Are Motion Pictures Retrograding?

The New York motion picture public received a shock. A shock instigated by Hugo Riesenfeld, director of the three Broadway houses, Rialto, Rivoli and Criterion, without malice of forethought. It started people to thinking. Are motion pictures retrograding?

Mr. Riesenfeld showed seven of the best pictures made by Famous Players-Lasky during their existence, "The Miracle Man," featuring Betty Compson and Tom Meighan; John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; Cecil de Mille's "Old Wives For New"; "On With the Dance," with Mae Murray; "Don't Change Your Husband"; "Behold My Wife," and "Male and Female."

Every one of these pictures are top notchers. Most of them even including Cecil de Mille—that musical comedy impresario of the cinema—stand head and shoulders above the majority of the productions released today.

What are producers doing? Retracing covered ground in a hysterical dash for the coveted shkelers? Betty Compson, who made her mark in "The Miracle Man," has had since then only one opportunity to show her real ability: as Babbie in "The Little Minister."

And why? Betty is a big drawing card. Therefore, she must be seen in picture after picture, no matter how frail the story. The misfortune of it is that the producer rarely gives Miss Compson a chance to do herself, or her public, justice. The public goes to see Betty even in weak stories because they appreciate her, but they certainly do not appreciate the system that permits her to waste her beauty and her ability.

John Barrymore, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has been more fortunate than other stars in the selection of his screen vehicles. He can afford to be. He signs no long term contract that renders him powerless to dispute the autocratic demands of the producer. He works when a story comes to him worthy of his talents.

In his earlier days as a director, Cecil de Mille was quieter, less fantastical, milder in his presentation of a story, "Male and Female," based on Sir James Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," was laughed to scorn by many critics because of its distortion of English aristocracy's behavior.

But think what Mr. de Mille would do today with such a story! He would most likely have the hand of shipwrecked men and women excavate on their island, and discover a magnificent city buried thousands of years ago by a volcanic eruption. And the reckless barbarity of the setting would intoxicate the aroused spirits of the curious explorers and, as in a hypnotic trance, they would be themselves transferred back to the days of long ago. You know, reincarnation stuff.

What has happened to Mr. de Mille that he has developed into a hysterical musical comedy presenter of motion pictures? The answer is simple, but its simplicity is complex. Mr. de Mille became a Paramount featured director, following, we believe, his direction of Geraldine Farrar in "Joan, the Woman." His name commenced to be publicized and plastered heavily around the country. The name of Cecil de Mille—stood for a certain something. At first, good productions. Then he broadened out and started in with "super-specials"—feverish extravaganzas. And he is now in that peculiar position of trying to outdo himself with each succeeding production. Therefore, the hysteria.

But see what Mr. Riesenfeld has done in giving the public the best of the Paramount re-issues. He has raised the issue: "Are producers retracing their steps?"

Don't perloit this issue to simmer down, friend reader. Write to the producer; write to "Movie Weekly." Make your voice, united as it should be with the voice of the thousands who comprise the American public, carry a warning: "Give us our favorite stars in stories worthy of their ability, or we, who make the picture industry possible, will boycott motion picture theatres throughout the country."

This is the logical step to take. Not the floundering, meaningless step of censor-ship. Better pictures will automatically result in the abolishing of censor howlers. But the public—you and you and you—must demand these better pictures. Start now.
It's an ill wind that doesn't blow the dead leaves off somebody's sidewalk and save him the trouble of sweeping it. And even the icy blast of disfavor that hit the film colony in the dead of the past winter is not going to be without its recompense. The actual business of picture-making is going to be taken a lot more seriously than ever before.

Just recently I caught the cue from Douglas Fairbanks. He had come back from New York, whether he and Mary went to fight the Wilkens- ning suit. Perhaps you read of this in the papers. Mrs. Cora Wilkening, a theatrical agent, sued Mary for fees she alleged to be due on an old Famous Players-Lasky contract, and Mary finally won the suit after it had been twice appealed. While he was in the East, Doug was constantly under fire concerning what he thought of the Taylor murder and its consequences, and provided no end of copy for his interviewers. In addition, he was asked on various occasions to appear publicly and defend the industry.

"While all this was going on," said Doug, on his return, "I made up my mind that there was only one way to defend the pictures, and only one effectual way. I decided that I wasn't going to do any preaching or talking, that I wasn't going to put myself on the witness stand, or become a sort of attorney for the defense. I am convinced that neither I nor my friends require any such propaganda, because we are not criminals and don't intend to be so treated. And so, I settled in my mind once and for all that the best thing that I could possibly do would be to get back to California, quit talking and giving interviews, and set to work and MAKE GOOD PICTURES!"

When he sprung the "make good pictures," Fairbanks brought his fist down on his knee in a way that made you swear he meant it twice over. And while, in his instance, we perhaps do not need to be convinced of his intention, yet what he said represents, I believe, an attitude that is becoming more and more general in Hollywood.

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Doug and Mary are working so hard on their new pictures they have no time to frivol. in the reports, you felt that perhaps he or she might be involved. How wrong you were, nine cases out of ten. I might say 99 out of 100, you could only determine by a personal visit to the Coast, and by going right into the colony and becoming acquainted with the lives of the majority of people as they are. You would have found that most of what you saw was not lurid or exciting, that, in fact, it did not measure up in any way with the first impressions that came to you in the news you read following the Taylor murder.

Personally, I have no desire to whitewash facts to try to make you believe that Hollywood is a sort of spotless town. I don't think that Hollywood, or perhaps any other town, can quite qualify as being spotless.

Hollywood has a reputation for being a rich and prosperous community. The wealth of its great industry has been spread far and wide. Rich towns attract undesirable among others. They came to California in the days of '49, to dig gold; they have come to Hollywood in recent years to dig gold in the modern fashion. Lots of the undesirable who came to California during the gold rush have become upright citizens, just as lots of outcasts from Europe have in times gone by become staunch Americans. Some of the riff-raff that might have been attracted to Hollywood will probably go through a similar evolution.

My own opinion is that you can't regulate these things any more than you can stop the progress of a great industry, be it gold-mining or film-making. It's the fault of every new endeavor that it must go through a certain amount of fire before it can reach its ultimate objective. The test is being applied to Hollywood now, and its ability to withstand that test eventually is unquestioned by those who know the way of the world.

Like many other people, myself included, you have wondered just how the pictures were going to combat their present dangers. You may infer from what you have read and heard lately that the industry has taken its predicament seriously. It has been realized that a change in public feeling toward the films at this time must retard immeasurably their future. Aside from the fact that the picture people don't feel they deserve the opprobrium that has been cast upon them in some quarters, they've indicated that they believed it was a time for action.

Beyond any attempt to improve the moral status of the picture industry as a whole, should
such an improvement seem at all necessary—and here, there is some room for discussion. Many measures have been taken to remove the stigma from the industry arising from the recital of injurious gossip. Civic leaders of Los Angeles have united with the films themselves in the movement to bring the truth about picture making before the public of the country. There is an organization of screen writers, composed of men and women who are engaged in the preparation of scenarios. There have assembled articles by leading literary men, expressing their impression of Hollywood. Statistics have been gathered by various studios and newspapers, showing in detail that the pictures have no more divorces, crimes and scandals than other professions or lines of business—in fact, not so many. These are being distributed broadcast. They make the first fair constructive tribute to the film business of picture-making that has ever been gotten together.

Astonishing indeed are the evidences of happy domestic life, the presence of many of the most prominent stars. The occasional scandal is offset by many instances of peaceful home life. We have seen striking cases as Bryant Washburn and his wife and children, to whom the star is absolutely devoted; Allen Holubar and Dorothy Phillips, and their youngsters; Anita Stewart and her husband; Charles Ray and his wife; not to mention Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who are apparently exceptionally mated. There are dozens of couples like these—Mr. and Mrs. William Farnum; Thomas Meighan and his wife, formerly Frances King in professional life; Wheeler W. Seaton and Natalie Talmadge, Bernard Durning and Shirley Mason, King Vidor and Florence Vidor, Wallace MacDonald and Doris May, Nazimova and Charles Bryant, Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck, Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope. Most of these, will be sure their professional interests in common, as well as their domestic life. King Vidor is directing Florence Vidor, Charles Bryant is directing his wife, Nazimova. Joseph Schenck produces the pictures in which Norma Talmadge appears; not only that, but he looks after the affairs of Constance Talmadge and Buster Keaton, who is married to the sister of the two stars.

Frances King has retired from professional life, devoting herself entirely to making a home for her husband. Meighan is acknowledged as one of the finest men in the Hollywood colony, and his life centers around his home. Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean do not play, in the same pictures, but their interests are the same. Bernard Durning does not generally direct his wife, but he works on the same lot where she, as Shirley Mason, stars. Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope began their romance, I believe, both appearing in the same picture.

There are many others who have found the love they have lost while professionally active. This is true for such stars as Dorothy Gish, James Rennie, Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay; Carl Myers and Eric Kohnsham, Raoul Walsh and Miriam Cooper, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, Betty Blythe and Paul Scardon. Not all of these are Hollywood residents, but in the main they are engaged in motion pictures, and there is little difference between general conditions in the East and in California. The list doesn't end here. There are many others. These are the names of the other picture stars, as regards the prominent stars. Other names keep occurring to mind like Will Rogers, who is so fond of his home and his children that even when he is on a distant location he will take a hurried train trip to enjoy a Sunday dinner at his own table; Milton Sills, who, with his wife, is deeply interested in philosophy and music; Conrad Nagel, whose home life is generally described by his associates as absolutely ideal.

It makes no difference whether comedy or tragedy engages their attention, they're generally just as successful domestically as they want to be, and most of them want to be.

There are some fine couples who are pretty well along the route of marriage, too—Theodore Roberts and his wife, who was formerly on the stage, for example; Ralph Lewis and Vera, and others.

While Cecil de Mille is anything but an old-timer, he, too, has been married for a number of years. So, too, has William de Mille. There are directors without number, beside these, who think their home life is much more important than any passing fancy which might come to them for some light-headed flapper, who dexterously sought to engage their attention.

When not married, the girls who appear in the films frequently live with their mothers, sisters or aunts. This is true of very many. Among them are Mary MacLaren, Mary Miles Minter, Helen Freeman, Marie Prevost, Alice Calhoun, Claire Windsor, Ruth Roland, Katherine MacDonald, Colleen Moore, Virginia Faire and many others. Even some of the unmarried men, like Harold Lloyd, Mack Sennett, Richard Dix and others, live with fathers, mothers or other blood relatives.

In these times, these, the recent agitation in the films has brought to the foreground, among others less savory, they stand as a refutation for the lampoonings that the films have had in various quarters, and they are forming a strong bulwark against future attack. They speak too for the sincerity and devotion of many adherents to the profession in which they are earning a livelihood.

Similarly the action of the civic bodies goes to show that once more regard the movies as a menace to the city of Los Angeles. In a resolution, the Chamber of Commerce declared that it "stigmatize the entire industry and its members for the failure of a controversion of fair play and an unfair reflection upon the citizens which is an integral part of the City of Los Angeles and a bad class resident 'crying.' The declaration reflects the sentiment of a large number of disinterested and sensible people, who elsewhere through the crisis have supported the cause of the picture players.

Most of all, though, the cause of pictures will be helped through the making of good pictures. The leaders in the industry have realized as never before that the future reputation of the movies can thus be best conserved. Consequently, I believe that in the next six months you will see improvement in stories. The romantic and the idealistic theme will take the place of cheap, sexy trash that has often been foisted on the public in the past. I predict that you are going to see more of the kind of pictures that you have longed to see ever since the day you read your romantic novel—the stories that deal with real heroes and heroines, not with those who qualify in name only, and with real people and their human emotions.

Douglas Fairbanks is going to spend a mint of money on the first production he aims to make in the new crusade. Its title is "The Spirit of Chivalry," and it is to be about the time when knights were bold and fought for the smiles of their ladies and the honor of their country. Fairbanks has taken an idea from history and idealized it. He shows that the bandit of the Middle Ages was really working in the cause of right against a usurper of the throne.

During the making of this feature, Fairbanks will I believe, shut himself up entirely from the world and concentrate on the production. Neither he nor Mary Pickford are seen very often in public anyway—at least, in the picture colony—because they are both busy, and when they do get recreation it is generally in the form of walking or riding over the hills.

What goes for Dong and Mary, is true of nearly all stars of Hollywood who have made a great name for themselves. They are hard workers. They may give everything to their art, but they want to keep at the top of the ladder. The higher they climb the more there are the demands. Movie people can't be such a wild, frivolous lot, even in their pleasures, as they are sometimes supposed to be, under circumstances such as these, they are the ones who are really accomplishing things. They may go to cafes and bars, but they always have something at home. But in the main these are tame compared with the habits of stars in other large cities of the country.

The not long ago Charlie Chaplin gave his first dinner in his new Hollywood home, entertaining Dong and Mary among others, and the affair was as quiet and respectable as a church social. They say that Chaplin has nerves, but over the event as a groom is at his wedding. He seems to have done a number of the other picture stars, the entertainment is typical of that which is in homes of most well-to-do people of the land. The
The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

Bank books have a peculiar potentiality of blasting people's hopes. And it was the question of approaching poverty that again confronted William D. Taylor in San Francisco—a few short weeks after he had returned from the Hawaiian Islands and was, seemingly, on the road once more to prosperity.

He had been living like a gentleman. Former New York friends of his were in the Bay City. He was entertaining them, and being entertained by them, lavishly.

And then, one day, the bank book that he prized so highly, warned him of impending poverty. He commenced to lapse into that former melancholy state of his.

What, he asked himself, would be the use for him again to try to "make his stake?"

Was not fate constantly against him? Had not the handwriting on the wall invariably made his appearance to him? Again he sought solace by communing with the "other half" of humanity. This time found him near Frisco's famous waterfront. He failed to return to his hotel for several days. But, had he returned, he would have found his problem solved for him.

The San Francisco agents of a certain influential mining corporation with interests in Alaska had been looking for him. Yet, he could not be found.

Several days elapsed and, finally, early one morning Taylor returned. There were lines of care, of worry, in his face. He seemed to have grown suddenly older. The clerk handed him a letter, which he took lackadaisically and hardly bothered to read. Nor would he, perhaps, have read it had he not been interested by the name of the solicitors' firm in the corner of the envelope.

Its contents were a surprise, and, as he read, his spirits began to rise, for the letter informed him that there was a purchaser waiting to buy his Alaskan properties.

The price offered was generous. Once more Taylor would have returned to San Francisco, with his own self-estimation heartily increased by the advent of good fortune. Taylor commenced casting about for new lines of progress. For the time being he had no reason to go to Alaska. And the thought of his own sorrow in New York precluded his desire to go there.

It was his San Francisco friends who offered the suggestion that he try his hand at making moving pictures in Los Angeles.

"They're paying a lot of money," someone said to Taylor. "And the work is very easy. We have a friend there who...

And thereafter was propounded the story of how a new bonanza lay in the manufacture of what were then extremely infantile attempts at entertainment.

Throughout Taylor's entire life one finds that the pioneering spirit actuated many of his movements. Pioneering on a farm in Kansas, at restaurant-keeping in Milwaukee, in art-dealing in New York, in prospecting in Alaska. And, again, his interest in motion pictures became intrigued.

A number of actors from the legitimate stage were commencing to change their views toward the silent drama, and were entering it. Far-sighted persons were beginning to visualize in films a great art rather than a mere fadry.

But Thomas H. Ince, for instance, had built a veritable city of motion picture "sets" on a stretch of land along the ocean front near Santa Monica, Cal. Western Alaska, frontier and out-of-door dramas found their locale in the sage-covered hills that surrounded the film village. New recruits, from every walk of life, were at the Inceville gates for admission to the studio—asking for work, for anything that would give them an opportunity to make their mark in the great infant industry.

And, several miles inland, in Los Angeles, studios were being built and the landscape about them began to assume an atmosphere, for activity had commenced to buzz on the canvas-covered stages that were springing up like mushrooms.

And Taylor went, one day, to the old-time Kay-Bee studios, to cast his lot with the film folk. He told officials there of his past experience on the stage with Fanny Davenport, of his experiences with Harry Corson Clarke. And an act there, while he was talking in the office, recognized him as a distinguished figure on the stage in New York and augmented his briefly related story.

The result was that Taylor found himself engaged to play before the motion picture camera in a picture called "The Iconoclast."

"Rehearsal at what time?" he inquired—and discovered his remark to be met with a glance of blank amazement. "Rehearsal—in pictures?" came the reply. "We rehearse first and shoot the film afterward, all at once."

It was a life different from anything to which Taylor had ever been accustomed. "I used to marvel," he recounted once, not long before his tragic death, "at the free and easy air of everyone in the studio. Everything seemed to depend on the sun. If it would shine we would have a full day: but, at times when Old Sol was contrary, we would sit around the studio swapping yarns until he finally decided to make his appearance."

This, of course, was characteristic only of the early days, for now film work is made at all times possible by the use of high-powered lights which equals, if not surpasses, natural sunlight. And it is a factor which has made picture production a business venture and has created actual working hours at a studio.

Taylor—the man with a colorful background, the cultured gentleman—was, from the time of his entrance into pictures, a distinctive figure in them. When the sun would keep his company walking for "shooting," he would not customarily engage in the various varieties of small talk that so many of the actors practised, but one would find him studying, reading, or watching some phase of the work being done that had seemingly gripped his entire attention.

"The Iconoclast" was finished, and he found himself cast for another role. But the power—that-be at the studio could visualize in him, in his experience, something more than a mere actor, and offered him the chance to direct.

In those days it was uncommon for a director to be able to act in his own movies. Taylor could do it and occasionally did. But it was something that he did not entirely care to do. "I have wanted either to direct or to act," he often remarked. "But I wanted to do one or the other."

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Norma and her brother-in-law, the frozen-faced Buster Keaton, start a little musical racket, while Connie, gracing the picture atop the piano, gazes at them with limpid, dreamy eyes.

A snap of Gloria and her two uncles, Jonathan and Charles Swanson. If your eye is keen, you will discern a wedding ring grasping the hand with which Gloria is twirling her uncle's ear.

Who said Wallie Reid and Mrs. Reid were at daggers' point? Here's a new snap of them taken on their Hollywood lawn. Wallie finds a four-leaf clover and beams the good luck signal.

Shirley Mason is having a dickens of a time with her prize flower. We heard (1) that Shirley decided to walk and give the durn "machine" up for a bad job. (Free ad. for Henry Ford!)

Trust Ruth Roland to make a professor out of Teddy. Ruth enjoys with mischievous glee the effect of her making-up ability.
REPORTED engaged to Charles Chaplin. Claire Sheridan, the beautiful and famous English sculptress, laughed daily when we attempted to heckle her regarding the announcement in her studio of a bust of Mr. Chaplin to be modeled by nature. She mentioned Central Park on Fifty-ninth Street. The story of Chaplin's and Mrs. Sheridan's betrothal went the rounds of the dailies but recently, after Mrs. Sheridan modeled the famous comedian's head. Whether or not heckling is successful with a person of decided ideas, remains to be seen, but we found it at least started the ball rolling, so to speak, subsequently throwing new side-lights on the character of the famous screen artist.

"It's quite wonderful to be reported engaged to such a marvelous person as Mr. Chaplin, even when you are quite sure, and quite resignedly sure at that, that there is not an iota of truth to the report. You see, I have found him to be one of the most interesting, and one of the most wonderful persons to know. However, it's gotten to the point nowadays where one can't be seen about with him for more than five minutes without supply the Associated Press with material for days! It's getting to be rather a joke on the ladies, this wedlock business with Charlie Chaplin, isn't it? Once, you know, it rather gave a woman a certain amount of prestige, but now it's become ordinary. In fact, quite anti-climactic, don't you think?"

If any doubting Thomas insists that all the beautiful women in America long to be preserved in celluloid, said Thomas is wrong. For, before us, sitting back comfortably in a great mound of pillows, whose colors reflected the combined brilliance of the Imperial Russian Ballet and the rainbow, was a lovely lady fair to the eye, with nary a desire to "get into" the movies. But suddenly she became serious. The bantering expression left the pretty, piquant face, halved in its blonde, bobbed hair, as she chose with evident care the words she wished to use to tell her impressions of the world-renowned pantomimist. "When I sculpted Mr. Chaplin in Los Angeles recently," she began, "I had the opportunity of knowing him rather well. That, no doubt, is where the report of our betrothal had its beginning. You see, in my modeling, I always endeavor in one way or another, to catch the essence of the soul of the subject I am doing. To mold clay and leave it cold without the warmth of understanding would render my work quite useless. It would be dead, lifeless, meaningless."

"From the first sitting I found Mr. Chaplin most sympathetic, and I soon felt that I had 'gotten' to something of the soul of him as I modeled him, in California. "How different he is from the world's 'con-ception of him! Not that he is less kind than his friends know him to be, or less sympathetic. Do you know, Charles Chaplin is the very embodiment of tragedy-soul-tragedy! It is not his greatest handicap, but one of his followers, that he is the greatest pantomimist, bar none. Only, in my opinion, he is not limited to comedy. And, his comedy is something more than pure comedy, something other than a superficial bodily or mental or even intellectual interpretation of the funny things in life. It is a reaction, a direct result of the tragic life of his early youth, of the suffering and pain that he endured years before he had any indication of his dreams coming true. It is a reflex from the disappointment of certain dreams not coming true later in life, from a certain ability, if you will, to remember ... He has never forgotten the terrible times of the past, of his early struggles—for it is impossible to forget that which is stamped indelibly upon one's soul!"

"Candidly, I would not be surprised to see Charlie Chaplin startle the world some day as one of the greatest tragic actors of all time. When that time does come—I say 'when,' not 'if,' because I believe, when that time does happen, it will not be from any egotistical desire to show people that he possesses an unlimited histrionic versatility. No, rather will it come about as the natural course of events. With a mind whose contents are boundless, and with such an understanding of life as he has—he has the depth and the feeling of the smallest detail—his possibilities are limitless. See here," she walked over to the bronze head and pointed to its characteristics and the potentialities of them. "The tragic line from cheek-bone to chin, modified somewhat by the lips, around which the sense of comedy and burlesque always hover; the placement of the eye, and the serious brow modeled by nature. All these things, according to Miss Sheridan, are a definite training for the future of Charles Chaplin. They are sign posts on the road of his life as an artist and as a man."

"And many of the others in Hollywood would be tremendously interesting for me to model. Soon, I intend to return there and do a bust of Mary Pickford."

"I'm all for Hollywood and its inhabitants, you know. They aren't drab, and with their haunted colors they give the world something in return for the great financial gains they make. It's all rot, to think of them as beings apart. Why, they are no different from the inhabitants of New York or London, or elsewhere. And what's more to their credit, the money they have been made through their efforts—not in hereditary! Three thousand miles east of Hollywood one hears a great deal of the morals and the lack of them out there, also of the wild lives they lead. My view of them gave me a very different impression. I can assure you, for I found that these tired people who work, work, are more grateful for sleep at the end of the day than for any of the ridiculous forms of amusement which have been so intimately cited by the press."

"They are all interesting, some more and some less, as all persons making their own fortunes are. And they seem to be alive to all possibilities and phases of their work, despite the fact that many of them are not permitted to carry their ideas out, because of the business man, who indeed seems to have been the power behind the

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other. A combination of work is not a good thing. Too many cooks spoil the soup."

The former American company was setting out to dazzle the eyes of the screen world with a stupendous thirty-episode serial, "The Diamond From the Sky." It was an epoch, for serials hitherto had been more or less fugitive things of disconnected continuity and wild-eyed thrills. Taylor was requested to direct it, and for a year was occupied in making it.

And it was this picture that established him as one of the true artists of the film industry. His method of reserve in handling actors, in keeping his company in harmony, in getting a dollar's best effort for a dollar's pay, became known to the various Los Angeles producers, and his name, when mentioned, was spoken of with that same reverence that characterized it a few years hence, when its possessor was a member of high standing in the exclusive Larchmont Yacht Club.

His home, an unpretentious place, well-appointed with regard to Taylor's concepts of art, had an atmosphere of color and refinement. Books everywhere, and objects of art made the Taylor home a center of culture. There was none of the flamboyance evident, such as characterized the home of various made newly-rich through their motion picture successes, and the persons accustomed to gather there represented the more cultured, the more artistic class of film devotees.

To Taylor, his venture into the serial field was an education, and he used the play largely as an experimental laboratory to try effects. "We had autos going over cliffs," he has said, "people falling from balloons, train accidents and all sorts of trained animals from an octopus to an elephant."

When Fox started in producing "The Tale of Two Cities," once more there came to Taylor the banking for greasepaint. He was offered a role in the play of which William Farnum was the star, and took it gladly. And in it he was an invaluable aid to the director, for his knowledge of literature and of art made many of his suggestions worthy of deepest consideration.

One of the slain director's chief characteristics was his love for children. In "The Tale of Two Cities," for instance, in scenes where numerous youngsters would take part, he could be found in ardent conversation with them, sharing their joys and sympathizing with them in their sorrows.

Some months later this very attribute of his proved a valuable business asset as well. He had become a director of the Famous Players-Lasky forces—had directed Dustin Farnum, George Bela, Kathleen Williams, Constance Talmadge and other stars with aplomb, and finally was asked to create, for the screen, versions of both Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

An unsympathetic man would not have been able to visualize either of Mark Twain's famous boy characters had he not understood their psychology. To Jack Pickford fell the role of Tom Sawyer, and Robert Gordon, then an almost unknown young actor, was to play Huckle Finn.

Months later had these two actors been available, Taylor's perhaps greatest work would not have been accomplished. But, as fate would have it, when he set about making a production of "Huckleberry Finn" for Lasky, there was no boy actor obtainable for the title role. And Taylor set about to find someone suitable to the part.

From a numbers of boys who had reported at the studio he selected Lewis Sargent. The chap's very boyishness, his air of unspoiled youth, were what interested the director, and although young Sargent knew practically nothing about the art of acting, Taylor took him in hand and worked unconsciously with him.

It happens that Mark Twain created Huck to be a boy of many freckles, and these are a facial quality that are difficult to show on the screen. In order for Sargent to have his film freckles properly adjusted to his makeup, Taylor would daily paint them on the lad's face with an iodine brush, and, so that he could readily visualize the true Mark Twain character, Taylor for hours would tell his juvenile star stories that would stimulate his youthful imagination.

And, as the result of Taylor's careful training, Lewis Sargent blossomed from a natural, untrained boy into a trained, capable actor who readily starred in both "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Soul of Youth," and who could take his place in the annals of film history as a truly talented portrayer of types.

When Taylor was directing his actors he continually maintained an attitude of cultured reserve that could not be broken down. To certain boorishly-inclined persons it was a definite barrier between themselves and Taylor, the man. To others, however, it signified dignity and capability. And, many a time, it prevented actors from showing anger of "temperament," so-called, when they were acting in front of the Taylor camera.

His age, for he was in the early forties during his screen career, placed the director in a more or less fatherly attitude toward the younger actors who would work with him. Mary Miles Minter regarded him with all the love that any young girl customarily shows for a male parent. To Ethel Clayton, whom he directed in such productions as "Beyond" and "Wealth," he seemed more like an uncle, and one of his most broken-hearted mourners, at the time of his death, was Betty Compson, whom he directed in "The Green Temptation."

To the young women he directed he was councilor, sympathizer and sharer alike in joys and sorrows. Mabel Normand, for instance, would ask his opinion of all her scenarios before she would commence their production, and, on the fatal evening of his death, she had gone to his home to receive an armful of books that he had selected for her at his bookseller's.

Men—and bachelors—usually have a set of particular cronies—men friends of their own age who receive their confidences and jointly share in the varied joys of a middle-aged man's life.

(Continued on page 29)
Wrong Again

It was rumored not so many weeks ago that Mae Marsh was signing with the Griffith fold. Not so. And yet we don't know just what this little star plans to do. Her play flickered before it reached Broadway, and since then, she has been devoting most of her time to her adorable little daughter. An astute picture man will tie her up to a contract one of these days soon.

* * *

John S. Robertson to Coast

John S. Robertson, feature director for Famous Players-Lasky, has been loaned to Mary Pickford to direct her in her new special, "Tess of the Storm Country." Mr. Robertson and his wife, professionally known as Josephine Lovett, recently returned to New York following a prolonged sojourn abroad, during which time Mr. Robertson made two pictures, "Love's Beginnings" and "Spanish Jade." No sooner did the two arrive in New York than they received word from Famous Players headquarters to leave the next day for the Coast. They were ready, but very tired withal. Then the counter order: not to leave.

* * *

Out to Great Neck

Mrs. Robertson thereupon went to Great Neck, where they have an adorable home—a home, by the way, that has never seen its owners. Now, was the happy opportunity to get draperies, furniture, and what not.

Business of unpacking trunks, only to receive word immediately after to come to the Coast "on the run." And so, fate being against the little home in Long Island, the Robertsons entreated for the Coast, where, Mr. Robertson is now busy directing Mary in "Tess of the Storm Country."

* * *

The Real Foreign Car

In making "Spanish Jade," Mr. Robertson and his wife and the entire company went to Spain to shoot many of the scenes. Mrs. Robertson recounted a few of the happenings while there: "We were bumping around the country. Ford's," she laughed. "The Spaniards contend that wherever a burro and his pack go, a Ford can, too. Just picture us, leaping mountain-goat fashion from peak to peak! And it was no use remonstrating with the driver. He merely shrugged: Why couldn't the car travel here? Didn't a burro?

"No," contended Mrs. Robertson, "don't talk to me about getting a foreign make car for a picture. Just use a Ford. It's universal."

* * *

Robertson Plays Tag

The Robertson company arrived in one of the out-of-the-beaten-path towns to shoot scenes, only to discover that a fair had opened there just that day. Here was luck.

When Director Robertson started in the next morning to shoot scenes, the townspeople were Johnnies-on-the-spot. They gaped into the camera. It was their initial experience.

Robertson decided something had to be done—quick. So he leaned over and whispered to the heavy, who was a heavy both as to avoirdupois and as to role: "When I tag you, you chase me through the crowd."

Whereupon he tapped him on the shoulder and started running, the "heavy" hot on his heels. The mob of people immediately turned away from the camera to get the excitement. They laughed and clapped their hands at the amusing scene. The cameraman commenced to grind. And Robertson screened one of the most novel extra scenes ever flashed on the silver sheet.

* * *

Carol Dempster to Play Loud

While the name of D. W. Griffith's next special following "Orphans of the Storm" has not yet been publicly announced, we were informed that Carol Dempster is to play the lead. Carol's last production with D. W. was "Dream Street," following which she made personal appearances, went abroad, returned to play opposite Jack Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes," an Albert Parker Production, and, now, rested and ready for work, she starts rehearsals soon in Griffith's latest.

* * *

Putting the K. O. in Pictures

Jack Dempsey, hero of the "Daredevil Jack" serial and idol of the fight fans, is returning to the movies. Inasmuch as Jack can't find any rival to meet him in the ring, we suspect he figures a mere hundred "doozy" or so from pictures wouldn't be so "worse." The heavyweight champion of the world is not a Wallie Reid as to looks, but oh, boy, when he gets in action . . . And, of course, there'll be plenty of opportunities in his new serial to see him in the ring batting the daylight's out of some poor extra who needs da man!

The Luckiest Girl in the World

That's what they call Louise Du Pre. The youthful star of the screen and former understudy for Mary Pickford. Nature was remarkably good-natured in giving her Mary's adorable features and attractive physique. Circumstances being what they are, if you will, played a genial role in bringing her to Los Angeles during the course of a theatrical engagement. For it was then that Mary met this youthful person.

Mary was ready to start shooting on "Pollyanna," so what more logical than to induce Louise to sign a contract as her understudy?

* * *

The Next Step

The girl's next step followed the natural evolution of a novel situation. Having proven her ability as an interpreter of ingeneous, dramatic and child roles, she became a star, and as a star, she makes her initial debut in "The Proof of Innocence," a story of love and mystery and fascinating Green Village.

Ye Rambler rambled up to see Louise and spent an enjoyable evening discussing everything from human nature and motion pictures, to books of every type and description.

* * *

The Real Louise

The real Louise Du Pre is a thoughtful, introspective young person, intensely interested in life in all its ramifications. A girl desirous of standing on her own merits before the public and winning friends because of them. So far as we can see, she has everything in her favor, including personality, artistry, ability, and naturalism. It is our opinion that she will go far.

* * *

A Line From Alice

Alice Calhoun writes us joyful tidings. She hints that in the not distant future she may be New York bound. Then, swerving from the glad to the near-tragic, she tells us that as she was writing to us, she and her champion of the world is nota Wallie Reid as to looks, but oh, boy, when he gets in action . . . And, of course, there'll be plenty of opportunities in his new serial to see him in the ring batting the daylight's out of some poor extra who needs da man!

Carol Dempster

Upon hearing their footsteps, the prowler beat a hasty retreat.

But Alice wasn't through with him. She 'phoned the police, and upon their arrival, acquainted them with the story. They are now on the lookout for one of the many perpetrators of robberies that slink around Hollywood.

Upon resuming her letter to us, Alice confessed that her heart "is going pit-a-pat," but outside of that, she's as cool as a grapefruit that has been on ice for an hour or so. Our heart continues to race even now and we fight a long time, before that cold, chocolate feeling melts.
SILENT, absent-eyed, Jacqueline began to wonder if men, such as he really thought of a girl of her sort. It could happen that his attitude toward her might become like that of the only men of his kind she had ever encountered—the clients of her father, young and old, and all of them inclined to offer her attentions which instinct warned her to ignore.

As for Desboro, even from the beginning she felt that his attitude toward her depended upon herself; and, warranted or not, this sense of security with him now left her leisure to study him. And she concluded that probably he was like the other men of his class whom she had known—a receptive opportunist, inevitably her antagonist at heart, but not to be feared except under deliberate provocation from her. And that case she would never have.

Aware of his admiration almost from the very first, perplexed, curious, uncertain, and disturbed by turns, she was finally convinced that the matter no longer was to seek out. She might accept a little, venture a little in safety; and, perfectly certain of herself, enjoy as much of what his friendliness offered as her own clear wits and common sense permitted. For she had found, so far, no metal in any man unalloyed. Two years' experience alone with men had educated her; and whatever the alloy in Desboro might be that lowered his value, she thought it less objectionable than the similar amalgam out of which were fashioned the hands in which she found the company she danced, and dined, and bathed, and witnessed Broadway "shows"; the Eddies and Joes of the metropolis, replicas in mind and body of clothing advertisements in street cars.

Her blue eyes, wandering from the ruddy irises, were arrested by the clock. What had happened? Was it still going? She listened and heard it ticking.

"Is that the right time?" she demanded incredulously.

He said, so low she could scarcely hear him: "Yes, Stray Lock. Must I close the story book and lay it away another day?

She rose, brushing the bright strand from her cheek; he stood up, pulled the tassel of an old-time bell rope, and, when the butter came, ordered the waiter.

She went away to her room, where Mrs. Quant swathed her in rain garments and veils, and sent her present, with a bottle containing a "suffusion" warranted to discourage any inquisitive advances of typhoid.

"A spoonful before meals, dearie," she whispered hoarsely, "don't tell Mr. James—he'd be that disgusted with me for doing of a Christian duty. I'll have some of my magic drops ready when you come tomorrow, and you can just lock the door and set and rock and enj'ey them onto a lump of sugar."

A little dismayed, but contriving to look serious, Jacqueline thanked her and fled. Desboro put her into the car and climbed in beside her.

"You needn't, you know," she protested. "There are many others who care for you."

"None more to be dreaded than myself."

"Then why do you go to the station with me?"

He did not answer. She presently settled into her corner, and he wrapped her in the fur robe.

Neither spoke: the lamplight flashed ahead through the fall; the night, all else, was lost. The widest world of darkness, it seemed to her fancy, that she ever looked out upon, for it seemed to leave this man and herself alone in the centre of it all. The rush through obscurity, seemed part of a confused and pleasurable irresponsibility.

Later, standing under the dripping eaves of the station platform with him, watching the approaching headlight of the distant locomotive, she said:

"You have made it a very delightful day for me, I wanted to thank you."

He was silent; the distant locomotive whistled, and the vista of wet rails began to glisten red in the swift approach.

"I don't want you to go to town alone on that train," he said abruptly.

"What?" in utter surprise.

"Will you come back with you. Miss Nevers?"

"Nonsense! I wander about everywhere alone. Please don't stipulate it. Don't even go aboard to find a seat for me."

The long train thundered by, brakes gripping, slowed, stopped. She sprang aboard, turned on the platform, and offered her hand: "Goodbye, Mr. Desboro."

"Tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes."

They exchanged no further words; she stood a moment on the platform, as the glides glided slowly past him and on into the rainy night. All the way to New York she remained motionless in the corner of the seat, her cheek resting against her gloved palm, thinking of what had happened—closing her eyes, sometimes, to bring it nearer and make more real a day of life already ended.

WHEN the doorbell rang the maid of all work pushed the button and stood waiting at the top of the stairs. There was a pause, a moment's whispering, then she took up the footsteps flying through the corridor, and:

"Where on earth have you been for a week?"

"And with whom? Is he plural?"

"You have changed your names, Miss Nevers," remarked Cynthia dryly.

"Don't be foolish," said Jacqueline. "It is his car and his collection, and I'm having a perfectly good time with both."

"Yes, I do. He's the Jim' Desboro whose name you see in the fashionable columns, I know something about that young man," she added emphatically.

Jacqueline looked up at her with dawning displeasure. Cynthia, undisturbed, bit into a chocolate and waved one pretty hand:

"Read the Tattler, as I do, and you'll see what sort of a man your young man is..."

"I don't care to read such a..."

"I do. It tells you funny things about society. Every week or two there's something about him. You can't exactly understand it—they put it in a funny way—but you can guess. Besides, he's always going around town with Reggie Ledyard, and Stuyve Van Alstyne, and—Jack Cairns—"

"Don't speak that way—as though you usually lunched with them. I hate it."

"How do you know I don't lunch with some of them? Besides, everybody calls them Reggie, and Stuyve, and Jack—"

"Everybody except their mothers, probably. I don't want to hear about them, anyway."

"Why not, darling?"

"Because you and I don't know them and never will."

Cynthia said maliciously: "You may meet them through your friend, Jim' Desboro..."

"That is the limit!" exclaimed Jacqueline, flushing; and her pretty companion leaned back in her (Continued on page 27)
How to Get Into the Movies

by
Mabel Normand

IX. Inside the Studio.

SINCE my last chat on “Getting a Job,” I’ve had several letters asking what I thought about popularity contests which are conducted at various times by magazines and newspapers for the purpose of discovering girls with picture possibilities.

My answer is—it all depends on the sort of contest. If it is the people conducting it and the promises made.

Several reputable magazines and newspapers have been conducting contests which positively guarantee that the winner will have a chance to make good in pictures. They have made arrangements with some producer to engage the winner. Several girls now in pictures have found their opportunity through such contests. I believe Virginia Fair, who appeared in Kipling’s “Without Benefit ofCupid” found entrance through a beauty contest conducted by a well-known motion picture magazine. The beautiful Lucile Carlisle, who has been leading lady for Larry Senon for some time, also obtained her first position through a motion picture magazine contest.

The Universal company, I believe, recently engaged several very attractive girls who won newspaper contests. By all means, submit your pictures in these contests—providing the contests are conducted by reputable magazines or newspapers or have the endorsement of well-known producers. But beware of any advertised contest which requests that you send money. Good magazines or newspapers do not take any money whatsoever from contestants.

Do not be discouraged if you do not win a contest in which you have been entered. You may have personality or beauty which the photograph fails to indicate. Besides, only a very few girls out of a very great number can win contests. And in the event that you are one of the very few, do not be too optimistic. The contest has opened the door to you; it is up to you to walk in and make yourself necessary. I have urged you in previous chapters to prepare yourself for a screen career by studying the screen itself, by observing the methods of the best actresses, and by studying character through books and life. I have also tried to tell you how to go about getting work at the studios.

The one thing you should know before entering the studio is makeup. While there is nothing occult about the knowledge of makeup there are fine points which are worth understanding from the outset. For five dollars you can get someone to teach you how to do makeup, or you may find a girl who is willing to show you without any charge. At any rate, find someone who can tell you what you should use and instruct you in the rudiments of using it. Makeup is a thing which requires long study, for each person requires a different sort. There are many little tricks for enhancing the beauty of the eyes, the lips, the contour of the face, and also of taking out lines and blemishes that are not becoming. It is better to use too little makeup than too much at the outset. Study the girls around you and note what they use. They may not be right always, but they may give you ideas. Some studios have a makeup man who reviews the “extras” before they go into a scene, but he does not apply the makeup. He only tells you if it needs changing. As soon as you are given a part, even the smallest “bit,” the director will scrutinize your makeup and make suggestions. Comply at once with what he tells you to do. He may not be right, but his advice certainly should be followed. Later, you can develop your own individual style out of the many suggestions and experiments.

Study yourself constantly. Spend as much time as necessary before the mirror trying different styles of makeup and hair dress until you strike a combination that seems effective. Just the manner of doing the hair often makes a tremendous difference.

Once inside the studio do your best to make friends with everyone, but don’t be aggressive. Do not attempt to make advances to the director or leading players. They are busy and cannot give attention to the many extras around them. But be on hand to observe them and to do whatever they ask of you. Among the extras you will have an opportunity of making many acquaintances of value.

Always be on the alert to learn all you can. Do not sit about gazing into space or silently chewing gum like a resident of the pastures. Too many extras do that. Keep out of other people’s way, but keep your eyes on them. Instead of striving to be the observed of all others, try to be the observer of all who can be observed. That is the way the director gives the leading players and their methods of work. Above all, note the instruction which he gives you and comply as quickly and effectually as you can.

What causes a director to pick a player out of the crowd? First, it may be that she is the “type”; that is, she looks as the director imagines the character would look.

Second, it may be that she has shown personality, that individual spark which distinguishes her from the rest and for which the producer is always in quest.

Third, she may have displayed such intelligence in responding to direction and in assuming the “type” qualities which were desired that the director believes she has acting ability.

Here, then, are the qualities which you must endeavor to show in order to advance: Individuality, Good Appearance, Acting Ability. You cannot at will become any particular “type,” but you can study yourself and determine the type you wish to be. If you have the Oriental cast of features and coloring you should carry the Oriental motif in your dress and make-up. If you are the young girl type, you should dress simply and have the unaffected manner that a young girl has. It may be difficult for you to decide the type that you are, but you can study the leader and often you may decide it for them, as the part Theda Bara played in “A Pool There Was” stamped her the vamp.

It is possible for everyone, however, to pay attention to a director and achieve the effects which he desires. The type you should dress simply and have the character that makes it seem that you belong to whatever age, class, or country you play. In our final chat I’m going to talk of the most important thing of all—Making Good.
HAVE decided to publish a letter I received from an enthusiastic young lady in reference to the physical culture exhibition I gave at the recent dance of the Physical Culture Employees at the Hotel McAlpin:

"Dear Mr. Macfadden:

"One of the men employed by you took me to the P. C. dance. It was so interesting to see those splendid types of girlhood and manhood masked and in civic dress meeting to enjoy a happy evening.

"But the real big moment to me was when you posed in several of your characteristic poses. I have never seen such marvelous muscular display, and I am not a novice at things physical culturist. I have been assistant gymnasium instructor in several of the schools here in New York.

"Then your speech, explaining that your muscular control is the result of forty years of assiduous work. It is forty years well spent, for the exquisite ripple of iron muscles beneath the white skin pays tribute to your will power.

"You said, during the course of your speech, that to put pep and vigor into
one's daily work, it was necessary to take care of the body.

"The reason for my writing to you at all is to say that by your exhibition the other night of beautiful muscular control, you restored a great deal of my faith in work, exercise, and human nature. You are one of the few who practice what he preaches and who doesn't prescribe something you don't know anything about."

I mention this letter simply to bring out a point I have harped upon continually in every article. That is: exercise makes for bodily freedom, and bodily freedom makes for mental freedom, which, combined with effort and hard work, means Success.

I never suggest exercises to you, my friends, unless I am assured they are the best. I could never know if they were the best, unless I, myself, had not spent some forty years in personally studying the broad subject known as physical culture.

Remembering my solitary struggle to gain a foothold in this fascinating study, I encourage my young friends to write in and ask me any question regarding exercising or dieting they may have in mind. They will be answered.
Dick Barthelmess' Happy Struggles to Star

As Related By Himself

to

Lewis F. Levinson

PART II

ICK sits on the chaise lounge in the living room of his cozy apartment, and proffers you a volume of the Trinity Ivy, the 1916 year book of the college.

"This contains about all there is to tell about me at college," he explains. "I didn't go in much for athletics. I was too light for the football team, although I played on the class team one year. Most of my activities were in the dramatic line. Trinity is located most beautifully, so far as its natural advantages are concerned. I lived chiefly at the Psi Upsilon house, belonging to that fraternity because other members of my family in past years had belonged. My life centered wholly about the college ..."

A glance at the Ivy proves this. Dick wrote copiously, everything from parodies of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven," done under the title of "The Cravin," said "cravin" being for plain adulterated fire water, all the way to the entire program of the Sophomore Smoker. He was known first as a lad who would undoubtedly go in for writing as a profession, but the career of his mother was bringing him more and more into touch with things of the stage, teaching him how to act, and combining the culture he was obtaining at Trinity with adequate dramatic experience.

"The biggest event of my college life was the production of 'A Gentleman of Leisure,' a comedy-drama in which Douglas Fairbanks had starred on the legitimate stage in New York. I played Fairbanks' role, that of Robert Edgar Willoughby Pitt. I am afraid the college newspaper, The Tripod, can tell you more about that play than I can. Trinity is a small college. It was impossible to find enough men capable of playing female roles, so we obtained volunteers from the debs and sub-debs around Hartford. I was president of 'The Jesters,' the college dramatic society, and as such supervised the production, and had my hands full."

How full Dick's hands were and how successful he was may be guessed from The Tripod's review of the play: "R. S. Barthelmess, '17, is the..."
'gentleman of leisure,' and though he has very little leisure, he makes up for it by being very much a gentleman," says the collegiate dramatic critic. "It is so naturally and unaffectedly played that there is a temptation to say, Why this isn't acting at all, which is just the most difficult kind of acting; for *ars artem celare.' (Those who are puzzled by this Sophomoric obfuscation of Latin may be guided by the dictionary, which gives the translation as "Art clarifies art." The reviewer then adds: "It is a real pleasure to observe how carefully and delicately lines and situations are handled by him."

So much for Dick's dramatic ability when he was a lad of 19. As for his business ability, listen to this: "To the energy and foresight of the Jesters' president, R. S. Barthelmess, '17 (who is no less enterprising and successful off the stage than on), was due the favorable terms under which the Jesters worked. He has worked hard and unremittingly, with only the success of the Jesters in his mind."

Dick was just a sophomore when he carried the lead of this show so successfully. You can picture the production and the unusual pleasure of the audience in witnessing the work of a college man who was talented dramatically. Such performances are rare on the amateur stage. Another production of the Jesters in which Dick starred was "Tom Moore," a play by Theodore Burt Sayre. In this case, even the critics on the local newspapers applauded Dick's work. A headline in the Hartford Courant reads:

**HOW THE JESTERS CAME BACK TO US**

**Dramatics No Longer Languish Out On the Hill at Trinity College**

"**Tom Moore**" **PLAY WAS GREAT SUCCES**

** Remarkable Performance by Mr. Barthelmess Is the Feature of the Production**

The local critic remarks: "Probably not since the days when young Thomas Achels made his mark as an amateur actor with the Yale players in "Revisor" and "London Assurance," has Hartford seen such work by an amateur as that of young Richard Barthelmess in the leading role of the Sayre play. On Thursday he lost even that small amount of embarrassed which was noticeable on Wednesday. All the praise cannot be lavished upon Mr. Barthelmess, for he simply led the way for the other members of the company."

Dick gave his time to other things than Dramatics, however. During the football season he officiated as cheer leader, and there is a picture of him in a white sweater grouped with the other cheer leaders, in which he appears quite harmlessly juvenile.

"I managed to have a good time at college, too," he relates. "The college was small, the town is none too real, with the result that there was an active social life, and I really enjoyed it. I am not a bit ashamed to say that I went in for anything came along. I believe that a man's years at college are those in which he should enjoy himself fully, so that he may the more easily fit into the stern work ahead."

"The four years passed swiftly, too swiftly," Dick tells you. "One day it was all over. I might have been undecided as to my future, but my future was shaped for me. Through the interest of a local banker, who had seen me act, and who was one of the backers of a local venture in motion pictures, I became a member of the Hartford Film Co., at the princely salary of $25 a week. It was there that I played parts such as that of a Keystone cop, that I learned how to dodge or not to dodge a custard pie. We had a little studio, our future was more or less indefinite, and eventually the company broke up, owing me back salary."

"Then, for a time, I worked in an insurance office, earning $8 a week. Some writers have guessed that I was frightfully hard up, starving perhaps, and took the job for the sake of earning the money, but while I used the money, the job was just a stop-gap. Eventually I went to New York, and my real picture work began." He may safely skim over Dick's picture work, mainly because he was already so well prepared that it was easy for him to obtain a good role. He played small parts in pictures with Mme. Petrova and with Ann Pennington, but it was with Marguerite Clarke that he obtained his real start. He suited Miss Clarke because he was smaller than the average leading man, and played with her in several pictures. Within less than a year, however, he found an engagement which gave him the opportunity which every screen actor seeks, a notable role. It was with Mme. Nazimova in "War Brides."

(Continued on page 31)
MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

BETTY COMPSON, PARAMOUNT STAR
FROM the earliest days of the dim past down to modern times, the cards have been used for the purpose of divination by men and women who seek to penetrate into the mysteries of fate and futurity. Foremost amongst the mystics of the East were those of the ancient Egyptians, whose famous royal oracle of divination, or method of reading the future in the cards is given here. It reveals your future, tells what your luck is in love, and whether your dearest wish will be granted.

HOW TO READ THE MYSTERIES OF THE CARDS

The complete pack of 32 cards is taken and spread out face downwards without orders on a table in front of the inquirer. She who would consult the fate must choose seven cards, touching each card to the heart, saying to each card, and saying as she draws it-

The seven cards must then be well shuffled. From the seven cards she now draws a single one, uttering as she does so the wish nearest and dearest to her heart.

In the chart here given the chosen card will reveal the future to the inquirer. She who would consult her future must shuffle the cards after every consultation. Now try it for yourself.

WHAT THE CARDS REVEAL

Ace—There are two men in love with you. One you know well, the other you have not yet met, but who admires you from afar. There will be some trouble in the future for you, but your heart will help you to choose right, and happiness will be yours. Your wish will be granted very soon.

Two—A handsome boy is crazy to take you out and give you a good time. Your wish will come true in five years' time.

Three—A widower, a man younger than yourself by three years, and a soldier are all in your life. Your dearest wish will never be granted you.

Four—You will yearn long for the love of a man who will never love you, spurning the care and affection of a humbler suitor whom you meet every day. Your wish will be granted—some day.

Five—Money stands between you and love. Your wish will be denied you.

Six—Romance will come to you by a lake side and in midsummer. The granting of your wish is uncertain.

Seven—You are in love with a certain boy. So is another girl, and the jealousy between you will turn him away. He will marry a third girl. The wish nearest your heart will come true.

Eight—A dashing lover will come to you and after a whirlwind wooing will carry you off to settle down with him in a tropical country. There is illness in your future, and an accident at sea, but contentment will reign supreme. Your wish will be denied you.

Nine—You will meet your mate at a wedding. He is short, not very handsome, but has a heart of gold. You will marry him on the third anniversary of your meeting with him. Your next birthday will see the fulfilment of your wish.

Ten—You will go through loves before you settle on Mr. Right. When he comes he will make you sit up, and you'll find out that loving has its penalties. He will be a strong man and, if you want to marry him, you will have to be a pretty dance, but will marry you in the end. Your wish is sure to come true.

Waxen—Give your fair lover his walking ticket and stick to the quiet boy who wears grey. He's your man. And he will do anything you ask him to ensure your happiness; but unless you keep him at your side for three years he will leave you. The wish you have long cherished is going to be fulfilled before the year is out.

Queen—Your luck in love depends on an old shoe. If you cast it out of your house, love will never come to you—you will have to search for it. Keep the shoe, and a strong, dark man will be drawn to your own fireside. You will become engaged, married and settled down in a big town all within the short summer weeks. Your wish is sure to come true.

King—A dream you will soon have on a Monday concerning a man—an old friend—will come true. He loves you, but has never spoken—and will not unless you show him encouragement. Your wish will have its fulfilment on a Friday, the 16th of a month.

Clubs

Ace—A fair boy will fall in love with you at a dance. You will come to love him, too. But there will be much difficulty in getting his mother to look favorably on your friendship. Your wish will have its fulfilment on a Monday.

Two—You are not in love one little bit, although you think you are. There is a deal of travel and trouble in front of you, with the solace of a happy married life beyond. Your wish is an idealistic one—it may never come to pass.

Three—Be careful of the girl who is trying to extricate you from the sweetness of your choice. Dissension soon distracts Stu from your heart and trust him. He is to bring you great contentment and even riches, in the years before you. Your heart's desire will be granted when you learn self-control.

Four—Neither a moneyminded nor a professional man, but a working man, shall be your life's mate. He is to come into your life very soon. A lowly state with contentment and health is ordained for your future, and in the third month in the month you find the fulfillment of your dearest wish.

Five—You will meet him on a journey, then you will not see him for a year. But he will come back and offer you love and a home. Take him—he is your true mate.

(Continued next week)

So Charlie Chaplin is going to turn director! Of course he has always directed himself, but it will be interesting to see him direct without acting, as he will do in the case of Edna Purviance, whom he has launched as a star, or will launch as soon as he finishes one more picture. He is also to write his story.

I don't think that Charlie intends to have any other leading woman. Miss Purviance will serve in that capacity between her own starring vehicles.

If Gareth Hughes can get his hat on today, it's because he's a very modest young man. He received a letter a few days ago from Sir James M. Barrie, in which the author praised him highly for his work in "Sentimental Tommy.

The author even went so far as to express a desire to see Hughes in "Peter Pan." Needless to say Mr. Hughes shares the latter enthusiasm.

Speaking of going abroad, Jackie Coogan is going abroad to make his next picture, "Oliver Twist," some of the scenes of which are to be made in actual London locations.

Jackie's coming is being looked forward to with interest by English fans, according to Jackie's father, who has sent a representative on ahead, and who has letters from English exhibitors expressing a desire to see the boy, and stating that he will be lionized on his arrival.

This reads like a fairy story. Nevertheless it is true, say its sponsors.

After all the discouraging articles about how hard the extra girl has to work to make good, and what a long row she has to hoe, this little story about Patsy Ruth Miller, who plays in "Watch Your Step," is very refreshing.

Patsy Ruth was travelling in Southern California when a motion picture director saw her—don't shoot! He really did immediately address her and ask her if she would like to appear in pictures. He also asked her parents for their permission to introduce her to pictures. The next thing the public knew she had become a regular leading lady—all inside of a year.

The funny part of this is that Patsy Ruth had no idea of becoming a screen actress, the role being thrust upon her.

No New York for Ruth Roland, says that young lady. The queen of the Pathé black-and-blue drama means to make her next serial at the United Studios, in Hollywood.
Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree
by Irma, the Ingenue

O H, we're all wondering if Agnes Ayres is going to be married again!

"Yes, yes!" I prompted Irma the Ingenue, breathlessly.

"Well, just wait," she answered, "until I get this awful veil off. I can't see a thing in it, and I simply must see who that is that Charlie Chaplin is taking tea with. Though I might as well give up, it's Lila Lee. It's always Lila now-a-days. Here, waiter, bring us at once some high-power tea. . . . Yes, I'm off my diet. It made me so cross."

Irma, the Ingenue, lifted a tantalizing veil, the color of an autumn leaf, and the light from the little table under the tree in the tea garden made more beautiful the pink of her cheeks, the brightness of her eyes, and the sweet curve of her lips.

"As you were saying about Agnes Ayres," I suggested.

"Oh, yes . . . The idea that a piece of French pastry could make me forget anything so romantic. Why, you see, it's Maurice, the dancer! He has been dancing at the Ambassador, and ever since Connie Talmadge went back to New York, he has been paying the most devoted attention to Agnes. Agnes told somebody I know that she really does love him awfully well. She wouldn't admit she was engaged to him, and I suppose she isn't, yet. But they go to supper dances and theatres together all the time. I danced with him once, and I'm sure his dancing alone is enough to make any girl fall in love with him. Then he's such a regular he-man in addition. And he talks so well. He's good at both ends, I told Agnes—can both dance and talk. She came floating in on his arm, the other night at the Ambassador, and was his guest all evening. She looked distinctive, too. I tried to make out why. Then I realized. She is about the only girl who hasn't bobbed her hair!

"Oh, yes, and maybe Maurice will stay out West and go into pictures with the Lasky company. Everybody is looking forward to see what will happen when Connie Talmadge gets back. Will Maurice shift back to Constance? Or will he remain true to Agnes?

Irma, the Ingenue, took a nibble at her pastry, and went on without waiting for my opinion.

"But speaking of dancing," she rippled along, "did you know Charlie Chaplin could make his living as an aesthetic dancer if he wanted to? Well, he could! Maurice kidded him into getting on the floor the other night at the Ambassador, and the two did a funny burlesque aesthetic dance that was the cutest thing you ever saw! Charlie was there with Lila Lee.

"There were a lot of Charlie's ex-flames in the crowd, that night. I wonder how they felt? Claire Windsor was with a journalistic editor, May Collins was stepping out with a man, and Edna Purviance had her faithful Bobby Hunter in tow. Once they all happened to meet, crowded together in a corner of the dancing floor. Claire was awfully thoroughbred; she just bowed and smiled sweetly to everybody.

"And speaking of ex-beaus—what a lot of ex's there were present that night! Now personally, I like an ex. He's such a comfortable person. You know all about him, and just how to work with him when you meet him unexpectedly, whereas a new one just worries you to death until you find out how to manage him. Well, as I was saying. Lottie Pickford was dancing with her new husband, Alan Forrest, while Kenneth Harlan seemed to be free-lancing. They met face to face for a moment on the dance floor. Kenneth was raising whiskers for a picture, so he sort of hid behind them for a minute; but Lottie spotted him, and called over, 'Hello!' So he had to stop and talk. But I guess it was sort of sultry for Alan.

"Mabel Normand was out for the first time since the Taylor murder! She had on a long ermine cape, and looked beautiful, though just a bit wan. Mabel is genuinely devoted to her friends, and was deeply grieved over the death of Taylor.

"So Constance Talmadge is to make East Is West! I cannot imagine anybody doing it better than she will. It will give her a better chance to act than she has had since away back six years ago when she played the mountain girl in Intolerance. And she's to go to China for part of the stuff! Can't you imagine all those Orientals of New China forgetting all about politics and education and the vote for women in order to run after her?

"King Baggot is going clear down to Louis­ville to be there when the races begin, in order to make scenes for The Suburban Handicap. At least, that's all he says he's going for. But I bet he'll have more in his pocket than his salary when he comes back. He's very lucky."

"It seems that Earl Williams and his wife are as happy again as two turtle doves. They always did seem happy, and so everybody was surprised when a little while ago, there was a rumor that they had separated. Now they go out together all the while to theater and dancing parties."

Irma, the Ingenue, saw Harold Lloyd looking at her from an adjoining table, so after giving him an engaging smile, she made a charming and graceful picture of herself as she could in reaching for the tea pot and pouring me the tea she knew I didn't care a cent about.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "There's Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman! Hello, dears! They're building a house, you know, in Beverly Hills. It is in the Colonial style outside and a sort of Spanish style inside. Also Priscilla says she doesn't care a hang whether the Colonials had 'em or not, she's going to have a swimming pool. Then there's to be a great big kitchen with an open fireplace. You know her husband, Wheeler, just dotes on cooking over an open fireplace, and Priscilla doesn't care a hang how much he cooks just so he doesn't ever ask her to do it. The kitchen is to be large, she says, so that he can splash just as much as ever he likes.

"Oh—but did you hear about the Spring house-cleaning which the Hollywood Hotel got? My dear! Lots of picture actors used to live there. Some of them had been out of work and hadn't paid their board bills for months. The Hollywood Hotel people made them leave. There was one actress who owed $1,500! But I think the house people are sorry now, because the picture people are a clannish lot, and they all got mad and left when the delinquents were put out. And they won't go to the hotel dances on Thursday nights any more. I was over there the other night, and it's as quiet as the old ladies' home."

Just then Doris May and Wallace MacDonald, those two turtle doves of Moviedom, entered and carried Irma away with them in their big Cadillac.

"Good-bye, darling!" she waved. But all the while her eye was on Tony Moreno, who had just driven up.

Just then, Doris May and Wallace MacDonald, those two turtle doves of Moviedom, entered and carried Irma away with them in their big Cadillac.

"Maurice has been dancing at the Ambassador, and ever since Connie Talmadge went back to New York, he has been paying the most devoted attention to Agnes. She wouldn't admit she was engaged to him, and I suppose she isn't yet."

"Oh, we're all wondering if Agnes Ayres is going to be married again! You see, it's Maurice, the dancer. Agnes told somebody I know that she really does like him awfully well."
Questions Answered by the Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color her eyes are, or what may be his hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment or personal replies; enclose a self-addressed envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

I suppose you have noticed that "Movie Weekly" now has a scenario department for the benefit of those who will never be happy until they have written for the movies. In spite of this, however, some of our readers still ask me how to get their heroines out of the mud-puddle, or some such question. So, I just thought I'd remind you that your photoplay problems should be whispered to the scenario department. I have plenty of other things to lose sleep over.

RED VAMP—You ask me whether you can write to Theodore Kosloff and Nazimova in Russian. How do I know whether you can or not, unless you tell me? I know darn well I can't write to them. They can read Russian, if that's what you mean. Mr. Kosloff can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and Nazimova's address is United Artists, 797 7th Ave., New York. Matcha, Liliamova is not Russian at all; her name is Winifred De Wolf. We tried to get a picture of her to publish, but she hasn't any. She is not an actress. Pola Negri is still in Europe; I don't know whether she speaks English.

DOROTHY FROM PITTSBURGH—That sounds like the name of a musical comedy, except that Pittsburgh is hardly a romantic enough place for a shanghaied girl to be called after. If you want something, "On the Roof of the Storm" is considered better than anything that has come out for no other reason than motion pictures themselves have been so improved during the past six years. Yes, Rodolph is now a star. Johnnie Hines was at 145 W. 164th St., New York; Marjorie Daw and Mary Carr, c/o Fox, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

BILLY HYLAND—Did you get the picture you wanted of Earle Williams? Pauline Starke's next picture will be "My Wild Irish Rose." I'm sorry I don't know whether she is married. Her address is Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood.

MARCIA—Yes, Marcia, R. V. has been divorced. Niles Welch lives in 1514 Gardner St., Hollywood; Hallam Cooley, 7010 Lane Ave., Hollywood; Haskins, Conant & Glass, Formosa Apts., Los Angeles.

ROSIE OF DREAMLAND—You must be very romantic. So your pen is a fountain? Well, that isn't nice and then you can keep it in the front yard and watch it play! You can get a picture of Mary and Doug by cutting it out of a magazine, or writing and asking for one. You can also get a picture of any other star in the same way. All types are good for the movies, if you can get in.

BABS—No, you are not asking too many questions, but you do want too many addresses for publication. I try to answer only questions of general interest on the answer page. I have had such a one. "One Arabian Night," but Pola Negri is the only actress in the cast whose name is five. Send me your address and I will answer your other questions. In the photoplays themselves, Harrison Ford and Conway Tearle at the Lamb's Club, 128 W. 44th St., New York. They have all the addresses in the corner.

CURLEY—You're one of these statisticians, I see—height, weight, etc. Well, I will tell you what you want to know if you will give me your full name and address. V. L. L. R. (Whatever that means). You know, if you really wanted to know just one way of getting that. That is by sending a self-addressed envelope, with stamp and all, and a letter in the corner. The paratlyic in "While New York Sleeps" was played by Marc MacDermott.

AN ADORER OF RODOLPH VALENTINO—I suppose all the other people did this thing for a bet. Tell me how to get one. The star in "Once to Every Woman" was Dorothy Phillips. Rodolph, playing a bloodhound in "Movie Weekly," you don't see your answer. A. A. O. V. (you use too long a handle)

PEGGY—Peggy, what for? I must know in order to give you all the addresses. Johnnie Hines is at 145 W. 164th St., New York; Marjorie Daw and Mary Carr, c/o Fox, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

FLO NELSON—Now, Flo, surely you don't think I say so much about Rodolph on the answer page because I still like to talk about him? I answer the question just as you come in, so if your page is all full of just one person, blame it on the people writing to me on the same subject.

EMMA—Where, Emma, did you learn to do that beautiful lettering? I am using your letter because it is such a joy to look at. Do I know how to say "I am using your letter because it is such a joy to look at." I am using your letter because it is such a joy to look at, and I have often said it. "Je parle francais" says I, and even as I write this, I learn just enough French and just enough German, to get them mixed up-right, and, specke francis.

BETTY BLACK EYES—I see you're interested in Who's Who. Faire and Constance Blinn are1 sisters, and Wilfred Lytell is Bert's brother. No, Margaret Clark does not play in movies any more.

ST. LOUIS WALLIE—Well, the Wallie Reid admirers are back again. He is six feet one, weighs 170, and is a blond. He has been in movies since about 1913. He has been married about eight years; his son is five. You can write him a letter at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

DOROTHY MAE—I will be glad to give you a list of Paramount's latest pictures and the leads in them by June 23. But I haven't space here. You can find what you want to know by turning to the Paramount ad on the back cover of this issue.

BETTY JANE—The only address John Walker gives is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

CONSTANCE—Mary Pickford is two: Betty Compson and Carol Dempster do not give their ages.

ALICE—None of the players you mentioned has ever had a double page picture in "Movie Weekly.

MARGIE—Shame on you, Margie, for asking for all those addresses in the magazine. You know I haven't room for them. Tell me how to write you. "The Love of a Human Tiger Cat" is a fiction story written for "Movie Weekly." Wanda Hawley is Mrs. Burton Hawley.

PEGGY HYLAND—Are you the Peggy Hyland, on this page? Shirley Mason is Mrs. Bernard Durning and Viola Dana is the proud mother of Collins Farnum. "Mr. Edythe Walker," her brother, is at 39, Hont Gibson 30 and Jack Mower 32.

JUST IN TIME—For what? With all the questions about Ruth Roland that have come to me to handwrite your letter the past few months, I think you could write a book about her by now. We have already published a picture of her in the July 22, 1921 issue, which you can get from our Circulation Dept. for ten cents. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. Edward Herrn has just finished "The Heart Specialist" opposite Mary Miles Minter.

WILLIE THE WEASEL—With income, you must be one of the "dirty dozen" or some such sissy. The leads in "Shame" were played by Harold Lloyd, plans, and Doris Hart. Write Dulcie Cooper at the Robert- cotole Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

MISS MOVIE WEEKLY—I don't think that's a nice way to spell the name of the magazine. Lon Chaney is 39; his hobbies are athletics and cooking. I think he is married; he lives at 1573 Edgemont, Hollywood.

DIMPLES III—Have you had those same dimples in your family for three generations? Yes, Ruth Miller played in "The Sheik," as the slave girl. I think you must know by now the answers to all those questions you asked about Rodolph. If not, I will give you his history back numbers. No, Jane Hart is not William S.'s sister, nor is Justine Johnsonene related to Edith Johnson. The latter's address is 1624 Hudson Ave., Hollywood.

EFFIE G.—Whose effigy are you? In "The Nurse's Awakening" was Sam De Grasse.

ONE OF OUR MOVIE WEEKLY READERS—the heroine's child in "The Slag" played by Rita Ragan, and the Chinaman in "Dream Street" was Edward Piel.

D. N. H.—It's refreshing to get a letter from a fan with your patience. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was released quite recently. Cullen Landis is still with Goldwyn; his next picture will be "The City Fel er." No, we do not have copies of pictures that have appeared in "Movie Weekly." The way to get these is to buy back numbers of the magazine for ten cents apiece from the Circulation Dept. Con stance Talmadge's next release is "The Primitive Lover."

ROBERT P.—No, Constance TalON has not. Neither has Jack Hoxie, so far as I know.

MARIE IRE—No, Marie, I am not the same answer man you wrote to last year. I'm afraid Mary Pick ford would not let you visit her studio; if she let you, she'd have to let all the other fans, and then her studio would be so crowded she'd have to stand on the ceiling or somewhere to make her pictures.

JUST LILLIE—A very appropriate name for Easter time. No, Hope Hampton is not married. She was born in Texas not so very many years ago. Write her at 1540 Broadway, New York. She is supposed to be Rodolph will ever come to visit you; his adoring fans would probably cause a riot in his vicinity. Yes, he used to dance on the stage. Agnes Ayres is about 23; she is divorced from Frank Schuster. She was born in Chicago. She doesn't give her home address, but can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

H. R.—The only way I know for you to get a picture of Elsie Ferguson and Wallie Reid—or any other player—is to write them for the photographs. Those two stars will probably charge you a quarter. They can both be reached at the Lasky studio in Hollywood.
Painting the Town Red

They have quaint ways of doing things in Spain—at least in some towns.

Just suppose you were a young girl with lots of suitors (unless you don't need to suppose it), and all your admirers expressed their adoration by dabbing paint's house with red paint. How would that please you—and Papa?

That is the explanation given Director John S. Robertson for the appearance of Vesa, a little village near Seville, where most of the exteriors for "Spanish Jade" were taken.

It seems that the young gallant of Vesa, when he wishes to declare his affection for a certain senorita, steals to her home in the stilly night and spatters a comet's tail of screaming vermilion on the white-washed walls of her house.

"Some of these young ladies seem to have quite a following," remarked David Powell, indicating one humble dwelling which looked like a futuristic artist's bad dream.

"Well," said the interpreter, "you know women like to keep up appearances, and there is really nothing to prevent their trying their hands with the paint brush themselves."

A Wise "Crack"

John Emerson and Anita Loos, the scenario couple, sat in their home in New York working on "Polly of the Follies." Suddenly they heard a cracking sound and a scream. A man jumped from a window, followed by a deluge of plaster.

"Well, what do you think of that," said Anita, "this scenario has brought down the house!"

Stuffing the Elephant

Now that Richard Barthelmess is a star, he often recalls the hard old days when he was looking for work as an extra. But hard as those times were, he got many a good laugh out of his day's work.

"There were more people in the business then than now who did not care about elevating the screen, but were looking only for money. One day we learned that a group of wealthy men had formed a new company, so we all made a dash to the offices looking for work.

"We found that the company was going in for animal pictures and would have its own menagerie. While we were waiting anxiously to see if we could get parts in the picture, the representative of the Wall Street owners was summoned to the phone. He returned looking distressed and puzzled.

"'Great Scott!' he exclaimed, 'the boss has gone and bought an elephant, and it's on the way to the lot. He told me to get stuff to feed it. Does anybody know what elephants eat?'

"'There was a pause while everyone thought. Finally someone had a bright idea, inspired by his visits to the circus.

"'Peanuts,' he suggested.

"'Fine!' said the manager, beaming with relief. He turned to the office boy, 'Jimmie,' said he, 'go out and get a nickel's worth.'"

Pity the Poor Guests

Miss Pauline Garon, who plays opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Sonny," is glad that she can cook. "Because," she explained, "then I can never be in the predicament of one of my convent chums after her marriage.

"She was giving a luncheon, and just as the time arrived to start cooking the food, the cook got a violent sick headache. Lying on her bed, the faithful servant gave her mistress detailed instructions as to what to do.

"Do you think you can get along all right, mum? she inquired anxiously.

"Certainly, Bridget," the young wife said reassuringly. 'Don't you worry. But there are just two things you forgot to tell me. What kind of soap do I use to wash the lettuce? And do I fry the bacon in butter or lard?"

This Caps the Climax

Some of the actors who are at work in George Melford's production of "The Woman Who Walked Alone" have to wear plumes in their hats. The reason for the "Louis Quince" decoration is that these men are supposed to represent South African Mounted Police and South African Mounted Police seem to be a very vain lot, judging by their uniforms.

"It's a feather in my cap to work for you, George," grinned one of the actors, brushing off his hat with his sleeve.

The Wearing of the Purple

Jack Holt returned home one day from the studio and found his young son, Tim, laughing gleefully, his face covered with blackberry jam.

"Good," shouted the youngster.

"'Good!' answered 'Papa' Jack, 'how do you know it's good? You're not eating it—you're wearing it.'"

And Then She Gave Him the Gate

"I'm afraid we won't be able to land today," said one of the company making "The Dictator," as the steamer conveyed them to San Francisco near ed the city.

Lila Lee bit. "Why not?" she inquired.

"Why, you see," was the answer, "the Golden Gate May be closed."

A pulmotor was called for to revive the astonished Lila.

A Damsel in Distress

Pride goeth before a fall—or a wetting. This is one on Bebe Daniels.

It was a tent that was the cause of Bebe's pride; she and her mother shared the only tent with a board floor when the "North of the Rio Grande" company slept out on location 50 miles from Phoenix, Arizona. Bebe felt very sorry for the poor men folks who were content with just ordinary tents instead of the real luxurious kind. And she was justly proud of her company's "palace."

But—the first night it rained. And while all the men in camp slept through it, all cozy and dry, the rain poured in buckets into the beautiful brunette's bedroom.

If the men in the company hadn't come so nobly to her rescue, Bebe might have had a tiny suspicion that the "operators" who set up the tents had a touch of envy in their systems and that was why they hadn't properly fastened the guy ropes of her "palace."

But with such a chivalrous group of men, she couldn't harbor that suspicion.

They Didn't Even Punish Him

"Many a 'Schoner' I have piloted across the bar," remarked an old salt reminiscantly to the members of Wally Reid's company making "The Dictator," as they returned from a cruise about San Francisco bay.

"What kind of a bar?" asked Wally grinning—and the other members of the party quickly left the ship after that one.

A. M. T.
THE MECHANICS OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING

THERE is a large number of people in this world who could write photoplays, provided they possessed the technical knowledge necessary to enable them to put their ideas into the form of an interest-holding story.

For every type of writing—newspaper, magazine, articles, short stories, novels, drama, the photoplay—there are definite laws and rules which have grown out of the mass experience. These observations, which, by general consent have been acknowledged as the best form in which to cast the material, are known as the rules, or techniques, of the subject.

While people generally admit that it is necessary to study journalism as an aid and so on, they seem to feel that story writers are born and not made, and that story writing cannot be taught.

In this they are wrong, whether one is writing poetry, any form of fiction writing, demands that the writer supply his own ideas as well as develop and express them; while in the writing of non-fiction, the facts are given, and the writer needs only assemble and arrange them to the best advantage.

Story writers are born to this extent—they must be possessed of a creative imagination. By this I mean the ability to start with an idea and to enlarge and develop that idea.

However, there are many people who have this qualification who, nevertheless, could never write a salable photoplay. And why? Because they could not bring their story out to the best advantage—it would become lost in a mass of unnecessary detail, or would be developed from the wrong angle, etc. The tendency is not to bend the ending away at the beginning of the story, thus destroying the story, or the characters would be made too lifelike, or the story would be logically one from the other. All these and many more are the faults that can be seen in written stories written by persons without a knowledge of technique.

I have heard writers who have "arrived" rather sentimentally tell amateurs that the only way to learn is to have studied the laws of geometry and never tried to work out a problem, he would have but little knowledge of the subject. At the same time, if the person who has not learned how to write, attempts to do so by merely writing, he is apt to arrive at the wrong place. I have found he has travelled a circle, just as does a person who walks in a strange forest without a compass. Persons who have acquired the technique of writing, and with whom it has become second nature, are apt to forget that they did not always possess this knowledge.

In other words, there is a part to photoplay writing which is mechanical, and like anything that is mechanical, it can be learned if one has the patience and the desire to do so. Just as there are definite laws for building a house, or constructing a steel bridge, just so are there definite laws for building a story, and the person with creative imagination who knows that, despite this native ability, he needs technique.

While undoubtedly there are some persons who are born story-tellers in that they have a natural sense of the "dramatic," and who seem to know instinctively how to develop their material in order to make it most enthralling, yet the majority will find that they "arrive" more speedily by an analytical study and application of the laws governing photoplay writing.

Hints to Scenario Writers

by

Frederick Palmer

CONCERNING NAMES

There's the old saying, "What's in a name?" A rose by any other name would be just as sweet, or something to that effect. That may be very well in botany, but when it comes to characterizing your brain children, great care must be taken that irreparable injury is not done them.

While "Lizzie Snagg" may be the very lovely leading lady that the producer wishes and wonder just when she is going to turn into a comedienne; yet with a fitting cognomen, no one would doubt her position of heroine.

Another reason for this is that audiences have become accustomed to having the names suggest the character of the various people in the story. An example of what not to do is the name given to a character in a short story I recently read. He was a man with a reputation for killing people and his chief aim throughout the story was to present the character of the various people in the story, and the author called him "Goodman!"

Of course, in writing a comedy, the more absurd and laugh-provoking names you can give the characters the better. Here are some suggestions:

"Lizzie Snagg," "Mr. Goodman!"

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A Philanthropic Bank Burglar
by John W. Grey

SYNOPSIS
Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Blackey, who has been disabled in a robbery for which he was interred in a prison for stealing money. Kennard is a repeat offender who has been addicted to burglary.

When Blackey opened the door to Morrisey's room and saw President Barker of the Arlington National Bank of Philadelphia, he was stunned beyond expression. Fortunately, he had only opened the door but an inch or two, and neither Morrisey, who was still talking on the phone, nor Barker, who was about to come in, saw him. He closed the door noiselessly and dashed up the stairs to the next floor, where he caught an elevator, the bobbing light showing him where.

He dropped into a chair in the corner, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and began to think. He knew that he couldn't tax his memory too much, but he had brought Barker over to New York to see Morrisey, and the more his mind dwelt on the matter, the more he wanted to know exactly what had happened.

The only possible solution that he could create was that Morrisey had really obtained a definite clue of some kind.

At one time he decided that he wouldn't keep the engagement with the detective that had been made the night before, and then it dawned on him if it was, if it was true, that the failure to do so might possibly create suspicion.

While he was in the midst of these thoughts, he happened to look over toward the parlor. He saw Barker and Morrisey stepping out of it, Barker with a small travelling bag in his hand. He heard Morrisey say, "Mr. Barker, see you in Philadelphia, Tuesday."

This relieved him and after Morrisey went up in the elevator, he took the next one and went direct to his room. "Come in," said the detective when he knocked on the door.

"I'm a little late," declared Blackey.

"That's all right, Mr. Kennard. Have a seat. If you had arrived a few minutes earlier you would have met Mr. Barker, of the Arlington National Bank of Philadelphia. He brought me over some things that may be of some help to us in solving the robbery."

"That's interesting," said Blackey rather curiously. "What is it?"

Morrisey went to his bag and took out a small twopenny bottle. "This," he said as he handed the bottle to Blackey, "was found in the vault.

I wish you would analyze it and let me know what it is."

"I'll do it to-night and let you know in the morning," replied Blackey.

"That's satisfactory," said the detective. "I'm leaving for Philadelphia at ten."

Nineteen o'clock was striking when Blackey left the Knickerbocker. He went by Forty-second Street and turned north on Fifth Avenue. He was in a fine mood as he walked along with his head in the air, swinging his arms and taking the long, springy step of the athlete. There was a lot of fascination to him in the thought of having the world's greatest detectives on his trail. He smiled as he thought of how he was outwitting him, eluding him. "I shall play with him as he plays with a mouse."

When he reached the Hotel Plaza at Fifty-ninth Street, the habitat of New York's aristocracy, he entered and walked around the lobby for a moment or two. He pecked into the dining room, that was crowded with elaborately gowned women and men in evening dress. He smiled at them as he took his seat at a table, ate, drank, and was merry in the luxury surfeited atmosphere.

As he sat and played at the daisies, he thought over the terrible inequality of things in general, and he was more firmly convinced than ever that the law of the land was that of the haves, although some few tried to create a condition that causes such much poverty and suffering.

He went by Fifty-sixth Street and continued up Fifth Avenue. When he neared Sixty-third Street, he was jarred out of his reverie by a mad, piercing scream that was screamed by a maniac in his tracks. He stopped, looked and listened, trying to detect where it came from. In a second he heard it again. Still he couldn't determine the exact spot whence it came. His nerves tingling with suspense as he stood and waited for repeating. The hell can it be? he muttered. Not a murmur or whisper. He picked up his bag and went direct to his room.

"You're perfectly wonderful, wonderful. You've developed labored expression."

He dropped into a chair and thought. "He has been struck down."

"Yes, but I'm afraid that it will be some time before I'm able to sing after this ordeal to-night."

"She burst into tears and became hysterical while Blackey tried to soothe her."

When they reached her home, she insisted on taking her to Columbia, on Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, where she insisted on taking her to Columbia, on Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, where she said, "You must forget about it," said Blackey.

"No, thank you," she replied. "I live but a block away."

"I'll call a taxi," said Blackey.

"Please let me have the exact spot whence it came. His nerves were tingling with suspense as he stood and waited for repeating."

"You must forget about it," said Blackey.

"If you don't, I'll call a taxi and go to the Knickerbocker."

"Yes, but I'm afraid that it will be some time before I'm able to sing after this ordeal to-night."

"When they reached her home, she insisted on taking her to Columbia, on Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, where she said, "You must forget about it," said Blackey.

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wait and the scratches on her face. He hurried across the room, drew her to his breast and exclaimed excitedly:

"What’s happened dear? What’s happened?"

Between sobs and tears she related the story of her experiences.

He was visibly affected. His big body shook with emotion, and there was a quiver to his voice when he enunciated the words.

"Mr. Kennard, words won’t tell the story of my feelings and my gratitude. If anything happened to Evelyn, there would be only one old lady weeping her way homeward.

"I was going to have the opportunity of service to your daughter, Mr. Galley. I only did what any red-blooded man would have done."

The tears fell like rain upon the old lady’s face as he continued:

"I come to you some day for a favor. If there is anything in the State of New York that you want, say the word and you shall have it.

When Blackey left the house, all Evelyn did was to talk about him.

"Isn’t he wonderful looking, papa?" she asked,

"Great!" he replied. "What business did he say he was in?"

"He’s a chemist. We must have him over to dinner. I think he’s charming; so many and strong. I wish you could have seen him beat that terrible negro.

She became hysterical, and began to cry as her father led her off to her room after he had summoned her maid.

When Blackey arrived at his apartment, Henry phoned him but met him at the Astor Grill.

"I want to see you right away. Very important. Will you come down?"

"In ten minutes," replied Blackey.

He gave Jimmy a brief outline of his experiences with the nigger, and then left for the Astor. He found Henry Swift seated at the bar, looking like a man that was going to be electrified.

"What’s up, Henry?"

"What’s up, Blackey? Everything is up, I mean. Read this."

He handed Blackey a letter, the letter that Blackey had witnessed when he sent Henry the $127,000 which came out of the Arlington National Bank.

Dear Professor Haskely: Enclosed you will find $177,000. It is to be understood that you will be in no way connected in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods, and that you have been and are always a perfectly sedentary undertaking, primarily because of the fact that you have been unable to interest people of means in the project, or the ability to help finance the building of a hospital, you may be able to carry on your wonderful work without any interruptions later on.

This is only my first donation. Will you please publish in the personal columns of the World just how much you will receive, and then I shall see that you get it. Say nothing to anybody about this matter.

Frisco Blackey.

"Wonderful," exclaimed Blackey when he had finished reading the letter. "Wonderful!" he repeated.

"I should say so," declared Henry. "But why, I wonder, what do you suppose you don’t come and talk with me? What’s your game?"

"I haven’t any possible solution to offer," replied Blackey.

"I’m as much at sea as you are. How did you receive this message?"

"It was delivered to me by a bonded messenger," replied Henry. "He’s real, big, and the damned messenger couldn’t give me any description of the sender."

"Mysterious and interesting," grunted Blackey. He lounged up to and Henry everything, knowing that if he did so, Henry, in all probability, would approve of everything he had guessed and intended doing. He didn’t want to compromise himself in the event of anything happening later on, so he said nothing.

The Chicago National Bank at Twenty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, was considered one of the strongest, as well as one of the oldest banks in the city.

For twenty years or more, the bank bustled. On a Tuesday evening, Mr. Henry Smith, the well-dressed manager of the bank, driven by his appetite, ordered Tom Reilly, the well-dressed agent of the bank, to have a repast at the Ten-Thousand and magazine.

Tom Reilly had guarded the bank’s treasures at night. For fifteen years or more, the bank bustled. On a Tuesday evening, Mary, the chief cashier, her heart filled with the hope of finding her home, Mark Shinburn and Big Frank Mc Coy, had locked at it with longing eyes, looked at it, and then passed on to the other side. The sight of the changed building, in which no human being, except himself, ever entered after the doors were closed, was the last sight to ten. So, fifteen years his good wife, Mary, carried his supper to him from their little home on Twenty-fourth Street and Twenty-five Avenue, but a few blocks away.

At eleven-thirty every night, Mary rapped on the big iron door and welcomed from his lunch. Every night Tom embraced her as she left, but he never let her on the inside of the bank. He kissed her as she stood on the steps and bade her good night.

Frisco Blackey happened to pass the bank one night while he was on his way to the laboratory, and when he saw Mary knocking on the door, he hesi­

"That’s the idea," declared Blackey. "Why is it going to be harder than the Arlington job?"

"We’ve got a much bigger vault and a much bigger safe to open. The Arlington vault was an old one, while this vault in the Chicago Bank is an up-to-date one."

"What’s gingerbread?"

"It’s a kind of a time lock pete," replied Blackey. "In the vernacular of the crackerman, means clamps and wheels, and I chose against it Saturday night so we can work on it Sunday if we have to, is that the idea?"

"That’s the idea," declared Blackey. This is Thursday. We’ve got three days in which to get ready. Go downtown in the morning, get your shawl and skirt and bonnet, and don’t forget the grey wig. If any questions are asked, you can say that you’re going to impersonate an old woman in an amateur theatrical performance."

The next day, Jimmy came home with the feminine regalia, and Blackey rehearsed him in the part that he had to play. He put him through the stunts for twenty minutes. When Jimmy got ready Saturday night, he felt, like an old hand.

"We’ve got to borrow an automobile for a while, and I don’t know of any better place to get one than old Mr. Reilly’s," said Blackey. Saturday night, about nine o’clock, they drove off with a Cadillac coupé that they found on the Fifth Avenue.

"Mr. Kennard," said Blackey, "is for Mrs. Reilly to repossess in after we’ve kidnapped her. When she goes up to see about it, we’ll kidnap her, tie her up, gag her and then take the supper pall. You will go to the bank and knock on the door; when old Mr. Reilly comes out, stick your gun in his stomach and above him inside."

"That’s my face lighted up with a smile of understanding.

At eleven o’clock they were in the vicinity of the Reilly home on Tenth Avenue. On her way to the bank, the old lady had to pass a vacant lot. Blackey pulled the car up in front of the lot and waited for her to come along. About eleven-twenty she put in it?"

"Yep," continued Blackey, "just about as burglar-proof as any one can be blasted open over in the Arlington National Bank.

"What a noise those guys have got saying that they’re going to keep the Pinkerton sign."

"Do they think that the Pinkerton sign will keep the grifters away from the jug?"

"In ten minutes," replied Blackey.

Blackey looked up Sixth Avenue and spied the elevated train, and then put a look into the Seventeenth Precinct station house a block away.

"It’s a big dump," said Jimmy when Blackey took him down to look at the vault.


"Yes, Jimmy, a big one."

"One of them burglar-proof ones, I guess," laughed Jimmy.

"Jimmy a brief outline of his life experience to talk about him."

"I’ll give you my opinion."

"I’ll give you my opinion," said Blackey.

"I’ll give you my opinion," said Blackey. "That’s the idea," said Blackey. "We’ve got a much bigger vault and a much bigger safe to open. The Arlington vault was an old one, while this vault in the Chicago Bank is an up-to-date one."

"What’s the idea, Pete?"

"What’s the idea, Jimmy?"

"That’s the idea," said Blackey. "Why is it going to be harder than the Arlington job?"

"We’ve got a much bigger vault and a much bigger safe to open. The Arlington vault was an old one, while this vault in the Chicago Bank is an up-to-date one."

"What’s the bell that is noise, Blackey?" he whis­

"Keep quiet!" barked Blackey as he got up off his horse and started to put the light out in the vault. "Are you..."

Before he could finish the sentence, there was a scream, and the vault door slammed too with terrific crash. They were caught in the vault; caught like rats in a trap.

(Continued next week)
**SYNOPSIS**

Doris Dalympke, beautiful screen star, meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is working as a messenger. She falls in love with him and she sympathizes with him. She then asks her company to stage the next scene, and Jerry, following her wishes, is sent on a mission. When he returns, he tells her he is a yellow car racer and that she is kidnapped. In reality, she is merely taken up by one of the players in a scene they are working on, but Jerry, not knowing this, steals a motorcycle standing beside the yellow car.

Doris and her companion stop their car and the man begins to rescue her, while Jerry following on his machine, perceives his advantage, and managing Doris, to ride off as just as Jimmy comes out of the doorway. He also thinks Doris has been kidnapped, and, in turn, follows the cyclist.

Jerry, finding Jimpy, brings Doris to the city and she leaves him at a corner, refusing to allow him to see her home. He is on the point of turning away, when Doris quickly gets into car standing on the side street, which immediately drives off.

Jerry, still following, is arrested for speeding and blue car activity.

Doris is taken to a lighthouse on a lonely island. Jerry follows in the lightship and recognizes her as a motion picture star, and sees that they have kidnapped the wrong girl.

She is treated kindly but upper mumps is told that the man will be the same, and then when Jerry escapes from the window and hides down on the beach, where she sees another girl whose motor broke down and run out of town, he plans to steal some from the lighthouse.

Jerry, following Doris, is arrested for having stolen the motorcycle. He tries to explain to the policemen but the latter refuses to listen.
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MAYO WEEKLY

If you ever get a brand new job procuring the "props" for a property man, see to it that you haven't had any of the stuff out of your hip pocket—or elsewhere. Otherwise you'll find you're seeing things when you look at the list the property man hands you.

This is a list of "props" requisitioned from the Goldwyn art department one day—you'd never credit an art department with these supplies. But here they are:

One picked chicken, with a few feathers left.
One flashy, striped Ford.
House files and cobwebs.
Baggage—Turkish, Hindoo, Greek, Dutch, and Russian.
Four beef shin bones.
One rib—not meat on it.
One Irish biagpipe.
One monkey to pick fleas from a dog.
One string of garlic; three pounds of liver.
Five loaves of indifferent bread.
Soap bubbles. Must be at least two feet in diameter.
One dead cat.

Where to Find Your Favorite

Helen Ferguson and Bryant Washburn are finishing work in Goldwyn's "Hungry Hearts."

Lon Chaney has recently finished portraying a dual role in Goldwyn's "Blind Burglar," formerly titled "The Octave of Claudius." Jacqueline Logan and Raymond McKee are among the supporting cast.

Lee Moran, comic, has left Universal to be his own boss and have his own producing unit with the Century Comedies Company.

James Rennie, husband of Dorothy Gish, is playing opposite Helen Chadwick in Goldwyn's "The Dust Flapper." Marion Davies, Miss Mona Kingsley and Edward Pell are among the cast.

Gareth Hughes' present starring picture for S.-T. is named "Adventures of a Ready Letter Writer." Harriette Burket, a recent "find," is Garland's leading woman.

Universal's all-size production of Hal Reid's famous old play, "Hungry Hearts," is being directed by King Baggot. The strong cast includes House Peters, Russell Simpson, Max Roseboro, George Hackathorne, Gertrude Claire, Lucretia Harris and George West.

Frank Mayo is in Arizona on location for desert scenes in Universals new picture "The Tongue." Virginia Valli is playing opposite the star.

Harry Carey has just finished his latest starring picture for Universal, "Man to Man." Lilian Rich was Carey's leading woman in this picture.

The all-star cast for Paramount's "I Matrimony or a Failure!" includes T. Roy Barnes, Walter Hiers, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, ZaSu Pitts, Olive Ashdon, Dils Harlan, Lilian Leighton and Tully Marshall.

Jack Mulhall is playing opposite Constance Binney in her curves for Realsart. Eddy Chapman and Bertram Brasby are in supporting roles.

Wanda Hawley's next picture for Realsart will be an adaptation of a Saturday Evening Post story and will have a golfing theme.

Bob Ellis is playing opposite Marie Prevost in her newest starring picture for Universal, unaired as yet.
armpit. Jacqueline shrugged and resumed her knitting: "What a tiresome man," she thought. But then, with that Dewley man you know—well, you know it's a tiresome man."

Cynthia asserted philosophically: "But most men bother a girl sooner or later, she concluded. "They don't read, they write novels, but it's true."

"Go down town and take dictation for a living. It's a education, you see."

"It's a rotten state of things," said Jacqueline under her breath.

"Yes, it's funny, too. So many men are that way. What do they care? Do you suppose we'd be that way, too, if we were men?"

"Thank you, nice men, too."

"You haven't thought about them, have you?"

"I tell you I haven't. He's nice to me. That's all."

"Is he too nice?"

"You won't misunderstand when I tell you how much I enjoy being with him."

"Well, then Mr. Desboro's the Tattler."

"Can't you stay to dinner," asked Jacqueline. "I'll come if you want me to."

"They laughed; Cynthia stretched out a lazy hand for the chocolate. Jacqueline knitted, the smile still hovering on her scarlet lips."

"You won't misunderstand when I tell you how much I enjoy being with him."

"Isn't much under the average, is it?"

"It's over now, isn't it?"

"Oh, nobody forgives women! But you will find excuses for some man some day—if you like him. I guess even the best of them require it. But the general run of marriages would last about a week. Good-bye."

"Good-night, dear," she called back, with a gay little sound, no note held the glee and innocence. He went to the brown Windovers and stood hands in his pockets, smoking and looking out over the familiar landscape.
"Is— is the child sick?" she stammered.

"No, of course not. I expect she'll be here in the morning.

She was not there in the morning. Mr. Mirk, the little Negro boy who had delivered the farrill that Miss Nevers was again detained in town on business interest matters, now began to employ a Mr. Sisley to continue her work at Silverwood. Mr. Mirk was very anxious for her to call her up at three o'clock if he desired further information.

Deshboro went into the library and sat down. For a while his idle reflections, uncontrolled, wandered around the enigmatic pink rosebud. From the moment which he thought was slowly emerging from chaos and taking on the semblance of the thing that rose from the bottom of the Jacqueline Nevers. She had not come here until noon to talk to this girl? Why was he here at all? Why had he come down from the north so late in the month? Was it enough to arouse his curiosity? But why did not the face of the creature come to him; why did he not want of her? Why was he spending time thinking through the discussion, even the thought of something with the name of Jacqueline Nevers.

Her look, her converse, her make a habit of her until, perhaps, he became that said the habit of a week's indulgence was annoying him. And the very last of all the Desboro's now idled and Nevers, could do what was left free to sink back into the leather corner of the chair and had collapsed among the flames started by Tarleton's flamel - bonded.

To and fro scurried Desboro, passing, unnoticed, oblivious to the world. The Second's time, elegant, idle, handsome men in periwigs and half armor and all looking out at the world thing in regard to the grace in their bald insensible attitudes.

But office and business and war, and intrigue and plot, vigor and idleness, had narrowed down through the generations, the greatest man; and the very last of all the Desboro's now idled similarly and with the same result. He had better be extinguished.

He could not make his mind to go to town or to remain in the vague hope that she might come in the afternoon.

He had plenty to do. If he could make up his mind to begin—some of his own business expenses, stable reports, agents' memoranda concerning himself, and his particular duties,

And there was business concerning the estate neglected, taxes, loans, improvements to attend to—the thousand and one duties demanded of one doctor.

Deshboro was left free to sink back into the leather corner of the chair, no more on business, no longer on his hands, and thinking of the picture with the name of Jacqueline Nevers, and the name of Mrs. Quant. She had said so, and now and again in her occasional look, and thinking of the life of her which, although he maintained an agent in town, must ultimately be his.
“Half the guests were in bathing suits and half in evening dress.”

Because in the first place the spring-board had apparently gained about ten feet in altitude all of a sudden, and in the second place the pool looked so deep that I was afraid that if I should make a serious mistake it would be a very serious mistake. For, you see, I am not an expert diver, and I have serious doubts where I would be able to hit the blooming thing at all. Honest, Ma. I felt like some idiot, trying to dive from the fifth floor of the Woolworth Building into a quart tin-cup.

But the thing that worried me most was the spring-board itself. It wouldn’t have been so bad if the peevy thing had been fastened on both ends, but it wasn’t. One end swung entirely free to follow its own sweet will and, as that happened to be the end that I was standing on, complications began to develop very pronto. Because the more the board trembled beneath me the more my knees shook, and the more my knees shook the more the board quivered. The consequence was that in less than two minutes I was giving an excellent impersonation of the business section of an electric vibrator.

“Half right!” yelled the Director finally. “Why the devil sister? You’re not cast as ‘Living Statue,’ or anything like that, you know. Come on—snap out of it and jump for the force of gravity and the surface of the water, I’d very probably have been turning over yet. I’ll probably never know what part of me hit it. All in all it was the Director asking for another volunteer to do the diving stunt over again.

I didn’t have the slightest idea where the vibrations of the board, took a long breath, closed my eyes, and took off. I went over in the air all right, but I must of put too much effort in it or something because, instead of straightening out when I landed, I kept right on rotating around an invisible axis like a looed pin-wheel.

If it hadn’t have been for gravity and the surface of the water, I’d very probably be turning over yet. I’ll probably never know what part of me hit it. All in all it was the Director asking for another volunteer to do the diving stunt over again. It sounds like,’ but is a form of granulated and shredded tissue paper which in all scenes depicting parties in high life is thrown promiscuously about through the pair in question, and is a form of grand immoral effect.

Well, anyway, I was elected one of the ‘hushing’ divas, and the scene was accordingly very liberally decorated with various and numerous rampant black cats, papier-mache pumpkins, and demoralized witches straddling broom-sticks. For, you see, there is a slight difference, folks, in the ways in which Hog Run and Society celebrates Hallowe’en.

In Hog Run, for instance, the occasion is usually celebrated by an evening of organized destruction, winding up by placing Ursulins Higgins’ front gate in a reclining position on the steeple of the Methodist Church. But in Society they do it a little differently; they make a social affair out of it, and the only damage resulting is to the morale of the guests.

The extent of this damage being in direct proportion to the length of the party.

A Ceci de Mille picture would be as incomplete without an indoor swimming-pool placed somewhere in the scenario and a Bill Hart projection would with out a pair of prominently featured six-guns, and this set was no exception. It contained in the center a marble-lined pool with a velvet covered spring-board and, consequently, half the guests was in bathing suits and half in evening dress. In the case of the men it wasn’t so hard to make a distinction, but when it come to the women’s costumes about the only difference apparent to the naked eye was that the evening dress comprised a set of shoes and stocking, while the bathing outfit didn’t.

Well, anyway, I was elected one of the bathing-suit divas, and it was my Mack Sennett outfit which shortly afterward was to lead to my downfall, so to speak. Because when the Director called for a candidate to stage a little diving exhibition for the first scene in the morning’s work, like an idiot I volunteered. My entire previous knowledge of the aquatic arts was confined to a fairly extensive experience in a bath-tub, and witnessing a one-reel exhibition by Annette Kellerman once. But the only stunt of the whole bunch that was one which consisted of the candidate turning over and a half times in mid-air, and then straightening out effortlessly and embarking first.

It seemed rather involved for the maiden effort of a strictly amateur diver, but it was either that or nothing, so I selected an suspicious moment between the vibrations of the board, took a long breath, closed my eyes, and took off. I went over in the air all right, but I must of put too much effort in it or something because, instead of straightening out when I landed, I kept right on rotating around an invisible axis like a looed pin-wheel.

If it hadn’t have been for gravity and the surface of the water, I’d very probably be turning over yet. I’ll probably never know what part of me hit it. All in all it was the Director asking for another volunteer to do the diving stunt over again.

“Weakling!,” whispered the Director indignantly, sitting up unassisted to the obvious disgust of the First Aid practitioners, “didn’t I do it all right?”, and the Director swung a look in my direction which was so mean that it would have curdled milk. “Miss Potts,” he said in a tone of voice which matched the look, “you might be a raving success as the star of a sensational ‘Ida Lupino’ film, but your ‘depth-bolts’ is very flat.”

As far as a very simple sort of a proposition,—all you had to do was just separate yourself from the rest of the crowd by literally standing on the board in the right general direction, you couldn’t possibly help but arrive in the water a very short time thereafter,—all the rest was to be expected. Personally, I thought that the difficulties of the thing, like Mark Twain’s death and G. Carpenter’s fighting ability, had been very much exaggerated.

But the minute I clambled up on that blooming spring-board, I knew that I had made an awful mistake.

“Johnnie, put me in for one of the diving stalls!”
Secrets of Success in Love, Courtship and Marriage

Is it possible for any man to win and hold the love of any woman? Can any one ever achieve the love and affection of the man of her choice? Can devotion win? What are the secrets? What are the conditions that make certain temperament clash? Is there anything common to so many homes where certain newly discovered laws of sex attraction govern the relations of mother and women? Make it easy for one who knows these laws and how to apply them to win the heart of the one you love.

PLAYING THE HEART STRINGS

The lonely find the ideal ones of their dreams—harmony displaces discord in the marriage relation—happiness follows the discovery of the great domestic laws of contentment—life becomes worth living when sex is understood in its great new all embracing relations. Playing the Heart Strings becomes as easy as playing the violin when you know how.

FREE Sex Attraction and Marriage Relation

This free booklet gives priceless information concerning these laws of life, the understanding and application of which is bringing unheard of happiness and success in marriage and courtship. Find out for yourself the great love and lasting devotion you crave—if loved ones have disappointed—it courtship has been unsatisfactory—this is the book by proven methods.
Here and There With the Movie Folks

"Can I 'shoot' the front of your display window?" asked Director Edward Sloman, who wanted to film the exterior of a pawn shop for a scene in "The Man Who Smiled." The proprietor wished his hands in the air in distress, saying, "I pick on me!" he said fearfully, that the hands had located him last. "No poor man with a family and anyhow I ain't got no plate glass insurance."

Theodore Kosloff, the famous Russian dancer, recently received a letter from his family in Russia. On it were two 1,000-ruble stamps. Three years ago these stamps would have been worth $1,000, but now they are worth only a few cents.

If the telephone girls in this country ever go on strike en masse, we suggest that their places be at once filled from the ranks of those policemen who preside at switchboards in the movies.

In ten years of photoplay attendance, we fail to recall a single instance wherein one of the super-efficient operators of the celluloid ever informed the hero that the "line's busy," or gave him seven wrong numbers in succession.

Anna Q. Nilsson feels that the railroad workers in Italy must have a personal grudge against her. "The Man From Home," in which she is playing a part at the present time, is set in Italy, and that's "how come" this tilt of woe. Miss Nilsson made a week-end trip from Naples to Rome, and just as she arrived the Italian railroad workers went on strike. And it cost the actress 1,150 liras of which were all hers.

Vera Gordon—"you know her well,—is working on new Fannie Hurst story, at precisely the same studio and under precisely the same director as she made "Humoresque"—the International Studio and Director Borage. The picture is called, temporarily, "The Good Provider," and was written especially for the "greatest mother of the screen."

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California's bracing weather may be all very well for some folk, but Frank Hayes doesn't think much of it these days. Frank has a comic character role in "Estate at R. Hampton's," and his production of "Wildfire," and his costume for the role is a bathing suit wrapped round with bosy bands. His character ought to be given a "Garden of Eden" to live in.

James McKeever Co.
Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?

Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre

You people who care more about better motion pictures than any other section of the community, must act.

There is one man in your midst who desires nothing better than to be guided by your wishes.

If your ideals of quality in photoplays are as high as Paramount’s he wants to know about it, and he wants to show you and your friends all the Paramount Pictures he can get.

It’s no good simply talking among yourselves when your indignation is aroused by some inferior picture.

Talk to the man who can change it, the manager of your theatre. If you like the show, tell him—if you don’t like it, tell him.

His creed is the survival of the fittest pictures, which means Paramount Pictures — the photoplays that bring large and admiring audiences.

If you want the world’s greatest entertainment all you have to do is act,—and remember that

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

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures
listed in order of release
March 1, 1922, to June 1, 1923
Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

“The Mistress of the World”
A Series of Four Paramount Pictures with Mia May. Directed by Joe May
From the novel by Carl Figdor
Wallace Reid in
“The World’s Champion”
Based on the play, “The Champion”
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden
Gloria Swanson in
“Her Husband’s Trademark”
By Clara Beranger
Cecil B. DeMille’s Production
“Fool’s Paradise”
Suggested by Leonard Merrick’s story “The Laurels and the Lady”
Mary Miles Minter in
“The Heart Specialist”
By Mary Morrisson
A Reartist Production
Marion Davies in “Beauty’s Worth”
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production
Betty Compson in
“The Green Temptation”
From the story, “The Noose”
By Constance Lindsay Skinner
May McAvoy in
“Through a Glass Window”
By Olga Printzlau
A Reartist Production
“Find the Woman”
With Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Rocci
A Cosmopolitan Production
Ethel Clayton in “The Cradle”
Adapted from the play by Eugen Brieux
Constance Binney in “The Sleep Walker”
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Reartist Production
Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in “Bought and Paid For”
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst
Pola Negri in “The Devil’s Pawn”
Dorothy Dalton in
“The Crimson Challenge”
By Vingie E. Roe
Wenda Hawley in
“The Truthful Liar”
By Will Payne
A Reartist Production
John B. Robertson’s Production
“The Spanish Jade”
With David Powell
From the novel by Maurice Hewlett
“Is Matrimony a Failure?”
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers
Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn’s
“Beyond the Rocks.”
Mia May in “My Man”
Marion Davies in
“The Young Diana”
By Mario Malvelli
A Cosmopolitan Production
Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in “Val of Paradise”
By Vingie E. Roe
Agnes Ayres in “The Ordeal”

In Production; two great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille’s
“Manslaughter”
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
George Melford’s
“Burning Sands”
From the novel by Arthur Weigall
A man’s answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull’s
“The Shiek.”