THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD

THE ONE BY WHICH ALL OTHERS ARE GOVERNED

JUNE 1919

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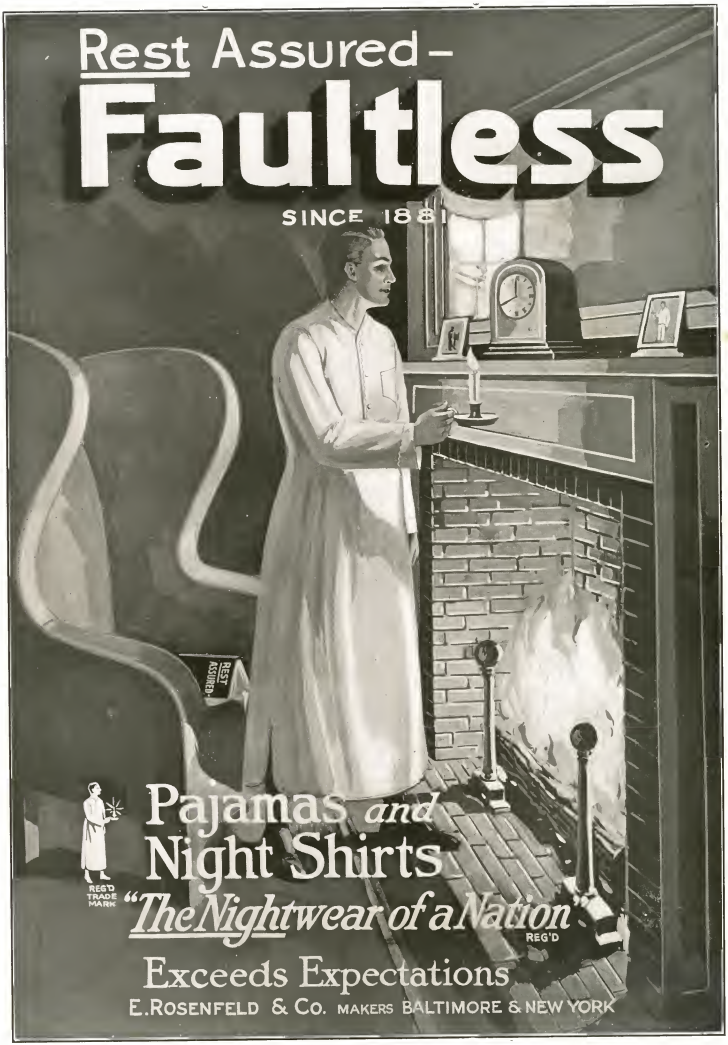
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With the Editors

WITH the summer rushing hard upon us, we begin to think of pleasant white sand banks and cool water washing up green seaweed; and the longing for a dip in the blue ocean, or a breezy ride in a launch through a still channel, becomes insistent. In the days when woods are green and the fragrance of wild-flowers mingles with the happy chirrup of birds to stimulate the senses, the poet in man is bound to yearn for self-expression, but the temptation to let the golden hours slip by in idle dreaming, is often stronger than the urge to put into words the feeling of lazy content that days by the sea, or long, nothing-to-do hours in the country, impart.

These are the days when the bathing-girl easily reaches the height of her popularity; at Palm Beach or in sunny California, she has presided over fashion's destinies on the beach for months already: but in lands where the sun waits till July to shine hard, the belle of the beach, in a glorified bathing costume, must wait a while longer for her day of triumph.

The July issue of THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD will feature the latest and daintiest things in bathing outfits. These will come from East and West and South, and they will give an idea of the variety and effectiveness that may be embodied in even so practical and meagre a piece of wearing apparel as a bathing-suit.

* * *

THE recent large and rapid growth of the motion-picture colony on the Western coast has led to the selection on the part of many photo-play stars, of permanent homes in Hollywood, Los Angeles, and their vicinity. Many of these houses are examples of the architect's most finished art, while the care with which backgrounds and surroundings have been chosen and developed, proves that most of the men and women who play in the pictures know a beautiful thing when they see it. Among those who have magnificent homes, or at the least picturesque and comfortable and artistic ones, are Anita Stewart, Bessie Barriscale, Dorothy Dalton, the Chaplins, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray and Warren Kerrigan. A group of very handsome photographs showing these houses, with some of their settings, will be a feature of the July issue. The pictures reveal something of the aggregation of wealth and luxury that the centering of picture-making in California has brought about.

* * *

AMONG those whom we are glad to see return from the war is Captain Robert Warwick. We have missed him in the pictures, and no doubt, so have you. Now he is back at work, and the promise of an early production has been given. In honor of Captain Warwick's return, we shall print in the next issue a portrait and a story about him, some special news of his more recent experiences from an authoritative source.

* * *

THE July cover will take the form of a striking character study of Alla Nazimova. With "Out of the Fog," Mlle. Nazimova reached the highest point of her art as thus far revealed in the photo-play. In this picture she was the real Nazimova of the Ibsen plays, the fascinating and tragic figure that is like a flame, lurid and twisted, a passionate soul winding its struggling way through Heaven and hell. The drawing is by a well-known New York newspaper artist, whose interpretations of the elusive Russian actress have won him high praise.

NOT long ago Fatty Arbuckle came East—presumably to make a contract for some new pictures. The fabulous sum at which Fatty's honorarium was fixed makes one wonder if this exponent of the most comical comedy is quite the innocent and happy-go-lucky clown he pretends to be. However, true to the traditions that he has established for doing and looking the ludicrous thing, Fatty obediently posed for a set of pictures that show him funnier than ever, if such a thing can be. THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD came into possession of a number of these pictures—which were not for general distribution—and, together with a little tale of Fatty's latest doings, they will appear in the July number.

* * *

IT is the magazine which interprets the art of the photo-play with the best effect to discriminating readers that will be the magazine to live and grow in the returning days of normal competition. THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD has set for itself a very high standard. So high indeed is this standard that only by exercising the most careful judgment and by taking infinite pains can we hope to live up to it. We have our own ideas as regards editorial policy; we aim to be honest. That is the first and foremost point. We shall not say that a poor play is good because we wish to keep on friendly terms with some star or some distributing agency; we shall not indulge in fulsome praise or cheap flattery; we shall weigh carefully, examine earnestly and do our best to present clearly and adequately and interestingly the whole panoramic view of motion-picture play activities in this and other countries.

Because we aim to publish a magazine for particular people does not mean that we shall attempt to rise above the understanding of the average person. But we take it for granted that our readers want good English, not necessarily ornate, but free from hyperbole and free from vulgar slang, and that they wish to meet their screen favorites on a common plane that is yet minus tawdry artificialities and expressions. After all, the people who play in pictures are just people—human beings like the rest of us. They work hard to provide us with pleasure; they do their best to win our smiles and our tears, and they like to know that they are succeeding in what they are doing. A magazine like THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD becomes the medium of expression for both the player and the playgoer; they can talk to each other through its pages, and the more they talk, the greater the intimacy a magazine establishes between them, the more nearly is that magazine serving its purpose.

We want everyone who reads THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD to feel free to express himself and herself; we try to interpret the player to the playgoer, and we try to get the measure of the reader that the player may have an idea of the kind of people whom he and she will meet from the vantage point of the screen.

* * *

MAY we call the attention of readers to the fact that if they will place a one-cent stamp on any copy of THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD and put it in the mail box, it will go with other magazines to the men still in camps and on the other side, and so help them to pass the tedious hours which many are enduring in pleasurable reading occupation.

—The Editors

Why Don't You Have *Your* Say?

There is a section of THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD *designed expressly for the use of the reader. In that section our friends—and our enemies—the friends and the enemies of the photo-play at large, may freely express their opinions. These opinions may be complimentary or otherwise—indeed, those which are otherwise are often the most interesting and profitable.*

Now the thing that we want you all to do—every reader of THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD*—is to sit right down and write us a letter It need not be more than a hundred words, so that it te'ls us just what you think about the motion-picture play. You are a picture-playgoer or you would not be reading a picture-play magazine. Here is your chance to have your say about the pictures—one picture or any number of pictures.*

You do not have to be a writer to write a letter; nor do you need to make a literary composition of it. Just your thought in your own words—now, won't you do it, and do it at once?

THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD

Contents for June, 1919

Vol. 2 No. 8

EDITED BY GEO. M. DOWNS, Jr.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE DOWNS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: BULLETIN BUILDING

Wm. Spier, Manager **A. E. Hampton,** Managing Editor **Francis P. Daily,** Advertising Manager **Claude G. Ousey,** Art Director

M. L. Katz, Western Representative, People's Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.

Carl R. Robinson, Pacific Coast Manager, 701 Washington Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

SUBSCRIPTION, $3.50 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

$4.00 IN CANADA *$4.50 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES* *SINGLE COPY 35 CENTS*

Entered as second-class matter, July 24, 1917, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

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June Elvidge

Select

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Pathe

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Metro

Emmy Whelen

Mutual

Jackie Saunders

FIRES OF FAITH

By FLORENCE E. BRIGHT

WILLIAM BOOTH, known as the great evangelist, leaned his fine old head on his hand and turned to his assistant, George Railton. Beside Railton stood Bramwell Booth, the son of the old general, and both secretary and son awaited the decision that they knew was to be made. With a quick, nervous gesture, the elder Booth indicated that he wished his words taken down

"What is the Christian Mission?" he said slowly And added, "A Volunteer Army" Then he bent his head again and considered. Suddenly he leaned over and took the paper from his son's hand. He crossed out the word "Volunteer" and substituted "Salvation."

"Well, boys," he asked, as if pleased with himself, "how's that for a name?"

"In my opinion, sir," observed Railton, "it couldn't be better" And Bramwell supplemented "It's just what we want, and expresses our ideals exactly"

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Booth entered the room She brought with her two people who had been helped in their distress by the Mission.

"Joseph and Mary Lee," she said, in her usual kind manner "They are taking the train for Liverpool tonight, and will sail for America tomorrow They have come to say goodbye."

Joseph Lee walked over to the commander, and holding out his hand, said modestly "I want to thank you, sir, for all you have done for us. I do not know what we should have done but for you, and the food and shelter you have given us. And more than that, you have given us our faith in God."

"Yes, sir," echoed the quiet little Mary "May God bless you in your work and make it prosper"

"You have proved yourselves worthy" the old man replied in a voice that boomed as the voice of a prophet. "May you find content in your new home, and may you never forget your duty to God."

Then, according to their custom, they all knelt in prayer, after which they shook hands, and the couple departed.

That was forty years before the real story opens. In those years the Salvation Army, which had begun as a little mission in London, became a mighty power throughout the world, and nowhere was it stronger than in America, where Mary and Joseph Lee had been among those who had worked hardest for its development and growth.

But with the years they had ceased to be active, and presently they settled down on a little farm not far from New York, a farm that belonged to the estate of a wealthy New York woman, Mrs. Henry Traverse, whose manager, Mark Southard, was doing his best to make the tenants of his employer unhappy, since through his own life of dissipation he caused all who came into contact with him both to fear and to hate him.

Henry Traverse had promised that while they lived the Lees should have their little farm and should consider it as their own home, so that they were very much attached to it, modest as it was. Their

The Salvation Army, which began as a little mission in London.

kind old hearts were centered in the beautiful girl who lived with them, and whom they had practically adopted as their own child. This was Elizabeth Blake, an orphan, who owed all she was and had to the Lees. And the only other member of the household was a farmhand, Luke, a country boy with little of education but plenty of ideals, and it was Luke's secret that he loved Elizabeth and hoped one day to marry her

But the shadow of evil fell unexpectedly upon the Lee home. One day Mark Southard arrived, and after appraising Elizabeth's beauty with his eye, in a manner wholly objectionable, he explained his errand.

"Mrs. Traverse has decided that she wants this place," he stated tersely "You are to be off the premises within thirty days from today"

The blow fell hard on the two old people. Joseph could scarcely believe his ears.

"Why," he stammered, "Mr Traverse said we were to stay always."

Southard laughed "Mrs. Traverse has different views," he maintained.

Mary entered her plea, and then Elizabeth spoke, but though Southard favored Elizabeth with a look of admiration so bold that the girl was frightened he would not offer them any help in their predicament.

In vain Mary and Elizabeth tried to comfort the stricken Joseph. He refused to be comforted, and that night when prayers were said as they sat in their usual way around the table, it was a sad little group. Only Elizabeth was able to smile, since she was young, and had the hope of youth, and an idea had come to her that perhaps after all it was she who must save the situation, and in this way have an opportunity to return something to the Lees for all they had done for her So she waited until prayers were over and then she presented her plan.

"You need not worry any longer," she assured the old people. "I will go to the city and take a position, and with the salary I earn we shall all live comfortably together I have often thought I should like to work, anyway, and now is my chance."

At first her foster parents would have none of it. It was impossible that she should go out among strangers and work. They could not bear to think of her doing so. But the more strongly she argued the feebler grew the will of Joseph Lee, he, too, realized that this was a time for desperate measures.

It was then that Mrs. Lee had an inspiration.

"I know!" she exclaimed. "You remember Angela Moore, whose father was a drunkard. She came to the Salvation

THE CAST

Written from the Artcraft Photo-Play

ELIZABETH BLAKE	*Catherine Calvert*
HARRY HAMMOND	*Eugene O'Brien*
AGNES TRAVERSE	*Ruby de Remer*
MRS. TRAVERSE	*Helen Dunbar*
SALVATIONIST	*Theodore Roberts*
WILLIAM BOOTH	*Charles Ogle*
JOE LEE	*Fred Huntley*
MRS. LEE	*Lucille Ward*
MARK SOUTHARD	*Mowbray Berkele*
LUKE BARLOW	*Robert Anderson*

Army and we helped her I had a letter from her only the other day, in which she thanked us for all that had been done for her, and hoped that some day she might be able to be of use to us. Elizabeth shall go to Angela. She will see that she is protected from any harm that might befall her in the city, and will aid her in getting work."

"That will be splendid," cried Elizabeth.

But all this while no one had noticed Luke. While they were talking, the boy's face had changed color many times. His heart was yearning over this girl whom he adored, he was crying out with all his soul for the right to protect her in this crisis of their lives. Now he spoke

"I love Lizzie-Beth," he said, calling her by a favorite name. "Let me marry her and take care of all of you."

"That's spoken like a man," Joseph answered. "But Luke, boy, you haven't enough money to marry on You couldn't do all that if you would."

"But I could go to the city and earn money," Luke protested.

"It would be long before you could earn much," Joseph told him sadly

"Yes," spoke up Elizabeth "That would not be possible, though I thank you kindly for your offer," she finished primly

"Well, I'm going to the city, anyway," said Luke. "Someday I'll come back and then I'll ask you again," he promised. And Elizabeth blushed, though up to now she had not thought of Luke in the light of a lover

That night Mary Lee wrote to Angela Moore. And true to her pledge of trying to help them, Angela set out to find a position for Elizabeth. She wrote to a friend who had before helped and advised her, Mrs. Traverse, the very woman who was the owner of the Lee farm.

Mrs. Traverse was sitting at tea in her beautiful garden, with her daughter Agnes, and the latter's fiance, when Angela's letter was brought to her She opened it and read it, and exclaimed delightedly that she could at last do something for someone in the Salvation Army

Agnes laughed teasingly "The Salvation Army is a regular hobby with mother," she told Harry, and he rejoined that he couldn't see what anybody wanted with the Salvation Army, that he thought they were a set of cranks.

"You are all wrong," Mrs. Traverse told him gently "The Salvation Army has done a wonderful work. Someday you and Agnes shall go to a meeting with me." Harry inwardly groaned, though outwardly he managed to smile.

"And shall you take the girl Miss Moore recommends, mother?" Agnes inquired.

"Yes," said Mrs. Traverse. "I shall send for her at once."

Elizabeth received the message to go to New York with mingled joy and grief It was a wrench to leave these dear people who were just like her own. But she packed bravely, said an encouraging good-bye, and set out.

At the station, Angela and two Salvation Army sisters met her, and took her at once to the lovely home of the Traverses. There Elizabeth was installed as maid, and it became apparent at once that she and her benefactress would be well pleased with each other

That same day Luke set out for the city He was the typical farmer's lad, and dressed in his best clothes, he cut a conspicuous figure. Many were the heads turned to look after him, and not a few giggles were suppressed by foolish maidens. But Luke was all unconscious of this regard. He was after a job, and he meant to get one. In his zeal, however, he forgot that he was in the midst of a great city He stopped in the street to look up the address in an advertisement, and the wind blew the paper from his hands. Heedlessly he set out after it, and so was struck by a passing car, and hurt badly They picked him up and carried him to a hospital, where for weeks he lay, designated on the hospital register "an unknown man."

"I love Lizzie-Beth," cried Luke, "I'll take care of all of you."

It did not take Elizabeth long to discover that her Mrs. Traverse was the owner of the Lee farm. But it was some time before she dared broach the subject nearest her heart. However, one day she took her courage in her hands, and asked Mrs. Traverse a question.

"Do you remember a family by the name of Lee, who live on a farm of yours?" she inquired. Mrs. Traverse replied that she did.

Then Elizabeth told her the whole sad story, and Mrs. Traverse was highly indignant.

"Whatever can Southard have meant, to do such a thing?" she cried. "The very idea I shall see him at once. Why, those people are Salvationalists, are they not?"

"Oh, yes," said Elizabeth. "They are friends of Commander Booth."

Mrs. Traverse sent for Southard at once. She was none too gentle with her agent. She bade him inform the Lees immediately that they were to stay on the farm, and reprimanded him severely for his interference.

Southard was not pleased and he saw his chance, when it happened, that before he left the house he caught a glimpse of Elizabeth. He wanted this pretty girl, also, she had played him a mean trick. He would show her

But Southard had ways of his own of accomplishing his purposes. He spoke to Elizabeth very politely

"I'm sorry," he said, "about your people I had no idea that they were good old Salvationalists. I should not have thought of treating them so. Say that you'll forgive me?"

In her inexperience Elizabeth believed him She forgave him frankly

"Well, then," he went on, "just to show there's no hard feelings, I'm driving out to tell Mr and Mrs. Lee tonight. Come with me, it will be a pleasant drive, and they will be glad to see you."

Elizabeth was overjoyed at the prospect. She took the man entirely in good faith

Southard took Elizabeth in his car, and for a while everything went smoothly Then there came up signs of a storm. At first the girl was frightened, but Southard reassured her, and his courtesy was very flattering to her The car, however, presently gave trouble, and when the storm really burst, they were obliged to leave it and run for shelter Southard knew where to go, he took Elizabeth to a roadhouse, where he engaged a room and, with the girl protesting, ordered drinks. Elizabeth's drink was drugged, with the result that hours after their arrival, when it was morning, in fact, she awoke in a strange room and realized all that had happened.

That was a terrible moment for the girl, reared as she had been in the pure atmosphere of a Christian home. The horror of it, and the contemptibleness of the man who would be guilty of such a thing, appalled her She put on her things and went downstairs. Southard had left a bundle of banknotes on the bureau, and these she took. With a fine air of recklessness she entered the dining-room and

ordered a drink, her soul shuddering within her

The landlord gave her a sidewise, leering look.

"Left you quickly, eh?" he murmured.

Elizabeth flushed.

"He'd better have waited," the man went on. "He'll never get back to town now."

"What do you mean?" Elizabeth demanded.

"Well, he and the chauffeur were picked up in a ditch an hour or so ago—both were dead."

The hideousness of it all burst upon the girl. Now she could never go back either to the Lees or to Mrs. Traverse. Henceforth she was an outcast. Well, so be it. She would live the life of an outcast and drink the bitterness of it to the dregs.

So Elizabeth made her way back to the city, where she soon sank to depths so low that her nearest and dearest would scarcely have recognized her And the Lees and Mrs. Traverse and Angela Moore went about with anxious faces, as they tried here, there and everywhere to locate the missing girl.

It was through the search for Elizabeth that Mrs. Traverse, with Agnes and Harry Hammond, were brought one evening to a service held in the Salvation Army headquarters. Harry, as one might expect, was quickly reduced to a state of boredom by the praying and singing.

Very quietly he stepped out, to have a smoke on the outside. He found himself in a neighborhood that was entirely new to him, and the sight of it was interesting. Curious to have a glimpse of how the people in this other world lived, he strolled down the street. Suddenly his attention was attracted by what seemed to be a street brawl, and he went closer to learn what was the matter Two rough looking men were pushing a girl into a nearby saloon, and the girl was struggling to free herself from their clutches. Harry made a dash to save the woman, and in the bright light of the lamp, recognized the girl who had been Mrs. Traverse's maid. In an instant he had intervened, only to become himself the victim of the brutality of the thugs. Turning their attention to the "dude," as they designated him, they gave him a pummeling that soon had him on the ground before them, unconscious. Elizabeth, herself suffering from the treatment she had received, looked on, gasping.

With the beaten-up man on their hands, the rowdies sought a means to get rid of him, and true to type they carried him down to the waterfront and shipped him aboard a freighter, getting ready to go to France.

Mrs. Traverse and Agnes came out of the meeting to find no Harry waiting for them. Alarmed for his safety in a district like this, they sent out a search party to find him. The search party found Elizabeth instead, and in such a condition that she was brought to the Salvation Army quarters in a state of unconsciousness. When finally she came to, she explained as well as she could what had happened, but no light could be obtained as to Harry's whereabouts.

The anxious days wore into weeks and the weeks into months, while Agnes waited to hear from Harry

"Do you think he was killed, mother?" she would ask, over and over again. And Mrs. Traverse would answer "Pray God he was not."

Meanwhile, Elizabeth was winning back her health and strength. But she showed a terror of getting well.

"It's no use," she would tell Angela. "It's too late. It's too late."

But Angela would put her arms around her and say "It's never too late. You must forget yourself, in making others happy you will learn to forget."

And little by little Elizabeth woke into her old life, with a new tenderness in her heart and a great thankfulness for her salvation at the hands of these dear friends.

Harry, aboard the freighter, came back to life, too, and was put to work as a stoker He was glad indeed when the boat pulled into a small French port. Here he found himself in the very heart of the scenes of the war, and when he attempted to reach the American consul, he found it impossible to get any attention.

At last, weary and heartsick, he came to a Salvation Army hut and took refuge there. He was given food and clothes and a place to sleep, and he found it possible to rest after the weeks of hard and unaccustomed labor When he was up and about again, he saw the war in a new light, and almost at once he enlisted in the British Air Service, and cabled home to Agnes to tell her of his whereabouts.

There was great joy in the Traverse home over the news, Agnes felt very proud of what her lover had done, and was ready herself to make any sacrifice necessary to help the cause of the war But matters at home were first to take her attention, for her mother suddenly fell ill, and before Agnes had time to think of the seriousness of it all, the dear mother was dead. In her grief Agnes joined the Salvation Army and took up nursing, with the result that presently she was sent to France.

Elizabeth, well again, won her uniform, and then she too heard the call for volunteers to go abroad. And just as she was ready to sail, who should turn up but Luke, released from the hospital and seeking his old friends. For months Luke had been as one dead, and when Elizabeth saw him, her heart went out to him.

"Why don't you enlist, Luke?" she asked him. "This is such a wonderful opportunity to be of use in the world."

And Luke, who was always ready to take any suggestion his dear "Lizzie-Beth" had to make, went straight to a recruiting station and offered himself In this way he too followed the others to the great theatre of war

There the Fates brought them together Agnes, at work in a hospital, witnessed a fight between an American aviator and a German, and saw the German vanquished. She learned that the American was Harry, now in the Yankee forces. But Harry's plane was winged, and he had to lie in hiding until a chance German plane landed, and he was able to kill the operator and appropriate the plane for his own use. But something went wrong with the machine, and he fell behind the American lines with his eyes injured so badly that he was practically blind.

It was to Elizabeth that he was brought, and Elizabeth nursed him, until the day when Agnes, gone out to seek for him, finally arrived at the broken-down chateau where Elizabeth was stationed.

"My dear, my dear," Agnes cried, as she knelt by Harry's bedside. "I have looked everywhere for you, and I had begun to think you were dead."

"Not with Elizabeth looking after me," Harry told her, but he showed by his manner that it was Agnes whom he had most longed for

And Elizabeth was content to see the two reunited, for though she had grown fond of Harry, and though they had gone over together the sad adventure that had brought them both to France, the image of Luke was becoming dearer day by day, and Elizabeth longed to see him again.

Nor was she to be disappointed, for Luke found his way to his dear "Lizzie-Beth," but he brought disturbing news. The

Mrs. Traverse was sitting at tea in her beautiful garden.

In a Salvation Army hut Harry found refuge.

Germans were on their way to the village

"You will have to fly," he cried, excitedly "These men are beasts, they have no thought for what they do. I cannot let you run the risk of falling into their hands."

Elizabeth went very white when she heard these words. Her impulse was to throw herself into Luke's arms. But the time had not yet come when she was free to do this. She turned to look at Agnes. The whole mind and heart of Agnes, however, was centered on Harry Harry was wounded, he could not be left. Elizabeth sighed. What must be, must, they would have to stay and take their chances.

"We cannot leave here," she told Luke. "Harry is too ill to be moved. You will have to go as quickly as you can for help and we will wait, hoping and praying that the aid will reach us in time."

Luke looked deep into her eyes.

"You're a brave girl," he said. "Come, we'll fix you as comfortably as possible and I shall rush off for help. Surely with the American Army so near I should be able to reach it."

So they all went into the cellar, where they arranged Harry as best they could, and then, while Luke let himself out quietly to make his way to the American Army, they sat down and prayed that the Germans would not reach them.

But no such good thing happened. After a while they heard them coming, hoarse shouts, ugly tones, and the girls shivered, while poor, wounded Harry cursed to think that he was so helpless.

The Germans did not know of course of the cellar, but each moment discovery was imminent. Always they could hear them, and if they had before had any doubts of what the Boches had done in Belgium, those doubts no longer existed. For these men were beasts; every sound told of it. Their horrible laughter sent the chills running up and down their backs.

To add to their difficulties, the old caretaker of the chateau and his small grandchild had taken refuge in the cellar with them. It wrung their hearts to see this poor little boy so close to those dangers that had made Belgian and French children by the score little old men and women long before their time.

They lived through two long days of this torture, and then they heard fighting above them. It was terrible while it lasted, but suddenly there came a reassuring knock on the door, and then, joy of joys, they heard the dear voice of Luke calling to them to open and not be afraid

"I got the Americans," he shouted happily "We've beaten the scoundrels. Now you can come out and breathe God's air again."

Within a few days Harry showed great improvement, and in a little while they were able to move him to a proper hospital. Then, almost before they knew it, the war was over, and they were free to return to the country they loved and which they all had served so faithfully

But to Elizabeth and Luke the homecoming was to bring a wonderful happiness. On that night when he came in with the rescuing party, he had looked down into her eyes. What he saw there made him put his arms around her, and hold her close against his breast while she wept her relief silently

"Dear little Lizzie Beth," he murmured tenderly "Are you so glad that I have come?"

And Elizabeth nodded, scarcely able to conceal the tremors of her body, as her heart beat wildly against his.

"I have never stopped loving you," the big fellow said. "Don't you think you could learn to care for me?"

And Elizabeth had laughed a happy laugh, and had confessed that she did care for him. "In fact," she confessed, "I believe that I have always cared."

Back in New York they were received with wide-open arms by the Lees. To them all, there was a touch of sadness in their return to America, caused by the death of Mrs. Traverse. That she would have been happy in knowing their happiness, they all knew, and Agnes felt the loss of her mother very deeply But one thing they could do that would have pleased her could she have known, they could all help the Salvation Army Harry no longer entertained any prejudice against the Salvationalists, and he and his wife planned to do their utmost to further the movement with both time and money

"I wonder, oh, I wonder, if they could have killed him?"

SIDNEY DREW

The Passing of a Unique Comedian

By MARY SHORTLIDGE

It came as a shock to a host of people, the news on April 9 that Sidney Drew was dead. Only the night before, and the night before that, scores upon scores had seen Drew comedies, some old and some new, flashed upon the screen, and had laughed at the absurdities of the dryly whimsical Henry, or had smiled more quietly over his tender humor, the object of so much of which was the wife he loved so well both in real life and in the pictures.

Mr. Drew was fifty-three years of age at the time of his death. He was a brother of John Drew, the famous actor, and the uncle of the three Barrymores, Lionel, John and Ethel. Mrs. John Drew, his mother, was for many years one of the best-known and most talented actresses in the United States, and made such parts as Mrs. Malaprop in "The School for Scandal" famous. Sidney Drew was born in New York city, and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania.

HE made his first professional appearance on the stage soon after graduating from the university, making his debut in "Our Boarding House," in which Leonard Grover was the star This was at the old Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. His acting attracted the attention of the late Charles Frohman, who engaged him to play comedy parts in plays in which Rose Eltinge and Ada Dyas were appearing.

Afterward Mr Drew organized his own producing company, one of the first plays staged by him being Sheridan's "Rivals." He next produced "Roads to Ruin," and after that other plays.

Mr Drew was said to be the first actor on the legitimate stage having a "big name" to go into vaudeville. This was in 1896. He appeared in a sketch entitled, "When Two Hearts Are One." He returned to the legitimate stage, playing for a while in "She Stoops to Conquer," and then went back again into vaudeville.

His next sketch in vaudeville was "Billy's Tombstone," in which he appeared in many cities all over the country

Several years ago Mr Drew temporarily deserted the speaking stage for motion pictures. For nearly two years he and Mrs. Drew appeared each week in a new motion-picture play which they had written and produced themselves.

These weekly features gained them more popularity, perhaps, than either had ever enjoyed before.

Before he and his wife began writing and producing motion pictures, Mr Drew appeared with Clara Kimball Young in "Goodness Gracious," a three-reel comedy, which added a great deal to his fame as a comedian

Two years ago Mr and Mrs. Drew began to produce comedies in real earnest. They wrote and staged more than one hundred and fifty of these plays, most of them comedies with a domestic setting.

Then they began to make longer pictures. Of these "Romance and Rings," by Emma Anderson Whitman, "Once a Mason" and "The Amateur Liar," by Albert Payson Terhune, have been shown, while "Harold, the Last of the Saxons," by Florence Ryerson, the last picture they made, was not yet released at the time of Mr Drew's death.

The illness which took the life of Sidney Drew began some time ago with a partial nervous breakdown. In May of 1918, Corporal S. Rankin Drew, Mr. Drew's only son, and the child of his first wife, was killed in France. Corporal Drew was a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, and fell while engaged in an aeroplane duel with Germans. It is thought that his father never quite recovered from the shock of his death However, with that same dry humor which made him so beloved on both the stage and the screen, Mr. Drew went on working, and he was in Detroit, playing with Mrs. Drew in a stage comedy called "Keep Her Smiling," when he suffered a complete physical collapse. He was brought home to New York, where he had a return attack of uraemia, a disease that had given him trouble for years, and he died almost before anyone realized that death was even a possibility

Sidney Drew.

That Sidney Drew will be missed is a statement that it seems almost superfluous to make. He was a pioneer in his own field, he was in fact the only exponent of his own theories, which were so successfully carried out in practice. Before the Drews started to make their domestic comedies, the one-reel comedy in motion pictures was a slap-stick production at once both cheap and vulgar. To be funny on the screen meant to be coarse, or it meant doing all manner of stunts in order to create the proper sort of result by way of diversion Mr and Mrs. Drew proved that comedy need not be these things, that there were funny things in everyday life, and that ordinary people with a sense of humor could get a lot of innocent enjoyment out of life. The Drews never stooped to coarseness and never catered to the cheap taste. They played the parts of a natural man and woman, and they produced their comedies with sets that were artistic and agreeable to look upon

Mr Drew himself had a subtle, slightly sarcastic, but at no time disagreeable, manner His foolishness was of the innocuous variety, his fun was wholesome but always amusing. He had a whimsical charm that made him lovable, while as an actor he was a real artist. Only those who saw him, and saw him often could realize the infinite amount of resource necessary to the production of all those many delightful short plays.

That he was ever appreciative of the unique help his wife gave him is evidenced by the many beautiful tributes he paid her in interviews. Only so long ago as during the Detroit engagement, he made a curtain speech in which he attributed whatever success he had to the wife who had planned so much of their work and had been indefatigable in developing the details.

But in this very fact lies the peculiar pathos of the taking off of Mr Drew Together they did team work that can perhaps never be duplicated. They had learned the secret of a harmonious union, as man and wife they were well matched, quietly devoted to each other, as partners in their business they manifested a like harmony and devotion.

Yes, Sidney Drew will be missed for many a long day His appearance in pictures yet in use will bring sadness to the hearts of those who see them, he will be another of those shadow presences whose work lives after them on the screen, but who will never again be able to add to that which they have left behind them.

His image moves across the scene,
His face perplexed with gentle whim—
Only a shadow on the screen
Is left of him.

How strange to see him come and go
With all his winning quaint appeal,
After the Master of the Show
Has changed the Reel.

ALLA NAZIMOVA

In "The Red Lantern" *Metro Picture Corp.*

"The Red Lantern" marks one of the highest points in artistic production that has been reached in the photo-play. When to this is added one of the finest dramatic roles that has ever been given to Alla Nazimova to create, it may be said with honesty that a photo-drama masterpiece has been accomplished.

The tale deals with the fate of an Eurasian girl, whose mother was Chinese and whose father was English. Having the misfortune to fall in love with a white man, who shrinks from marriage with an Oriental, Mahlee plunges with zest into the Boxer Rebellion, and plays the part almost of a Chinese Joan of Arc. As the Goddess of the Red Lantern she leads a forlorn hope, and when all is lost, she seeks the throne room of the Manchus and there, true to the traditions of her race, dies by her own hand.

In the picture, Nazimova plays two roles. There is a second girl in the story, Blanche Sackville, daughter of Mahlee's English father. She too figures in the great events in Peking, and Nazimova creates both parts. Dark and wild as the Eurasian, full of passionate color and vigor, she is, in the role of Blanche Sackville, a blond girl of gentle dignity, an aristocrat to her finger-tips, as well-bred as she is unruly in the part of Mahlee.

Reading from right to left:

Even in China women loathe the men forced upon them.

The goddess of the lantern makes a gorgeous picture.

Nazimoza is as much at home in a humble part as in one of royal splendor.

Blanche Sackville in the mission garden shows an entirely different side of Nazimova.

No exigencies of time or expense have prevented "The Red Lantern" from being a magnificent production in every detail. Picturized from the Edith Wherry novel, the scenario was written by June Mathis. An art director spent months in the research work necessary for the building up of the backgrounds in Peking and the reproduction of those stirring scenes attendant upon the Boxer Uprising in 1900.

One of the most wonderful pieces of scene setting that has been done in motion-picture work is the reproduction of the famous Dragon room, the Manchu throne room in the Emperor's palace in Peking. The gorgeousness of this scene is a piece of Oriental splendor that makes the audience gasp; while only a little less startling is the marvelous showing of the temples, the shrines, the street scenes, with their booths and bazaars, and the picturesque and unusual garden scenes in which certain of the episodes take place.

All through the picture, strange and wonderful effects are managed. And to every effect Nazimova lends the force of her marvelous personality; brings the power of her exceptional art. She is the sad-eyed little Chinese girl; she is the tender, self-contained Miss Sackville; she is the heroic leader of a big movement; she is pagan and Christian by turns; she is love and hate in one and incarnate in each; she is that strange blend of East and West that never do blend, but remain always antagonistic in a subtle way each to the other.

Reading from left to right:

Never is the Russian actress more sincere than in moments of tragedy.

The goddess at the shrine is another wonderful picture.

A Chinese Saint Cecilia that reveals in Nazimova an unsuspected spiritual force.

Miss Sackville listens to native music, and the contrasts produced between East and West take on an added significance.

A CARTOONIST TURNED COMEDIAN

Larry Semon Has Specialized in the Thing Called Fun All His Life

By WILL T. GENTZ

LARRY SEMON'S life has been one big laugh—to you. None of the great avenues by which may be reached the risibilities of the American public has been overlooked by this supreme fun-maker The stage, the printed sheet, the screen—all of these mediums for the dispensation of humor have served him capitally Today Larry Semon ranks as a distinct symbol for all that merriment spells to hundreds of thousands the world over, in one form or another—except, of course, that his theatrical tomfooleries are now the subjects for merely reminescent smiles and smirks, while his cartoons are treasured scrapbook mementos in many a library The screen has fully arrogated him to itself.

When Larry Semon's life is spoken of as "a laugh" to you, in the manner of emphasis as set forth in the opening lines of this estimate of the comedian's work, it is inferred that his life has not been a laugh to him. The dash conveys that distinction. The inference is true only in part, however Always has Larry Semon made a study of his audiences. He has taken his work seriously But it hasn't been the earnestness of enforced duties, always has it been the stimulus of greater achievements —the love of work which comprehends that in service lies true heartsease and a realization of life's most sacred obligation—that is what has actuated this hard-working analytical harbinger of the gospel of Ha! Ha! and Health. Assuredly, humanity, light-hearted and laughing, owes Larry Semon thanks for many a prescriptionless digestion, for untold scores of foregone furrows that would plow the brow Dimpled cheeks of children, the joy in mothers' eyes at sight of them, even as their own rejuvenation through the magic of the Semon antics—all these and a thousand more instances of what this gospel has meant to humanity may be adduced from a study of faces at any Semon showing.

Semon—this earnest comedian whose blank screen visage hides behind its lackadaisical exterior possibly the most alert mind dedicated to the luring of laughter from an audience—is at once star and director of the comedies he is now making. A new contract he has just signed makes him happy, not so much because the salary therein stipulated ranks only just below that of one other great comedian of the screen, but because he is given unlimited latitude in the staging of his productions. He has always leaned strongly to travesty, and with the more ambitious *mise en scene* necessary to the adequate presentation of phases of life in various social levels, as Semonized by this laugh-maker of legitimate methods, his ebullient humor should gush geyser-like to sparkling heights—reaching, as it were, a new highwater-mark.

The foundation on which Larry Semon builds fun is both elementarily and elementally a solid one. The broad strokes of a newspaper cartoonist are at the bottom of his conception of humor It is a psychology equally applicable. A hurried newspaper-reading public has no time for subtleties in any form, a picture audience goes to the theatre to relax and, if possible, to be merry Semon stages as he used to draw And, be it known to you, devoted reader and faithful photo playgoer, that Larry Semon's name in the lower right-hand corner of a cartoon meant much to metropolitan newspaper readers in past years—and meant much in actual circulation building to several New York dailies.

In fact, it was through his work in the

The inimitable Larry.

Bennett papers, the "New York Herald" and the "New York Evening Telegram," and in the "Evening Sun" and "Morning Telegraph" of those cities, that Semon first came to the notice of two prominent motion-picture magnates, who were sorely beset to find a successor to the late lamented Bunny, favorite comedian of his day They delved into Screenland and Stageland in vain for a man measuring up to their qualifications. Since they had developed so many stars of note along emotional lines, why should it not be possible to do likewise in the field of comedy? Special qualifications were necessary, though only in embryo, in such a novice, and the choice fell on Semon.

Now, if it is supposed that these men picked Semon merely because he had caused them many a hearty laugh by his pen pranks, banish the thought. Many a cartoonist is anything but funny in appearance and mannerism. Recognizing, though they did, that a man who could see for himself, and visualize for others, the funny side of life, had the innate gift of "seeing us as others see us"—a prime requisite—they based their choice on more tangible evidence of screen fitness. They found that Semon had a histrionic past. That discovery decided them, and Larry Semon became their protege from that day until stardom was his.

Larry's "past," which, in fact, had pursued him from birth until the great dailies claimed his services in another capacity, was inseparably interwoven with the lines that hang from "flies," with tormentors and grease pots, with sands that are strewn on "the boards," and with kerosene lamps that threw their illumination on his usually grotesquely accoutred figure. This inventory conjures up the picture of a contractor's shack on the building lot, perhaps, or of a dank cellar given over to torture and sewer rats. It gives the impression, offhand, that Larry was rescued from a felon's cell for celluloid fame.

But he of the ilk knows that these terms refer to the footlights' realm in its entirely prosaic back-stage manifestation. There Larry Semon spent in the aggregate many years of his youth, travelling with the variety troupe which was owned by and bore the name of his father

The training, in relation to his present activities, was invaluable. Only one method counts in vaudeville and insures the longevity of act or performer That is the sure-fire method. Pantomime, always a prize possession of a vaudeville performer, and eccentricity of characterization —these were pre-eminently in Semon's bag of tricks, thanks to inheritance and the intensive training at the hands of his father, which caused these talents to sprout early and develop almost abnormally with the years.

With his father and his fellow performers, Semon was one of the forerunners of present-day vaudeville. The day of great specialty acts had not then dawned, and one found young Semon playing the roles of juvenile or heavy, as exigencies demanded, in dramatic sketches, giving character impersonations, appearing in song-and-dance, and doing what-not, with or without make-up, in the line of stage entertainment.

The seemingly eternal problem of stage children and their education bobbed up to confront Larry's father in connection with the youngster's budding career, but to "Professor" Zera Semon, as he was known to the public of his day, it was not a problem. The stage was not permitted to interfere with Larry's education. He remained in school until he graduated from Savannah (Ga.) High School.

Yes, Mr Semon is a southerner He was born at West Point, Mississippi. The year was 1890 and the month February Therefore, it will be seen that this vastly popular comedian is just entering upon his prime years, with his greatest opportunities still ahead of him.

MARIE, LTD.

By EUGENIE M. FRYER

DRINA HILLIARD had felt antagonism for Zelie, the Frolics girl, ever since that first morning when she had waited on her at the hat shop, an antagonism growing out of something deeper than mere resentment of Zelie's overbearing manner Drina had inadvertently dropped one of the hats Zelie was trying on, and Zelie had flown at her like an angry blue jay

"It's the hat I wanted, but I'll not take it now it's dusted the floor"

Drina, unaccustomed to her position of saleswoman in a fashionable Fifth Avenue shop, and to the necessity of humoring so good a customer, had drawn herself up stiffly

"As you like, madam. The hat is an opportunity"

"I'll not come here again until you're given the sack," Zelie had snapped petulantly, flouncing out of the shop.

The head assistant, full of her petty authority, had pounced upon Drina.

"Zelie is our best customer We can't keep an incompetent like you, even if you are a friend of Madame Marie's daughter"

"Take care how you dismiss Madame Marie's daughter," Drina answered coldly

"Daughter! You engaged as her daughter's friend. How do I know you are telling the truth?"

"I advise you to wait until my mother's return."

Something in Drina's manner had made the woman hesitate, and Drina had not been dismissed.

The antagonism Drina felt for Zelie had been instinctive, fundamental, defying analysis, perhaps, yet putting her on her guard. Today, this feeling had deepened, crystallized into something tangible, something akin to hatred when Zelie had entered the shop that morning, her latest catch in tow Colonel Bushby Lambert, of ruddy countenance and white hair, was a man of the world, cynical and debonair, and his blue eyes had gleamed with the appraisement of a connoisseur as he had watched Drina bring out the hats from the case for Zelie to try on. Drina's unaffectedness and simplicity of manner, in contrast with the artificiality of Zelie, appealed suddenly to this satiated old rake of a widower; for he knew the real from the imitation even though he pandered to the latter

"Marie is fortunate in having you here," he said, coming close to her, "and I in coming," he whispered, with a very low bow.

Drina had quietly picked up a hat lying on the table and had moved away

"I am here to sell hats, Colonel Lambert. You like this one, madam?"

Zelie, who had been frowning, had laughed delightedly

"It's a peach, a bargain at fifty dollars, isn't it, Lammy? Now you run along, old dear, and meet me at Sherry's at one. I have to stop at the 'Broadway' on my way up town."

"If you'll promise to bring me again," he replied. "Good morning, Miss Hilliard. So long, Zelie!"

As the shop door had closed, Zelie had turned to Drina with childish glee.

"Say, that was a bull's-eye you hit the softy You're on the level. I like you,

"It's the hat I wanted, but I'll not take it now it's dusted the floor.

and won't give up Marie's after all. It pays all round."

"I don't understand."

"Lammy foots my hat bills."

"I guessed that, but that's nothing to me."

"Say, cut the innocent slush. You're sharing the profits."

"My mother, not I," Drina corrected, still mystified.

"You benefit, don't you?"

"The profits my mother earns honestly are hers."

"She ain't honest. See!" Zelie sneered.

"How dare you say that?" Drina, now at white heat, flared back.

"'Cause Lammy and his likes is overcharged, and I share your mother's commission."

"I don't believe a word of it," Drina said in a low voice.

"You'll find out fast enough when your mother comes home. Don't be a fool. To have money's the thing. One can't always be particular"

"My mother couldn't do such a thing," Drina repeated.

Zelie shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"You're from the West and don't know New York. Come and see me in the 'Frolics.' I'll send you a ticket So long!"

It had been a day of disillusion for Drina, and now, alone in her mother's apartment, looking out through the narrow window upon the quiet by-street, she felt sick at heart. Had her coming East been a big mistake after all? The highest motives had brought her She would have vastly preferred life as she had known it with the father whom, failure as he was, she adored; for he had been mother as well as father to this only child of his since Drina was three, when his wife had deserted them to live her own life unhampered by a failure of a husband. Marie had loved life, its gaiety and its brightness, and she would have it no matter whose happiness she destroyed in the getting.

"We are not suited temperamentally George is good, but dull. I must have brightness, if only the glare of electric lights," she had once remarked to a friend in excuse for her desertion.

Drina only vaguely remembered her mother, but the imaginative child had built up a romantic picture of this mother who had left her child, yet who had lavished money upon her, even sending her to school and college. On leaving college, Drina's longing was to teach or to write; but she had felt that her first duty was to prove her gratitude to the mother who had given her so many advantages, by going East and helping her in her millinery business.

From the time she had boarded the Continental Express, it had been as a rosy dawn to the coming day, indicative of storm, drabness, pain. There had been the hold-up on the train shortly after

THE CAST

Written from the Select Photo-Play

DRINA HILLIARD	*Alice Brady*
COLONEL LAMBERT	*Frank Losee*
BLAIR CARSON	*Leslie Austen*
MARIE HILLIARD	*Mrs. Gertrude Hillman*
ADELAIDE.	*Josephine Whittell*
ZELIE.	*Gladys Valerie*

leaving Kansas City, in which Drina had played a brave part by holding the bandits at bay long enough for the passengers to prepare to defend themselves, thus inciting the admiration of Blair Carson, a wealthy, young New Yorker, who had been hoping to make Drina's acquaintance ever since they had left San Francisco. With a glow, Drina recalled how he had rushed instantly to her assistance, attacking the leader of the gang to such good purpose that he had knocked him out. In the tussle Blair had been wounded in the hand. Drina deftly giving him first aid, and so revealing the open sesame to a friendship that grew rapidly in the days that followed. This elysium was jarred and broken into, however, on their arrival in New York, for Blair had insisted on taking Drina to see his mother, and Drina, unconventional and inexperienced, went with him.

Mrs. Carson had liked Drina instantly, recognizing in the pretty, unselfconscious girl the tempered fineness of her character Drina had responded to the warmth of her welcome Yet, when the girl had naively explained that she was the daughter of "Marie" of Fifth Avenue, Drina had felt the chill in Mrs. Carson's manner A mother's anxiety for her son's welfare, it might have been, rather than snobbery, but of that Drina had taken no account. Her first illusion had vanished, and Drina had motored down with Blair to her mother's shop, sick at heart.

"Mustn't mind mother, little girl," he had said loyally, though he was himself a bit disconcerted. "She's a good sort. Remember I'm her one wee lamb."

"At home we take people for what they are," Drina flung back, her eyes bright with tears. "I took you on trust," she added proudly

"And I you. I shall come often. You'll see."

Drina had waved gaily to him as he glided away through the traffic, but her heart was still sore. Even now, standing by the window, it ached, for that very evening on her way home from the shop, she had seen Blair with Zelie in his roadster Were all men alike, she dully wondered? The second disillusion on that tragic first day had been her conversation with Zelie regarding her mother; the third had been her mother's apartment. They had told her at the shop that her mother was out of town for a few days, but she had gone there nevertheless. The disorderliness of the place and its general tone had grated on Drina. It suggested something alien, tawdry, cheap in its very lavishness, unlike the modest little home she had left. The thought of her father deepened Drina's loneliness, but she had put her hand to the plough and refused to look back, even as she refused to pass judgment on her mother until she had seen her With Zelie's revelation ringing in her ears, she would not judge.

She paced the floor restlessly, awaiting her mother's return. What would her mother be like, this mother who had deserted her home for the glare of Fifth Avenue? She must have had pluck, and deep down in her nature there must linger a spark of love for her child. Otherwise, Drina argued, she would not have lavished so much money upon her all these years. In any event, she must give her mother some return for all the advantages she had put within her reach. Drina's loyalty flamed up even while the pained patience of her father's face passed before her as

"It's not honest," declared Drina.

she gazed out once more into the night.

"You seem at home in my apartment. Who are you?" The voice was low, musical even, as it bit into the girl's consciousness.

Drina turned quickly to face her mother

"Mother!" she cried, coming eagerly toward her "Don't you know me?"

Marie stared at the girl a moment. Then she frowned.

"Yes, you're like your father I supposed it was you. They told me at the shop. I wanted to make sure. One never knows these days. Why did you come?" Her voice was curt, peremptory

Drina flushed.

"To help you, mother, in the shop. You have given me so much."

"I've managed without you all these years. You must want something."

"Only to repay" Drina answered, hurt to the quick. "I am sorry, mother Do you want me to go back to father?"

Marie's hard face grew rigid. Self-interest with her was paramount. Drina was good-looking. She had heard from the head assistant that, despite Drina's set-to with Zelie, she was becoming an asset to the business. She not only had a knack with hats, but she knew how to manage rich, fastidious customers. Marie had also gleaned something about the colonel's infatuation. On the other hand, Marie desired above everything to keep all knowledge of her business methods away from Drina. Would she be taking too great a risk in keeping Drina on? Big business possessed elements of risk, and Drina was an asset.

"I'll give you a trial," Marie at length said coolly

"One moment, mother We must understand each other Tell me about your overcharges. That is not true?"

"Who spoke of overcharging?" Marie challenged.

Drina caught the note of challenge, which told her the bitter truth. Yet her heart cried for a denial.

"Never mind who. I heard it. Tell me, is it true?"

"Business is business," Marie retorted harshly

"It's not honest."

"You're too like your father to succeed. Life is a gamble. The cleverest player wins."

"It's not honest," Drina repeated firmly

"You can't preach You were educated on money made that way"

Drina was silent, thinking.

"You've got to stay now," Marie went on fiercely "You're not going off and giving me away and destroying, after all these years, the business I've built up."

"Suppose I refuse to stay?"

"You haven't the money to get back." Drina flushed.

"No, but I can earn it."

Marie caught the note of warning, and when she spoke again, her voice was appealing.

"You wouldn't leave your mother, Drina. I have had to make my own way alone. It's not been easy You don't know New York. Here you have to beat down the other man or be beaten."

"I'll stay, mother, if you wish. Perhaps I can prove to you that honest methods do pay"

They left it at that, but there was no common meeting-ground for these two. They saw life from different levels. Drina saw it through her father's eyes as something besides grabbing and getting. Marie's eyes rested only on the main chance, and she would have sold her soul for gain. There was bound to be friction; yet Drina held on, hoping she might still win her mother

As the colonel's infatuation for Drina

"It's a peach, a bargain at fifty dollars."

became more and more apparent, Marie rejoiced in her astuteness in keeping Drina on at the shop. The fact that Drina would have nothing to do with him, increased Lambert's passion to white heat. He invited Drina to dine with him, and was curtly refused.

"You're a fool to throw away such a chance, Drina," her mother scoffed.

"His intentions are not honorable."

"It will be an easy matter to make the old idiot propose marriage."

"You would have me sell myself?"

"A millionaire has advantages. Money covers a multitude of sins. You think Blair Carson is more honorable. He isn't."

"Blair Carson is a gentleman."

"If fine clothes make one," Marie sneered. "Men are all alike."

Drina turned miserably away Was life really as her mother pictured it, tawdry and sordid? Blair's violets that morning and the little note asking her to dine with him that evening, had thrilled her strangely The note had been so fresh and boyish, so frankly admiring, yet restrained. He seemed such a good sort, so above anything dishonorable. And yet— Well, she was dining with him that night. She would see if he was playing with her

When Blair called for Drina that evening, his eyes told her how glad he was to see her again. He seemed pleased that she was wearing his violets. He would have been more so had he known that the Colonel's orchids had been given to the messenger girl who had brought his note.

They dined in the Orangerie of the Astor, its subdued lighting soothing Drina's jangled nerves.

"You're not well, Drina," he said gently, as they sat enjoying their coffee.

"Tired, that's all. I'm not used to the confinement of the shop."

"You're not happy Chuck it."

"I have always longed to teach or to write."

"Why not give up hats, then?" he asked.

"I have to live."

Blair was silent, his eyes intent upon her

Drina saw the love in them, and in that moment she knew she loved him, but the thought of her mother's dishonest methods and the fact that she had benefited by them, made her feel unworthy

"Drina, I love you," Blair said simply "Could you care for me a little?"

Involuntarily she stretched out her hand to him. Yet she knew that first she must pay back the money her mother had given her She must force her mother to run the business honestly Then she could look any man in the face. Her eyes dropped.

"Not yet, Blair," she said softly "I have a contract to finish first."

"I've never wanted anything in the world as I have wanted you, little girl."

"No, Blair Not yet. Later, perhaps. I'll make no promises though. Your sympathy is sweet to me."

"I'll make you love me yet," he whispered as he left her

Since their quarrel over Blair, an armed truce had existed between Drina and her mother Drina felt it could not last long, and yet her mother had outwardly never been so nice to her It puzzled her, making her restless. The truth was, Marie was playing for big stakes, and she was determined to win at all costs. The Colonel, finding Drina obdurate, had sought Marie's help, had even offered her a substantial sum of money if she could win the girl's consent to marry him.

When Drina came home one Monday evening, after a long day at the shop, she found her mother dressed to go out.

"That young Carson's a bounder as I told you," was Marie's greeting.

"We won't discuss that again, mother," Drina answered wearily

"We must. After all I'm your mother "

"What do you mean?" Drina queried sharply

"Blair was here this afternoon. I asked him his intentions toward you."

"Mother!"

"It was my duty to find out. It was as I thought. He means to win you for his mistress, if he can."

"I don't believe it. He said he loved me."

"He didn't ask you to marry him, did he? Besides, he is engaged already "

"How do you know?"

"Lambert told me. To Marian, the Colonel's daughter, so naturally there can't be any mistake."

Drina strove to hide her pain by looking out of the window

Marie's eyes glittered, but she said softly "I felt you must know Don't be

(*Continued on page 56*)

"I can't marry you, Blair."

TEA-HOUR WITH BESSIE BARRISCALE

By MARIE B. SCHRADER

DURING a recent visit to New York, Bessie Barriscale proved to be the most elusive of all the motion-picture stars who, comet-like, flash brilliantly across our skyscraper horizon, pause for a moment, then flash back to the Pacific Coast, where they alternately flutter in the rays of artificial light and golden sunshine until the Call of the East comes again and wirelesses the message "Now is the time—come before all the new models are gone!"

I knew that Miss Barriscale had arrived in town, but had been singularly exclusive for one unusually so gracious; no interviewer had been able to reach her

I wondered whether this could be because she was now a star at the head of her own company Many have had their heads turned by far less. But surely she was too sensible for that!

I determined to try my luck and call.

"This way, please," said a bellboy as he chaperoned me up-up in the elevator to the sitting-room of the Bessie Barriscale hotel suite located somewhere very near the clouds.

The dainty little star, looking as if she had just come from them, floated toward me in a mist of blue and pale gray Georgette over an underdress of palest violet, with a corsage bouquet of orchids.

I noted that she is as pretty off the screen as on, and that her hair is all her own. In the pictures, it is usually a tossing, straying mass of tantalizing gold. But for everyday inspection, it is arranged in a more disciplined fashion.

"I was sure you wouldn't be in," I said by way of beginning.

"I haven't been able to see anybody the whole week," she said, "and for the most absurd reason. Such a ridiculously old-fashioned one! I have been suffering from a dreadful toothache, the kind we all think we have only in our childhood, and my face was swollen beyond all imagination. I hated to look at myself in the mirror You should have seen me—I mean, I'm glad you didn't! It was a good thing, though, that it happened during my vacation, for work would have been impossible."

"I suppose you came to New York for some new gowns?" I ventured.

"Yes, I did—for my new picture, 'Josselyn's Wife.' But, please let's talk about something else. I am tired of looking and fitting and buying and all the other *ings*.

While wondering whether I should ask her if she preferred Dostoyevsky to Tolstoi or to give her opinion of De Bussy's musical radicalism, she clasped her hands together and her eyes shone with an inspiration.

"I know!" she exclaimed, "let's talk about my home and my husband!"

She smiled with one of those flash-back effects that carried me right with her to Los Angeles.

"I love my work," said Miss Barriscale, "and I love my home. All my life long I had thought about a little plot of ground somewhere, with some kind of a little house on it—a house that I could call my own, where I would not be worried with bell-boys, telephone calls and dining in restaurants, a place where I could do as I pleased, entertain my friends in a modest way and rest whenever I had an opportunity

"When I was playing stock engagements I began to save, but I have always been extravagant in my tastes and, after a while, I realized that it would take a long time to buy the little house, then I became discouraged and spent all the money I had saved.

"It was not until I began acting for motion pictures that I saw my dream realized."

"The little house?"

"Well, not exactly," said Miss Barriscale, with a laugh, as she produced a portfolio and selected a dozen or so pictures for my inspection.

"Why, it's a gorgeous place!" I exclaimed.

"Well, I wouldn't call it that, but it is attractive and so home-like. It was built exactly as we—Mr Hickman, my husband, and I—wanted it. I went over the architect's plans any number of times before deciding. Then I inspected the homes of my friends out in California and recalled interiors of palaces in the East, for every house built to order has something individual, something different from all the others.

"My experiences, too, in motion-pictures taught me much about houses; often scenes were taken in the luxurious homes of multi-millionaires who permitted us to invade their privacy for the fun of seeing their beautiful reception halls and dining-rooms on the screen. Naturally, these palaces were furnished in the most perfect taste by the most artistic decorators.

"At the time we occupied these palaces for a few hours, I would admire the furniture and draperies, the tones of the walls, unconsciously adjusting them to interiors for the home I hoped to have some day

"When the imaginary little house was growing into a real one with lots of rooms and baths, my husband and I walked through it and he said, 'But how are we going to furnish it?' I laughed, for I knew exactly where every chair and table would stand, just the color schemes I wanted, the style of furniture, the rugs.

"Every room is a joy to me, but the big living room is, of course, the most 'comfy' It is done in tones ranging from champagne color to light brown. There are divans upholstered in imported tapestry with a soft, flowered scroll pattern in pastel shades of pale green, rose and brown, and piles of silk and velvet pillows to harmonize. Big chairs with wings and without, some upholstered, and some antiques of hand-carved mahogany; a grand piano; lamps of various sizes with shades in champagne and rose. Flowers every where in tall vases, draperies of brown and rose velvet—and the loveliest Persian rugs.

Autographing photographs for admiring correspondents.

"The dining-room is quite attractive. The wainscoting and the furniture are of mahogany I take especial pride in my collections of silver and French china which, fortunately, were made to order in France before the war Each plate has my monogram in the center Sometimes, when serving tea in the afternoon, I look at those initials and think that I might never have been able to drink from a cup made especially for me if I had not gone into pictures.

"I think you would like my bedroom. It is done in pale gray and blue of a soft shade."

"I fancy that negligee would be very harmonious," I observed.

"Oh, yes, I chose the blue and gray with the room in mind," said Miss Barriscale. "The walls are gray, the furniture is in a delicate gray enamel with little garlands of blue and pink flowers on the head of the bed and the backs of the chairs. The Wilton rug is the same shade of gray, and

the window draperies of blue and gray Various little things such as boxes and vases are of blue and the effect is very artistic. My dressing-room is decorated in the same shades. I have a large room filled with gowns, hats, shoes, parasols and all the accessories of dress for screen work.

"There are spacious windows everywhere in my house, window-seats and big porches, here is a lovely lawn with all the flowers I could wish, and then there are the garage and the stable.

"When I am not busy with a picture, I spend all the time I can at home, pretending I have nothing in the world to do but be a good housekeeper I love to sew and to cook. Sometimes I surprise my Chinese cook by going out into the kitchen to make the salad and dessert, or some special dish cooked in a way he does not know—probably according to a recipe given me by some chef of one of the big hotels in New York. Oh, it's lots of fun keeping house!

"Then again, I spend whole afternoons in autographing photographs of myself which I send in response to requests from strangers who write such charming compliments. There is always something to do at home. And when there isn't, there is the car in which to take long drives over the most wonderful country in the United States, or there are my saddle horses. And I do love to ride! Or I can play golf or tennis or take long walks.

"As you can judge, I am a busy woman even when resting. But it is wonderful after a hard day at the studio to be able to say 'Home' to the chauffeur and realize that it really is our own home we are going to. My husband is my director, you know "

I asked Miss Barriscale whether having a husband as a director did not contribute to a certain relaxation in work.

"For instance, if you didn't feel like being at the studio promptly at nine o'clock wouldn't you say to yourself 'My husband will understand?' "

"Oh, no, not at all," said Miss Barriscale, "I should be all the more careful to be on time, for lateness would reflect on him as well as me. I have my own company now Naturally, my husband has an added interest in trying to make our pictures the most artistic and perfect as to detail and cast of any we have ever done. Having a husband as director has another advantage. In the quiet of our own home, we are apt to think of new things in connecton with the scenes we are to do, and we can talk them over and try them at home, whereas if my director were not right there, perhaps the next day I would not think of them. This method is helpful to both of us."

I asked Miss Barriscale if she had become acquainted with Mr Hickman through association in motion pictures, since so many stars have met their fate in that way

"Oh, no," she said with a laugh. "We first met during a rehearsal of a play to be given by the Bush Temple Stock Company in Chicago."

"And I suppose Mr Hickman was the handsome young leading man and that you played wonderful love scenes together?"

"Nothing like it," answered Miss Barriscale, shaking her golden head. "He was the villain—a real one. I loved him for his villainy

"It was not long before we were married. And then we decided that nothing should ever separate us in our work, for too often that results in a complete separation. It was very difficult for us at times, for managers as a rule do not like to have husband and wife in the same company We have never been separated either in the spoken drama or in motion pictures. Naturally, this has called for sacrifices on the part of both, but the results now prove to have been worth them.

"Mr Hickman and I remained some time with the Bush Temple Stock and then went to the Alcazar in San Francisco, joining the Belasco Stock Company in Los Angeles later

"It was while playing in Los Angeles that the motion picture first came into notice. I shall never forget how astonished we were one day when our stage director, Hobart Bosworth, announced that he had succumbed to the lure of the movies and was leaving us to become a director for motion pictures. He was the first director of note to take this step and did so because of tubercular trouble which made it necessary for him to be outdoors. Motion pictures saved his life.

"It was not long before I followed his example. Just before the Triangle was formed, when Thomas Ince was general manager of the New York Motion Picture Company, he made me a flattering offer to leave stock and join his force in Inceville, and that, of course, was a decisive moment in my career Previous to going with Mr Ince's forces, however, I had appeared in the picturization of 'The Rose of the Rancho,' the play by Richard Walton Tully in which I created the leading role when it was first produced in Los Angeles by the Belasco Stock Company It had been a great success and I had expected to come East to appear in it, but changed my plans.

"I shall always love the play and the picture of 'The Rose of the Rancho,' but recently, when I saw it on the screen again, I was horrified to find it very old-fashioned. Don't let any one tell you that there is no future for motion pictures, that they have gone as far as possible in development. Pictures are constantly changing for the better in every way—in the sub-titles, photography, stories, costumes, casts. It has been only a short time since photography made it possible for one man to play two men and for these two to meet face to face and chat with one another Wonderful! Even we children of the screen must exclaim over such ingenuity

"Please tell everybody," said Miss Barriscale, as I took my leave, "that I love the East and enjoy coming here. I am a New Yorker, you know, but my home, my husband and my work are out in Los Angeles, so I am leaving tomorrow morning."

Speaking of Miss Barriscale's newest production, "Josselyn's Wife," made from the justly popular book of that name by Kathleen Norris, reminds me that the first of the stills from this picture came to hand just as this article was going to press. It would not be boastful for Miss Barriscale —and her husband, too—to maintain that this is the finest picture she has ever made. Scrupulous care has been taken with the details, the story calls for some exquisite interiors and gives Miss Barriscale an opportunity to be both the sweet, unassuming little girl of plain people that she can be with such winning charm, and the gracious, delightfully dignified woman who can wear a beautiful gown like a princess, even as she can fittingly surround herself with the luxurious things of life which hard work and youthful persistency have won for her

Left:—Miss Barriscale having tea in her charming dining-room.
Right:—Bessie Barriscale and her director husband.

THREE MEN AND A GIRL

By MARK LARKIN

FOR a long time, yes, a very long time, there has been a condition of unrest in the motion-picture industry This state of commotion and incipient upheaval dates back farther than most of us realize. And had it not been for three men and a girl, conditions calculated to disturb the equilibrium of the whole picture business might have continued for an interminable length of time.

But somebody said that somebody had heard—in fact, somebody said it could be proved—that a foul plot was afoot on the part of the greatest producers and distributors in the business to merge their interests into one gigantic combine, thus making it possible to tell the stars with large bankrolls and compelling contracts where to head in, also, to tell exhibitors that in the future they would pay, under the proposed arrangement, considerably more for the pictures of these great artists, who in turn were to get less, much less, by way of compensation, for their artistic efforts.

All the large producing and releasing companies were said to be involved in this new agreement, which meant that the greatest producers in the country were at the bottom of the proposed scheme.

But before definite action could be taken, before the moguls could crystallize their plans, a most unexpected thing happened. So sudden was the movement, so startling in its nature, that the entire industry was set agog. Without the slightest warning, three men and a girl, all very resolute in purpose, walked deliberately into the scene and ruined all the film the magnates had shot. The three intruding gentlemen were Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and D. W Griffith, and the girl was none other than that industrial Joan of Arc, Mary Pickford.

Imagine the consternation this caused! While the heads of the big companies were preparing to play Ring-Around-the-Rosy with the picture business, the four biggest stars in that very business announced with an abruptness characteristic of emotional people, that upon the expiration of their existing contracts they would refuse to sign other contracts with any of the companies.

Now it so happened that all of the great lights of the industry were in Los Angeles at this time, and all of these people immediately sent out S. O. S. calls to the press, denying that any merger or combination was contemplated and that the great artists were acting with too much haste, and would be likely to regret it very much indeed.

Notwithstanding, the attitude taken by the stars was that they were entirely on the defensive, and that if the worst became still worse, the producers might perchance find themselves with a fine little trust on hand and not a star of the first magnitude whose pictures they could sell.

In the beginning, William S. Hart planned to enter this revolutionary organization with the other big people, but at the last moment, owing to the fact that he did not want to pledge himself to make nine pictures during the three years which will follow the expiration of his present contract, he decided it would not be advisable to become a member of this federal league in pictures.

The members of the United Artists' Corporation.

Besides agreeing not to sign with any company after existing contracts have expired, the Three Men and the Girl also stipulated that they would form a little releasing company all their own, to be used as a medium through which each could place, separate and independent of the other, his and her pictures with the exhibitor

Telegrams were rushed to legal advisers in New York, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, Dennis O'Brien, representing Miss Pickford, and Albert H. T Banzhaf, representing Mr Griffith, had come out of the East and gone into conference in the City of Angels. The result of this foregathering of legal representatives was the formation, after due deliberation and converse, of the United Artists' Corporation, a protective and co-operative company in which the Big Four were sole stockholders.

"The U A. C. is purely a co-operative institution," said Miss Pickford, at whose house many of the meetings of the interested artists were held before the final organization was effected. "Its purpose is to eliminate for all time any possibility of the industry being strangled by means of a league of producers or distributors. Under the arrangements provided by the corporation, which we have recently formed, every star must stand absolutely on his own feet. His pictures must be of the highest standard possible, because upon their merit depends his success. However, no means of marketing productions could be fairer than the method the United Artists propose to pursue Exhibitors will be given the opportunity to purchase the work of each star at a price which will enable them to make a fair and just profit, and the need for taking an entire program for the sake of obtaining the films of one star will be entirely eliminated."

Each member of the United Artists' Corporation will finance his own pictures, assuming entire responsibility for production, and agreeing to release, each independent of the other, through the U A. C. over a period of three years.

Under the new arrangement, each star plans to make only three productions in the course of a year This will give ample opportunity to gain the highest possible quality in every picture. More pains will be taken in the selection of stories, and there will be no need to hurry production if it should happen that one of the Big-Four suffers a siege of sickness, there would be no mad rush upon recovery to fulfil the obligations of a contract, if a certain leading man were wanted, but was not available until he finished some picture in which he happened to be working, it would be possible, under the new scheme of things, to wait until his services could be had instead of substituting a player less suited to the part. No more ideal condi-

(*Continued on page 58*)

THE MONEY CORRAL

By
PAUL HUBERT CONLON

RIDE 'em, cowboy!" This enthusiastic slogan, imperatively proclaimed from a huge banner hung across the street of a small Western town, was the keynote of Frontier Week at Fraley Point, Montana. It was the annual holiday event for the hundreds of people who jammed the main street and flowed towards the main entrance of the fairgrounds.

Impressive, dignified Indians riding like centaurs on gaily decorated ponies, gentlemen gamblers in frock coats and black Stetson hats, roughly garbed miners and prospectors fresh from the mountain claims, settlers of the soil with their large families in tow, occasional tenderfeet from the effete East, lithe and graceful cowgirls, and the cream of the cowpuncher race hailing from every part of the great West—all were on holiday bent.

Husky barkers called their attention to the mysterious charms of the lady snake charmer, the tattooed man, the fat boy and girl, the midget, the mighty strong man and others of their ilk who have comprised the sideshow since time immemorial. Leather-lunged venders wrought a veritable harvest of nickels and dimes with peanuts and popcorn, pink lemonade, hot dogs and pie, for the hungry crowds. But these were only passing events. Everybody in the vast throng was there for one purpose—to witness the contests.

Famous records were to be broken that day when the champion bronco busters, steer bulldoggers, fancy ropers, trick riders and six-gun men competed for the prizes.

Round-up time at the Harding ranch had found Lem Beeson owning little and caring less. He had one very good reason for manifesting interest in the Frontier Week at Fraley Point, many miles away. His father, Sheriff Beeson, had long held the six-shooter championship of the world, and from the rumor Lem feared that this valued record was liable to fall before the attacks of determined dead-shots. Therefore, when the range boss refused to grant Lem permission to absent himself, the carefree puncher decided that he could punch cows any time but that a shootin' match came once in a life-time. It was a long, hard ride before Lem and his faithful pony dashed into Fraley Point scattering people right and left, and he arrived just in time, for a lone cowboy friend had been having a difficult time in persuading the officials of the shooting contest to let his entry stand. And—Sheriff Beeson's record of 1890 had been broken. With this incentive to win, Lem took his place immediately in the arena.

Among the excited, cheering mob in the grandstands were strangers who looked upon this little drama of Western life with mingled amusement and interest. And by far the most interested of the lot was Gregory Collins, president of the railroad that gave Fraley Point a place on the map, and possessor of a family of one daughter, Janet, whose condescending tolerance of the Westerners reflected the environment that moulded her.

The poor cowpuncher prayed earnestly for his escape.

With his father's gun and for his father's championship, Lem Beeson grimly set to work, while the crowd looked on skeptically. Until the last shot, the other contestant was the winner, but Lem's final bullet hit squarely in the target—and he had won the six-gun championship of the world.

After an enthusiastic, mad crowd had overwhelmed him with praise and congratulations, Lem was presented to the railroad president and his party. Gregory Collins evinced an unusual interest in the stalwart, sure-shooting Westerner for a peculiar reason. In his pocket he carried a recent telegram from Chicago informing him that there had been another attempt to loot his private vaults which resulted in the night watchman being killed.

With the dawn of the idea, Collins immediately offered Lem "an excellent position in Chicago—a job that would pay very well." But Lem, embarrassed, refused the offer, much to the surprise of Collins and the indignation of his party. Janet, particularly, would liked to have had him come along, for as she put it, "he would be such fun."

After a mad pilgrimage from bar to bar, Lem grew tired of celebrating his victory with the hilarious cowpunchers. He made his escape, only to meet an adventure on the street that completely changed his future. Destiny directed a short-legged, elongated Pekinese dog to escape the Collins' private car and to dash across the street into immediate danger of destruction under the feet of horses. Pursuing the dog, came a girl. Lem happened to be Johnny-on-the-spot and rescued the dog, which was a brand-new animal to him.

"Dog, somethin' powerful heavy must have fell on you in your youth to flatten you down like that," said Lem.

"Thank you, sir, for catching him," spoke a sweet voice, suppressing laughter at the cowboy's opinion of a pedigreed Pekinese. Lem turned to meet a girl of the wholesome type, beautiful, yet one who presented an impression of stability and quality. It was Rose, a poor relation from Vermont, tolerated by the hospitality of the Collins family. The cowpuncher found this girl something new in the feminine line and very pleasant to look at, but he found that she had thanked him and was making her way back to the train before he could recover his wits.

The meeting with Rose soon changed Lem's mind about going to Chicago, and he was poised, so to speak, between a nine o'clock train and a wide open town. All efforts of the cowpunchers to win him back to the celebration failed. Indecision held Lem back until the train started, and then he acted on impulse. He just managed to swing on the last coach as it pulled out. Collins greeted him very cordially when he learned that Lem had decided to accept the job. And all that night in a narrow berth the cowpuncher dreamed of bucking broncos and fancy riding, and shooting matches.

At the Collins Trust Company in Chicago, Carl Bruler was a rising business genius in the employ and confidence of the railroad president. He was a quick thinker and a quick talker, a type inevitably found at the right hand of governors and captains of industry. Upon the return of Collins he informed the latter that the opposing interests were back of the attacks on the vaults. If the Northway

THE CAST

Written from the Artcraft Photo-Play

LEM BEESON	*William S. Hart*
CARL BRULER	*Herschel Mayall*
GREGORY COLLINS	*Winter Hall*
ROSE	*Jane Novak*
JANET	*Rhea Mitchell*
CHICAGO KATE	*Patricia Palmer*
CHAPERON	*Mollie McConnel*

crowd succeeded in winning the board meeting, the whole stock exchange would swing in with them and wreck the Collins Company However, Collins was a fighter, and he confided to Bruler that he had employed a man as night watchman whom the crooks would find a very interesting adversary

"Bruler, this is Beeson," introduced Collins. "He is going to take the night shift here."

When the two men faced each other it was peculiarly like the measuring of forces. Both were men and leaders of men, but drawn from the opposite poles of society's world. It was explained carefully to the cowpuncher that two watchmen had been killed in cold blood by the desperate men who were attempting to loot the vaults of the proxies that would control the coming stock battle. Collins offered Lem an assistant, but the puncher replied "If you don't object, I'd a heap rather ride night herd on this here money corral alone."

His first night on duty was exceedingly eventful. When he punched the time clock he discovered a small folded paper which read: "If you are in this building the night of June 16, you will be shot."

There were eight clocks in the building and in each one Lem found this warning. This job promised to be a pleasure for the excitement-loving Westerner Fear wasn't in his make-up, but the strangeness of the new game he was playing had him puzzled.

In a bedroom of the Collins' home the financier watched with pleasure the working of his anti-theft system that showed the night watchman was on the job. A small numbered dial showed him when each clock was punched, another when the vault door was opened, and still another for the outside door and windows. Numerous bells and buzzers completed the layout.

After the first night's vigil Lem reported at the office of the company Quietly dropping the cards on Bruler's desk, the cowpuncher said "Somebody pinned these here around my trail last night"

Bruler, convinced the Westerner had weakened, said "I suppose you are showing these to explain why you are quitting?"

A faint smile edged the seriousness of Lem's face.

"No, I ain't figurin' to quit, but if I have to shoot anybody, they'll explain that."

The answer distinctly surprised Bruler, who didn't seem to be able thoroughly to adjust Lem's attitude of calm, easy indifference. When Collins arrived, Bruler confided to him secretly that he had a clue of the origin of the threatening notes Lem had received. Intimating that he did not have a very high opinion of the Westerner's nerve, Bruler insisted that Lem be instructed to carry out his orders. Collins protested. "Nerve?" he said. "Why that man would fight a locomotive with a pitchfork. But, call him in and see what he thinks about it." Lem's nonchalant acceptance of the unknown mission pleased Collins immensely, while Bruler merely ordered him to come back in an hour for his instructions. A subtle feeling warned Lem that he should not trust Bruler, but he had to follow orders.

And, if the cowpuncher could have listened to Bruler's conversation over the telephone with a certain notorious crook at an underworld cafe, he would have been justified in his suspicions. Big George, possessor of an uncanny ability to keep out of jail, heard his instructions to get the cowpuncher for keeps, and then confided the news of the big money job to the cafe proprietor

"It's another job from up town, but we don't have to bust in on no bank to get this bird. They're sendin' him down here."

The girl appealed to the Westerner for help.

The proprietor counseled caution, as Big George had too many killings to his credit.

"Don't worry," said the latter, "that bunch up town could get you clear if you bumped somebody off in the police station."

The trap was laid for the unsuspecting victim.

That night a stranger prospector in the city's bad lands arrived at the destination named in his instructions. When he entered the cafe he was spotted immediately by the gangsters. The appearance of the Westerner caused much amusement.

"This is a cinch," confided Big George to the proprietor "I guess nobody will miss him much."

The cowpuncher made inquiries of a colored waiter concerning the imaginary man he sought, and the waiter assured him that he was expected at any moment. Without suspicion Lem waited.

Then began the execution of a frame-up. Two colored men quietly exited from the cafe, going upstairs to the street. Nearby Lem, a crook and his girl had started an argument at a table. The argument culminated in a fight, the crook hit the girl in the face, and the cowpuncher instantly sprang from his chair to interfere, thereby stepping blindly into the trap. Despite a terrific manhandling, the crook managed to lift Lem's watch. When the girl appealed to Lem for further protection the gullible Westerner fell for the crook's assertions that he would kill her when Lem had departed. So, Lem escorted the girl upstairs to the street, where in a side door the colored men, ready for action, waited their prey At the door Lem missed his watch, but he didn't allow the girl to know his suspicions. In the side street the girl feigned faintness, and as Lem carried her upstairs to where her room was supposed to be, she very cleverly lifted his six-shooter from his waistband. Just as they reached the top of the stairs the girl suddenly awoke and threw the gun over the railing. The two colored men hurled themselves on their victim, and the girl rushed back down the stairs. Out of the tangle of flying arms and legs came one negro through the air, to fall inert and motionless at the girl's feet. Realizing that somehow their evil plans had miscarried, the girl rushed back into the cafe to warn the conspirators. In the meantime, the other negro was thrown over a railing to the street below The railing gave way and Lem followed the negro to the ground. He landed on top. When he recovered, the sight of his gun lying nearby relieved the dizzy feeling in his head.

Big George acted quickly in the cafe, preparing a hot reception. But the Westerner had learned enough of the methods of these crooks to be cautious. In the side street he peered through a window, sighting the trap. It was time, he thought, to square accounts.

An empty beer barrel brought inspiration. He rolled the barrel down the front entrance into the cafe, and as the crooks rushed forward to attack, completely fooled by this strange move, Lem came through a back window with a crash. The habitues of the cafe whirled to hear these words "I came back for my watch."

His six-shooter swept the crowd. Instantly Big George fired, but as the smoke cleared, his automatic lay on the floor and a red furrow across the back of his hand convinced the wrathful crook of his folly Holding the entire room of people at bay, Lem recovered his time-piece just as the police broke through the crowd. After disarming everybody, including Lem, the officers arrested the belligerents. Realizing that it meant a night in jail, Lem said the best thing under the circumstances

Lem emerged, dragging Bruler.

"I'm workin' for Mr Gregory Collins of the Collins Trust Company Hadn't you oughta let him know where you're takin' me?"

When the sergeant called Collins on the phone, at the other end of the line, Bruler, listening for his employer's answer, could hardly conceal his satisfaction. But this changed quickly to pained surprise when Collins smilingly informed him that Lem had just about cleaned up the Chicago underworld. In a half-hour the sergeant and Lem arrived, Collins explained the affair and the Westerner was released, not before the admiring policeman had offered to get Lem a job on the force.

Janet Collins was the hostess to what had promised to be the biggest social affair of the season that very night, and when Lem Beeson arrived at the Collins' mansion the guests had exhausted the possibilities of dancing and wine. In short, there was very great danger of complete boredom unless Janet could manage to startle her blase guests with a new sensation.

Rose, the poor relation, had been an accidental witness of the little drama in which Lem was the central figure. Thinking to aid him, she rushed in after his release to learn the cause of the trouble. Their second meeting was as mutually embarrassing as the first. However, Lem convinced her that the policeman was just a friend.

Desperate in the hope of bolstering up the waning spirits of her party, Janet appealed to her father and Bruler, but they were too immersed in business worries to respond. In the hallway she came upon Rose and Lem in deep conversation. Inspiration seized her Here was a real live cowboy from the West. Before the astonished Lem could remonstrate, Janet had towed him into the crowded ballroom.

"Mr. Lem Beeson, of Montana," announced the pompous butler

A glittering ensemble of men and women in evening dress stopped dancing and chattering to stare at this new species. As for poor Lem, he was stunned, speechless and overwhelmingly embarrassed. He would have rather faced a cattle stampede than this crowd of people who advanced to meet him with such deadly, studied manners.

One onlooker, Rose, was indignant at the rank injustice of ridiculing such a man. But Janet was enjoying herself hugely in her new sensation. As the torturers insisted upon hearing their victim recount his experiences, the poor cowpuncher prayed desperately for something to happen so that he could escape. His prayer was answered.

Rose turned the lights out, and through the nearest window the Westerner leaped, landing in the shrubbery, where he hid.

"You—you turned those lights out," shrilled the angry Janet, and Rose quietly admitted her guilt. No longer was Rose the tolerated poor relation. In splendid defiance, she answered "It was cruel of you to parade that man for a lot of idiotic fops to laugh at."

Beside herself in anger, Janet upbraided Rose fiercely, taunting her with her helpless dependence.

The rebellion which had been kindling in Rose's heart broke into flame. She had endured enough. So, a few minutes later, when Lem was slipping from bush to bush attempting to escape unnoticed, he came face to face unexpectedly with a runaway girl. After two years of snubbed and fettered existence, Rose had reached the breaking point, and when Lem sympathized, the flood gates opened to woman's tears.

"I'm goin' back where there's mountains and valleys and mesas," vowed the Westerner "I'm goin' back where a man in boots ain't a curiosity I'm goin' home."

"Home—" said Rose, bitterly, "I wish I had a home."

As they faced each other, world and everything else forgotten, they were very, very near a confession of love. But Janet found them, to tell Lem that her father wished to see him at once. In the presence of his employer, Lem quit his job, much to Bruler's obvious satisfaction. To Collins the man said "I told you he would lose his nerve. Tomorrow is June 16."

At the office the next morning Lem, who had called for his pay, saw Collins hand his assistant the proxies—the stock with which he would triumph the next day—and he watched Bruler put them in the vaults.

That night a new watchman was on the job. As he made his first round, a blow from an unseen hand eliminated him. A

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When Rose said "Yes."

WANDA HAWLEY AND THE FABLED FIELDS OF ARCADY

By ROGER STARBUCK

"I'M afraid," remarked Wanda Hawley, curling up comfortably upon a chaise longue, "that people will begin to think I'm queer or something if I confess to any more hobbies."

I had come out to the studio to chat with the dainty actress who is to appear shortly in an important role in the big, new production, "For Better, For Worse," and found her, after a series of rather exacting scenes, wherein she had wept copiously, seated, as I had observed, on the comfortable chaise, with a cloak thrown over her becoming and modish gown.

"Just what do you mean?" I asked. Her remark had been in response to a request that she tell me something unusual about herself or her private views on things in general.

"Why," she returned, "you see, I confessed recently that I was a lover of Omar and that his ideas were almost a religion to me—certain parts of them, at least. I daringly essayed some verses on the order of the 'Rubaiyat' relating to the pictures. Now if I tell you about another fad of mine, well, I don't know what my friends will think."

"Don't be afraid of that," I laughed, "I'll vouch for their opinions."

"How can you?"

"Well, anyway, what harm is there in having a few idiosyncrasies?"

"None that I know of, well, I'm crazy about mythology"

"Indeed? That's a laudable enough hobby, I should say I'm afraid I don't know very much about it—you see, my student days are quite aways behind."

Miss Hawley laughed. "I didn't learn much about it at school, either, but like most young people I went through the 'Classic Myths' and one thing or another But I learned to love the fabled characters and places through later reading. Bulfinch has been my constant companion, along with old Omar, Murray's 'Manual of Mythology' has an honored place on my bookshelves.

"But what I like to do is to invest these people with real human traits. Which is rather silly, I suppose, for they were not human beings at all."

"But they were the conceptions of human beings," I remarked, "so their attributes were pretty likely to be the same. All the gods of mythology were anthropomorphic."

"That sounds terrible," she commented, "but I suppose it is true. Funny how poor little mortals like to make gods to suit their own ideas and then pretend to worship them. Even if they don't pretend, they are really only worshipping magnified views of themselves. But what I liked most were the woodland deities and the creatures who were a little greater than men but less than the gods, such as nymphs, dryads, oreads, auloniads, oceanids, and so on."

I gasped "My gracious, you have all those names at your fingertips, haven't you?"

"Well, I used to dream over them a lot. Did you ever hear, for example, the legend of the dryads?"

"I don't know—exactly—"

"Why, it seems that the dryads were the souls of the oak trees and were shut up inside their trunks. Every thousand years they had a brief hour of freedom from their prisons and came out to dance in the moonlight. If in that time they should chance to meet and—be kissed—by a mortal man, they became mortal in turn and could never go back to the oak trees. Isn't that pretty?"

"Very," I murmured. I could not help

Wanda Hawley.

thinking that Miss Hawley, with her fresh, fair beauty might well have been one of those transposed nymphs, come to share mortal life as the result of a chance meeting beneath the moon on some May night under the greenwood tree.

"Pan, too," she went on almost dreamily, "Pan, the god who watched over the pasture-fields, the herds and the herdsmen. Possibly it is because I love the great outdoors, the woodlands, the hills and the dales so much that I can find a strong chord of sympathy with that spirit of woods and fields. Sometimes, when I'm wandering about in our own hills and mountains here, just back of Hollywood, I fancy I hear Pan piping in the distance—but of course it is only a mocking bird. That reminds me of another pretty little legend You know the pipes that Pan plays upon are called 'Syrinx' It seems that a coy little nymph of that name, whom Pan loved and courted—and they tell me Pan was rather an adept at this sort of thing—was turned into a reed. Pan cut it and made it into an instrument whose notes, when played by him, were so sweet that he had the nerve to challenge Apollo to a competition. There's a lot more—are you interested?"

"Of course," I said.

"Well, then, Midas was chosen judge. You remember him—the chap whose touch turned everything into gold? Well, as I say, Midas was appointed to the bench. He rather favored Pan—maybe he was a grafter, who can say? Anyhow, he awarded the prize to the woodland deity Imagine! Apollo could play like a—a dream. He got so angry when he heard the decision that he caused Midas's ears to grow long just like a donkey's. Wouldn't that be a wonderful punishment for the many persons who act like—donkeys, nowadays? Make the punishment fit the crime. Remember the Mikado—

"My object all sublime, I will achieve in time,
To make the punishment fit the crime,
the punishment fit the crime.
To make each prisoner pent, unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment, of innocent merriment!

"And then they'd boil the poor thing in oil or something. Don't you love the old operas? I have only heard a few They began to go out about the time I came into existence. But I love them just the same. Where was I? Oh, about the people of Arcady Well, you see how it is with me. I just love to ramble on—as I love to ramble through the hills—getting no place in particular, but having heaps of fun. And as for Arcady—well, it lies just over yonder, do you see? Really, it's wherever you choose to locate it in your own heart, and beware, satyrs peep from behind every hedge, and nymphs watch you curiously from every tree-trunk, beware, I say, lest you trample upon the asphodel."

It is somewhat unique to find a motion-picture star who can talk in this wise. The lights of Broadway and the flatteries of audiences, the glitter of the artificial existence that depends for its color and sparkle on the electrical currents that keep alive restaurants, cafes and theatres, are scarcely calculated to inspire the mind or fire the imagination with visions of green woods and fairies and imps who reside in lovely flowers. The music and lights of the latest musical comedy, the newest freak of ragtime—these are the things of the senses that are so universally adored and enjoyed by the average theatrical maiden. But if one looks a little more closely here and there, one has a revelation—glitter and gilt and lights and frivolous music cannot eternally fascinate, and that deep-down, innermost longing for the freedom of sweet-smelling open spaces is bound now and again to stir the latent poet that lies in every heart to an active desire to know the thrill of Nature's most winning moods.

INTRODUCING MARION DAVIES

By WARREN WOODRUFF LEWIS

BACK in what theatrical people call the "old days"—about a year and a half ago, or perhaps two years at the most—a little golden-haired girl, third one from the right in the first row, danced her way into the hearts of Zeigfeld Follies patrons, and when the performance was over, these same patrons went away talking about the delightful freshness and beauty of the new "pippin" in Flo Zeigfeld's chorus. But "pippin" from a safe distance was the nearest these first-nighters and regulars ever got. Stage-door frequenters left their flowers and departed silently into the night, and when the last light in the theatre was out, little Marion gathered her skirts about her and raced through the narrow stage-door entrance to take a surface car for home. And home? Ah, nobody ever knew, and they don't know yet. That's one of the deep, dark secrets of Miss Davies's early theatrical life. You see, it was a case of a run-a-way, and while her parents, out in their quiet Long Island home, wondered where their "wandering daughter" was that night, the wandering daughter was producing the material for the first pages of Marion Davies's history

After the Follies' "first night" came the "second night" and the third and the fourth and the fifth, and so on for a whole season. And every night the fame of the little golden-haired girl increased. People began to talk, and when people begin to talk in New York, it means something. You can talk all day in Oskosh or South Norwalk and nobody ever hears you, or ever hears anything about you—at least never anything good—but start talking in New York and you've started something you can't stop. It's the same way when people start talking about you. If you are a member of a chorus, and the talk they are handing out is about your beauty, it's a safe bet that before the season closes at least one or more of New York's eagle-eyed theatrical managers will have their cagle eye fastened upon you. And so it happened with Marion Davies. The season had hardly closed for the "Follies" when there was ushered in a new season for another type of musical comedy The managers were looking for beauties, and one of them said "What's the matter with that Marion Davies girl that made such a hit in Flo Zeigfeld's chorus this summer?" or something to that effect. Theatrical managers are always careless of their English.

Well, in the end, one of the managers sent for Marion, and the next day she took her place among the principals in that justly famous and never-to-be-forgotten musical comedy at the Princess Theatre, "Oh, Boy" And Oh, Boy! it was some show, and the girls were some girls. The lyrics were good, the music was even better, and before the first week had passed on the new production, people from Maine to Los Angeles were talking about it, and about a certain girl whose nimble feet and dancing eyes had hard work keeping time with each other

Yes, the girl was Marion Davies. She outshone all the others, although there were two or three who were celebrated beauties in their own right. Her parents had long since ceased their objections to "play acting," and Marion was taking leaps and bounds along the glittering road to fame.

"Oh, Boy" ran through a whole season without a hitch, even through those memorable months of July and August when the pavement in New York was hot enough to fry griddle cakes on, and it wouldn't be fair not to credit Marion Davies for at least a part of the success "Oh, Boy" achieved. Then came another season for one of the cleverest little musical comedies New York ever saw, but there were greater things ahead for Miss Davies than charming the patrons of a professional beauty show

About this time Flo Zeigfeld and Charles Dillingham launched "The Century Girl" at the Century Theatre, and who should be selected to play the "century girl but Marion herself. With this production for her first starring vehicle, Marion Davies rose to greater heights than she had ever dreamed of attaining. "Miss 1917," another Century Theatre hit, followed "The Century Girl," and again Miss Davies was seen in the title role. Every week added new laurels to her already overburdened crown, but there was still something else for which she longed. Somewhere, 'way down in her innermost self, the "movies" were calling. At first it was just a quiet little voice, but gradually it became louder and more insistent, until at last there was nothing else to do but abandon musical comedy and obey the impulse.

As a matter of fact, to star in moving pictures had always been her one ambition, and musical comedy, in a sense, was only a means to an end. But to become a real motion-picture star is difficult work. Managers smile and say soft words that mean nothing, and immediately the office door is closed on the prospective star the interview is forgotten. But once a girl gets to be a famous musical comedy star, things are different. Managers are more apt to listen, and even the office boys become attentive.

So after the first few attempts, Miss Davies became resigned to the fate of musical comedy, and it was not until her fame in Zeigfeld's Follies, "Oh, Boy," "The Century Girl" and "Miss 1917" spread from coast to coast, that she mentioned the "movies" again. And this time she met with a different reception. Offers from a dozen managers poured in on her, but she scorned them all and organized, instead, the Marion Davies Film Company

That was less than a year ago, and today Marion Davies is one of the best-known moving-picture stars in the world. Her first picture was "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," and long before this production was finished, her name was written in blazing electric letters on Broadway, but all this fame served not in the least to turn the head of the girl whose rise to stardom had been almost over night. From a public viewpoint, "Cecilia of the Pink Roses" was

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Left:—Miss Davies at home in her own car.
Right:—On Long Island is a beautiful garden where again Marion Davies is at home.

STAGE SCENES AND PERSONALITIES

Stray Bits from Popular Plays

FAY MARBE
Who is dancing her way into the hearts of the public in the Victor Herbert musical piece, "The Velvet Lady."

NOT A FAMILY GROUP
But a flashlight of William Gillette and the ladies of his company in "Dear Brutus," the new Barrie play. From left to right they are: Elisabeth Risdon, Myrtle Tannehill, Hilda Spong, Helen Hayes, Violet Kemble Cooper and Marie Wainwright.

"Dear Brutus" is one of Sir James Barrie's half fairy plays that tug at the heartstrings and bring laughter to the lips at the same time. Helen Hayes is one of the most delightful little girl characters seen on the stage in a long time.

From "Lombardi, Ltd."
Leo Carillo, in the centre, is the Italian genius. As his model, Grace Valentine contrives to create no small amount of laughter.

A Tea-Party from "The Marquis di Priola"
Orlando Daly, Leo Ditrichstein and Brandon Tynan are the three men at the table. This is Ditrichstein's latest vehicle, a clever social comedy.

The New York theatrical season has been notable for its numerous long runs. Victor Herbert's "The Velvet Lady" is still one of the favorite musical plays, probably because of the touch of genuine comedy derived from the original stage piece on which it is based. More serious drama is having an unusual vogue —there are deeper strains in "Dear Brutus" and "The Marquis di Priola," while "The Tiger Rose" is beginning on return engagements.

A Masquerade from "Little Simplicity," one of the cleverest musical pieces of the season, with many fine and elaborate features.

GEORGIE O'RAMEY
The real star in "The Velvet Lady," who gets all the laughs of the play.

Leo Ditrichstein and Leo Carillo are very different in type, but both have the quality of lifting even an ordinary play to the plane of being real art. Mr. Ditrichstein followed his "Marquis di Priola" with "A Matinee Idol," another new kind of comedy.

William Hodge and His "Curables"
From the delightful comedy, Mr. Hodge's latest vehicle, "A Cure for Curables."

LENORE ULRICH
The soulful star of Belasco's splendid production "The Tiger Rose"

Olive Thomas

Olive Thomas is the type of girl who must always live up to the best in herself. She has an innate dignity that precludes the possibility of her ever being hoydenish or vulgarly daring. Gifted with a superb if not robust figure, possessing features that are Greek in their clear outline and give the impression of a piece of classic art to her face in repose, Miss Thomas has also the finely poised manner of a woman of potential strength of character, added to an ability to suggest a reserve force and a reserve sweetness that make people at once respect and love her.

In the career of star for a special new productive agency, Miss Thomas is to have all the advantages that expensive surroundings and beautiful clothes can give her. Cosmo Hamilton has been selected as the ideal author for writing her stories, and "Upstairs and Downstairs" was the first story chosen for the pictures under the new enterprise.

The fact that Constance Talmadge has almost made the work of Cosmo Hamilton her particular own, will put Miss Thomas on her mettle to equal and perhaps outdo charming Constance in similar vehicles. The results will be interesting, to say the least, since the two women are of different types physically and, we believe, mentally as well.

Very recently Miss Thomas has been seen in a picture by W. Carey Wunderly, "The Follies Girl."

IN THE WORLD OF PHOTO PLAYS

MOTION PICTURES AND THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

RECONSTRUCTION is the password in the world of Progress today. Whether it be in industry art, literature, or social development, the problems of reconstruction stand uppermost in the minds and hearts of men, and call for patience, diligent effort and a sane reasonableness in handling and solving.

Amusements, like everything else, are involved in the changes that the processes of reconstruction are bound to bring, and in no line of amusement is this more apparent than in the photo-play.

Time was when the photo-play was the unfortunate offspring of a mismated second-rate art and a selfish financial ambition. The sign of the dollar mark so plainly set upon it, warned away the finer intellect and the more fertile mentality that might have nourished it. But something in it won the hearts of the people, and the popular demand to stand its sponsor has gradually turned the prejudice of the higher grade artist into sympathy and an inspiration to help in the fostering of the now well-grown and healthy, robust child.

When the war began, the motion-picture industry was rapidly approaching its zenith. Combined money and art had made it a thing of elaboration and embellishment. And the dollar mark was showing itself with greater than ever prominence. Extravagance of sets, a riotous gorgeousness of gowns, were being made the coverings for meagre and inconsequent stories, and men and women who took their other work in life seriously were doing picture stuff often enough as a purse-filler rather than because they found in the occupation any fresh incentive to the development of their art.

The war placed the motion picture on a different basis entirely. Without pictures war conditions would have been unendurable to millions of people; without pictures Liberty Loan Drives, Government propaganda, and even the means to convey the actual news of the war to the people at large, would have suffered a terrible loss. In those many thousands of smaller houses, scattered over the land, where day after day, and night after night, crowds of men and women and children of all ages, of all degrees of education and wealth, of every sort and kind, from the highest to the lowest, gather the pictures showed what the armies abroad were doing; what the Government was doing; they exposed German brutality and they revealed Allied heroism; they gave relief from strain in their comedies, and comfort in their pictures that idealized life, and even war, and they furnished diversion in a day when hearts were numb with sorrow, and an underlying fear that things might be much worse than they appeared to be was gnawing at the vitals of all.

That was what the pictures did, and they proved to the world that they had come to stay, and that they would grow bigger and more important in the life of the community with each year

The war is over and reconstruction has begun. The pictures are facing problems, along with many other things. What is the greatest need in the photo-play of today? The story—anyone can answer the question; anyone who will. The time has gone by for the Wild West stunt and the poor working-girl melodrama. The people have seen the truth in the motion-picture play; they will demand to go on seeing it. Life as it is and as it may be, in all its potentialities for love and passion, for an increase in the growth of justice, for greater effort in the adjustments of the relationship between high and low, rich and poor, cultivated and uncultivated; for the propagation of a greater and a safer Democracy—all this they will demand to see. The war has given the world a new ideal; the pictures, which did so much to help win the war, must help as well to win through to a realization of this ideal.

It means that the men and women who write the stories that are to be produced in pictures must give their best and most serious art to the work; it means that the men who buy the stories for pictures must set aside the thought that pretty scenery will compensate for lack of a good story, and so will be prepared to buy the best that can be obtained in any market; it will mean that the men and women who act in the pictures must give to the development of their art the highest that is in them, and it means that the public must become its own strictest censors of motion-picture production—it must refuse the sham and demand the real in the way of both art and effort.

No longer a theatrical sideshow, the photo-play must become the wholesome and inspiring recreation of the intelligent, the education of the less intelligent, and of those whose opportunities for education have been limited, and the vehicle for the expression of the emotions and ideas of those to whom Nature has given the gift of self-expression, whether by means of the pen, the voice, the adequate gesture, or the three used together, to reveal life to others not gifted with any such power

PICTURES WITHOUT STARS

Lately the question has been agitated of pictures without stars. And it has been demonstrated more than a few times that very splendid pictures are made minus stars, or with an aggregation of stars working together Griffith proved this with his earlier productions; DeMille is proving it with such pictures as "Don't Change Your Husband" and "For Better, For Worse."

It seems to us that it would pay some of the big studios to go in for moving picture "stock." Take a team like Wallace Reid, Ann Little and Raymond Hatton, with a few more, and make use of them for big feature pictures. Try them in drama of a different type from "The Firefly of France" or "The Man from Funeral Range." Work them up in a production of Shakespearean origin—Shakespeare has been neglected on the screen; he was borrowed from when Theda Bara played Cleopatra, but Faversham the greatest Anthony on the stage today, goes into the pictures and they star him in "The Silver King." Why not in "Julius Caesar?" There's an idea for a progressive producer We have had "Arabian Nights Tales" and stories from the Brothers Grimm; let's try a little more Shakespeare—not in big doses, but now and then; and, too, let's have plenty of team work, if only that a few stars won't suffer too long from unwarranted pride in, and satisfaction with, themselves.

FOUR EXOTIC TYPES OF PHOTO-PLAYER

SYLVIA BREAMER
Star in the big war film, "The Common Cause."

In a super-production that is perhaps one of the greatest war pictures yet produced, Miss Breamer sways her audience to laughter and tears in a way that is masterly.

It was perhaps that look of haunting mystery which made Miss Ballin the choice for an important role in a new all-star production.

MABEL BALLIN
Heroine in "White Heather," a production de luxe.

MILDRED HARRIS
The dainty wife of America's most popular comedian.

Miss Harris is now Mrs. Charles Chaplin and can afford to simulate the baby vampire, if only in specially posed pictures.

If the art with which she used her feet won Maranowska her fame in America, it was doubtless the beauty of her face that took the eye of the photo-play producer who engaged her.

NUTA MARANOWSKA
Famous Russian actress who has entered the photo-play field.

THE FLITTING SHADOWS

Views and Reviews of the Leading Photo-Plays of the Month

By CHESTER A. BLYTHE

PEACE times have already begun to have their influence upon the photo-play A little while ago producers were hesitating and halting; it was a question of this restriction or of that, of this possible expense and that bit of seeming extravagance that were neither of them appropriate to war times. But now, with a fresh inspiration to pour all the stores of vitality, being so carefully conserved for likely emergencies, into work that may be undertaken with every assurance that the picture business will be bigger than ever before, and that all restrictions are already done away with, the makers of films are beginning to try out new and experimental tricks of photography and to provide accessories to the pictures that will enhance the value and interest of every motion-picture theatre programme.

One of the later innovations which promises to grow in popularity if it can be made sufficiently feasible for ordinary practice, is the Prizma picture, the picture made by the color process, in which the natural colors of the scenes are faithfully reproduced, thus adding beauty and exactness of reproduction to the play

As yet only a few of the new color pictures have been made, but it has recently been announced that a complete play produced by the new process would be presented. Appropriately enough, the play chosen is a vehicle for a child, if Prizma is to have one disadvantage, it will be in the faithful reproduction of faces that under the present system of picture-making are permitted an unlicensed use of grease-paint. In photographing children and the very young, this disadvantage will be minimized. Also, the color process will be more valuable as a medium for presenting natural beauties than it will be satisfactory as reproducing the built-up "set." Much that would pass muster before the ordinary camera will become a glaring eyesore when the colors of the original, and the texture that the colors will reveal, shall be given presentation on the screen. But, on the other hand, the vivid coloring of many a photo-play star who loses much in beauty when photographed in black and white,will now be revealed, while the character that color lends to all natural surroundings will for the first time give many pictures a new value and a greatly added charm.

"THE TEST OF HONOR"—Paramount, featuring John Barrymore.

CAST

John Barrymore, Constance Binney, Marcia Manon, Robert Schable, J. W. Johnson, Bigelow Cooper.

This story was adapted from E. Phillips Oppenheim's book, "The Malefactor" In it, John Barrymore for the first time on the screen, plays a part that contains elements of tragedy and permits of his using that deeper, subtler art which has made him so famous a stage player

In the tale, the hero becomes infatuated with a married woman, who is not and has not been faithful to her husband. Of an old Southern family, with chivalry born in him, Martin Wingrave permits this unscrupulous woman to impose upon him, and so he becomes the victim of a scheme on the part of her and another of her lovers to win safety in the commission of a crime. The husband is killed and Wingrave is accused; more than that, because of the lies the woman tells of him, he is sent to prison. He serves his term, growing more bitter with each year, and determined that once he has his freedom he shall also have revenge on those who have wronged him. How he carries out his plan of revenge becomes the most intense portion of the story.

Marcia Manon, as the wife, displays the same rare talent that she has recently shown in so many pictures. Miss Manon can easily star in any picture she undertakes to do. She has a wonderful personality, with a fascination that will ever assure her the attention of her audience.

Constance Binney plays her part with her customary grace and charm; Miss Binney depends on her sweet face for her applause. Mr. Barrymore dominates the situation with his magnetic personality and his wonderful acting; he is always master of the scene, infusing the atmosphere with that dynamic power, which under his sure control becomes a moving, vital force.

This picture is a treat for the picture playgoer who has a somewhat fastidious taste. It is entirely without the cheap and tawdry, and yet it is essentially a melodrama. We must maintain that Mr. Barrymore gives it its quality of art, and so lifts it above the average of quality.

"DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN"—Exhibitors' Mutual, featuring Alma Rubens.

CAST

Alma Rubens, Nigel Barrie, Lamar Johnstone, Josephine Crowell, Harry van Meter, Ed Brady, Irene Rich.

The original story from which this play was made was the $10,000 prize novel by Leona Dalrymple. The tale contains excellent picture material, since many of its scenes are laid in the everglades of Florida, amid picturesque swamps and bits of jungle land which photograph superbly.

The story centers around the adventures of the youthful Diane, a girl who sets out in a green van to travel. She is followed by two mysterious personages, and presently it develops that instead of being an American heiress she is a Balkan princess. The discovery of her escaped father in the wilds of Florida shows Diane where she stands, and she is able to take her own way in the small matter of a romance that has developed.

There is little acting in the picture. It is a series of backgrounds and transitions of character and scene. The plot is too involved to make a good picture, many things require explaining. And Alma Rubens, while charming, has no opportunity to display her histrionic ability. She is forced to a passive part, in which she can look very pretty, but can do little.

It shows that not all successful novels are good material for successful pictures; Miss Dalrymple is doubtless capable of writing very clever scenarios, but her "Diane" is far more plausible as a novel than as a picture.

"THE FOLLIES GIRL"— Triangle, featuring Olive Thomas.

CAST

Olive Thomas, Wallace MacDonald, William Mong, Claire MacDowell.

W Carey Wonderly, the author of this story, is also the author of that other now famous book, which Alice Brady has pictured, "The World to Live In." But there is a great deal of difference in the two stories. This one, in which Olive Thomas takes the part of Doll, the little chorus girl, is a species of clever melodrama that contrives to be entertaining without reaching any heights of either art or interest. It concerns the efforts of a group of relatives to obtain an old man's fortune, and the methods pursued are those of common, vulgar people who are only too authentically produced upon the screen.

The girl Doll is supposed to win the affection of the old man by posing as his granddaughter. She plays her part too well and becomes a stumbling-block, which the others try to remove. But Doll is a sophisticated young person; she realizes what is being done and she substantiates her claim by proving that she really is the old gentleman's granddaughter since she is the wife of his grandson. The denouement is very entertaining.

Miss Thomas is not given any great scope for her acting powers. She goes through her scenes with a dainty grace, a carelessness of pose that makes her very charming. She has poor support in some of the members of her company, though she finds help in the form of Conrad Nagle, who usually plays up well to his leading lady and makes a clean-cut, admirable hero, the sure opponent of villainy in any and every form.

"THREE MEN AND A GIRL"—Paramount, featuring Marguerite Clark. Scenario by Eve Unsell.

CAST

Marguerite Clark, Richard Barthelmess, Percy Marmont, Jerome Patrick, Maggie H. Fisher, Ida Darling.

The stage version of this picture was called "The Three Bears" and was written by Edward Childs Carpenter. It was not a success on the stage, nor can it be regarded as unqualifiedly a success on the screen. At the same time, many of the finer points in the way of detail, which had to be left out in the stage version, are now supplied, and with Miss Clark to give it charm, the picture becomes a very dainty, entertaining and picturesque piece of screen work, though no claim can be made for strength or distinction.

The story is of a young girl who runs away from an old man whom she is supposed to marry. She runs away in her wedding dress, and takes refuge in her father's country house, which has been let to three women-haters, a lawyer, a doctor and a musician, all of whom have suffered at the hands of the fair sex. Sylvia, arriving at the house while the three are out, calmly sits down and eats their supper, and then falls to sleep on their couch. There the analogy to the old fairy tale begins. The three bears return to find Goldilocks, and Goldilocks dubs them the baby bear, the big bear and the middle-sized bear. The three men are much put out at the girl's being there and send her off to a neighboring house. But Sylvia has already bewitched them, and the intimacy between the four grows. When Sylvia and the little bear decide to get engaged, the other two gracefully give their consent.

Miss Clark has a chance to be her own sweet, pretty self in most of the play. While none of the situations are hilariously funny, yet they have touches of very pleasant comedy. And Richard Barthelmess has already shown how well he and Miss Clark can work together. As the baby bear he is vastly entertaining. The surroundings of the picture are excellent, but there is obvious padding to make up the necessary five reels. Some day perhaps they will find another story as good as "Bab" for Miss Clark, but her later vehicles have been poorly chosen, and even her art cannot save them from revealing themselves as thin, unsatisfactory material.

"CAPTAIN KIDD, Jr"—Artcraft, featuring Mary Pickford. Scenario by Frances Marion.

CAST

Mary Pickford, Douglas MacLean, Marcia Manon, Victor Potel, Spottiswoode Aitken.

The charming personality of Mary Pickford is given full scope for a display of itself in this new little play, which was written from the stage piece by Rida Johnson Young. While Miss Pickford may have done bigger pictures, she has done few more engaging ones, for the humor and the pathos and the love element are very cleverly distributed, and the scenes are managed with a view to making the most of the slight dramatic attributes and the rather more pronounced comedy phases.

Little Mary is the daughter of a curio shopkeeper, who also deals in books. With Mary MacTavish and her quaint old father, there lives an ambitious young author, Jim Gleason. Through a purchase of books made by Gleason, and a misunderstanding that confuses their delivery a book comes into the possession of Mary and Jim in which are concealed the directions for the finding of a "hidden treasure." Mary and Jim and Willy Carleton, an heir to millions, go in search of the treasure, but find that there is a joke contained in the directions. It ends with Mary's purchase of a farm which she sells at a great profit, and with this small fortune comes another fortune in the form of the love of Jim.

Miss Pickford is a winning young girl throughout the play. Mary MacTavish has just that proportioning of fine naturalness and imagination which permits of scenes filled with fairy dreams and scenes lively with the buoyant humor of youngness. Surrounded by those who love her and with love in her own heart ever bubbling forth, little Mary is sunshine in the old bookshop, an inspiration to the man who writes, and a rebuke to the man of millions. She spells wholesomeness for everybody.

Perhaps some time in the future, when she does all her own producing, Miss Pickford will discover that she can do bigger acting than this, but even if she never does anything more dramatic or more intense, she will continue to stand for the best and cleanest in the photo-play art, and will doubtless go on making pictures that old and young, wise and unwise, poor and rich can see and enjoy

"FALSE EVIDENCE"—Metro, featuring Viola Dana.

CAST

Viola Dana, Wheeler Oakman, Joe King, Edward J. Connolly, Patrick O'Malley, Peggy Pearce, Virginia Ross.

This picture has been adapted for the screen from Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's story, "Madelon." It is the first of a number of stories by this famous New England writer to be used for film purposes. It is based on the tradition, prevalent in California's redwood district, of betrothing every girl born during the first week of her life. The girl Madelon, daughter of an old Scotchman, with a great reverence for traditions, is the first girl in the community to rebel against this marriage arrangement. She is plighted to Lot Gordon, but she falls in love with his cousin, Burr Gordon, and with the revolt of Madelon against her father's law the trouble begins.

Madelon is known all through the country as a fiddler. One night she fiddles at a dance, and chances to see the man she loves, Burr Gordon, with Dorothy Fair. Wildly jealous, she throws down her precious violin and stamps upon it. Then she runs from the place. She has in her possession her brother's clasp knife, and in her madness she runs into Lot Gordon, not realizing who it is. He tries to kiss her and she stabs him. To all intents and purposes he is dead. Burr comine upon the scene, recognizes the girl's plight and to shield her takes the blame on himself. There follows Burr's arrest, his near hanging and the promise wrung from Madelon to marry Lot if Burr is saved. Madelon makes this promise and is ready to keep her word, but a kindly redwood tree falls on Lot as he is going through the woods and so Madelon is left free to follow her heart.

The story has the finish of a finely worked-up piece of literary art. It has strength of plot, a logic of action and realistic characterization. It has the restrained melodrama of a tense story in the capable hands of a trained novelist.

To Miss Dana a picture of this kind affords all manner of splendid opportunities. Not since she did "Blue Jeans" has she had so excellent a vehicle for her best talents. The mixed qualities of pathos and humor; the strong emotionalism of certain parts of the play open up possibilities for scenes of deep dramatic appeal, while the background is a picturesque one and the people in support represent a variety of types of character that only a novelist of genius could create.

Undoubtedly this will be one of the most, if not the most, successful photo-play Viola Dana has starred in.

"ONE WEEK OF LIFE"—Goldwyn, featuring Pauline Frederick.

CAST

Pauline Frederick, Thomas Holding, Sydney Ainsworth, Corinne Barker.

Cosmo Hamilton wrote this brilliant story which is up to the new standard set for Pauline Frederick in the series of photo-dramas she is now making. In the picture, Miss Frederick plays a double role; she is Marion Roche, a humble servitor, and Mrs. Kingsley Sherwood, the wife of a wealthy man. Mrs. Sherwood, in order to secure one week of a certain kind of life for which she longs, persuades Marion Roche to act as her substitute for that time. So Marion rides in Mrs. Sherwood's limousine, dines at her table, entertains her guests and does all manner of wonderful things for the week. Fortunately the husband is usually deep in his cups, wherefore he does not present much of a problem.

The denouement is clever and dramatic, and Miss Frederick makes the most of it.

The picture is one that admits of luxurious scenes, wonderful gowns and sets that are brilliant in their display of wealth. The cast is small but well-chosen, and the ensemble stands for the highest point in artistic appointments. Never since she entered the photo-play field has Miss Frederick been given such splendid opportunity to display her charm, her beauty of form and feature, and her versatility as an actress.

"REILLY S WASHDAY"—Mack Sennett, featuring Charles Murray

CAST

Charles Murray, Eva Thatcher, Hampton del Ruth, Marie Prevost.

A new Mack Sennett comedy means delight on the part of hundreds of thousands of picture playgoers. "Reilly's Washday" is irresistibly funny, as comedies of this brand usually are. Reilly himself is a lazy plumber, who lets his dog, on a treadmill, do most of his work. Meanwhile, his wife supports them by washing. Reilly, like many of his kind, attracts dogs and children to him, with the result that the house is a favorite rendezvous for all the youngsters in the vicinity. But when they choose washday to have a circus in the backyard, poor Mrs. Reilly reaches her limit. There ensues one of those ludicrous mix-ups which produce howl after howl of laughter

The dog of the play is the well-known Teddy. He is a real Mack Sennett asset, and should have his name in the cast. For Teddy is more than a well-trained

dog; he is a master in the art of acting, and his tricks are such as make him almost human.

Marie Prevost is the customary flirtatious wife, with a dozen supposed husbands hunting her down. The part is obviously made for this little actress, who is pretty enough but never does any acting worth the name. Charles Murray is a host in himself, and Eva Thatcher holds up her end of the picture nobly.

"THE ISLAND OF INTRIGUE"—Metro, featuring May Allison.

CAST

May Allison, Jack Mower, Gordon Marr, Frederick Vroom, Lillian West, Hector Sarno, Edward Alexander.

When Isabel Ostrander wrote "The Island of Intrigue" she probably never thought of it as material for a motion picture. But given the perseverance of a director who would not stop at any cost to secure the right settings, the tale becomes a mighty fine piece of photo-play literature. The company went all the way to the Islands of the Pacific to secure the proper backgrounds, and the picture shows the result of much travel, some hardships, and untold expense in its handsome views, its dusky supernumeraries and its variety of location for the many episodes.

Maida Waring is the daughter of a rich old man, who adores her, and who hesitates to leave her alone in their California mountain home when he is called away on business. So he arranges with a friend, Mrs. Smith, to take Maida to her country house on an island, to stay with her until his return. He leaves his daughter, and Mrs. Smith calls. Maida has never seen the lady, and therefore without question she goes with her, only to discover that she has been kidnapped. She is taken to an island in the Pacific and is ordered to write to her father for ransom or be tortured. Meanwhile, the real Mrs. Smith finds her proposed guest gone, suspects something is wrong, and sends for Mr Waring. Maida escapes from the house she is in, but is almost recaptured, her father's search party arriving barely in time to save her

The story has a number of exciting possibilities and Miss Allison is given a chance for more than one athletic feat. Taking it as a picture whole, it ought to prove one of the most popular things this pretty star has done.

The support is well chosen, several old favorites reappearing in the minor parts.

"ROARIN' ROAD"—Paramount, featuring Wallace Reid.

CAST

Wallace Reid, Ann Little, Guy Oliver, Theodore Roberts, C. H. Geidart.

One can always depend on a good picture when Wally Reid and Ann Little get together. They do the most excellent teamwork; neither is too big to let the other have a chance.

In the new story, which is a picture adaptation by Marion Fairfax of short stories by Byron Morgan, Wallace Reid takes the part of Toodles Waldon, absorbed in winning two races. One is to marry the Cub, daughter of the Bear, a big automobile producer, and the other is to get the prize for the biggest automobile race that has ever been run in the West. As an automobile salesman Toodles prepares for both races, but the Bear stands always in his way, until through a series of wrecks, arrests, and escapes from prison, the imperturbable Toodles races in fast train and arrives in San Francisco simultaneously with the Bear, who is carrying off his daughter The exploit is one that even a grouch like the Bear must admire, and finally he hands over his daughter.

The picture is full of exciting episodes, and Mr. Reid is very happy in his role of easy man about town and speed bug. He knows how to handle a car as well as an aeroplane, and as always he knows how to take a knock-out blow standing up and how to make love to a pretty girl.

The training that Wallace Reid has had as a young Eastern college man who went West for a job and fell in with a tough lot of ranchmen, has peculiarly fitted him for these rollicking comedy-dramas in which he has proved so successful. He makes a most attractive young swell; wears his clothes like a model, and yet is able to display a brawn and muscle that are formidable.

In making the picture, the famous Santa Monica automobile race course has been utilized for a background, and the automobile feature of this story will help to make it exceedingly popular

"BERESFORD OF THE BABOONS"—Paramount-Flagg comedy

CAST

Olin Howland, Beatrice Tremaine, Joseph Burke.

This is a burlesque on the recent Tarzan pictures, with a fling of fun at the Darwin theory. Beresford of the Baboons is the missing heir of the Duke of Swank, and he lives in a jungle with baboons for his companions and a strange assortment of other animals, among which are chickens that lay square eggs. He has a taxi-crab which he uses as a vehicle and numerous other odd and ludicrous impedimenta.

Into the jungle comes Professor Choate, with Lord Archy and Cissy, in search of the missing heir. Beresford falls in love with Cissy, and having been her rescuer from danger, he marries her.

The whole story is pre-eminently funny; filled with absurd incidents and situations. Without a doubt it will be a favorite with children and the grown folks who like real fun.

"HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXONS"—Paramount, featuring Sidney and Mrs. Drew.

CAST

Sidney Drew, Mrs. Drew.

This is a very funny picture, one of the funniest the Drews ever made. That it should come after the death of Sidney Drew gives it a touch of pathos that will fill many a heart with sadness in spite of its inimitably comic situations. As Polly and Henry Minor, Mr. and Mrs. Drew once more appear, this time in the guise of small-town people who are to take part in amateur theatricals. Mr Drew, in a gaudy union suit and kimona, is the Saxon Harold, and a more amusing figure has rarely appeared on the screen.

This is one of the longer comedies which the Drews were making at the time of Mr Drew's unexpected death. It shows the capable direction of Mrs. Drew, who arranged the sets and prepared the continuity. As the wife of William the Conqueror, Polly is second only to the Saxon Harold in ludicrousness.

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"—Artcraft, all-star cast.

CAST

Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson, Raymond Hatton, Tom Forman, Wanda Hawley, Sylvia Ashton, Theodore Roberts.

A most excellent cast has been gotten together for this new DeMille picture. The scenario was written from a play by Edgar Selwyn, and Jeanie MacPherson was the scenarioist.

The story is of the love of Sylvia Norcross and Dr. Edward Meade. Dr Meade is a specialist in children's diseases, and though he is anxious to enlist for war service, he realizes that he is needed at home, and so decides to remain. Sylvia, to whom he is engaged, cannot understand his motives and accuses him of being a slacker She marries Richard Burton, already enlisted, out of spite, and Burton goes to France. There he is wounded seriously, and rather than go back so badly mutilated, he sends a message to his wife that tells of his death. In the meantime, Sylvia has had an experience that has shown Dr. Meade to her in a true light, and when she learns of Richard's death she turns again to the doctor whom she has never ceased to love and who has never ceased to love her. They are just about to be married when her husband reappears, having come from a reconstruction hospital where he has been made almost new. Learning of what is about to take place he realizes that Sylvia will lose her happiness if he makes himself known and so he goes away and leaves the two to marry.

The picture is one that portrays a unique brand of heroism. It shows the man who can fight and the man who can control himself to the extent of keeping out of the fighting when he sees that his real duty calls upon him to do just that.

Elliott Dexter, as Dr. Meade, gives his usual fine interpretation of the principal part. Mr. Dexter's versatility is becoming a byword; he is capable of creating an infinite variety of characters. In this type he is peculiarly happy, since the part calls for dignity and self-restraint, with just now and then an emotional flare.

Miss Swanson continues to make good her promise of artistic feminine characterization. The part is not big, but it gives the actress a chance to be charming, and she makes the part wonderfully winning and human. Tom Forman, as Burton, displays skill and intelligence, and Raymond Hatton, Sylvia Ashton and Theodore Roberts as usual create their parts with excellent result.

The photography has that fine finish which has come to be synonymous with a DeMille film; the sets are admirable down to the last detail, and are given an elaboration that only a master hand would dare indulge in.

In short, this is another of those productions de luxe which we are coming to look forward to; they surpass the spectacle, in that they carry a human interest story which makes the picture well worthy the name so many artists would like to use, the photo-drama.

"THE UNKNOWN LOVE"—Pathe, featuring Dolores Cassinelli.

CAST

Dolores Cassinelli, E. K. Lincoln, W Cook, Robert Elliott, Bradley Barker.

This is a very slight story on which to hang a six-reel picture. Only the excellent directing saves it from being obviously

padded. But every picture flashed on the screen is in itself a work of art, and the thread of story is skilfully carried through yards of film that are devoted to artistic war scenes, pleasing natural views, and excellently posed close-ups.

Doris Parker is the daughter of a retired sea captain. At a house-party held in her home she reads, with a lot of other girls, letters from soldiers at the Front. The letters of one lonely private appeal to her and she undertakes to adopt him, doing all for him that she can. His letters give her a glimpse of what he is going through, and her letters tell him a lot about a girl with whom he soon finds himself falling in love. It ends with Doris going abroad, where she marries her soldier

The earlier scenes are devoted to a detailed description of the house-party. Summer sports are in progress and these are given a careful showing. Then the scenes are shifted to the Western Front, where the actual happenings on the firing-line are reproduced. This gives opportunity for very fine pictures. After Doris has married Townsend, there is provided an epilogue in which their little three-year-old son is introduced, and an effective climax is produced in a patriotic tableau that is very inspiring.

In all, from a photographic viewpoint, this is one of the finest pictures recently made.

"THE QUICKENING FLAME"—World, featuring June Elvidge and Montagu Love.

CAST

June Elvidge, Montagu Love, Mabel Ballin, Albert Hart, Frank Quong, Bert Leigh, Rodney McKeever.

This is sheer melodrama, with a regular villain, a real hero and a most variable heroine.

John Steele married an English burlesque dancer, Maizie Bell. He soon found that the girl had married him for his money, and he promptly left her going back to America. Presently it was reported that Maizie was dead, and John proceeded to marry another girl.

Of course, Maizie was not dead, but she and her invalid stepfather had planned a way to get money from John. They came to America, blackmailed the husband, and almost drove him to despair Then Maizie made a confession; the stepfather was in reality her husband, and she, not John, was guilty of bigamy. In his rage her sick husband killed her and then tumbled of a cliff in his wheel chair As one reviewer says, "The villain goes all the way through the picture in a wheel chair, but we have never seen a man with two legs and an automobile do more damage."

June Elvidge carries off her vampire part with a grace that is inherent to her She has the good feeling of her audience in every picture. Mr Love is his usual capable self and the support is admirable. But it might all have been talent used to better purpose, for this kind of photo-play is old stuff and the sort of thing the best producers are trying nowadays to avoid.

"A MAN OF HONOR"—Metro, featuring Harold Lockwood.

CAST

Harold Lockwood, Bessie Eyton, Stanton Heck, William Clifford, Gordon MacGregor, Bert Starkey, Pomeroy Cannon.

This is a picture adaptation of Henry Kitchell Webster's novel of the same name. It is the last picture in which the late Harold Lockwood appeared. The story is one of American business life and the fight of a clean-cut young American against a band of unscrupulous plotters. In the part of the hero Harold Lockwood had one of those roles in which he always showed off well. He is fine, clean, upstanding—a man with a sense of honor and a man who can see the bright side of life even in the midst of difficulties.

Lockwood pictures will be missed, because this star had made himself a force on the screen; he never made a picture that lacked excellent characterization, and he never made a picture that did not hold an inspiration for better living.

"A YANKEE PRINCESS" Vitagraph, featuring Bessie Love.

CAST

Bessie Love, Robert Gordon, George Pierce, Aggie Herring, Katherine Griffith, Lydia Titus, Max Asher.

It takes all of Bessie Love's charm and infinite variety to put this picture over That is because it lacks a good, strong story; it depends for all its effects on Miss Love's ability to create character, to fit into backgrounds and to harmonize different elements.

In the story Miss Love is a little Irish girl, born to poverty and suddenly made enormously wealthy. Her father starts out to buy some ancestors for her and also a husband in the form of an English lord. The latter proves to be an impostor, while the real lord is revealed in the young man whom Patsy already loves. It is a dainty, charming little tale, with no excitement but any number of pretty and effective scenes, and a good deal of gentle emotion as provided by the delightful and unexpected Patsy.

The play will please younger people, and deserves attention because it shows what a clever actress can do with a clean, fresh little tale that depends on no tricks for its success, but just on the personality of its star and her supporters.

"VICKY VAN"—Paramount, featuring Ethel Clayton.

CAST

Noah Berry, Jane Wolfe, Ethel Clayton, Katherine Griffith, Josephine Crowell Emory Johnson.

Sooner or later all actors and actresses come to a dual role. Only, in "Vicky Van," written from the mystery novel of the same name, by Carolyn Wells, the dual part is really dual; the original heroine of the story lives a double life, and therefore the two parts created belong to the same girl.

Ruth Endicott has been reared in a Puritan atmosphere. She is married by her aunt to Randolph Schuyler, of an old New York family. Her illusions regarding love and marriage are quickly shattered, for Schuyler is years older than herself and does not especially love her. Suddenly Ruth inherits fifty thousand dollars. She determines to keep the news to herself and with this money to lead her own life. She hits upon the plan of buying the house next door to the Schuyler home, and by making a communicating door she can spend much of her time there. In disguise she lives in the other house as "Vicky Van," Victoria Van Allen, and by her beauty and vivacity gathers a Bohemian crowd around her, who have great times in her beautiful establishment.

By chance Schuyler is brought to the house by a friend, and penetrates his wife's disguise. When home again he confronts her, and her faithful maid, Tibbetts, believing that he intends to kill Ruth, snatches up a knife and stabs him. There is a great mystery, in which both Ruth and Vicky Van come in for a share of suspicion, but Tibbetts saves her mistress again by confessing.

Ruth, meanwhile, has fallen in love with another man, and she is now free to marry him.

The play offers Miss Clayton excellent chances for acting. As Vicky Van she is captivating, as Ruth she carries off the role with wonderful charm. The emotional crises of the piece are of the sort that Miss Clayton can handle admirably, and her artistic presentation of the part lifts the picture to a high place as an artistic production.

"AFTER HIS OWN HEART"—Metro, featuring Hale Hamilton.

CAST

Hale Hamilton, Naomi Childers, Mrs. Louis, Frank Hayes, Harry Carter, William V. Mong, Herbert Pryor, Stanley Sanford.

The original story from which A. S. Le Vino wrote this scenario was by Ben Ames Williams and appeared in the "All-Story Weekly." It has just the combination of fun and seriousness that is needed to make a Hale Hamilton picture a success.

Thomas Wentworth Duncan, accustomed to millions, suddenly finds himself penniless, owing to a dishonest trustee who has decamped with his fortune. He discovers himself called upon to work for the first time in his life, and he is much perplexed as to how to go about it. More than that he has fallen in love with Sally Reeves, and he cannot ask her to marry him now that he is poor

Very much down at heart, he returns home one evening to find, among his mail, a letter marked "Personal and Important." He opens it, and is astonished to find that it contains an offer of employment for a mysterious mission which will earn him twenty-five thousand dollars.

At first he thinks to refuse the outlandish proposition, but the thought of Sally conquers, and he follows the directions given. An automobile comes for him, and he finds himself virtually a prisoner in the hands of a mighty man whom he dubs "Goloath." They go to a hospital, and there he is told by the strange Dr. Spleen that his heart is to be taken out and put into the body of an old and rich man, whose heart, which is feeble and worn, is, in turn, to be placed in Duncan's breast. Duncan rebels, but finds himself powerless; the doctor is plainly a maniac, so he sends for Sally and they say a pathetic good-bye to each other.

Then Fate intervenes. Dr Spleen is seized with an attack just as he is to begin his crazy operation, and he falls dead beside the operating table. Duncan comes back to life to find Sally beside him and the danger past.

Many of the situations are irresistibly funny and Mr. Hamilton makes them all the more so by his drollery, which is in itself an art. Naomi Childers, as Sally, is very charming, and contributes her own touches of humor.

RUTH ROLAND—CALIFORNIA'S OWN DAUGHTER

It may be hard work, but it's great fun—directing. Ruth Roland is a clever hand at the business, and she has an enthusiasm that helps to make things go.

Out in Sunny California, big place in sports have a photo-players the lives of the helps to keep Outdoor exercise studio work easier them fit and makes of relaxation be-by providing plenty Roland, as is seen tween times. Miss This shows her by this picture, is an earnest tennis player. ready for a match.

The proof that Miss Roland can do Westerns to the life. In the serials in which she has been starred, this sort of costume has been necessary for practice, at least.

The Zoo at Los Angeles is a "happy hunting ground" for a girl who loves animals. Needless to say, Miss Roland belongs in this category. She begins with horses and dogs, but her heart is large enough for anything from elephants to antelopes.

Who would suspect the athletic Ruth of a tendency toward the romantic? And yet even in serials there is a place for love-stories, and the serial star has to know how to be winning as well as brave.

There are more unfortunate creatures in the world than the dog Ruth Roland is fond of.

A sweet tooth is a distinctly feminine trait—all the ice cream men know Miss Roland well.

THE GLORY OF GLORIA

The Girl Who Made Good in Spite of Her Looks

By GRACE DEETER

FROM slap-stick comedy to stardom in serious drama in six months is a long jump and a wide one, but it is a jump that Gloria Swanson has made. And it becomes the more remarkable when one considers the handicap Miss Swanson had to overcome.

Possessed of a beautiful classic face with the most regular features imaginable, and a complexion like wax which photographs perfectly, she made an ideal "Mack Sennett girl"—who has to do about as much real acting as a Follies girl at the midnight roof show

Incidentally, Miss Swanson can wear clothes with the air of a professional model and the grace and bearing of a society dame. This, too, was in her disfavor, as far as serious acting was concerned. Fortunately, however, Miss Swanson had ambitions. Art was to her a sacred thing, and she realized that the art of the screen had higher forms than comedy—the comments of sundry learned critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

Thus it happened that when the opportunity came she seized it with both hands. As she expressed it herself, she almost had the door open before opportunity was through knocking. And soon, as the leading lady of "Don't Change Your Husband," she proved to the large circle of friends and admirers, who seemed at first a bit sceptical about her success, that she has emotional depths and a comprehension of dramatic acting they had not dreamed she possessed.

The story, "Don't Change Your Husband," was written by Jeanie Macpherson as a sort of sequel to "Old Wives for New" from David Graham Phillips's novel, and is that of a wife whose husband, while a thoroughly estimable gentleman, has certain extremely disconcerting habits which wear upon her patience and almost exhaust her good nature. For example, an inordinate fondness for certain odorous vegetables—which he indulges freely, a tendency to put his feet upon the highest plane he can reach when seated at her side—such as the mantelpiece, a table or a chair, and a habit of scattering cigar ashes freely about the home.

In themselves these things seem small when compared to the fact that in reality he had provided for her what might seem to be all that a woman could desire, but the very fact that her extreme daintiness, her natural fineness, were so pronounced, made it harder for her to bear with her husband's carelessness. Many a romance has been wrecked for less.

And so, when the Other Man appeared—debonaire, well-groomed and clever, with the wiles of a hardened flirt—she became interested in him and finally so much so that she arranged to divorce her husband to marry him. There were scenes in this part of the picture where Miss Swanson's acting was sensationally vivid. She seemed to "live the part," as the trite saying goes, and more than one of the onlookers at the studio, the day the scenes were "shot," commented upon the high type of her work.

Gloria Swanson.

In the end, the husband reforms—that is, he wakes up to the fact that his loss was due to his own shortcomings, and is able to save Leila from a tragic situation, taking her back into his home and heart and proving each day of their new life that he actually has been changed to a different man.

It may easily be seen that a picture could not have been chosen that would have provided a wider scope for the players, nor a more difficult range of emotions. There are comedy touches, offered mostly by Elliott Dexter as the recalcitrant husband, but in part by Miss Swanson herself. The subtle humor of these episodes bears no trace of the humor of the Sennett comedies, for example, but rather is marked by an individuality so strong that one cannot associate the Gloria Swanson of former days with the actress of "Don't Change Your Husband."

Personally Miss Swanson says she is not yet satisfied with her acting. "I have worked exceedingly hard—reading and re-reading the script and going over scenes many times before the actual rehearsals at the studio—but there remains much for me to learn," she said one day

"Possibly it is due in part to the new conditions at the studio—the difference in size makes one feel as though there were an audience of several million people at least watching one. Then, there is the inevitable confusion of a large studio and the constant interruptions and breaking points in the continuity of the work.

"Work in comedies is so different that I had always imagined the scenes of serious dramas would be taken—if not exactly in the order of their happening in the story—at least more so than comedies. Because in taking a comedy one seldom knows the story, or at least all the details of it. One rehearses the incidents one by one, striving to get all the humorous 'business' into each that is possible, and then some clever director cuts and pieces the whole to make a coherent plot. In a serious drama it is so different. One knows the story—every detail of it—and it seems thoroughly confusing to be taking scenes that happen in the very end of the play before the first part has even been rehearsed. For instance, I was married to the second husband before I had ever met the first—Mr Dexter being out of town for the first few days of our work.

"However, I got used to these discrepancies, as they seemed to be at first, and found that by a really great effort of concentration one could retain the theme subconsciously while working—which helped a great deal to heighten the reality of the scenes. That is one reason why I consider serious acting on the screen a higher form of art than on the stage even."

Talking with Miss Swanson is like a plunge into the refreshing air of a winter afternoon—so bracingly ambitious and inspiringly vivid is her personality There is nothing to which she may not aspire, if she continues the career she has so successfully started, for she has a force of character all unsuspected beneath the beautiful exterior that at first glance would seem to be mere surface beauty In reality it is

(*Continued on page 58*)

GRACE CUNARD—THE SERIAL GIRL

By DONALD CLIFFORD SCOTT

I AM twenty-six years old. I was born in France—Paris, to be explicit. I have been in pictures over ten years, and I like them, oh, ever so much more than I do the stage. There, haven't I answered all the regulation questions, and can't we just visit, now that the interview is all over?"

But it wasn't all over There were questions and questions to be asked and answered before it would be. Grace Cunard had told me that she did not wish to be interviewed, but that she would like to talk to me. Her greeting made me believe that she had repented, but just as I was making use of my mental notebook, the words came crisply, decisively and finally "I don't want to be interviewed." But she was!

The business of interviewing is not so calm a thing as the casual reader may believe. This is especially true when the person to be interviewed is not desirous of it at all, in fact, is rather determined against it. Then interviewing ceases to be a reportorial pastime and becomes a diplomatic mission. Diplomacy was never my especial forte. I cast about wildly for an opening. Then—

"Aren't you glad that the war is over?" I ventured brilliantly That the remark was a happy one was evident in Miss Cunard's reception of it.

"Glad? Why I really believe that there never in all this world has been any one so happy as I am. Just think of it, my husband is coming home!"

This was rather a coup. "Your husband?" I meant a polite little interrogation, but in the flurry of the moment it might have been an exclamation. But it didn't make any difference. Miss Cunard was too engrossed in happy contemplation either to know or care just then what I was saying.

"Do you know I can't wait for Joe to come," she said, and even though she is a famous actress, at that moment she looked just like millions of other girls who are waiting with her—for the boys to come home. "Do you think there is anyone quite so happy as I am?" she asked.

I remembered diplomacy just in time. "No, I shouldn't think so," I answered, but I hadn't forgotten the little elevator girl in our building whose eyes shone with "the light that never was on land nor sea," nor of the stenographers in the office who had just gotten "passed by the censor" letters that very morning. But was there any use in offering any of these cases for the regardless inspection of the "happiest person in the world?" And I will say that I am quite sure that there wasn't a person *happier* than she in the world.

The fact that Grace Cunard was married was a distinct surprise to me, but Miss Cunard blushed a trifle as she admitted that she was a war bride. "Of course, you know Joe," she said prettily, "he is the youngest of the Moore boys."

It would be impossible not to know the youngest of the Moore brothers. Owen, Tom and Matt are perhaps the best known, but the youngest as well had culled his share of laurels before entering the army in the service of Uncle Sam.

A coincidence is the fact that Miss Cunard's last picture to be released is "After the War" She was enthusiastic in her praise of it. "It is just the sort of part I delight in portraying," she said. "None of the horrors of war are depicted in the story, which deals extensively with the reconstruction period and is the sort of play which should prove popular right now "

Grace Cunard in sympathetic mood.

Grace Cunard is rather difficult to understand and therefore is the more interesting. During the war period she took an active part in Red Cross and Belgian Relief work. It was rather difficult to associate the sober little worker with the vividness of the Grace Cunard I was just beginning to become acquainted with, for this Grace Cunard was a very vivid little person who loved pretty things and bright colors. It is rather dangerous to love bright colors, because in loving them one is quite likely to use them in choosing one's wardrobe. Miss Cunard is not an exception to this rule—one has never seen her in drab colors yet. But she has the personality and coloring that carry them off with honors.

Decidedly attractive is this sister-in-law of Alice Joyce and "Our Mary" Pickford. Her golden hair gleams with the radiance of captured sunbeams, for she is that rare type, a Parisian blonde. She is very proud of her heritage these days and the fact that she is an American by adoption. "France and America are the most wonderful countries in the world," she said earnestly "They understand each other and have always been such admirable friends. This great world conflict has established a relationship between them that can never be broken. There is a certain romance connected with France that is keenly felt by everyone. Someone once made a tremendous impression on me by saying that every man loved two countries—his own and France. I will never forget that because it seemed so true to me at the time."

Miss Cunard showed me her kennels, which she regards with pardonable pride. Here were thoroughbred English bull-dogs and pedigreed Pekinese spaniels. A sensitive pointer came hurriedly over to us, to prove his friendliness, as we entered. I stepped back as an Irish wolf-hound came bounding out. Have you ever seen one? If not, you would step back just as hastily as I did. They are almost the size of a small pony and resemble in general appearance the Irish terrior, but they are large enough and strong enough to kill a man.

Miss Cunard laughed as she saw my discomfort.

"Don't ever be afraid of Mike," she said. "He is the best-tempered of all my pets. Aren't you?" she asked, and to prove that he was, Mike happily pressed his shaggy self against her Soon he was displaced. A tiny dwarfed Alaskan Spitz had just discovered his mistress's presence, and with calm assurance, nosed his tiny self around and under Mike and into her lap. I gasped, expecting to see a hideous encounter between the two, but Mike was unruffled in his greeting of the small disturber The two were friends, and even so great a thing as a lady's favor was not to separate them.

"I wouldn't have dogs that were surly or who fought near me," explained Miss Cunard when I asked how she could preserve such wonderful harmony among her pets. "All my dogs are friends, and they are equally as fond of my Persian cats. They all have beautiful romps together, and are generally a happy, carefree family"

As the afternoon light was waning, I hastily thought of my quest for an interview "Oh," I began again. "Where did you say you began your photo play career?"

Miss Cunard laughed reprovingly "I didn't say But I began posing in the old Biograph Studio on Fourteenth Street. Do you remember it?"

Remember it? I should say I do. Who of the veteran fans doesn't remember? It would seem as much sacrilege to forget it as to forget Mount Vernon, or Lincoln's birthplace. "Were you there with Mary Pickford and Arthur Johnson and Mack Sennett and all the others?" I asked eagerly

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MADGE KENNEDY

The Girl Who Meant to Be an Artist

By MAE L. MACK

MISS KENNEDY was born in Riverside, California. While she was studying art in New York, she occasionally appeared in performances at the Art Students' League and similar amateur or semi-amateur functions. She was on her vacation at Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, when the crucial event in her career happened. Harry Woodruff, who owned one of the largest cottages on the island, saw Miss Kennedy in a burlesque sketch which was part of the programme of the benefit performance. It so happened that he needed a young and pulchritudinous leading woman for his new play, and he was so struck by Miss Kennedy's appearance and ability that he made her an offer that same evening. At first both Miss Kennedy and her mother declined the offer, because a stage career was entirely out of their calculations, and besides, Madge's art studies were progressing exceedingly well. She gave promise of being a really excellent artist in black and white. But the more reluctant they were, the more anxious Woodruff became, and at last he increased his offer to such a figure that even a Cecilia Beaux might have been tempted to give up the brush for the grease paint.

So, during the following season, Madge Kennedy started in the theatre in a leading role. The maxim about beginning at the bottom and working one's way up, is frequently knocked into the celebrated cocked hat in the show business. Many of the most successful people in the profession have, to be sure, started on the lowest rung and achieved their goal by persistent, laborious endeavor Others, on the contrary, have such obvious gifts—or good fortune—that they almost literally walk out of their boudoirs into the star dressing-room.

Madge Kennedy was one of these singularly gifted, or lucky, girls. The first part which she so reluctantly accepted had been sought by some fifty actresses of experience and established reputation. But the judgment that chose Miss Kennedy was entirely vindicated. Throughout the tour she got better notices all over the country than either the producer or the play

The curious fact is that all this did not turn her head. You can well imagine that it must be rather difficult for a girl still in her teens, placed so prematurely into a position of prominence, praised in the public prints, while her elders were ignored, to retain any humility But her sudden success was so far from spoiling her, that at the end of one season in "The Genius," Madge Kennedy decided that acting was her profession but that she had an enormous lot to learn in it. So she deliberately sought an engagement in a stock company which paid her considerably less than she had been getting as leading lady for a star and set herself to learning the technique of her craft. That, we submit, is an example of unusual common sense and level-headedness, especially when you consider that she refused several other offers.

Neither did she lose anything by her uncommon modesty Grace George, one afternoon while on tour, walked into the theatre in Cleveland where Miss Kennedy was playing. As soon as the matinee was over she went straight to a telegraph office and wired William Brady that she had made a real discovery and that he must come at once to see a young actress named Kennedy, who would be ideally suited to a role which Brady was having some difficulty in casting. Brady could not leave New York at the time but he sent Philip Bartholomae, author of "Over Night," on the next train to Cleveland. Bartholomae saw the work of the young actress named Kennedy for just one act, and the result was that she was immediately engaged for the principal role in the road company of "Over Night."

During that season she had the inestimable benefit of much advice and coaching from Mr Brady, who was now bent on grooming this promising young actress for the big thing in her career—a New York appearance in a leading role.

Early in the following season, the big event happened. The play, "Little Miss Brown," did not amount to much, although it lasted in New York for three months and was then sent out on the road. But every newspaper in New York was vehemently enthusiastic about the actress who did the title role—"a delightful and thoroughly irresistible young woman named Madge Kennedy"

Her career since then has been a climb as swift and unfaltering as it was sure. Her next part was that of the young wife in Margaret Mayo's "Twin Beds." The other people in the cast were all of much more experience than Miss Kennedy, but it was she who attracted the greatest attention.

After that came her biggest stage success —the wife in that impeccable farce,"Fair and Warmer" It now became generally recognized that nobody on the English-speaking stage could approach her in the playing of such parts, that she could express the sophisticated innocent with such delicacy, humor and charm that the most risque situations seemed absolutely harmless.

Of course, everybody knows the history of "Fair and Warmer" After its second year on the stage, it was rewritten for the screen and Miss Kennedy was the natural choice for the part she had already created. Then followed screen versions of "Twin Beds" and "Baby Mine." Neither of them seemed to be possible without Madge Kennedy in the leading roles.

What happened after that is a matter of screen history that every fan knows. The indifference and hostility of the exhibitor to this new form of polite comedy was soon broken down before the wave of popular approval with which the innovation was met. The public was ready for such comedy, and the cinema fans took Miss Kennedy to their hearts with an unqualified enthusiasm.

In private life Madge Kennedy is Mrs. Harold Bolster Captain Bolster, who is on the staff of the United States army, resigned as vice president of the film company which produces for his wife, when his country went into the war

Regarding the pictures in which she has appeared as a bride, Miss Kennedy writes

"I have been married three times in a few months—three formal weddings, elaborate in their detail, irreproachable in their adherence to fashionable form. Even in pictures, marriage is far from being a casual, mimic affair It is really a serious business, no matter how laughable the incidents that follow the nuptials. Motion-picture weddings are quite as real as romances depicted on the stage, in spite of their lack of words. Indeed, sometimes they are more so, because the mere fact of not having to memorize lines and strive for their correct interpretation leaves one freer to absorb the significance of the function. And nuptial ceremonies as performed in 'Baby Mine,' 'Nearly Married," and 'Our Little Wife' were formal and elaborate enough to give me a thrill and cause me to ask myself, for a second, if I were not really married to the man whose ring I wore.

"But very soon, of course, something happened to bring me to my senses—something amusing—and I knew that after all it was but a marriage in fun. In 'Baby Mine' it was a double wedding—my chum and I stood at the alter at the same time and married friends. Zoie, the girl I played, had just left school. She had had no experience in life. Zoie thought that marriage meant but one thing; perfect freedom to have a good time. And to this irrepressible creature a good time meant an endless round of luncheons, matinees and dances. Zoie, like too many other girls, conceived marriage to mean nothing in the way of responsibilities, but only a wider scope for her pleasure-loving impulses.

"Zoie was quite unlike the bride, Betty, in my next play, 'Nearly Married.'

"She had been 'out' several seasons and had enjoyed the distractions of the social whirl. Betty knew what marriage meant and was glad to assume its responsibilities and live up to them. She meant, in a way, to settle down. Betty was practical after a fashion, with a vein of seriousness running through her nature. All might have been well had not the girl suddenly conceived the notion of having her adored younger brother accompany her husband and herself on their honeymoon. Then the situation developed complexities. We shall not go into them, however, since it is Betty's marriage that concerns us most.

"In every particular her wedding was what might be called a sophisticated one. In the first place, rather than the simple ceremony which Zoie had in the small church, Betty arranged for a gorgeous wedding in her own home. Everything that money and good taste could devise was provided to satisfy her So of course I saw to it that her dress and veil and all

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Screen Fashions

Edited by THEODORA DUNN

Illustrations by FLORENCE A. CHAMBERS

THE EVER-READY SPORTS SUIT

For riding, the model below may be made of dark blue broadcloth. The hat is of black Milan, with a patent leather band; the boots are of shiny leather and the gloves of white doeskin. Or the whole costume may be worked less elegantly in a substantial tweed, gray or brown, with black or brown hat and brown boots. The little strap under the chin is an innovation in smartness.

Pauline Starke is here seen in white duck skirt and sweater with a big braid hat. A comfortable suit for an outing, and very durable.

This suit of brown jersey with striped red and white silk trimmings is suitable for almost any sort of outing. The big pockets are very decorative, and white canvas oxfords with brown leather strap trimmings will go well with the suit. The hat may be brown chip with a white ribbon, or red with a white ribbon.

THE SUMMER FROCK

Kathleen Kirkham shows here a dress of embroidered net. It is all in white with a bread white satin sash. The hat is of filmy georgette hardly a head covering, but a very dainty accessory to so illusory a gown.

This is a chic little bonnet in victory red, with a wreath of bright flowers and a dark blue ribbon drawn through the crown. The touch of smartness is aided by the short white lace veil, which can be worn or not, according to one's individual taste.

The extreme note of grace is reached in this gown of embroidered taffeta in a light tan, with an underskirt of georgette caught up with a knot of flowers, and a bunch of flowers at the waist. The parasol is also tan with a polka dot ruffle. The hat carries out the general effect, tan braid, with a strip of darker toned ribbon and again a knot of flowers.

Norma Talmadge looks very girlish in this green organdie frock, covered with ecru lace. The belt is of green and lavender ribbon and the hat matches the dress, with long streamers down the back.

THE LUXURY OF DAINTY LINGERIE

May Allison looks very sweet in white crepe de chine pajamas, with shadow lace ruffles around the ankles, and a loose overdress of georgette held at the waist with crepe de meteor ribbons.

There is a distinct note of the Russian in this suit of white wash satin pajamas, made almost to look like boots. The over slip is of silver lace, very handsome, with a band of marabou around the bottom. Corinne Griffith is very effective in this garb, which might be modified to meet more modest requirements.

This group of boudoir caps and dainty lingerie shows originality. The black ribbon velvet on two of the caps makes for piquancy. The underdress of satin is daintily rosetted; very appropriate for beneath georgette; the envelope garment is distinctly French, with its Madeira border, while the night dress is very lovely, with its little bolero, which is trimmed with ribbon and lace, and the tiniest of pink rosebuds.

WEEK-ENDS—AND MONROE SALISBURY

By ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

IT was a real Western welcome. Being an Easterner I had grown accustomed to meeting mine host in the dingy confines of a Harlem or Brooklyn flat, after climbing from four to six flights of dingy stairs, or as on more select occasions being whirled to a dizzy height in that particular style of bird-cage they call an apartment elevator This was different. The ride from Hemit had been an ideal one, revealing as it did California in its most glorious season. "We're turning in at the Salisbury Ranch now," remarked the driver laconically, and instinctively I tried to overcome the ravages of the long ride. But we hadn't arrived yet, for Western ranches are somewhat larger affairs than I had imagined. There were fields and fields of vivid scarlet and yellow poppies to be passed yet, as well as immense orchards where we glimpsed the heavily laden trees destined to bring all sorts of prizes to the owner who is considered an authority on avocado (alligator pear) culture. Then as we neared the house, the vineyards and the far-famed Salisbury lily pond made me wish for the hundredth time that day that I had been born with a talent for painting.

As we drove up to the house, the door was suddenly flung open and with outstretched hand Monroe Salisbury strode forward to welcome us. Did I say before it was a real Western welcome? It was. Salisbury was geniality itself. He actually seemed to enjoy having us all around the place, asking the most amateurish questions about anything and everything.

Two hours later, when we had all had tea and were feeling even more cheerful than before (were that possible), somebody suggested a visit to the nearby Indian reservation. Salisbury was not a bit enthusiastic about it—he even tried to veto the plan, but we wouldn't be thwarted. "Why don't you want us to go?" some one asked, and Salisbury answered seriously, "Because I like and respect them too much to have them suffer any embarrassment."

"But—" somebody else started, and Salisbury smiled a little ruefully "Forgive me if I seemed abrupt," he explained, "I didn't intend any insinuation. This is the way I feel about it—a lot of tourists visit the reservation and unthinkingly show the Indians just how odd and ridiculous they think they are. Naturally the Indians resent it—wouldn't you resent it if the situation were reversed? Now that I have been so exceedingly rude, and criticised my guests even before they erred, I'm going to make up for it by showing you every inch of interesting ground in that reservation and maybe even"—this last with a boyish twinkle—"I'll introduce you to my good friend the chief."

My first feeling for Salisbury had been one of the utmost respect, but this attitude of his where his Indian friends were concerned deepened it a hundredfold. From that moment I knew nothing could change my admiration for him.

The Soboba Indian I'll remember longest is that chubby little red-skin known as Monroe Salisbury, who claims the Universal star as entirely his own property "Oh, yes," laughingly explained Salisbury, "We think both of us are just fine. You see he had the good taste to pick me out for godfather when he was just two weeks old, and naturally I admire his good taste. His parents liked the sound of my name and so named him after me. The christening was great. I'll never forget it as long as I live."

And the Sobobas will never forget Salisbury either A young graduate of Carlisle, just returned to his own people, told us many instances of consideration that have made them regard him in the light they do. At one time, when the actor played the Indian lead in "The Savage," he rented the theatre in Hemit and invited the whole reservation to see him as one of them. Trucks were hired to carry the Indians, three hundred odd, to the theatre.

Monroe Salisbury, a typical California farmer.

The next morning revealed Salisbury in a new light. In a corner of the sunny morning room, he had established himself with a batch of fan letters and photographs and was busily at work answering the former "Don't you find it a bit of a nuisance answering all those?" I ventured, but Salisbury smiled contradictingly

"A nuisance?" he asked. "Why should it be? I enjoy getting these fan letters immensely and consider answering them a very small way in which to show my appreciation. I feel that I should like to meet all these unknown friends of mine and be able to tell them how much their interest really means to me. Applause is denied the screen actor—this written approval makes up for it. After all it is a very human trait wanting to know just what people think of you, don't you think?"

As he finished he turned once more to autographing photographs, and I left him to find a seat on the shady veranda with some of the others.

The rest of that day passed in a series of interesting events, and Salisbury the actor was almost forgotten in the newer acquaintance with Salisbury the man. There was pride—and we did not blame him for it either—in his very manner as he showed us his prize horses. As he passed them, one and all poked their noses inquiringly into his pockets and helped themselves of the store of sugar there, which he had to replenish again and again from a paper bag he carried with him.

Not quite so appealing but even more interesting were his horn toads, which afforded considerable amusement to all of us. So thorough was Salisbury's discourse on them that we felt, one and all, capable of raising prize horn toads, should the necessity for such a procedure arise.

The sun was setting as we finally left the ranch behind us. "Lucky fellow, Salisbury," remarked one. "There aren't many possessing a hobby as interesting as the one he has in his ranch."

"Nor as lucrative a one," said another "Not so bad to have such a fascinating business to fall back upon. Salisbury confided in me should the fans tire of seeing his shadow on the silver sheet he would be perfectly willing to retire and change his grease paint for a coat of sunburn, and his costumes for the overalls of the California rancher, and I don't blame him at that."

"Neither do I," said a voice from somewhere in the region of the tonneau.

"Nor I," echoed another

Then silence reigned as we all settled back to enjoy the roadsides of California again and our memories of the week-end just past.

Looking over our visit in retrospect, we found it very gratifying to recall the clean-cut features, the hearty manner, the easy cordiality and the entirely natural charm of our host. Those who have seen Monroe Salisbury in the pictures, know him for the finely upstanding, typically American figure that he is, and it is quite in keeping with his views on Americanism that he should feel so deep a love for the land that he can contemplate letting the activities of his ranch life take the place of his occupation as an actor

It is good to know that, in spite of the fact that there is often a general impression existing to the effect that an actor is likely to be a trifle fussy and effeminate, there are plenty of men in the game who are thorough men, four-square men, with honest muscles and honest hearts. Salisbury is one of them.

THE AMAZING WIFE

By DONALD CLIFFORD SCOTT

CICELY OSBORNE sat huddled up on a bench in the park. The sky was leaden, but not more so than the spirit of the girl who covered her tear-swollen eyes with her hand lest some passer-by note her forlornness and be tempted to address her

Cicely was one of the many girls who find life in a great city insupportable. Only too clearly did she recall the events of the past few months, events that had changed her whole outlook on life, had taken away all incentive to make even a try at success, and had shown her once and for all that she was a failure, and that perhaps the only way out would be the way that she longed for, yet was afraid to take.

Two months ago her mother had lain ill in their little room in a cheap boarding-house. They had practically no money and Cicely had found it impossible to get a job. She had walked the streets in the hours while her mother slept, and more than once she had felt the impulse of despair to the point of being ready almost to sell herself for the sake of procuring those things which were so essential to the saving of her mother's life.

Then suddenly a way had opened up. John Ashton, a crude fellow, and a mere laborer, who lived in the same house, had always been pleasant to Cicely That he admired her in his rough way was obvious. As he saw the girl growing pinched and haggard, John longed to help her He was not the sort of man to appeal to a refined girl and he knew it. But he realized that perhaps for the purposes involved he might help Cicely as well as another man.

"Look here," John greeted her one evening in the hallway "What's the matter? You look as if you'd lost your last friend."

The words were not well-chosen, but the note of sympathy struck down into Cicely's heart. Her eyes filled with tears, as she confessed something of her plight.

"Come," said Ashton. "Let's remedy this thing. I like you a lot, kid, why not marry me? I haven't much education, I know, and you're a pretty girl who could do better, but I'm strong, I've got a job that pays well, and if you marry me you can take your mother to the country to get well again."

It was a long speech for the rude fellow to make, but Cicely felt that he was honest. She shrank with a certain repugnance from close contact with this laborer, but there was her mother, and she herself was done for She looked into John Ashton's face and said with a sigh that was almost relief "I'll marry you, John, if you want me."

She did not tell her mother; but she and John got ready the next day and went down to get a licence. A magistrate married them. At the close of the ceremony Ashton turned to give his bride a kiss. All the horror of the right of this man to possess her filled Cicely, she drew away with a little shudder, at which Ashton laughed good-naturedly, saying· "Never mind, I'll make you love me yet, my pretty "

Then he shook hands with the justice of peace and handed Cicely the paper that recorded their union.

That paper was in Cicely's hands now She looked at it a little dazedly It all seemed so far away and so long ago. But there it was, the registry record of the marriage between Cicely Osborne and John Ashton of Boston, on March—. She had been his wife in name—for a little while at least. In her coat pocket was a ticket that she drew out; it was a pawn ticket. On a plain gold band ring she had borrowed two and a half dollars. Just thirteen cents of that money was left. When it was gone there was nothing. Once more memory blinded her eyes with tears. For Ashton, the jocular bridegroom, had taken her to a cheap restaurant to have their wedding breakfast. While they sat at the table, he ordered drink after drink, and with each drink he became a little more hilarious, a little more threatening toward his newly made wife.

How well Cicely recalled her blushes when John had leaned toward the waiter, and with a wink had whispered "We're just married." The waiter had grinned, meaningly

"You're a cold little bride," Ashton had complained, and Cicely did her best to shake off the horrible oppression that had fallen upon her

But Ashton, true to type, believed that the way to win her was to make her jealous. At a nearby table sat a very pretty, though coarse-looking, girl with a man. Ashton stared at this girl until he attracted her attention

"Some stunnin' girl over there," he remarked to Cicely Cicely pretended not to hear

Then Ashton grew angry Deliberately he lifted his glass and bowed to the other girl. At this the man with the girl jumped up and came aggressively over to the Ashton table.

"What d' you mean by mashin' my girl?" he demanded.

Ashton laughed.

"Who said I was mashin'?" he wanted to know, boldly

"Come, John, let's go," Cicely whispered, frightenedly Ashton leered at her

"Jealous, eh? I thought I'd prove you was human."

"Look here,"shouted the other man, "you leave my gal alone."

With that Ashton, now really tipsy, had leaped from his seat and had struck the man square in the face. Horrified, Cicely looked on. The waiter appeared just as the other man flung a bottle at John's head, and Ashton went full-length to the floor like a log. The waiter gave him one look and then, in a quick aside, warned Cicely

"If you're wise, you'll beat it."

And Cicely, moving mechanically, had left the restaurant and had hurried home, the terror of a criminal in her heart, for she knew that John was dead, that she had seen him killed; the police would be after her How much relief there was in the knowledge that Ashton would now never come to claim her, she did not know, but her feet moved swiftly, almost buoyantly, away from the scene of the murder

But as she reached her boarding-house, and started to mount the steps, she paused a little. No country for her mother now; they were in as bad a plight as ever How could she tell the patient little woman all about this? Wearily now she dragged herself upstairs, and at the door of her room

The little mother would not need the country now.

THE CAST

Written from the Universal Photoplay

CICELY OSBORNE.	*Mary MacLaren*
LIEUT. JOHN ASHTON	*Frank Mayo*
CLAIRE WINSTON	*Ethel Lynne*
PHILIP ASHTON	*Stanhope Wheatcroft*
JOHN ASHTON	*Seymore Zeiliff*

started back. For a group of women were gathered about the door and in the room. As Cicely came forward, they made way for her Several were weeping. With a terrible sense of foreknowledge, Cicely walked up to the bed. There would be no need to tell the little mother—she would not have to go to the country to get well. In her sleep, while her daughter sat at the table with the man who had promised to help her and who had failed so miserably, she had had the burden of life removed from her Cicely threw herself at the bed-side, her lips working painfully, her eyes burning from scalding tears. And the women who were gathered there withdrew, and left her there alone with her grief

This morning in the park was the aftermath of that scene. She had managed to bury her mother decently, and then after a few days she had pawned her wedding ring to procure food for a little while longer But at last she had reached the end she would destroy the certificate, get rid of anything that would serve to identify her, and after that, the lake. She shivered, and took out the paper But as she did so, she heard a newsboy call, and saw him running toward her through the park. She would read a paper before she went, stepping up, she hailed the boy and with two of her pennies bought a paper For a short time more she could live.

And then came the big idea! Among the notes that she found in the paper was this

"Lieut. John Ashton. Killed in France, only son of Mr and Mrs. James Ashton, of 48 Elmshurst Drive, is reported killed in action. He had been overseas since March."

Cicely read the notice over and over Then she looked at her marriage certificate. The date was March 3. And the name was John Ashton, Boston, Mass. Why not? Who was this dead John Ashton? How would his people ever know that he had not married before going abroad? If only she could! Elmshurst Drive was in the fashionable residential district the people of this John Ashton would be well-off He was not married, or the notice would have said so.

It was a temptation, this idea of presenting herself with her certificate to the parents of her supposed husband and so be taken care of

Resolutely she got up, brushed herself off, and started out to walk. It was some distance away, but while she walked she thought of what she would say There was just a chance that she would get by with the plan.

At Elmshurst Drive she hesitated. Then despair drove her on. She went up the steps of the beautiful house and rang the bell.

"I wish to see Mrs. James Ashton," she told the servant. She was shown into a reception room. If the whole house were like this, it was little short of being a mansion.

Presently a dapper little man appeared.

"Mrs. Ashton you wished to see?" he inquired kindly

Cicely managed to answer "Yes."

"She will be here presently," he informed her "I am Mr Ashton."

"Oh," murmured Cicely Then Mrs. Ashton arrived and Cicely found herself tongue-tied. How tell these good people her lie? She resolved to say little, instead, she fumbled in her bag and brought out her certificate. She handed it to Mr Ashton.

"I wanted to show you this," she said.

Mr Ashton read it with a startled expression Then he walked over to his wife. She gave a glance at the paper, and Cicely thought she would faint. Instinctively she ran toward her But Mrs. Ashton was recovering herself On her lips there was a smile.

"She has fainted," Mrs. Ashton cried.

"John—married," she was murmuring.

"But look," said her husband. "This is dated the third. What day did John sail? I thought it was the third."

"It was the sixth," John's mother answered. Then very sadly, "I never shall forget that date."

They asked no embarrassing questions of the supposed wife. She had been John's choice, they did not question that choice. They received her as their own child, their heritage from the dear son who was dead.

In the days that followed there were often moments when Cicely longed to tell them the truth. But she did not dare. She was too happy, with her dainty room, the good food, the Ashtons' kindness, their efforts to make up to her for the loss which was their loss, too.

There was one member of the Ashton family who felt more than an ordinarily warm regard for the new daughter This was Philip Ashton, John's cousin, a man who was handicapped by being something of a cripple. Horseback riding was Philip's only sport, and he looked for that petting that a man with the reputation of being an invalid usually does look for

It was Philip who taught Cicely to ride, it was Philip who took her to parties, and Philip, who, in a mild way, made love to her That Philip suspected anything about her Cicely did not dream, or that with the warped mind of the physically imperfect he had found a huge delight in investigating this little stranger's past. Philip admired Cicely, but he intended to take his own way of getting possession of her

It was one day when they were playing tennis, Cicely and Claire Winston, a neighbor, and a girl in whom John had been interested, that Philip, looking up, saw a strange man in a uniform coming across the lawn. He looked again, scarcely able to believe his eyes. It was John—John Ashton, reported dead, but here alive and walking calmly home. Philip scrambled to his feet. Then he went forward quickly

John looked up at him with a smile.

"So you thought I was dead," he said.

"Your mother has mourned you unceasingly," Philip returned "So has your wife."

John looked surprised.

"My wife?" he asked.

"Over there, playing tennis, Cicely Turned up the day you were reported killed."

John said nothing, but he looked at the girl.

"I'll go straight up to the house," he said. "You run along and break the news to mother"

Philip, a peculiar smile on his lips, did as he was told.

Mrs. Ashton's joy was wonderful to see, when she realized that her boy was alive and home again.

It was to Cicely that the news of John Ashton's return came like a thunderbolt. What was she to do? Why, the man did not even know her Under the pretense of being overcome, she escaped to her own room, before John even had a look at her, and packed her bag ready for departure. But if she had thought to get away so easily she was mistaken, presently there came a call for her, she was wanted downstairs.

With heart beating furiously she walked slowly down to the big hall. At the bottom of the steps Mother Ashton stood ready to greet her, a smile on her face.

"Ah, here is our daughter," she said.

Almost timidly Cicely looked John Ashton in the face.

"My wife," Ashton murmured, and Cicely knew that for the moment at least she was safe.

Their somewhat strange behavior was set down to shyness by the father and mother After all, they had been man and wife for but a few days.

"You will want Cicely to yourself," Mother Ashton told John. "Don't bother

about us go and have your talk out we're so glad you are back we shall spare you for a little while."

In the privacy of Cicely's room the girl faced the man supposed to be her husband She dared not for a moment look at him. A sudden, horrible shame filled her This was not a John Ashton such as she had married here was a real man and a gentleman. He had already shown her a chivalrous patience by not giving her away immediately Could it be that she could win him to the wish not to give her away at all? At last she dared look at him, and then she saw that around his mouth was a sneer

"You're a fine little imposter," he began heatedly "What right had you to do such a thing?"

Cicely's reply was a sob. Then she pulled herself together and told him the whole story More than once her voice broke with a sob. The reaction after her happy days with the Ashtons to this awful misery this uncertainty of the future again was telling on her She succeeded in arousing in John Ashton more than pity he saw her point of view visualized the despair that had driven her to do this thing He realized that she was a girl well-born, probably well-educated a girl who had lived a sheltered life until accident and its consequent poverty had thrown her helpless on the mercy of the world. She was pretty, too, very pretty, and very winning in her tearful confession, which she made with that frankness that belongs only to the innocent of heart. She had never been actually the wife of this other John Ashton, she had suffered at his hands all undeservedly John felt a warmth of sympathy for her creeping into his heart, and his sympathy revealed itself in his voice.

"Mother's fallen in love with you," he said. "We'll keep up the bluff for a little. As soon as possible I'll get back to the Army Then you can get away

In her gratitude for the time given her Cicely was ready to do anything. So John Ashton and his wife lived to all

They regarded her as a heritage from their lost son.

appearances in happy unity, with only Philip to watch and wonder, believing that the girl had sold herself to get the home she needed.

And Philip's evil mind led to serious consequences. For he could not conceal his own purposes. He invited Cicely to go to town with him, and when she refused he tried to make love to her When she would not have him near her, he accused her of having taken John in. Cicely was thoroughly scared, and determined that now she must leave John, or Philip would bring the house about her ears.

John knew Philip better than Cicely did He learned that Philip was persecuting the girl and it ended in a fight. Cicely witnessed that fight and prayed that she might die before the two killed each other For Philip was not physically built for fighting, and John still had a wound not entirely healed When both men were practically done for John's wound opened He told the folks at home, when he was carried in, that it was an accident only Cicely knew better For weeks he lay between life and death, and Cicely in those weeks learned that she loved this man who was supposed to be her husband. She was untiring in her efforts to help nurse him she was devoted in every way And one day John opened his eyes and saw her standing by the bedside. And he held out his hand and said "Cicely—my little wife."

Then Cicely knew that it was all right that in those nights when John had slept on the balcony outside her room, and in the days when he had seemed too ill with the effects of his wounds to care about anything or anyone, he had been thinking, and taking stock of her, and little by little growing to care.

And Cicely knew now that she loved him with her whole heart, that for him she would be ready to sacrifice anything. If she could once know the refuge of his arms and know that his heart beat with tenderness for her all the sadness that had gone before would be blotted out.

John insisted on a wedding to his people his explanation was that he and Cicely had never had anything really proper in the way of a wedding. Being married by a magistrate did not appeal to him. He wanted to be regularly married. And to please him, it was all arranged, and even Philip put his dark plans from him, and coming in one day, asked John to forgive him.

So Cicely became Mrs. John Ashton, and continued to fill the Ashton home with the sunshine of her presence, for with so much kindness around her, she bloomed to young girlhood again, and forgetting those awful days of poverty and despair, she let herself back in the warmth of love and luxury.

"This is our daughter," Mrs. Ashton announced.

BESSIE LOVE AND THE "CRY-BABY FACE"

By GRAHAM CLIFFORD

BESSIE LOVE'S first manager of any importance was asked why he had engaged her as a star at a salary said to be unusually large. He was not a talkative man, but he turned to his questioner and answered

"Because she has the cry-baby face, artistically and commercially speaking."

And so, behind a colloquial phrase, typical in its incisiveness of the speed of the camera and the craft-shop in which it was developed, lies the true secret of the art of Bessie Love.

Audiences prefer either to laugh or to cry, not literally the latter perhaps, but as a substitute for it, to feel the clutch in the throat—that is the near approach to tears. To be commercial in such matters is, of course, to be selfish, but to be artistic is to be wonderful.

For some time noted as a comedienne, Miss Love has now developed, through the excellent direction of her destinies, the discretion of her managers and their ability to provide her with proper mediums, into one of the greatest of our younger emotional actresses. She has substituted her plaintive personality and her artistic use of it for the artificial methods of some artists who seek to grasp the retreating interest of an audience by doing some spunky thing, being "cute," as it were, when the spectator desires a continuation to a logical result of the emotions aroused.

With rare dramatic insight, true analysis and a clear view of the objective to be obtained, the policy to be pursued in the development of Bessie Love was thus outlined by her director

"Miss Love is that rare combination of comedienne and dramatic actress, and in order that she may do herself justice, it is necessary that she be given stories and roles that are suited to her With this in mind and taking into consideration her youth, we have rounded up a number of first-class plays for her, and they will be given the finest production modern methods and manufacturing facilities afford."

There is much of the practical in this policy, but underlying it all is the dependence on the artistry of the actress, and Miss Love has more than realized the tasks set for her

The selection of her first play was, of course, most careful. It was to be not only a test, but an acid test, of her abilities to realize the promise which all felt was in her, but also the critical were observing with keen interest.

The play selected was "The Dawn of Understanding," adapted from "Sue" and developed from Bret Harte's prairie romance, "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain." The scene of the production was in the company's Western studio. The play itself had already been done by Annie Russell twenty years ago and had proved a sensation. Here was another challenge to Miss Love, this following in the footsteps of one of America's leading emotional stage women. It was enough to frighten her

But the responsibility of revealing in pantomime before the truth-telling camera the wonderful, appealing, plaintive, whimsical, genuine sentiment of Bret Hartes' little girl of the plains was indeed greater Here was the master of the emotions—the loves, hatreds, friendships, ambitions—of the prairie, Bret Harte, the heart-singer of the old West, and here was, perhaps, his most typical and perfect romance.

Her complete triumph is now a part of her victorious career, and marks a distinct advance in the art of the camera. "Sue" proved ideally suited to her, and will for some time be considered the finest interpretation of her progress. As the little girl of the plains, she had ample opportunity for the display of her comedy talents, but especially for the utilization of her girlish appeal.

Not quite so replete with the deeper feelings of Bret Harte's creation, but satisfactory, and offering her wider scope for her talents as a comedienne was her next picture, "The Enchanted Barn." It was taken from the story of the same title by Grace H. L. Lutz. The scenes were photographed along the wonderland coast of California. The story of the fairy prince and the little girl in the barn, in which she had secreted her debt-ridden family, gave Miss Love the opportunity of running the full octave of human emotions; but the predominating optimism of Shirley, this girlish heroine, won for her the characterization of the "glad-girl." True, this title has been given to a fictional creation, but this time it went to the personal Bessie Love.

Miss Love's newest picture, which has just been released, is from the popular book by Margaret Widdemer, "The Wishing Ring Man." In it the winsome little star has again an opportunity to utilize to the full the values of her so-called "cry-baby face." "Joy" is the name of the girl, and Bessie Love is her embodiment, She is quaint, appealing, and believes things, and the real human man who comes into her life tells her to keep on believing things and they will come true. One may readily conceive that plaintive face of Bessie Love signifying an undying belief and the happiness which comes when the realization is reached, which, of course, must be.

And a thought about this dainty star's personal side. She is one of the youngest of the cinema players. She was born in Los Angeles and was graduated from high school there, and of course visited Hollywood. As a consequence, she went direct from the classroom to the photoplay studio. She had her first training in the various studios which crowd the great film city, and last Summer accomplished her heart's ambition by becoming a star Some of the plays she has heretofore appeared in are "Intolerance," "A Sister of Six," "The Heiress of Coffee Dan's," "Mina, the Flower Girl," "The Sawdust Ring," "Wee Lady Betty," "Pernickerty Ann," and "The Great Adventure."

And what a wise little body she is. Here is her own naive analysis of the values of the "cry-baby face"

"I often wonder, and all girls must wonder—as thinking is such a distinct bore—wonder, wonder, when I am following my director's instructions and portraying this, that and the other emotion, if the good people, who will eventually see my picture themselves, in return wonder about the capacity of brains, the imagination behind what you call the "cry-baby face."

"How I detested that phrase at first. It seemed to mean that all I had was a face —no brains. I resented it so much that I almost asked people about our workshop to stop using it. Then, I thought, after all it was just a technical affair, and I decided not to pay any attention to it.

"But, if I had, mind you I said 'if,' protested, it would have been something like this Mr and Mrs. Audience (I always appeal to my audience when I am in trouble), do you realize that possibly there is an imaginative mind behind that 'cry-baby face?' There is, dear friends, there is. Every moment of a part I am playing, every emotion—sorrow, happiness, love, oh, everything—I just feel through my imagination. I live it, all of it, not only the moments I am acting, but all the unregistered story of the girl.

"The 'cry-baby face' is a masque which hides the thought behind it, and it is a good old masque, because it never betrays the real emotions behind it. My, how often I have wanted to stop the play right off and get 'myself,' because it is always I who am suffering, right out of my troubles. Or again I want to change the 'direction' and keep on laughing. Yes, Mr and Mrs. Audience, I may have a 'cry-baby face,' but please believe me when I tell you that I have a brain which thinks, an imagination which lives, and a soul which suffers and is glad, sympathizes and is optimistic."

The "cry-baby face" has a responsibility When the thousands upon thousands of feet of film with these features upon it go traveling about the world to be shown to millions of people, it is well for the owner to remember that these people believe in her They are controlled by that "cry-baby face," their emotions are its slaves, and their conclusions must always be for optimism—belief in good.

And it is the full realization of this responsibility, and the happiness that she promulgates, which is the real secret of the greatness of sweet Bessie Love.

LIFE AND LOVE

By BETTY BLYTHE

To live is life, and life is love,
Loving life is living;
To live a life of living love,
One constantly is giving.

Lives of pleasure are set to pain,
But we play the sweet music all over again,
For life without giving is life without living,
And living, real living, is love.

ONE LESSON THE WAR HAS TAUGHT

And Now—Will Frivolity or Common Sense Win?

By BEBE DANIELS

ONCE more a great empire builded on sand has fallen! The forces allied against it would not consider an armistice. They demanded unconditional surrender, and got it. So neatly and completley was this accomplished that none but the watchers on the housetops were aware of it. There was no tooting of sirens, blowing of whistles or beating on tin pans. I refer to the Empire of Extravagance, and the victory won by Field Marshal Economy and General Common Sense over the tyrant, Fashion, and the demon, Dress.

The bird they call the peacock and the American war eagle do not seem to get on well together And woe to the newly hatched frock which caught the wrathful eagle's eye! The sartorial slacker was just as popular at the patriotic club as the food slacker and the draft dodger, and as welcome on the Avenue as a swarm of Hohenzollerns would be on the Strand.

For once in her exasperating life the woman who had "absolutely nothing to wear" was put to shame. Whenever she voiced this ante-bellum plaint, she was reminded that about half of the world was going around like the king's beggar maid, in shreds and patches. Besides, the watchful eagle bird had his talons on the family bankroll. And long-suffering husbands welcomed the opportunity to buy outfits for Belgian babies or any other human beings who actually needed clothes.

But the end is not yet. It seems that the least part of a war is the winning of it. Now comes the heavy job of gathering up the pieces and getting everybody started out in life on the right foot, or the left, it all depends on which one they have left. The tatterdemalion peoples of Europe need food and clothing as never before. We must continue to help them, and put heart into them, so that they can go to work again and mend their broken fortunes. By the time the open season for bargain hunters rolls around (which will not be this year), I hope that even the chronic shopper will be cured of her silly habit. For my part, I feel that Common Sense has got such a grip on me that my life will continue to be one long Lent.

They say that an honest confession is good for the soul, and right here I think it only decent to admit that I have been as foolish with money as any actress in the motion-picture directory Too chastened now to boast of my own wastefulness, I quote the lines of a reporting lady who called one afternoon to write me into a story

"Her dressing table is a-glitter with jars and bottles of creams, cosmetics, powders, perfumes and every conceivable aid to loveliness. Her wardrobe is a sight to take one's breath away Shimmery evening gowns, dainty day frocks, bewitching negligees, smart suits and wonderful hats bear the labels of exclusive Fifth Avenue shops. She has, in short, a fortune in clothes."

One might reasonably suppose that a girl who was young and not so very painful to look at, would be free to improve her mind and carve a career for herself. Indeed, she has never been. In addition to being young and pretty, she must be "well groomed" and smartly dressed. Manicurists', hairdressers' and chiropodists' bills have always formed items of no small account. If a girl saved on cosmetics, she spent on accessories, she was expected to have several sets of jewelry, fancy hairpins, novelty veils, purses, fans, and the like.

Miss Daniels does not always practice what she preaches.

Clothes in themselves hardly deserved the name. They had outgrown their original purpose, and were decorative rather than protective. Beads, a few stitches of hand embroidery and fancy braids added heavily to the cost. Underwear had become lingerie, and if you look in the windows at the evanescent pink frillies which go so adorably with white ivory furniture, you will conclude that lingerie has in turn become mere garnishment. This is largely due to the extensive use of a beautiful, durable and transparent fabric known as Georgette crepe.

But the standard was set before I got into the game. I thought that I had to dress within an inch of my life to hold my own in the cinema heavens. As a matter of fact, we were all polishing the outside of the cup. We were wasting, not only money, but too much time and thought on non-essentials. The belief that fine feathers make fine birds prompted us to adopt a mode of living that in no way advanced us. The average American girl has been in the habit of spending for luxuries, in the course of a year, what the European would consider a decent matrimonial nest-egg.

And now I must mention the sustaining influence of the Doughgirl, who has appeared in such large numbers, and is a very special product of the "late war" It was she, I believe, who really turned my mind toward this dress reform business, and not entirely on her own account. She had common sense thrust upon her, but the effect of it was none the less contagious.

You see, Uncle Sam has ideas about the dressing of girls, just as he has ideas about the behavior of boys. He said to the former "Young woman, if you wish to work for me and look after my boys, you will have to wear sensible clothes. You must eschew those provocative furbelows and fripperies with which you bedeck yourself in private life." And to her brother "Young man, this is not a cocktail-drinking party, you will keep sober, restrain that impulse to flirt, and get to bed early at night."

No rookie balked at having to wear a uniform. Several of my girl friends are in the service, and each and every one fancied that her uniform was not becoming to her One, a dietitian, said "The person who designed these uniforms was certainly partial to blondes. *I* look perfectly horrid in it!"

This statement I made haste to deny I had never seen the girl look so well before. She was a tall, angular, ungraceful girl, who at one time had gone in strenuously for athletics. She had glossy black hair, good eyes and comely features, but a long, thin neck. She had no style and no figure, and feminine clothes only accentuated her lack. They detracted from her, and the open-necked dress-blouse revealed the thin throat, which made her appear older and thinner than she really was.

In her close-fitting, man-tailored uniform she made a perfectly stunning appearance.

(*Continued on page 52*)

THE PLAYGOER HAS HIS SAY

The Readers Pass Out a Lusty Share of Knocks and Compliments

Takes Exception to Criticism of Hart

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Sir:—In your issue for May, E. S. J., Phila., Pa., criticises *Breed of Men* as having a meaningless title, being legally impossible, and containing scenes from the Chicago stockyards that have no connection with the story.

As a matter of fact, *Breed of Men* is extremely suggestive, doubtless referring to the contrast brought out by the play between the rough but straight men of the West, represented by "Careless" Carmody, and the smooth shysters, such as Wesley B. Prentice, who made capital out of the trust of decent folk. The swindle represented is one of those within the law, for which the engineer could not be legally extradited. The thing was actually done many times during the settlement of new lands. E. S. J seems to have been too dull to catch the point that the stockyard scenes were Carmody's progress from the cattle train, on which he worked his way to Chicago, into the city proper.

E. S. J makes no mention of the excellent acting, splendid settings, sixty horse power story, and the warm human note of humor, with which Mr. Hart has infused this play. Mr. Hart deserves credit for having created, not a mere horse racing, rope throwing melodrama, but a bit of real life, the highest attainment of art. I hope we will have more plays like *Breed of Men*.

Very truly yours,
E. H. C.

Is Mary Pickford Becoming Less Popular?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Editor:—For some years now, Mary Pickford has been called "America's Darling" and has been referred to as the most popular of the screen artists. No one can help but acknowledge her beauty, but when one goes to see "Captain Kidd, Jr." and such tommy rot as she has been giving us recently one wonders what the future may hold for Mary in the hearts of her American admirers. Who selects these pictures for Miss Pickford? We hear that she spends thousands of dollars for her scenarios, and if she does, certainly it is a waste of money, for there are many people around without a doubt, who, with no literary ability at all, could provide far better vehicles for many of these stars were they given half a chance. "Captain Kidd, Jr." has no plot; the situations are absurd and the action throughout is slow and uninteresting.

K. C.

Doesn't Like Inconsistencies

CAMDEN, N. J

Dear Editor:—Where in "The Woman Question" does Corinne Griffith obtain all her beautiful wearing apparel so suddenly, is the question that comes to every mind. She leaves her aunt with merely a suitcase packed with odds and ends of her belongings and assuredly she has been unaccustomed to fine clothes. Then all at once, on the day she arrives at her new home to be hired model for her benefactor's book, she appears in a beautiful gown that must have cost a whole month's salary. Miss Griffith is extremely charming and lovable, and is certainly an excellent actress, but why cannot her beautiful clothes be explained?

M. C.

Surprised by Anita Stewart's Good Work

NEW YORK, N Y.

My Dear Mr Editor:—Not long ago I saw Anita Stewart for the first time. It was in a picture entitled, "From Headquarters." I was surprised and delighted to find that Miss Stewart is a wonderful little actress. It seems to me that she is, in her way, quite as good as Norma Talmadge, and better than a good many of the actresses who are being widely advertised. She had to play the part of a girl who thinks she has murdered the man she loves, a girl whose father is a detective, and is sent out to solve the mystery in the case. It took some big emotion to put the thing over, but Miss Stewart did it beautifully all through. I wish we could have some articles and pictures about Anita Stewart in THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD.

Yours, sincerely,
M. L. P.

The Lay Critics

The title of this new department of The Photo-Play World explains exactly its scope and purpose. Here the men and women who go to the theatre are to have their big opportunity for free and untrammelled comment. What you see in the film theatres you and your friends may reflect here. This is your opportunity to do your part in the improvement of the art of the screen. The Photo-Play World wants all the comment printed on this page to be purposeful and significant. If the writer desires to keep his identity a secret he may, simply by so informing us. For those who wish it, only initials will be attached to letters. All others will be signed by the names of the writers. Let all the photo-play patrons meet here for discussion of current film events.

Elsie Ferguson Always Splendid

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

My Dear Editor:—In your editorial for last month, I noticed that the comment was made that the real artists of the screen were those who had probably been on the legitimate stage, and were really and truly actors instead of mere beauties from a pictorial sense. Among those mentioned were Nazimova, Farrar and Petrova. Let us not forget to add to that list the charming Elsie Ferguson, whose beauty of face and figure never fails us, and yet who radiates the life of the part she is playing. In "The Marriage Price" Miss Ferguson excels almost anything she has done before in pictures, and yet each picture that we see is so wonderful in its interpretation that we marvel anew. It is seldom that an actress meets up with our expectation in every play she achieves, but Miss Ferguson is never wanting in this respect.

F C. B.

Ince Falling Down

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Editor:—I saw Charles Ray in a new picture the other night, a story taken from "The Sheriff's Son." This is the poorest picture I have seen done by Ray, and I was very much disappointed. Mr Ray had little chance to act in it, and for the first time I noticed a great similarity in certain parts of the picture to other Ince pictures I have seen. There was the scene of a Western town that was used, I am sure, in a picture only a few months ago, and there was a ranch scene that was very familiar. I think it was in "Tyrant Fear" that one of these sets was used. Also, Mr. Ray was shown looking over books just as he did in "The Girl Dodger" It seems to me that there ought not to be such repeat stuff in pictures—can't the producers give fresh sets and a little more variety to their pictures?

Yours very sincerely,
M. N. B.

Florence Reed Not Suited to Pictures

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Editor:—I looked forward for a long time to seeing Florence Reed in pictures, and then I saw "Wives of Men," I was much disappointed. Miss Reed does not photograph well, and the picture was a cheap melodrama at best. The little boy in the story was the only actor worth while. Why do they use so many close-ups on an actress who is not beautiful? Miss Reed was superb in the stage play of "Cha Chin Chow," but I certainly don't think she is a success in pictures.

And that reminds me that I saw Kitty Gordon in a play that I do not remember the name of, but it was all about Chinese people, and Miss Gordon was very poor in her acting. She looked fine, but she did the most ridiculous things, and most of the picture was a dream, from which you awoke with a shock.

Can't somebody make these movie people put on better pictures?

Yours very truly,
A. S. F.

The Barrymores in "Peter Ibbetson"

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Dear Sir:—Someone asked the other month what the picture would be in which the three Barrymores would appear. I understand that this picture will be "Peter Ibbetson," the Du Maurier play in which John and Lionel Barrymore starred last year on the stage. Ethel Barrymore will take the part of Lady Towers. "Peter Ibbetson" was accounted one of the most important and artistic productions of last season, and if the photo-play is anywhere near as good, it should make a wonderful picture. The part which John Barrymore takes, that of Peter, is a tragic one, and will show him to picture playgoers in an entirely different light from that in which he has been appearing. His picture work has been mostly comedy, but it will be a test of the high intelligence represented among those who frequent the picture playhouses to have a picture like this shown. Either it will be too good for the average movie fan or it will mean a step forward in the education of movie fans.

Y O. F

Likes "The Probation Wife"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Editor:—The best picture I have seen for a long time by Norma Talmadge is "The Probation Wife." Why doesn't Miss Talmadge do more pictures like this? Someone told me that "The New Moon," which I see advertised, is a still better picture, and I am very anxious to see it. Is it a Russian story? I have always imagined that Miss Talmadge would do a big Russian story some day, ever since I saw "Panthea."

This is just my personal opinion; you may use it if you think it worth using.

N. C. D.

Why Doesn't Miss Pickford Produce More?

NEW YORK, N Y

My Dear Editor:—Don't you think the new Mary Pickford story is just a bit trifling for a girl of Miss Pickford's attainments? And why doesn't she do more pictures? Miss Pickford makes more money than any other screen actress, and yet she gives less for the money than anyone else. Norma Talmadge does about five or six pictures every year and Miss Pickford has done only about one in a year People get tired waiting for a new Pickford release, and what is more they get tired of hearing about what Mary does with all her money. It looks as if she were getting spoiled. Perhaps this is plain speaking, but I have always admired little Mary, and I do wish that she would go back to being a steady little producer, with some fine pictures like "Stella Maris" to her credit.

B. M. V

Why Not Make More Pictures from Good Old Classics?

NEW YORK, N. Y

Dear Editor:—I read a notice the other day that said that Tom Moore would be starred in "Lord and Lady Algy." I was so glad to see this that I thought I would just sit down and write this letter. I am not the average type of movie fan; I am a literary man, and I have always been just a trifle shy of moving pictures. But here lately I have gone to see a few pictures that were recommended to me as being worth while, and I am beginning to grow enthusiastic over the prospect of the photo-play becoming a highly artistic performance, as important as the production of plays and books. I saw "Little Women" and I couldn't help wondering why some of the film companies do not make more pictures from the good old classic tales. There are plenty of these stories in the libraries. When I was a child we used to read those books all the time. If we could have more Louisa Alcott books in pictures; more books like "Tom Sawyer" more things like "Lord and Lady Algy" and such a play as "Peter Ibbetson," which I believe is to be pictured, the intelligent man and woman, with a pretense to culture, would not be so afraid of the movies.

Your magazine is very fine; I appreciate the high type of editorial work that appears in it and the beautiful reproductions in half-tone. May it have every success.

D. B.

THE PLAYERS' FORUM

By THEMSELVES

Posing in Pictures

By Gertrude Astor

WHEN I started my picture career, I loved to play society roles. The atmosphere surrounding such a part appealed to me. I delighted in the beautiful gown I wore and the many different ones that were necessary to each play. The luxurious settings were a constant inspiration. I was at my happiest when, arrayed in the loveliest of negligees, I sat before an exquisitely appointed dressing table, or when, in a dinner gown of Lucille's, the camera recorded my presence at an exclusive function.

Little did I reckon then that I was laying the foundation for a "statuesque" career, but I see now that that is exactly what I was doing. Directors declare that I am the "statuesque" type, and I am afraid I must continue to be it.

But oh, how I do long to portray a different sort of girl. There is no compensation in being the heartless fiancee of the hero or the cold-blooded sister of the heroine. For a time it may almost seem as if she were to gain a certain amount of attention, when, snap, a new element comes into the story and she finds herself deserted for the little dewy-eyed ingenue who has been hovering somewhere in the background until that moment. There isn't even the satisfaction of having an audience feel sorry for you, for they all sympathize with the leading man and his pink-befrocked idol.

I'd just love to be a clinging vine in one picture and be adored in the same fashion the fluffy little heroines are; and wear hats with drooping brims, and baby blue sashes and rosebuds; and instead of having my hair correctly marcelled, be able to wear it in a profusion of yellow curls down my back. And I almost think I'd give a week's salary to share the final close-up with the hero instead of having to be pictured in one all alone, disdainfully staring through a lorgnette.

But I can't. Directors insist I am a type, and will not allow me to play anything else.

I have been making motion pictures for several years, and in that period have played about every society role there is except the really human one—such as a girl eloping with her butler or chauffeur or the minister. In all that time, never once have I been allowed to act as I really wanted to. It does seem a shame, for if nothing else would I should think my yellow hair would make me a candidate for a part containing heart throbs of some sort. As it is, I am the only blonde in film captivity who isn't an ingenue.

But am I downhearted? Not at all. Even now the era of the new woman is dawning. The regulation society girl has served her turn. The world has made real flesh and blood women of all the idlers and parasites that used to be. This condition is bound to be recognized in the photo-play, and perhaps very soon I will be playing really "moving" roles.

How Stars Are Made

By Charles Ray

A GREAT number of people are under the false impression that the producers are the ones who make the stars. Nothing could be further from the truth. The film fans themselves, and no one else, are the ones who make stars. If some producer tries to force some star upon the public, and if the public does not like that particular player, they will not go to the theatre playing that "star." Consequently, if the exhibitor gets no patrons while that particular actor is playing at his theatre, he will not book another picture with that actor playing in it. And if the exhibitors won't take any pictures of this star, said star is soon put in the class of "has-beens."

Most of the time it is the star's own fault if he or she does not "take." He should study his audiences and learn what they like and what they do not like. Then play up to their tastes. No matter what the critics say, it is the audience itself who can make a picture a success or a failure.

When I am in a motion-picture theatre, I never fail to study the people around me. Although I sometimes hear something not very complimentary, I try to learn what it is that they do not like, and govern my work at the studio accordingly. Besides earning things, I find it very interesting to watch people while there is a picture going on the screen. You can tell in a minute whether or not your work is getting over. If you are going right, your audience will laugh with you, cry with you, make love with you and enjoy all your pleasures with you. But when you look around and find that you cannot follow the story in their faces, then you may take it for granted that your work is unnatural to them, and that they are conscious of the fact that they are merely seeing a moving picture.

The Players Explain

On this page each month the Photo-Play World has arranged to give the actors and actresses of the photo-play their opportunity to communicate, once each month, directly with the men and women who see them nightly on the screen. If an actor is experimenting 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—here 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 photo-plays, if he wants to talk about photo-play audiences—here is the place for him to get into direct and forceful 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.

My Birthday Present

By William S. Hart

WHEN I was a kid, nearly fourteen years old, I, like all other youngsters, used to wait expectantly, around my birthday, for the present I knew I was going to get. I was living in Dakota at the time and on the day I was fourteen years old, I behaved myself wondrously well. Around noon-time I was beginning to feel a bit disappointed, because nothing was forthcoming. After dinner, though, my dad, without a word about where we were going, told me to put on my good clothes. We boarded a St. Paul train and reached that city late at night. The next day, thoroughly mystified, I followed my dad through the streets until we came to a big shoe shop. Nowadays it doesn't mean so much for a kid to get a new pair of shoes, but to me, who had never worn anything but moccasins all my life—well, I felt just like an Indian does after getting his first buffalo. My dad got me a twenty-four dollar pair of calf-skin boots. Proud? I just paraded around all day long.

When we got home I walked around to everybody that I knew, and showed them what, in my estimation, was the finest pair of boots in the country. I strutted around all day until some of the other kids began to get tired of my peacock vanity. They put their heads together and "framed me up." They came to me and asked if I wanted to come with them down to the old swimming pool. I was ready for a swim any time, so, unsuspectingly, I went with them. When we got to the swimming pool, I started to take off my coat. That must have been a signal for them, for they all jumped on me. I struggled, not knowing what was going to happen. They took me to the edge of the pool, and, each one of them taking an arm or leg, threw me into the water. Much discomfited, and with my boots wringing wet, I went home. My dad was out and I decided to try and dry my boots before he came back and to say nothing of the incident. No sun being out I stuck them under the kitchen stove. When my dad came home he asked what was burning. I told him that I didn't smell anything, but he went to the kitchen and found what was left of my boots under the stove. I was horror-stricken. It was the greatest calamity that had ever visited my young life. My dad stood glaring at me for a few seconds, but seeing that I really was heart-broken, decided that I had been punished enough and let the matter drop. But I tell you, folks, I sure did get even with those kids that threw me in the pool.

Harmony of Clothes Means Harmony of Mind

By Margarita Fisher

THERE is an old saying, that "clothes don't make the man," but I am firmly convinced, through my association with the motion pictures, that they have a great deal to do with the peace of mind of an actress. Harmony of clothes, to my mind, means harmony of mind.

Of course, we all know that a girl cannot portray the daughter of a millionaire and be dressed as a poorly paid shop girl. But that is considering the extremes. I have derived my evidence of the psychological effect of clothes from my every-day life.

There is no question about it; your clothes have a remarkable effect upon your attitude toward life in general. When I hop out of bed in the morning, in my fluffy chiffon sleeping garment of pink, accordion pleated, ornamented with cunning little rose buds, I feel as irresponsible as a kitten.

When, after I come home from a hard day's work and get out of a chic business suit and into a negligee of palest green satin, trimmed with bands of ostrich feathers; slip on a pair of boudoir mules and am sipping a cup of tea, I feel in a mood of complete relaxation. Green is a restful color and the feathers create an atmosphere of serene luxury that is a wonderful assistance in restoring one's poise.

Then I have a favorite little black velvet dress in which I assume all the dignity in the world. Dignity just naturally goes with black velvet. A pair of expensive sables just make me feel extravagant and the tale could be continued throughout my wardrobe, to show that clothes do have their effect upon the mind, but I do not believe it necessary. I think you will agree with me.

Realism in Motion Pictures

By Enid Bennett

THERE are a great many people, even "confirmed" movie fans, who seem to think that the one aim of the motion-picture directors is to save money on productions by trying to get realism into them by means of fake scenes. You will often go to a motion-picture show and, during the screening of some remarkable fire scene, train wreck or boat collision, you will hear people say, "Oh, I don't believe that was really done just for this picture. It must be taken from a Weekly News Reel and inserted into the picture." Or words to that effect.

Now, I won't try to defend *all* of the motion-picture directors, for some of them, of course, do resort to such means; but almost always, however, the unreal is used as a last resort. Indeed, I have seen directors apparently quite extravagant in their efforts to achieve the proper effects—too much so, by far, for the comfort of the players, at least.

For instance, in one of my Western pictures, recently made, a number of desert scenes had to be taken—but do you suppose for a moment the director was satisfied with having the scenes "shot" at the studio grounds, where there is a perfect field of sand, which, with a painted scene at one end of it, gives the actual illusion of the desert? No indeed! My husband, who directed the picture and a large company of us—about twenty-five, I should say—went way out on the desert in southern California for a week and a half. We slept in tents and shivered at night after broiling in the sun all day. It was a wonder we didn't catch malaria and worse.

The cactus tore our clothes and scratched unmercifully, and every once in a while the water supply would give out, in spite of all our precautions, and it would be necessary to wait while one of our motor trucks went back to get more. All this for realism.

Casson Ferguson and Robert McKim, who played important parts in the picture, both got sunburned so that they could hardly sleep at night, for the noonday sun (which gives the best light for pictures) is a terrific thing in the desert. Fortunately, I was able to wear a very large Stetson during all of my scenes, but I, too, got burned, especially about the hands and arms. As for Mr. Lockney, who played "the desert rat" and was supposed to be prettily "bronzed," he actually suffered. His unkempt wig was the only protection he had. Needless to say, all of us were delighted to get back to civilization, and felt that for once we had sacrificed almost too much to our art.

One Lesson the War Has Taught

(*Continued from page 49*)

It gave her a professional air, in keeping with her intellectual type. The long stride, which was really a lope—it was impossible to keep pace with her—had been shortened to the thirty-inch step by many drills of the military order The girl was literally transformed, and the longer I looked at her the more I could see that she should never wear anything but well-tailored suits, with high-necked shirtwaists and smart ties. I predict that the war marks the return of the tailor-made girl in civilian life.

Another girl became a nurse in the navy She was an extremely handsome girl, and much given to artificial "pretty-fying," which was entirely unnecessary "What do you *think*, Bebe!" she exclaimed, all but weeping. "We are not allowed to wear any powder, or rouge, or lip-stick, or anything! I look as pale as a ghost!"

"Horray!" I cried. "You've been painting the lily long enough!"

She had a complexion as clear and white as a gardenia petal, and in her dark blue uniform, with its graceful, scarlet-lined cape, she looked as dashing and artistic as a Renaissance cavalier But it was not until she had her photograph taken, with the cape thrown back over one shoulder, and her chin held at its customary independent angle, that I could get her to see this. Then she grudgingly admitted that the picture wasn't "half bad." Indeed, it was worthy of oil.

A third friend went into Y M C. A. canteen work. She was a bright, energetic girl, and fairly attractive, but so untidy that she had earned the sobriquet of "Sloppy Weather" Her hair was always streaming in the breeze. Her waist was apt to be minus half its buttons and never connected with her skirt on schedule time. She was like the wreck of the Hesperus, apt to part in the middle very suddenly and "before company," to whom you had very loyally sung her praises.

She never bothered to put trees in her shoes, they were always out of shape, with run-over, crooked heels and frayed laces. When she got her new "Y" outfit, a worker took her aside and explained to her kindly, but firmly, that she must keep her clothes in good order, and herself neatly in them, that they would expect her to look at all times as neat as the other girls. She told this story on herself, so there's no harm in repeating it. She was well aware of this shortcoming, but had always claimed that life was too short to "fuss" about such trifles. Well, army life is a busy one, but she has had to take time to "fuss," and by the time she returns to civilian life she will have acquired habits of neatness which will add one hundred per cent. to her appearance.

No musical comedy ever staged has provided such swagger and picturesque costumes as the uniforms of the chauffeurettes. I can recall only two breeches roles that in any measure compare with them, one is the costume of Alan Dale, in "Robin Hood," and the other of Peter Pan, in the play of that name. They were both enhanced by the spotlight and deep, rich coloring. Made up in practical dark gray, I doubt if they would be any more "fetching" than those of the girls who pilot trucks and taxicabs through the mazes of our city streets.

The ambulance driver's uniform is similar in cut, but more ornate. The caps are lettered with gold braid, and the coats trimmed with brass buttons. In these two uniforms the "divinely tall" girl has certainly come into her own. The wide leather belt, oblique leather shoulder strap, and upright military carriage bespeak the training and self-reliance of a major

So we find that the uniform has in no way marred the womanliness of our young women. The pretty ones are not hurt by it, and the ungainly ones are improved, as we saw in the case of the Doughboy The balance of the Doughgirl's outfit is in keeping with Uncle Sam's old-fashioned ideas of what is sensible and proper He said

"If you are going to France to work for me, young lady, you'll take none of those high-heeled, narrow-soled, foreign-looking shoes you've been wearing. Your life is no longer just one Easter parade after another You'll have to *walk*, and sometimes plod and trudge. Heavy tan boots for you, with low heels and storm rubbers for bad weather And you'll have no silk stockings, for I can't afford to buy them, and you shouldn't; so I will not let you wear them. White or black cotton or wool will go very nicely with those shoes, and will not tempt you to shorten the skirt you wear And as for 'lingerie,' it is a word unknown in the army vocabulary You'll take underwear—muslin, with good substantial embroidery, if you must have trimming, and cotton or fleece-lined or wool union suits, and flannel or flannelette pajamas or gowns. I don't want you sick on my hands, and I shan't allow you to freeze your silly self, as you do here."

Veils, jewelry, furs, even had to be left at home by the girl who enlisted to serve her country The middle-aged woman perhaps needed her corsets, but she was certainly on one enterprise where she was not required to look young and pretty Gray hair was in her favor, and white hair a crown of glory We shall be having grandmothers again the first thing we know

Do you think for a moment that when these war workers all come home they are going weakly to shoulder the trappings of sex slavery again? And do you fancy that a dollgirl will be able to give them any competition in the beau line? The girl who has done her bit for the boy who has done his bit has won a regard that all the artificial allure in the world cannot tarnish.

My advice to the girl at home is to get on the common sense wagon. For the last ten years young men have complained that they could not marry because the available girl wanted too much money for clothes, entertainment, and so forth. Make up your mind to buy only what you need and wear it out. Many of us have gone further than that, and have bought nothing. We resolved to wear what we had.

I'm going to get the worth of that fortune in clothes if I have to wear them until I'm eighty I went through closets, dressers, chiffoniers and trunks, and started on a great "making over" campaign. Given a safety razor blade and a head start, I will guarantee to dismember more gowns in a stated time than any other girl of my age in the country

H. B. WARNER—THE LOVABLE ROGUE

An Impression of a Popular Actor Who Is Returning to the Screen

By HELEN CHRISTENE HOERLE

IT was during a Saturday matinee of "Sleeping Partners" that I waited just inside the stage entrance of the Bijou Theatre till the final curtain fell, when I was booked for an interview with H. B. Warner

My anxiety to be prompt had led me to arrive fully fifteen minutes too early, and as I sat on the chair, usually occupied by the stage door-man, and waited for Mr Warner, I could hear the constant bursts of merriment faintly through the big iron door leading to the stage. Out there, behind a battery of glaring footlights, H. B. Warner was amusing a crowded house of pleasure-seeking folk, and he was going to abandon that sound of overwhelming happiness to work in pictures. I wondered how he could do it.

Someone opened the door to the stage and then banged it shut. It was the final slamming of the door at the close of the play, and a minute later in my mind's eye I could see Mr Warner and the company taking their curtain calls.

Then the door opened again and I heard a voice say, "They were great, this afternoon, weren't they?" and I knew that H. B. Warner was coming.

A minute later we had raced up the iron stairs and were sitting in his dressing-room. Then for the first time I had an opportunity to study Mr Warner at close range. With thousands of others I have always been a staunch admirer of H. B. Warner—ever since, in fact, the days when he made Jimmy Valentine famous, or did Jimmy Valentine make him famous? It really does not matter, only it was H. B. Warner who introduced to the stage the hero-rogue whom we all loved and sympathized with, although we knew all the time that he was not just what a perfectly nice, respectable gentleman ought to be.

But being an interviewer I must needs obtain information, and so, while Mr Warner lighted a cigarette, after asking my permission, I asked, "Why are you leaving the stage and returning to pictures?"

He did not hesitate a minute, while his face beamed at me, and he replied quickly, "I like pictures immensely, first of all, and secondly my daughter told me she would like to spend a year in California. That's the whole story "

And when I looked incredulous, for I remembered that the said daughter is about eight weeks old, Mr Warner continued, "I asked her theoretically of course. But ever since I opened in 'Sleeping Partners,' I have been receiving picture opportunities, but they were all here in town. I did not feel that I wanted to work the stage and pictures at the same time, so I rejected them. I could not do honest work and give the best that's in me if I worked night and day "

And that is the keynote to the Warner character The minute you meet H. B. Warner and he clasps your hand in greeting, you feel that there is an honesty in the man's soul—there is a straight-forward look in his blue eyes, a certain uprightness about his whole appearance that makes one know that H. B. Warner plays the game as it ought to be played. When one sees his six feet of lithe young manhood and gazes upon his earnest, almost ascetic countenance, one feels instinctively that here is a man whom one not only can trust but who is also worthy of one's trust.

"I like the good things of this life too much to work constantly, and although I am fond of the stage, there are many ways in which the Cooper-Hewitts have advantages over the footlights," he continued after a minute. "When this offer came, I consulted my wife and daughter, and when they decided that a year in California would be ideal, I signed my contract. And there you are."

He waved one hand with an air of finality and then leaned forward with his head

H. B. Warner.

supported on his hand, a favorite attitude of his when thinking.

"The one thing I miss in the studio is my audience," he admitted. "That, to my mind, is the biggest drawback of the screen. You know an audience really does half the work, you merely suggest the thought or action and they in their minds complete it. You feel them giving you something over the footlights and are stimulated to greater and better efforts by that very interest. In the studio you work against a battery of lights and the muzzle of a camera, knowing that it is registering your actions, and that once taken you cannot remedy or improve them, save by the retaking of the scene, which is a horrible expense.

"However, once a scene is run off in the projection room, you know whether or not a certain expression or gesture registers, and if it does not, it can be discarded forever The screen tells an actor a great deal more than the stage does and to my mind is a great aid to a knowledge of one's abilities or capabilities. A mere raising of the eyebrows may get over a point on the screen, and that to me is one of the big things in pictures. Few people realize I believe that repression and suppression are greater factors on the screen than over-acting or 'mugging.' The power of suggestion will always get over any point."

Pausing for a second, he lighted another cigarette and then waved his hand around the dressing-room. If you have never been in a dressing-room in a theatre you may have a wrongly preconceived notion of what they are like. Tiny, cell-like places, they are, with roughly painted walls. A chair or two, a dressing-table with a large mirror over it, and room for a wardrobe trunk, and you have a fairly good description of practically every dressing-room in almost every theatre.

"The studio dressing-rooms are usually far more commodious and luxurious than those in a theatre, but I suppose that is because one seldom spends more than an hour in a theatrical dressing-room, while between scenes at the studio you are apt to stay in your dressing-room for hours at a time. I am looking forward to the comfort of a real dressing-room at the coast—"

"With roses rambling over the door," I suggested.

Mr Warner laughed, while tiny little wrinkles ran out from his eyes, and his lips smiled. Did I say that H. B. Warner's face was ascetic? There is a certain almost ethereal something about him, but when he smiles, the little devils of merriment and good fellowship, and perhaps a keen enjoyment of the risque, chase away the somewhat puritanical atmosphere that he radiates when one first meets him, in spite of his very genuine hand clasp and wholesome welcome.

"Perhaps there may be roses," he admitted, "but California always means sunshine and roses and laziness, and—"

"Happiness and love," I suggested.

He agreed. "Just that."

And while speaking of happiness and love, and kindred subjects, I thought it a good time to broach the subject of the type of stories H. B. Warner is planning to do on the screen. Retaining a mental picture of the delightful lover he portrays in "Sleeping Partners," and realizing what a fascinating personality his is in this type of character, I ventured to say

"A friend of mine who saw 'Sleeping Partners' says you are the most perfect lover he has ever seen. I've been wondering whether or not you are planning to continue in this type of thing on the screen."

He laughed in keen appreciation, and returned "Indeed, no. That compliment is highly amusing, though I appreciate it greatly coming from a man, for every man in the world considers that he himself is a perfect lover But a light, frivolous thing like this play is hardly the thing for the screen, and then too I feel that I am beyond the age for doing the light, romantic hero—"

It was my turn to laugh, for to think of H. B. Warner as being beyond the romantic stage, or rather the age, for playing hero parts was rather amusing. I rather hesitated telling him so, for I feared he would

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HALE HAMILTON COMPARES THE STAGE AND SCREEN

By W. ERNEST WILKES

WE did not have to ring the bell or stand and wait with our hats in our hands, for, as we approached the beautiful bungalow comfortably situated on a rise near the ocean, we could see him on the porch, reading and still unaware of our presence.

Many ideas came into our minds as we drew nearer to our objective. Would he get up and shut himself in, or would he flatly refuse to talk? What should we ask him to talk about? The pictures, of course. But then again, it might not suit him to talk about pictures when he is working in them every day in the year

With these intermingled thoughts and many misgivings we mounted the steps, but as he rose to greet us, all our fears vanished. Hale Hamilton, actor, author, lawyer and athlete, was at home after a hard morning's work in "Johnny on the Spot," the latest of his photoplay starring vehicles.

Mr Hamilton's bungalow is located within easy reach of the studios and still far enough away to allow him the diverting recreation necessary to a star who works with the sincerity and aggressiveness for which Mr Hamilton is famous.

"What do you want to talk about?" was his opening barrage, and here again, as he leaned back in the spacious porch swing among the vari-colored pillows, I was at a loss to offer a subject other than his work.

"Let's talk about something besides my work," said the actor "That's something I do every day, and almost three hundred and sixty-five days in the year Your customers," he said, with a laugh, "don't want to hear anything I have to say about my work. It's the same thing day in and day out, just plain work. Of course, I'll admit that there is a difference when the complete film is shown. The chief charm about the moving-picture game is that, though the work is harder and decidedly more strenuous than stage work, there is not the wearing monotony of the same role night after night and day after day, until sometimes, after a long season's run in one part, an actor is really not an actor at all. He is living the part, really, off stage as well as on it."

Here the genial host nodded his head as though reminiscing, and after a moment's hesitation, added, "I know positively of cases of this kind, and I have more than once caught myself in semi-consciousness repeating lines from 'Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford' in answer to some question resembling one of my old cues. I won't mention any names," he said, "but I'll tell you of a case I know of that occurred in New York during my run in that piece.

"A certain large producing firm, well-known throughout the world, were casting a new play and were having difficulty in locating just the right man in the right place for the comedy man. The Managing Director of this firm happened one night to visit the Lambs Club with several friends, and while seated in the lobby discussing the matter of the coming new production, he was complaining of his inability to find a comedy man to fit the peculiar and important part still open in the play Several names were naturally suggested for his consideration, but none of them met with his approval, according to the description of the character by the author of the piece.

"Time was flying and many rehearsals had already been done, and the Managing Director was losing weight and patience in his efforts to secure the right actor for the part.

"A friend happened to drop into the lobby for a minute, and with him was a stranger in town. The moment the Managing Director saw the stranger he knew he had his man. He tore himself away from the group and dashed across the lobby to the desk where his friend was inquiring for someone.

"'Who's the stranger with you this evening, old man?' said the Managing Director

"'Just an old friend of mine from London. He's in the insurance business. Why?' inquired his surprised friend. 'Do you want to know him?'

"'Isn't he an actor?' inquired the showman very dejectedly

"'No,' answered his friend emphatically, 'I told you he is in the insurance game.'

"'Well, I want to meet him anyway, it's my last chance, and he'll look the part at least, even if he can't act. Introduce me to him, will you?'

"This accomplished, the Managing Director immediately put the proposition up to his victim. 'You've been on the stage, haven't you?' inquired he.

"The insurance man appeared to be approaching a tabooed subject, but the insistence of the Director forced him to admit it, though reluctantly 'Yes,' he answered, 'but I'm through with it, you know You see it was this way I made a corking hit in a bit (mentioning the name of the piece) and from that time on I became associated with such parts. Anybody who had such a part open would come to me to play the thing. And I aspired to something entirely different. For several years I tried in vain to prove myself in something else, but to no avail. Finally I became discouraged and decided to quit the stage and enter the business in which I am now engaged.'

"The Managing Director was not to be so easily disposed of. He dragged the insurance agent to a table, pulled out a blank contract from his pocket, produced the manuscript and the part, and made the one-time actor an offer The fellow, after looking over the part skeptically, shook his head, 'just what I thought, it's the silly ass. And the only thing I ever could get.'

"The Managing Director almost lost confidence in himself, but with a final effort he offered to have the part changed slightly by the author to the 'chief comedy role' as they call it, and with this understanding the insurance agent once more became an actor He signed the contract at an enormous salary, considering the size of the part. The next day he was given a copy of the supposedly re-written part (actually a copy of the original), and when he inquired of the Director as to how the part should be dressed, that very self-satisfied person answered, 'Oh, just play it straight.'"

Mr Hamilton stopped and waited for unsophisticated me to "get it," and when I hesitated, he laughed but was not at all annoyed.

"What does play it straight mean?" I questioned very timidly

"Just this. You walk out on the stage right from the street—in your street clothes and just be natural. In other words, 'As you were.' Our friend, the insurance agent, had never been able to get away from the Silly Ass which he had created in his early days behind the footlights. That's what I call living the part."

And that's only one of many cases that are well known in theatrical circles.

But it's different in the pictures. You sign a contract to appear before the camera for a certain period, and the producers take your pedigree. They find out from you just what you can do and can't do. If you are athletic and have indulged in all forms of sport, such as riding, driving, swimming, skating, sailing, etc., you bid fair to keep occupied the greater part of your contract term. And the actor who can play equally well the drawing-room favorite and the back-woods hero need never fear identification with any particular type or character

Mr Hamilton has never experienced any difficulty in securing a fitting vehicle since he first made his debut on the stage in Shakespearean repertoire with Louis James and Kathryn Kidder He has also appeared with many of the prominent stars of the day, among whom was the late Nat C. Goodwin.

Mr Hamilton has become exceedingly popular throughout England and Australia, as well as in America. His debut in London was made in "Sealed Orders" with Fanny Brough, and when he returned to London he played "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" to a record business. It was during the run of this piece that he gave a performance by royal command at Windsor Castle, which is a distinction to be proud of.

Since his unequalled success in this piece in a round-the-world tour, he has had several starring engagements, and it was from the last of these, "She Walks in Her Sleep," that he was released in order to accept his present three-years' starring contract.

The success of his initial vehicle in the moving-picture field, "Five Thousand an Hour," leads us to believe that we can expect great things from him in the future, and this is confirmed in the reports of his second venture, "Johnny on the Spot," which he is just completing at the Hollywood studios.

Mr Hamilton has become very much impressed with the possibilities of the moving picture as compared with those of the speaking stage. In speaking of this he says "All those little incidents which are on the speaking stage merely mentioned or referred to, no matter how much bearing they may have on the plot or story of the piece, can be depicted on the moving-picture screen. And then again, no matter

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CATHERINE CALVERT—SOUTHERN BEAUTY AND STAR

By ARTHUR E. Mac HUGH

ACCORDING to Catherine Calvert, the star of "Marriage for Convenience," having a part written around one's capabilities is the same as ordering a new suit of clothes. You never can tell how it will fit till you try it on. If the part—or the suit—isn't right the first time, no amount of cutting or technical resource will rectify matters.

To quote Miss Calvert, the material furnished by author E. Lloyd Sheldon, fits her like the proverbial glove. She says that Mr Sheldon is one of the most sympathetic writers, in relation to actor and author, now writing for the screen. In his early days Mr Sheldon was an actor himself, which accounts for his fine perception of dramatic values. He has the additional experience of having turned out any number of stage pieces of distinction. He incidentally wrote Miss Calvert's previous screen piece, "Marriage."

By a happy coincidence, Miss Calvert does not have to act in Mr Sheldon's latest writing, "Marriage for Convenience." She plays herself, that of a Southern society belle of gentle birth and breeding. The Calverts have been associated with the social and political life in Maryland since the State was a colony

In speaking of the type that has been provided for her in "Marriage for Convenience," Miss Calvert says

"I like to play good girl parts, not the shallow, curly-headed, ingenue type, but the self reliant make of girl. In fact, just a good, wholesome, progressive American girl, such as I represent in my new screen play I suppose no photoplay in which I appear would be complete without a splash of raiment to excite feminine interest. When Mr Sheldon set out to write my new photoplay, he bore this fact in mind, and has given me ample scope to display gowns that set the fashion in scenes, such as a lawn fete, the races, the football game, a ball-room scene, and other settings that admit of society gatherings. Even if I say so myself, my new repertoire of gowns easily merits the phrase of 'fifty-seven varieties.' I make no less than fifteen changes. The other day my press agent took me off to the photographers for some 'still' poses, and would you believe it, it took me all day with the help of a maid to get in and out of the multifarious wardrobe collection. Lucile has given me some exclusive creations. It might be of some interest to relate that every one of my gowns is stamped with the label of 'Made in America.'

"Please let me say a word for the mode of producer of 'Marriage for Convenience.' The scenes are staged with a prodigious splendor, disregardful of money Some of the settings rival the traditional splendor of the Orient, and in one scene, which is flashed on and off for a brief fifteen seconds, the crowd of 'extra' people, to the number of a thousand, cost $5 a head. The director knows every phase of motion pictures, from an experience that marks him a pioneer

"Movie fans do not realize how hard it is to secure good screen material. Many a player of great talent and popularity has lost out through lack of a sympathetic vehicle. It isn't a question of price that

Catherine Calvert.

daunts the producer on the lookout for a new piece, it is the author's gray matter that is at fault. Conventional ideas have run out and the present period of pictures calls for originality at any cost. As high as $20,000 has been paid for the rights to stage successes for screen adaptation, but that channel has now been drained dry; likewise the call on novels. Every book of note has lent itself to screen use, until now there is nothing left in that field but the current output of fiction. So hard put are producers for screen plays that they engage men to make the round of the second-hand book stores the year round in search of screen material. A few years ago an author called $50 a good price for a photoplay contribution. Today the author's figures run as high as $25,000, together with royalties. Even the song field has been invaded in the mad search for movie material. The old Spanish-American War number, 'Just Break the News to Mother,' has recently been borrowed for the screen. A clever writer can take any original idea, no matter how light or flimsy, and expand it into a five-reel photoplay of feature proportions. Anybody can write, according to the pet notions of the big producing men. What we want, they say, is an idea. We will pay you for the idea and let one of our forty-a-week staff men write the material around it.

"Motion picture writing has become a highly specialized art. Many are called, but few are chosen. You can name the eminently successful screen writers off your fingers. Not long ago an author was but an incident in turning out a big motion picture, in fact, half the time his name never received any mention. Today, the successful author claims and gets equal recognition with the player star An author for pictures today must know every trick and technique of the trade, and for that reason a new movie these days generally arrives on the screen without any changes made by 'know it all' directors. I believe in leaving everything to an author In several pictures in which I appeared, which were adapted from novels and plays, the director or the scenario writer, or both, showed a desire to rewrite the story for the screen. Nearly every time the story suffered by this process. Its point was lost, and in the general revision, the story was made complicated and vague.

"I think there should be fewer and accordingly better pictures turned out by the producers, and a star should not appear in more than eight pictures a year Familiarity breeds contempt, and this applies in a way to a player's frequency on the screen. Charlie Chaplin has the right idea. He would now be as dead as a door-nail, so far as picture fame is concerned, if he persisted in turning up every week or two in a new picture. His present stretches keep the public anxious, and he always exits 'leaving them hungry,' as the actor says in show parlance, when speaking about the audience.

"'What do we do with all our money?' is a question continually put to us. You seem to forget that in my case the matter of wardrobe involves a good-sized fortune. I can't wear a gown in more than one picture, and in my next vehicle you will see an entirely new array of raiment."

Miss Calvert concluded gaily, "I know where you can see a good picture. Come with me to the operator's room and see 'Marriage for Convenience' "

Marie, Ltd.

(Continued from page 19)

a fool and throw away the Colonel. He may be a softy, but he is honorable. He asked me today if he might marry you. He is coming later I am going out. When I return—"

So life was as her mother had painted it! Blair's professions had been more sordid even than the Colonel's. At least the Colonel was at heart a gentleman. Why should she not go out with him? She would show Blair how little she cared.

So for several months Drina and the Colonel frequented gay restaurants and cabarets, while Blair, mystified at Drina's sudden change of face, tried first to see Drina, then to interfere, and finally to console himself with Zelie. Drina had refused either to see him or to answer his notes, so at last he had left her to her own devices.

The day came when Drina had to face another decision. The Colonel had asked that a definite day be set for their wedding. Marie was elated; but Drina, bitter and sick at heart, shrank from so final a step. She put the colonel off, asking a little more time in which to make up her mind. Then Marie became suddenly ill with influenza, and for a few days all other things were driven from Drina's mind. As Marie grew stronger, she confessed to Drina that she faced bankruptcy

"You can save me, Drina. See Lambert and get his help."

Drina flushed.

"Don't ask that, mother "

"It's that or ruin for us both."

"You wouldn't have me use my power over an old man for money?"

"Why not?"

"I'll not ask favors of him."

"Very well. You can face the music then."

Lambert surprised Drina next morning by coming to the shop. She received him in the private office.

"I have come for my answer," he said, coming quickly to her

"Need we speak of that today?" she pleaded. "I am very tired after the anxiety of the last few days."

Her youth, the flushed beauty of her face, maddened the infatuated old man.

"I want you, and I want you now," he said hoarsely, pulling her roughly to him.

"Let me go," she commanded, struggling to free herself.

"I have you and I am going to keep you." There was a note of triumph in his voice.

"I shall never marry you now Beast!" Drina spoke with loathing.

"You'll not refuse, you little wildcat. I'm on at last to your mother's game of graft." His tone was menacing.

"You mean?"

"You'd better treat me nicely if you don't want your mother in jail."

"Jail! Why jail?"

"Marie's bankrupt. Besides—"

"Besides?"

"She is a grafter, overcharges for her hats. I fell for it, but I'm not the only one."

"Who told you such a lie?"

"Zelie."

"So you saw Zelie?"

"Yes. I was saying good-bye to her I wanted to come to you with a clean slate."

"Rather a smeared one, I should say Anyway, a jealous woman's word doesn't count for much."

"Perhaps I have proof."

"Give me until tomorrow to decide."

"Not an hour You decide now I'm going to have that kiss before I leave this office."

"Not unless Miss Hilliard gives it to you of her own free will." Blair Carson's voice cut in, startling them both.

He had come in so quietly that neither Drina nor the colonel had heard him enter

"I have just seen Zelie," Blair said, speaking quickly to Drina. The colonel he ignored. "She may not be up to Fifth Avenue standards, but she's a good sort, and on the level."

"Then mother was right about you and Zelie."

Blair reddened.

"I've gone about with Zelie a bit. You cut the bottom out of things for me, Drina. You didn't even give me a hearing."

"But Zelie?"

"Zelie told me the truth about you and the colonel. She had given the colonel a weapon when she told him about your mother, and she was sorry You skunk! To try and force Miss Hilliard to marry you like that! Get out of here, and damn quick!"

"By what right do you undertake to champion Miss Hilliard?"

"As her husband, if she will have me," Blair answered, simply turning to Drina.

"What about your engagement to my daughter?" Lambert snapped.

"Marian and I were never really engaged. We've been good friends, nothing more. Drina, will you give me the right to order Colonel Lambert out of this office?"

"You told mother you were engaged, didn't you?" Drina asked, looking full at Blair

"We never even discussed the matter Has that been the trouble, Drina? There's been an awful mistake somewhere. Perhaps the colonel will explain."

"We don't need an explanation from him, I think." Drina's voice was like ice. "Good morning, Colonel Lambert."

"You'll pay for this," the colonel snarled. "You laugh today It is I shall laugh last." With that he left them.

"Drina!" Blair turned to her swiftly, the eager lover

But there was trouble in Drina's dark eyes.

"I can't marry you, Blair" Her voice choked. "It's all true about mother She has been dishonest, and I have been educated on money made dishonestly"

"You didn't know it."

"Yes, after I came here, Zelie told me. I held on thinking I could win mother over and get her to run the business honestly Now—"

"We'll make it a partnership, you and I," Blair put in swiftly "I'll finance the business on that understanding—your mother's giving up the commission end of it."

"Oh, Blair! You're so generous." She laid her hand on his arm. "I must make good first. Then—"

"Then?"

"If you still want me!"

"My dear," was all he said.

The KENNEL

The Dog—A Good Sport

THESE are the days when every wholesome man and woman likes to have a dog at his or her heels. For these are the days when it is good to go for long walks in the country, and what is more delightful than to roam the woods and fields and the dusty country road with a dog that chases every bird who makes a "cheep" and sends the rabbits scurrying from their fastnesses? You may not use a gun, but if you do, you need a good dog or two with the gun; you may not believe in the use of guns, but then you need a dog for protection and companionship.

Big dogs and little dogs; handsome dogs and ugly dogs—you may have your choice, but take care that the beautiful dog does not, like Miss Minter's, have the bad temper, while the ugly dog is the pleasant dog to live with. It is better that a dog be homely and friendly than that he be sleek and good to look upon and yet be vicious.

Someone has said that there is sure to be some good in the man who loves animals, no matter how evil he may seem to be. Dogs, like children, call for a heart response; a dog never forgets a kind word or look. And woe to the person who attempts to molest the owner of a dog in the dog's presence.

Mary Miles Minter herewith presents the darkest and the lightest side of her kennels. Despite his size, the pup on the right is a belligerent sort of creature.

Three Men and a Girl

(Continued from page 22)

tions for making pictures could possibly be obtained than will exist under the plan of the U A. C.

Headquarters for the new company will be maintained in New York, and the work of the entire organization will be under the watchful eye of William G. McAdoo, former secretary of the treasury, who has been appointed general counsel and who will also play the role of chief adviser

A personal representative will act for each star at the various meetings, if it is found impracticable for the star to be there in person.

The distributing end of the corporation will be supervised by a general manager, who will build up his own system of exchanges, selling organization and other machinery essential to the business.

It is emphatically asserted by each of the Big Four that the formation of the United Artists' Corporation will result in an unbounded benefit to the picture industry Had a combination of the biggest and most powerful producers and exhibitors, such as it is alleged was in process of formation, been consummated, then domination of the film business would have rested in the hands of a few It is claimed that the aim of this proposed ring was to buy all theatres and thus clinch control of the situation. This would have resulted in the cutting down of stars' salaries, in cheapening production, in killing competition and incentive for artistic results, in fact, it would have been a movement so retrogressive, according to members of the U A. C., that the motion-picture industry would have survived as a medium of entertainment only until some other form of amusement could have been established to take its place.

So, if this be true, then Three Men and a Girl are the crusaders bold to whom must go the credit for inaugurating the movement which has resulted in moving this great industry one long step farther along on the road of Progress.

The Money Corral

(Continued from page 23)

crook finished the watchman's rounds. Two more men worked at the safe. When the door of the vault swung open, the crooks worked fast, for the alarm was then given at the Collins home. Then, out of the darkness, came the stern command "Stand still and get a handful of the sky"

A blinding flash as one gangster fired, and an answering flash as the crook succumbed. Another, and a second man went down. The two opponents left struggled like wildcats, until by chance they fell into the vault, the huge door clanging tight behind them.

Led by Collins the police dashed into the office. There they found one dead man, and Big George badly wounded. Pointing weakly to the vault, he said: "There's a couple of guys goin' to croak in that vault if you don't open it. One of them is the guy we're workin' for and the other is the bird that nailed us."

When Collins opened the door Lem emerged, dragging Bruler It was very hard for Collins to speak. He was facing his right-hand man, the man he had trusted implicitly for years, not knowing that he was a thief and worse. If Bruler had succeeded, Collins would have been a pauper the next day

"If there is anything in the world that you want and I can give you, name it," said Collins to Lem Beeson.

And a few minutes later at the Collins home, the thing Lem wanted became a reality when Rose said, "Yes."

And to show that she was made of the right stuff Janet apologized to both and evinced a happy desire to play a prominent part at the wedding. It might be well to mention that for a wedding present Gregory Collins gave Mr and Mrs. Lem Beeson the best ranch in Montana.

Introducing Marion Davies

(Continued from page 27)

one of the most beautiful stories ever told on the screen, and the value of the story was further enhanced by the exquisite charm of the star

Then came "The Burden of Proof" and the success Miss Davies achieved in this production was even greater than in the one before. But her glory was not destined to end with "The Burden of Proof," nor will it end with her later picture, "The Belle of New York." As a motion-picture star Miss Davies is as firmly fixed among the screen luminaries as the celestial bodies in their firmament above. And in the midst of all this fame and glory, Marion Davies is the same little unassuming person who danced her way into the hearts of musical comedy patrons two years ago.

She likes all kinds of pleasure. She skates, she swims, plays golf, tennis, and even bridge, when the weather isn't fit to be out of doors. But her chief form of entertainment is riding horseback. Whenever there is an opportunity, Miss Davies is away to the country on the coal black pony she rode in the Newport scenes of "The Burden of Proof." Or if there is not time for a trip to her little Long Island home, she keeps a favorite pony in New York for a morning canter along the bridle path in Central Park or on Riverside Drive.

To her manager the young star gives much of the credit for her success in her new work—the pictures. It was his artistic understanding that appreciated how far removed her picture characterizations were from anything she had done on the speaking stage, and it was his patience, his wonderful understanding of motion-picture technique, and ability to bring out the finer points of character portrayal, that helped Miss Davies over the first few hard parts.

"In all my experience," this manager says, "I have never known as artiste more enthusiastic, or who put more energy into her work than Miss Davies. In the beginning, of course, there were times when just the right sort of meaning was lacking in a scene, but her sense of dramatic value made this as evident to her as it was to me. Fatigue never seems to enter into her scheme of things, so long as she is the 'character' she goes right along, forgetful of time and meals, and it is not until she becomes Marion Davies again that she begins to realize that she is tired and hungry"

Now, if all this hasn't introduced you to Marion Davies, the best thing you can do is to take an evening off when a Marion Davies picture plays at your favorite theatre, and get acquainted personally and if you really like her, there's a chance that she might send you one of her autographed pictures. Marion Davies is the most accommodating girl on earth.

Grace Cunard—The Serial Girl

(Continued from page 39)

"I should say I was," she laughed "What good times we used to have there! I often think of those pioneer days. Isn't it strange nowadays to think back to a time when people were ashamed—yes, actually ashamed—to be seen going into a photo-play theatre?"

Since those days, Grace Cunard has travelled far Hergreatest and best remembered work was in the serials, "Peg o' the Ring," "The Purple Mask," and "The Broken Coin." She is fearless to the extreme, and on various occasions has been injured through her daring in the parts she portrays. She has written almost all her own stories and scenarios, besides over a hundred others for other stars. She has played every type of girl known, from tom-boy ingenues to adventuresses, and enjoys portraying all of them. She is a whirlwind, versatile young woman, who enjoys Dumas and Kipling with equal fervor, rides, drives and rows every chance she gets, and professes that her greatest ambition is that one day she may become as popular as Mary Pickford.

The Glory of Gloria

(Continued from page 38)

beauty of spirit and mind that has contributed the most to her success, for the heights are not scaled by mere beauty alone—rather, in spite of it—as we said at the beginning.

Even in the choosing of her clothes, Gloria Swanson expressed this vivid personality of hers, and in "Don't Change Your Husband" she wore some of the most unique, yet correct and fashionable, gowns the screen has furnished for many months. Miss Swanson is a strong believer in the power of clothes to build and sustain "morale," as she jokingly puts it, and has been heard to say that every girl ought to be allowed to indulge her fancy in dress, for in that way individuality and personality are built, and self-confidence, the necessary attribute of the modern girl, is kept up.

Miss Swanson is a typical American girl, in spite of the fact that she spent several years of her early life in Porto Rico and speaks Spanish as well as English, and she seems to be destined to become one of the most famous exponents of the American girl on the screen. She has had several years' training in one of the best schools for screen work imaginable—that of comedy films—and her remarkable success certainly augurs a great future.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS ABOUT THE PLAYERS

By RENEE VAN DYKE

WHEN a man starts building a house he begins with the foundation. So does a motion-picture actress when she is "building" a character And the cornerstone of her foundation is her coiffure. It is the one part of her make-up that cannot be changed in action—except to rumple it.

Facial make-up is meant to be plastic, to reflect the play of emotion and to change from moment to moment. But the hair must be dressed just so, and stay just so until the scene changes. Therefore, it must be arranged with the greatest of care. Therefore, too, it must be as versatile as its wearer Take Priscilla Dean, for instance. One would never have thought that the hair that formed the stately, banked coiffure of "The Brazen Beauty" was the same that appeared banged and Frenchified in "The Wildcat of Paris." But it was.

"The hair should be cultivated, but not coddled," says Miss Dean. "Plain, simple, old-fashioned brushing is the best thing in the world for it. I find, too, that it makes it light and fluffy just to loosen it and work it gently with the fingers in the open air, in sunlight that is not too strong.

"This, with a weekly shampoo, is all that my hair requires. In shampooing, care should be taken to use the tips of the fingers only, and to rub firmly, but not too firmly, with a circular movement. This stimulates the scalp, causes better circulation and consequently better nourished hair

"The eyebrows need the same treatment. No motion-picture actress can afford to neglect her eyebrows—and no other woman should—because, next to the eyes and the lips, they are the most expressive features one has. A mere lift of the eyebrows may express volumes. A scraggly pair of eyebrows requires heavy penciling, and that is always noticeable."

Priscilla Dean at work on the coast.

MARY MILES MINTER was recently threatened with an attack of "Kliegl eyes." The trouble manifested itself after a series of strenuous scenes under the big lights in the screening of "Yvonne from Paris," the new picture which she has been making. Immediate medical attention, however, averted serious discomfort, and she was able to resume her work very shortly

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THE right type of leading woman needs brains." This is the edict of Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran. "She needs 'pep.' Her middle name must be Talent and her initials must spell b-e-a-u-t-y. Character must be her most important feature. She has to be petite, quick on her feet, think when she stands on them, and, generally, she has to be so versatile that she can play anything from tragedy a la Duse to adulterated comedy."

IN his new picture, "Some Liar," William Russell is featured as a knight of the road dealing in those commodities that crown the beginning and the end of life, to wit. cradles and coffins.

Between scenes, t'other day, "Big Bill" ransacked his memory for a story he had heard years ago and could remember only vaguely He did his noble best, however and told us about the proud young father of a brand-new baby engaged in shopping for a cradle.

"Daddy" inquired his way to the nearest store where he might find such a household convenience, and was greeted by a mild person of kindly manners. The customer was nervous—very. Likewise embarrassed. In fact, he looked so utterly miserable, and stuttered so painfully, that the sympathetic proprietor came to the rescue.

"Your first?"

The customer nodded.

"Sudden?"

"N-n-n-o—been expecting it for some time."

"So? Well," with a shake of the head, "one must be prepared for such things."

"Yes, I sup-p-pose so."

"Now, I expect you'll want something pretty nice—silver handles, and all that?"

"Oh—well, isn't that going a little too far? Let me see what you have, and then I can tell."

"Satin lining, sir? What color? Gray white, or black? How old—?"

And then the customer tumbled.

"Ye gods! Where's the boob who told me this funeral joint was a furniture store?"

Some one could build a pretty fine scenario around that story, we're thinking. It has SOME hilarious possibilities.

MARIE WALCAMP has performed many daring stunts in her career as a motion-picture star, but nothing she had ever been called on to do exceeds in thrills a feat that was shown in the ninth episode of "The Red Glove."

The scenario called for Miss Walcamp to don a diver's suit and go down to the bottom of the Pacific, where she was set upon by the villain, Tom Lingham, and his gang.

THE Fay Tincher of black and white is gone.

Everybody remembers the black and white Fay Tincher—black and white from the tips of the feet that even comedy could not make grotesque, to the jaunty head dress invariably reposing on her black hair She is gone from the realm of comedy—forever—she says, and tells the reason in her own inimitable Fay Tincher manner

"I have reverted to type! I started out in life—screen life, of course—as a vampire. I played a heavy role in D. W Griffith's "Battle of the Sexes," and then, after that, I started playing comedy roles. In "Don Quixote," I was featured with De Wolf Hopper, and later in "Sunshine Dan," and "Mr Good." I hoped to again play "heavies" or even ingenue leads, but my reputation always caught up with me.

"Now at last I am to appear in roles I care for again. Screen farce has never appealed to me. Comedy is, at best, a transitory entertainment that seldom lingers in a person's mind after it is over Drama is a different matter Drama affects—for drama is life. That is why I want to play in dramas again, I want to portray life.

"But life, if not a farce, contains a large element of comedy, and when I portray "vamps," as has been my ambition for a long time, I am not going to play the Bara kind of vamp, for in my opinion that sort of vamp has never existed except in the cinema. The ingenue type of vamp, the saucy salamander, is the only vamp in existence. What man in real life would be fooled by a dead white skin, grotesque lips and a posed grace that is anything but attractive? It is the vamp who has a sense of humor that can really hold a man. She laughs at him, even as she is seeking to allure him—and he adores it. It's the greatest fun in the world playing vampire roles. I enjoy them. I laugh as I play the most tragic scenes because I appreciate the satire in them."

BESIDES being unanimously conceded to be the king of escape artists, Houdini has just gained considerable recognition as a writer Anything literary is bound to claim the attention of the handcuff king, and books are his chief hobby. He has written many published works, including two series of Children's Goodnight Stories, one printed in "Mc Clure's Magazine" and the other in the "New York World;" "The Unmasking of Robert Houdini" a book on magic; a number of Christmas Stories published in England and several other volumes. For two years he was editor of "The Conjurer," the magician's magazine.

MARY PICKFORD has had another birthday, twenty-five, thank you, and little Mary will be able to retire nicely before she is afraid of telling her age. The presents simply poured in on her

DOROTHY PHILLIPS declares that marriage made her She says:

"When I played in 'Everywoman,' Henry W Savage was kind enough to predict that I might become a great actress—if I could learn to live. I didn't know just what he meant, but I do now

" 'Hell Morgan's Girl' was my first important picture. I thought it was about the best I could do. The critics were kind, although one, after paying me a compliment, said my work was 'still crude.'

"Then I was married to Allen J Holubar He directed me in 'The Heart of Humanity. Could I have played Nanette if I was not a wife and mother myself?

"Compare 'Hell Morgan's Girl' with 'The Heart of Humanity ' That is the difference between the emotional range of the girl and the woman, the spinster and the wife-mother "

Combined with the natural woman's wit, Dorothy Dalton is possessed of a good sense of mechanics. She proved this not long ago while scenes for one of her pictures were being taken aboard a yacht moored off the coast of San Pedro. While the scenes were under way the yacht broke from its mooring and drifted out to sea. There was no mechanic aboard and none of the actors or directors could get the engine started. Becoming impatient, Miss Dalton slipped into a pair of overalls and went down to the engine room. She plunged into the tool box, pushed men out of the way and took charge of the engine. In fifteen minutes she had it going. Miss Dalton also looks after the mechanics of her own automobile, unless it is an unusually complicated case.

AN insurrection at one of the big Western studios recently threatened to stop work on a big production in which Enid Bennett is to be starred and which is costing thousands of dollars to produce. It was only a one-man strike, however and was adjusted after considerable explanation. It wasn't a question of money, but of superstition. Thereby hangs the marvelous tale of double exposure. In casting the players for this new mystery story, it was decided to have a real negro play the part of the Southern colored servant, so a man named Joe Anthony was engaged. After several days of "shooting" the colored man timidly approached the Director and said that inasmuch as he had never seen himself in pictures he would appreciate being permitted to look at the daily showing of scenes taken. So he was taken into the projection room. It happened that the scene in which he appeared was a double exposure, with the fade-in of a ghost. He knew when he acted the part there was no ghost there and when the weird figure appeared on the screen by his side he just up and bolted right there. It was necessary to send an automobile to his home and explain to him the intricacies of camera operation before he could again be induced to go upon the stage.

FRITZI BRUNETTE who is playing opposite Mitchell Lewis in his latest feature, has lots of nice things to say of her big star Mr Lewis compels the liking of everyone who works with him and his personality is as lovable off the screen as it is on.

MOST emphatically motion-picture stars are not overpaid," declares Montagu Love, the famous and popular World Pictures star "The movie star is under such constant and high expense in the maintaining of his position, his term of popularity is so restricted, that when everything is taken into account it will be found that during the course of his life-time he makes no more than a stage star who is not under such terrific expense and whose popularity lasts for a much longer period.

"Take the matter of wardrobe alone. A movie star appears in a new production each month. He must purchase new clothes for each production. A stage actor appears in one new production a season and appears in the same costumes throughout the season. Right there is where the stage star has the bulge on the movie star and right there is where a big dent is made each month in the movie star's salary. It would probably astonish the movie fans to know just how much money a screen star spends for clothes, month in and month out.

"The screen star is constantly posing for photographs in expensive photographic studios—these photos to be used by his company for publicity and advertising and by himself in responding to the appeals of admirers for photos. This is an expense that is no small item.

"Another place in which the movie star spends a mint of money is in keeping up appearances. The bigger the salary the more he has to spend. The stage star when on the road can live as cheaply as he desires without anyone saying anything, but the movie star, remaining as he does in one city most of the time, must keep his standard of living up to a high notch. He must maintain a car, a home, servants and all that. He must entertain elaborately. He must do the things that are expected of him because these things are necessary for the maintenance of his popularity and consequent earning power.

"A movie star gets big money for the length of his popularity. But when his popularity wanes his salary drops with a dull thud. It is therefore necessary for him to get big money for the period of his popularity if he is to even equal the total sums received by stage stars for their work during the much greater period of their popularity

"Movie stars certainly are not overpaid. They are merely getting what's coming to them, when all the expenses they have of maintaining their positions, are taken into account."

MYRTLE STEDMAN has grown up with the motion-picture industry, and keen business judgment has been displayed in securing her services for a series of Gray Seal Classics. They will be released at about bi-monthly intervals, and the first production was completed in April.

Miss Stedman has been absent from the screen during the past year, returning to her first love—singing. But she comes back vigorously equipped for the most important work of her career Those who have seen her supporting Alice Brady in "The Hollow of Her Hand" agree that her artistic portrayal overshadows that of Miss Brady's.

ZAZU PITTS believes in the old fashioned theory of living the part she is playing in order to put over the true spirit of the character in each scene before the camera. In a production in which she is soon to appear 'individualistic' Zazu has been given the role of Nancy Scroggs, a poor country girl of great resource and pluck and originality of ideas, expressions and gestures. To thoroughly build up the character Zazu dresses and lives the type as she has conceived it, every hour she is at the studios.

Those of the company who did not know Miss Pitts before and who are constantly entertained by the character quips and posturing which she so assiduously practices off stage, believe all of it to be the real Zazu. The best evidence of the naturalness of her work and make-up come however from an old lady who runs a little grocery store in a small settlement about forty miles from Los Angeles to which the company had gone for location work. Miss Pitts had wandered into the grocery store to get a bottle of "pop." The old lady beamed upon her and eyeing her from her "character" shoes to her elastic'd and woefully beribboned hat, said: "You must be a stranger around these parts, my dear Whereabouts do you live? You ain't just old enough to be old man Wilson's grand-daughter that's just in from his son's ranch. What's your name?"

Finally Zazu realized that here was someone who didn't even suspect that she was "playacting" and as soon as she could break into the old lady's flow of questions, she said: "Why! You don't think I look like this all the time, do you? See, I've got make-up on and am playing a part in some scenes which are being taken for a picture down by the crossroads."

"For the land sake!" ejaculated the surprised old lady

EVELYN GREELEY, was virtually made to pose before the camera. While visiting a studio with a friend, she was shoved into a scene by a director who thought she was one of the extra people. She afterwards saw herself on the screen and made the same director give her a regular position. Miss Greeley, because of her experience, is well equipped to discuss the chances for the young aspirant for screen honors to secure an engagement, and whether or not the field is so crowded that it is hopeless to expect to get on the screen. She says: "The old adage of there always being room at the top should be qualified by the statement: Provided there is a chance to make a start at the bottom. The number of producing companies today is fifty per cent. less than was the case two years ago. In the same ratio as the decrease in companies is the increase in the number of those who want to be movie actresses.

"Accident creates more chances than anything else. My best advice to the young woman who wants to get on, is to keep going to the studios and trying to get a place in mob scenes. If she is fairly good-looking and wears clothes well, she has a chance of getting in the line.

"Keep at this work until you are acquainted with the demands of the camera and the methods employed by the director in getting results. The director will be quick to notice that you are alert and he will pick you out to do some little bit that distinguishes you from the rest of the crowd. When the picture is screened, the casting director will note your work and then he will put your name on the list of those he has for 'small parts.' It is now up to you to show that you can do bigger things. If you find that you remain stationary, get out of the business as soon as possible. Don't hang on. It will wear your heart and soul out."

Madge Kennedy

(Continued from page 40)

the rest of it expressed the last word in up-to-date bridal splendor There was nothing lacking in the decorations to satisfy the exacting Betty, and she saw before her a long life of bliss after the delightful excitement of the wedding was over But it was not to be and, naturally, the amusing incidents of the play were the result.

"When 'Our Little Wife' was chosen for my third appearance in the cinema, a polite howl arose from my associates. Madge Kennedy was to be married again! Neither they nor I dreamed how very much married I was to be. Not until I read the scenario was it made clear that the amusing circumstance of Betty's marriage was to be repeated—triply! Not her brother did she insist on taking with her on her honeymoon, but her three disconsolate suitors.

"Again it was a home wedding, this time much simpler than in 'Nearly Married,' though not less charming and perfect in its appointments. But in 'Nearly Married' the complications existed before the marriage took place. Dodo had invited her three cavaliers to the ceremony and knew only too well how each man felt and, being sympathetic, she could not forget them even though her marriage to the fourth was taking place. She was almost miserable because of the three hearts she had broken. It was her knowledge of this condition and her sincere, though preposterous, wish to pour balm into their wounded hearts that induced the girl to make a proposal to her husband that nearly cost her his love before the end of the play

"Each of my three screen marriages has been different in spite of its outward resemblance to the others, and in each case I have tried to make the bride a different girl. Considering that the three weddings were staged in entirely conventional surroundings, I think this has been accomplished in some degree, though just how difficult it was for the actress no one but herself need know But in studying a character before I essay it, every smallest item enters into my calculations. Her thoughts, brought about by the incidents preceding the marriage, were, of course, the most important element in building up the character of the bride I was to portray And as in each case her emotions were different, though broadly speaking the same, it was my problem to elaborate the details into something tangible. To the conscientious artiste character is, after all, the one most necessary element in the work of creating a being of another's conception, convincingly That is what I am forever striving to do. But I think I have served my apprenticeship in brides. I'd rather not be married again this year, thank you."

Hale Hamilton Compares the Stage and Screen

(Continued from page 54)

how beautiful or artistic the exterior settings, or how accurate in detail they may be, the out-of-doors background of the spoken drama cannot possibly compare with the magnificent wide open spaces which can be seen in the moving picture of today A great deal of this, of course, depends upon the photographer, but with the modern movie camera and the ideal climatic conditions to be found here in California and nearby States, wonderful backgrounds are the usual thing today And it is the open country, the wide level plains, the rising mountains and the low, fertile valleys that attract and hold the dweller of the city The city man always longs for the out-of-doors, even though he be too busy to indulge himself, and the next best thing he can do to extend his vision is to avail himself of the opportunity offered by the moving picture. There he may devour the far reaches of the great unknown and promise himself lots of things, even though they never come true.

"That's one of the reasons why I believe in moving pictures. You can follow your hero or heroine from the opening scene to the end, without the breaks or intervals when they are 'off-stage.' That, in my estimation, is a big advantage."

H. B. Warner—The Lovable Rogue

(Continued from page 53)

consider that I was merely trying to flatter him, and then too I think he ought to know instinctively that he is a matinee hero; that thousands of girls from coast to coast admire him, and that their hearts will beat a little more rapidly when they hear that he is planning to return to the screen. So I took my courage in both hands and contradicted him rather strongly, but he merely shook his head at me as if I were a bad child. And then I realized that H. B. Warner is really unspoiled; that although he appreciates commendation and applause, nevertheless he is constantly striving to improve his art; and that all his success and fame have left him merely a great big boy with a fine outlook on life, and a wholesome desire to live and extract the best there is in life from what this world has to give.

"Leave the romantic thing to the younger chaps," he continued more than modestly "I'd rather do character stuff, the type of Jimmy Valentine, the hero-rogue, for although the audience knows all the time that he is not a Sunday School person, nevertheless he gains their love and sympathy That is what I am planning to do, and in fact my first three stories are already bought and will be ready and waiting for me when I arrive at the studio. Audiences love to see regeneration on the screen, and therefore I'm going to be regenerated. I enjoy character roles; to study and work out a real characterization is mightily interesting, and I believe that the audiences enjoy it."

I felt as if I were overstaying my time, for my watch showed five fifteen, and there was someone else waiting to see Mr Warner I knew too that he must needs hurry home to that wonderful child. I rose reluctantly, for an hour with H. B. Warner is a delight.

"I hate to have you go," he said, as I gathered my muff and gloves, "but I have to rush home and dine, and then be back at the theatre in time to make up for the evening performance."

"In California, you will not have to bother with evening performances," I said, as I held out my hand to say good-bye.

"No," he agreed, "I can live a normal life again for a while, for when one is on the stage he can scarcely do that, and that to me is one of the greatest advantages of the films—the fact that one can be with one's family in the evening. And now there is Joan," a beatific smile overspread his face. "But the responsibilities of fatherhood are tremendous," he admitted in such comical dismay that I laughed with him.

A second later I was going down the iron steps leading from his dressing-room, and in loud tones H. B. Warner was calling to a reporter, who was waiting to come up.

But as I plodded my way back to my office through the snow and slush, one sentence of Mr Warner's rang in my ears above all others "They were great, this afternoon, weren't they?" And that sums up H. B. Warner—unspoiled, modest, grateful for the success and fame he enjoys, anxious to give pleasure and to the world something a little better each time, and willing to share with his audiences half the credit of what he does. To me that was a great lesson, a lesson in unselfishness, bigness of heart, and a willingness to share with others. And in my own heart I am thankful to H. B. Warner, gentleman, actor and man, for the lesson he unconsciously taught me.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Photo-Play World, published monthly, at Philadelphia, Pa., for April, 1919, State of Pennsylvania County of Philadelphia.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George M. Downs, Jr., who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Photo-Play World, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Downs Publishing Company, Bulletin Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Editor, George M. Downs, Jr., Bulletin Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Managing Editor, A. E. Hampton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.) Geo. M. Downs, Jr., Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1919. Robert G. Erskine, Notary Public. (My commission expires Feb. 27th, 1921.)

(SEAL.)

After Dinner Tales

His Celestial Job

Sergt. (blowing whistle)—Private Buck, get out on detail.

Private Buck—For heaven's sake, when do I rest?

Sergt.—You will rest when you get to heaven.

Private Buck—Well, I hope so, but I'll bet a dose of gold fish hash I won't be in heaven ten minutes when just as I lie down and the angels come over to my bed and start singing to me, old boy Sergeant Gabriel will toot his whistle and say, "Private Buck, get up. You're on detail tonight, go down and hang out the stars."

To Be Safe

The prima donna was reading the rough draft of her new contract.

When she came to the paragraph providing that she should have transportation for herself, maid, dog and Sig. Gazibeani, her husband, she drew a line through the signor's name.

"Just put that husband," she ordered.

"Yes, madam," assented the manager. "But why, if I may ask?"

The diva blushed and coyly fingered her hair. "I may wish to make a change," she answered.

A Dainty Appetite

"Dearest," he murmured, as soon as they were seated in the high-priced restaurant, "you can have anything you want on the bill of fare. Shall I read it off to you?"

"No," she replied hungrily, "just read it off to the waiter"

Setting Him Right

Judge—I understand that you prefer charges against this man?

Grocer—No, sir. I prefer cash, and that's what I had him brought here for.

Headed the Same Way

Johnson had been dining out with some friends. When he left to go home he found himself in a very thick fog. Stumbling along a narrow pathway, he found himself descending a flight of steps. This he felt sure was not right, and hearing footsteps ascending, he paused.

"Pardon me," he said to the dim figure which presently loomed through the fog, "but can you tell me where I am going to?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the stranger, politely. "If you go straight on you will walk into the river! I have just come out!"

Their Occupation Gone

Darby—I saw, in a main-street window, about one hundred articles on which the price had been reduced fifty per cent.

Joan (excitedly)—You've been drinking! But what are they?

Darby—Knitting needles.

Losing No Time

It was late in the afternoon when the Scotch minister arrived at the farmhouse. The housewife suggested that perhaps he would like a cup of tea before he began the "exercises."

"Na, na," said he, "I aye tak my tea better when my work is done. You can put the pan on and leave the door ajar, an' I'll draw to a close in the prayer when I hear the haam fizzin'."

A Bit Too Bracing

First Rookie—How do you like the navy?

Second Rookie (after five hours on the grinder)—Well, I wish I'd joined the army where they don't have so much drilling.

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 we shall be glad to send the contributor a check for one dollar.

Dublous Praise

Critic—I think your background is beastly.

Artist—Indeed, and perhaps you think the cattle in the foreground beastly, too.

Critic—Oh, not at all. They are anything but that.

Suspicious

Jane Willis—Do you really think Charlie was true to you while he was away at war?

Jane Gillis—I have my doubts. On two or three occasions since he came back, he has absent-mindedly tried to make love to me in French.

Next Question

"What you need," stated the doctor, "is ozone."

"Thank you, doctor," said the fashionable dame. "And where shall I go for it?"

The Crank

First Thot—They have taken the cranks off the front end of most makes of cars now.

Second Thot—And put them in the seats of many.

Unnecessary Precaution

The bottom step was broken off a street car. The conductor was polite, and as a fashionably dressed young lady started to board the car, he called out, "Watch your step, ma'am!"

"It won't be necessary," returned the pretty miss, as she elevated one knee almost to her dainty chin in an effort to place her foot on the top step. "I'm sure these gentlemen behind will do that for me."

Mining

"Well, Rastus, I hear you are working again. What business are you engaged in?"

"I'se done be engaged in de mining business, sah."

"What kind of mining are you doing, gold, silver or diamonds?"

"I'se doing kalsomining, sah."

The Pessimist

It was a mile over Mount Clemens.

The pilot of the plane from Selfridge Field was giving a visiting officer his first air voyage.

He cut off the motor.

"See those people?" shouted the pilot. "Fifty per cent. of them think we are going to fall."

"They've got nothing on us," was the reply that streamed for half a mile back of the plane; "fifty per cent. of us do."

She Didn't

With a stormy look on his face, the master of the house waylaid the servant in the kitchen.

"Look here," he began, angrily, "how dare you tell my wife what time I came home this morning, after I had told you not to?"

The Irish girl eyed him steadily.

"Shure, an' Oi didn't!" she replied, calmly. "She asked me pwhat toime yez came in, an' Oi only told her that Oi was too busy gettin' the breakfast ready to look at the clock."

The Quick Trigger

Cop (to homing clubman)—Where are you going at this time of night?

Clubman—I'm—hic—goin' to a lecture.

A Mystery

"I simply can't understand the combination of my wife's clothes."

"What puzzles you?"

"Well, when she wants to hide anything she pokes it down her neck, but when she wants to get it again, it's always in her stocking."

Punishment

Lawyer—Don't you think $25,000 cash would be punishment enough for his breach of promise?

The Aggrieved—No, indeed; I want him to marry me.

Foresight

Mr. Feedwell came home well pleased with his achievement at the employment agency.

"I engaged two cooks today," he said.

"Why two?" said his wife. "We need only one."

"I know," said Mr. Feedwell, "but one comes tomorrow and the other a week from tomorrow."

How to Get a Job

"Your credentials are satisfactory," said a manufacturer to a youth who was applying for a situation as clerk. "Have you a grandmother?"

"No, sir."

"Any dear old aunt."

"No, sir."

"Or great aunts?"

"No, sir."

"Or any other relatives who will be likely to die during the 1919-20 football season?"

"No, sir."

"You'll do. You can start work tomorrow."

Interrupted

"As I was saying," he said, "we entered the cafe and had no more than seated ourselves at the table and said to the waiter 'Bring us three—' when a fellow showed his badge and said, 'Three what?' and we said 'plates of beans. "

Why He Doesn't Hear It

"This is the fourth morning you've been late, Rufus," said the man to his colored chauffeur

"Yes, sah," replied Rufus. "I did ovah sleep myself sah."

"Where's that clock I gave you?"

"In m' room, sah."

"Don't you wind it up?"

"Oh, yes, sah. I winds it up, sah."

"And do you set the alarm?"

"Ev'ry night, sah, I set de alarm, sah."

"But don't you hear the alarm in the morning, Rufus?"

"No, sah. Dere's de trouble, sah. Yer see de blame thing goes off while I'm asleep, sah!"

Eternal Youth

"Wanted, Cashier, SMART MAN OVER 80, EXEMPT FROM MILITARY SERVICE."

Can You Tell Who They Are?

Of course, you'll recognize Enid Bennett. She and PHOTO-PLAY WORLD are the cynosure of all eyes at the Ince studio, where this popular magazine is as much a fixture as Cooper-Hewitt lights.

Julia Faye is kneeling beside Enid, and Gertrude Claire, standing behind them, is taking it all in. Niles Welch, his hand on the chair, isn't missing anything, either, while to his left stands Freddie Fralick, the casting director, also getting an "eyeful."

And besides, there's a whole staff of picture-makers, who also loaf on the job when the latest PHOTO-PLAY WORLD arrives.

When It "Stopped" a Studio—

even the cruel director—reputed for his harsh efficiency and stubborn fight against idleness—had to quit shouting through his megaphone and join the group that collected with the arrival of

THE PHOTO-PLAY WORLD

THE ONE BY WHICH ALL OTHERS ARE GOVERNED

The same instant appeal grips motion-picture lovers, with the advent of each better-than-last number each month. There are so many indisputable reasons why PHOTO-PLAY WORLD is well liked, that every month it makes hundreds of new friends—and keeps them.

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Just to get acquainted, we'll send you the
NEXT FOUR NUMBERS FOR A DOLLAR

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Sarsaparilla, ginger, birch bark, spikenard, pipsissewa, purest cane sugar—and close to a dozen other pure products of the woods and fields are blended into "Hires" to make it the one drink in which you can indulge to your thirst's content with pleasure and delight.

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Remember to ask for "Hires" at the fountain. Insist upon it. Some like it in mugs, some in glasses or paper cups. But be sure it's "Hires."

Hires

Hires is also carbonated by licensed bottlers—for sale in bottles so you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries