Herb Rawlinson brands Stage as Co-respondent in Divorce Suit.

More things You don't know about the Stars.

Marie Prevost
study by Alfred Cheney Johnston.
RECENTLY we read of an interesting situation which seemed, in a way, to show motion pictures in the light of Christian Science. The N. Y. Times published a story crediting a movie comedy with effecting the recovery of Katherine Hartwell, seven years old, of Pleasantville, an inmate of the Children's Seashore House in Chelsea.

"The child," according to this story, "had become weak and emaciated: she had scarcely slept for a month and was reduced to a state of helplessness where she could only with difficulty make any voluntary motion. Today she is reported on the rapid road to completely regaining her health.

"Henry Winik, of London, England, a wealthy picture magnate, who believes a happy frame of mind does much to help along patients and plans the inauguration of a hospital service, staged a picture show at the institution in Pleasantville, where this unfortunate girl lived.

"Too bad this little one can't go, too," commented the child's nurse, as the other children filed out to see the movie.

Just then Katherine's eyes opened and a most wistful smile lighted up her countenance. Mr. Winik's heart was touched.

"Well, if this poor little creature has only a few hours to live, what harm can be done if we try to brighten one of them?"

"She was made as comfortable as possible in the auditorium. There was a comic picture on the screen as the child opened her eyes at the suggestion of the nurse. At first Katherine watched the film listlessly. Then she began to take an interest. That night she slept, the first full night's slumber in a month. On the following day she could move. Now they look for her recovery."

Three cheers for motion pictures!

AN APPROPRIATE ERROR (?)

We have before us a copy of the Courier Journal, Louisville, Kentucky, opened to an editorial that is made conspicuous because of a glaring typographical error which may, after all, be strangely appropriate.

This will cheer you

Play the shrill and raucous music for the entrance of Morley's ghost, for the critics are "criketing" and their chirps demand propagation throughout the country. We therefore take pleasure in re-printing a paragraph or so from an editorial written by Mr. Irving J. Auerbach, editor of a review for a theatre in Butte, Montana.

The writer prognosticates that "the microscope of public sentiment is going to eradicate the weeds from the (motion picture) field or, like the poorly-kept farm, it will be ruined by its own carelessness."

Then there follows a certain amount of ranting against the morals both on stage and screen, following which comes the paragraph:

"That a conscientious person does not need to lose modesty and self-respect to become famous is best attested by the eminent success of Miss Alice Calhoun, the Vitagraph star. This is really Miss Calhoun's editorial," frankly confesses the writer, "for it was prompted by her splendid personality, her beauty, her versatility, and her clean pictures.

"Miss Calhoun is a finished artist... She is constantly under the careful everyday home guidance of her plain, sweet American mother and her "Uncle Joe" Curl, and she represents the type of artist which will bring the moving picture industry to a newer and better standard."

The Editor quite agrees with everything the above quoted writer has to say about Alice Calhoun. Alice is all that he has said. But in behalf of other artists in the film industry whose lives are just as quiet and hard-working and home-like we rise to the defensive.

It is a mistake, in our opinion, to draw conclusions about any individual or a collective group of individuals connected with the motion picture industry or any other industry. It is not fair to ingloriously dump everyone into the ash heap to the glorification of a single one.
Herbert Rawlinson Brands Stage as co-respondent in divorce

Lure of footlights woos Roberta Arnold Rawlinson from her film star husband and leads to suit for divorce

AGAIN the stage has destroyed a romance, Herbert Rawlinson, film star, has filed a suit for divorce against his actress wife, Roberta Arnold, who has been playing the lead in the extremely successful comedy, "The First Year." Rawlinson, in his complaint, charges virtually that his wife deserted him for the lure of the footlights. At the time he married her, on New Year's Day, 1914, she was an actress, playing in the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles.

At that time, he did not foresee that she would ever become a successful actress in her own name. He continued his career, attaining stardom under the Universal banner, while she lived with him, in Los Angeles, until 1919.

Then the desire to become a star in her own name resulted in the first conflict between the couple, it is said, a conflict which surprised their friends, for the Rawlinsons had always been considered ideal mates and happily married. Miss Arnold obtained an engagement in "Upstairs and Down," a Morosco comedy. She went from the Coast to New York, where she was cast for the lead in Frank Craven's comedy of married life, "The First Year."

"The First Year" was a hit. Its run, critics declared, would continue for over two seasons. Rawlinson, on the Coast, fretted, it is said, at his wife's absence. He urged her to return to him, runs the gossip, but she could not be convinced that she ought to neglect her own career.

Miss Arnold was successful as an actress before she met Rawlinson. She had played in the first "Peg o' My Heart" company, and was highly praised for her ability as a comedienne.

Rawlinson came East somewhat over a year ago and played in pictures in New York, while his wife was, at the same time, playing opposite Mr. Craven. Her part is that of the daughter of a small town merchant who marries a blundering and apparently inefficient young man, and who fights with him continually throughout the first year of their marriage until, despite a quarrel which separates them for a time, they are finally reunited by the husband's success.

Herbert Rawlinson, popular star, who reverses the usual divorce situation and is suing his wife.

Judging from a scene in one of Herb's new Universal pictures, he really knows something of Love's frailty.

The parallel to the play in Miss Arnold's own life has apparently ended with the abrupt efforts of Rawlinson to get a divorce. As the run of "The First Year" was extended, and as critics applauded Miss Arnold's interpretation of the role of the young wife, Rawlinson returned to the West, convinced that it would be impossible for him to induce his wife to accompany him.

He joined Universal, made numerous pictures in which he was starred, and with the curtailment of activity in the Universal studios began to make personal appearances throughout the West. He was in Denver, appearing with his most recent film, "The Scrapper," when the news of the divorce action became known.

Secrecy shrouded the suit. The papers filed gave few details as to the incidents which led up to the action, and did not mention the names of the parties involved. Finally, about two weeks ago, an affidavit was filed, stating that the plaintiff was Rawlinson and that Mrs. Rawlinson is an actress living in New York, under the name of Roberta Arnold. She has preserved a policy of making no comment on the report of her husband's action, and efforts to obtain any idea of her personal point of view in the matter met with failure because of her policy of maintaining silence.

Herbert Rawlinson, the plaintiff in the suit, is an Englishman, having been born in Brighton, England, thirty-seven years ago. He was educated in England and France and played on both sides of the water in stock and repertory companies. He engaged upon a screen career early in the history of the dramatic development of motion pictures.

Most of Rawlinson's work has been on the Coast. He has been infrequently in New York of late years, although he played in the last production made by Commodore Blackton in Brooklyn, "Passers-by."

Miss Arnold, on the other hand, has been more successful in New York than on the Coast. Her work in "The First Year" placed her in the leading ranks of the younger stars.

No evidence of any other element in the disruption of the Rawlinson menage has thus far come to light and it is safe to say that the stage has once again stepped in to part husband and wife as it has done in the past.
More things you don't know—about the stars

I wonder if, after all, you ever think of them as real human beings—your stars. Or, despite all the publicity they get about everything from their chewing gum to their charities, do they still remain just mere hand-painted leading ladies and men to you? But there are certain facts about the stars, concerning things they are interested in besides their work—little human interest touches that I'm sure will make them all more real to you, but which have been withheld.

Take Harold Lloyd, for instance, and his love of puzzles and parlor magic. He's a regular whiz at this sort of thing, and will never let go, when he gets hold of a new puzzle or trick, until he's studied it out.

He had a trick key-ring out at the studio the other day when I called on him, which he had just studied out. He was as gleeful over it as a small boy with a new toy.

"See if you can open this ring!" he demanded. "I tried with all my might, but couldn't do it. "Now put it behind you," he said, "and you'll find you can open it." I did as I was told—put my hands behind my back and pulled on the ring—behold it flew open!

I couldn't guess myself how it was done. But Lloyd had figured it out. It was because in putting the ring behind your back, you turned it upside down. If you had held it that way before you, it would have opened just as easily.

Lloyd spends hours at night figuring out new puzzles when he ought to be asleep, his family says.

WALLY REID STUDIED MEDICINE

Who knows that Wallace Reid once studied medicine for a year at a medical college in the Middle West, and that he would now prefer talking about medical discoveries and laboratory experiments to discussing his acting? Also, that it is Wally Reid who often comes to the rescue with the first-aid kit which he always carries about with him, when a player or a workman is injured while working on location?

Nevertheless all this is true. Wallace Reid has an uncle who is a physician, and it was through him that Wally, as a very young man, just out of Princeton preparatory school, attended medical college. Then his father, Hal Reid, insisted that he go into the acting profession, and so Wallace ended up his medical career.

Reid has a large laboratory fitted up at his home in Beverly Hills, and here he conducts all sorts of chemical experiments. He hasn't made any big discoveries yet, but expects to.

It was Wallace Reid who rendered first aid in a railroad wreck which occurred just outside of St. Louis, when he was going to that city, about three years ago, to make personal appearances.

"I was not injured, so I grabbed my kit and went out among the victims of the disaster," said Wallace the other night in course of conversation. "I worked for several hours among the injured, until the relief train came. I remember one funny thing among those hours of horror; the colored porter kept following me around with my bags, inquiring if I was all right, and would go on with my work. "What shall I do with you and your cars, Mister Reed?" he asked, "We got a ride to St. Louis on a garbage wagon, by the way!"

CHARLES RAY, STENOGRAPHER

Charles Ray started out in life with the intention of becoming a bookkeeper and stenographer. He still keeps up his typewriting and stenography to a certain extent. There is a room in his beautiful big Beverly Hills residence which is fitted up as an office. Here, until just lately, he has answered all his own mail. But since becoming his own producer and director, he finds himself too busy to attend to these things himself, so he has a secretary to do it.

But he says he finds his stenography very handy in making notes on his picture work. When he gets home at night, for instance, and begins to plan his next day's work, he likes to sit down by himself in his den, make shorthand notes of his ideas, and then strike them off to his typewriter.
The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

by Truman B. Handy

PART III

RANCH life in Kansas—eighteen months of it in an Englishmen's remittance colony—however alluring to native-born sons of the soil, singularly failed to appeal to the more sophisticated sensibilities of William D. Taylor.

He was not anxious to play again in theatricals, yet there was that inherent historic instinct in him that made life away from the footlights miserable for him. Perhaps it was the lack of adventure of romance, that the prosaic farm-life in Kansas afforded, but...

Fanny Davenport, the famous American actress of more than a decade ago, was on tour with her repertoire company. Perchance she ventured into the mists of Harper, the small town of which Taylor and his English associates were residents. Her advent there was like a light in the clearing, for first-class theatrical attractions were almost unknown in the Middle West a few years ago.

And Taylor was enthralled. On her first night appearance he viewed her from a first-row seat as she played "La Tosca." Even though her stage scenery was, somewhat worn by time and travel; even though Taylor could clearly see the makeup on the actors' faces; even though he knew that, in reality, the play was merely a play—he felt himself gripped by a strange, unaccountable longing—the same desire to express himself that he had felt a few months before when he stood in the wings and asked Sir Charles Hawtrey for a chance to play on the stage.

After the performance a reception was held in Miss Davenport's honor, and Taylor, being one of Harper's more prominent citizens, was, of course, invited. He met the lovely star face-to-face and talked with her. And, of course, expressed his appreciation of her performance.

"It was terrible," she replied, looking a bit troubled. "We've just lost one of our actors, and, as you know, it's hard to find another out here in Kansas."

Taylor was electrified. Again the hand of Fate! Here was a chance for him, perhaps, to get back into theatricals. Yet could he openly defy his father's wishes? Could he rightfully re-enter a profession upon which his entire family looked with such utter condemnation?

For the moment he kept turning the question over and over in his mind. He was perplexed—because he wanted to ask, Fanny Davenport to give him a trial. Precisely what he did.

"I felt at the time," he told some Los Angeles friends shortly before his death, "that Fate decreed I should re-enter the show business. I knew my family would be displeased—but, after all, was I not separated from them by an ocean and several thousand miles? And hadn't they wished for that separation?"

It was this process of reasoning that prompted him to apply to Miss Davenport in the hopes of filling the missing actor's place.

"Can you play Mario in my "Tosca,"" she inquired sweetly, and added, "I believe you can. I believe you could do anything you really wanted to do!"

"Thanks," he answered. He was too dumb-founded to say more.

The star then wrote something on a card and handed it to him. This would assure him of her sincerity. And would he kindly come to rehearsal the next morning? For it would be necessary for him to play that night in "Gismonda."

When he arrived, more or less excited, at the theatre, he found that Fanny Davenport herself had attended to the matter of his stage costumes. However, Taylor's predecessor was a man of medium stature, portly and altogether in physical contradistinction to him, for Taylor was tall, robust and inclined to be thin.

And the "Gismonda" costumes, originally tailored to the lines of their former wearer, reached not quite to his knees! The farther the rehearsal progressed, the more ridiculous Taylor looked in his skin-tight wardrobe. Something would have to be done—and yet Taylor would have to take the entire time for the remainder of the day to study his role even though it was not a vastly important one.

Their sojourn in America, in a portion of the country where conveniences were considered as luxuries, had taught a number of the English residents of Harper to perform innumerable useful tasks that formerly would have seemed ambiguous. One of Taylor's friends, in addition (Continued on page 8).
A final closeup with Dick Barthelmess in "Way Down East"

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third and final instalment of the Gish girls' story. If you have missed the other two instalments through any mishap, send us for copies. "Movie Weekly" has, for the first time given a concise account of Dorothy's and Lillian's interesting careers. This third and final instalment gives you more inside light on how various pictures in which the two girls starred were made.

PART III

YOU have been chatting now with the Gish sisters for several hours. Night is falling. They have an engagement at the theatre. Jim Rennie is coming to call for Dorothy. You leave them, and promise to return to hear the rest of their fascinating tale on some other day.

When you visit them again, you find that Dorothy has gone to Louisville to attend the premiere: showing in that city of "Orphans of the Storm." Lillian comes to greet you. She is in the midst of packing for the journey to join her sister. Her drab, wavy hair hangs about her shoulders. "Please don't mind my appearance," she apologizes, "but with so many girls wearing their hair bobbed these days, you'll hardly notice the difference."

But you do notice the difference. For Lillian's hair is dull gold, and the sun shines through it as she sits beside the window.

"Now, let's see," she resumes. "I suppose I ought to take up the story from the days when we were making 'Hearts of the World.'" In England and France. We came back to America and we were all ready for a long vacation, but Mr. Griffith had bought the studio at Mamaroneck. He looked it over, found it in a mess-up, and decided to go south for a time. He told me I could start the first of Dorothy's series of comedies for Famous Players there, so I undertook to direct Dorothy in the picture that was later known as 'Remodeling a Husband.'"

Lillian laughed as she recalled her first efforts of directing a picture. The lights crew didn't know me from Adam, and I had my hands full, but we managed to get the picture out in good shape, at any rate.

"Then began the production of a half dozen program pictures by Mr. Griffith. During this period Dorothy was busy with her comedies. Among the pictures Mr. Griffith made were two in which some of the war scenes we took in France were used, and they also included 'The Romance of Happy Valley,' which Mr. Griffith has called his last vacation. He took his time with this film, filming many of the scenes over, just for the sake of making them. The characters were drawn from life from Mr. Griffith's own home, and the picture, which was a pastoral story, was beautiful, but was not particularly liked by the critics because it was not in Mr. Griffith's spectacular vein.

"Then came 'Broken Blossoms.' The actual shooting of 'Broken Blossoms' took just eighteen days, principally because Donald Crisp, Richard Barthelmess and myself, who played the three leading roles, knew, by the time the actual taking began, just what to do, and we went through the scenes with little correction. When Mr. Griffith completed the picture, he knew he had something, but he was not certain exactly what it was. The picture fascinated him. He finally decided to give it a private showing in Los Angeles. Those who saw it were enthusiastic about it, but Mr. Griffith was not yet sure they were right, so he took it to New York and showed it again privately. Again it was hailed as the perfect motion picture. He then decided to release it as a special and he put it into the George M. Cohan Theatre in New York.

"It was the means of establishing his fame in Europe. Joseph Conrad saw it and wrote to Joseph Kehogheimer: 'Who is this man Griffith? How is it I have never heard of him before?' It was the most popular picture of the year in France, and in all of the other European countries it was very successful. The Dowager Queen of England wrote to Mr. Griffith congratulating him.

"The next episode was that of 'Way Down East.' We had been in the south when we heard..."
the Gish Girl's Careers

Lillian plods her weary way down the snow-covered street, as Anna Moore in "Way Down East."

Dorothy in one of her lovable, dreamy moods.

Dorothy tells the world all about it in a dramatic scene from one of her comedies.

A splendid closeup of Lillian.

that Mr. Griffith had paid $175,000 for the story alone. When he offered the leading role to me, he gave me the choice of accepting or declining it. I felt like declining it at first, for according to the story, the burden of the success of the film rested on me, and I felt all the time that the whole $175,000 was on my shoulders. And of course we did not know at that time that we would be able to get the thrilling ice scenes.

Lillian paused in recollection of the difficulties of taking that memorable film. "We went to Vermont for the ice scenes."

"Then I made a scene during which I portray the grief of Anna Moore over her loss. Anyone who says that glycerine tears are as good as the real thing doesn't know anything about it," she said emphatically. "And it is equally untrue that you can act as forcefully and bring tears just as easily if you think about some sorrow of your own. The camera catches the thoughts as well as the expression of those thoughts. You have to get under the skin and into the mind of the character you are playing in order to realize for the camera the emotion you are endeavoring to express. A western critic who was present when we were taking that scene with the baby said that it lost 75 per cent in effectiveness on the screen because the voice was lost to screen audiences. He said that as he saw the scene in the studio it was the most realistic grief he had ever seen portrayed. That was due to the fact that I really felt that bad about Anna Moore's loss.

"As for the weeks during which we shot the ice scenes, they were among the most unusual of my career. All we did during those weeks was to get up in the morning, go out on the ice and wait for events. The machinery behind those events consisted of a charge of dynamite up the river, which blew up the ice and released the floes downstream. We would go out on the ice, wait for the charge. I would lie down on one of the cakes, which were each day cut out in various shapes by ice-cutting machines, and downstream we would go, a half dozen cameramen chasing us. "One cameraman was especially active. His name was Allen, and we would see him jumping from cake to cake, always trying to get as close as possible to me, to show that no one was doubling for me. Once or twice he fell in, camera and all, but he was safely fished out." "Then I made a suggestion which has caused me considerable suffering since. I thought it would be more realistic if I dipped my hand in the icy water and let it lie there, while the camera took a closeup and a long shot of my hand. If you have ever put your hand in icy water—well, don't! Ice water feels just like a burning flame. When I took my hand out of the water, I found it cramped and stiff, and ever since I have suffered from painful rheumatism in the palm of my hand and the fingers."

As for "Orphans of the Storm," the incidents of its production were few. Lillian Gish believes it is the greatest of Mr. Griffith's productions, and in her trips about the country, during which she and Dorothy are appearing personally with the picture, she has found similar response on the part of the public. In the course of these (Continued on page 31)
to tarring, had learned the art of tailoring as an avocation. It was to him that Taylor went—and when he arrived in New York late one night, and shortened another portion of the costumes, Taylor studied for the part's night's performance. It was still daylight, for his costume fitting while, at the same time his script in hand, he learned his lines and cues.

When other members of the company, tired by travel, were more ready to go to sleep, Taylor patiently cheered them or sympathized with them. When the character woman had trouble with her husband—a thing that threatened to divorce him, it was Taylor who played the role of mediator and got the couple to settle their differences.

But, at the same time, there were various instances of levity experienced as well as of gravity. For instance, in a small Pacific Coast town where the company were presenting "Fedora," "Cleopatra" and "Joan of Arc" in one-night succession, three hotel associates of Taylor's invited him to sit in with them on a card game. They hardly ever made to play money pot had hardly commenced to boil, when visitor rapped on the door.

The person proved to be a middle-aged, nervous woman whose appearance was disheveled. "I came," she faltered, "to borrow your drinking-water glass."

"Certainly!" said Taylor, postponing the game for a moment to get it for her.

A few moments later again and he was admitted. She wanted more water. A third and a fourth time she came and went, and finally knocked a fifth time. By this time the man's curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

"What?" inquired Taylor, "did you want all those glassfuls of water for?"

For a moment she seemed reluctant to tell.

"Well, you see, I'm living up on the fourth floor where we ain't got no water, and, bein' as my lace curtains took fire, I thought I'd just borry you gentlemen's water glass to put it out with it."

The tour was a long one, from one end of the continent to the other. Taylor's acting experiences were always progressive and he became a popular favorite with both his audiences and his public. In the theatre he was a diplomat, a manager and a statesman. Outside of it, however, he indulged in none of the customary pastimes of the average traveling actor, but, instead, he occupied himself with a serious study of books and of art.

While in Portland, Oregon, he heard a group of men who belonged to a newly-formed Alaska gold fields. Here was a new type of adventure! New worlds to conquer! New riches! And, after all, romance! To Taylor, the scene seemed yet another expedition into the Klondike. Taylor watched their preparations, listened to their conversations—heard them tell of wonderful, ice-covered bonanzas—and longed to be with them. One of the men offered him a berth, but his theatrical contract withheld him.

In Boston, Taylor closed his engagement with the Davenport company, having been with the organization some three years. He was offered an engagement with a company from Chicago and started for there. But, however, his finances were low, and when he arrived in St. Paul in company with a man who was desirous of opening a lunch counter, he accepted the proposition and stepped into a new character.

The restaurant proved a success. Just at a time when he was supposed to have been depopulated, his partner decamped with the profits and, again, he was thrown out of funds. His spirit not being broken, he determined to go it alone, and to him, was a nightmare. Whereupon he departed from the twin city and arrived, practically penniless, in Chicago.

A friend there noted his plight, but his man, too, was in straits. Together they secured a position canvassing in country towns—selling one of those pneumatic "household necessities" that every housewife wants. The Chicago agent was a kindly soul and gave them four dollars advance.

It happened that both Taylor and his companion were good gamblers. Not that that time-honored profession had been anything more to Taylor hitherto than a mere pastime. Yet, however, its ancient mechanism has helped many a man out of the gravest debt.

And so, with their dollars in their pockets, Taylor and his friend went into one of Chicago's Loop gambling halls. A crap game was in progress and both entered themselves and their money. When the stakes were counted it was discovered that each had won considerable money and Taylor to try them the necessities they both needed. Again the hand of Fate!

Both Taylor and his friend had pawned their overcoats. It was bitter cold, an incentive for the men to awaken the pawnbrokers. This they did, and, after giving them back their overcoats, they set out to feed themselves.

"Taylor's partner decamped with the profits and, again, he was thrown out of funds."
ABOUT THE WEDDING DRESS

The bride who has made most of her wedding garments will court good fortune so long as she has not sewn the wedding gown entirely by herself. The more new clothes she wears at the ceremony, the luckier she will be, but she should also take care to wear some old things that has been lent her with sincere good wishes. Remember the old verse:

"Something old,
Something new;
Something borrowed,
And something blue!"

DRESSING FOR THE WEDDING

When a girl is dressing for her wedding she must be careful not to look in the glass after her toilet is complete, for that is sure to bring her bad luck. She should have her last peep with one of her gloves laid aside, and she can put it on after she turns away from the glass.

It is very lucky for the bride to steal salt in her shoes before going to church.

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH

The best omen of all is to start off on a bright sunny day, for as the old proverb has it, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on." The worst omen is for a raven to be seen overshadowing either the bride or bridesmaid, for it is a certain forerunner of woe. To find a spider on the wedding gown is a sure token of future happiness.

Married in grey, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always live true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
But married in white you have married all right.

AT THE WEDDING

It is unlucky for the wedding ring to fall to the ground during the ceremony. If the bridegroom puts the ring only halfway on the finger, and the bride pushes it the rest of the way, it is a sign that she will rule in their married lives, and will have her own way in everything.

To be married with a diamond ring, or to have tried the ring on before the ceremony, is considered very unlucky.

AFTER THE CEREMONY

It is important that the bride should make the first cut in the cake. When the bride is removing her wedding gown she must be careful to remove each pin and throw it away, otherwise ill-luck will follow her. But the pins will bring good luck to others, and a speedy marriage to all unwedded girls who pick them up.

The bridesmaids have a regular scramble to see who can secure the pins the bride throws away.

The bride's parter is said to have a charm also, and if taken off and thrown among the maids, whoever secures it will be the first to get married. Afterwards it should be cut up into small pieces and given to the bride's girl friends as mascots to bring them good luck in their love affairs.

THE BEST DAYS TO GET MARRIED

A very old almanac, written hundreds of years ago, gives the following advice:

"If you wish to be happy in your marriage, choose for your wedding one of these days:

January 2, 4, 19, 21.
February 1, 3, 10, 19, 21.
March 5, 12, 20, 23.
April 2, 4, 12, 20, 22.

MAY ALLISON

May Allison, too, designed and built an elegant home in Beverly Hills. She has sold it, and is planning, together with her husband, Robert Ellis, on the building of another home. This she makes no secret she will sell if a good buyer comes along.

TOM MOORE

Tom Moore isn't in the real estate business; but nevertheless, he has built and sold one house, and is now building another, in which he will live with his wife and mother only until he can get a chance to sell it to advantage. He has a fine taste in building, and his also his wife, and it looks as though they were going to make a good deal of money out of it.

HELEN FERGUSON

Helen Ferguson, looked upon as a comer in the picture business, is also a brilliant writer. At present she has commissions to write for the Chicago Tribune and the Los Angeles Record. And she is writing a story, too. Not only this—she is booked up for a "Movie Week" on Hollywood, which ought to be good, as she lives there, and is in the midst of the picture world.

Grace Kingsley.
"A lady to see you sir," said Farris.
Desboro, lying on the sofa, glanced up over his book.
"A lady?"
"Oh, sir."
"What is she, Farris?"
She refused her name, Mr. James.
Desboro swung his leg from the carpet and sat up.
"What kind of a lady is she?" he asked; "a perfect one, or the real thing?"
"I don't know, sir. It's hard to tell these days; automobiles, and dressmakers' window displays.
Desboro laid aside his book and arose leisurely.
"Where is she?"
"In the sitting room, sir."
"Did you ever before see her?"
"I don't know, Mr. James—what with her veil and furs."
"How did she come?"
"In one of Sansom's hacks from the station. There's a trunk outside, too."
"What the devil—my home than he is my husband. "If you're going to send me away.
"You're probably right; you'll mean something to him, if I can make them!" she retorted, hydrologically. "and if you really care for me."
Through the throbbing silence Desboro seemed the eternal grin and permanently-flushed skin, rambling about among his porcelains and enamels and jade and ivory, like a demented elephant in a bric-a-brac shop. And yet, there had always been a certain kindly harmlessness and good nature about him that could not be choked. He said, incredulously, "Did you write to him what you have just said to me?"
"Yes, sir."
"You actually left such a note for him?"
"Yes, I did."
"The silence lasted long enough for her to become uneasy. Again and again she lifted her tear-swollen face to look at him, where he stood before the fire, but he did not even glance at her; and at last she murmured his name, and he turned.
"I guess you've done for us both," he said.
"You're probably right; nobody would believe the truth after this."
She began to cry again silently.
He said, "You never gave your husband a chance. He was in love with you and you never gave him a chance. And you're giving yourself none, now. And as for me"—he laughed unpleasantly—"well, I'll leave it to you, Elena."
"I—I thought—if I burned my bridges and came to you—"
"What did you think?"
"That you'd stand by me, Jim."
"Have I any other choice?" he asked, with a brutal laugh. "We seem to be properly damned couple."
"Do—do you care for any other woman?"
"No, sir."
"Then—then—"
"Oh, I am quite free to stand the consequences with you."
"Can we escape them?"
"You could."

By Robert W. Chambers

FIRST INSTALMENT

and gazed at the fire with wide eyes still teary-brilliant.
"And save me on your hands," she said. "What are you going to do with me?"
"Send you home."
"You can't. I've disgraced myself. Won't you stand by me, Jim?"
"I can't stand by you if I let you stay here."
"Why not?"
"Because that would be destroying you."
"Are you going to send me away?"
"Certainly."
"Where are you going to send me to?
"Home."
"Home?" she repeated, beginning to cry again.
"Why do you call his house 'home'? It's no more my home than he is my husband."
"He is your husband! What do you mean by talking this way?"
"He isn't my husband. I told him I didn't care for him when he asked me to marry him. He only grinned. It was a perfectly cold-blooded bargain."
"I didn't sell myself anywhere."
"You married him."
"Partly."
"Partly?"
Showered crimson.
"I sold him the right to call me his wife and to walk in on me quietly whenever he pleased."
"Yes!" she said, exasperated. "I mean that it is no marriage, in spite of law and clergy. And it will never be, because I hate him!"
Desboro looked at her in utter contempt.
"Do you know," he said, "what a rotten thing you have done?"
"I haven't done it, sir."
"Do you think it admirable?"
"I didn't sell myself wholesale. It might have been."
"You are wrong. Nothing worse could have happened."
"I don't care what else happens to me," she said, drawing off her gloves and unpinning her hat. "I shall not go back to him."
"You're standing on your head."
"I will," she said excitedly. "I'm going to break with him—whether or not I can count on your loyalty to me."
Her voice broke chidishly, and she bowed her head.
He caught his lip between his teeth for a moment. Then he said savagely:
"You ought not to have come here. There isn't one single thing to excite it. Besides, you have just reminded me of my loyalty to you. Can't you understand that that includes your husband? Also, it is in me to forget that I once asked you to be my wife. Do you think I'd let you stand for anything less after that? Do you think I'm going to be between men's faces? I never asked any other woman to marry me, and this settles it—I never will! You've finished yourself and you've finished me!"
She sprang up and walked to the fire and stood there, her hands nervously clenching and unclenching.
"When I tell you that my eyes are wide open—"
"That I don't care what I do."
"But you love me."
"You're not open!"
"They ought to be. I left a note saying where I was going—that rather than be his wife I'd prefer to die."
"Stop! You don't know what you're talking about—you little idiot!" he broke out, furious. "This is a slight you use don't mean anything to you—except that you've read them in some fool's novel, or heard them on a degenerate stage—"
"You will mean something to him, if I can make them!"
Desboro laid aside his book and arose leisurely. "I can't stand by you if I let you stay here."
"Why not?"
"It won't do," he said; "it won't do. And you know it won't, don't you? This whole business is dead wrong—dead rotten. But you mustn't cry, do you hear? Don't be frightened. If there's trouble, I'll stand by you, of course. Hush, dear, the house is full of servants. Loosen your arms, Elena! It isn't a square deal to your husband—or to you, or even to me. Unless people have an even chance with men—men or women—there's nothing dangerous about me. I never dealt with any man whose eyes were not wide open—nor with any woman, either. Cary's are shut; yours are blinded."

From page 27, MOVIE WEEKLY
How to Get Into the Movies

by

Mabel Normand

VII. Hollywood Conditions.

HERE are so many misconceptions concerning studio conditions on the West Coast that I feel it is necessary to tell you some facts.

By far the largest part of film production is carried on in California, hence, a person has a better chance of breaking into pictures here than in New York. There are always great many experienced stage actors out of work.

The motion picture studios of California are not grouped together on one street or even in one town.

Los Angeles, I believe, covers more ground than any city in the United States. Through it and around it are the various studios.

Hollywood is a suburb about a half-hour's trolleying distance from downtown Los Angeles. It is considered the center of the studio section but there are also studios located at Calver City, ten or twelve miles beyond Hollywood, and there are studios on the other side of the city.

The great distances which separate the studios are a source of difficulty to the beginner, who must necessarily do a good deal of studio visiting.

Because the largest and most active producing units are located in Hollywood it would seem that here is the best place to live. But I believe that living accommodations are a trifle more expensive in Hollywood than in Los Angeles.

If a girl comes to Hollywood unacquainted she should go at once to the Studio Club and register. This club has for its patronesses a number of prominent women of the film world, and is related to the Y. W. C. A.

The club house is a beautiful old Southern mansion located just a block above Hollywood Boulevard. It accommodates from twenty to forty girls. I believe, and about twice that number can be accommodated as boarders. The meals and the rooms are extremely cheap.

Of course, there is usually a waiting list of applicants for rooms at this club. Any girl can join the club and have the freedom of its living rooms. Here you will meet other girls who are beginners in some branch of the business, and from them you may get valuable tips concerning work and the way to go about getting it.

In the event that you are unable to reside at the Studio Club you should be able to get a very nice room somewhere for five or six dollars a week.

I believe that one can live as cheaply in Hollywood as in any other part of the United States, and much more cheaply than in a large city.

As I have said before, do not start for Hollywood or for New York unless you have enough money to keep you for several months—and enough to take you home in the event you find no opportunity.

Upon arrival in Los Angeles, take a trolley to Hollywood. Go at once to the Studio Club, which can be easily located by inquiry, and ask the matron concerning living quarters. If the club house is filled, a list of good rooming houses can be supplied to you.

There have been so many sensational stories written about Hollywood that some people seem to have the idea it is a very unsafe place in which to live. But I have found that the general conception of its inhabitants is unfounded; they are closely akin to the Apaches of Paris.

Nothing could be more absurd. Hollywood is a quiet little village. Only a very small percentage of its population consists of film people. There are no night cafes or dance places in the entire town. The only amusement places, in fact, are three or four small movie theatres. By ten o'clock in the evening Hollywood Boulevard, which is the main thoroughfare, is as quiet as the main street of any village. The "night life" of which you have read so much is not in evidence.

You will find all sorts of people in the film colony, for it has brought people from all classes and all quarters of the globe. It is up to you to pick your associates. There are teas and dances given at the Studio Club at which you will have an opportunity to meet a great many charming young girls who are serious artists. Among them you will find girls who, like yourself, are trying to break into pictures. They will be able to tell you the best way to take. There are also girls engaged in scenario writing, costume designing, magazine writing and other phases of work pertaining to the industry.

You should not miss an opportunity of meeting people connected with pictures, for through them you may find the opportunity which you seek.

Make friends especially with the girls who are doing "extra" work, for you will probably have a starting point in a very bit of information they can give you will be of value.

I have visited the Studio Club at various times and I have found that the girls who live there are charming and refined. Many of them are college girls of splendid education and talents. They are easy to know and for the most part, I think, extremely sympathetic toward the newcomer, for they remember the time when they came as strangers without any knowledge of the business.

Let me say here that right now the conditions in the studios are not favorable toward a beginner. The business depression throughout the country has affected the theatre business to some extent and there is not as much work in the studios as there will be in a few months. I believe that the fall will find Hollywood much busier, although there always seem to be plenty of applicants for jobs.

As soon as you have become settled you should at once set about looking for work. The sooner you learn the ropes the sooner will an opportunity be presented for employment.

Don't be led astray into taking courses at any school. There are many business schools in Los Angeles. I know of none that I can recommend. By mingling with the girls who play "extras" you can find out when the studios are in need of "atmosphere"—that is what they call extra players who appear in ballroom scenes, mobs, and the like. They pay for the part and really. About seven and a half per day. Some studios supply costumes. Others will want you to supply your own. But do not invest in an elaborate wardrobe unless you have plenty of money to spare. An evening gown certainly would be of service, but it need not be an expensive one.

Because the studios are refraining from producing pictures which require a great number of people, times are hard at present for the "extra" folk, yet some are always in demand at certain studios. If you once become established you will get calls when special productions of this sort are being made. At first, however, you must expect to make the calls. Although producers say they want new faces for the screen they are not going up and down the streets looking for them. Very few new faces are "discovered" outside the studio walls, so your problem will be to get inside and attract attention.

In our next chat I will attempt to outline more fully the work of going about job-hunting, a task which requires, for the most part, individual initiative. There are, however, certain things which are worth knowing before you start the rounds.

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SECRETS of the MOVIES - Picture That Made the Most Money

X

THE picture which holds the record for having made the most money for the amount invested was only eight hundred feet long.

It was produced in the early days by the Edison Company and was called "The Great Train Robbery."

The picture cost $400 and made $92,000—a percentage of profit which has not been reached by even the most pretentious of modern productions.

The small amount of money expended on the picture was due to the fact that it had only one studio set—that of a telegraph operator's office. The rest of the picture was taken outdoors where there was no cost for construction. The picture opened up on a telegraph operator sitting at his key when two robbers slipping in cover him and order him to flag the oncoming train. The operator is bound and gagged, and when the train slows up the robbers board the tender and then crawling up, cover the engineer and start to rob the express car and escape on waiting horses. Later the telegraph operator wiggles loose from his ropes and helps capture the robbers.

From the beginning to the end there is not a sub-title in the picture. It is all action. It is the only picture in which the robbers who escaped on the horses was later the first cowboy hero—G. M. Anderson, known as "Broncho Billy." He got fifty cents extra for riding the horse.

The picture is still in existence and was shown recently at Edison's birthday party.
I read in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post one of the most humorous, albeit one of the most serious, reports of what happens when women permit themselves to become lax in caring for their bodies. Mary Roberts Rinehart in her story, entitled "Tish Plays The Game," tells the near-tragic account of what happened when the three women, Tish, Aggie and Lizzie go to a gymnasium to reduce weight and to regain control of their muscles, the better to indulge in long walks and other athletic sports.

"The first day," narrates the writer in recounting their initial exercises at the gymnasium, "was indeed trying. We found, for instance, that we were expected to take off all our clothing and to put on one-piece jersey garments, without skirts or sleeves, and reaching only to the knees. As if this were not enough, the woman attendant said, when we were ready, 'in you go, dearies,' and shoved us into a large bare room where a man was standing with his chest thrown out, and wearing only a pair of trousers and a shirt which had shrunk to almost nothing . . .

"Tish was explaining that we wished full and general muscular development."
"'The human body,' she said, 'instantly responds to care and guidance, and what we wish is simply to acquire perfect coordination. 'The easy slip of muscles underneath the polished skin.'

``... When the lesson was over, we staggered out, Tish however had got her breath and said that she felt like a new woman and that blood had got to parts of her it had never reached before.'"

But the exercises had been exceedingly simple, as simple as those which I have recounted at length on these pages from time to time. I quote from Mrs. Rinehart's story, to demonstrate in full exactly what I mean when I say that once you permit yourself to neglect your body and indulge to excess in the comforts afforded these days, you perforce have a long and a painful road to retrace when you decide to get yourself in good physical condition and to enjoy a good time out-of-doors.

In the last two issues of "Movie Weekly," I detailed certain exercises that will surely be of aid to you in keeping yourself in trim. If you missed them, write to me and I will see that copies are forwarded to you.
Viola Dana shrieks with horror at the 160 pounds registered by the scale. But then, she doesn’t know it’s only a friend playing a “heavy” April Fool joke on her!

Winifred Westover, now Mrs. Bill Hart, doesn’t know whether the mirror is playing an April Fool joke on her or whether the cameraman is up to tricks! Sumthin’s wrong, anyway. Eh wot?

Gloria Swanson catches Rudolph Valentino on the old pocketbook trick. Oh, Valentino! How could you!

Mary and Doug play an April Fool stunt on the gullible photographer and look what he took!

Anita Stewart as she looked just after eating a piece of April Fool candy! ‘Tis a good thing Anita was in bed, we’d say!
### About Pearl White

**PEARL WHITE** will return to New York shortly to begin work on her serial for Pathe, which George Seitz, her erstwhile serial director, will have in charge. It's a far jump from five reel features to serials, but the undaunted Pearl achieves the jump with a nonchalant flourish of pen as it scrapes on the crinkly sheet of the contract. We were told that Miss White is the most popular of stars in France. Over there, the people salute her with burning enthusiasm as The White Pearl. How do they love her in serials? Pearl's move backwards to serials may be a rather wise one after all. She's finishing up an engagement on the French stage now, and in the not distant future will be again on American terra firma through the wild escapades that feature her serials.

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### You'll Be Surprised

And you'll be surprised to know that over in France, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's popularity has in no wise diminished because of the unfortunate affair he was mixed up in not so long ago. Fatty is one of the real fluorescent lights flickering on the silver sheet. Such is the vast difference in the judgments of peoples of different countries.

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### A Popular "She-Heavy"

You've often heard of the "be-flapper" and the Scott Fitzgerald created flapper. Ye Rambler hereby creates and gives life to the "She-Heavy" in the form of Mrs. Hedda Hopper, who is acclaimed by the press agent as "De Wolf Hopper's fifth wife." The p. a. probably knows what she's doing. Anyway, what's the "diff" concerning the number of wives among friends? Mr. Hopper is one of the ideal "she-heavy" types. She's got that undulating gaiting walk that fairly shouts "dirty work afoot." She flaunts an urbaine, a suave, an irrelevant smile that blends blankness and revelation so paradoxically.

And in "Sherlock Holmes," an Albert Parker Production starring John Barrymore, Mrs. Hopper deals black hands promiscuously about. Until, in the end, the ingénous wiles of Sherlock-k himself, get her in the dilemma that all "she­ heavies" must eventually get in, in order to provide the hero and the heroine the proper opportunity to clinch in the "five­foot" closeup.

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### Oh You, Doris Kenyon

Well, we take off our rakish headgear to Doris Kenyon. She's gone and done it again. Indeed, Doris does it with such regularity that we are beginning to furiously sessions of envy. Doris never falls down. That's the whole thing.

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### Returning to New York

Returning to New York, she was engaged for a part in Dick Barthes's new picture. About this time, Pathe upped and demanded her services as leading lady opposite Charles Hutchinson in his new serial, entitled "Speed." Not so Doris. She was as cool as the proverbial cucumber. Her entrance created a stir of thunderous applause. Her exits did the same. Even staid New Yorkers know how to appreciate good work. The critics, the next day, admitted Doris "was there." Well, you see how it is, Friend Reader. Doris is a terribly young girl, but we never caught her "falling down," and we've camped on her trail tirelessly. Keep your eagle eye cocked on Doris.

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### Constance Binney Here

Constance Binney is in town. Maybe to stay. Her contract with RealArt has expired and from every indication the new contract will be a gross violation of the hitherto unquestioned exclusive.

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### To Go or Not to Go

**DUTCH** and his company were scheduled to leave for the sunny Southland to shoot six scenes. Lucy was "very much" among those present. In the meantime, Dick's new picture had not been begun. To go South or not to go, that was Lucy's tragic predicament. The long and short of it is, that energetic little person has gone South and Dick's picture is still held in abeyance, waiting Director King's return to health—a long road following "Kid Pneumonia's" dastardly K. O.

Now Lucy has only one thing to worry about. How will she be able to get back to New York in time to finish her work with Dick and still continue her serial work?

Gad, she's in a dilemma we don't envy. But Ye Rambler wagers a package of chewing gum against a bean shooter that Lucy will come out ace high.

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### Alice Calhoun Recovers From "Flu"

All the way from California comes a cheery word from Alice Calhoun. Alice's words are always cheery, bless her. She tells us that she has just recovered from a severe attack of influenza and is continuing work on her new picture, "Kicked Out." "Really," asks Alice, "is the title, is it not?" asks Alice. We agree. But we hasten to add she has supplied her own climax: "You can knock me out, but I'm jittered if I'll stay down." Alice tells us that she has no idea when she'll return to New York. Anyway, making pictures on the Coast is "soothing pumpkins," she contends. They're gorgeous mountains and nature all green and lovely to roam through. Not so worse.

Two of Calhoun's latest films are from Floyd Dall's "The Briary Bush." According to the chief character in this story, California depresses him. It seems so immoral for Nature to be green in the winter time. (Wonder if Californians ever feel this way?)
MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

BEBE DANIELS

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser
that he stretches a nickel till the buffalo on it looks like a giraffe!

Well, folks, I had another job today, during the course of which I acquired a slight knowledge of Roman history, a sizable amount of physical agony and a sudden reputation as an emotional actress. The scene of action was in Mrs. Lasky's little cinema factory down on Vine Street, and the name of the play was "Beyond the Rocks." It was a sort of an all-star affair, the piece being written by Mrs. E. Glyn, and the cast including me, Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino.

You may remember E. Glyn. One of the many prominent members of the Caesar family invented the calendar some two thousand years ago, and then Mrs. Glyn came along and made a novelized improvement of it which she called "Three Weeks." Then she was also more or less directly responsible for that play of the hour, "The Great Moment," in which Gloria Swanson co-starred so brilliantly with a rattle-snake. And as for E. Valentino, he was the dark-completed hombre who recently achieved fame, not to say notoriety, by appearing as the masculine element in "The Sheik."

Well, anyway, the scene was supposed to be in a ballroom, and a flock of about sixty of us was endeavoring to portray the principal elements in a masque ball. In the matter of costumes we were granted a freedom bounded only by our imaginations and, consequently, we represented every nationality known to man, and some that haven't even been discovered yet. Honestly, now, in comparison with our little gathering, the Mardi Gras on its wildest night would of looked like a village in England during the reign of Oliver Cromwell.

The costumes ranged everywhere from Cleopatra to Pierrot. The first of these consists of a string of beads, a natty community against pneumonia and a vampish facial expression, and the latter is a clown suit, the two sides of which is entirely different, giving a sort of a "before-and-after-taking" effect, if you know what I mean.

And for me, I wore a Japanese costume, which consisted of a kimona, a set of slanting eyebrows and a domino. This kind of domino, maw, isn't that indoor game popular among children in America and not shed tears is either superhuman or a candidate for the cemetery!

"I had no sooner hit the chair than I began to regret it."

That hick partner of mine, getting overheated again, had very intelligently parked his spiked helmet on the chair beside him, and I had inadvertently sat on it. And, believe me, anybody who can sit on the business end of a Roman helmet for three minutes and not shed tears is either superhuman or a candidate for the cemetery!

"Well, well, well, maw, in comparison with our little gathering, the Mardi Gras on its wildest night would of looked like a village in England during the reign of Oliver Cromwell."

Well, anyway, I drew for my partner a rather simple looking hombre who was attired as a Roman gladiator, but the mask was not to be thought of as "on the stage", for he was a buck private and in the middle of some acting together to any great extent. Because a gladiator, it seems, has to have been a sort of Roman equivalent for a buck private and, being an individual who earned his living by fighting various assorted Gauls, Romes and other carnivorous animals, he was dressed for the occasion in a full outfit of "Pittsburg Tweeds." Which is to say that he was reinforced, at every angle with sheets of pig-iron, and bristled with spikes like a chestnut's winter overcoat. The result was that my little gladiator, with his soled tunic, spiked helmet, et al., looked like a cross between a unicorn and a fish, and made about as congenial a dancing partner as an adult porcupine.

But we got along fairly well during the morning, except that the director had to bawl my partner out about every five minutes because of a charming habit he had of doffing his iron helmet to mop his heated brow, wherein the middle of otherwise dramatic scenes. Then come the first shot of the afternoon, and with it my sudden recognition as an emotional actress, via the physical agony route. The plot went something like this:

We were supposed to stop dancing all of a sudden, and sit down in nearby chairs, gazing soulfully at a pathetic little episode which was slated to occur at the other end of the ballroom about then. Which, along with the rest of the gang, I did—all I didn't see anything whatever of the aforesaid pathetic little episode, I found myself much embossed in Pathos much nearer home, Pathos which developed in exact conjunction with the time of my sitting down. In fact, I had no sooner hit the chair than I regretted it more than I ever did anything in my life before, but it was too late to renege and get up then.

Because the camera was clicking, I was directly in the foreground of the scene, and I had far too healthy a respect for our director's temper, imagination and vocabulary to even risk a breath. But when I could control my body, I couldn't control my feelings, and I began weeping like Niobe, or whoever it was that pulled the soi act over Napoleon's tomb that time. The more I tried to keep from it, the harder I cried.

"Fine!" yelled the director. "Great stuff! By George, you're pulling tears like a veteran, Miss Potts. Keep it up!"

I did, for the excellent reason that I couldn't possibly have stopped the flow if I'd wanted to. Then the longest three minutes I've ever endured in my life came to an end when the camera stopped I was free to make a frenzied investigation. I found just what I thought I would.

"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 installments and save them, they will enable you to obtain a more complete understanding of the technique of motion picture production.

A

Atmosphere—Extras used to create background for the leading players in a scene.

B

Bit—A small role of insufficient importance for screen credit.

Booking—Dates assigned to theatre owners for the showing of a film.

Boothman—Operator of projection machine.

Break—Lack of continuity in a film.

Broadside—Used by theatre owner to express method of advertising film by means of postcards to his patrons.

Burnt-out—Scene spoiled by over-lighting.

C

Camera-wise—Applied to, an actor who knows how to stand before the camera in such a way as to be prominent in the scene.

Camera-hog—An actor who "hogs" the light.

Continuity—Scenario. This word is almost always used in screen circles in preference to the popular word, "scenario."

Crank-turner—A cameraman without particular skill or artistry.

Character man—An actor who plays away from himself, portraying bizarre roles, unlike his own personality.

Camera louse—An extra who tries to stay in front of the camera all the time.

Cooper-Hewitt—Lights.

Closeup—Used when the camera, at close range, is centered on an object or person.

Cut-outs—Scenes not used in the completed film.

Casting director—Studio official who selects actors for parts.

Continuity clerk—Assistant to director who records scenes taken, players used in them, progress of filming, etc.

Co-star—Player who is equally featured with another in the same picture.

Cut-ins—Inserts from travelogues and news reels used to suggest foreign atmosphere.

(Continued next week)
WAITER, bring me the cup that cheers but not inebriates! What? Well, let him find out what it means. I believe in uplifting the masses whenever it can be done, and quotations have a great deal of cultural value, as our teacher used to say at finishing school when she gave us a page of quotations to memorize because she was too lazy to think up something original."

Irma, the Ingenue, turned around just enough so that everybody else in the tea garden could get a look at her smiling hat, and I asked her what was the latest in the film colony.

"Well, of course there's the Taylor case, but as nobody knows anything about it, what's the use of talking about it? Let's talk about something pleasant, as the mouse said to the cat when the cat told him she was going to eat him up.

"Now-a-days it's getting to be all the style to marry a person and then not live with them. (Of course 'them' isn't right, but who in heaven's name is going to rattle along with a 'him' or her?) It's getting to be just nothing at all to marry a person and then say good-bye and trot off home and leave him or her to go home or take a room downtown or sleep in the park. And they seem very good friends at that. Is there anything more remote?"

"That's how it is with Marcia Manon and her husband, J. L. Frothingham, the producer, you know. He lives at the Beverly Hill Hotel, you know, and she stays up in Laurel Canyon. She isn't very well, and she says it agrees with her better up there than anywhere else. He says that Laurel Canyon is too far for him to go at night, because he's often kept late at the studio. He spends the week-ends with her at her Laurel Canyon home, and both say there's going to be no divorce. He has bought a ranch for her, and she says she's going to spend the summer there. I think he's very deeply devoted to her."

"Romance is so pale, these days. Nobody is admitting being engaged to wed. They seem to feel that it isn't proper to even be in love any more, since all this scandal has been stirred up in the film colony. Most of the girls are behaving like elocution nuns, these days. They won't even go out with the same young man more than once a week; and for letting a man kiss you! Oh, my dear, it simply isn't done!"

"Of course they do say that Jimmie Young is engaged to Virginia Faire. She played in 'With-out Benefit of Clergy,' you know, which he directed, and he was awfully attentive to her for a long time, in fact until about a month ago. She says she isn't engaged to him, though, so probably there's nothing in it. Why, even Mary MacLaren hasn't been engaged in six months, and that shows how awfully slow the romance business is."

"But speaking of romance, that was rather a sweet one, wasn't it, between Clara Kimball Young's father, Edward Kimball, and Elise Whitaker, the scenario writer? Such a surprise, too! They had known each other a long time, so somehow nobody thought about their getting married. Clara's dad has been playing a part in 'The Masquerader,' with Guy Bates Post, and one day when it was raining he slipped off with Elise and got married. Then he came back and told the company. Clara is just as pleased as she can be to hear they say, because she and Elise are great friends, being about the same age. Clara says she can't think of calling Elise 'Mamma'!"

"Mme. Nazimova is going to take a nice long rest before doing anything more. She has worked so hard in 'Salome' and 'A Doll's House.' And it was so cold while she was making 'Salome,' and you know how a person has to dress for that part! Why, Salome's heavy winter clothing, you recollect, consisted of seven veils! Nazimova is going back to New York to show 'Salome,' and then she's going down to her New York Stain farm to vegetate. She's going to Europe next year, she says—wants to see the battlefields and stories and everything."

"Anita Stewart is another young lady who is going to vacation. She and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, are going to take a little rest at her Long Island home, and then she's coming back to do a costume picture."

"Dear me! We shall soon have to depend entirely on the fashion magazines for styles, shan't we? If all the picture stars go into costume plays, but I'm sure costume plays will be very uplifting, because we'll get a chance to think about the play itself, instead of concentrating, as we do now, on the clothes."

Irma, the Ingenue, paused with a sigh, as she mentally weighed the contrasting advantages of white French pastry and pink, finally deciding against the pink because it didn't go well with her henna tailored suit. Then she went on.

"Oh, but have you heard about Harold Lloyd and his illness? Irma's questions were never really questions because she never gave you time to answer. They were more in the nature of yodelings. "You know how the Mosquini and Mildred Davis are supposed to be rather devoted to him, and he in turn likes them both tremendously. But they do say it takes a lot of diplomacy on his part always to have things smooth, though the girl are good friends. But when he got ill, both young ladies were anxious to do something for him. Both hit on the plan of sending him jellies. He couldn't eat any jelly when he had a fever, of course; but when he began to get better, he enjoyed it. But oh, one day Mildred called, and when he heard her voice, he thought it was Marie, and began eating Marie's jelly; and oh, how reproachfully Mildred gazed at him, as he blushed and nearly choked on Marie's jelly! I was with Mildred, and you should have seen his face—looked as if his fever had risen!"

"Marie Prevost is the latest girl to be reported engaged. Her rumored fiance is a man in the automobile business. But Marie is one of those sensible girls who intends to look before she leeps; besides she says she considers marriage a career in itself, and she doesn't intend to marry until she is willing to give up the screen. As she is doing very nicely, I suppose it will be a long time before she gives up her career."

"Chet Franklin drove me up to the Hollywood Heights, where he is building a house, the other day. He wouldn't tell whether he was going to be married or not, but they do say that Bebe Daniels has expressed a great interest in the plans, and I know there is to be a beautiful Spanish patio with a fountain, so that does sound suspicious. doesn't it—at least it does to one of my suspicious mind. Yes, Chet was married before. He was a lively, funny, curly girl, who used to appear in Triangle pictures. I forget her name. But she died, and he took it so hard in Mildred, and you know how a person has to dress for it was so cold while she was making 'Salome,' and you wonder how a person has to dress for that part! Why, Salome's heavy winter clothing, you recollect, consisted of seven veils! Nazimova is going back to New York to show 'Salome,' and then she's going down to her New York Stain farm to vegetate. She's going to Europe next year, she says—wants to see the battlefields and stories and everything."

"Anita Stewart is another young lady who is going to vacation. She and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, are going to take a little rest at her Long Island home, and then she's coming back to do a costume picture."

"Dear me! We shall soon have to depend entirely on the fashion magazines for styles, shan't we? If all the picture stars go into costume plays, but I'm sure costume plays will be very uplifting, because we'll get a chance to think about the play itself, instead of concentrating, as we do now, on the clothes."

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Questions Answered By The Colonel

I have joined the staff of “Movie Weekly” just to answer questions. Wouldn’t you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color her eyes are, or what may be his hobbies? All right, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.


Every day I get requests for pictures of various stars, or sometimes the requests come to the editor. And of course the only thing we can do is answer these requests with the statement that pictures should be obtained from the stars themselves. Just imagine how much work there is in getting out a whole magazine every week, and then maybe you will do the same thing that we don’t have time to send out pictures. That is a business in itself, and we’d have to have a whole additional staff to make it work. And anyway, Sister Stella, think how much more thrilling it is to write to stars in response to your requests than to write to an old duffer like me.

TESSIE—So you think Thomas Meighan’s “all over” Wailie Reid. Well, there’s one thing about them—the ladies like them both. Tom is married to Grace Ring. He was born in Pittsburgh in 1883. He is six feet six, weighs 170 and is a brunette. He began his stage career with Grace George and joined the movies some years later. He became famous in “The Miracle Man.”

MISS RACHEL SOMEBODY—If you have been watching “Movie Weekly” for a year now you probably learned all about Rodolph, now. He is very dark and weighty, 154 lbs. He lives at 2139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, but I can’t guarantee that the list of his addresses is correct. He gets hundreds, you know. But he will probably send you his “pitcher.” I hope so, anyway.

FLORENCE ALLARD—You’re an old friend of mine, aren’t you? Mabel Normand is not married now. No, Al St. John is no relation to Fatty Arbuckle. Jack Mulhall, Jr. is the son of Mrs. Jack Mulhall, the second, who, before her marriage, was Laura Bunton. I suppose you saw the results of the Head and Shoulder Contest in the issue of February 4th?

MOLY H.—Where am I going to put the answers to all your questions? It will probably take me a year to tell you your full name and address, I will write you the chattiest letter that I can and fill it full of information.

ANITA STEWART—Yes, Anita Stewart’s youngster is very cherubic. But why, when you enclosed his picture, did you tell me that Anita and I have a lot of explaining to do? Surely you don’t hold me responsible?

HELEN BROWNE—Your favorite, Alice Calhoun, has been working on “Blue Bells,” which should be released about this time.

FRANCES M.—When you say “the worst vamp in the movies,” do you mean publicly or privately? You see, Frances is twenty-nine and Gloria two years younger. Bebe is twenty-one and Connie twenty-four. Connie’s husband is John Pickalograph, a Greek. No, Bebe is no relation to Jack Daniels.

TOM AND TONY—I will tell the editor that you requested pictures of Tom Mix and William S. Hart. Of course the trick is, we try to use only full pictures in the center of the page, and with all due respect to both William S. and Tom, they surely don’t think they are beautiful.

PAULINE—Your name is sweet because it’s almost like one of my favorite words—Paul and Pauline. Of course, kinds of girls are a different story. Norma Talmadge is twenty-five; she is the daughter of Joseph Schenck. George Arliss is fifty-four; yes, he is married. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine; she has no children. Raymond McKee just laughed when I asked him his age.

VIRGINIA T. C.—What puzzles me is what does the art decoration on your letter represent? I am just supposed to indicate time and labor on your part. Dorothy Gish has brown hair; the blonde wig was only worn in some of her pictures. Write her at the Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Betty Compson and Gloria both get their publicity at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine, Hollywood, and Nazimova c/o United Artists, 729 7th Ave., New York. Mary McAvoy has been living at the Hotel Ansonia, 72nd St. New York. She is twenty-one.

MARY PIGLER—So you wish “Movie Weekly” would be printed every day? You must like to see people work. Wouldn’t you like to get a personal letter with all those addresses you wanted? All right, then, Mary, where do you live?

DARIE DEVIL, MORRISSEY—So Marguerite Clark is your sweetheart? Well, that’s hard luck, be- cause she is married to H. Palmer- son Williams and she makes a mov¬ ing picture moving about the house. She hasn’t made any pictures since Scrambled Wives,” and has not de¬ cided on her intention of making any more.

IRISH—No, Miss Dupont is no relation to the powder works, not, Miss. Dupont has medium brown hair; the dark wig was only worn in some of her pictures. Write her at the Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Betty Compson and Gloria both get their publicity at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine, Hollywood, and Nazimova c/o United Artists, 729 7th Ave., New York. Mary McAvoy has been living at the Hotel Ansonia, 72nd St. New York. She is twenty-one.

Minnie G.—No, Minnie, Pickford does not wear a wig; the hair on her head is like Topay. It “just grew.”

Babe—Of course I don’t mind if you write to me every now and then, and the “nower” the better. The Galhall slives at 519 Hollywood Way, Hollywood. He is a bit of a calculator about telling his age, but he is about twenty. Mr. Roach can be reached through Vitajaph, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood.

RED—ED-I always know your handwriting (I’m beginning to be a handwriting expert). Yes, I am anxious about the kind of girl. We’re just starting to play. Helen Weer’s name is probably misspelled Weir or what may be used as Weir, or what may be used as Wher. She is well-known on the stage and plays dramatic roles. There is only one Virginia Lee. “The Sky Pilot” was a King Vidor Production; George Seitz did not play in it. Marie Miles Minter’s picture that you refer to was “All Souls’ Eve.” I have not heard of Wallace Beery’s marriage to Mona Lisa. A “gag man” is a man who is hired by the studio to make funny remarks when the players are to register laughter. Ayres is pronounced like air.

ANXIOUS—Is this information important enough to be anxious about? James Rennie played opposite his wife, Dorothy Gish, in “Fire Cloud.” Mona Lisa was the vamp in “To Please One Woman.”

MICHAEL CARROP—You’re one of the most frequent repeaters, aren’t you? Mitchell Lewis was born in Syracuse. Harold Becker won first prize in the Head and Shoulder Contesl. I suppose you saw the results in the February 4th issue.

AN ARDENT SCREEN LOVER—At least your signature is more original than “A Valentino Lover.” Contessa is the youngest Talmadge sister. Mary Miles Minter is twenty and unmarried. Yes, “The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari” was rather highbrow. The color was not blond, was it? As it was im¬ possible to be made-up, I don’t know who wrote it. Charles Raw is married to Clara Grant. Wallie is 29.

30 BELOW ZERO—But cheer up; spring is here. Ruth Clifford was born in Rhode Island, Feb. 17, 1900. She is 5 feet 2, weights 115 and is brown with blue eyes. She has never been married. The last pictures that she knew of her making were in Porto Rico at the Porto Rico Photophone Co. I understand that she is living in Los Angeles now, but do not know of any movies that she is in. Her plays include “Fire of Youth.” “The Black Gate,” “Tropical Love,” etc.

J. B.—I don’t know who would be more interested in sending you a good picture of Earle Williams than Earle himself. Suppose you write to him at the Vitajaph Studio, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood.

JUST CHICK—Thanks so much for the valentine. Did you think I had forgotten you? You, my dear, have just finished playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in “The Heart Specialist.” Eddie is fond of all kinds of athletics.

DEAR—Were you named after the old popular song or was it named after you? Tom Carrigan played opposite Constance Binney in “Room and Board.” And Herbert Rawlinson was the leading star of “The Irishman.” Clarice Kimball Young in “Charge It.”

CHERIE—And cherries are valuable just now because they’re not in season. Didn’t you read about William S. Hart’s marriage in “Movie Weekly”? Yes, Bill married Winifred Westover; he ought to be very satisfied with his wife; he certainly took long enough to make up his mind. Mary Miles Minter is twenty; she spends her life denying rumors of her engagements. That’s what we write for being so popular. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine and Doug is thirty years older. The other ages you asked for aren’t given. George Walsh’s latest picture is “With Stanley in Africa.”

DOT—My sister has a dress once owned by the Wallace Reid. Wallace Reid is twenty-nine and Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven. Bebe is twenty and married yet. Think of that! How she can hold out against such ardent persuasion as she is subjected to is too much for me! Anita Stewart’s age is a secret between herself and the family Bible.

P. I. E. G—And I sat up all night trying to decipher the code of P. I. E. G. What does it mean? Yes, I spent my Christmas holidays in great style. That wasn’t all I spent either. I have a bitter blow for you: Niles Dutch which is connected to Dell Reene, and they live at 1616 Gardiner St., Hollywood. Write him for a picture. You have a long bundle of favorites; are there any stars left to be “runners up”? (Pardon the race track parlance).

I. O. DINE—Don’t say “dine” to me now; I’m working overtime to-night to tell you what you want. I am not to be known, and you must make me want to grab my hat and run to the near¬ est restaurant. Too many addresses, I. O., to publish in this column; tell me the rest of your name and I’ll write you. Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood.
**Nob Bargain**

"I have heard of exclusiveness in all degrees," said Richard Barthesmell, "but this man I am going to tell you about was about the most exclusive person I ever heard of.

"In a small town where we were on location, a member of our company went to church on Sunday morning. The church was crowded, but up front he noticed a pew with a single occupant, an austere man, reading his prayer book devotedly. My friend walked up to the pew, and as the man made no effort to make room for him, he stepped by him and sat down."

"The old man glared at him. He paid no attention. As services commenced, he saw that the old man was ostentatiously pushing a prayer book toward him. Please at this mark of cordiality, he reached for it. On the fly leaf of which it was opened a hurried penciled comment met his eye:"

"Young man, I pay one hundred dollars a year for the exclusive use of this pew."

"Surprising a smile, the actor took out his pencil and wrote it down.

"The exclusive one adjusted his glasses and read, to his astonishment:

"'You pay too damned much!''"

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**Hunger Note**

"'Yes,' said Thomas Meighan, discussing his next picture, "the Bachelor Daddy" 'it's a good story, wonderful script, the train stuff, is wonderful."

"The producer, who applied for Dorothy Gish, 'said Dorothy Gish. 'It's a good story, wonderful script, the train stuff, is wonderful.'"

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**Barbarous Suggestion**

There is a "penalty box" at the Hal Roach studio in which every gunner must put a dollar per pun. Harold Lloyd is a frequent contributor. This remark cost him a dollar: "The Lloyd quartet was having a request program the other day when Harold came along with his request."

What'll he be?" the boys asked him, in good old barroom style.

"'You're Next,' said Harold, "from 'The Barber of Seville'!"

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**An Experienced Actress**

"'What experience have you had?' asked Director Harry Kigf of the flapper who applied for a part in Richard Barthesmell's picture, 'Sonny.'"

"'Why,' was the proud answer, "I was understudy for Dorothy Gish.""

Mr. King looked at her in amazement. This was a new one on him. He had heard of doubles in movies, but never of understudies, and he had certainly been in movies long enough to know all the studio terms anyway.

"'What do you mean by understudy?' he asked the young lady. And the truth came out.

To save the star the fatigue of standing with the camera focused on her while the set was being "set up," they use a girl of about the same height and that is what this girl had been doing.

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**A Bloodthirsty Tale**

"Send for a doctor, quick," said someone at the Universal studio excitedly, pointing to Harry Myers, after some scenery had fallen. Harry looked like the end of a price fight or something, bleeding copiously, it seemed.

"'But I'm not hurt,' he protested to the four doctors who arrived post-haste. And of course no one would believe him—not at least, until it was discovered that the red fluid was only water that had spilled on his highly colored trunks.

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**A Light Story**

Mr. Kleig is one of the leading lights around the Paramount studio.

Making Mountains of Mole-Hills

"Sunshine Sammy" idolizes "Snub" Pollard, but when he can get a laugh at Snub's expense, he is very gleeful. The other day, the 'gang' around the studio were discussing what they would do if they had a lot of money. Sammy was trying to be left out of anything; he edged into the crowd.

"Well, Sammy, 'asked one of the boys, 'what would you do if you had a million or so?'

The youngster glanced at "Snub." "'I know,' he answered. "'I'd buy Australia.'"

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**Mrs. Ayres Doesn't Like Cavemen**

If anyone wants to be mean to Agnes Ayres—though how could they—they will have to answer to her mother. For Mrs. Ayres is justly proud of her daughter and she intends to look out for her.

That is what poor Clarence Burton discovered when he met her at the close of a very rough scene in "The Ordeal." Mrs. Ayres refused to have anything to do with him. And Clarence just couldn't convince her that it wasn't his fault that he was supposed to play the villain in the picture and mangle Agnes. Really, he's as harmless as movie villains usually are in real life—has a wife, and ducks, and a dog, and everything.

"I don't think you ought to see much of that Mr. Burton," Mrs. Ayres solemnly advised her daughter, "I think he's the most brutal man I ever saw."

And now poor Clarence is worried as to how he can live down his reputation.

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**A Private Earthquake**

Director George Melford came home from a busy day aboard a sailing ship directing scenes for "Morman of the Lady Letty."

"Hello," he said as the telephone bell jangled.

Oh, Uncle George," came the agitated voice of Dorothy Dalton, "did you feel an earthquake?"

"No," answered the director, "don't get excited; there was no earthquake."

"Yes, but I felt one—the whole hotel just shook. Oh, there it goes again. Don't you feel it?"

"You've been out on a rolling ship all day and you haven't got your land legs yet."

Oh pshaw," was the only reply that Melford heard as the receiver was jammed back on the hook.

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**Can You Bear This?**

Gloria Hope might have been a lawyer if she hadn't gone into the movies. She has such a logical mind. One of her arguments is that the bill recently introduced to bar sleeveless gowns is unconstitutional.

"The constitution says," explained Gloria demurely, "that the right to bear arms shall not be infringed."

A. M. T.
HINTS TO SCENARIO WRITERS

BY FREDERICK PALMER

SCENARIO NOTE: Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions concerning their theories or practice in screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelopes.

CONCERNING THE SYNOPSIS

TIME was when directors—most of whom were seeking "ideas" only—requested that pictures be submitted in the briefest form possible. "Give the gist of your story in five hundred words," they informed aspiring photoplaywrights. "A bare plot outline is all we desire. Our continuity men, under our guidance, will do the rest."

But those days are long since past. Studios—excluding in rare instances—no longer allow directors to build up their own stories. Instead, the scenario department prepares the script so carefully, mapping every "shot," that the director has small scope compared to the former period when he was monarch supreme. He must now attend to the task of seeing that stars and others in the cast successfully enact the story that is handed to him, and leave scenario writing to those who make it a distinct profession.

Which brings us to the question: How long should a synopsis be?

Well, a synopsis should be long enough to insure that the story "gets across," to use a motion picture phrase. If you are clever enough to tell a five-reel story in 2,000 words, do not "pad" it instead. This star for whom you intend to buy the story may have eyes as dark as a Spanish siren's, and your description will tend only to prejudice him against your heroine, or at least to make the story seem less fit for the lead he has in mind. That abandoned farmhouse where you describe the scene that is conspicuous by its absence from the particular "lot" in which you expect your story to be filmed, and the comparison of your story to another they are finding, or building one exactly like it. But, if you have not been too particular—too detailed—in your description of this location, the studio men may decide that some other farmhouse, already on their "location list," will fill the bill, the foregoing are but two illustrations of many instances in which writers are apt to "over-play their hands" in writing synopses; and, undoubtedly, the extreme length of many such photoplays is due to this over-anxiety to inject minute descriptions into a story.

However, if your plot contains enough "meat," enough real action and dramatic suspense, the synopsis, thereof, will be long enough, even when all extraneous matter has been excluded. Cecil de Mille, the famous Lasky director, recently stated that no story worth his while took in less than 5,000 words. Immediately thereafter, I presume the Lasky scenario department was flooded with scripts of 5,000 words or more. But what Mr. de Mille undoubtedly had in mind was that unless a story contained so much dramatic action that it could not be condensed, artistically, to less than 5,000 words, it would not be filmable. He certainly did not mean to discourage scenarists to "pad" their otherwise slim plots with a mass of non-plotter incidents or bits of description.

Speaking from experience, I believe that most film stories may be told in fullest detail within 10,000 words, and that the ideal length is about the 5,000 words mentioned by Mr. de Mille. I have seen a number of synopses that dragged along almost to thirty thousand words, but I cannot state that I obtained much inspiration from reading them, and do not believe that the average scenario editor would have done so, either.

Follow the fashion—see any style journal for prominent "short but hot" but not so short as to be impractical. In photoplay writing, as in women's styles or anything else, there is always the happy medium.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Does censorship rule out the situation of "abduction"?—M. H.

(A.) Even though it is given a very subtle treatment, this situation is apt to be frowned upon by the censors. However, William S. Hart, a child is kidnapped, the motive for this kidnapping being strong and thoroughly justified. The child never returns, and Hart brings the boy back to justice. This situation is apt to be strongly opposed; however, yet, this picture was struck out by local censorship boards in several states, owing to the fact that the censors did not believe the motive was strong enough. The general consensus is that any situation having to do with kidnapping is apt to be strongly opposed by the directors.

(Q.) Is it necessary to have "physical" conflict in the photoplay?—D. L.

(A.) No, indeed. Almost all producers are beginning to realize that they prefer a story not so "physical." The whole tendency in the cinematic world seems to be away from melodrama. The whole tendency in the cinematic world seems to be away from melodrama—appeal to the emotions, instead of to the nerves. When a story is told, in the manner that requires too great "physical" conflict, it will do the rest.

(Q.) Do not acts "put across" a story more than the author?—K. A.

(A.) No. The story is the backbone of the entire enterprise. In spite of a most excellent production, if the story is not one that will appeal to the people, it will never sell. A good story, poorly screened, is, nine times out of ten, only successful because it has been given the most elaborate and satisfactory production.

(Q.) Why is it that incidents from real life are sometimes condemned by the critics as unconvincing?—R. B.

(A.) Because an incident or a situation actually occurred, is no reason to suppose it will make good story material. Everyone has heard of the writer who developed a story from a newspaper sensation would really take place. In other words, you must make the course of action in your story plausible. Art is quite different from reality. It may be based upon reality, but the writer must also bring imagination into play, must shape and mould reality until it becomes dramatic and interesting enough to hold the attention of the spectator. If the spectator wanted reality merely, he would not bother to go to the theatre. Art is what he wants.

(Q.) Is it necessary for the photodramatist to designate the number of scenes, in writing the detailed synopsis, for the guidance of the continuity writer?—B. R.

(A.) Matters of this kind are decided by the director, and by the producer, and it is not necessary for the writer of the story to take them into serious consideration. If you will be sure you have enough details in your story to develop the incidents and situations that your plot contains, nothing further will be required of you along this line.

(Q.) Why do producers object to stories dealing with the motion picture itself?—E. A. W.

(A.) There is a sort of an unwritten law among producers to the effect that stories dealing with any subject except those those dealing with motion picture itself are to be disregarded as picture material. We believe this is due to the fact that "the world of business" in a picture would detract too greatly from the story. The audience would be so impressed, with the novelty of seeing a picture made that the story would hold little or no attraction for them. Audiences usually "live" the stories of the screen, and it would be unfair to both them and the producer to remind them, during the production, that it is "only a movie." If your story is such a one, you will have no difficulty, however, in finding a producer who is willing to "pad" it into 3,000 words. But if you sincerely desire to make a good photodrama, you will not do so. You will, instead, sit down and write a five-reel story in 2,000 words. If you sincerely desire to make a photodrama, you will not do so. You will, instead, sit down and write a five-reel story in 2,000 words, and then let the director make the necessary additions.

(Q.) Do producers pay more for stories when they are accompanied by the continuity?—M. L. P.

(A.) Staff continuity writers are paid rather tremendous fees for their work according to the studio's individual method, and for that reason the producer would pay no more for a story accompanied by a continuity than he would for simply a story. In the case of independent companies, it is very often possible for a free lance continuity writer, whose success has been established, to write continuity for the original, and, if, in case of a case of that kind, the writer is in almost constant touch with the director and star which makes it possible to create a continuity suitable to everyone concerned.

(Q.) Suppose I read a book which I thought would make a good photoplay, could I write it up in scenario form and then obtain the rights from the author to sell my scenario?—A. H.

(A.) In attempting to adapt a published book, we would look on certain points of viewpoint that, otherwise, you may find that your work has been in vain. Producers do not buy scenario adaptations from books. If you have a photoplay for screen purposes, you write direct to the publisher in an effort to buy the scenario rights to the entire book. When that is secured, it is handled very much in the same manner in which an original story is handled. It is necessary to have a photodrama in which the continuities in the particular style desired by that certain company.

(Q.) Can you tell me if any of the studios would be interested in a "flood" story? If so, which one?—C. B. M.

(A.) We do not know of any studio at present that might be interested in a story dealing with a flood. Such a story would be difficult to make, inasmuch as it is not an easy matter to stage a flood disaster, because it will have to be done by means of actual production. Frequenty an otherwise acceptable story is rejected because of the expense of making it written in a manner that requires too great expense in production.

(Q.) How can one prevent himself from using hackneyed ideas and plots?—M. T.

(A.) He can prevent it entirely, but he can guard against it for_-_nearly as well. There are several means of doing it, and by studying the synopses of current plays published in the trade journals.

(Q.) I am told to make my characters more "life-like," but why don't they seem real to the people who criticize my stories?—T. H. S.

(A.) Proficiency in the art of self-criticism can be acquired only by long and arduous practice. Until you have had that practice, the only standard you have is the criticism of people around you. You have faith. To make your characters more life-like, study the people around you—their habits, their standards, their traits, their motives, and their little, apparently meaningless actions.

(Q.) It seems to me that if a writer makes his play interesting enough he doesn't need to bother about the rules of construction and development. Am I right in this?—L. L.

(A.) You are right. But the point is, that a writer cannot make the story interesting without following, consciously or unconsciously, the rules of construction and development. One wall genius does not need rules; most of us do need them.

(Q.) I have a comedy that I think is good, for the reason that I have had letters from two editors saying that they liked it. Why didn't they take it if they liked it?—E. E.

(A.) Probably because it didn't fit the policy of either studio. Each company that produces comedy has one particular kind that it favors. Some prefer "bathin' girls," some use "smuts" or "gags," while others use the "situation" or "police" class.
SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of Yale College, entered the chemistry department at Philadelphia and made such progress in the knowledge of chemistry that he brought several banks to funds a building for his hospital. This was the beginning of the story, and makes arrangements with him to be admitted to the bank to put his plan into practice. He enters the bank and ties up the watchman. Blackey makes the rounds of the bank and punishes his mistakes. It is Mr. Barker, who is dressed for the bank. Blackey tells him that he has captured the burglars, and will come headquarters in the morning he may see them. Then he receives the money and goes to the police to say when he hears voices outside the door.

Third Instalment

Blackey had hardly uttered the words: "It looks bad," when the two uniformed policemen pushed the door open and stepped inside the bank. A death-like silence prevailed as the two cops stood there in the dark. Every tick of the clock seemed to sound the minutes as he heaved of a sledge hammer upon an anvil to Blackey and Jimmy, as they clucked down behind the door but a few feet away from the unsuspecting officers.

Suddenly Blackey shouted, "Hands up, quick! Don't make a move or we'll kill you right where you stand!"

"Keep your faces to the wall," he snapped.

"If you turn your head an inch you'd die!"

The cops made no reply, neither did they make any effort to turn their heads and they immediately raised their hands.

"Get your common sense and go along with me," commanded Jimmy.

Jimmy lifted up the tail of their overcoats and pulled the guns out of their pockets, handing them to Blackey.

"Tie 'em," he grunted when Jimmy had handed him the guns.

The first cop submitted to the binding and gagging operation without a struggle and the second one, who had not expected reception had swept him off his feet and he obeyed Blackey's commands sort of automatically, and once on Jimmy's orders he dragged him back into the room where the bank watchman was reposing on the floor. The second officer never moved and nothing, just stood there as a statue until Jimmy returned and began to tie his ankles together. Like a flash he turned as quick as a flash and knocked him over the floor and then dashed for Blackey. He paid no attention to Blackey's orders to halt, he just continued to come on to Blackey like an animal of some kind. Jimmy backed away from him remarking as he did so:

"Another step and I'll blow your brains out. Stop! back, or I'll blow your brains out."

With a spring he was on Blackey, swinging his "billy" at his head with one hand and trying to grab Blackey's gun with the other. They both went to the floor, fighting, rolling over and over in a death-like embrace. Once or twice the big, burly cop could not control himself and knocked Blackey on the head with his "billy." This enraged him so he tossed his gun to one side and determined to end the farce right then and there. With his screwdriver in his hand, which was pointed at three blocks, he whipped out the fighting cop's hand, picked him up clean from the floor and hit him an uppercut and then stood there while they both are on the floor. Blackey raised his gun to bang him over the head, but Blackey, quick as a flash, stopped him.

"Never mind that slugging, Jimmy, tie him up quick, while he is out."

When the battalion patrolman came to he was securely bound and gagged. They carried him back to the room with the other cop and the watchman.

"That fellow is a regular Hackenschmidt," laughed Blackey.

"He nearly put that big hooch of his through me stomach," said Jimmy. "Why didn't y' shoot him?"

"Because I knew that I could handle him," replied Blackey as his mind for the moment came back to the matter of the moment. This was the beginning of the story, and made arrangements with him to be admitted to the bank to put his plan into practice. He enters the bank and ties up the watchman. Blackey makes the rounds of the bank and punishes his mistakes. It is Mr. Barker, who is dressed for the bank. Blackey tells him that he has captured the burglars, and will come headquarters in the morning he may see them.

They both New York and have to end "Right you are, Jimmy."

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In the hospital! exclaimed Mr. Barker excitedly, waving his hands. He was really rather excited to see the money and those books. By the way, they are the farce right then and there. With his screwdriver in his hand, which was pointed at three blocks, he whipped out the fighting cop's hand, picked him up clean from the floor and hit him an uppercut and then stood there while they both are on the floor. Blackey raised his gun to bang him over the head, but Blackey, quick as a flash, stopped him.

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They both New York and have to end "Right you are, Jimmy."
Jimmy received the papers when the boy brought them to the apartment and immediately began to develop them for the police. Across the front page of the Evening Mail he read:

"The American Bankers Association has called in the detective police at the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia, getting away with approximately $350,000 in cash and negotiable securities. The suppression of the Central African State and the Durban Bank, along with the London and Safe to smithereens. One of the cleverest pieces of police work was evident in the master criminal mind. Jimmy's face lit up with a smile as he read this last statement. This was the man he had been looking for!

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Doris, snatched from the yellow car to the motorcycle, seeing the trees, the telephone poles and fences melt together in a swift blur, was not the least frightened. When a girl earns her daily bread by being snatched from one boy to another, that is growing predicion into another, she isn't easily scared or upset. The reason for her Cave Man's precipitate action had not only to do with the sweep of her error, the fair face of the man in him was still strong. She threw a sidewise glance at him, but his form and features were only a part of the zig-zag lines that made up the kaleidoscopic scenery. 

"The speed-cops will get you if you don't watch out!" she shrilled at him presently.

"If I land you in jail, you'll be safe from kidnappers, anyhow," he roared back.

"My goodness!" chuckled Doris to her suddenly excited companion, "but it was real fun! I thought I was really being kidnapped! He doesn't know I'm an actress. He thinks I'm somebody's pampered darling being carried off for ransom! He thinks poor old Jimjimpsey was the villain, you know. He thinks he's a bold hero who has saved me!"

Instantly her mind was made up. He had been a hero—phantom, but heroic. She felt an exulting sense of her own quick, resourceful, superbly daring. Well, he shouldn't be made to feel ridiculous. She would not entertain the idea of a cowardly victory, seeing the long road before him. Her eyes came to a resounding laugh. For a moment his eyes scanned everything in sight.

When they lingered an instant on the clump of rhododendrons her heart began to thump as if it would burst! The pressure on her fingers tightened reassuringly.

"He can't help seeing my light frock," she thought as she let her eye wander on. The rose color of it would be only a part of the masses of pink and white bloom, from Jimjimpsey's viewpoint.

How clever the man beside her was to have seen that and hidden her there instead of in the clump of yellow gorse a few yards away! Instantly she was sure. And even for an instant that she herself was responsible.

"I'll take you there, of course," he insisted. "I don't think I could while we are going so fast, anyhow." "He can't help seeing my light frock," she thought as she let her eye wander on. The rose color of it would be only a part of the masses of pink and white bloom, from Jimjimpsey's viewpoint.

"Now we know where we are at," she said. "I won't say what the brute thought he could do if he found you."

"It's good no one else knows." "Well, anybody'd have to go some to get you away from me, now."

"Yes, the man released her car or the yellow car."

"If you let me go where the company are "Engineering is a manly profession," she said. "I think I ought to sob on his shoulder. Well, he'd think I was twenty-six, but the Red Cross didn't believe me, and the Y. M. C. A. just jeered at me."

"Don't shut your eyes," she said. Impulsively her hand went out to lie for an instant on his sleeve. "Look at me. I'm not a horror exactly. Think what you've got for me, and I haven't even tried to thank you."

"Don't! It wouldn't be right, really, when I'm thanking Fate, over and over, in my heart, for giving me a chance to say goodbye."

"Don't shut your eyes."

Abruptly, his hand closed over hers. As they drove by the rhododendrons that topped a green bank a few feet back from the boulevard, an instant later a car came into sight, another, he flushed with the best sort, they passed without a glance at him. When the road was clear again he lifted his cycle and came with it to the shelter of rhododendrons.

"I don't think there's any chance of that scamp following us, Either," he said. "just as well to lay up for a spell and see what more they do."

"Oh, but it would have yelled their heads off! You've been a wonder in France!"

"But they wouldn't take me," she sighed. "I even took to pulling out their hair, but a lot."

"When I was twenty-six, but the Red Cross didn't believe me, and the Y. M. C. A. just jeered at me."

"Of course you looked at least forty! Oh, well, I'm glad you didn't get across."

"His eyes were moody and the deep lines had settled around his mouth, giving him twenty years. "It's good to have someone left in the world who can shut their eyes without seeing horrors!"

"Don't shut your eyes," she said. Impulsively her hand went out to lie for an instant on his sleeve. "Look at me. I'm not a horror exactly. Think what you've got for me, and I haven't even tried to thank you."

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Abruptly, his hand closed over hers. As they moved along the clump of rhododendrons that topped a green bank a few feet back from the boulevard, he flushed as he realized his mistake. "Jimjimpsey humped himself over the wheel and the yellow car darted ahead again. Promptly, yet with an impression of reluctance, the man released her fingers.

"Now we know where we are at," she said. "I won't say what the brute thought he could do if he found you."

"Well, anybody'd have to go some to get you away from me, now."

"It's good no one else knows." "Well, anybody'd have to go some to get you away from me, now."

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DORIS, finding herself on the softly cushioned gallery of the motor car, as he said, "I hope you're all right. The important thing is: except for the firm pressure of a man's strong hands on your shoulders."

What was the use of struggling? It was undignified and could get her nowhere. Truly, a long experience in business and many a scrap with her own kind of the world had taught her that all her eyes that she turned on her captor were blazing with indignation rather than fear. The man was well dressed, and he had a strong, authoritative manner, but that had civility, was just speaking to Doris. She turned, rather snarled at him, and then, in the sudden, un­predictable part of his plan to let her out of his care until she was safe, but he would keep so far behind she could not know.

There was a high iron fence encircling this corner lot back of the black bead. Jerry, bending the corner on the side street, saw a blue limousine standing a few rods down, beside the curb. A man in a uniformed chauffeur, who, but that civility, was just speaking to Doris. She turned, rather snarled at him, and then, in the sudden, unpredictable part of his plan to let her out of his care until she was safe, but he would keep so far behind she could not know.

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THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE
"The Business of Life"

(Continued from page 10)

Page Twenty-seven

after nineteen hundred years of Christianity!"

"No, because you live in a clean and wholesome clime."

"Why don’t you, too? You can live where you please, can’t you?"

He laughed and waved his hand toward the horizon. There had always been. You needn’t pretend you don’t. All Westchester has a good deal of it."

"What? Of the mountains?"

"Yes, and of the sea, and of the trees, and of the animals, and of the people, and of all the moral forces. There is no necessary necessity of tolerating anybody of my name in the other ...

She smiled: “Jim, you could be so nice if you only would."

"What! With no beliefs?"

"They’re so easily acquired."

"Not among the people you affect."

"Perhaps a part among the people you affect. But some blood is a bit small. It’s a bit small and noisy section of a vast and quiet and whole."

"Very small."

"And as they are used to see men and animals and things, and as they are used to see things and animals and men, and as they are used to see all the moral forces, there is no necessary need of tolerating anybody of my name in the other ...

But, Daisy, it’s as much a part of me as my legs and arms and hands and eyes and ears and nose and teeth are a part of me.

"That’s right," he said. "I am idle and irresponsible."

"In the name of the gods!"

"Yes, and of the sea, and of the trees, and of the animals, and of the people, and of all the moral forces. There is no necessary necessity of tolerating anybody of my name in the other ...

"You can’t drift safely very long without ballast," said the girl, smiling.

She did not answer that she had been watching him for some time; rather, that she had become accustomed to his voice, her name linked with the gossip of fashionably well-dressed people. For her, he had been, as he had been, had at least three generations of Desboros full of grace—his great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father. The fourth generation, which was his, had left the city that was still, or so it seemed, had made a wall of blankets, with bright material and sharp moral qualities of a race that had almost overcome the original fault of their斯图尔特。只西西斯域区

You can’t do anything!"

"I’m not in the habit of leaving a sinking ship," said he.

"Don’t you want to go?"

"Why do you come here—after reading that?"

"I came to take you home. The car is here," he said.

"But that plan was one of my life!"

"Yes. I’m going South, duck-shooting. See that?"

"You were a little too late, Miss Mayer."

"I’m afraid that you have no beliefs, Jim."

"How can I have any when the world is so rotten"
The note was directed to your father. I did not know about this. I did not know about the antique business, and who writes monographs on Hur- 

doniana? Mr. Desboro, I believe, and there are jewel. in old-time 

in antiques," he said quizzically. "But it's there as he knew that she didn't mean she was about to sell them, but imperti.

"You appear to be very young to succeed such a dis- 

gnified authority as your father, Miss Nevers. His 

hagiographer did not seem to disturb her, nor did she 

mention her name in any of his stories. She was busy with ledgers and files of old 

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"He isn't fat, either. You're the limit, Cynthia!"

"I know the same, said Cynthia. But, unfortunately, in her case, the limit was fourteen pounds, and she knew it."

"I know when the limit is."

"Well, good for you, dear. You're the limit."

"Thank you."

"You've done it."

"Yes."

"I'm afraid you've done it."

"Yes."

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Be a “Movie” Yourself

“Doug” as a Physical Culturist. He is a member of the National Physical Culture Week Committee

It's all right to go to the movies but it's still better to be a “movie.”

If you're in a mental or a physical rut, move out of it and make your soul and body the dwelling place of health.

There is no excuse for sloth, sickness or self indulgence on the part of an individual or of a nation.

Character follows self control, and the man or woman who practices real physical culture will find the way to a freer, fuller life.

Be a “Movie!”

National Physical Culture Week

May 1st to 8th

will be observed all over the United States.

But don't wait until then to be a “movie.” Get a move on now—read Physical Culture Magazine—and find out what it means to get up in the morning full of fight, and to go to bed at night fit for a good night's sleep.

You may be able to help promote National Physical Culture Week in your own locality.

If you are interested, tell us what you think you can do.

Write for the Physical Culture Program—exercises—ideal menu.

NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK COMMITTEE
William Muldoon, Chairman
119 West 40th Street, New York City.
An Intimate Story of the Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(Continued from page 7)

Doris Dalmryte!

The man looked. Doris looked. There, smiling up at her, there she was, an imperious beauty. A full-length portrait of Doris Dalmryte, filmson's favorite failure, as printed line beneath the picture.

"They've picked up the wrong girl!" declared the woman. "The blundering fools!" choked the man. "What goin' to do now, I ask you? We can't keep 'er—we can't keep 'er—we can't keep 'er!"

Flaming, suddenly bloodsoaked, her beautiful eyes looked Doris Dalmryte! It was a pitiful scene in those depths, a man and a woman cowering in terror, turning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

If you are out to be out when the postman calls, send remittance with coupon.
Why Stout People Can't Wear New Styles

Easy to lose a pound, a day or more by new fascinating secret. No exercise, self-denial or discomforts!!

Reduce to Your Ideal Figure In Two Weeks!

Make This Free Test—Results Guaranteed

"I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in 2 weeks (22 pounds lost in 14 days). If you had known me before and could see me now, you would realize what a wonderful discovery your new method is. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. Had no vigor. I feel wonderful now." Name furnished on request.

This person's experience is duplicated by that of hundreds of others who have quickly regained their normal, healthful weight, and strong, graceful and slender figures in the simplest, easiest and most delightful way known. Mrs. Georgia Guiterman, of 420 East 66th Street, New York, lost 13 pounds in the very first 8 days. Mrs. Mary Denny, of 9 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J., lost 24 pounds in record time, reduced her bust 7/8 inches, her waist 9 inches and her hips 11 inches. She also banished her pimples and secured a beautiful complexion; all through this marvelous new method. She can now run upstairs without puffing or discomfort, whereas before it made her feel faint just to walk up.

Look Years Younger When Fat Departs

A Pennsylvania woman writes, "Since I lost those 54 pounds I feel 20 years younger—and my family say I look it."

This appearance of youth is one of the most delightful results of this new method. Fat people always look older than they really are. Merely to secure a slender form would bring a more youthful appearance. But this new method also results in a clearer skin, a brighter eye, a firmer step and the most wonderful energy and vitality. Many write us that they have been positively amazed to lose lines and wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineradicable. So that when you reduce to normal weight in this new, simple, fascinating, natural way, you look even younger than most slender people of the same age. You can then dress stylishly and yet be in perfect taste. This season's designs are made for thin people. In a very short time after using this marvelous new method, you can wear the most colorful, the most fluffy, and the most extreme costumes; and look well in them.

Illustrations show what a wonderful improvement in figure is secured by reduction of thirty pounds

When you have reduced to normal weight and your fat tendencies have been overcome it will not be necessary for you to pay further attention to how your food is combined. Still you will probably want to keep these combinations up all your life, for as Mr. Clyde Tapp, of Poole, Ky., says: "The delicious menus make every meal a pleasure never experienced before."

Free Trial—Send No Money

Send no money now—just fill out and mail coupon or send letter if you prefer. We will send you in 12 interesting booklets, complete instructions and dozens of delicious menus containing the foods you like combined in a way to enable you to quickly attain a slenderness which makes you look well in the most colorful, fluffy, bouffant style. Weigh yourself when the course arrives. Follow the appealing menus in the first lesson. Weigh yourself again in a couple of days and note the delightful and astonishing result. People have been so grateful for what Christian has done for them that they have voluntarily paid him fees of $500.00 to $1,000.00. But he wants everyone to be able to own this course on "Weight Control." So in addition to a FREE TRIAL offer, he makes the following nominal price, which you will probably consider as hardly paying for printing and handling. You pay the postman only $1.00 (plus postage) when the course arrives. And it is then yours. If convenient you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary. There are no further charges. If you are dissatisfied with it you will have the privilege of returning it within 5 days and your money will then be instantly refunded. So you risk nothing. Act today! You'll soon create astonishment and envy among your friends by your renewed slenderness, increased health and youthful appearance.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC., Dept. W-204, 43 W. 16th St., New York City.

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC.

Dept. W-204, 43 W. 16th St., New York City.

You may send me, IN PLAIN WRAPPER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 booklets. I will pay the postman $1.00 (plus postage) on arrival. But if I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course within 5 days and my money will be instantly refunded.

Name

(Please print plainly)

Street

City (Price outside U. S. $1.15 Cash with Order)

State