MOVIE WEEKLY
April 8, 1922

Hollywood Morals
by Benj. B. Hampton

Dick Barthelmess' Happy Struggles to Star by His Mother

Doris Kenyon

A Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Federal Censorship in the Offing

A CONTRIBUTION reaches the Editor's desk from one who has made a conclusive study of Federal Censorship and an enlightening and enlivening one it is this contribution, the text of which we print herewith. After reading it, we are sure our readers will have a firmer grasp of this subject, one that has, hitherto, proven rather elusive:

"The Federal Censorship Bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives by Representative T. Frank Appleby, of New Jersey. It provides for a commission of three members to be appointed by the President, the chairman to receive a salary of $6,000 a year; the other two, $5,000 a year.

"The commission may appoint a secretary and such deputy and advisory commissioners as may be necessary to assist in the examination and censoring of films. No one shall be appointed an advisory commissioner who has any direct or indirect pecuniary interest in motion pictures. The entire cost of the commission is to be limited to $60,000. The commission is to have power to make rules and regulations and to exercise functions necessary to the efficient performance of its duties.

"Every film submitted to the commission shall be licensed unless such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, or depicts an actual prize fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to impair the health, or debase or corrupt the morals of children or adults, or incite to crime, or produce depraved moral ideas, or debase moral standards, or cause moral laxity in adults or minors.

"The commission may grant a license upon condition that objectionable parts are eliminated, and may require all condemned films, both positives and negatives, to be left in its possession. Provision is made for an appeal from the decision of a commissioner to at least three members of the commission, and a further appeal to the full commission.

"Licensed films are to be provided with a special tag which must be attached when the film is offered for transportation. It is to be unlawful to transport or to exhibit an unlicensed film. The penalty for any violation of the Act may be a fine of not more than one year, and the films unlawfully transported or exhibited may be seized and destroyed.

"A fee of one dollar is to be charged for the examination of each 1,000 feet of film, and fifty cents for each duplicate. It is provided, however, that the license fee may be reduced from time to time to such a sum as will produce no larger income than is necessary to defray the cost of the commission. Any change in a film after it is licensed is to be considered as a violation of the Act and to be punished by fine or imprisonment.

"Just now there are only seven States that have motion picture censors. No two censors agree on what should be passed or what should be forbidden, and no producer has yet been heard to express unbounded enthusiasm over any censor. If it did nothing more, possibly Federal Censorship might stave off State Censorships in the remaining forty-three commonwealths."

Tell us what you think

Having printed the authorized report of one who has made a study of Federal Censorship, and having printed from time to time editorials concerning State Censorship, we are especially interested in knowing what our readers think of both forms of censorship.

Do you believe in either? Do you think motion pictures, today, need "censorial guardians?"

We are prone to shy at the familiar clause in the Federal Censorship Bill: "Every film submitted to the commission shall be promptly licensed unless such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, or depicts an actual prize fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to impair the health, debase or corrupt the morals of children or adults or incite to crime, or produce depraved moral ideas, or debase moral standards, or cause moral laxity in adults or minors."

Personally, we can't figure out how a commission of three people is fitted to decide such momentous problems for over 100,000,000 people. What do you think?
Hollywood Morals

Is Hollywood a Wild Jungle of Drunken Orgies?

By Benj. B. Hampton

D o you believe that Hollywood is a wild jungle of drunken orgies, dope parties and free love? Have you a general, hazy idea that the ten commandments and federal state and civic laws have no connection with daily life in the capital of movieland?

A newspaper editor recently suggested that Hollywood should be burned to the ground, his theory being that such a holocaust would purify the morals of the world. He pointed to the case of a comedian arrested on the charge of contributing to the death of an actress. He pointed to the assassination of a motion picture director. Holding up various cases before his readers he shrieked that Hollywood should be destroyed.

If you have such thoughts, let us reason together, as fair-minded folks are always willing to do, and see if we can get at the truth.

The geographical, civic entity bearing the name of Hollywood, California, is one of the most beautiful, best behaved, best schooled, best managed cities on earth. Neither the comedian nor the dead director lived in Hollywood. The comedian lives in the most fashionable section of the fashionable West Adams district of Los Angeles, and the director's home was in a modest, comfortable bungalow in a most respectable residential district of Los Angeles. So that if Hollywood should have been burned to make a holiday for a frantic editor, the comedian's social events would not have been disturbed, nor would a cowardly assassin have been prevented from murdering an unarmed man.

No one can get at the truth of motion picture morals until he understands the creation of star salaries, and the events that follow in the train of suddenly acquired wealth.

Five thousand dollars a week!—$10,000 a week!—$20,000 a week! Figures such as these stagger the ordinary moral cases before his readers he shrieked that Hollywood should be destroyed.

"Such wages cannot be possible. These stories are mere fictions of press agent imagination," you may say.

Yet the figures are true. For several years a number of young women and men each have been receiving $500, $1,000, $1,500 to $20,000 a year. At a very few have earned $250,000 a year, but many have been paid $500 to $750 a week.

These huge salaries were made possible—yes, they were made possible—by the public's approval of the same men and women who created the "Hollywood" that is at present receiving so much attention.

As an illustration of the workings of the system of making screen stars, and the effect of the operation on the star and on public opinion of the picture industry, let us briefly review the history of an actress whom we will call Georgia Columbia.

In 1918 this girl was "free-lancing," that is, she was accepting such positions as she could get, and her salary was $75 to $100 a week. Toward the end of the year she was chosen by a famous picture player to make a part in one of his productions, and for this employment she was paid $1,250 a week. The play was a tremendous success and the girl featured from obscurity to fame in a few months.

Georgia became known quickly to millions of theatre goers; and picture producers, believing that audiences would welcome her as a star, entered into a bidding contest for her services. Early in 1919 she accepted a contract at $2,500 a week salary, and when this ended within a year she went with another company at $3,250 a week. Within less than two years this girl has progressed from $1,250 a week to $2,500 a week. Public approval of her work has given her this "box-office value" and the producers believe it good business to give the public what it wants.

One of the several great differences between the screen and the spoken drama is revealed right here. The enormous salaries of the screen are not duplicated in spoken drama nor in vaudeville. There are high salaries on the stage, but they are not so large nor so numerous, nor do they come into existence so quickly as in picture circles. Stage audiences choose their entertainments more carefully. A play may become a great success on its merits, without the support of a star's name. Picture audiences have developed "star-worship" to a height unknown to the stage, and "star-worship" is followed by sudden inflation of incomes, as illustrated in the case of Georgia Columbia.

Can you imagine what happened to Georgia Columbia, whose "free-lancing" in 1918 brought her an income of perhaps $2,000, when she found a check for $1,500 or $2,500 in her pay envelope every Saturday night in 1919 and thereafter? Well, many things happened.

First of all, Georgia was swamped with new "friendships." She was deluged with "fame" and "popularity." Women and men who had barely nodded to her as she made the dull round of the world, now thrust forward to greet her effusively, obsequiously. Others whom she had never known, never heard of, pushed into her orbit, pleading and flattering for a share of the great star's attention.

Newspaper and magazine writers, editors, agents, and photographers to see her. Her mail suddenly filled several baskets daily. This is not a flight of fancy; it is a solemn recital of facts. Letters from admirers of a screen star reach enormous daily totals. And this correspondence comes from all sorts of people—boot-blacks, servant girls, college presidents, bankers, newspaper editors, ministers: all of the groups in the social system are represented.

The merchants of Los Angeles were ready to assist Georgia in meeting her new responsibilities. The realtors were present to sell her a "palatial residence," the decorators and furnishers assured her of their ability and willingness to make her new home the most artistic in America. The automobile dealers showed her the grades of limousines, town cars and runabouts appropriate to her new position. The jewelers, the gown makers, the milliners—everyone was present with earnest, eager offers of assistance.

Is it any wonder that Georgia was bewildered? Would any girl in any industry anywhere keep her head when bushels of press clippings and thousands of letters assure her that she is the most beautiful, most finished, most exquisite, most desirable of human little people? And being quite young and quite inexperienced, she readily accepts herself as a genius thrust into this world for the purpose of elevating its artistic standards, as per press stuff and admirers' mail.

Every week the $2,500 check finds its way to her bank account. True, it is like a bird of passage. It is quickly absorbed by payments on automobiles, houses, clothes, and the most extravagant expenditure. And every week the $2,500 check finds its way back into her bank account.

Georgia does not read the press notices and the fan letters of other stars. Indeed, she cannot take time to read her own! Her secretaries plow through the postman's burden and select the cream, the most flattering specimens, to read to Georgia. How, then, can Georgia realize that every star receives identical publicity stuff and fan letters so odorously alike that all of them might have been written in the same insane asylum? Georgia does not know, and being quite a little person, she quickly accepts herself as a genius thrust into this world for the purpose of elevating its artistic standards, as per press stuff and admirers' mail.

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Georgia's new host of friends...
press her with social invitations. Georgia has youth's yearning for "a good time." Why have beauty, wealth and fame unless these elements co-ordinate with internal satisfaction and "a good time?" Georgia enthusiastically enters into "having a good time" by following the path of all newly-rich since riches first began.

Georgia's limousine drives her gaily decorated limousine into the pathway of pleasure, it rolls along the ancient highway of peacock display, of vanity, selfishness.

The thrfty Egyptian steward who got rich quick three thousand years ago—the political and business bosses of the Roman Empire who fattened by exploiting colonies—the group of millionaires thrust into the limelight when Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan reorganized the steel industry—the Wall Street plunges that have sent great wealth in every boom period—in each group history repeats itself.

Few men and women can be drawn suddenly from poverty into riches, from obscurity into dazzling publicity, and avoid folly. Adulation, flattery by speech, letter and printed page, in addition to a woman's dress, are known as "fast sets" of Pittsburg steel or Newport high society. The screen is a mighty engine of publicity, and the professional personalities of its famous players has become a motive of millions of households. Because of this intimacy—this "star-worship"—there is deep-seated. The screen is the pathway of pleasure. It rolls along the ancient highway of peacock display, of vanity, selfishness.

The evidence is to the contrary. Los Angeles is preeminently a Church and home city. The court records of Los Angeles are evidence. The evidence is preeminently a Church and home city. The court records of Los Angeles prove that there are very few evil men and women in pictures. and that the great majority of even those few who are not. or the jails of Los Angeles would now be packed. The officials of the law have learned that corruption is a matter of degrading events, but a stream of innuendo causes the public to absorb the idea that Los Angeles is a hotbed of iniquity. No city more jealous of its reputation. The overwhelming majority of players, directors and highly paid technical workers conduct themselves in the same manner as other residents of Los Angeles. They buy houses, raise children, pay taxes, go to church or play poker, according to their individual tastes and inclination. Their conduct differs from that of other business and professional people of Los Angeles.

This statement is supported by abundant evidence. The court records of Los Angeles county prove that very few players, directors, technical or business people have been accused of crimes, and in the cases at which a fine was not negligible. The one outstanding criminal charge is that against a famous comedian. Hints of "wild parties," "drunken orgies," "dope parties" and "licentious rites" of those of Rome in her days of decline, are conspicuously not accompanied by specific information. Even when arrests and convictions, the one stream of innuendo causes the public to absorb the idea that Los Angeles is a hotbed of iniquity. The evidence is to the contrary. Los Angeles is preeminently a Church and home city.
Taylor was host to as varied an aggregation of types as could be possibly found. Some were already in their cups, and he was the merry toastmaster, singing his "Pat O'Leary" song and getting them to join in the chorus.

And the party continued until late. He arose to go and paid for his "feed," and when he walked out of the establishment two dark-visaged men who had been standing by watching him—men who had not joined in his merry-making—followed.

Up dark streets he picked his way, headed for the more happy section of New York that was his home. Around a corner... into an alley... a short cut... hurried, muffled steps behind him... a sudden blow... and Taylor fell to the sidewalk, stunned... two men going through his pockets.

Having robbed him of his remaining green backs, the thugs picked him up and carried him back up the alley, through other alleys—and eventually to a wharf where a wind-beaten schooner lay with the muddy waters of the East River lapping its sides. They took him into a darkened hole below decks and left him to revive—and when he came to, he could hear the pounding of waters on wooden ship walls, and could realize that he had been—shanghaied.

A trip was a long one, months in the making. The ship, a "tramp," sailed at random into many ports on many seas. Africa, the Canary Islands, and the Mediterranean were included in its itinerary, and Taylor had become used to the seaman's hard labor lot to which he had unwittingly fallen.

On an African port he had an opportunity to leave the ship, but the life appealed to him and he stuck to its standards. There were other landings made and other seas sailed—and, finally, one day, the weather-scared "tramp" put into the harbor at Portland, Ore.

But his months in his pockets, new life in his body. Taylor set about rehabilitating himself according to his precepts of a gentleman. He heard of a repertoire company forming to play in Eastern cities, and, by virtue of his past experience with Fanny Davenport, was able to qualify as one of its actors.

On arriving in Montreal, he found that the fortunes of the company were not altogether lucrative. The actors fought among themselves, and discord reigned generally.

A group of men were making plans for a trip into the Klondike, where gold offered alluring enticements—sufficient reward for the hardships (Continued on page 8)
The Happy Struggles of Affectionately recounted by

Dick's father, Alfred W. Bartholomew, an officer in the U.S. 22nd Regiment.

father, who had belonged to the 22nd Regiment, died. We lived out at the old place on Central Park West, but when my resources became low, about the time Dick was eight years old, I determined that Dick would not suffer for lack of education or the proper upbringing on my account, so I determined to try my hand at the stage. I had met Mr. Belasco, and through him I obtained an engagement with Mrs. Fiske, in "Mary of Magdalen."

Until that time, Dick had gone to Hamilton Institute, opposite the American Museum of Natural History, a few blocks from where we lived. But as soon as I saw that my efforts to become an actress were meeting with success, I knew that I would have to send him to an institution where his entire welfare would be watched over. He had been a dutiful boy; he was entirely devoted to me, but I was just as well satisfied that he should go to a boys' school, where he would learn to be a man among men.

After a great deal of examination of the prospects of various schools, I chose the Hudson Military Academy, near Nyack. It was ideally situated, overlooking the river, and it offered education plus plenty of good exercise out-of-doors. This was during the height of Col. Roosevelt's popularity and the school was built on the lines of a cavalry academy, training the boys for special horsemanship and in cavalry drills. Dick wore a cavalry uniform, with a broad yellow stripe down the pants, and he was a pretty picture in the strolc alongside me. The boys rode on small ponies, and Dick went through his part of things very manfully.

Nevertheless, I think he must have been more or less awed by his freedom at first, and not at all afraid of the drills. One reason why I chose the Nyack school was that a distant relative of ours had sent his boy there. This lad, who was known as "Sud" Palmer, was Dick's constant companion.

I remember visiting the school one day and asking Dick whether he had been a good boy. He told me he had been good, but later, when he was talking about the drills, he mentioned that "Sud" had been afraid of the ponies and had gone through the formation with tears streaming down his face.

Then Dick's habit of telling the truth came to the front. "Mother," he said, "you think I was a good boy. Well, I pummelled the life out of 'Sud' Palmer for crying."

Dick's first appearance in public took place at that school. At the commencement, he recited a poem called "Little Brown-Eyed Rebel." I arrived at Nyack too late to be present at the commencement, but early enough for the dance that was to follow. Dick met me at the station, looking rather peculiar.

"Well, what happened, son?" I asked him.

"Nothing," he replied.

"But why do you look at me so funny? Something must be wrong."

He could contain himself no longer. He pushed back the lapel of his coat and showed me the medal he had won for his recitation.

Dick's first trip with show people took place at that time. During one of the holidays, I took him with me to Chicago. Tyrone Power headed the company. He played the part of a man who was supposed to be down-and-out, and on his return to his home, he appeared on the stage in a makeup that was positively repulsive. The critics scored his makeup, but he persisted in using it, saying that the role required it. One day Dick remarked:

"Why does Mr. Power make himself look so dirty?"

The stage manager laughed, and remarked that the boy certainly had good judgment in determining stage effects.

Dick's first appearance on the stage took place in those Nyack days. Mrs. H. C. de Mille had produced a play for children which was being offered at holiday week matinees in Boston. Dick came down to visit me, wearing his uniform as manfully as possible. The play, which was called "The Little Princess," had a boy's part in it, a part played then by Donald Gallagher, but required also the use of a large number of little
Dick Barthelmeless to Popular Star
his Mother, Mrs. Caroline H. Barthelmeless

Dick fitted in as a little girl and so he was made up for that part and played it, as an extra. He enjoyed it mightily, so much so, that when, during the following year, Mrs. de Mille obtained the use of the Lyceum Theatre in New York, she was given a full two weeks' engagement.

Dick came to New York that time, his trunk full of Christmas gifts, and during the first week he went back to his old part, one without lines, as a girl. But Donald Gallagher fell ill at the end of the first week, and the manager of the company suggested to me that Dick would do in the part.

I told him quite frankly that Dick had had no real experience, and might make a miserable failure of it.

"I think he can do it. Let's give him a chance," he replied.

I was playing the role of a mother of several children, in steps, from a tiny tot to a sizeable girl. Dick was to be the only boy. He cried bitterly because he couldn't play a girl. We rehearsed the boy's role together at home, and Dick learned it letter perfect, all except one part. I was supposed to wear a long train, and to play a great lady. I was to rise in my dressing room and to greet a visitor, saying:

"I am charmed to know you."

As I turned and extended my hand, Dick, in the boy's part, was to unroll himself from my train, to execute a flop and to come up standing. This bit was always worth a good laugh, and Dick was so afraid that he would miss on the flop that he made me rehearse him in it a dozen times, and he went on with the part successfully.

When Dick completed his course at the Hudson Academy, he didn't know what prep school to enter. He was visiting some friends at that time, and found himself in a Christian Science group. During his visit, the family dog, a beautiful shepherd named Tad, fell ill. Dick's hosts, instead of calling in a veterinarian, employed Science to cure the dog. They succeeded so well that Dick was greatly impressed, and insisted on adopting their recommendation to go to Manor School, at Stamford, Connecticut, a Christian Science institution.

When Dick left Manor, we knew that we did not have a business man on our hands. Like his father, who often said that he could not stand being cooped up in a business office. Dick had shown evidences of a desire to break away from the routine of a business life. He had shown some little talent as an artist, principally in drawing valentines for me. I must confess, but he had written a great deal, and had entered actively into the literary life at school.

I still have a copy of one of his poems. It is a crude thing, but it is an evidence of his tendencies.

It is called "Friends of Shakespeare." The frayed, yellowing copy I have is pencilled, and was written when he was no more than twelve.

It was only a childish effort, yet it showed what Dick preferred. But I could not afford to send him to college just then. That season I was playing the mother in "The Only Son" on the road. We had booked Kansas City, and when I reached that city, I was visited by Sidney C. Partridge, whom I had known in China. He was a pastor and he had always shown a deep interest in Dick. We talked Dick's future over one evening during my stay in Kansas City. On my way back to the East, I stopped off again to see Mr. Partridge. He had recommended Trinity College, and said he might be able to arrange to help Dick through Trinity. I had written to Dick in the meantime and asked if he would like to go to Trinity. It was near Manor. He had met several Trinity boys and it was acceptable to him in every way. Later, he was given a scholarship there, and his university career began.

In her concluding article, Mrs. Barthelmeless relates the story of Dick's days in Trinity. How Dick went into pictures will be related both by his mother and by himself.

Dick, a rolly-polly youngster at the age of five.

At the age of 14.

"Oh, no," one of them replied. "We don't go in swimming, do we, Dick?"

And my boy looked at me rather sheepishly. He was too active to withstand restraint of that kind. And it was this same activity which earned for him the honor of being valetidicary at Manor. The school wanted to honor some of the boys. Dick had been greatly impressed, and insisted on sons of richer parents than Dick had, but his work had been so good that the offer was made to him, after the failure of a boy who had been designated previously to write something acceptable. Dick was told to choose any subject he cared to. It was to the library and, as he had seen Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" with me, he wrote an article called "The Joy of School Life," based on that play.

When Dick left Manor, we knew that we did not have a business man on our hands. Like his father, who often said that he could not stand being cooped up in a business office. Dick had shown evidences of a desire to break away from the routine of a business life. He had shown the...
The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

Continued from Page 5

that an Alaskan expedition would surely bring forth.

But Taylor was used to hardships. In his heart was the continual desire for adventure, and he felt that no hardships that he would experience on a gold-hunting expedition could in any way compare with those he had rather recently undergone as a seaman on the tramp schooner.

He set out from Montreal via the famous "long route" across Canada. Eventually he found himself crossing the Canadian Rockies—and still he and his fellow voyageurs kept on.

History tells of the rough-and-tumble assortment of characters that went into the Klondike in those boom days. There were the drags of humanity and the cross of civilization gone "north of 53" to seek their fortune, but Taylor was undaunted. He had met rough people before in his life; in fact, he enjoyed the freshness of their viewpoint, the primitive quality of their inherent conventions.

At first he worked with other prospectors in the ice-clad Alaskan fields. Later, however, he found it to his advantage to keep a store for miners, and this proved to be a bonanza for him. In Nome he fell ill with typhus fever and nearly died, and weakened, he began to yearn once again for his home in the States. With a small fortune in his pockets he returned, and finally made his way to Boston, where he was a member of the famous Castle Garden theatre company.

But, at the time of his life—when he was merging from youth into the fullest of manhood—he found his ideals alternately strengthened and shaken, shaken and strengthened—"I could not control his desire to see the land of the midnight sun. Alaska seemed to be in his blood.

And, beside, he was embittered, made sorrowful by the outcome of his marriage, for he learned that his wife had divorced him.

Again he set out for the frozen north; and again do we find him fighting in the eternal struggle of mankind for his stake. The scratching of the earth for its gold did not directly appeal to him, and, in Dawson, a town that had sprung up mushroom-like and comprised only the most basic fundamentals of civilization, Taylor soon came to be known as "the man who could play a banjo."

But he had both ability and ambition. Merely playing a banjo—even though its metallic tones brought him ready money from the amusement-hungry denizens of the north country—failed to satisfy him. The proprietor of a small theatre, wherein a company of stock actors labored unceasingly, recognized in Taylor, a man who could carry on the work successfully.

He was engaged as producer and stage director. Often he would act—and, frequently, he would paint the scenery to suit his requirements.

None of the old sourdoughs who are now scattered throughout the country, living on the wealth they amassed in those earlier days, are impressed by a name so imposing as William Desmond Taylor. But they all remember him as "Bill," who produced what they considered very high-class days at "Arizona Charlie's" popular house. Some recall him as Jimmy Taylor—and, to others, he was known as Gene.

But, according to an old miner acquaintance of Taylor's, the carefully-groomed, reserved Englishman harbored a secret sorrow, which, with him, was deep and everlasting.

And it was apparent to his two housemates, a prospector and a poet, both of whom had gone north to recoup lost wealth and fortunes. He would work at his theatre until late at night, and, frequently, on arriving home, would be steeped in deep thought.

But he never divulged the reason for that sorrow—and persons who knew him could only sense what he was suffering by the deep sighs that occasionally made themselves heard, much against his wishes.

For Taylor's was "a grief that you can't control," to use the phrase of a poet.

The money Taylor made in the north he invested unwisely in the United States. Came a letter to him one day telling him that his presence was needed in San Francisco. As silently as he had slipped into Alaska, he slipped out of it. Perhaps he kept thinking he could live quietly in the States on his earnings—perhaps . . .

But, as the hand of tragedy has pointed so poignantly in his direction all through his life, so does it point again toward him. For, in San Francisco, his solicitors informed him that he had lost his savings.

He was penniless! Again there was that heart-rending search for work to fill his hungry den, and a roof over his head. And yet even though his talents were many, he suffered from the same fate as thousands of others. For work was scarcer than ever.

Finally he met Harry Corson Clarke, the globe-trotting actor, who was preparing to take his company on tour to the Hawaiian Islands. He offered the down-and-out man a chance, once again, to return to the stage, and Taylor took it. Nevertheless, his craving for the money-fields of Alaska had not been stilled. He told his em-
Doris Kenyon says:—
"Take your work, not yourself, seriously..."

By Billie Blenton

With memories of Doris Kenyon's excellent work as feature player in the Broadway success, "Up the Ladder," and in such screen productions as "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," "The Ruling Passion," and others, we meander over to her New York apartment, where a delightful spring day in April to see that charming individual in person.

You are exuberant with the vague promise of something new that springtime breathes into your being. And so you enter the elevator and up to Doris' apartment, where she lives with her mother and father. It is Doris, herself, who opens the door to your ring. And the promise of spring is personified in the sincerity of her who smiles gladly as she welcomes you.

You are guided to the living room, simply and artistically furnished, with a row of fascinating books at the far end. The spirit of home is in this room. And you are happy.

Doris takes your things and as you seat yourself with a grateful sigh into the yielding softness of the chaise lounge, your eyes view with pleasure the tall, willowy grace.

Tramping—a favorite outdoor pastime.

She sighs, and gazes at you dolorously, a whimsical smile slightly parting the lips. Deliberately you gaze fiercely at nothing. Being thus trapped, Doris needs must talk about herself.

"To tell you the truth," she confesses with a laugh broken by a serious undertone, "I didn't intend going into pictures at all. I aspired to be an opera singer, I hope to be one, some day. So while I went to school, I studied voice. One day at my teacher's studio, I sang for Victor Herbert. He knew Madame Von Fellitzach and through her, became interested in me, and offered me a small part in his new musical comedy, "Princess Pat."

"Wasn't I the proud person when I entered to say my few words! And wasn't I surcharged with a confidence that awes me to this day. I had all my nerve then. But not now."

"Well, we opened on Broadway. The prima donna was suffering from first-night nervousness. I wondered how she could. I don't anymore! Being fired with confidence, I taxed it to the extreme by gazing blissfully around at the audience. In the front row was a man who stared at me continually, only to turn to talk to his companion and then to resume his staring."

"I was standing next to Sam Hardy and was so thrilled at this attention that I turned to him and whispered: 'That man in the first row there is talking about us. Sam motioned for me to be quiet but I couldn't, I was so excited."

"The long and short of it," chuckled Doris, "was the stage manager came to see me after the performance and told me that the President of a motion picture company, believed I had a screen face and wanted me to phone him the next day to make an appointment for a test."

"I wasn't especially excited at this. My career was to be a singer—not an actress. Nevertheless, I wrote the producer a note, and in due course an appointment was made and we motored over to his Fort Lee Studio where a test was made."

"It didn't want to go into pictures, but the offer was too interesting, and I signed up for two years with an option for the third."

"My first picture part was in an Alice Brady production, "The Rack." And her leading man was Milton Sills. This was a coincidence," she leaned forward, lightly clasping her hands, a movement peculiarly her own when she is enthused.

"When I went to private school, my chum and I used to save our allowance and cut afternoon classes to go to a show. We saw one in which Milton Sills played, and we both fell in love with him at once. You know how school girls are."

"We went to see Milton Sills again and again until the play finally left for the road. When I met Mr. Sills at the studio, his face struck me as vaguely familiar but I couldn't put him, not until those school days came back to me. Then I told him all about it, and he enjoyed the telling as much as I did."

She laughed heartily, but disagreeingly, at the word "success."

"I have no secret. I simply believe in taking your work seriously; not yourself. If you take yourself seriously, it won't take you long to be warped by egoism. If you take your work seriously, you never forget just how long and hard a road really lies before you before you arrive anywhere near the goal. Success."

Perhaps, too, this explains Doris' broad-mindedness. Her onward march as a poetess, (Continued on page 28)
Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, man about town, is visited by a former sweetheart who is now married to an acquaintance of Desboro's. She tells him that she cannot stand her husband any longer, and asks Desboro to take her in.

Her husband has followed her and comes in at this point, and Desboro prevails on her to return with him.

He goes to see an antique dealer and finds he has died and his daughter is keeping up the business.

He is strangely interested in her and engages her in catalogue of antiques.

He puts off a pleasure trip to the south so that he may be home when she calls to start work.

But as soon as Jacqueline had followed her to the room assigned, and had been divested of her outer-clothing, and served with hot tea, Mrs. Quant became loquacious and confidential concerning her own ailments and sorrows, and the history and misfortunes of the Desboro family. Jacqueline wished to decline the cup of tea, but Mrs. Quant insisted; and the girl yielded.

"Air you sure you feel well, Miss Nevers?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, of course."

"Don't be too sure," said Mrs. Quant ominously. 

"Some medical men that feels bestest is sickest. I've seen a sight of sickness in my day, dearie—typod, mostly. You ain't never had typod, now, have you?"

"Typhoid?"

"Yes'm, typod!"

"No, I never did."

"Then you take an old woman's advice, Miss Nevers, and don't you go and git it!"

Jacqueline promised gravely; but Mrs. Quant was now fairly launched on her favorite topic.

"I've been forty-two years in this place—and Quant—my man—he was head farmer here when he was took. Typod, it was, dearie—and you won't never git it if you'll listen 'to me and Quant, a man that never quarreled with his vittles, but he was going off without 'em that morning. See he, 'Cassie, I don't feel good this mornin'!—and a piece of pie and a pork chop layin' there on his plate. 'My vittles don't set right,' says he; 'I ain't a mite peckish.' See I, Quant, you lay right down, and don't you stir a inch! You've gone and got a mild form of typod.

And I was right and he was took. And when folks ain't well, it's mostly that they've got a mild form of typod which some call malairy.

There was no stopping her; Jacqueline tasted her hot tea and listened sympathetically to that woman of many sorrows. And, sipping her tea, she was obliged to assist at the observances of Quant, the nativity of young Desboro, the dissolution of his grandparents and parents, and many, many minor details, such as the freezing of water-pipes in 1907, the menace of the chestnut blight, mysterious maladies which had affected cattle on the farm—every variety of death, destruction, drudgery, and despondency that had been Mrs. Quant's portion to witness.

And how she gloried in detailing her dismal career; and presently pessimistic prophecies for the future in terms that feels bestest is sickest, that I now and then lighted, that she was a damned elocutionist as her undamaged elocution flowed on:

"And Mr. James, he ain't well, neither," she said in a hoarse whisper. "He don't know it, and he won't listen to me, dearie, but I know he's

(Continued on page 27)
How To Get Into the Movies
by Mabel Normand

VIII.

As I said in the previous chat, your first stop in Hollywood should be at the Studio Club, where you may get some tips as to employment, and learn in particular, the studios which are using "extras." You must know that certain pictures require only a small cast, while others have scenes that call for a large cast of people. Such scenes may take only a day to shoot; then again they may run along for a week or more.

Occasionally a studio inserts a notice in the papers calling for extras. Usually, however, they can get all they want by telephoning those whom they have listed and whom they have employed before.

Unless you are exceptionally fortunate, you will have to take your place in line with those who patiently wait at the casting offices of the studios. It is impossible for me or for anyone to tell you how to attract the attention of the casting director or his assistant who stands behind the little window marked "casting department." In a previous article I did advise you about your appearance. Dress neatly in your best suit. See that your shoes are trim and polished, your nails manicured and your hair done in its most becoming fashion. Do not attempt to attract attention by gaudy clothes or affected manner. The scenes which call for "extras" are usually ballroom scenes, cafes or social functions of some sort, and for these girls are required who appear to be ladies.

If possible make the acquaintance of someone who can introduce you to the casting director or his assistant. Even though there is no work at the moment he will be able to give you some advice and probably will tell you to register at an exchange from which "extras" are employed. This exchange is a regular employment agency for players who do "atmosphere" or "bits."

It will be necessary for you to have photographs of yourself to leave at this exchange and at the offices of the casting directors. Before you have finished you will find that you need several dozen, for once you put with them you will see them no more. They will be placed on a file with a card giving information as to your appearance, your previous experience if any, your address and telephone number.

Decide at the outset that you have perseverance and that you will keep going the rounds until you get in. Don't feel that you are being rejected. Such scenes when the casting director tells you coldly that there is nothing doing. He probably speaks the truth. There are no companies needing extras. Occasionally a studio inserts a notice in the papers calling for extras. Usually, however, they have listed and whom they have employed from sunken ships and, if possible, raising them. It consisted of a big steel coil covered on the outside with canvas and rubber and down the inside of which they could go. At the bottom it flanged out into a bell shape, and with glass sides to look out the divers could see what was going on.

Between the hours on the paper, the young cartoonist-photographer would slip out to Hamp­ton Roads and enjoy life. He found that by running a light to the bottom the fish would come flocking around it—that is, if fish flock. He made some pictures under water by pressing his camera against the sides of the diving-bell and photographing some "croakers."

An idea hit him. Why not put people there instead of croakers? He did, with a confidant, and the picture proved a success. A girl who can live up to Kipling's poem "If" should have a great future in filmland. Let no beginners imagine that being a "good fellow" means doing exactly what others do. That isn't so. People respect you for having the character to do what you want to do, provided that in so doing you do not interfere with the rights of others. You do not have to go on parties to be a good fellow. You only have to be amiable, sincere, and always on the job at the studio.

A girl who stays up late at night is not going to appear at her best at nine o'clock in the morning when the studios start work. Of course, you need recreation, but be conservative. If you want to go to a dance, make it a week-end night when there is no work the next day. I have made it a habit to go to bed early every night, previous to a working day. Sometimes I retire as early as eight o'clock, have my mind cleared in a bath and read and exercise until sleep comes. Sleep is the greatest beautifier and health-giver in the world. And you cannot have too much beauty or of health.

I cannot tell you in advance just which studios will be needing girls for extra work, but I do advise you to pay special attention to those which make comedy pictures. Before you can enroll you may have to do, provided that in so doing you do not interfere with the rights of others. You do not have to go on parties to be a good fellow. You only have to be amiable, sincere, and always on the job at the studio.

I consider the two-reel comedies the best real of all schools of motion picture work. They make you over-d, and that is a good thing. For the trouble with most young actresses is that they cannot let go of their emotions. They seem cold. Comedy calls for quick and breezy action, which seldom stifles. It gives the girl of self-consciousness and health-giver in the world. And you cannot have too much beauty or of health.

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It is a source of interest to me to know how the various motion picture players indulge themselves in physical relaxation, for, after all, that is what exercise amounts to.

Lila Lee, now, of the younger contingent of players, says her two favorite sports are basketball and swimming. In fact, she goes a step further to say: "no duck was ever happier in the water than I when I am taking my plunge and swim."

Having been on the stage and screen since she was a little girl, Miss Lee's time has been pretty well occupied with her work, but the "busier one is, the more he does." So it is that she says: "I have always taken advantage of every opportunity to indulge in outdoor exercising. This is one reason, perhaps, for my splendid health and physical condition. I can't remember ever being sick and am always in the best of health."

Then there is Charlie Chaplin who works continuously, either in completing one comedy or in planning his next. A producer-star is kept busy attending to the commercial as well as the artistic end of his affairs, and, even though a special man takes the burden of actual financial details off his shoulders, Charlie is kept "on the go."
He recognizes, however, the value of bodily welfare. Thus it is that right on the lot he has a swimming pool. A plunge and a hard rubdown quiets the nerves and pummels the blood through the weary body with renewed force. From what I have been told, Charlie also is quite a gym goer. Muscles must be kept strong and not be permitted to get flabby and soft. It stands to reason that only by actual work can the brain achieve success. Borne down by physical weakness, how can success come to any man or woman?

Wallie Reid is another who is an enthusiast for sports and exercises. Mr. Reid is a member of the Hollywood Athletic Club, and here he enjoys the pleasure of a well equipped gym. "The value of athletics and good, consistent exercise," he says, "is three-fold. They prevent many of the small ills and indispositions to which a weak physique is subject; they give one the stamina to withstand any physical hardship which might arise at any time, and they develop and sustain the body in its normal, healthy state, hardening the muscles and keeping the human mechanism in perfect running order."

Exactly! And very well put. Mr. Reid admits he never lets a day go by without spending an active hour in the gymnasium, this being quite outside his partaking of such sports as golf, tennis, polo and swimming.

Those who read, take a lesson from picture players who take care of themselves physically with the same attention as most people attempt to earn their own living.
YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD

If you receive a writtenpromise of marriage, or any declaration of love in a letter; prick the shell, fix a wax match in each with sealing-wax, light the matches, name the half shells for yourself and your lover, and set them floating in a basin of water. All will go well if they keep side by side with their lights burning; but if they drift apart or overturn, love will grow cold or troubles will come to mar your happiness. As the lights burn, so you may judge of your sweetheart's fidelity and your own feelings. This is an Eastern love charm which comes from ancient India.

Another spell is to wet a shirt sleeve, hang it up near the fire to dry, and lie in bed watching it till midnight. When the apparition of your future partner in life will come into the room and turn the sleeve.

WHOM SHALL I MARRY?

If you wish to know how your present love affair will turn out, take two halves of a walnut shell, fix a wax match in each with sealing-wax, light the matches, name the half shells for yourself and your lover, and set them floating in a basin of water. All will go well if they keep side by side with their lights burning; but if they drift apart or overturn, love will grow cold or troubles will come to mar your happiness. As the lights burn, so you may judge of your sweetheart's fidelity and your own feelings. This is an Eastern love charm which comes from ancient India.

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AND WHEN?

To discover when you will marry, pull a long hair from your head and sling on to it a borrowed wedding ring. Hold the ring suspended on the hair just below the top of a tumbler half-filled with water. Try to keep your hand as still as possible. The ring will begin to swing gently, and at last touch the glass, and as often as it tinkles against the glass so many years will you have to wait ere you wed.

The first time it will indicate the initial of the Christian name, the second that of the surname.

A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA

BY SEVEN

A lovely photo of Norma Talmadge.
John Barrymore Taken to Task

THERE is now playing on Broadway an artistic novelty originally from Moscow, known as Bulleit's "Chart Music," this Rambler successfully purchased seats for an evening's performance and anticipated a jolly time. John Barrymore and a loquacious friend sat directly behind us, and if Barrymore wasn't talking, the other man was, thus keeping us a steady murmur of annoying masculine comments. The girl sitting next to us turned around to glare at Mr. Barrymore, and, seeing our sympathetic smile, sarcastically confided: "I wonder how he would feel if some one talked during one of his performances! These artists—pah!"

We recalled a time when he did have occasion to feel in a similar situation. It was while he and his brother Lionel were co-starring on Broadway in "The Jest." Someone in the audience inadvertently whispered to a friend, whereupon John interrupted the action to step forward and sternly state that the play would not continue until the audience was quiet. The girl next to us, however, not being in a star position of advantage, did the next best thing. She turned around.

"Would you mind keeping quiet for at least a few minutes?" acidly. Barrymore appeared surprised, which may explain why he complied for "at least a few minutes."

Another Company Gone

The East is beginning to resemble the biblical desert of yore after the vociferous Children of Israel successfully made their long pilgrimage out of it. Motion picture company after company are pulling up stakes and embarking for the Coast.

Selznick is the latest, and with Selznick goes Owen Moore, Elaine Hammerstein, Gene O'Brien and a batch of directors, et cetera. Ye Rambler conversed with several minor picture players the other day, and they were ready to weep tears at the departure of a company hitherfore considered a sure standby.

George Arliss to Sail

George Arliss plans to return in June to jolly old London, the scene of his early histrionic struggles. There to play in his latest stage triumph, "The Green Goddess." This play has run in New York for the past year to capacity houses. Mr. Arliss plans to sail sometime in May, perhaps, making one more picture before that time. One that will be a worthy successor to "Disraeli" and "The Ruling Passion."

It will be a shame to have one of our foremost artists leave us for any length of time. This is what Mr. Arliss may have to do, if "The Green Goddess" scores a London success on a par with its New York one. Meaning, he may be gone for an entire year. It is up to the folks in London.

Emlee Haddon Engaged

Word reaches us that Emlee Haddon, winsome little dancer and comedienne of numerous Broadway musical comedies and a newcomer to motion pictures, has been engaged by Larry Trimble, that extraordinary director of Strongheart, the German police dog of "Silent Call" fame, as leading lady in his next production. Mr. Trimble, according to this report, thinks highly of Miss Haddon: "One is almost tempted to descend to the commonplace in describing her," he is said to have remarked, "and use the words of a one-time popular song, to say that everything about Miss Haddon causes [her] to stand out as a feature in any scene with which she is connected."

Coming from Larry Trimble this means a great deal. More power to Miss Haddon in her climb to success.

"Foolish Wives" in New York

Don't be misled by the scarehead. An Egyptian Prince recently arrived in these parts, but no foolish wives. "Foolish Wives" refers only to Von Stroheim's million dollar production of that name. And those in the cast now here in New York number: Miss DuPont, whose name in the picture is Margaret Armstrong; Maude George, one of the cousin-heavies of the "no-count" Monte Carlo vagabond, and Mae Busch.

Folks have asked us why Miss DuPont ever adopted this name. Well, we don't know. It seems no one else does, either—at least those up at Universal, whom you would suspect would know, are guilelessly innocent of an answer.

Constance Goes Shopping

Constance Talmadge is buying out the baby departments in New York. "It's expected in May musical comedies and a newcomer to motion pictures, has been engaged by Larry Trimble, that extraordinary director of Strongheart, the German police dog of "Silent Call" fame, as leading lady in his next production. Mr. Trimble, according to this report, thinks highly of Miss Haddon: "One is almost tempted to descend to the commonplace in describing her," he is said to have remarked, "and use the words of a one-time popular song, to say that everything about Miss Haddon causes [her] to stand out as a feature in any scene with which she is connected."

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Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 6th imminent received, and was sorry to hear that the Official Board of Movie Censors of Hog Run had been exactly doubled in number of members and capacity for evil by the addition of Ephraim Sowrey to the municipal payroll. Gamaliel Whitley was bad enough as a paid guardian for Hog Run's few remaining morals, but adding Ephraim S. to the cheerful little film wrecking crew is keeping insalubrious, or "Papier maché, Dardanella," as Confucius sadly remarked to the Medes and Persians that fatal evening on the bridge at Waterloo. Because honest, Maw, beside of Ephraim's general intelligence, that of a fish would seem like Buddha.

I am enclosing you under separate covers a large picture of me which I wish you would try to persuade

"The figure in the center, holding the saw, is me."

the Editor of the "Hog Run Clarion" to run on the theatrical, housekeeping and Truck Farming Page sometime in the near future. It is a sort of an allegorical picture supposed to represent "Helen of Troy at the Sack of Carthage," and the figure in the center holding the saw, is me. Be sure and get it put in the "Clarion" somewhere, even if you have to pay advertising rates to do it, because publicity with our dear public is as necessary to us actresses as a dislike for chewing gum is for an individual with a full set of false teeth.

And speaking of our actresses, Maw, if you ever happen to run into some otherwise intelligent little girl who is possessed of a craving to get into the movies, advise her to enter the ranks of the Russian capitalists, or some other such peaceful like occupation instead. Because this morning I had a job which would of made the career of a temperance lecturer in Havana, Cuba, look like a positive sinecure in comparison. During a time lapse of a little over three hours, I lost all my love for natural history, about one square yard of epidermis, and all desire to be a comedy actress. The coldness and general disposition are in such a state to-night that, if Solomon was right when he made that brillant remark about liking a Matron, like, then me and a dyspeptic grizzly bear should exercise a very strong case of mutual attraction just at present.

It was all my fault, though, I should have known better in the first place than to destitute my art by appearing in a one-reel comedy, and in the second place, I should have remembered the horrible examples of Cleopatra and other great emotional actresses and shunned animal stuff like a Greenwich Villager does manual labor. But I didn't, and when the Casting Director called me up and told me to report for work in Culver City this morning I went.

The place of action was the Hal Roach Studio, the principal characters were me and Snub Pollard, and the disturbing element which everyone regarded as otherwise perfectly fair day was a large he-ostrich. The plot of the thing is a little ancient, to say the least, and concerned Cavemans days.

This was that bemegged period, Maw, when men didn't wear coats and women didn't wear any clothes at all, and the animal was as wild and free as he was. We never won the argument got to wear the animal's fur from that time on. The consequence was that most of the male members of the cast was attended something like a cross between a vaudeville strong man and the Hermit of Lone Pine Lake. As for me, my costume consisted of beard-skin and bare skin in about equal proportions.

The morning started fairly auspicious with me acting as the feminine element in some love scenes with Snub Pollard. As near as I could gather from the action, the Caveman method of courtship consisted of about equal parts of assault and battery and attempted murder, the weapon of d'oreille, as the Portuguese would say, being a large spiked club, and the mode of procedure combining all the finer elements of a prize-fight and an Irish picnic. Honest, Maw, I had my skull caressed with that darned club so many times that I began to feel like I was co-starring with a locoed pile-driver or something! But still it was sort romantic like, even at worst, so I managed to endure it for a while.

Then I had the ostrich wished on me. It seems that Cave Girls had pets like modern flappers have, only instead of a Pomeranian on a leash, they had a pterodactyl on a logging chain. A pterodactyl, folks, was a prehistoric animal which was half snake and half bird, and looked like a Haikl voodoo worshipper's idea of the Old Nick. But, not having a pterodactyl handy at the time, we had to use an ostrich instead, and it didn't make a bad substitute, it being about half snake, anyway—from the shoulders up. In fact, an ostrich looks like somebody had took a sizable boa constrictor in the first place and mounted it on a pair of stilts, and then had carelessly thrown in an odd-sized body on the assemblage just as a kind of an afterthought.

The catastrophe happened in the very first scene in which I tried to act with the brute. According to the script, I was scheduled to herd the ostrich in front of me just across the scenery in front of the camera. But the feathered reptile refused to herd and stopping just in front of the camera, which was kicking away by the d'oreille to give an excellent impersonation of the Rock of Gibraltar.

Being in a hurry and trying to save the scene, I grabbed the beast by the first thing handy which, it being two-thirds neck, happened to be in the vicinity of an extra. The thing was, of course, to force the d'oreille and a scene to photograph by any means. I did the last thing on earth I would ever of done or kicked me!

And take it from me, Maw, beside the kick of an adult ostrich, the famous functioning of a Mississipicynule's rear section would seem like a mere caress with a feather in comparison. I've always wondered what the feelings experienced by Job Dietz's goat were that time when he tried to dispute the right of way with the Dixie Limited, but now I know. And,

"The last thing I ever expected a bird to do—kicked me!"

believe me, henceforth I'm through with one-reel comedies in general and ostriches in particular. Because a scene which a has no hog for punishment—I know I've got enough.

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if I was Luther Burbank, I think I would try to cross an ostrich with a fesh or some other non-feeding animal like that.

Your loving daughter, reply yours,

SOPHIE POTTS
Fish Hal Wells.

Movie Weekly Screen Dictionary

"Movie Weekly" presents to its readers the following dictionary of special terms which have developed with the growth of the screen industry. This dictionary includes words and phrases which apply to everything from the writing of the script to the projection of the completed film on the theatre screen. Clip the instalments and save them, they will enable you to obtain a more complete understanding of the technique of motion picture production.

D

Dissolve—A fade directly from one scene into another.

Double exposure—The photographing of two scenes on the same film.

Doubling—The use of a substitute stunt actor for a player who is unwilling to or cannot play a difficult scene.

Drop—Plain background to a scene.

E

Exhibitor—Universally used instead of theatre owner or theatre manager.

Emulsion—Preparation used to coat positive film.

Exchange—Branch selling office of a releasing company.

Exterior—Any scene on location.

F

Fade-out—To cause a scene to vanish by decreasing the amount of light, either by chemicals applied to film or camera device.

Flood lighting—Use of all lights on a set.

Fade-in—To cause a scene to photograph by increasing the amount of light.

Floor—Stage of set, on which scene is being taken.

Full shot—The full scene.

Flash—A few feet of film.

Flash-back—Insertion of a few feet of a previous scene.

Flop—To fail.

G

Grips—A man who moves sets. A sage hand.

Gyp—To deceive.

Gagging—Forcing a laugh by slapstick comedy or humorous titles.

Gag man—One who spends his time developing comedy scenes or comic situations.

H

Hazard man—Stunt actor, used to double for players in especially dangerous roles.

Hokum—Un-original situations, used because of their effectiveness.

I

Interior—Any scene taken in the studio.

Iris—To increase or decrease the size of the picture by opening or closing the shutter of the camera.

Inset—Scene inserted between two others.

(Continued next week)
My dear, aren't you tired of the thirless palms! How glad I'll be when the cherry blossoms are over. And that's just what I was telling Herbert Rawlinson, yesterday, when we were talking about loving California, and all that, but saying that sometimes the weather was rarer, just the same as anywhere else, in spite of the funny little green and yellow and pink and blue Chamber of Commerce folders, saying in that, oh, yes, about Herbert Rawlinson. It just is too sad about his divorce, isn't it?"

Irma, the Ingenue rustled into a seat in the tea garden, drew her fox for a little closer, her shoulders to keep off the March wind, and ordered:

"Thin wafers—and weak hot water!"

"What is this from the order list also?" I asked.

"Dieting," she explained briefly. "But I don't want to talk about such a painful subject," she went on. "Where was I? Oh, yes, about Herbert Rawlinson. You know they've been married for years and years, and that stunning looking Roberta Arnold. They got married eight years ago, and she gave up the stage. She had only played in one thing, 'Peg o' My Heart,' with Laurette Taylor—she was the catty girl—but she made a big hit. But she married and gave up her chance to go to New York because Herbert wanted her to quit the stage. I remember Herbert talking to me awfully seriously.

I remember how Herb felt when Roberta got that chance to go back to the stage with the Morosco company in 'Upstairs and Down.' She made an awfully big hit in it, and he was proud of her. But he said to me, one day, 'I'd so much rather she would stay home.' He built her a lovely little home. Then she went away back to New York, and played in pictures there in inferior productions, just to be near her.

'Can't imagine what the trouble was, except the absence, which is said to make the heart grow fonder—of the other fellow. I know Herb never went around much with any particular girl. Of course he wasn't exactly a hermit—used to step out occasionally with some girl to dance or supper or something like that—but he always adored his wife.

'Well, at any rate, the divorces are all balanced up nicely with marriages in this picture business, that's one thing you can say for it. Now it's John Davidson who is engaged.

"His fiancee? Oh, of course. I always do forget the most important part of my story; just like De Mille in 'I'm a Sap' never a little blush comes up. She is Helen Dryden, the artist who makes those fascinating, weird covers for Vogue. They've been engaged for years. It's just like a book. He met her in New York when he was just going on the stage and had no money to support her. Then he made more money, but she was always just a bit ahead of him in the artistic world and financially, and he just wouldn't marry her, he's so proud, until he makes a great success. I think he's on the way to it now, as they say Cecil de Mille is going to make a director of him. He played his role so well in 'Foot's Paradise,' that Mr. de Mille drew him aside one day and whispered in his ear that he would make a good director. John jumped a foot—but didn't deny the soft impeachment. And now John is fairly sitting on De Mille's doorstep, waiting for him to get well and come back to the studio to direct 'Manslaughter.'

"Well, you certainly can hear anything in Hollywood! They had it around that Mabel was so ill that she couldn't go on and finish 'Suzanne.' But that a double who looks almost more like Mabel than Mabel looks herself, was going to do the part, finishing up the picture. But Mabel denies it.

"There have been so many reports that Charlie Chaplin was going to make a serious play, that I asked him point blank the last time I saw him. 'Charlie,' I said, 'are you really going to make a serious play?' 'Not intentionally,' answered Charlie.

"Irma, the Ingenue, paused for breath, and sipped another sip of hot water. "If it only had a little taste of almost anything!" she wailed, but kept bravely on.

"The most exciting little thing happened the other night at the Ambassador Coconut Grove! Coleen Moore and John McCormick were there, and who should trip in with a man from the business world but Virginia Fox. Virginia and John used to be engaged, you know, but somehow it was broken off. Maybe Colleen tunnelled under Virginia, I don't know. Anyhow, as luck would have it, the place being crowded, the four were seated together at the same table before they knew it, because Colleen and John were dancing with Virginia and her escort came in. Everybody got red in the face, and nobody knew whether to speak or not. Finally Colleen piped up—I don't think Colleen would have been able to picture if the heavens fell and she met St. Peter—"Why, John," she said, 'here's Miss Fox and Mr. Blank!' I'm sure they won't mind keeping the table for us while we go out and visit with Bill Russell and Helen Ferguson a few minutes! Of course not,' said Virginia. And as the music chimed up just then, and the dances are so long, they didn't come back for quite some time, and when they did everybody was prepared to keep the parlor face and be perfectly pleasant.

"Isn't that Helen Ferguson the cutest girl! I'd like to follow her around with a phonograph and then make her sayings. Bet I could get rich.

"The other day, talking about the scarcity of work in Hollywood studios, she exclaimed: "Tell you what I'm going to do! I'm going to take all my cuttings out of the pictures I've played in, stick 'em together, and make a starring vehicle for myself!"

"Can't imagine what the trouble was. except the appearance of the other fellow. I know Herb never went around much with any particular girl. Of course he wasn't exactly a hermit—used to step out occasionally with some girl to dance or supper or something like that—but he always adored his wife.

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"Where can I get back issues of "Movie Weekly"?" people write me, or sometimes they ask me to send them copies. If you know, of course, that when it comes to mailing out magazine stuff it's a lot of work, you see. I have my hands full just with my little job, and I don't print the envelopes or check out the pictures we use or mail out copies or sweep the floor or—well, anyway, there are lots of things around here that I don't do. Back numbers of the magazine card may be obtained from "Movie Weekly's" Circulation Department.

GEORGE—You bring back my childhood and the old nursery rhyme about the boy who kissed all the girls and made them cry. Was that you? Agnes Ayres, 27, McMullin, 21 and Wallie, 29. Wanda Hawley and Will Rogers do not give their ages. I have no room here for long casts, but the principal roles in "Through the Back Door" are played by Mary Pickford as Jeanette Reeves, Gertrude Astor as her mother, Wilfred Lucas as her stepfather and Helen Raymond as the nursemaid.

JACK HOXIE'S FAN—I didn't know you had a baby! I'm so glad to hear you wrote me. As I can't answer any questions since my "Job on "Movie Weekly" is to drop things. Mack 139 Hollywood married Marilynn Miller, unless you never knew what might take the quarter out or five days trying. I know what happens to a leading lady of such hard questions. She married late in 1921. I want to tell you what you wrote me? As I can get back issues of "Movie Weekly" for sending with the love. Eddie Polo's daughter, you wonder! bunch of "Mile Back Door," were published a double-page picture of Bebe in last week's issue.

LOSSIE—What a flossie name you have. Eddie Polo's daughter who plays on the screen is named Melissa. The flossie lin is engaged to a new girl every week according to the gossip. There have been several rumored engagements since Claire Windsor was supposed to be the lucky lady. Harold Lloyd is twenty-nine; he keeps lots of fond mammas in suspension by refusing to get married. Agnes Ayres is divorced from rank Schausker. She is about 23. The Neither Mary of Norma has any children. Carol Dempster is not married. Come again. Flossie, I welcome you.

K. FLANAGAN—I think you're just trying to make me look ignorant by asking me such hard questions. I can't answer them. I never heard of Margaret Gibson or Seena Oliver. If you mean Seena Owen, she's married to the world about Rodolph. If you mean yes, Ann Pennington was in movies now! She is a little thing, five feet eight inches tall and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Her next picture is with the Rockes. It's "Shine," and I can remember Sherman is in his late thirties. His new picture is "The Dark in the Light."

HONEST SCRAP—Is that feminine for honest? "Movie Weekly" is the only magazine of a saintly school girl. I'm sorry, you are a school girl! I can't answer any relation to the well-known hats of "Shine." Ray Hawley is thirty-three. Ray Redmond twenty-nine. Frank Mayo is married to Dorothy Godowsky; he is thirty-eight and about 37 years old. The leading man for Bebe in "The Speed Girl" was a nice boy. He was a nice letter instead. Do write and tell me what you thought of Hope Hampton when you saw her in person. Bert Lytell's wife, Evelyn Vaughn, does not act on the screen any more. It is why we had no picture of her. She may not care for publicity.

ARMISTA—Is that feminine for Armita? that man must be a graceful person to have around. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado. His hobbies are riding and swimming. For a photograph, write him at the Players' Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City. Rodolph's hobbies are riding and dancing, and his address is 719 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

A. C. M.—Surely, A. C. M., you have seen all that information about Rodolph since you wrote me? As I have almost turned over my page to him for weeks. I can't allow him any more space for his history. If you haven't learned all about him by now, send me your address and I will be glad to write you personally.

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NESTROLA—You threatened to get writer's cramp, with the questions you had to ask, and then you didn't ask any. Just wrote me a nice letter instead. Do write and tell me what you thought of Hope Hampton when you saw her in person. Bert Lytell's wife, Evelyn Vaughn, does not act on the screen any more. It is why we had no picture of her. She may not care for publicity.
Clothes to Nature

YOU didn't hear so much boasting as usual in California this last winter. For the much
vaunted sunny climate put one over on the
natives, and now they know what it feels like
to live in a merely state like New York where the
Palm Beach suit is laid away for the winter.

And the worst of it is, according to Harry Myers,
the movie makers refused to acknowledge that the
weather was cold. And Harry found it rather hard
to pretend he was Robinson Crusoe in an
Esquimo

environment.

During one particularly cold spell, Harry was
called out every day at the crack of dawn for
exteriors and he had to appear in skins.

"Not my skin," he explained hastily as the feminine
interviewer blushed, "but it was almost as cold."

Thus clad, the star was exposed to long shots
and short shots—in fact, he was almost shot to pieces.
About the time Director Hill would call for a closeup
of the beloved De Foe character, Myers' teeth would
be chattering so he'd look like a victim of St. Vitus
dance.

Now that the sun is shining and the radio is all
warmed up, Crusoe, summoned before the camera for
interiors, is swallowed up in heavy fur garments.
When he is asked to pose and is supposed to be half
frozen, he has to take time off to mop the perspiration
from his brow.

If Harry weren't such an amiable person, he'd go
find the weather man responsible for all this and beat
him up.

They Haven't Punished Him Yet

Bill Farnum is a deep student and lecturer bound
so no one was surprised when he announced one
evening that he had just attended a lecture.
"It was given by a chap named—McCullum," said
Bill scratching his head thoughtfully.

His companions registered interest. "What was his
first name?" they inquired.

"Wiiatha?" grinned Bill, as he ran for safety.

A Bird of a Present

Charlie Chaplin arrived at Max Linder's dinner
party with a beautiful bird as a present. The bird
sang and danced and preened himself and the guests
were all delighted.

"Maybe he's hungry," remarked Max, starting to
feed and water it.

Charlie grinned as the bird refused to eat—it
was only a mechanical toy.

Where Was Her Sense Humor?

The woman came out of a theatre where "A
Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" had been
showing. Evidently Mark Twain's humorous satire
had been completely lost on her.

"The very idea of some of these movies," she
exclaimed indignantly. "Why, they showed several
knights riding on motorcycles! The very idea!"

His Shaving Grace

Jack Holt and William Walling, out on location
for "Val of Paradise," wielded their razors in front
of the same segment of broken mirror.

Suddenly a stiff wind swung the mirror from side
to side.

"Hey," yelled William Walling in the midst of the
operation, grabbing his chin where a gash suddenly
appeared, "whose face do you think you're shaving?"

... ... ...

"Flu"—and the Flesh Flew

It's bad enough to have the "flu," as portly Sylvia
Ashton can testify, but when the "flu" makes its
victim lose weight, and the victim's future depends
upon her not losing weight, well—it's all very com-
plex, but the gist of this

... ... ...

A Thoughtful Mule!

Recently they were using a mule in a Larry Semon
comedy that was "owned and operated" by a colored
man.

" Doesn't that animal ever kick you?" asked the
comedian one morning, as Sam was trying to saddle
the beast.

"No, sah, Boss," he replied with a broad grin. 'be
never done kick me, but he mighty frequent kicks
where ah's just bin.'

Another One on Married Life

"Now, Tom," said Director Alfred E. Green to
Thomas Meighan, "these folks are celebrating their
celloid wedding—congratulate them."

The Paramount star registered surprise.

"Celebrating their what?" he asked in amazement.

"The anniversary of their marriage," Director
Green explained patiently, "our celluloid wedding."

"Well, sure," said Tom, "I've heard of wooden
and golden weddings, but a celluloid one is a new one."

"You see," the director chuckled, "celloid is to
celebrate 75 years of married bliss." Still Tom couldn't see.

"I thought the diamond—60 years—was the highest
these anniversaries go—why do they call it celluloid?"

At last Director Green could explain his little joke.

"My dear Tom," said he, "you see this is in the
movies, the only place where they could live together
for 75 years and still be happy."

"Click!" said the camera.

She Hasn't Learned to Ride Horseback Yet

Tom Mix is one of the most original men we know.
He even sent out unusual cards for the arrival of his
baby daughter, Thomasina—and of course she's a
most unusual baby. No one would be more willing to
tell you that than Tom himself.

And just to show the way he felt about it, he sent
postcards to all his friends expressing his sentiments on
the subject.

"Hello, Fine Cowgirl Arrived," says the card.

"At Home On Rainy Days."

What the Director Says

Did you ever wonder what the director says to a
star in her great dramatic moment in a picture? It
could be anything of course, but when Claire
Windsor was emoting all over the place in "Grand
Larcey," Director Wallace Worsley megaphoned:

"Hit her with the ash-can! Give her the Winfield
baby!"

His remark was not so vicious as it

Wanda Hawley's revolver has a pearl handle and
looks as if it were strictly ornamental. But the
burglar whom she discovered in her house when she
came home one evening didn't feel that way about it.
Wanda dashed up the stairs and the burglar dashed
to the window—just in time to save himself a dash
to the hospital.

A Dashing Deed

Wanda Hawley's revolver has a pearl handle and
looks as if it were strictly ornamental. But the
burglar whom she discovered in her house when she
came home one evening didn't feel that way about it.
Wanda dashed up the stairs and the burglar dashed
to the window—just in time to save himself a dash
to the hospital.

... ... ...

A. M. T.
SITUATIONS OF CONVENIENCE

ONE plot "recipe" is, "Get your characters into difficulties, and then get them out." It is comparatively easy to devise situations which are either insurmountable in themselves or which give the impression of danger or unhappiness for your characters, but to get them out in a plausible and logical manner is what distinguishes the craftsman from the pedant from that of the amateur writer. It is the "mechanics" of a story which makes it your own. For example, how many love stories have this plot, that is, that the lover leaves the girl heartbroken, or else he goes to the other extreme and uses something which, while possible, is not probable. I have heard the following remark: "If it were actually true: A young man had quarreled with his father and left his home. The father died and willed the young man his estate. One morning, very early in the day, the young man was walking through a forest when he came to a ledge from which he could see a trail leading off into the distance. It landed on the head of a man walking in the street below. This man raced to be cured as fast as possible. He found a doctor in the nearest town and asked him to come over to him. Imagine using this in a play or story? The audience would probably laugh, but if you were to "arrange" it, it would be too much a "situation of convenience.""

Tragedians of the old school satisfied the blood-thirsty inclinations of the audience by killing off one character and leaving the other happy in the end. At the proper time the unloved one was removed through "heart failure," although the readers up until that time had not been advised that the lover's heart was weak.

The main reason for avoiding such a means of getting your characters out of the troubles which befell them is not that it leaves the story unconvincing but that it has been overused. They go away feeling cheated. They say, "It wouldn't have happened that way in real life; it's only a story." If you wish to write worthwhile plays or stories, do not use situations which will strike your audience as "made." Solve your problems in a logical manner. One that is plausible and probable, and if your audience has been really gripped by the struggle in your story, they will feel satisfied when your ending or denouement is logical and therefore convincing.

THEME

It is often puzzling to students of photoplay technique to "define" a "theme." "Theme" may be defined as the abstract idea of which the story is a concrete presentation or example. "Humoresque," for instance, had the theme "music." The story itself was an example of mother-love. The theme, or basic idea, of "The Miracle Man" was "faith." Another play based on this was "The Faith Healer." Both plays had the same theme, and yet were distinctly different in development. Both were excellent comedies, but they were different ways of adapting the abstract idea of faith.

A writer has in mind a basic principle such as mother-love, father-love, sacrifice, jealousy, miserliness, and so on. From such an abstraction comes plot possibilities and scenes which by proper development can be woven into a plot. The plot becomes the concrete statement of this abstraction.

The theme is the underlying thought throughout a play. It is the cord upon which the situations of your plot are strung.

The great benefit derived from basing a story upon a theme is that it aids in developing unity in the story; it creates one impression, thereby making a more definite and more lasting appeal to your audience.

COLOR IN YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Writers of dramatic technique employ the term "color" for authors for stories. It was possible for them to say in discussing a theme, "It is a poor practice to follow."

The term "local color" applies to the development of "local color" in your story. It means the vividness with which the characters and environment of a story are brought out by means of authentic settings, human portraits and background. Make your writing into your script the small bits of action which, taken as a whole, give to the audience a real human being, instead of the stock character hero or villain.

The term "local color" applies to the development of your story in the "atmosphere" of some particular place. "It is sometimes called atmosphere." It means the vividness with which the portrayal of the people in that section, much emphasis is usually laid on the settings or background against which the action takes place. A very small community, with both the people and the country are faithfully portrayed, is to be found in "Hail the Woman," the story being laid in northern New England. This play also is a good example of "color," since the action of the story developed really human characters.

One fault of inexperienced writers is that they are prone to be carried away with the picturesque local color of some locale, and use much valuable space in developing the settings instead of the action itself. This is not only wasteful but detrimental to the story. It is well to remember that the locale means the vividness with which the characters and environment of a story are brought out by means of authentic settings, human portraits and background. Make your writing into your script the small bits of action which, taken as a whole, give to the audience a real human being, instead of the stock character hero or villain.

It is often puzzling to students of photoplav to define the "mechanics" of a story which makes it your own. For example, "Humoresque," for instance, had the theme "music." The inexperienced writer who has failed to study the peculiar technique of the screen story is prone to think of the very obvious, the situations most used in "local color," and then to go off and see the results most used in "local color," and then to go off and see the results.

"Color," in a photoplay, is sometimes called "local color." The great benefit derived from basing a story upon a theme is that it aids in developing unity in the story; it creates one impression, thereby making a more definite and more lasting appeal to your audience.

Q. Is it better to have the end of your story come as a surprise or to have it foreordained? A. L. N.

A. Primarily that it is. But every worth while play has a theme, and this theme contains a moral, or a lesson, or a life or morals, so that it unobtrusively instructs as well as entertains.

Q. What type of story stands the best chance of acceptance in Hollywood? A. (A.) Primarily that it is. But every worth while play has a theme, and this theme contains a moral, or a lesson or a life or morals, so that it unobtrusively instructs as well as entertains.

Q. Is it better to just write to entertain, or to teach? A. (A.) Primarily that it is. But every worth while play has a theme, and this theme contains a moral, or a lesson or a life or morals, so that it unobtrusively instructs as well as entertains.

Q. Is the writer expected to estimate the number of copies that will be made of his story? A. It is best for the writer to judge how much he values his story: "It is best for the writer to judge how much he values his story." A writer has in mind a basic principle such as mother-love, father-love, sacrifice, jealousy, miserliness, and so on. From such an abstraction comes plot possibilities and scenes which by proper development can be woven into a plot. The plot becomes the concrete statement of this abstraction.

A. (Q.) My story has been rejected because it was a poor practice to follow. (A.) (1) There are various reasons—shortage of a definite type of story, or a lack of proper direction, or a lack of a proper type of story. (2) Yes; the greater part of the comedies put out by the companies that specialize in a particular type of story are sent to suit the personalities and abilities of the comedians under contract. (A.) What type of story is the most difficult to obtain? A. Comedies are the most difficult to obtain. There are very few people who can write real, irresistibly humorous comedy, although the majority of amateur writers seem to think themselves humorists. The standard situations and gags have been worn threadbare from hard use. It is only the trained writer who can give them new and funny twists, and he finds it by no means an easy task.

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Q. Should a photoplay be written just to entertain, or to teach? A. (A.) The dramatic objective is the purpose of the story. It is true that they are nearly all made to entertain, but to entertain in the proper manner is what makes a story successful.

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**A Philanthropic Bank Burglar**

by John W. Grey

**SYNOPSIS**

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liuid that explodes, in which he proposes to burglarize banks to get enough to buy a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly. The day before, Henry Haberly was shot in the leg, and has since been in the hospital for treatment. The bank robbery was planned for half past six, the time when the alarm was set to go off. The Burglar entered the bank and tied up the cashier, who had just taken the money out of the safe. The performer, a friend of his, would like to meet Blackey.

**Thieves,** in almost as old as the world itself. There is truth in it, for there is honor among certain types of thieves, always has been and always will be. Damon and Pythias to be found in the underworld, among the crooks in the dark, as you will find among their more fortunate brothers on the right hand side of the fence. The crook always has been and always will be, according to his own code, a code of his own, and perhaps more. Jimmy was of this type. He had never known anything save the life he led, got Allston Biddle, no intelligence, per­haps more. Jimmy was of this type. He had never known anything save the life he led, got into the third degree. He hated them with all the fervor of his being. "Rattlesnakes" and "skunks" were the terms that he applied to them and the thought of his idol, Blackey, being "snaked" by Morrissey filled him with rage and desperation. There was murder in his heart when he got out of the taxi at the Knickerbocker.

He took a seat in the corner of the dining room, and there was little of the glint in his eye. "Delighted to meet you, Mr. Kennard," said Blackey. "Delighted to meet you, Mr. Kennard," said Blackey.

"Thank you, Mr. Morrissey," said Blackey. "Thank you, Mr. Morrissey," said Blackey. "And I," said Blackey, "am more concerned about bank burglars at this moment. The American Bankers Association. In other words, I'm the fellow who sees that the crooks who plunder our banks are persistently hunted and properly prosecuted." "Good for you!" said Henry and Blackey simultaneously.

"But if my memory serves me correctly," remarked Henry, "the last time we dined together you told us that bank burglaries were to be a thing of the past, since the safe makers of the country had succeeded in making an absolutely burglar-proof safe." "That's what I thought," answered Biddle. "That's what I thought," answered Biddle. "But that's what I thought," answered Biddle. "And we were wrong?" "From what Mr. Morrissey has told me today. I presume that I was very much wrong."
"It's a mystery," grunted Morrisey. "I can't make it out.

This expression filled Blackey with unmitigated confidence. He said: "Of course you're dead wrong. I will reveal my methods to you if you wish."

"What do you mean?" asked Morrisey. "You mean that you can discover and reveal to me the methods of perpetrating a crime that you have committed and which you have revealed to me?"

Blackey laughed. "Of course, my friend."

Morrisey came to know 'him.

"Oh, my old man," said Blackey. "I have a specialty of bank burglars, you know."

"I have made a specialty of bank burglars," declared Morrisey, who knew of the existence of a young man named Langdon W. Moore, the famous Jimmy Hope. I know their methods. I know that this newsafe, the Harlem Automatic Time Lock, which no bank burglars have used, has exploded other than in a few cases, and that this new safe cannot be blown open with powder." "Yes, a tough one, but I shall work it out. I've had a more difficult one."

"Really," said Blackey, "this is a tremendously important matter to the American Bankers Association."

We must get this new master mind of the underworld before he goes any further. I am going to advise offering a $1,000 reward for information leading to his capture."

"If you can find me, Mr. Moore," said Blackey, "I will do my best to help you.

"And don't forget, Mr. Moore, that we can't get this fellow quick.

"Mr. Morrisey, if we don't get this fellow quick,"

He said "Our energies were directed along other lines. I should think therewithall the money was lost, but it is possible that it may be recovered." "Has it ever occurred to you why men plunder your banks? Why do they plunder?"

"I won't speculate."

"Yes, sir."

"I only want to say that they plunder because they are selfish, personal greed and the survival of the fittest, and because they have no compunctions as to the crime to the drug."

"And if we don't get away from the preposterous idea that prisons are the cause of crime, and education is the cure of crime, we shall never make any headway.

"It is perfectly obvious that this displeased Morrisey."

"The chief objection to our system is that crimes are attributed to the commission of the crime, the drug."

"I don't know," replied Blackey. "I have an engagement with Morrisey at seven in his office."

"I don't know what to think or what to do.

"That's quite true."

"Sure," replied Jimmy, as Blackey tossed them into a sugary light."

"We have $375,000," said Blackey when he finished pouring the cash into a large white box, "which goes for the hospital. Are you satisfied with the arrangement?"

"If I could see my brother,"

"Yes, yes, that's fine," declared Blackey as he opened the box. "Then we can go."

"Say," said Jimmy, rather alarmed, "you're not going to leave all this cash in doughy little pete, are you?"

"If it will do anything,"

"I smiled and replied, 'That little safe is a damn sight more burglar-proof than that big automatic time locker."

"I had it when Blackey awoke "Louisiana,"

"I think we had better destroy these bonds," said Blackey. "Morrisey may get a line on us if we try to use them."

"Sure," replied Jimmy, as Blackey tossed them into a sugary light."

"Note what you call him. He must be a man of ideas.

"You're a game little fellow," said Blackey with a grin. "You're a real pro."

"We Pods

"You're a game little fellow."

"Dough is safe in here," answered Jimmy, "dead safe."

"After this demonstration they closed up the laboratory, got a taxi and proceeded to the apartment."

"That's the intolerable sophistry which will ultimately spell social degeneracy and death."

"We Pods

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"You're a game little fellow," said Blackey with a grin. "You're a real pro."
Amity Romance of Love
by Montanye Perry

SYNOPSIS
Doris Dalrymple, beautiful screen star, out with her company on location, wanders away during the take, meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is now out of work. She has no time to be interested, and the young man plods on, thinking he's been slighted at first sight. In another scene, Jerry, eluding Jimpey, brings Doris to the city and shows her the sights. Jerry then changes his mind, and takes her to his home, where she is left alone. Jerry, still following, is arrested for speeding and loses the car. Doris is taken to a lighthouse on a lonely island, where she recognizes her as a motion picture star, and she is kidnapped by the wrong man.

INTO the moment of tense silence the woman's voice broke, cool and sane, bringing immeasurable relief to nerves that were perilously near the breaking point.

"Of course we can keep her," she said. "Why not? There's the top room vacant—for tonight, at least. It's not the young lady's fault the mistake was made. We can do it, and we can do it for her.

But today, demurred the man. "Suppose they both do? Tomorrow—or suppose they don't? What's to be done with this one?"

"Let tomorrow take care of itself," advised the woman. "The man is not missing, and we don't have to patch it up. Talk to The Chief tonight. He'll tell you what to do next. In the meantime, she turned and walked away. The door closed softly behind her, adding to the melancholy of the room, the smiling of stresses. "Miss Dalrymple must be both tired and hungry. Suppose we eat.

But I think I have a right to know something about this extraordinary proceeding," Doris said boldly.

Again the couple exchanged questioning glances and again the woman was the woman who spoke.

"We were asked to take a young lady to board for a short time. Miles, my husband, was to meet them at the harbor later on. There were reasons why it wasn't best for her to know where she was going. Well, they brought you, and that's all we know about it. Evidently a mistake was made.

"Then why not me to shore, right now?" Doris demanded. "I have a picture to work on tomorrow, you know.

"Tomorrow's a whole night away," the man said brusquely. "Better eat your supper and make yourself easy, as the Missus says."

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow I die?" Doris tried to laugh it off, lightly, but there was that in the man's grim look which chilled her blood to the very boil.

It was with her second cup of tea, the kettle boiling and everything's on. A bit of food and some hot tea will do you a world of good.

In spite of her nervousness and anxiety, Doris gave a little cry of pleasure as they stepped from the balcony into the circular room whose western window overlooked a sea that was all aglow with the reflected colors of the sunset. Everything was with the reflected colors of the sunset. Everything was spotlessly clean, the white woodwork with the reflected colors of the sunset. Every­thing was with the reflected colors of the sunset. Everything was spotlessly clean, the white woodwork, the blue painted furniture cushioned in blue, the blue painted furniture cushioned in blue, the blue painted furniture cushioned in blue, the blue painted furniture cushioned in blue. A round table was laid beside the open window. There was a fine white cloth, blue and white flowers, and carefully arranged fresh berries in a smother of cream, and delicious tea.

Doris, being young and healthy, responded to the stimuli of attractive surroundings and perfect food. On her second cup of tea that she broke her silence to ask abruptly:

"You're English, aren't you? Only the English can broach such tea or cook such mutton chops."

The woman flushed a little and glanced quickly away. "I've seen it done," Doris said, "but it never worked for me. I believe I had an idea that someone had to stand up here and wave a lantern, or at least keep turning it.

"It's lonely, but safe here," she said. "I often tell myself that when I'm here alone. Now I'll show you how the light works. It's just time for me to be up on the tower."

She drew Doris back a few paces, pulled a lantern, or at least keep turning it. She then

"There's a time when I believed all it said," she breathed. "There was a time when I believed all it said," she breathed. "There was a time when I believed all it said.

"But do you do all the time?" Doris was plainly aghast at thought of such a life. The woman smiled.

"Come, and see the light. You'll see the amount of cleaning there is to do. We never know when the inspector's coming, and there mustn't be it spun anywhere. He was here yesterday."

Doris' heart sank a trifle. Her mind had leaned to the possibility of help from the inspector. She followed the woman up the winding stairs, passing three bedrooms, each smaller than its pre­

decessor, all beautifully clean, and adequately fur­nished. She came to the room where the woman was sitting by the big light, with gray waters far below, gray waters far below, gray waters far below. Steadily the mechanism worked, without further touch from the woman, turning the great lantern steadily, cutting the light off, on, off, on, with automatic precision.

"It's fascinating," breathed Doris. "I've seen lighthouses winkling at me, from the sea, but I never thought how it was done. I believe I had an idea that someone had to stand up here and wave a lantern, or at least keep turning it.

"Not in these days," laughed the woman. "One doesn't have to do it any longer. I believe I had an idea that someone had to stand up here and wave a lantern, or at least keep turning it."

She opened a closet. A white gown of fine cotton hung there, a kimono, slippers, a warm robe. She thenc

"I don't see what it's all about," she breathed. "I don't see what it's all about."

"That's the idea! You've got real puck! You'll find a few things in the closet there you can wear, and the toilet articles are all fresh and new. Extra blankets on this shelf, and—if here isn't our old friend Wee-je! Ever play with one?

She emerged from the closet with a Ouija board in her hands, holding it up laughingly.

"There was a time when I believed all it said," she declared. "I got over that, but it's an amusing thing. If you feel restless, try it. You know now?"

"I've seen it done," Doris said, "but it never interested me. Just now I'd rather think out my own troubles. I suddenly the girl's eyes darkened with a new, impulsive feeling. She came close to the woman, putting both her slim hands on the strong arm of the gingham sleeve, lifting a face that was very lovely and appealing.

"I don't know what it's all about," she breathed. "I'm afraid. You're kind—but the man—and I'm all alone—there's nothing anywhere. Oh, won't you help me?"

"Now listen, child," the woman's voice dropped very low now. "Nothing's going to happen. Miles is mad and disappointed tonight. But I manage things. I'm going to lock you in, but the key will be in my pocket! He daresn't go too far with me."

They heard the man's step below. "I'm coming," called the woman, and with a reassuring pat for Doris. Then she was gone. Doris, standing quite still in the center of the room, fought for self-control as she heard the key turn in the lock. Slowly her gaze traveled over the little room with its shining circular walls, its clear little bed of iron, painted white, its white chairs and dressing table. She opened a closet. A white gown of fine cotton hung there, a kimono, slippers, a warm robe. On the shelf, more blankets, and—yes, a sheet of heavy, thick coag. For a moment her eyes closed. Then she shook her head. Even if she had escaped, she never knew if she could swim out into the sea and hope to be picked up by a passing boat.

Seated on the floor, chin in cupped palms, elbows resting on the low window sill, she stared out. It was very dark, with occasional thick...
clouds scudding across a sky that was thinly starborn, shrouded in void and sound. He turned to me, and the vast silence of the world was covered over by him. "Oh, I'd let my motorcycle here take me home! I hadn't been so sensible! Why didn't I go?" Then he turned to me again, and went on. "Why did I let him hide me away from old Jimpsey?"

I'd been properly interested he would have watched from a distance, but now I knew he hadn't been. He'd watched him, I knew. And he had turned his back on me, and I hadn't wanted to follow him. He'd told me he was going to the oaks, and I didn't want to go. And I didn't want to follow him. And now I was back here, and I didn't know what to do."

"But after all, why hurry? I've just seen. What can I do, when I get across the bridge?"

To the traffic officer at the bridge's end he put a faint-hearted question that was not met by an unfailing grin. "A small child could be there, couldn't he?"

"But this is a Ford. Ford can't be big," Jerry persisted.

"Is that so? "Well, what would you do if you knew your own Ford was here, and there was a Ford riding it, Jerry persisted.

"Oh hell!" exploded Jerry and took the first road southward, after one of the mule trains that turned to the north looked smooth, as well, by wheeling round and as uncommunicative as the one he had followed.

"My luck's left me!" he gloomed. Disconsolately he rode up to a great oak that had been the eye of business, planted itself in the crook of the two roads. "Now I don't know what to do..."

"You can't run on an exceedingly fragile roll, " I can't run on a chance being straw, " grumbled Jerry.

"Goin' far?" asked the man, pumping expertly. "Which road?"

"Oh yes, " I know. You see, I was trailing some—some one, and I got held up at the other end of the bridge. I wasn't—"

"Well, I'll just have to hunt the Island over."

"Oh, I know, Jerry broke in irritably. "But I've got to have something to put 'em down in my diary, you know."

"I'd be glad to do something! Of course you didn't see a big blue limousine with a Ford close behind—too common to use."

"A big blue—say, no, the angel of good luck was hoverin' right close when I looked out of the window. The big blue looked there..."

"Right-o. Thanks, officer."

"Thanks, officer, " Jerry said, "I'll remember."

"Stealthily he rode up to the great oak. The road was open and free. From the east there came a car into view. It was a Ford trailing it."

"I wish I knew!"

"Yes, " Jerry yelled. "And the Ford?"

"I stopped, just down the road there and waited till the blue one was gone."

"I didn't think of anything of it then, but..."

"Hooray!" yelled Jerry. "Who did they say?"

"Well, I got back to the Vespa..."

"She glanced at the fragile roll, but the man shook his head, granting good-naturedly...

"Keep it, son, keep it. My son served too, you know."

"Oh hell!" exploded Jerry and took the first road southward, after one of the mule trains that turned to the north looked smooth, as well, by wheeling round and as uncommunicative as the one he had followed."

With youth's amazing redundancy Jerry's spirits rocketed skyward as he gazed at the blue and white. "My luck's left me!"

"It works my way, Old lady Fate's on my side. I'll catch up with them and keep them."

"I'd be glad to do something! Of course you didn't see a big blue limousine with a Ford close behind—too common to use."

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THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE
"The Business of Life"
(Continued from page 10)

you know it is going to be rather expensive for you, Mr. Desboro?"

"Because," she went on, "a great many mistakes have been made in labelling, and some mistakes in the
assembly of the complete suits of mail and in assigning
the weapons. For example, that mounted man in front
of the Three Graces; Mr. Desboro, I don’t belong to
that. It’s a childish mistake, but—"

"About time, Miss Nevers," said Mr. Desboro.

"Show it to me and I’ll put it all over him now,"
said Jacqueline.

"Do you promise?"

She answered with mock seriousness: "Because I
need all my brains, you see." She smiled. "De
damn, haven’t you, Miss Nevers?"

"No, not many," said Jacqueline with a genial
smile. "I understand, then, what a quantitative
analysis of mine might produce."

She said: "You are as clever as you take the trouble
to be and judged yourself, unwilling to drift into
personalities."

"But there is that which is lacking in me," she
said, "or perhaps the incentive."

"Don’t you think so?"

"And don’t care," he added.

"Do you protest, but remained silent."

"Beg your pardon," he said. "I didn’t mean to
force your interest in myselv. Tell me, is there any-
thing else before me?"

"Yes, there is," she said. "I go and leave you to abstruse meditation, or do I
intercept your intelligence?"

His easy, light tone relieved her. She looked around
himself, for he was a pleasant man.

"You don’t disturb me. I was trying to think where
to begin. Tomorrow I’ll bring up some reference"

"Perhaps you can find what you want in my grand-
father’s papers. My grandfather trained him. But
he’s very old and rheumatic now, and I don’t let
him say the unexpected and disconcerting things

"Why, it is, he said softly.

"It is, indeed, Mr. Desboro! That is a noble array of
armor, and I really don’t envy you to even permit
yourself a friendly manner, and she looked up whimsically when he came back swinging a
bunch of keys.

"This is magnificent!" she exclaimed; and he saw her
smile, pleased; for it was with a coming faster.

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The Sign of the Rose, George Beban Prod.

This dramatic story of an Italian laborer has for years served Beban on the speaking stage, where it is usually played by the same actor, five times a week. It goes very fast indeed on the scene. Emotion runs highest in the scenes showing the Italian and the Negro. He is using a millionaire's child, while his own boy is killed (by the same millionaire's motor car), is not yet even buried. The utter pathos of the story is revealed every night on Beban's first appearance in his role and has surrounded himself with a strong support. A fairly happy ending.


Hamilton Theatrical Corp.

Melodrama no more exciting than the average serial instalment shown at picture houses right now. It's the story of a New York society woman, and May plays an Englishwoman captured by Orientals, and later saved by an Anglo-educated Chinaman. This is about the substance of "The Dragon's Claw." Broadway was plainly bored.

The Sheik's Wife, Vitagraph

Not even a cousin to "The Sheik" of Paramount is this tale of a woman who marries an Arab, and makes a stab at adopting the customs of her new country. She is very depressed work as the Sheik. This picture is not so attractive to the eye as it might be, although it is a French production.

Determination, State Rights

London smut atmosphere carefully preserved is the salient thing in this picture some 10,000 feet long, based on the likeness of twin brothers. People who like smut settings, even if a little tired of the mistaken identity situation, will get their money's worth here.

The Ragged Heiress, Fox

Shirley Mason takes her usual screen walk from St. Louis to Paris, looking as beautiful as can be, but little shabby. It is being first registered that the heroine's father goes to prison for bank robery, and next that he thoughtfully left behind in his estate some hundreds of dollars a week. Anyway. Lucia (Shirley Mason) does not see the money, because her uncle sees it first. Matters get so serious that the girl's father releases her from the convent, and Johnnie Harron plays a nice young man in the picture. Edwin Stevens and Claire MacDowell are others in the cast.

Polly of the Follies, Ass. First National Pictures

When so much happens under the name of comedy that is not comedy at all, it is refreshing to see pretty, witty Constance Talmadge out in amusie in earnest. No one who needs a laugh can afford to miss the movie show staged by Polly in her small, but severe, home town, and the burlesque on Caesar and Cleopatra with Polly as the Queen.

Beyond the Rainbow, R-C Pictures

William Christy Cabanne directed this ingenious story by Solita Solano, with a really powerful cast, including such names as Helen Wadsworth, Anna Rosson, Gerald Coghlan, Marguerite Court. A mysterious shooting lends a detective flavor to this picture. The Sheik, the Maharajah of the desert, played by Pauline Bush, as a stenographer, played by Lillian (Billy) Doye.

The Prodigal Judge, Vitagraph

From the novel of Vaughan Kester. Maclyn Arbuckle is first rate as the dissipated, genial judge with one foot outside the social pale; as is Ernest Torrence, who plays Malahy, the Judge's dry, sarcastic, but sincere friend. Jean Page, the featured player, does well within the narrow limits of her role. A good story and fine team work.
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Original Photos, Bathing Girls

Entertainment Weekly

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Experienced newspaper men agree that no subject has interest for so many readers as motion picture customs. There is more of public interest in the business of a movie star than in the business of state senators. A movie star is a man of the people, operating in a field of dreams.

Concluded Donkey

Fable: Once upon a time there was a citizen of a republic who didn’t think he could handle matters better than the elected officials.—Baltimore (Md.) Sun.

Wayward Dog

Fable: There was once a man who made an announcement that he intended to become a candidate for office who didn’t claim he had been urged to run by his friends.—Portland (Me.) Express.

For, as you know, besides contributing to such publications as Good Housekeeping, Munsey’s Magazine, and others, Doris is co-author with her father of a book of poems, entitled “Spring Flowers and Rowen.”

And as you leave the cherry home that so delightfully whispers of Doris Kenyon’s own radiant personality, you are a little sad at your inability to write the story you would like, about her, and in the minor plight of her own poem, “The Sole Remembrance,” you comfort yourself with.

And when fond Memory strives to paint

Upon the shadows your dear face.

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“Take Your work, not Yourself, seriously.”

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You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are learned from professors by the lack of elementary education.

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- Accountant and Auditor
- Bookkeeper
- Draftsman and Designer
- Electrical Engineer
- Engineering, Light & Power
- General Education
- Lawyer
- Maritime-Shop Practice
- Mechanical Engineer
- Shop Superintendent
- Employment Manager
- School Superintendent
- Foreman
- Secretary
- Surveyor (Civil)
- Surveyor (Mapping)
- Teacher (Engineering, Light & Power)
- Teacher (High School Graduate)
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David Wark Griffith
Producer of Wonderful Motion Pictures

HAVE YOU THE HEALTH TO BE A MOVIE STAR?

The first requirement for a successful career in the movies is 100% health. Without that no matter what other qualifications a man or woman may have no lasting success can be attained. Behind the glamour and interest that hangs over the motion picture profession stands a high, thick wall of the hardest kind of work, long hours, repetition, yes, and sometimes tears. Through it all, day in, day out, these men and women, stars of the profession, must retain the superb vitality from which grows that charm and strength of personality which projects itself across the screen into the hearts and minds of the audience, making the story real and the characters live and breathe.

Let that vitality flag for but a single instant and the picture loses its power and charm.

Yes, in the life of a star there is much of triumph and glory, but it is only the triumph and glory that everyone feels in the knowledge of hard work well done.

Because the motion picture profession realizes so well the need of perfect health in order to achieve success, its members are strong for

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which will be observed from end to end of the United States.

What brings them success will bring success to you. Building health is a pleasant task—begin your structure of health to-day.

Perhaps you will cooperate with us in promoting NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK by doing all you can in your locality. If interested, let us know and we will tell you how you can be of greatest help.

Write for Physical Culture Program—exercises—special menu.

David Wark Griffith
Member of
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119 West 40th Street, New York City

Mr. Edwin E. Zoty, Executive Chairman,
National Physical Culture Week Committee
119 W. 40th Street, New York City.

I am enthusiastic about Physical Culture Week. Write me what I can do to help in my community.

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Street and Number

City

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Check here if you want to hear from me.
The Colorful Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

(Continued from page 8)

ceasingly for three months, he had worked only for three months, and his earnings were insufficiently great to enable him more than to make a start at getting his bonanza started.

He was in San Francisco, again casting about for employment—beginning to yearn for the ice-fields—and again setting out to conquer new worlds. In New York he had been known as the Los Angeles, California, and the "Girl From Porcupine" who looked too young to be the idea of this young man. He was ready to fight "The Kid," but "Little Jackie" and "Queenie" were such tomboys that they came to light as "The Five Dollar Baby." Starting out with that same melancholy that; before, had struck him—he found himself seized once more of the "Smilin' Through" the crowd—self-reliance of the Lady Letty," being "Partners of the Apocalypse." who were waiting "Beyond the Peacock Alley" for putting on "Too Much Speed," while on her "Way Down East" to "Romance," for "Adventure." but "The Girl Who Grilled the "Fourteenth Lover." "Tired of His Kisses"

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Science has at last produced a perfectly harm-
less cream which erases freckles almost as if by magic! Whether you have freckles the year round, or whether the sun and wind bring them out only in spring and summer, the remarkable new Domino Freckle Cream will banish them and keep your skin white and beautiful.

Don't allow freckles to ruin your complexion, when they can be removed so quickly, so simply — by this entirely new discovery—a special cream made from a special formula for the sole purpose of erasing freckles and making the skin soft and smooth.

Beauty Yours

You can be beautiful, fascinating and fascinating! There was never furnished a top-half top for women, for men, for boys, for girls, for your too, and your Secrets of Beauty! Use your coupon. You have that same privilege that all the French Courts, toilet issue which the court beauty societies had for many years. For not all of those lady ancestors of the famed French beauties which were hidden for centuries.

The easy-to-use, quick-results cream which erases freckles of chemistry. Those and many other beauty secrets prepared to give you a soft, velvety skin, lightly toned with the glow of youth, to make 

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You owe it to yourself to find out at once, whether you or your children have latent ability to play any chosen musical instrument or to sing; or to become a leader of band or orchestra; or to write the music for a song that may bring fame and wealth.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Piano</th>
<th>Umlulele</th>
<th>Hawaiian Steel Guitar</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<td>Organ</td>
<td></td>
<td>Harp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Violin</td>
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<td>Cordt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Drums and Traps</td>
<td></td>
<td>Piccolo</td>
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<td>Sight Singing</td>
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