the photopl}
ABILITY VERSUS BEAUTY

By FRANCIS PARRY

which they worked was a new dramatic medium. They faced their task of putting drama into the pictures intelligently and gave the new art its start toward its present high estate.

"This is a thing that every young woman who goes into the films should realize from the very outset. There is no use for any woman to attempt any worth-while work in the pictures if she is not going to take her art seriously enough to attempt real interpretation of her roles.

"A pretty, well-lined face and an attractive figure, about which the modistes would veritably rave, are undoubtedly assets—let’s not discount them—and when a woman, possessing these qualifications alone, appears on the screen, her first impression upon the audience is much in her favor. But that is where it stops.

"Without the intelligence to interpret a character, the emotions, the loves and the hates of Psyche, this modern Venus would now soon find herself in the mire of photoplay discards.

"A great majority of girls, if they are fortunate enough to be called ‘pretty’ by some flattering admirer, are at some time in their tender years obsessed with a desire to appear before the great public on the stage or on the screen. The latter has been more in demand among the twentieth century dreamers of fame and fortune.

"The question of art never enters the heads of these ambitious young persons, and they form visions of donning their prettiest frock or spring toque, presenting themselves to a motion picture impresario and immediately signing a contract for a few hundred thousand dollars a season.

"The fact that art has, by the keenest competition, been made the prime requisite of the pictures, has been their salvation. Actresses, so-called, who have been fortunate enough—or should I say unfortunate—to get before the public on their looks alone, have invariably proven only meteors. A season or two and they are passe. Appearances alone cannot win.’

That Miss Downs has not been relegated to the place where all bad actresses go, establishes conclusively that she is blessed with dramatic ability. That she was selected for the role of “Beauty” in “Experience,” establishes that she is beautiful. For further testimony on this score, a glance at the accompanying photographs will be convincing.

Among the better film accomplishments of Miss Downs was the feminine lead part with Bryant Washburn, in “Rule 61,” the lead with Richard Travis, in “The Man Trial,” and with Otis Harlan in the Kleine–Edison production, “Everybody Loves a Fat Man.”
THE FLITTING SHADOWS

Views and Reviews of the Leading Photoplays of the Month

By CHESTER A. BLYTHE

As did the inception of the war, the advent of peace will be mirrored in the photoplay, with its effect upon the social and economic future of the world. This is natural and—no one will disagree—right. The theatre and screen are two of the strongest mediums of reflection to peoples of the earth. Literature is the third.

An admonition at this time to authors and producers may tend to avert a glaring mistake that these leaders made at the start of the war, namely, too much war and not enough variety in the brand of entertainment offered.

How many times during the past year have you heard this remark from patrons of the photoplay: “What’s at the So-and-So Theatre? Oh, it’s a war picture; I’m sick of them; let’s go somewhere else.” When the first of the veritable fusillade of Kaiser pictures was produced, houses could not accommodate the patrons who were eager to see this sphere of the civilized world shown to them as they, in their hearts, believed he was. But it became monotonous. It so applied to all war dramas dealing with society, in which one set of conditions, produced by the greatest catastrophe the universe has ever experienced, was repeated time and again. It is pleasantly noticeable that many producers came to their senses on this proposition; this even to the extent that one company adopted the policy of “no more war pictures.”

Producers! Don’t repeat this mistake when dealing with the problems which shall arise when this hell on earth subsides.

There will be many opportunities for picture plots surrounding the return of our brave American boys to our midst and their re-entrance into home life, politics and economic reorganization. The girls they left behind will supply the love theme which, it seems, is so essential as a background for the more commonplace activities. Let us have these stories, by all means, but enough is enough.

Back in the Civil War, the period following peace was subjected to an epidemic of plays and books based upon the war and its reactions. We are told by veterans of that immortal fight that it was overcome then. Why repeat the error? The more prolific photoplay industry is very liable to even emphasize upon this condition unless caution is used.

Let every producer aim at his masterpiece in this program of post-bellum plays and make that accurate, interesting and enlightening, so that it will serve a broader purpose than merely to entertain. Quality should be the guiding spirit of these productions, and then scenario departments of the great film companies should revert to themselves to a peace basis and delve into the thousands of stories that lie in the generation just developing.

Photoplay audiences do not want too much of any one thing, or set of things. Romance, tragedy, comedy must be blended with such variety as to give the cynic little to talk of and keep the interested playgoer interested.


CAST
Ethel Clayton, Elloit Dexter, Vera Doria, James Neill, Josephine Crowell, Pat Moore and Dorothy Rosher.

Ethel Clayton, as a beautiful and patient young wife in “Women’s Weapons,” is a human tale, particularly interesting to the feminine playgoer, has a role unusually adaptable to her talents. While the story of an author-husband being captivated by an alluring vampire is not entirely new, it is made decidedly plausible in this picture, which is Miss Clayton’s second release under the Paramount banner.

Skilled direction, with a cleverly devised story, help to make “Women’s Weapons” decidedly interesting.

When the story begins, the spectator is introduced to Anne Elliot and her husband, a noted author, living happily with their two small children. When Anne is quarantined with the youngsters, who have developed scarlet fever, Nicholas goes to the city to remain until the danger of the contagion has passed. While in town he meets Eunice Hale, an artist employed to illustrate his latest book, and her efforts to prove how thoroughly she understands him result in his becoming infatuated with her.

When Anne learns of the state of affairs she begins a process of clever scheming in order to convince her husband of the absurdity of his behavior. The Elliot’s retire to a seashore cottage and Anne agrees to have Eunice accompany them, so that she and Nicholas may write a play together. Soon after their arrival Anne pretends illness and leaves Eunice to do the housework. The strain of dishwashing and house-cleaning proves to be too much for Eunice, who plainly shows resentment and ill-temper. Nicholas finally sends her away and realizes the true worth of his charming wife.

A similar idea developed along comedy lines once provided a play for Grace George, and, more recently, an amusing vehicle for Constance Talmadge. “Women’s Weapons,” is a very human tale, with particular interest for the female of the species.

Dexter plays opposite the star and interprets the part of the author-husband with his usual “lusteriness.” Vera Doria is good as Eunice the vampire, and James Neill, Josephine Crowell, Pat Moore and Dorothy Rosher do exceedingly well as members of the supporting company. “Women’s Weapons” has many attractive qualities, not the least of which is the artistic production.

“THE ROSE OF WOLFIGILLE”—Two-part Broadway Star feature, with Patricia Palmer. Adapted from Alfred Henry Lewis’s Wolfville story.

CAST
Patricia Palmer, G. E. Jennings, C. E. Hatton, W. Hooper, Tom Lougham, Carl Farnum, Elizabeth Dole and Walfred Ashley.

Alfred Henry Lewis’s Wolfville stories are renowned for their human appeal and sympathetic interest. The film version of the “Rose of Wolfville,” the Broadway Star feature, loses none of these qualities.

The bits of humor and dramatic situations in this two-part photoplay are such as to maintain the continued interest of the audience and still provide sufficient comedy relief.
It opens with a stage-coach holdup typical of the times and people which AlfredHenry Lewis so faithfully pictured in his plays. Then we see the sheriff, Jed Martin, who determines to give up the life and “go straight” for the sake of Nan, his true love. Thereupon the sheriff is pursued by the wild rose of Wolfville. Nan’s father, Jed’s father and Jed have been pals in crime. The elder Martin induces Jed to “make just one more haul,” saying then they will all quit. It proves one too many. Jake Martin and Ames Briggs are killed and Jed badly wounded. He escapes, however, and goes away to make a new start.

Nan is taken to Judge Roscoe’s home, where her life is made miserable by the eccentric Nan. He is true to his foundlings of the narrow-minded Mrs. Roach and her old maid daughter. The Sheriff sympathizes with the girl and offers to marry her. Nan laughs at him. Finding the life unbearable, she returns to her father’s deserted cabin. Here Jed comes to take her away. The sheriff again interferes and Nan, in a fury, turns the tables by locking the Sheriff in the cell. He then returns to Nan and conciliates with her in search of the girl to marry them. When the Sheriff gives her this news, Nan again outwits them and the Sheriff, deciding that any one so clever deserves to escape, gives up the chase.

Patricia Palmer, is a charming and sympathetic “Rose of Wolfville.” The stage is set to the subject, and photography and direction splendid.

"FAN FAN"—Fox, five parts, featuring a regiment. Scenario by Bernard McConville.

CAST
Virginia Lee Corbin, Francis Carpenter, Carmen DelRay, Violet Radcliffe, Bud Westmore and Joe Singleton.

"Fan Fan," presented by a cast of juveniles, is a notable piece of work from every angle of photography artistry. It is a delightful little Japanese tale, which is presented with all the splendor of the orient and, in spite of the elaborate presentation, the director has never lost sight of the story. The theme is really embodied in the lavish production.

Hanki Pan, prince of Japan, falls in love with Fan Fan, conveniently losing sight of the fact that his honorable father has planned a marriage between him and Honorable Lady Shoo, whom he dislikes. Determined to maintain his station, Hanki Pan consequently seeks Fan Fan, but her father on his deathbed has promised a bride to the Chief Executioner. Despite the plans of their fathers Fan Fan and Hanki Pan elope, and in order to escape their followers they obtain employment at a tea garden as entertainers.

Here they are discovered by Lady Shoo and the Executioner. Fan Fan is then carried away, while Hanki Pan is still pursued by his intended bride. Meanwhile the Executioner, having been ordered to obtain a victim for an execution within twenty-four hours, selects Hanki Pan. His honorable father arrives in time, however, to postpone the execution, and he gives the Executioner his choice between being executed himself or marrying Lady Shoo. As the lesser of two evils, the Executioner chooses Lady Shoo, and Hanki Pan is finally happily united with Fan Fan.

Virginia Lee Corbin, as Fan Fan, is a genuine ability in the title role of Fan Fan. Her acting is absolutely free from affectation, which is unusual in a child of her tender years. Francis Carpenter, as Hanki Pan, is a manly little fellow and his acting is commendable. Corbin, as Fan Fan, handles the role of Lady Shoo gracefully, carefully avoiding exaggeration. Others in the cast also do well.

"MARRIAGE"—Keeney, six parts, Sherry, featuring Catherine Calvert. Written by Guy Bolton.

CAST
Catherine Calvert, David Powell, Thomas Holding, Ida Darling, Walter Heiser and Hazel Alden.

In "Marriage," Mr. Bolton has produced a story written with ability and care, which will be a splendid piece of work. Being built up by a sex problem, although not unwholesome, it is probably too complicated for children to understand and enjoy.

Miss Calvert, in the lead, has a splendid opportunity to display her emotional ability through a series of dramatic situations, which are splendidly placed. The continuity of this film is unusual, concealing the climax from the audience until the very end.

The story concerns Jack Spencer, a Wall Street man, and his wife, Eileen Spencer, who enjoys the society of her gay play-going, card-playing friends. Among them is Carter Ballantyne, an actor-novelist, whose principal object in life is to entertain and sympathize with wives who imagine themselves neglected by their busy husbands. Eileen is on the verge of going away with Ballantyne when Jack tells her that he is not only financially ruined, but that unless he can have a famous surgeon in Paris operate on his eyes, he will become blind as a result of the nervous strain brought on by his failure. Eileen, realizing the value of her husband’s love, desperately determines to save him. She is then a ready victim for the scheme of Dolly Page, a social butterfly, whereby they will make money by systematically cheating at social card games.

The concluding action presents a series of surprising situations developed out of this complication and affords many tense and dramatically effective moments.

The role fits the star and the star fits the role; her beauty, charm, attractive gowns and ability to wear them, making her ideal for such a part. The proof of the effectiveness of her performance is in the fact that not on once does she lose sympathy.

Miss Calvert’s supporting cast is excellent. David Powell appears very good advantage and Thomas Holding, in a villain’s role is right in his element. Ida Darling, Walter Heiser and Hazel Alden complete a splendid cast.

"SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY"—J. Stuart Blackton production, six parts, featuring Mitchell Lewis. Story and scenario by Anthony Paul Kelly.

CAST

First of all a propaganda vehicle, dealing with the “work or fight” order, "Safe for Democracy" is an excellent illustration of kinescopic two hands with a single stone. Commodore Blackeck, who personally directed the production of the film, has a logical story surrounding a social evil and a humorous strain blended, with the result of an interesting picture. There are spots in the story which are a little haggard, and the continuity is interrupted by scenes coming early in the film. But these faults are obscured by the interest which develops as it progresses.

The main theme is built around the subsequent rehabilitation of a wealthy young slacker who had never taken the trouble to fight his own personal enemies—wine, woman and song—and couldn’t see why he should exert himself to ward off the remoter invasion of the enemy. In this he was supported by his mother, a distinctly disagreeable character. She firmly convinces her son that he has a delicate constitution and that a son’s place is in the home, meanwhile neglecting a husband, whose one thought is to get enough ships to enable the soldiers to get to France.

One day the wastrel son marries his father’s stenographer, who convinces the hardworking parent that the boy possesses more brains than he gave him credit for, so he sets on foot a little scheme to make a man of him. The son is caught in a "work or fight" raid, and the slacker, himself, makes a pleasing strain of comedy. Gus Alexander as Little Lefty, accomplishes a characterization that is in itself an achievement. Mitchell Lewis, as Big Steve Reardon, with a sense of approval on part that is highly admirable. Ida Darling, well-posed, performs the unpleasant part of the mother commendably.

"THE GROUCH"—World, five parts, featuring Montague Love and Dorothy Green. Story by Forest Halsey; scenario by Clara S. Berend.

CAST
Montague Love, Dorothy Green, Albert House, Walter Traynor, Faby La Cruz, George DeCarli, and Margaret Linden.

Just from what source "The Grouch" derived its name is not to be proved by viewing the new World release and, while it not entirely free from situations which have a habit of creeping into stories of domestic, it is a novel story with a splendid characterization. Love and revenge are blended in a fashion that produces an interesting piece of fiction.

Montague Love gives a characteristic performance as Donald Grubb, a businesman, who has become a social outcast through the intrigue of his wife and John Cranston, a financier. Graham, a financier, had been sent to jail on a trumped-up charge and after divorcing him his wife had married Branche. After his release Graham drifts to the South, where he befriends Plouryette, one of the Okfes, a wild piratical people who inhabit the swamps, when she escapes from the undesired attentions of the chief, Gial forces him to let her stay. Later he marries her, and then is recognized again by his uncle's fortune and returning to New York he begins his campaign to ruin Branch and take revenge on his wife. Mrs.
Branch, lured on by his fortune and her husband's failure, seeks to Graham back. For a time his love for Fleurette is forgotten by his desire for revenge; and he temporarily becomes a villain of his former wife's ingratiating ways. But only for the purpose of getting her alone at a nearby inn, where he plans to choke her as she had allowed their child to choke while in the throes of phlebitis.

Before meeting him, Mrs. Branch has convinced Fleurette that she should give up the stage and let the girl grow. The latter, however, tells her to show Graham the knife she has always carried for protection, and he will understand that she is voluntarily accepting the attentions of Branch. When Graham sees the knife he realizes that Fleurette is more to him than revenge and he returns in time to rescue her from the fire, which had started in Branch's house to destroy them both.

Dorothy Green, as the half-civilized Fleurette, is the mother of Mr. Love, contributing to a notable performance. Miss Green's character is really too simple for the character, but her portrayal shows to have always lived among wild people in uncivilized parts. It would have been better had the author given Fleurette a civilized blood origin.


CAST

Houdini, Margaret Marsh, Ruth Stonehouse, Ella Britton, William Pike, Martin Grashin, Jack Barnes and Floyd Buxton.

Serial that can anticipate a master achievement for fifteen weeks in "The Master Mystery," and the fact that the world's greatest magician, Houdini, is the central figure in an ingeniously conceived story of mystery and thrills, adds to its value. The authors have given this defier of jails and locks a fitting vehicle with which to record in the minds, as has been his expression, his peculiar ability. The production is good, the settings adequate, and Miss Marsh must add the other necessary qualifications.

The story gives Houdini an opportunity to perform with the most amazing feats of escape in every episode, each one different, and their effect on the screen is at times even more thrilling. J. M. Lock, secretary to Marsh, gets out of a straitjacket, unlocks a door and takes the keys from the pocket of a man on the floor below, where he himself is suspended by his wrists; breaks handcuffs, opens the door of a cell where he has been confined, releases himself from the box in which he has been thrown into the water, bound hand and foot; gets out of his diving suit and one of the villains, also beneath the water, cuts his air tubes, and unbinds himself while suspended in midair above a vat of acid.

These thrilling escapes are logically injected into the story, which concerns the extrications of the villainous partner of Peter Brent, president of a patents company, to make a trust of the businees. Dorothy Green, as the heroine, is played by Houdini. Locke, obviously embarrassed by the patents company, is really gathering evidence against the fake for the Department of Justice. The rapid acting and thrilling incident show how he risks his life to carry out his plans and aid Eva Brent, daughter of the victim in the conspiracy. A huge automaton stalks through the play, and while the spectator knows that Balcon is back of all the plots, this sinister figure is blamed for the trouble and frenzy, and is eventually called Houdini, aside from his uncanny and mystifying feats, screens well and plays his part naturally and forcefully. Marguerite Marsh is pleasing as Eva, and Ruth Stonehouse is almost too pretty for the part of a villainous ingenue. All members of the cast do their work well.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"—Exclusive Players-Lasky, five parts, art-colored, featuring Theda Bara. Adapted from the stage play by Henry V. Esmond; scenario written by Adrian Gil Spear.


Adapted from the stage play by Henry V. Esmond, "Under the Greenwood Tree" is obviously a story which requires effective production and, while Elise Ferguson adds grace and charm to the title role of a society girl masquerading as a gypsy, yet there is something lacking in the photoplay.

The piece, as a stage production, was played at the Garrick Theatre, New York, in 1918, with Maxine Elliott in the lead. Photographic possibilities have been utilized to the utmost in the silent dramatic version of the play, forcing other faults out of the background.

The story concerns Mary Hamilton, a wealthy English girl, who tired of social life and, with her secretary, Peggy Ingle-dew, buys a horse and caravan from a band of gypsies. She takes to New Forest to lead the simple life among the birds and trees and flowers. Jack Hutton, who owns the ground on which Mary is camping, decides to get rid of the gypsies and, in carrying out his plan, he meets and falls in love with Mary.

CAST

Hutton invites him to dine with her, and when he comments on the costly table service she tells him that she has stolen it from a wealthy family in Park Lane. Hutton then makes up his mind to reform the young woman. In his absence from the camp the gypsies capture Mary, but Hutton returns and comes to her rescue, only to be badly beaten up himself. Mary then cares for him, and in gratitude, Hutton marries her to become his wife. She confesses the truth as to her identity, and they live happily ever after.

A real band of gypsies appear in the production, and the atmosphere of this wild life is splendidly preserved. Eugene O'Brien, as Jack Hutton, fills the type of man properly and gives Miss Ferguson the support required to do what little dramatic work there is required.

"THE SHE DEVIL"—Fox, six parts, featuring Theda Bara. Story by Nege Hopkins.

CAST

Theda Bara, Albert Roscoe, Frederick Bond and George A. Mitchell.

"The She Devil" as a name implies a part peculiarly suitable to the ability of Theda Bara, the vampire star, and this, summed briefly, is what the photoplay amounts to. There is not much to the story, aside from forming a vehicle which Miss Bara handles notably as a vampire, this time of the Spanish dancer type. Miss Bara's screen appearance is given a splendid background of Spanish atmosphere, most of which is centered in a lacy scene of Spain, Juanaquin by name, and the picture would be one of the thrills if it were not for the impression that it was inspired by the star's own invention of parts such as this. There is no similarity between the stories, however. "The She Devil," an apt title which is played on the sub-titles throughout the film, is a Spanish dancer, Lolette, who, as was told, is Juanaquin, a little village in Spain. Lolette has all the men at her feet, including Tiger, the notorious bachelor, except Maurice Logue, from Paris. So, of course, manlike, or rather vampire-like, she determines to win Maurice. She lures the Tiger on and vanishes with the spoils of one of his hold-ups, later appearing in Maurice's studio in Paris. There she has one escapade after another, until after interrupting the performance of a Spanish dancer to show her "how Lolette really does it," Maurice takes in the score of contracts accompanied by big advance payments, and Maurice is fulfilling, as a result of the unscrupulous deals, Maurice takes her back to Juanaquin. On the way the Tiger holds up her coach and takes them prisoners. But as before, Lolette outruns him and again escapes with the booty.

There is much of the sensation in the story, and it lacks plausible handling, as is evitable baffling of the Tiger by the crafty Lolette, who, as her pursuer, eludes three times in the course of six reels.

Gordon Edwards has done very well with the material, however, and the location, especially the little village, is splendidly handled. Albert Roscoe as Maurice Tabor and George A. McDaniel as the Tiger, are splendidly cast.

"HIDDEN FIRES"—Goldwyn, five parts, featuring Mae Marsh. Story by J. Clarkson Miller.

CAST

Mae Marsh, Roy LoRusso, Florid Kingley, Alice B. Frankis and Jere Austin.

A dual role played by Mae Marsh in "Hidden Fires," who as Miss Marsh, has an opportunity to give varied expression to her dramatic ability, may well be considered her best work under Goldwyn. The picture is blessed with an entertaining theme, although quite quaint, and the fact that it treats upon the more delicate side of social life increases rather than detracts from its interest. A happy ending sustains the interest which is aroused at the beginning.

Director George Irving has applied his inventive ability to this production, which is of a type that is suitable to him. Characteristically clever sub-titles and an adaptability of the star to roles add to the pleasure of witnessing the picture.

The story concerns Louise Parke, a rich young girl (played by Miss Marsh), whose home is in Washington Square, but who is studying in Paris. Louise quarrels with her sweetheart and, in a fit of temper, cables her mother that she is coming home at once. Her mother, who has been seriously ill, is greatly cheered by the news of her daughter's home-coming. A day or two later, however, the ship on which Louise was to have sailed is sunk, and the doctor, fearful that the news may kill Mrs. Parke, interviews Miss Marsh, the girl at the news-stand in New York (also played by Miss Marsh), who bears a striking resemblance to Louise, to take her place.

Peggy agrees, and a series of complications follow, the most interesting of which is her meeting the man who, it is
learned, betrayed the missing girl and who appeals to Peggy to forgive him. After months of posing as Louise Park, Peggy is studied when she discovers Louise sick and disheartened in a tenement. Peggy nurses her back to health, discovering marriage possible for her condition and brings him to the bedside of the once beautiful society girl. He soon discovers that marriage will right the wrong he has done the girl, and so Louise and Stephen are married. Peggy then returns to the news-stand, and soon she, too, meets the right man.


CAST

Mme. Nazimova, Charles Bryant, Donald Gallaher, Sally Blane, John Crute, Neville Earle, Louise Bora, Charles Ridgley, Harry Bartlett and Mamie Baultes.

In “Eye for Eye” Mme. Nazimova has indicated that she has, at some time, won a thorough study of the characteristics and background of a girl of the desert. Around such a type of woman, with her tribal rites and customs, is woven a story of peculiar interest, which has all the earmarks of a Nazimova product.

“Eye for Eye” is a tale of a desert maiden, Hassouna, wild, untamed girl of the East, who wears her weird habiliments and retains her wild and tempestuous nature even after she has tasted of gentler influences of the West. The opening scenes are in the desert—that vast Sahara, where love, hate, revenge in all fury are untouched by civilized codes and restrictions, and where the native tribes pursue the tenor of their ways regardless of any law save the mandates of the sheik.

Hassouna is the daughter of the sheik. In it is told of her trials of life. She is rescued by another band of Moorish natives and sold to a circus man, who discovers that she is a dancer of no mean parts. He takes her to France, where during a performance she meets for the second time the French officer, whose life she had saved. Unusual to the hardships of the circus tent, Hassouna faints at his feet in the circus ring. He takes her to his home. There Hassouna soon discovers that the captain’s wife is indulging in a sub rosa affair with another man. She attempts to kill them for their treachery and is dispatched to the aforesaid convent to learn more of the sensational ways of doing things and it is there that she suffers such pains of conscience against Allah that she returns to the captain. Just when the wife has run away with her lover, determined never to return, and Hassouna and the captain are beginning to discover how much they both need each other, a shot turns ups. Is the girl that her kin have all been murdered by the captain’s troops and that she must avenge their deaths. She says she will do so, but does not have the heart to do the deed. During the captain’s absence, however, she decides to ensure his favorite nephew, to make him desert his post in the army, to run him in the eyes of the world, and thus to strike misery into the heart of the man she loves. She proceeds to do the sick of time and determines to take this complex character by the throat. The ending, of course, is not quite in keeping with the Nazimova character, but this is lost sight of in the splendid production. The supporting cast is good. The role of a French officer suits Charles Bryant, though his makeup could be better. Sally Crute, as the French wife, is good.

“MILADY O’ THE BEANSTALK”—Diando, five parts, Metro, featuring Baby Marie Osborne.

CAST

Baby Marie Osborne, Ellen Cassity, Jack Consolly and Sambo.

While “Milady O’ the Beanstalk” is an ingeniously plotted comedy drama and will undoubtedly entertain the average audience, especially the children, still it does not measure up to the standard of previous Baby Marie Osborne productions. The picture gives the juvenile actress and Sambo, the little negro actor, many opportunities for their mischievous pranks. The story is the conventional one of the lovers who quarrel, the girl marrying another, an unworthy man, from whom she is later divorced. Then, through the influence of her child, she is befriended and eventually won by her first sweetheart, who has never forgotten her.

This version of the story presents a hero who has become a prizefighter, the punch of the play, figuratively and literally, being in the fight he enters for a $10,000 purse which will enable him to pay for the operation necessary to save Baby Marie’s life after she has suffered a serious fall from a fire escape. Said fire escape, the beanstalk referred to in the title, is the prop used by Baby Marie in her efforts to make true the fairy tale of Jack and the Beanstalk, which she enacts in a dream. Her “giant” enabled via the fire escape is the prizefighter.

The story is well photographed. This applies particularly to the country home scenes, where Marie is pictured with her pets. The supporting cast of grown persons is good.

“DEUCE DUNCAN”—Triangle, five parts, featuring William Desmond. Story by George Hively.

CAST

Bill Desmond, Lucia Maxin, Ed Brady, George Field, William Ellingford and Joe Tyson.

William Desmond is becoming as much at home in a sombrero and fingering a six-shooter as he has in any other type of character. “Deuce Duncan” is again given an opportunity to romp in the wild west as a black diamond of the plains. He engaging in several exciting combats with cow-punchers, and the atmosphere of the picture abounds in effective scenes depicting the cattle country.

Bill Desmond leaves his cabin with a mysterious stranger, who makes himself known as “Deuce Duncan.” He has been serving a long term in the penitentiary. In making their get-away John steals Deuce’s horse. Ann obtains a job in the town saloon and John joins Steven Clement’s gang of cattle rustlers. In the midst of a brawl in the saloon Deuce comes to Ann’s rescue. Meanwhile the cattle of the UK ranch have been dispersed when Deuce brings Ann home he notices grease on John’s overalls. Ann begs Deuce to keep silent, assuring him that John was unjustly convicted of the crime for which he was imprisoned. Shortly afterward John is arrested and through Ann’s pleading Deuce persuades the Sheriff to release him. Information received from the prisoner, the Sheriff arrests Clement’s gang of cattle thieves, John, who it is thought to be his brother, but that her brother is still in prison and that he (John) is the only man who has proof of his innocence and demands Ann’s honor as the price of his innocent brother’s freedom. Later John is attacked by Deuce and later by Clement. Ann and Deuce are then happily united and all ends well.

Desmond makes a likeable hero and Lucia Maxin, a new Triangle leading woman, is an attractive figure. Joe Tyson, giving the star excellent support.


CAST


Lieutenant Bert Hall, of the Lafayette Escadrille, has broken into sensation with more or less of a sensation. “A Romance of the Air” has fortunately retained the same air of mystery when the illusion of the Lieutenant Hall’s book, “En’ the Air,” and portrays the fascinating exploits of a young American officer who has gained the famous flying corps of France.

Lieutenant Hall’s unaffectedness before the camera is one of the delights of the picture. He is himself at all times and his naturalness adds to the portrayal of the story.

It is a story full of adventure, hazardous escapes to exotic lands as the film contains within a human note and a love story that has a direct appeal. There is the young American officer who is always given the most cherished tasks to perform. There is his brother officer who is jealous of him. There is the American girl he falls in love with when he falls behind the enemy lines in his aeroplane. There is the spy who, with his accomplice, a young countess, works so closely that the American officer is suspected and almost disgraced. And there is the happy ending which unites two loving hearts and clears an honorable officer’s clouded name.

Edith Day makes a splendid heroine and Florence Billings as the Countess is good. As a villainous Archuke, Stuart Holmes makes the part and the artist impression, and Joseph Lertora is pleasing as Lieutenant Hall. The handling of the cast goes on a way toward the success of the picture.
Lady Tsen Mei, of China
A New Film Star from Canton, Who Claims Rank with Our More Important Emotion Screen Actresses
By NORMA BRIGHT CARSON

TSEN MEI was born in the quaint old city of Canton. One senses her Eastern mystery in the long slant of her eyes and the half-veiled fires that glow there when the requirements of expressing character call for varied emotions. But off stage, the Lady Tsen Mei loses her mystery, and becomes a wholesome, charming, freshly enthusiastic girl. She comes to us as a surprise, for we have been told her story and the measure of her accomplishments, and the array of her talents is more than a little formidable. Those who doubt the efficacy of the higher education for women cannot take Tsen Mei as an example of the failure of such education, for knowledge and degrees and success have not spoiled her; her entire lack of egotism is delightfully appreciable, while the gentle dignity with which she carries herself in moments of repose shows poise rather than conceit; and she flings self-possession to the winds like a happy child when the winds come for a wild canter or an exhilarating swim.

The little lady from Canton has a father who is now a practicing physician in Pittsburgh. He came to America when Tsen Mei was very little, and studied at Jefferson Medical College. Then he went back to China, and after a short while returned to America for good; so that his daughter received most of her education in this country. Having a vocal gift of rather unusual quality, she attended the Pittsburgh Musical Conservatory, where she developed a voice-range that goes from baritone to lyric soprano, and includes male tenor, to which she adds the ability to imitate the life the call of any animal or bird that the woods can produce.

Today Tsen Mei is known in the best vaudeville circles for the work she has done, and her tours have embraced most civilized countries. But before she went on vaudeville circuit she performed other tasks of no small significance; for instance, she completed the law course at Columbia College, New York, and was duly admitted to the bar, though she never practiced. For in the meanwhile, sociology had come to engage her attention, and so she sought to see for herself something of the problems of the working-girl in the great city, and to that end she learned stenography and took a position with a broker in Wall Street, where she outdistanced many more experienced stenographers in speed and accuracy.

The call to the stage, however, would not be stilled. She loved to sing; wherefore she started on vaudeville circuit and made that her career. And the travelling she did was just so much more in the way of education, for Tsen Mei has the ability to observe and to absorb, and wherever she went she took something by way of knowledge and style and fascinating interest away with her. With the result that she boxes with a strength and rapidity that makes her the equal of the average male boxer; she wrestles with intelligence and an agility that

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WHY THEY CALL HER "DAINTIEST"

By J. L. MELLON

"America's Daintiest Actress.

You've seen that in print a million times—more or less.

So had I, long before I ever saw Anita personally or on the screen.

Having met this fascinating child, I can assure you that Anita's daintiness is more than screen deep.

(Pardon the paraphrased plagiarism, but it suits the spirit of this story.)

I think I have discovered why they call her "dainty Anita," and I am indebted to a chance remark of her mother for the lead that brought about the discovery; which if you know Anita personally, is no discovery at all.

When I first came in contact with the screen world, I had some rather definite ideas about popular writings about the stars. In about twenty years of newspaper work in almost as many of these grand United States, I had met the genius press agent frequently enough to know that he was largely a snare and a delusion; a shell that covered an otherwise human being; a man whose sole ambition in life was the hypnotizing of trustful editors, and the invasion of newspaper columns consecrated to chronicling current history.

The story of the lady star's wonderful wardrobe, I discovered, was only a thinly veiled plot to exploit some modiste's hysterical creations. The same disorganization accompanied the milk-bath story, the stolen jewels sensation, the special train, etc.

So when I became a chronicler of stage happenings, I determined to eschew all such ideas and methods.

But when I met Miss Stewart for interviewing purposes, there was one thing that acted like a balm, as I have mentioned, to wit:

"America's Daintiest Actress."

I had read that many times, each time with increasing misgiving. Miss Stewart was ill when I first asked to meet her and even if she had not been, I couldn't very well have gone to her and asked:

"Why do they call you 'America's Daintiest Actress'?"

She'd probably have summoned a cop or the headkeeper of Matteawan.

So I just waited and accepted it on faith; but with the mental reservation that some day, somehow, by fair means or foul, I should obtain an answer to that burning question.

Well, not long ago, up jumped the opportunity, and I welcomed it with the same fervor that the Rainbow Division grasped the chance to separate ill-advised Hunns from their Kaiser.

Anita had just returned to the Vitagraph studio, with which she was then associated—nestling in the classic precincts of Flat-bush—after an absence of months, which served to rest her completely and to restore her to normal good health. I saw her working in a set for "The Mind the Paint Girl," the Pinero play. I was introduced by her director, Wilfrid North. It was a rather formal affair, that meeting, and I didn't dare ask the question I most desired to have answered.

Besides, Anita was dressed in a little gingham frock, which struck just below her knees, and in her hair she wore an enormous bow of vivid plaid ribbon. She looked like a child of about twelve, and she was very sad. She had been crying, because her father (in the play), a kindly old English green-grocer, was dead.

The whole situation made a somewhat gloomy atmosphere in which to pop that disturbing question. But I did not give up hope. Instead, with the craftiness of a Machiavelli, I said to myself:

"Not yet, but soon! I'll get her when she's in a daintier mental mood."

Of course, neither she nor her director—one, in fact, but myself—knew this deep plotting was going on right there in that saddened spot.

My chance was coming sooner than I expected. Fate was on my side.

Three days after that first meeting, Anita—you see, I call her by her first name, because of the light in my great discovery—capitulated in assuming a bit—and her director, with a company of about twenty, were returning to the studio when they met with an accident that just skimmed the edge of fatality. A tempestual Brooklyn trolley car, resuming Anita's auto crossing its right of way, displayed its nasty disposition by slugging back the automobile and knocking it incommutably about the surrounding landscape. The auto landed against a motor bus, in which were about a dozen of Anita's company. Everybody was more or less hurt, but Anita and her director were so badly injured they were under care of physicians for a week. As a matter of cold fact, Miss Stewart came perilously near to having her neck broken.

When this happened, I thought I was farther than ever from the realization of what had now become an active and irritating ambition—to have answered that question:

"Why do they call her 'America's Daintiest Actress'?

But fate was with me. Each day I called up Anita's home to learn of her condition, and each day I spoke with her mother. Soon Mother and I became very chummy—over the phone—and I thought of asking her to ask Anita THE question. "To prepare myself with facts in case we got into a discussion of the matter, I went to the dictionary and copied the definition of 'dainty.' Here's what I got:

DAINTY—Refined or particular as regards taste; fastidious. 2—Delicate and elegant in appearance; well-formed; graceful. 3—Nice or refined in behavior; decorous. 4—Of fine sensibility; sensitive."

Thus armed, I prepared for a debate. But I never got a chance to argue, for one day, during our conversation over the phone, Mrs. Stewart answered my question without my asking and without knowing what she did.

"This accident," she began, "is more than an injury to Anita."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it upsets our plans so. We had hoped to take over a place at Bayside this week, so that Anita could have something to eat.""

"What?" I exclaimed, startled at the thought of this fair young girl suffering the pangs of hunger.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Stewart. "You see, for more than a year we have had no home life. We've been traveling from one place to another in order to build up Anita's health. First, we were up in New England, then we spent a long time at Hot Springs, Va., then to Atlantic City for a time, and returning to New York, we took apartments at the Plaza.
Miss Stewart advising the purchasing of Thrift Stamps "somewhere in Brooklyn," when the show was obsolete.

We remained there all winter, and now have apartments in a quiet little hotel in Brooklyn.

"But that's a nice hotel where you are now—why do you wish to leave it?" I interrupted.

"Because it's a hotel."

"Oh!"

"Yes, hotels are all alike—only the nicer they are, the more 'hotely' they are."

Which came to think of it, is pretty sound reasoning.

"No matter what one pays," Mrs. Stewart was speaking again, "or how choice the food one gets at a hotel, it is not home cooking, and that's what Anita is pining for. The poor child hasn't had a real home meal in so long she has almost forgotten what they taste like.

"You know, this meal business was one of the chief causes of Anita's breakdown last year. The exigencies of picture-making are such that no matter how hard the company tries to provide suitable meals for the players, it often happens that they cannot do so. This was the case with Anita. Sometimes the locations where they were taking scenes would be so far away from the studio or any place else, they would have to depend on sandwiches and cold tea or milk. Often I would cook something nice that I knew Anita liked and would send it to her, but by the time it reached her it would be cold and hardly different from the meals which had been prepared by the studio caterer.

"It was this unsatisfying food as much as Anita's previous illness which broke her down, because Anita has always been a particular child—"

Oh, how I loved that word "particular!" I was about to realize my ambition.

Anyone else would have said "dainty," but the mother would say "particular."

And she went on:

"Ever since she was a little bit of a thing—all eyes, it seemed to me—Anita has been particular. No matter what our financial circumstances, everything had to be 'just so' for her. Her clothes had to be immaculate; her little bed had to be white and pretty. She could not finish a meal if she happened to soil a table cloth. At school, she was cleanliness personified and her books never seemed to be old. She would flidget almost to distraction if she soiled her hands or her boots and could not clean them at once.

"Another thing—she'd never wear anything but her own. I remember one time when she was only about five years old I made over a hat for her, which I had bought for Lucille Lee, her sister. It was a beautiful little hat, and I had paid $12 for it. I fixed it up so it looked like a new bonnet, and I put it on Anita. My hitherto obedient baby took it off and announced that she would not wear it. I put it back on her head and started her to Sunday School, about a block away, where her grandmother was waiting for her. She was back in about five minutes, and I asked her why she was not at Sunday School.

"Grandma wouldn't let me go in," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I didn't have on my hat."

And it was true. The child bad taken off the hat as soon as she was out of sight and when she met my mother at the church, mother insisted on her wearing the hat. Anita refused and mother sent her about face. I saw that it was not rebelliousness which actuated Anita—it was actual pain for her to wear that bonnet—and so I did not insist.

"Thus she has been all her life, and she positively has a passion for beautiful things—both in her home and in her work. She responds to beautiful music, to flowers, to pretty clothes. When she can, she revels in good books. She seeks people whose tastes are similar to her own, and she is very easily wounded in feeling, just as she was that day when I tried to make her wear that hat."

Wow!

Here I had the answer to my question without my asking for it. I ran over in my mind the various definitions of "dainty."

"1—Refined or particular as regards taste; fastidious. Surely the incidents of her childhood fitted that.

"2—Delicate and elegant in appearance; well-formed; graceful. Yes, she's all of those, as every motion-picture lover knows.

"3—Nice or refined in behavior; decorous. Everyone who knows her says she is delightful, so I guessed she would fit that phase of the subject.

"4—Of fine sensibilities; sensitive. The affair of sister's bonnet would seem to prove this.

So there we were—my question answered. Still, there was a void in my life, and I discovered it was a desire to see with my own eyes—to talk with Anita and form my own estimate of her. And when, a few days later, she returned to the studio, I decided to visit her and talk with her.

When I arrived, Miss Stewart and the rest of the company were just starting out on "location"—a little park in Brooklyn.

"Fine," said I. "Now, I'll get her alone; away from the studio, and we'll have a chat.

The park, which was our destination, is one of those neighborhood affairs—a God-

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AN you tell me where I will find Marguerite Clark?"

"The studio was dusky-dim, except where the Klieg lights made splashes of vivid yellow, and I had almost stumbled over a little figure coming around a corner."

"You'll find her right here," came the half-laughing answer—and sure enough, as my eyes became accustomed to rather dim light, I realized that I had indeed come upon the very object of my search.

This was in the long ago days when I first knew Miss Clark, but I have always remembered the talk we had at that day at the studio. A friend of mine, an unusually pretty girl, with curls and huge questioning eyes, had begged me to get Miss Clark to tell me how she got into the movies and perhaps some ideas as to the quickest way to success. I succeeded to this extent:"

"There are so many thrilling and dramatic stories of how various screen players achieved their new profession," she began, "that it is very doubtful whether or not my story will prove very interesting. It is very commonplace in contrast to those which relate how the player was picked from among a hundred 'extras' by the director, whom she had entranced by her beauty and very evident talent, or that of the daring little miss, who volunteered to do some humble bit, perhaps when the courage of the leading lady had failed.

"Truth, which is in my case less interesting than fiction, compels me to confess that I went into the motion pictures largely as a matter of business. After several years on the musical comedy stage and in light comedy, I was completing my season in "Prunella," where several offers were made to me to appear in motion pictures. But I had been studying the situation very carefully in my spare moments, and had decided that the majority of photoplays were not worth one's while."

"It occurred to me that if one of the best players, who had been successful on the stage, had made miserable failures of their work before the camera, and I determined that I would not rush into the newer field until the time seemed really ripe—and until I could find the most favorable circumstances under which to launch my little film craft."

"It so happened that Adolph Zukor came behind the scenes with Daniel Frohman one night, and we had a very delightful chat. I thought nothing more of it until I received a letter from Mr. Zukor, saying that the Famous Players-Lasky Film Co., of which he is president, had what he believed to be just the right script for me, and that after his chat at the theatre, he was more than ever convinced that I would like the photoplay if I would read it. Moreover, the reputation which the company had already built up by its previous introduction of so many stage celebrities, assured me of the proper handling of the script and the backing of a pioneer concern. So it was that I made my debut on the screen in the Famous Players picture, 'The Wildflower,' a role that I have been criticized for.

"It seems to me that the greatest mistake which has been made by many of the stage folk, who went into motion picture work, was to suppose that they displayed to the technicalities involved in acting before the camera. I once heard of a very reliable source the story of the first day which a popular musical comedy star spent in a motion picture studio. After she had done several ill-timed scenes before the camera, the director stopped her and explained that she ought to do something quite different.

"'Don't tell me how to act,' I say, "and So-and-So!' She told him loftily, in a tone that told more plainly than words the fact that she, a great star, resented any suggestions from a mere down picture director. Her attitude was entirely wrong. If the motion picture is worth acting in at all, it is worth serious study by everyone who attempts it. There are a great many little mannerisms and tricks which will be effective before the footlights that will be totally lost before the camera. There are actions which will even blur the stars, and it is a Sophie's choice of a photographic standpoint. These things which must be observed by the beginner, or taught by some one with experience in these matters, instead of the studio, and the reason of—the ruination of—the player's debut."

"Though I had spent considerable time in motion picture theatres before I agreed to make my debut, I began studying the situation all over again after signing my contract, and spent every bit of spare time available either in the movie theatre or at the Famous Players studio, watching everything that was being done."

"So by the time that I was ready to actually begin work before the camera, I was very clear in my own mind concerning that which could, and could not, be done.

"But the mere studying of some of the complexities which were involved in screen work did not prove the final solution of my problems. No sooner had I settled into the swing of things, than the company decided to star me in an adaptation of Mark Twain's 'The Prince and the Pauper.' To my dismay, I learned that that involved playing two roles on the screen at the same time, which is something to be learned from start to finish, as it is entirely different from any other form of acting. The great point of the dual role is, of course, that each half of the picture is taken separately whenever the same player appears on the screen in two different characters at the same time. In other words, the person who is playing the double role is in one on the screen, acting to a blank wall.

"Being a successful screen actress is a matter of using one's imagination entirely, picturing the action as it will ultimately appear on the screen and trying to fit one's self into the scene so that the finished picture, as it is seen in the theatre, will be as logical an episode in the action of the story. Sometimes it involves timing one's action mathematically to fit that of the other half of the scene. The slightest slip in the action of these scenes means disaster to the whole, and the cost of a great deal of money, as some of the settings are very costly and elaborate. This is the most difficult phase of motion picture acting, to my mind, and it involves a great deal of serious study and thought."

"But one must love the work to succeed. It is inconceivable to me that anyone could be a successful comedian, or comedienne, or the motion picture screen unless he or she sincerely enjoys the humor of the situations or possesses a naturally happy disposition. I have been called upon to play in a great many comic scenes since making my screen debut, and am perfectly confident that not one person in the millions who have watched those scenes would have so much as smiled if I had approached the action half-heartedly, or had failed to enter with all my heart into the spirit of the scenes myself."

"Of course, I am not referring to slapstick scenes, in which people are nearly killed by falls and beatings. But the most successful jokes of the sort are best enjoyed as a combination of the two elements and nobody laughs with them. I am speaking only of scenes in which the spectators laugh not at, but with the players. Most of us would laugh at a very dignified man if he slipped on a banana peel and fell, but I do not contend that he must enjoy the situation in order to make it funny. On the contrary, it is his supreme disgust which makes the incident effective."

"But in the case of light comedy—and I might even say polite comedy—it is imperative that the player be in tune with the scene. Approach a comic situation in which the hero is to do a particular trick, and you do it. You would do yourself and the world at large a great service by refusing to act the scene at all if you cannot really play the role with a light heart."

"Just then the director's voice was heard calling Miss Clark, and I noticed that a whole hour had slipped by while I had been listening to her delightful 'voice with the smile.' As she left me, I had the queer sensation that the whole studio had grown grey again at her departure."

Miss Clark made her professional bow to Baltimore as a member of the famous Aborn Opera Company. After appearing in several musical plays, she became De Wolf Hopper's leading lady in several memorable successes. Then she became co-star with Jeffries in the "The Secret Spot." Her first stellar role was the lead in "The King of Cadonia." She next played in the all-star revival of "Jim the Penman," which was followed by "Baby Mary." Miss Clark then appeared at the Little Theatre, New York, in "The Affairs of Anatole." Next came "Snow White," and then the delightful "Prunella," in each of which she was starred.
There are combs and combs, for simple, plainly-dressed heads, for piled-up curls, for softly-waved, loosely-knotted hair, whether black or blonde or wholesome brown. Tsen Mei, the Chinese artist, draws her smooth and shining black locks close back from her broad forehead, and twists their lengths into a soft knot at the back of her head. Tsen Mei likes decorative combs. The crescent thing of rhinestones that sets around her knot is a comb of beauty and grace, and the sort of thing that many women can wear.

The head of Emmy Whelen follows the same lines practically as that of Tsen Mei, save that Miss Whelen likes curls, and her hair lends itself to softer piling. She dons on fancy combs, tortoise-shell jeweled things, of gold and silver, and delightful little hair-pins, studded with stones. Miss Whelen has many combs of many kinds, and she changes her head-dress in order to better display her decorative pins and combs.

There is a hint of Carmen in the way Dorothy Dalton dresses her hair and sets the big tortoise-shell comb, cleverly designed and very lovely, in her hair. Miss Dalton knows the value of hair decoration, for the comb gives a touch of grace that otherwise would not be there.

The average woman will find a comb or an ornamental pin many times a help in making the head look attractive. If there is a glister in the dress trimmings, the gleam of jewels in the hair carries out the general effect of brilliancy; while if the costume is quiet, a comb of shell will often add elegance and even distinction.
The Oriental note in the boudoir makes for both picturesqueness and ease. And the costume of the East as it suggests my lady's negligence, can range from a simple, flowered Chinese silk robe, or a gown of flowing lines in a single brilliant color, to the heavily embroidered brocades that picture birds of fine plumage and flowers of every sort and hue, such as is shown in the picture of a Chinese robe worn by the lady Tsen Mei, a new arrival in the film world. The quaint headgear might suggest a new wrinkle for the boudoir cap, a little severe, but quite decorative. In the same way, the daintily embroidered slippers that would go with the robe speak for themselves of comfort in the last degree. Our own modification of them in the form of satiny, embroidered mules, hints less of luxurious easefulness, but makes a well-formed foot a credit, whereas the Chinese style tends to disguise grace and ignore neatness.

If the Chinese girl likes stiffness, the small American lady seeks in her leisure hours to twist those straight lines to something softer and more clinging. She may borrow a butterfly hem and bands of richest embroidery, but she goes to her mirror not in the comfort of quilted satin, but in the sheerness of chiffon. And she needs the little silver mirrors and the chased bottles for perfume, and the perfumes themselves must partake of the fragrance of the East, and have in them the value of being rare and choice gifts.

Even the prettiest hands must have gloves, and the prettiest the hand often the more particular the taste in coverings. Time was when gloves and shoes were exceedingly simple, but as the years go on the glove becomes a creation, a work of art, rich in color, exquisite in texture, deftly ornamented. So the lady dons a veil that bears just the right spots to illuminate her flesh-tones, and carries in her well-kept, smooth, firmly-moulded hands a pair of soft, strong leather gloves, almost gauntlets, to which beauty is added in the heavy stitches that serve to give color for contrast.

But after all, it is the 'different' touch that gives the distinction to every form of dressing. Not always artistic, often merely unique; but if it suits the individual, it takes on a beauty all its own. Just a hint of the Elizabethan ruff appears in this afternoon get-up, which is singular to Marie Pavis (Triangle). Not every woman could wear it, but with large, long earrings, studded with pearls, and the close-fitting hat of beads and velvets, Miss Pavis can readily make the passer-by look twice and each time decide that the costume is strikingly effective. And sticks are almost as individual as ruffs—only the very confident of grace may carry them. Miss Pavis has her own ornamented stick, that goes with her beads, her strange earrings and her odd ruff.
Few women dress better than the actresses of the screen. Perhaps the accuracy of the cameraman is partly responsible for their attention to detail. Perhaps vanity contributes much to the process of growing and adorning. But whatever it is, the film stars of the present vie with each other in accomplishing the unusual, often the strikingly unique. They become a law to themselves. And in the matter of the little things they look for an attention that might have been accorded the queens of an older day, whose persons were often enough just so much figure to carry the weight of kingdoms. Save that the average star has taste as well as vanity, and so creates her adornments to satisfy the artistic sense as well as the desire for illusion and shine that has ever made woman a temptation to man.

Accessories include many sorts of novelties that contrive to make themselves in the course of time necessities. One can see Mary Pickford, for instance, choosing the letter paper on which she shall write a social note. She will perhaps like a slender gold pen-holder, or a gold fountain-pen if she contemplates a larger correspondence, and she will want a dainty writing pad, with beaten bronze corners, it may be, and an inkwell to match, with likely a letter holder in morocco. Thus the beautiful pen on the beautiful woman requires settings of an appropriate harmony, and here are opened up vistas of possibility that it will take other and later space to enter into.

Emmy Whelan (Metro) is known for her excellent dressing. Miss Whelan herself designed the frilly fringe that reaches from the waist, on either side, to the knees, as shown in the picture. She is also a hobbist in combs and fans. A beautiful example of the latter she holds in this photograph, which was made by the fastidious Count de Strelecki.

The simplicity of the aristocrat is shown in this effective gown of black satin, which Olive Tell (Metro) wears with so distinctive a grace. The fringed tunic of irregular outline strikes a new fashion note, while the small velvet hat, with its graceful drapery of tulle, gives the harmony that is needed to preserve the Russian touch of the whole.

With a costume such as this, a popular accessory in the form of a dainty bag suggests itself. The Christmas stocks in the shops are full of such bags—useful additions to an afternoom gown and beautiful in themselves, since all manner of wonderful bead and brocade combinations serve to make them artistic and supply whatever in the way of color is required to achieve a harmonious effect.

The Christmas season calls to mind many beautiful gifts for lovely women. The flash of jewels in the shops reveals on closer inspection many novelties by way of adornment that will make instant appeal to those with slender, white hands and arms, and dainty feet.

The small, jeweled bracelet makes an appropriate ornament for the pretty arm, and when three or four of these, in narrow gold bands with delicate chasing or close-set gems, are worn together the effect is very pleasing. Or, should fancy dictate, the new link bracelets, in plain gold or silver links, or with gem-set clasps of large and elaborate design, add a touch of the East that may hint of the barbaric, but is engaging in the extreme.

The jeweled comb is also an allurement. In soft, carefully coiffured hair the glint of brilliants or the half-hidden sheen of pearls is very fetching.

Or, if one has pretty feet, slender and with narrow ankles, the daintiness of satin slippers rounds out the effect of many a charming costume. To add a jet buckle, surrounded by a thin line of rhinestones, means to set off a gown whether elaborate or simple.
THE FUTURE OF THE MOVIES
By S. J. WARSHAWSKY

Prophecy is a disease that has scourged the world since the beginning of the human race. There has always been some pessimist who predicted a long train of evils, and some optimist to throw the damper on the enthusiasm of the pessimist. The pessimist's disease is in the blood. It is a long, wriggly germ that takes itself seriously and will submit to no medical treatment. There is no particular season of the year for which it has a special fancy. There is a Cloud, color, creed or condition which is free from its ravages or beneficent influences. No sulphur and molasses treatment will purge the blood of its presence and no government by stringent edict has had the courage to forbid its prevalence.

In fact, kings and ministers have had a sort of handkerin' for its comfort. Long-whiskered horologists were wont to take up their residences in three-cornered steeples, two or three hundred feet in the air, from which they gave out dope sheets on the future of new born kings. Oracles used to predict the rise of Greece on the culpability of the public. Caesar used to have a chicken cut up every once in so often, not to satisfy his epicurean craving for the barefoot favorite, but to discover what fate had in store for him. Twenty or thirty thousand country fairs support a large population of gypsy fortune tellers, and it is not un-common experience for the young lady, with the pompadour of large blue eyes, to disappear quickly into the dark hallway at the corner of Spring and Myrtle, and visit the fortune teller who, for fifty cents, will tell her that a "tall and handsome light gentleman, with a wart on his chin and a lucky-monkey watch-fob, is suffering palpitations of the heart for her affections." The spirit of prophecy is as universal as the movies, and just as entertaining.

Hence, it follows that the millions of people in these United States seldom indulge in prophecies. And prophecy has few friends in the field of the cinematogaph, that little machine, with the powerful lens and the animating electric "juice," that throws pictures and things on the screen for the delectation, education and comfort of the people.

Patrick Henry once said something in a very famous speech, to the effect that his only lamp to the future was the experience of the past. So a little look backward may enable us to estimate what will happen in the future.

The first motion picture that we ever remember seeing was shown us in a certain public school in Cleveland, Ohio. We were just about fourteen years old and not yet trained to avoid the pitfalls and the snares of life. A gentleman by the name of Colonel F--- (whether he was a Colonel by official signature or matrimony, we still do not know) made an arrangement with the principal of the school to show his movin' pictures to all the school children en bloc for the consideration of ten cents each. A certain percentage of the proceeds was to go to the purchase of school pictures bearing such elevated titles as "The Dying Gaul," "The Parthenon" and "Cicero Addressing the Roman Senate." Three or four classes at a time were drafted to serve on the firing line in the roomy hall downstairs, where a screen of canvas had been hung by the neck to the point of strangulation.

Thither we went in eager anticipation of the wonders of the moving picture. Something that represented a boiler works in action. Pictures? No pictures at the screen. Colonel F---, with his gently drooping mustache of enormously ambitious size, stood at the side of the screen and gently sang his youthful audience to sleep, with a monotonous chant on the different scenes being exposed on the screen. The lamp flickered, the pictures flickered, Colonel F---'s voice flickered. The screen was small and rectangular, about two and a half feet wide by four feet high, for the picture area.

Judge the delight and amazement of the crowd to observe figures actually moving on the screen. How did the head jump off the shoulders of the characters presented? How was it that arms and legs flew off and dislocated ladies and gentlemen; defied all the laws of gravitation and anatomy? For such were the topics. There were scenic views as well very poorly taken. That afternoon several hundred prophets on the wonders that the future might hold for motion pictures were born.

Then came the opening of the little motion picture house on the corner of Euclid Avenue. It was a curiosity. The pictures were monstrosities. Attempts at stories were made. The public were slightly aroused in the western subjects that first awakened the Cleveland people. The spirit of romance was appealed to. The pictures were five cents. Anybody outside a job or just within the borders of the job paid playing a nickel week, could derive a little amusement for five cents. The price reached the height of the masses. The masses responded.

No attention was given to the artistic possibilities in the screen. The legitimate theatre held the attention of the higher classes. The press agent of the legitimate theatre was in his glory. Any old story and any amount of publicity could be obtained for these attractions. The motion picture was as much noticed as the military preparations of the Hun. Here and there some profound intellect like Edison's was conscious of the pregnant possibilities of the art. No patent was registered at Washington, D. C. But the still waters of progress ran deep and silently.

Some of these stories were crudely produced, still more crudely written, and quite crudely acted. The villain just dropped in to make trouble. The hero showed up any hour of the night to effect a rescue. The heroine was chiefly occupied in discovering ways and means of getting out of the highly complicated and ingenious traps that the villain laboriously laid for her. Logic was far from the scene of activities. The intellectual and trained minds of the cultured class were amused and bored by the absurdities. Their olfactory nerves were constantly insulted and assaulted by the vile and noxious environment.

(Film ventilation was so poor and absent that anybody could be guaranteed a good case of consumption in a very short period of time, if he clung tenaciously to the movie hour after hour.)

The authorities paid little or no attention to the theatres. The dangers that lurked in bad ventilation, overcrowding and projection machines carelessly handled, had not yet been carefully to account. But several explosions and disasters finally aroused the authorities to start inspection of the picture theatres, that had begun to spring up like mushrooms. Improvements in the art of projection, writing and direction had begun to count. The prejudice of the public began to change to curiosity. Money was being made at the box-office. Keen business minds were turned toward a new industry and studios went up like wildfire. An army of popular picture makers sprang into existence. Magnificent productions were made. The mystery of the motion picture has had a tendency toward consolidation, towards large combinations and standardization of quality. This combination idea has, in many cases, worked for good, for the capital which some companies were enabled to apply toward the making of pictures. Artistic actors, directors, costume and able writers as, for instance, in the well-known Triangle organization, found a satisfactory financial reward commensurate with their talents, and the quality standard of moving pictures was immensely benefited.

There were, of course, interesting innovations introduced, such as the flash-back, the close-up, tinting, great battle scenes and magnificent spectacles. Progress has been spelled with a capital P.

Today the country is dotted with picture theatres. Magnificent temples of amusement, like the Rialto, the Rialto, the Strand in New York, compete with the legitimate theatres for every other industry the pretentiousness of equipment. The making of the motion picture is an art. The stories are highly developed masterpieces. The actors have developed a special technique.
Costumers spot the incorrect in costume with an eagle eye. The ventilation in the theatres is perfect. The flicker in the camera has been eliminated. The columns of the newspapers carry more motion picture news than the legitimate or the literati of publicity. History is filmed in pictures, such as Gerard's, "My Four Years in Germany," "Lost We Forget," "Over the Top," and "Rasputin." The President of the United States has appeared in motion pictures. The great battle scenes of Flanders, showing the shock and crash of millions engaged in deadly battle, is reproduced in "Hearts of the World." Moving pictures, except glory and men's scientific accomplishments, appear in the news service. Science portrays the secret life of the insect. Universities employ the pictures to show the excellencies of different operations and experiments. The unfolding of a flower, the metamorphosis of a butterfly, and the launching of a battleship are all familiar sights in the animated screen.

What then does the future hold for the screen?

Screen-gazing, like crystal gazing, might be justly called the fascinating art of predicting the prophetical of the picture screen.

The fantastic may indulge in dreams of what the pictures will give forth in a hundred years from now. The dreamer may vision the production of Fifth Avenue and the Wall Street. Hence, the practical man of affairs, engaged in the production of pictures for the people of today and tomorrow, will merely attempt to portray the possible evolution of pictures within a period of ten years.

Looking into this limited period of ten years, one may say that the future of the motion picture is bound up in the art of the storyteller, the genius of the director and the skill of the actor, combined with the instinctive foresight and strategic genius of the motion picture theatre men to meet changed conditions and changed demands of the public.

One thing that can be seen is that the public becomes satiated with a certain type of drama or comedy. Schiller and Goethe once made the stock situation that might be used in the making of stories, and they concluded there were no more than thirty-six. A certain Greek in Athens once declared there were only seven situations. The genius of the playwright lies in his power to reanimate these situations in new combinations to produce vital and original stories.

So, satiated with a certain type of drama or comedy, the public will turn about and search for the new, the original and the stimulating. They will demand a fresh, vigorous and inspiring point of view. This to a great extent is being made on several of the large picture companies, who have parted company with the hack scenario writer and are appealing to the unknown, unheard from in the highways and byways. The public will mean fame and fortune to the writers without famous literary reputations, who have made a study of the screen requirements and who have the genius of creation, and best of all, the pure soul that lies in the human beings, the surging tide of human inspiration, which is boiling and seething about them in turbulent streams. For the professional author is too often the product of some peculiar combination of circumstances which have given him a stranglehold on the markets of outlet, thus shutting off the young and ambitious element who could do something if quality were encouraged.

An interesting sidelight on this particular situation is given in the efforts of Mr. P. J. Hurn, who has charge of the scenario department of the Triangle. Hurn states that he has received over 300 manuscripts during the first three months of this year. Very little of the material was of practical use. Most of it came from unprofessional authors. Yet the far-sighted producer has given encouragement to those who have shown flashes of genius, pointing out their errors and short-comings and urging them to continue their efforts.

"If I only find one REAL writer out of all that thirty-five hundred, I have made a success of my efforts," declares Hurn. At no time before has such an extraordinary step been taken with such vigor and earnestness of purpose. The prices being paid for scripts will undoubtedly increase.

"At the present time," continues Mr. Hurn, "we are paying big prices, more than any one else, and we expect to pay even larger prices." This of course means that more money will ultimately be paid for literary material than is now being paid by the producers and publishers.

The literary genius and ambition of the race will accordingly be directed to the field of such profitable endeavor. There will be wonderful stories written, whose quality and perfection of workmanship will undoubtedly as much surpass those now being presented as those now being done surpass the first crude efforts.

Undoubtedly there will be funds established for the training of the youthful aspirants to scenario honors. Just as scholarships are now being granted to young men and women in high schools and colleges who have shown genius in certain directions, so will scholarships be granted for special talent in scenario writing. For what profession can offer the rewards of the successes that may be had in the medical, the legal, or the mechanical will offer more substantial financial inducements. The aesthetic value of the pictures, as a means of toning the nerves and maintaining the spirit and soul, will point to their sociological value. And men like Rockefeller, who today establish multi-million foundations for the advancement of science, will undoubtedly take a keen interest in this universal art and give to it the encouragement they now give to other branches of human endeavor. So will a vast field of effort be opened to youthful aspirings.

The stories and productions will unquestionably develop remarkable innovations; as remarkable as the advancement of the modern novel over the first novels written by Oliver Goldsmith, Smollet and Fielding.

To many the closest innovation at hand is the talking picture. Experiments so far made to synchronize action and speech have proven a failure. That these difficulties will be overcome is unquestionable. Yet an interesting question presents itself: "Will much of material value be added to the pictures by the talking combination?" It may prove to be decidedly doubtful. The picture play is essentially a picture idea. The sound of all voices coming from the same point is a difficulty which it will be hard to overcome, or in that of writing dialogue for distinct characters. The abruptness of scene introductions, the hasty appearance and disappearance of characters and localities in the photoplay, as different from the intimate theatre, where the evolution of an act permits a lengthier presentation of characters passing through certain psychological climaxes, will make dialogue difficult.

However, this innovation may be fully developed, and to those who can write interesting and characteristic dialogue, Dialogue will go great rewards. Talents will be paid the in the drama.

Though a great number of such pictures may first be made in the primary rush for the golden dollars, the production of the talking picture will undoubtedly send to a individual effort. The novelty may wear off and the public be satisfied with the more artistic and silent productions, rich in pantomime art which is old as civilization itself. Keenly sensitive to such short-comings, the public will gradually wean itself away from the idea of worshipping the "star." The critical appreciation of the public in this field of endeavor will be as fine a test as the criterions of the Athenians who passed upon the work of a Praxitiles. The stories written around the "star" today to entice money at the box office will be written for a failure company and will now be doing at the Triangle studios. Life and its multifold phases will be the first concern of the author who will approach his work with all the fervor and sincerity that has characterized the great dramatists: Shakespeare, Moliere, Corneille, Racine, Jones, Pinero and Brieux.

The artistry of camera effects is but newly explored. Its intimate depths have yet to be probed. The reaction of atmospheric effects to situation will undoubtedly be much moresearchingly sought in the enactment of tragedy or farce. The novelist, together with the dramatist, have long since applied nature in its variable moods and coloring of a great human struggle, or the psychology of a character.

That the movies will be used more extensively in school and public campaign is unquestioned. That this sort of education will be more eagerly sought by the young and that its educational effects will be more deeply impressed is unquestioned. The Government has recognized its mighty power in the promotion of patriotism and the Liberty loans. That the Government will carry on a vast campaign of education to keep the people informed of great conservation projects, marvelous scientific progress in its laboratories, and great social accomplishments is unquestioned.

What has been accomplished in panoramic spectacles is no doubt small in comparison to what will be accomplished.

The theatres to house the millions in the future will undoubtedly be of more intricate and splendid design than now. Magnificent temples to the silent art will undoubtedly follow along the lines of the famous Rivoli and Strand. But the family theatre will continue to exist, except that it will be much more beautiful and artistic than now.
WHAT DANCING HAS DONE FOR VIOLA DANA

By RUTGERS NEILSON

If dance were the last name of Viola Dana, it would be most fitting, for this winsome little favorite is a true daughter of Terpsichore. Almost before she could walk, Viola tried to dance. She was born a dancer, and she has danced her way to screen success both figuratively and literally. This star of scores of motion pictures is the very quintessence of grace, and this charm she has attained through her training in “rhythmic motion,” which we democratic folk call “the dance.”

Viola’s mother believed that girls should be graceful as well as strong, so she sent her to dancing school almost as soon as she could walk. Her teacher was the celebrated Mme. Bonlanti, and before Viola was five years old she was an accomplished toe dancer. It was as a solo dancer that this Metro star made her first public appearance, soon after her fifth birthday. As a tiny girl she was in constant demand as a dancer, and appeared in fancy and toe dancing on several notable occasions.

From dancing to acting was a natural step and when Viola’s sister, Edna, took her place in the Edison studio one day when a little girl was needed in some scenes, the youngster made good. From then on, little Miss Dana’s time was divided between the stage and pictures. She played her first part on the speaking stage in Joseph Jefferson’s great success, “Rip Van Winkle.” In the role of little Heinrich—a dancing, prancing boy—she appeared with Thomas Jefferson for three seasons. Mr. Jefferson took a great personal interest in Miss Dana, and gave her much encouragement in her artistic endeavors. Next she played in “The Girls from Newport,” with Pete Dailey, and following this she supported Dorothy Donnelly in Henrik Ibsen’s “When We Dead Awaken.” In “The Littlest Rebel,” with Dustin Farnum, she attained fame, and followed this with an appearance in “The Model,” by Augustus Thomas.

All this time Viola was progressing in her work before the motion picture camera. Her first important work in screen plays was in “Molly, the Drummer Boy,” an Edison production. She was given the part as an experiment, but it proved such a tremendous success that she was induced to sign a long-term contract. Under the Edison banner her rise was rapid, due to her talent and graceful presence. She still continued her dancing lessons and often found this accomplishment most useful in many screen productions. In earlier pictures her dancing was as a fairy sprite, or a little street arab stepping to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy. Mentioning this hand-organ, recalls the most recent and greatest success of Miss Dana on the stage, in Eleanor Gates’ play, “The Poor Little Rich Girl,” for she danced to the music of a hurdy-gurdy in this legitimate attraction both on Broadway and on the road. As Gwendolyn, she invited the organ grinder into the house when her nurse was out of sight. Under her jolly leadership, a plumber, the butler, and everybody within hearing of the music danced with enthusiasm. It is interesting to note that Frank Currier, who played the organ grinder, is, and has been for some time a player for Metro, under which company Miss Dana has climbed to her greatest heights as an actress.

After filling her Edison contract, following her success in “The Poor Little Rich Girl,” Miss Dana joined the Metro forces and made her début in “The Flower of No Man’s Land.” With Miss Dana came John H. Collins, who has directed the majority of pictures in which she has appeared.

When Miss Dana recently returned to the New York studio after spending six months at Metro’s Western studio, according to her contract, which divides her year between the east and west coasts, a large ball-room setting was being shot, and scores of couples were dancing to the music of a native Hawaiian sextette. A hula-hula dancer was featured in the action, and on the side-lines I observed Miss Dana gleefully mimicking the movements of the “hula girls.”

“She reminds me of my ‘conventionalized fandango,’” she exclaimed, when I applauded her efforts. That is the way she describes a dance she executed just before she left the Holly on her last studio trip. As Nita, in “The Only Road,” the tiny star flings her toes about in thorough abandon atop a rough table in a Western saloon.

“Why do you call your dance a ‘conventionalized fandango’?” I asked, in the belief that she was “kidding” me. “It is a sort of rhythmic potpourri,” she retorted convincingly. “It is part fandango, part tarantella, part cobra de capello and part Hawaiian hula.”

In other words, Miss Dana does not do all of the dance with her feet.

Having started talking about her hobby, Miss Dana enthusiastically continued the subject.

“I studied dancing for six years under Mme. Bonlanti,” she informed me, “and the training has been invaluable to me, especially during the time I have been in motion pictures, for I am glad to say that many of my roles have called for dancing.”

Do you believe that any dance can be effectively registered for motion pictures?” I asked.

In a tone which showed that she knew what she was talking about, Miss Dana went into detail on this phase of dancing.

“Yes, in general, I firmly believe that virtually any dance may be successfully presented on the screen,” she said. “To be very exact and specific, however, I believe that the old-fashioned waltz and other dances of slow tempo are best adapted for motion picture presentation. “You see, the camera lens catches deliberate, or moderately slow, movements more sharply than hasty motions. A rapidly executed dance will not register in natural movements, but as jumpy actions, or gyrations, which appear so hurried that to call them graceful dance evolutions would indeed be a misconception.”

“In dancing before the motion picture camera, I realize that I am executing a performance for the registration of movements on photographic film, which presents limitations not encountered in appearing before an audience in person. To begin with, I dance about one-half as rapidly as I do under ordinary conditions, so that each evolution is registered with adequate definition. I have found from experience
that the dance must be performed up and down stage, or at right angles to the camera, for the registration of movements is natural semblance, and not from right to left or vice versa.

"Of course, these ideas can be applied to all screen dancing, but they are especially applicable in respect to presenting a solo dance. For solo dancing, I use a phonograph on most occasions, as musical accompaniment is very necessary if good results are to be obtained and an orchestra is not always available. In staging big ball room scenes, an orchestra is necessary to put over the scenes with realism."

Repeating to my question as to whether the characterization of a role can be advanced through the dance as well as by straight action, Miss Dana said:

"I contend that the same emotions can be expressed in dance action as in regular portrayal. Every movement of hand, arm, foot, head, and body can be made to have special meaning—tell a story—express an emotion. The whole body must feel the emotions and reveal feeling and personality in the dance as the player does in usual delineation. Sorrow, despair, joy and other emotions have an excellent vehicle of expression in the dance."

Director John H. Collins joined us at this stage of our conversation and Miss Dana asked him to tell me his ideas on photographing dance scenes, especially in reference to the placing of the camera. Mr. Collins said that in most cases he used the camera at the usual height. For special effects, however, he changes the elevation. In "The Cossack Whip," for example, the camera was placed on a ten-foot platform and tilted, shooting down on Miss Dana, who danced on a mirror. Thus the camera caught her head and the reflections of her figure in a classic dance. The novel effect obtained was a success. For the incidental dance scene in "Blue Jeans," which Metro picturized from Joseph Arthur's famous melodrama, Collins had his cameraman, John Arnold, set his tripod at the usual height. As "June," in this classic of the stage and screen, Miss Dana does a quaint country dance, which is mimiced by her grandparents, an aged couple, not too old to trip a few steps even with rheumatism acting as a check rein.

It is not only the grace, but the versatility of Miss Dana that places her on a pinnacle as a dancer. In "The Innocence of Ruth," one of her first big starring vehicles for Edison, she offered an eccentric dance in a grotesque and bizarre costume, while in "God's Law and Man's," one of her best Metro pictures, she executed a native East Indian dance, both in a Moorish palace and in the jungle. Of all her pictures to date, the Edison release, "Children of Eve," called for the greatest diversity of dancing, as is evidenced by the following quotation from an announcement about the picture:

"—and they won first prize at The Bucket of Blood," did 'Fifty-Fifty Mamie' and her good old pal, 'Bennie the Gyp.' They could do the 'Kitchen Sink' in the dreamiest possible way—and the 'Bunny Hug'—and the 'Movie.' There wasn't anything in the dance line that 'Fifty-Fifty Mamie' couldn't do, when seen in the charming person of Viola Dana."

In but one picture has Miss Dana's stellar role been that of a dancer from the arising in of the title to the final fade-out. This happens in a recent release, "The Windin' Trail." The dancing Metro star plays "Audrey Graham," a dancer known to the world's great art centers, who goes to Hell's Paradise, a far western mining camp, as "Audrey La Salle," to be an entertainor in the "Golden Moon" dance hall. Her purpose is to hunt down the man who has caused her sister's disgrace and death.

At the close of the solo Spanish dance, which serves as her introduction to the patrons of the "Golden Moon," she threw the rose in her hair to Dan Steel, the man she has crossed the desert to find. Her cards were all on the table and the game

(Continued on page 10)
THE "HAMMERSTEIN OF HORSE OPERA"
Cliff Smith Has Won Fame in Diverse Ways in His Six Years in Film
By J. B. WOODSIDE

Osborne, Tommy Grimes and Johnny Judd. Osborne and Grimes are now well-known stunt riders and Judd is the present world's champion puncher and roper, and five times winner of the championship.

After the roundup, George and Zach Miller called for a volunteer to ride a horse over the embankment, as a final only getting $30 a month and my grub in those days and that $100 looked like Carnegie's bank roll to me. Miller also had a horse that I would have given my right eye for. I volunteered for the stunt. The little calico pinto I was to jump over the embankment had more sense than I, and we had to blindfold him. Then I rode him to the edge of the bluff and spurred him over. Fifteen feet from the water I leaped out of the saddle and swam half a mile to shore. The horse also made a landing after a desperate struggle. Anybody who ever swam the waters of the Salt Fork will tell you we had a tough time.'

Jane Woodand, famous as the "Millionaire Cowgirl," was responsible for Smith's trip to gay Gotham, where he startled the natives with his chaps, sombrero and six-gun garb. Miss Woodand purchased three bronchos from Miller Brothers, and Smith was assigned to break them for polo purposes. When they were ready for delivery, to take part in an international trophy tournament, they were shipped from Oklahoma to New York in an express car, and their trainer accompanied them.

When the train reached the metropolis, there was no one to meet him, but Smith had Miss Woodand's (Continued on page 55)
Clara Kimball Young—American Business Woman

One Illustration of What is to be Expected After the War

By W. H. Rudolph

There has been much discussion concerning the changes which have been wrought by the present war, and great speculation as to what lasting effect these changes which have already been effected are to have upon the life of the future when the Sad Old World, so sorely harassed during the past four or five years, gets a chance to resume the even tenor of its ways.

Bursting shells and exploding mines have changed the topography of Belgium and France, the visible battlefields of the present great conflict. Historic cities that have marked the progress of civilization throughout the ages have been destroyed. Entire populations have been led off to slavery or to death, and nations are literally gasping for breath, with their preservation for the future, as regards the physical life of their people, a matter which seems to have been removed beyond the bounds of human possibility, and made a problem soluble only by the Divine Power that first generated human life and started the swirl of the World and its correlated astral bodies.

Practically no single branch of industry has escaped the war-blight, whether followed in Europe or on the North American continent. Necessary workmen have been taken away, for either a temporary period or forever; necessary materials have been temporarily removed from the market, and manufacturing costs have "gone crazy," with the inevitable result that customary markets have been destroyed. And so on, ad libitum. Things that used to be, are no more, and many of them never will be again. The brighter side of the future—there is one—still remains encloaked in the mystery of uncertainty—the mystery that makes theory only a theory until it has been proven in practice.

One of the most interesting changes which has been wrought by the war, and a change which will unquestionably be attended by permanent results, is noticed in the increased activity of the women of the world in all lines of human endeavor, not only in the countries involved in the war, but also in the countries which have managed to maintain their questionable neutrality while the forces for good and evil, sharply defined, have battled for supremacy. Women suffragists every-

British soldiers—who have been kept effective by the willing and intelligent work of their women close behind the lines and in the industries of the British Empire—not as a reward but as a right. President Wilson has advocated an amendment to the United States Constitution to give women the franchise. The business women, active in every industry in which man has heretofore operated without the competition of the gentler sex, is an inevitable result of the world-war.

In the business life of the United States it has not required any tremendous conflict of military forces to develop these new conditions. Big businesses in this country that have been kept alive and enlarged through the energy and business sense of women are easily recalled. And not a few of the most novel and sensationally successful commercial enterprises of record in this country have been promoted and operated by women.

Of interest among these cases is that of Clara Kimball Young, the well-known motion picture star, who for the past two years has enjoyed the distinction of being the only woman operating in the motion picture industry, alone and supreme in the conduct of her own business.

Miss Young's progress in the business world, moreover, has attracted unusual attention, for the reason that her qualifications for what she has been able to accomplish would have been commonly judged as non-existent. Before she stormed the business walls, she had established herself as a motion picture star—and motion picture stars are popularly pictured as temperamental to the nth degree. A foundation of adulation from the all-too-fickle theatre-going public would seem to be about the most insecure possible on which to build an American business success.

A number of years ago Miss Young's stellar debut in the amusement world was made in stock, after she had served an apprenticeship since childhood with her parents, who had operated their own traveling companies. After stock came vaudeville

(Continued on page 55)
Wants School for Directors

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sir:—"Business is business" is a fine motto, but overworked by moving picture producers as a cloak for many ways of disinterest in the best interests of the moving picture production business. And the fault seems to lie, judging from a patent of the cinema theatres, in the directors who produce the films.

There has been an advance, it is true, from old standards and mediums, in moving picture production, when films, showing pre-Revolutionary pioneers with breath-stopping or magazine rifles, and carrying with them American flags and a few stars, fought painted Indians armed with modern pistols and guns, but a film-play does not seem to measure up to ordinary standards when it comes to a matter of general interest.

Interior scenes of Russian churches with not an ikon showing; squadrions, or in most instances, platoons of troops, charging into battle with the regimental colors (which flags are never regulation); heroes who have gone thru terrific struggles, emerging with immaculate and shiny hair—all are common and are but a few glaring faults of the films which offend the average observer.

Directors, it seems, think that the average patron of the cinema is what may be slangingly termed a "low brow," to whom every thing must be shown in the most elemental fashion; to whom nothing is funny unless it is of the coarse and "dandelope" type. Think, almost, a man must be labeled "man" in order that the patron will know he is watching something else.

Time and thousands of feet of film are wasted by "close-ups" of the stars, barring the patrons, making the plot of his actions and serving no useful purpose excepting to advertise an actor or actress.

A real move for the advancement of the moving picture生意 seems, and a remedy for these faults would be a school for directors.

Every director should be made to acquire a fund of knowledge as to that of the average person, who knows simple things, such as the fact that there were no breath-stopping rifles in 1776.

To the curriculum might be added a course in elementary psychology, beginning with an explanation of the meaning of the word.

These suggestions are offered for the good of the moving picture business, which may some day develop into the art it is now claimed to be.

Yours respectfully,

J. F.

Exit the Vampire

Sir:—Please permit me, through the medium of your magazine, to tell the motion picture producers how superficially thoughtful motion picture patron is for the gradual but certain elimination of the lurid vampires from the films.

We never accepted them, you know—they were too unreal. And now that they are gone and the films are down again to a sane and safe level of modern melodrama, we are able to enjoy our theatre visits with a clear conscience. I hope you will pass the word along. All the producers, actors, and theatre managers should receive it.

M. C.

Asks Good English

BOSTON, Mass.

Dear Sir:—Is it carelessness or ignorance that is responsible for so many grammatical errors that appear in the captions flashed upon the screen in the course of the presentation of a moving picture? Whatever the cause, these mistakes occur all too frequently for the good of the medium, and contentment of the audience. The use of a plural form with a singular or collective noun is most frequent, and misspelled words rank second. A little caution could avoid these mistakes.

There is no place for those who claim that patrons are made through the lack of knowledge of the English language. They are so noticeable that even a child can detect the errors. They should be avoided.

Yours for accuracy,

P. V. M.

The Star vs. Story

NEWBURY, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Before I start on my little tale of woe, I want to say that I feel like being a good actor.

But, can you tell me why, so often in the moving pictures, a perfectly interesting and logical story is so vitiated by the interest of an audience by unnecessarily "playing-up" the star. I think, in modern most photoplay, the "close-up," I believe that is what it is called in the land of cinema) is overworked.

An actor or actress can register any of the emotions necessary by the way he or her feelings to the audience at a reasonable distance from the camera, and go on with the plot without breaking the continuity of the story. An extra filming of an agonized face or the heaving breath of some betrayed and furious mortal is interesting enough in itself, but it "holds up" the parade. Climates are prolonged to an undue extent, I believe.

This is just my personal view as a rather interested "fan" of the pictures. If The Photo-Play World will find space for this criticism, I will appreciate it. I know some director will come to think as I do, and it will not have been in vain.

Sincerely,

R. T. J.

Wants Better Pictures

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Sir:—No reasonable person will deny the need for better moving pictures. I imagine that even the producers are not satisfied with many of the films that are poured out in an effort to supply the great demand. Some are filled with banalities of the sort that grieve the judicious, and very many are crowded with anachronisms that grate upon the constantly growing body of cultivated patrons of the moving picture theatres.

The stock excuse is that the people are so eager for sensations, and the great majority so deficient in artistic appreciation, that slapshod production is not only imperative, but a matter of negligible importance.

These reasons merely beg the question. The trouble lies more in the failure of many of the producers to appreciate that the silent drama requires an entirely different technique than the moving picture, as the legal treatment from our cousin the legitimate theatre. But there is hope for better things. Progress is being made, and many brains and artistic sensibilities are rapidly being recruited to the film studios. There is a great and important work for them to do, with commensurate rewards for the successful.

The Photo-Play World can make itself a powerful influence in the spread of the finest medium of artistic expression. Here's hoping it may.

D. M. G., Jr.

Pleads for Accuracy

ALBANY, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—The practice of film companies of picturing famous books and plays is, I believe, a splendid one, if directors would adhere rigidly to the original work. Without a full portrayal of the original theme, these splendid works of literature and the spoken drama lose their force.

Besides affording an opportunity for a sort of superficial knowledge of literature, these pictures are developing a taste among photoplay patrons for a better class of an entertainment that directors should be accurate in their undertakings, because if these plays will develop the inclination of persons seeing them to read more extensively, they will also create more critical and intelligent audiences. The effect will be as a boomerang.

So now, if producers are going to continue the presentation of literature on the screen, let these presentations be accurate. The Photo-Play World, I believe, will agree with me on this point.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. C.

A Boost for Montagu Love

MARTINSVILLE, California

Sir:—Your clever and discriminating magazine, and the screen it criticizes and upholds, are discoveries of the last few months of the war.

Kicked to bed a full diet, by the time I return home, I have been able to work in the East, and I have found that the screen came to me after long scaring as a revelation, through the act of some marvellous invisible being, who work all night and do in my head the work of days. One of America recognizes for his athletic ability, his boyish charm and delicious grin, typically the best in American youth—Douglas Fairbanks; the other, later in the field, and recently a star, is an Englishman—Montagu Love. If his exquisitely thoughtful acting ever your magazine has failed to take sufficient note. Why?

Because men lie not only the power of a face, regular but noble, whose expression fits every gesture, but in a supple physique, whose every gesture fits the word. But yes—for his eulogization is so perfect, his speech needs no "insert" interpretation.

An actor—yet a man, with a technique beyond control.

Let us have more of him, and life and work.

R. C. P.

Here Is One Convert

CAMP GREENE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Dear Sir:—I am a nurse assigned to the Army Base hospital at Camp Greene and, although prior to entering the service I paid very little attention to the moving pictures in any respect, now, I must say I have been converted. This miracle—I deem it such—was brought about by observing the wholesome delight soldiers, invalided home, who are under my care, derive from the picture.

Aside from a smoke, the moving pictures are the one best bet of a base hospital camp with the doughboys. They are particularly interested in the pictures taken at home, but, only a few weeks before, were at grips with the Huns.

After seeing the way those boys take to the picture screen, I announce that I am for them, and I just have to say so, because they're doing a lot of good keeping those brave, suffering men in good spirits.

Yours very truly,

A. D. M.

Wishes Pictures Success

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I must take this opportunity to express my admiration for the patriotism of the moving picture industry, both in the artistic and production departments. Their work in recent Liberty Loan campaigns and the splendid campaign they are now waging for the United War Fund is commendable. Every time the Government has called upon the picture people, during the war it has responded nobly. Its attitude of sacrifice and contentment with its lot has made it a powerful influence.

They should be and are successful. It is my wish that it experiences both.

J. C. T.
**The Players’ Forum**

**By THEMSELVES**

**The Players Explain**

On this page each month The Photo-Play World has arranged to give the actors and actresses of the photoplay their opportunity to communicate, once each month, directly with the men and women who see them nightly on the screen. If there is experimentation with a new idea in his latest release, and he believes that an additional word is necessary to make his meaning clear to the general public, there is the place for him to say the word. If the player has any special comment to make upon any new trend of the pictures, if he wishes to say anything about the method of presentation of photoplays, if he wants to talk about photoplay audiences—here is the place for him to get into direct and forcible contact with the thirteen million persons who nightly crowd the picture theatres of the land. It’s a free country and this is the players’ forum of free speech.

**Why We Keep Ourselves Aloof**

**By Elsie Ferguson**

Almost all actresses receive countless letters from persons who desire to know the character. Most of these letters are sincere tributes from real admirers, and they are usually very precious to the receiver; for all of us, in spite of our protestations to the contrary, like admiration and success. But if an actress would retain this popularity, she must above all things preserve a certain aloofness. Besides, it would be impossible to meet all the persons who write us these letters, so one must be impartial as well.

I remember quite well a very close friend who had an unknown admirer, who wrote her the most important love letters, day after day, for seasons. He would try to meet her, to write such letters, to give such an infatuation and keep such a man interested, is to confine his impressions to the interpretations of the stage or the screen.

This is very often, as I have said, rather difficult for us to do, for it would indeed be a pleasure to meet some of the writers of these letters. Often when answering them—I try to answer them personally—I try to picture the one who wrote it, and wonder what would happen if we should really meet.

Many of the letters I have received recently have asked why I had never done any Western pictures; so, as my reply, I arranged to appear in “Hearts of the Wild,” a thoroughly “wild” and woolly picture. To film this picture my dear friend Marshall Neilan took us to a remote ranch in Montana.

The scenes around this wonderful western spot are such that my memory the stories of childhood, picturing Indians, cow boys and the unbridled west. But even in this atmosphere I am going to show my real self from my correspondents to be sure to retain their admiration.

**What I Think of the “Happy Ending”**

**By Lina Gershon**

It was several years ago, I think, when a young friend of my husband, Lucien Muratore, amused us very much with the saying: “I do not like grand operas, because everybody dies at the end, or at least one weeps anyway.”

We had heard of people not caring for music, or not enjoying it; but surely it was because it was usually sung in strange languages, but never for this unique reason. Yet since then, with the opera itself, it seems to me to be a possible reason why there are not more opera devotees in America, in this very fact.

I believe the American people are rational; yet they are of a so happy a nature that anything has not appeal to them as to the French or Italian. A comparison of the novels of those countries with American novels, brings out what I wish to illustrate. American people as a whole prefer even a weak point in a story—yet I can’t think of the word “happy ending”—rather than the same story with a conventional, realistic ending.

And I am coming to agree with them. After all, what are books and plays, yes, and photoplays for, if not to amuse, to soothe, or in short, to make us feel good about ourselves? The wish for the “happy ending” is the human response to the beautiful theatre, just as the saint is the same response to the beautiful woman; but the one is not limited to the stage, while the other is.

In my recent Paramount pictures “Love’s Comrades” and “The Rose of Granada,” I have insisted on the more fortunate ending; for in the first Paramount picture in which I appeared, “The Eternal Temptress,” the heroine that I have kept reel. While this picture has been much complimented, and I have received many letters about it, I still, realize that, after all, the more pleasing photoplay is that which boasts the “happy ending.”

**How I Got Into “Movies”**

**By Lila Lee**

So many people are asking me how I happened to desert the stage for the screen. They say they should think I’d enjoy the applause, the flowers, lights and gaiety of stagemore than the everyday work in the studios.

But so far, I’ve found the “movies” far more interesting than the stage. When Mr. Lasky saw me in vaudeville, as “Cuddles,” and later sent word to my mother that he’d like to engage me to appear in pictures, I was simply delighted.

Once, one gets so tired working late every evening, and I had no one to see my girl friends or enjoy the out-of-door things much. Now, I think how nice it is to have people asking me to come and see me and all the excitement that they bring.

I shall spend lots of my time at tennis, riding or motoring; for one of the chief delights of a film star, to be able to play all the sports and games I love, and to be with my friends. I shall also spend plenty of my time in the country, I believe.

I shall enjoy being my own mistress, in the sense of being able to do what I wish and where I wish. I shall also get to know the people of the very upper class, and we shall be able to remain in touch with those we meet in New York, and I believe the work in pictures is the most interesting I shall ever do.
"Before and After"

It was indeed lucky that William Gray, the poet, who describes the plowman that "homeward plods his weary way," never saw Darrell Foss at work when he was seeking inspiration for his immortal elegy. He would have required a livelier chord for the modern plowman, as typified by Foss, Triangle actor by profession and agriculturist by inclination. Foss can maneuver the business end of a plow for many hours without experiencing weariness. Instead of plodding homeward, after his work at the studio is completed, he jumps into his automobile, hits it about forty miles an hour, and is out of his overalls and into his tailormade clothes in quicker time than it would take an old-fashioned farmer to put up his horses for the night. Foss is a regular farmer. He has studied the science of producing and conserving foodstuffs and is doing his part in solving the big problem that rests heavily on the mind of Mr. Hoover. Incidentally, he regards the farm as the greatest health producer man has ever dreamed of in his "back to the soil" campaign. He gets all the "pep" needed for the exacting work cut out for him at the Culver City studio. The average farmer would retire to increase his chickens. Not so with Foss. After he has used up all of Uncle Sam's daylight in profitable toil, he indulges his musical fancy with his banjo. In the lower photograph Foss is seen in the well-known dual role, "Before and After." In Peggy Pearce, Triangle actress, who is farmette and musical devotee in her spare time, he apparently has congenial company.
INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS ABOUT THE PLAYERS

By RENEE VAN DYKE

CHARLES S. CHAPLIN, reputed to be the funniest of all film comedians, was married at Los Angeles, October 23rd, to Miss Mildred L. Harris, a young actress of the films, although until November 5th reports that they were married or engaged had been denied promptly. It was said the marriage had been kept secret at the urgent request of the bridegroom. Miss Harris is a star, under engagement with the Universal, playing in the Lois Weber productions. She went to Los Angeles with her mother, and has appeared in "Orange Blossoms," "For Husbands Only" and "The Price of a Good Time." Her first appearance, when she was a mere child, was in Vitagraph pictures. She is considered remarkably beautiful.

ESCORTED by a number of attractive women war-workers from the Y. W. C. A., the women's division of the Y. M. C. A., and the Salvation Army, all in overseas uniform, Douglas Fairbanks, who was recently appointed Special Publicity Representative for National Activities of the United War Work Campaign, raided the offices of the New York's department store owners the first week of the drive and obtained the first two million dollars, which was turned over to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., chairman of the New York City committee.

The Artcraft star worked his smile overtime. Few resisted him. To those who complained that they were financially embarrassed because of recent Liberty Bond investments, Douglas recommended that they come through with some of Uncle Sam's certificates. "Americans never fail," he remarked; "they always deliver the goods. Ask the Kaiser."

MADGE KENNEDY, whose head is never turned by flattery, almost became self-conscious during the last bond campaign when she found herself recognized and stared at by a throng of Liberty Bond buyers on Fifth Avenue. The piquant Goldwyn star was about to enter the shop of a milliner when the crowd followed her and forced her to come outside and sell for Uncle Sam. She succeeded in getting pledges for $18,500 in 20 minutes.

THE National Film Corporation of America has signed a contract with Henry B. Walthall for the exclusive services of the star for an extended period. The definite signing of Mr. Walthall follows close upon the deal by which the Robertson-Cole Company takes over the National Film Corporation interests, handling for the entire world the eight Billie Rhodes pictures, as well as the forthcoming series of Walthall dramas.

CARL LAEMMLE, president of Universal, has arrived in Los Angeles from New York. He has assumed charge of Universal affairs from the little watch tower on the administration building.

THOSE bits of city life set down "near to nature's heart," the so-called "farm" at which the leisure class disports itself, are represented in "Little Miss Moneypenny," Metro's forthcoming features co-starring Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. Charles J. Brabin is directing "Little Miss Moneybags," assisted by Bernard J. Durning, in this feature written by Elaine Stonne, author of "The Road to Ambition" and "Over the Seas for Uncle Sam," and adapted for the use of the co-stars by A. S. Le Vino. Work on the new production already has been begun at the Biograph studio, a part of which Metro has leased for the purpose.

IF war's needs deprive hotels and restaurants of waiters and kindred workers, there in one motion picture star who won't deem it a hardship. She is Mae Marsh, who dines out very little. Besides, "the whim of the screen" has demonstrated that cooks and waiters are not essential to her happiness.

In "Fields of Honor," Miss Marsh had the role of a poor French immigrant, who came to America with her sister and their sweethearts. Several scenes in the Irving S. Cobb play showed her cooking for and waiting on the others. And in "All Woman," Miss Marsh again demonstrated that she is at home in a kitchen or dining room, by cooking and dispensing food in a hotel to which she had fallen heir.

JOSIE SEDGWICK, who is conceded to be the best horsewoman in motion pictures, will soon have a chance to match her cleverness with the best feminine riders in the country. She has just been entered in the bucking broncho contest at the Phoenix, Arizona, State Fair, and Roy Stewart, with whom Josie plays opposite on the screen, and director Cliff Smith, himself a famous cowboy rider, are both exceedingly confident that the fair star will "bring home the bacon."

RUSSELL THAW, who appears with his mother, Evelyn Nesbit, in motion pictures, likes war pictures, but insists that they square with his ideas of patriotism. Russell and his mother were at a film show one day watching a picture that showed battle scenes in the Civil War. The clash between the armies of the North and South held the boy spellbound and gave him great enjoyment. But suddenly he clutched his mother's arm in terror and stood up in his seat, shouting: "Mother! Mother! Aren't those the Germans winning?"

LOUISE LOVELY, who is leading woman in William Farnum's company, has just been honored by the bestowal upon her of the poetic title of "Pretty Sun-Blossom of Japan." Miss Lovely recently won the popularity contest conducted by The Picture Play Magazine, the leading Japanese film magazine. In a special Louise Lovely number, recently published, the editor printed a poem about her.

ALICE JOYCE, Vitagraph star, soon will be presented in a new de luxe production of "The Lion and the Mouse," most famous and successful of the plays written by the late Charles Klein. It will be released as the third Alice Joyce production on the Blue Ribbon program during the present season.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has written another book, "Making Life Worth While." The first edition of the book will be mailed "over there" as a Christmas gift from Douglas to the American soldiers.
DOROTHY DALTON is the inspiration for one of the most unique messages ever sent by loving mothers, sisters and sweethearts to the boys “over there.”

A photographic enlargement of her pose in the picture “Vive La France,” printed on satin, was presented by Photographer N. S. Evans to the Friday Morning Club division of the Red Cross in Los Angeles. This proved the inspiration, and with it as a centerpiece, the women of the club have pieced a quilt with hundreds of little blocks, on which they have embroidered messages of love and affixed their signatures in threads of silk. This quilt has been forwarded to the American Red Cross base hospital at St. Cloud.

MAY ALLISON took an active part in the Liberty Loan drive in Los Angeles, and J. C. Jessen, the chairman, wishing to show his appreciation, stepped up to her and said with a deep bow: “Miss Allison, you should be carrying a card with ‘Heaven’ printed on it. I know you were born in Georgia, but you are so pretty and sweet that you look as if you came from Heaven.”

Miss Allison blushed delightfully, but came right back with: “Really, Mr. Jessen, it’s quite bad form to be forever advertising one’s home town.”

MODESTY on the part of Gladys Brockwell caused her considerable trouble recently when she was motor ing back to Hollywood from Balboa, Cal., where she was filming a picture. The spotlight on her car, instead of being turned on herself, wandered about the road and suddenly fell full and square on the stern visage of a policeman, who immediately held up his hand, told her she was speeding, and handed her a little piece of paper, which might just as well have read: “U. O. the Judge $5.”

BREAKING all records for individual sales, William Farnum, the screen star, did his bit for Uncle Sam during the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign by selling $33,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. This total is declared to be not only the greatest amount sold by any one stage or film player, but also to rank well up to the fore among the sales of the most successful regular Liberty Loan salesmen.

DUE to a demand from leading exhibitors in all parts of the United States, it has been decided by McClure Productions, Inc., to issue a new version of the famous “Deadly Sins” series. Accordingly the productions will be issued in two-reel lengths, as opposed to their original six reel form by which they were published. The leading figure in the new two-reel version is the present Paramount star, Shirley Mason.

TO a crowd that packed Fifth Avenue from curb to curb, Theda Bara, the famous screen vamp, simulated her return to New York City from Los Angeles by selling $70,000 worth of bonds in less than an hour from the stage of the Stage Women’s War Relief at the Liberty Theatre, on the steps of the New York Public Library.

JANE and Katherine Lee, the little William Fox stars, have arrived at Los Angeles as the vanguard of the Fox forces that will go to the Pacific Coast this winter. The children were preceded by their director, Arvid E. Gillstrom, who directed the last two Lee pictures, “Swat the Spy” and “Tell It to the Marines.”

Immediately after their arrival at the William Fox studio at Hollywood, Jane and Katherine began on a new comedy, “Keep Smiling,” in which, it is said, “the great American smile goes over the top.” The story was written by Ralph H. Spence, and will be directed by Mr. Gillstrom.

FLORENCE TURNER, formerly famous in pictures, who has been in England three years with a picture company, has returned to Los Angeles and expects an engagement shortly with one of the film companies.

ABEL NORMAND delights in playing jokes on those who understand her. Her mother, who lives on Staten Island, was the victim of the star’s latest prank. Miss Normand’s maroon limousine drove up not far from the Normand mansion the other day and out stepped a little old woman. In an unsteady voice she asked to see the lady of the house and on being received by Mabel Normand’s mother, quavered a request for old pies—“for the war sufferers, madam.” A moment of embarrassed and tense silence followed, whereupon Mabel dashed off her wig and goggles and leaped into her mother’s arms. Now she wants to play a character role in her next picture.

SEENA OWEN, who retired from the screen to a life of married blessedness two years ago, has been finally induced by William S. Hart to return to the old field, and she will be seen as the leading woman in the next production of that famous actor-author. When she quit the screen she continued to reside in Hollywood, and seeing so much of the camera is just too close to her home town.

AN exhibitors showing of “Wolves of Kultur” on the roof of the New York Theatre drew a large attendance, among which were many representatives of patriotic societies. All were cordial in their comment on the big patriotic serial produced by Western Photoplays, distributed by Pathe and featuring Leah Baird, supported by Sheldon Lewis and Charles Hutchison.

JUNE ELVIDGE attended a theatre recently to see “The Cabaret,” a picture in which she played the lead. A woman seated near Miss Elvidge did not like the gowns she wore as a poor artist’s model and expressed herself, much to the amusement of the film star, who could not resist the temptation to look directly at the woman as she was leaving the theatre.

“Her remarks about my gowns were quite amusing, but her apologies upon recognizing me were equally annoying,” Miss Elvidge later remarked.

EVEN a mouse cannot frighten Peggy Hyland—woman though she be. The William Fox star is too fond of the little nibblers to set traps for them or to put cats upon their trail. And Jack Pots, her fox terrier, was forced to abandon his favorite indoor sport of mouse hunting for her sake.

When a small gray mouse ran over Miss Hyland’s dressing table recently at the Jersey studio where she was working, she jumped with delight. Her maid proposed to set a trap for it at once, and was surprised when Miss Hyland protested.

“I am going to tame that little animal, and make a pet of it,” she declared. She did.

EARLE WILLIAMS is back at the Hollywood studio. Mr. Williams went East to make one feature and was to have returned here upon its completion, but a change in plans resulted in his coming back after a few weeks spent in New York and he is now preparing to start work in a new feature.

The Kaiser faces annullati on in “Shat the Spy.”

WHILE Jane and Katherine Lee were shooting off firecrackers and sky-rockets in their nursery, Mrs. Lee had no objection to letting them remain in that room of fire and brimstone. But when an angry butler wanted to make them a target for juicy pies and hard apples, she objected. Jane and Katherine were taken in hand and led out of the nursery. Hardened men were put there in their stead to make the best of the hail of food. For this was part of a new motion picture in which the two Fox baby grinds are to appear. The men had to keep up the screen of fire which the Lee children had started.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is winding up work in “The Adventure Shop,” an original story by “Bad” Fisher, creator of “Mutt and Jeff,” who enters the ranks of screen drama writers with this play. The scenario calls for Miss Griffith to make all sorts of risks, including a descent by rope from the roof of a building to the ground, and the star is led into a variety of thrilling adventures.

NOT only is Gladys Brockwell a film actress of rare ability, but also, it appears, she possesses literary talent. Miss Brockwell has just written a book entitled “Hearts Aflame,” which will be published this fall by a well-known New York publishing house.
WILLIAM FARNUM, the William Fox screen star, had a real taste of war during the filming of scenes in a new photoplay when in going “over the top,” he was severely bruised and nearly killed by the premature explosion of a mine planted near the trenches dug for the picture. Mr. Farnum, in the scene, is wounded during a battle in No Man’s Land, and two American soldiers who see his plight go to his rescue and bring him safely in the trench. While dragging Mr. Farnum across the ground, his clothes were torn from him, and the stones and barbwire dug into his flesh. The rescuers and Mr. Farnum had just cleared a mine exploded, hurling a geyser of stones and dirt and half burying the trio. When Director Frank Lloyd ran to the spot he found Mr. Farnum digging dirt from his eyes and mouth, but not seriously hurt.

ALICE JOYCE, Vitagraph star, is having a brief rest at a Virginia health resort. She will return to the studio during the present week. Miss Joyce has been steadily engaged in making pictures for more than a year. Beginning with "The Question," Miss Joyce had ten Blue Ribbon feature releases in about thirteen months, and previously she had two big special releases, "Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation," and "Within the Law," in both of which she and Harry Moe share honor.

The "Hammerstein of Horse Opera" (Continued from page 44)

and then the picture screen. Her engagement with the Vitagraph company introduced her to the screen public, and it was not long until she had established herself as a star. It was upon the expiration of a particularly attractive contract about two years ago that Miss Young insisted upon shying her own hand to motion picture business. And, let it be said, it was only her firm determination, in the face of great opposition, that enabled her to launch the ambitious venture which is so successfully conducting today. Even her associates were inclined to believe that a mere woman—and a more or less "temperamental" motion picture woman at that—was tackling too big a job in attempting to compete in the production end of the sixth industry in the United States.

Miss Young's convincing arguments were these: First, she had the money to finance her own enterprise; second, she insisted that her close personal contact with the theatre-going public, because of the many trips she had made as an employing producing company, had taught her what the theatre-going public wanted her to do for them; and third, that the methods which were then being used by producing companies were limping along and not calculated to get the best possible results. She wanted her own business, and was not satisfied with the numerous offers which were made her to select her own plays for production, select her own supporting company, and her own director. She felt that the surest way to guarantee all of these desirable things—together with the more desirable one, namely, the dictating of the manner in which her pictures should be distributed to the people in whose interest she was determined to work—was to absolutely control her own business and to have the final word of decision regardless of possible profit or loss.

And so there is now active "Clara Kimball Young Corporation," "One Clara Kimball Young, Inc.,” or "Clara Kimball Young Film Company." Simply stated, Clara Kimball Young is making motion pictures, directing the expenditure not only of her own physical energy, but also of her own pocketbook. She has found the condition, unique in the industry in which she is operating, Clara Kimball Young is one of the most interesting of American business women.

The several photoplays which Miss Young has made under this arrangement have been unusually successful—a convincing argument that her business judgment and work have stood the test. The stories she has used have been personally selected by her, and the work of selection has been no little task. She has read practically every novel that has been published, every novella, every short story, even the principal serial form, during the past three years. She has made repeated trips from her base of operations—either New York City or Los Angeles—to interview well-known authors, in order that they might provide her with original material suited to her needs. With her story selections made, there remains the task of devising the best possible scenario, and this too has been done under Miss Young's careful supervision, the best available writers in this line of work contributing their services to the finished product.

Beginning East, where Miss Young's earlier pictures were made, the big Thanhouser studio in New Rochelle was held on lease, and at the present time, with production necessarily confined to the west coast, the Miss Young's administrative office in the Aeolian Building, New York City, is always reserved for her no matter where she is, and her personal secretary is constantly in touch with her to take direct and personal charge of all matters of vital importance to her business.

Miss Young's present activities on the coast are illustrative of an advantage which the able and aggressive woman businessmen has over her male competitors—an advantage which certainly offsets to some extent the intangible objections which are raised to the woman's engagement in a "man's business." Miss Young's occupancy of the Sunset Studios is only a temporary one. At the outbreak of the war plans and estimates were being completed for a new studio in Pasadena, Cal., where Miss Young was to take it over and operate. The site had been selected and, as the result of Miss Young's own personal work, the city of Pasadena had consented to the erection of the studio there after having repeatedly refused to countenance any such proposition. And not only had Pasadena given permission for the work, but had also enthusiastically agreed to help, to the end that Miss Young might be accepted as the city's own "native daughter" in the motion picture industry. The work on the Pasadena structure was held up only because of the difficulties in obtaining the necessary building materials and will be undertaken just as soon as the war is over.

Those who know in the picture business, moreover, have learned to trust Miss Young's work quite implicitly. They know that her activities are not confined merely to the one organization in which she is at present general manager and sole owner, but that she has lent her support to picture projects on the east coast, which bid fair to establish her as an important financial operator in the motion picture industry.
What Dancing Has Done for Viola Dana

(Continued from page 47)

was played out to its tragic finish. This picture is an excellent illustration of how character portrayal may be advanced through the medium of the dance.

"Miss Dana's two dances in "The Wind- ing Trail" are studies in contrast. The little star first does an exquisite toe dance in the fluffy tarlatan skirts of a premier danseuse, and later in the picture, in a beautiful Spanish costume, she puts over one of the cleverest and snappiest Spanish dances ever enacted before the camera by a screen star.

Spanish dances as a rule have a certain amount of sameness, but Miss Dana's exhibition in this screen drama is unique. In the course of the action, the official announcer in the "Golden Moon" dance hall says, "Gents, it pleases me to inter- duce to you 'Miss Audrey La Salle.' We understand she tosses a mean hoof." Whereupon "Miss La Salle," in the person of Viola Dana, proceeds to toss not only one hoof, but two of them.

As the dignified premier danseuse in the opening scenes of the photoplay, her training as a toe dancer stood her in good stead. Miss Dana considers toe dancing most exacting, and she constantly practices it to keep in trim for just such occasional scenes as in "The Winding Trail."

In specializing on dancing to develop grace, Viola Dana has hit the straight trail toward screen success.

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This is perhaps the most wonderful offer ever appearing in any magazine, but strange as it may seem to you—it's true. Every word of it. I will positively give away a handsome, new 6-room home to some man, woman, boy, or girl, who answers my advertisement. It does not matter in whose part of the U. S. you live.

I Will Also Buy a Lot for You

Even if you do not happen to own a home—name, as I will buy a lot for you, as I want every one to have an equal chance. The important thing is to write to me at once. Free yourself from the landlord's clutches.

Send No Money

It costs you nothing to invest—just send me your full name and address. Send the coupon or a postal card will do. Be sure to write plainly. Just as soon as I hear from you I will rush you my wonderful furnished home free of charge.

I make this offer to advertise my business and that is why I can afford to give away a home like this. It's the grandest opportunity ever presented to you—it's the chance of a lifetime to own a home without its costing you one penny, so be prompt.

---

Free Home Coupon

C. E. Moore, President, Dept.
Home Builder's Club, Batavia, Ill.
I want one of your free homes. You agree that it will not cost me any of my own money.

Name...

Street or R. F. D.

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When Distress Calls
the Red Cross Answers “HERE!”

NOW the Red Cross calls! The annual Christmas Roll Call of members will echo throughout the land the week of December 16th to 23rd.

Membership in the Red Cross now is more than duty—it is an honored privilege, and an evidence of loyalty. When the Roll is called, your conscience, your sense of right and justice, your love of country and your devotion to the highest ideals of unselfish service all suggest that you answer “HERE!”

All you need is a heart and a dollar
These entitle you to membership for one year.

When you wear your button, signifying that you are a member, you will not be asked to join again this year—it means that you have answered the Roll Call.

Join—be a Christmas member—but just join once.

Our soldiers and sailors look to the Red Cross for comforts. They have never been disappointed.

The Red Cross looks to you for the moral support of your membership. Answer “HERE!” when the Roll is called.
ONE of the most tense moments in the making of motion pictures is the second when the director says the word "camera," and to step in and speak to him at that very moment makes one who knows figure that you are trying to qualify for honor membership in the "In-Bad Club." Harold Lloyd, who is always up to some sort of a prank, put one over on Director Alf Goulding, the other day out at the Pathe-Rolin studio, when he had the photographer set up his camera, so that he was getting in the entire "Turkish" set, the scene in the making, his co-worker Harry Pollard alongside of him, Camera-man Walter Lundin ready to turn the crank, and Assistant Director Billy Fay, with his script and pencil in hand, ready for action. "Are you ready?" chirped Director Goulding, "All right, let's take it; camera," and the performers started through their scene just as they rehearsed it, when suddenly a voice rang out: "Just a moment, please; look this way; everyone hold still." Click went a camera, and the deed was done. The outcome of it is just this: here is a picture within a picture and further than that it shows a picture in the making. What is more, it gives an idea of one of the forthcoming releases in which Harold Lloyd and the Rolin Beauties will appear. And, incidentally, it proves that picture directors have their good-natured moments.

I Want To Go

By K. E. McGinnis

I want to go to a movie show—
You know the kind I mean,
Where heroes all are six feet tall
And girls are sweet sixteen;
Where men make love like Wallace Reid
When'er his arms entwine
Those Venuses to whom he says
"Beloved—wouldst be mine?"

I want to go to a movie show—
A tearful one will do,
Where there are gobs of chokes and sobs
And people cry "Boo-hoo!"
The kind to bring a weep or two
To show how bad I feel
When poor Eliza up and dies
About the seventh reel.

I want to go to a movie show
Where Charlie Chaplin tries
To catch a big, fat, slippery pig,
Or hurls some custard pies,
I love to watch him job his cane
In some poor duffer's rib,
While folks pursue each other thru
A dozen reels, ad lib.
A New Fad in Gifts for Christmas

WHY is it that most persons of temperament are the owners of dogs? Anything from a water spaniel to a bloodhound can invariably be found as a part of Milady's estate if she, herself, is affectionate and capable of the emotions which are accredited her sex.

This is probably because the canine, more than any other animal, can display the human emotions and can prove itself a real companion. The dog can, and does, share the sorrows and joys of his master and, eventually, becomes almost an integral part of him or her.

For this reason, possibly more than any other, the practice of presenting an animal—preferably a dog—as a Christmas gift to our dear friends, as an embodiment of our feelings, has become a popular fad in the world of the moving picture. Being, as it is, a leader in the world of fashion, the idea must necessarily extend to society at large. It is a good one.

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WANT A FRIEND?
BUY A DOG!
The Life of Harold Lockwood

(continued from page 23)


Three reels of the last-named play, a picturization of George Gibbs' well-known novel, had already been completed under the direction of Edwin Carewe. Advantage had been taken of the gorgeous, clear autumn days for the photographing of exterior scenes, the company remaining out as long as there was enough light to photograph by.

The Fourth Liberty Loan drive was on, and—always intensely patriotic—the young star, sometimes badly chilled, went direct from his long day's work to the Motion Picture Exposition at Madison Square Garden, to "hew to the Loan." For every $5,000 subscribed by the audience he himself subscribed $1,000. Metro's booth at the exposition was thronged with ardent Lockwood "fans," and occasionally the Morning Telegraph would send over an insistent appeal, and "borrow" him.

Then, due in the first place, probably, to overwork, Spanish influenza seized him, developing into the pneumonia that was the dire cause of his death. In a time of sadness and desolation, the country became more desolate still at the thought of this clean, wholesome young fun-maker suddenly snatched away; of this genial, likable young American gone at the very height of his success. For only the week before thousands of Broadway playgoers had laughed and cried at his screen-classic triumph, "Pals First," in which he and James Lackaye played the delightful roles taken in the stage version by William Courtenay and Thomas A. Wise. As the electric lights spelling his name faded out from the great sign of the Broadway Theatre, his light faded out upon earth.

However, it will shine with renewed luster in the hearts and memories of all his friends; of those who drew inspiration and joy from his delightful screen characterizations; those who have recognized the nature of the man in his reflected self on the silver screen.

Harold Lockwood was so human, so sympathetic, so genuine and full of genial interest in all the world that it seems impossible he is gone. But he died as he lived, filled with altruism and the joy of giving. Whether present actually or in spirit, he is still "everybody's favorite."

Lady Tsen Mei, of China

(continued from page 3)

it: she has the haunting force of a wild creature should she wish to throw off the self-poise that sits so regally upon her; she has the gift of conveying mystery that would make her admirable in a part that involved intrigue; she could, we believe, "vamp" if the notion of doing so pleased her.

The first picture to be released for her has scenes in both China and America. The Chinese scenes are elaborate to gorgeousness; a well-known Philadelphia gallery supplied untold treasures to be employed in the settings. The American scenes suggest Washington, with a German secret service man and the heroine from her beautiful home in China and her princely native suitor into the midst of plots and counterplots that surround the young American attaché, with whom she promptly falls in love. Her act of re-nunciation, and her return to her Chinese woor, are carefully worked out, Tsen Mei herself giving the real power to the story through her careful subtle acting. For that is the gift of Tsen Mei, that without doing a great deal, she can convey much, and in the pictures that she will make this characteristic will doubtless be the one to grow. She has the intelligence that makes the histrionic gift great, in that with restraint she can create the impression of smoldering fires likely to burst into conflagration, and deeps of emotion that swell to floodtide proportions without breaking their bounds. Tsen Mei is an artist. It is this artist in her that will make her a motion picture actress to reckon with.

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Do you know a good interior "set" when you see it in the pictures?

You have heard people about you exclaim when a beautiful home is thrown upon the screen.

Do you know why it is beautiful?

What do these same people say—or think—when they enter your home? The little touches that make them stop in the hallway and exclaim "How lovely!" or "How exquisitely restful!" are not so much a question of money as of just "knowing how."

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Name.............................................................. City..............................................................
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Why They Call Her "Daintiest."

(Continued from page 39)

given patch of green grass and shady trees, set down in the midst of one of the congested sections of the city which supplies New York with the crowds that throng the subways and Brooklyn Bridge twice each day.

Anita's car was the first to arrive, and by the time we got there she was already busy with mirror and powder puff, touching her make-up. There was no chance for a chat then; nor was there when she had finished, for everything was ready to shoot—camera up, etc.—and Anita started work at once.

It was all over in about fifteen minutes, and I thought surely I would get my chance. But no! About nine million kids, more or less, surrounded her and followed her to the railing running along one side of the park. They made her one of them. They clung to her hands, her cloak, her dress, and she chattered with them as she walked. Then she hopped up on the railing and sat there with the youngsters pressing around her.

They wanted a speech.

"What shall I speak about?" she asked.

And young America responded lustily: "The war!"

"All right," said Anita; and she delivered a serious little speech on patriotism. She made every kid there promise to buy War Saving Stamps, and if they all keep their word, Anita has given McCauley a big lift.

When she had finished, Anita, looking like one of the children in her gingham frock and "Tam," skipped merrily to her limousine, and with a plea to me "please see that none of the children were run over," was away.

There was I, waiting at the curb, cheated of my chat again.

I climbed into the car with the cameraman and pursued her to the studio, for all the world like a villain in the movies pursues the heroine. Arriving at the studio, I made my way at once to her dressing room. She was changing to her street attire—one of those new "fringey" things, bought at a Fifth Avenue shop—and it was some minutes before I was admitted. She had with her a woman newspaper writer, her secretary and Miss Virginia Nordon, her close friend and confidante.

That was a fine place for a confidential chat, wasn't it?

However, while I waited for Anita to get her little tonque on her brown curls, I looked around the dressing room. It's a regular, practical dressing room, but it reflects its "particular" owner. The furniture was white enamel, trimmed in light blue, the "things" on the dresser are silver, and the wardrobe closet, with its white lace curtains, is like a vision of fairy-land. There's more pretty, colorful gowveny in it than I ever saw in my life before.

That was about all I had the time to observe, when Anita seated herself and I followed suit.

"I want to write a story about you," I began, "but if I want to ask you a question—"

"I'll answer yours if you'll answer me for me first," she challenged.

"Surely I will, even if I have to lie—what is it?"

"Can you tell me," she asked, "why you writers persist in calling me 'America's Daintiest Actress?'"
There’s gold-seal satisfaction written all over the winsome face of pulchritudinous Edna Purviance. When she isn’t playing the foil to Charlie Chaplin’s cut-ups, Edna reads the best in motion picture literature.

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THE ONE BY WHICH ALL OTHERS ARE GOVERNED
A Bare Sense of Courtesy

Happy is the sense of humor of the sailor. Several times each week we have received requests for indications of measles or scarlet fever. As the first sign is a rash on the stomach, it is here that we are inspected. There is a cry by whoever first sees the visiting surgeon of "Attention!"; then comes the word, "Belly inspection," and we fall into line, and with our blouses and shirts pulled up above our breeches march past the doctor. It was a Texan who was quite familiar with the majesty of our goldstriped surgeon, secured from the clothing depot a pair of stilts such as we use to mark our clothing, and with black paint lettered his bare stomach: "Good morning, doctor." There are times when even an officer laughs.

Overcame the Difficulty

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocer's with a bottle for a quart of vinegar.

"But, mamma," said the little one, "I can't say that word."

"But you must try," said the mother, "for you must have vinegar, and there's no one else to send."

So the little girl went with the bottle, and as she reached the counter of the store, she pulled the cork out of the bottle with a pop and said to the astonished shopman: "There! Smell that and give me a quart!"

Try Mars

Germany's friends before the War—Most of the world.

Germany's friends in 1916—Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria, Spain, Chile and Mexico; Holland and Ireland in part.

Germany's friends today—Austria, Turkey and Mexico (all doubtful).

Germany's friends after the War—Ring off; you've got the wrong planet.

Pangs of jealousy were in Miss Coldfoot's heart when she heard that her late admirer had been accepted by Miss Lovebird, and when she happened to run across her could not resist giving a thrust.

"I hear you're accepted, Jack," she purred. "I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me?"

"No," answered Jack's image. "I can never forget the things he told me that there were a lot of things in his life he was ashamed of, but I didn't ask him what they were."

Still Recruiting

Two colored women were discussing the war.

"Well, honey," said Aunt Caroline, "I do give two sons to this here war."

"Lord, chile! That ain't nothin'," replied Matilda, "I got three boys there now, and if this last one I get don't do better I'm gwine send him over soon."

Impressionistic Portraiture

Mike, a New Yorker who never lost his brogue, was "Over There" with the A. E. F., and his two companions happened to be an Englishman and a Scotsman. These two gave their Yankee friend a lively time with their jokes and teasing.

One day Mike was called away, and left his coat hanging on a nail. The Englishman and Scotsman, seeing some white paint near, seized the opportunity of painting a donkey's head on the back of Mike's coat.

The latter soon returned, and looking first at his coat, and then fixing his eye on his fellow fighters, said slowly: "Begorrah! And think of you two has wiped your face on my coat!"

ONE DOLLAR FOR YOUR FUNNIEST JOKE

WHAT'S the funniest joke you ever heard? In a normal lifetime everyone hears a great many jokes, stories and anecdotes that are not easily forgotten. Some are in local setting and understanding. But jokes are for the whole world to enjoy and they should be passed along freely. Write down the funniest joke you ever heard and send it to THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD. For all the manuscripts which are deemed acceptable by the judges we shall be glad to send the contributor a check for one dollar.

His Handicap

"I don't know how Spike is going to make out, over there in France," said Heloise of the rapid fire restaurant. "When he is decorated with a croawx de gar for taking a couple o' cannons or killing a dozen Germans with his bare hands, and he gets kissed by one o' them gravelly whiskered French generals, poor Spike is liable to cut up some-thing awful—he always was so ticklish."

The Price He Paid

"The woman pays—and pays—and PAYS!" sobbed the heroine in tragic accents.

"I'll be hanged if she doesn't!" muttered the man in the orchestra seat, who had just received his wife's millinery bill.

Her Friend—Don't you miss your husband? Very much, now that he is at the front?

The Wife—Oh, no; at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up front of a plate, and half the time I forget he isn't there!

Jealous

If—Doesn't Maud look like a peach tonight?
She—Yes, but she didn't get the bloom evenly distributed.

Making It Easy for Himself

For four consecutive nights the hotel man had watched his fair, timidity gather her pitchet at the water-cooler.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed.

"Why, the boy told me that was the fact. And that's not to touch it on any account!"

Easily Explained

"You say that neither of your stenographers wants a vacation this year. That's singular."

"Not at all. You see I recently hired a handsome young secretary, and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one."

Fit

Parke—I can't make up my mind what to do with that girl of mine. She is very pensive and seems to be going on a streak, and is almost wholly irresponsible.

Jane—Why not let her run for Congress?

The captain explained to the men that the earth was composed of nearly five times as much water as land.

And the yellow-eyed private with a fast-weakening chin remarked:

"It may be a little more crowded, but if it's all the same to you, I'll take mine on shore."

Mr. Flashback—I wish you wouldn't spend so much of your time in department stores, dear.

Mrs. Flashback—Why not? We always have new clothes. You wouldn't have me come away without my change, would you?

The Needy

She—I can't get a new hat because the children need new shoes.
He—In the same boat.
She—Why, you have no children.
He—No, but I can't get a new suit because my auto needs new tires.

Fixed for Life

Buck Private Sharkey—Well, I now rank with General Pershing.
"Mother—So?
Sharkey—Yeh—he's as high as he can get, and so am I.

Mrs. Nealy Rich—Are you quite certain I've had the very latest form of influenza?
"Doctor—Childs' madness. You coughed exactly like the Countess of Wessex.
Goldwyn Pictures

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Goldwyn Pictures are produced to appeal to America's quality audiences. They are beautifully constructed and directed under the watchful eyes of dramatic and technical masters. They are wholesome and clean. They have won the approval of audiences in the large cities and small towns throughout the nation.

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