Monroe Salisbury
CHRISTIE SPECIALS

AL CHRISTIE

Who has just begun Production of

"SO LONG LETTY"
With an ALL-STAR CAST
OUR WIVES—-as Cecil B. DeMille Would Have Them
Consider the Ostrich!

To,

The Retail Dry Goods Merchants Ass'n, and
The Merchants and Manufacturers Ass'n,
Los Angeles, Calif.

And the merchants of the earth weep and mourn
over her, for no man buyeth their merchandise any
more.

A bolshevick wail?
Far more than that—the words of the first and foremost direct actionist of the Christian Era—
John the Evangelist—the disciple whom Jesus loved most and never doubted—
He realized cause and effect and with inspired vision foresaw the fall of Jerusalem—Rome—the
crumbling of the mighty nations of that day and of this—

He was hunted, hounded, banished—and in the
cruder and rougher methods of that age attempts
were made to suppress him and what he had to say—

There was no business office editorial dicta-
tion in those days, however, so his prophecy sur-
vived—

Somehow or other merchants were no more suc-
cessful in suppressing the truth then than they are
now—for John succeeded in adding the following
to his prophecy and in having it published:

The merchants of these things, who were
made rich by her, shall stand afar off for the
fear of her torment, weeping and mourning.

For some time past certain members of both
your organizations have been and still are under investigation on charges of profiteering—

INDICTMENTS IN SOME CASES ARE
BOTH POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE!

The United States District Attorney has spent
much of his time and considerable of the people's
money in probing these charges and presenting
them to the grand jury—

Federal investigators have gathered a mass of
data—prominent citizens and their highly paid
aides have been before the grand jury—

THESE FACTS CONSTITUTE NEWS MAT-
TER OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE TO
THE PEOPLE OF THIS COMMUNITY—

And you have either deliberately suppressed
them—or else you have failed in your duty to the
community in not insisting that the papers give
full publicity to what is taking place—

Before this investigation began certain of your
members so far lost their senses as to attempt to
suppress the telegraphic stories of price cutting
in the East—

A LETTER WAS WRITTEN TO THE
DAILY PAPERS DEMANDING THAT THEY
DESIST FROM PUBLISHING ACCOUNTS OF
PRICE REDUCTIONS!

And this letter might never have seen the light
of day had it not been for the fact that you were
having a controversy with the daily press over a
new advertising increase that had just been im-
posed upon you—

This controversy has now been settled and the
suppression and pollution and prostitution of our
news sources is again in your hands—

WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO ABOUT
THIS GRAND JURY INVESTIGATION?

Are you going to allow the guiltless members
of your organization to be under a cloud of public
suspicion and contempt to protect those who are
not entitled to such protection?

Man's first known attempt to suppress the
truth—when Cain killed his brother and tried to
hide it by asking "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"—
failed and almost all like attempts have failed
utterly ever since—

How long are you going to continue emulating
the ostrich?

How long do you intend to continue hiding
your heads in the sand?

These are trying times—you need your brains
—more than you do your bank accounts and your
stuffed club!

WAKE UP!
Amend your by-laws—toss your constitution
into the sea—try to learn the lesson John taught
in the collapse of empires—

Play fifty-fifty with the public that has
enriched you!

Yours,

EDWARD ROBERTS, Publisher.
STOP, THIEF!

To the Taxpayers of Los Angeles County:

There is no money with which to pay our school teachers a fair wage!

There is no money with which to give Los Angeles an adequate police force!

There is no money to properly pay the heads of our fire department upon whom is dependent our lives and our property!

Yet—

YOUR BOARD OF SUPERVISORS HAS JUST APPROPRIATED TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO EXPLOIT A PRIVATELY-OWNED AND PRIVATELY-OPERATED THEATRICAL ENTERPRISE IN HOLLYWOOD—THE SO-CALLED PILGRIMAGE PLAY.

This money—representing taxes paid by you—is to be expended for the benefit of a private enterprise—in other words, your money is to be used to finance a business institution.

This is not a free civic enterprise—the highest theater prices are asked for the seats—there is no pretense that anybody connected with it is working for the good of any so-called cause—it constitutes one of the most flagrant examples of the violation of the people's rights at the hands of their public servants that has ever yet been imposed upon the taxpayers of this community.

With the taxpayers paying half a dozen different forms of taxes—with new forms of taxation being devised every day, we have no money with which to educate our children—no money for police protection—not enough money for fire protection, and yet they toss away TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS to advertise—as they will doubtlessly claim—Los Angeles in the East.

There is still time to stop this thievery of the taxpayers' money.

The $10,000 has not yet been paid over, but is likely to be paid almost any day.

Any taxpayer has the right to bring an action commanding the Board of Supervisors to show cause why they should not be restricted from expending this money for this purpose.

This action must be brought at once.

This action WILL BE BROUGHT!

Meantime, call up your supervisor; tell him what you think of his action; demand that he take steps to revoke this appropriation—until, AT LEAST WE HAVE SUFFICIENT FUNDS TO PAY OUR SCHOOL TEACHERS AND OUR POLICEMEN AND OUR FIREMEN! THEY COME FIRST!

IT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
And so it Goes

The engineer knows how to figure out his crossing problems. He puts toot and toot together!

To the child with a brilliant stepfather, the ladder of fame becomes a step-ladder!

* * *

A grouch is a poor money-getter. You can always raise the dust with a yale of laughter!

* * *

A near-sighted person cannot even see a joke on himself.

* * *

A red nose nowadays is a memorial monument to the Good Old Days!

* * *

A person born with a silver spoon, oftens winds up by living on soup!

* * *

Hebrew—but there was no kick in it. It was just Jews.

* * *

If I had a red, red nose, And you gave me a red, red rose, I'd dream of the giver of each of them.

But there's plenty of roses, gawd-knows!

* * *

"This," said the divorce-court judge, as the two motion picture players preened themselves for the witness chair—"This looks to me like a vanity case!"

* * *

Woman wearing bad-luck jeweled pendant. Customs officer declared it: Wearing a peril!

* * *

If streetcar steps were boards, the hand would never be quicker than the eye!

* * *

I'd rather have the measles and a headache and a tumor, Than be a pessimistic guy without a sense of humor!

* * *

A man with a fat paunch has a lot to look forward to!

* * *

With Greece smothering Turkey, the fat probably will get into the fire!

* * *

Mr. Earth: The next time you get the stomach ache, will you please turn over? Inglewood, C. J. C.

* * *

Fashion note: Purses are shorter this year.

The Nerve Wreckers

O I recall the gladsome days before the trucks supplanted drays, And when the ford was but a myth, and life was not a jest; I mind me how a livery team was trained to loaf along and dream, And silence soothed the jaded nerves and folks could get a rest.

* * *

Before the cut-out came to town we used to amble up and down Without a hurry on our nerves to make 'em jump their cogs; O Gosh! Those were the happy days—behind a team of prancing bays We used to drive adown the lanes and listen to the frogs.

* * *

O I remember how the boys were not so eager for the noise That comes with honking flivver horns—a man could loaf in peace; The only mufflers then on deck were worn about the rougher neck, And sounds of revelry by night would bring the bold police.

* * *

A man could go about the land without his life held in his hand, And he could walk across the street without a map and guide; Why, then the street car didn't clang—it seems to me it only sang— And all conductors smiled at you and you enjoyed the ride.

The auto surely gnummed the game—one time the world was nice and tame, And folks were calm and friendly-like—they weren't on the grab: But take a look at them today; they screech and yelp for extra pay, And all are seekers after jazz—Hey! Bring a taxicab!

The night, good sir, is always black because it expects shortly to go into morning!

* * *

Prohibitionists strain at a gnat, but they fail to leave a swallow for a camel!

* * *

There being no life this side of Tia Juana, folks are calling the Mexican line the Life Line!

* * *

Over at Catalina they've discovered a vampire fish. They call it a theda-barracuda!

* * *

Song for a sirene: "Vamp, vamp, vamp, the boys are marching!"

* * *

A man who is always afraid is usually a-frayed!

Sugar having taken the place of alcohol, a lot of persons expect to become sugar-cured instead of pickled!

* * *

You can kill time without punching a time clock—like breaking a time lock, for instance!

* * *

"Heave-ho!" bellowed the sailor. "I didn't swaller no hoe," faintly answered the seasick passanger.

* * *

Merchant laid in a supply of garters. "Yes," he said, "I'm stocking up!"

* * *

"We fit your figure," said the ad, "A thing all folks have sought." "You can't fit mine," said Mr. Man; "The darn thing is a naught!"
You Tell 'Em—They Won't Believe Me.

Henry Muffins started to school when he was five years of age. When the teacher asked him if he knew his A-B-Cs, Henry is the child who is said to have remarked indignantly: "Hell, no; I've only been here five minutes!"

But Henry was quick to learn, and at eleven he decided that he already knew more than the teacher, so he left the school flat on its back and went to work in an undertaking establishment. Here he picked up a great deal of literary knowledge through reading the sub verse contributed by relatives of the deceased and by reading the epitaphs on the tombstones.

From the undertaking business, Henry stepped into a position as a driver of a truck. It was through his associations with the more hardened manipulators of the truck shift keys that Hen grasped his wonderful command of the King's English. And then one day—for it is indeed he—began to buy silk skirts and yellow striped hose and high grade perfumery and to begin to think a great deal about himself. So far as Henry could see, there wasn't anybody for miles around quite so all-fired smart and intelligent and generally brilliant as one Henry Muffins.

So he was now fitted to go out into the world and kick a hole in it.

Hen wanted a permanent position. He felt that he was eminently fitted to assume charge of most any large establishment, and he was not particular, he would take a position as manager of an automobile factory, a balcony school, a city managership or as head of a dividing school.

But fate has other plans for Henry Muffins.

Of late Henry had read half a dozen books. True he had to skip the words of three or more syllables, but he succeeded in getting the meat off the bones and he enjoyed the operation first rate.

Now he felt qualified to engage in some literary pursuit. In fact, he was rather hetic to get into the writing end of the publishing business somehow.

But here for the first time he was foiled in his ambitious endeavors. It was really the fault of the bookhead publishers who couldn't quite grasp Henry's accomplishments, despite the fact that Hen admitted that he was good.

And so it came to pass that in his wanderings, our Hero dropped into a motion picture studio. He went directly to the Great Producer.

"Here," said Hen, "am I!"

"Is that so?" politely answered the Great Producer. "Then what?"

"I desire to become affiliated with your firm," said Hen, having learned that line by sitting up nights and puzzling out the words.

"What can you do?" asked the Great Producer.

"Anything—all the world," replied Hen.

A "coming author" submitted a story to a motion picture producer.

He asked $500 for it.

The "reader" turned it down. It did not have "picture material," he said.

The writer sent it to a magazine; it was accepted and published.

He received $50 for it.

The motion picture producer whose "reader" had turned down the original story offered $5000 for the story and got it.

The kick: The "reader" was right!

"Have you ever acted—done carpenter work—directed—built props—camera work—painted—or ridden a broncho?"

"No—but I can do 'em all," answered Henry, brightly.

"Well, since you have had no experience, you'll have to begin at the bottom," said the Great but kind Producer. "I'll put you to work in the scenario department. You will become a reader and you must give your judgment of stories written by such writers as Irvin Cobb, Mary Roberts Rhinehart, Emerson Hough, Rupert Hughes, Pete Kynne and a few others."

"Just my dish!" exclaimed Henry. "Most of them guys are rotten, anyway."

"Your salary," went on the Great Producer, "will be $18 a week."

And to this day Henry Muffins guides the destinies of the stories of America's greatest fiction writers and has made such a hit with the Great Producer that he now receives $25 a week!

The world's greatest author had written the world's greatest book.

It was extensively advertised. Millions of dollars were spent in informing the world of the new masterpiece.

It was a tremendous success. The public liked it and read it with great avidity. Public libraries could not keep enough of the books on hand.

Then a Whirlwind Producer, first on the ground, gobbled it up for the screen. He paid a fabulous sum for the picture rights; he hired a nationally-famous adapter to transcribe the scenes for the camera.

The title of the book was: "Let Us Pray."

Envious producers and thousands of readers of the great novel remarked upon the cleverness—the up-to-dateness—of the Whirlwind Producer.

"He is taking advantage of the wonderful advertising the great book has received," they said.

The other day the Whirlwind Producer's director completed the final scenes. The story was fully as excellent on the screen as it was in book form.

Then came the advertisements of the Whirlwind Producer. They read: "See Bill Blowhard in 'Ain't it Awful, Harriet'."

The Whirlwind Producer had had that title in mind for several months, so he slapped it on the great masterpiece!

It isn't always the fault of the director.

But it's always something—isn't it?

Among the parasites—the joy-killers—the reputation smashers of the picture profession, there is the Eastern smart guy who "doctors" the film after it has been completed on the coast.

At a great number of the studios of Los Angeles, the pictures are cut and titled and made ready for exhibition—by experts. They are just as the director, the cameraman, the cutter and the title writer hope they will go through.

But there is the Eastern office to reckon with—the last word to be considered. Frequently and too often there is in the eastern office a crew of boneheads who think the last frontier is Yaphank and who have imbibed all their knowledge from the West by having read J. Fenimore Cooper and Alfred Henry Lewis.

Also their picture producing experience has been bounded by a back row in a picture theatre, a cutting room, a pair of shears and a lead pencil.

But they must earn their salaries—show the boss that they know all about pictures. So they cut and slash and rewrite and change the subtitles and then when the picture is once more ready for showing, the experts who made it wouldn't recognize it.

One actual instance of recent occurrence is of interest.

The director desired to pleasantly surprise the audience. He placed a child atop a tall building. The child was hurling clothespins at pedestrians below and enjoying himself first rate, but

Continued on Page 11
Father Gander Rhymes

Juba Juba played the tuba;
Once he took a trip to Cuba—
He blew all his cash at Cuba,
And at last he blew his stewba!

* * *
A man met a maid
And he said to she:
"How much will ya eat
If ya dine with me?"
Said she: "Two prunes
And a couple o' swallers."
"Goodbye," said he,
"It'd cost nine dollars."

* * *
I hear this song
Where'er I go:
"As soon as I sell
My scenario."

* * *
A little copper kettle
And a little copper coil
Hidden in a little cellar
Started in one day to boil.
Then a little copping copper
Smelt a little copper scent,
Came and copped the copper kettle—
Now the copper scent is spent.

* * *
Gosh Darn
Lived in a barn.
And went to wreck
On a horse's neck!

* * *
'Twas on a morning scented sweet
When I once faired me forth to eat.
A painful task, I had to bear it—
They're selling foodstuff by the carat.

* * *
Old Bi Jingo sold stale eggs,
Salted them in wooden kegs,
Got rich quick and climbed the king row—
Came a U. S. judge and—Bingo!
Put a reign check on Bi Jingo!

Rickety Rackety Roamoff
Always blew the foam off.
Now memories augment his troubles,
Because he didn't drink the bubbles!

* * *
Doozer, Dozer, Dazzer,
Look at the jazzer!
He's gotta be a reg'lar slicker
To drown his woes in mental licker!

* * *
A little bird swung on a bough
And sang a song of sweet content;
A landlord clubbed it o'er the brow
Because it wasn't paying rent.

* * *
Jiggery, Joggery, Jig,
I wish I were a pig.
I'd feel at home with my little tray,
I'd root the other pigs away.
From the trough in a cafeteria—
Jiggery, Joggery, Jig.

* * *
Geographical H. Two-O
Knew the very best place to go,
And that is why
He was never dry.

* * *
O I climbed up a slippery elm,
And what I saw! Oh Boy, you tell 'em!
A groceryman a shaking dices
To see how much he'd raise his prices.

* * *
There was an old woman on fortune bent,
Who sold devices to beat the rent;
One was a gun and one was a knife,
And one was a date with the landlord's wife.

* * *
Home brew!
Oh, what do you do?
You don't taste like
They painted you!

* * *
Old Cost Price
Was very nice;
But Hi, his son, of all bad men—
Well, Hi was something else again.

* * *
A flivver, a flivver,
A shake and a quiver;
Violent exercise,
Good for the liver.

* * *
Old Missis Price, a sloven, a slattern,
Skipped over Jupiter, Venus and Saturn;
She had no looking-glass, homely old creature,
Fled to the heights so nobody could reach 'er.

* * *
Cackery, quackery, cluck,
A chicken and a duck,
They both were stewed on Sunday morn—
Some folks have all the luck!

* * *
Wotha Deuce and Wotha Dickens
Spent their time a-chasing chickens;
Hear a joke, and like a bullet,
They would find a hen and pull it.

* * *
Red Nose, Red Nose,
Tell us where your paint grows.

* * *
There was a geek from Binkety Bod
Who'd linger around all day and moo;
And why did he stand all day and moo?
Because he had nothing else to chew!
**Fourth of July**

It's Fourth of July, little boy, little boy, With paper caps and a cannon toy— It's Fourth of July, little boy!

It's Fourth of July, big man, big man, With your hat shoved back, and your easy plan For one day free from the working, span, It's Fourth of July, big man! But Fourth of July, little boy, little boy, And Fourth of July, big man, Hasn't always depended on paper caps And the fun there is in holiday nap, This Fourth of July of ours!

For days are but symbols to men and to boys, Such days as the Fourth of July; And there's justice and truth, and the courage to die, And a freedom that aims at the blue of the sky In the soul of a Fourth of July!

The tourist lifted his eyes from the blass bottom boat over at Catalina: "Wrigley sort of place, isn't it?" he remarked.

**OUR WEAKLY VERS LIBRE**

Snapooh! Snapeter! Flannanigo sneeter! Snapooh! We note that the Los Angeles River has taken its bed—got a creek in it.

**GRATE STUFF**

Why did the coal shute? Because the stove wood poker!

Seen in a street car ad: "Purchase but one copy of the same paper each day ... ." But we've beaten that game. We get up an hour earlier than the neighbors and read theirs.

It is easier for the modern parent to keep his child in checks than in check.

Rent profiteers last winter told us that the rents would fall in the spring; now they are busy reminding us that rents will spring in the fall.

**To a Child**

When I was young I dreamed a dream, my dear, (A dream so sweet, so sweet.)

I dreamed that all the fickle world, my dear, Was at my feet, my feet.

Through wine and roses tripped a thought, my dear, (Oh, roses red as red as wine)

For there is all the heart of youth, my dear, In dreams, in dreams like mine.

But I have grown and know not dreams, my dear, (Though they be always, always sweet!)

Better that you than all the world, my dear, Be at my feet, my feet.

For roses red are only roses, dear (And rose-red wine is only wine) But you are flesh and blood and soul, my dear, And you are mine, are mine!

It isn't hard to decide whether to buy a home or an automobile. Where can you go in a house?

If you want to give the devil his due, buy him some Chinese whiskey.

At present, there are three questions To which we cannot find answers: First, Why isn't a face the same On both sides? Second, Which came first: Eyes to see objects, Or did objects, evolving, Create eyes that they might see themselves? Third, Why doesn't Mother Earth Get wise to all this high cost of things? And get rid of some of us Who don't pay a decent price For the room we take up?

Some of us put a ten dollar picture in a ten cent frame and others pay ten dollars to frame a ten cent picture.

**HOW IT STARTED**

When Dewey took Manila Bay, (The history says it's true) The Spaniards all looked mighty sick— In fact, the Spanish flu!
The Way of the Movies

By Sylvester MacDowell

New One Million-dollar Comedian

Just about a year ago a young man, by dint of hard work and everlastingly sticking at it, climbed into a roped arena and in a few moments his years of struggle and sacrifice suddenly paid big dividends, for he flattened to the floor a giant who stood alone in his class as the heavyweight champion of the world. And with that flooring there came to the young man all the emoluments, all the fame, that go with such a title.

By which we learn that to reach the top in any profession, it is the fellow who grinds ahead steadily, letting nothing rebuff him, who finally wins out.

It was not so long ago that Charlie Chaplin was hailed as the king of comedy, the “Million Dollar Comedian” and so on, and the release of a Chaplin comedy was hailed with great joy by fans all over the world.

Now look—we haven’t had a Chaplin comedy for months, and what we have had were anything but funny—and simply because Charlie has “kidded” himself into having a lot of temperament, and WON’T WORK.

On the other hand we have Harold Lloyd. He started his screen career about the same time as Chaplin, but while Charlie started off like the well known hare in the fable, Lloyd was willing to take the slower but slower pace of the equally well known tortoise.

The result speaks for itself. For Harold Lloyd has just returned to Los Angeles from New York with a contract in his pocket which calls for him to make six pictures in a year for the Associated Exhibitors for which he will receive $125,000 for each negative, BUT he had to pay his overhead and cost of production. He has so far made four of these pictures and has been nearly three years doing it, so it wouldn’t take a lot of figuring to show how many thousand short of a million Charlie will be at the finish of his contract with the First National Exhibitors’ Circuit—if he ever finishes it.

Under the terms of the contract Harold Lloyd, brought back with him, Hal Roach, will continue to direct all his productions, while Harley M. Walker will write titles and assist in the making of stories.

As Shakespeare says, “If you are an employer—whether a Comedy King or a Dry Goods Giant—you won’t get very far if you insist on your employees being afraid of you, or if you sit on your stage, or at your desk and sulk while the light fades.”

Harold Lloyd doesn’t do either—and he has just become the heavyweight champion of Comedy, “The Million Dollar Comedian.”

Winifred Westover has gone to Sweden. She will appear in several pictures while there.

Otis Skinner, accompanied by his wife and daughter is domiciled at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he will reside during the filming of Kismet for Gansnier.

Wallace Worsley has gone to New York where he is to direct Madge Kennedy in a new picture for Goldwyn.

Rowland Lee, formerly leading man with Thos. H. Ince, has been made a director and will direct Hobart Bosworth in the J. Parker Read, Jr. special productions.

Bert Cann, who has photographed all the Douglas MacLean pictures at the Ince studios, has been signed up to a long-term contract by Mr. Ince and will continue as chief cameraman for the MacLean company.

Wade Boteler, who was confined to the Good Samaritan hospital for a number of weeks owing to a broken foot, sustained while making scenes in a Fox feature, is now able to get around with the aid of a cane.

Harry Sherman, who recently kept Henry Lehrman busy defending law suits, has filed articles of incorporation at Dover, Delaware, for a $4,000,000 producing company to be known as Sherman Productions, Inc.


Your Hair Dyed Right—

Do not take a chance of ruining your hair just because someone will do it cheaply.

Electrical Scalp and Facial Treatments. Something New.

MISSION HEALTH and BEAUTY SHOPS

601 Title Guarantee Bldg.,
Around the Corner from Broadway

Phone 67251
Visiting Tia Juana is like having a rendezvous with Delilah; she fascinates, beguiles, intriguing you; she taunts, shames and despairs you—but though you may hate her when you leave her—she will call to you and you will return—unless a reformer catches you in the meantime.

Tia Juana deserves to be done in free verse or in some smashing, crushing style of poetry—and I had thought of attempting it. I thought of it while I was down there, but the farther I got away from the little town, the less "free" did the poetic tendency of thought flow.

Around noon in the morning this naughty little town is bleary-eyed and haggard. Its seasoned drunkards who have slept in some dirty corner go staggering forth for the first drink—and they are not pretty to look at. They feel all their sins creeping over them and the spark of the divine which is in all of them, urges them to begin anew—to cease being "creatures that once were men" and to become men again. They know the only way to start right is with something to cheer them up, so they go for it. With their fiery eye-opener, begins another perfect day and the little spark goes out and leaves dead ashes, while they become more and more happy and content until their brains cease to function and they fall off into troubled dreams.

Along about twelve Jack Johnson greets the place with his gold-toothed smile. Jack is probably figuring that now is the time to take the air and sunshine and to smile while the smiling is good. The United States is yawning for him—yawning being the best little thing we do over here.

Around noon, too, strange creatures of a world unknown to most of us come tottering out—paiall, weary, nerveless—but by the simple procedure of pouring a few drops of liquor down their parched throats they are changed from ghastly wrecks to swaggering relics of what once were fresh, bright, happy youths and maidens.

From two to four constant streams of motor cars pour through the hot sand of the river bottom or risk sudden calamity on the spill-way bridge which spans the dual water and connects Monte Carlo and the race track on the north side of the river with the Casino, the curio shop and the twelve or fifteen other cafes, gambling and drinking places on the south bank.

Flattering out of luxurious cars are the fashionable women of Los Angeles and San Diego—mostly Los Angeles—who tickle their jaded palates with the spice of another side of life and who jangle their erratic nervines with playing roulette or the wheel of fortune. Tia Juana for them is another form of pleasure as it is for many others who seek its excitement for a rest from their sorrows or emotions or from the exacting labors of a nerve-racking week.

Buried in the sandy bottom of an arid river-bed, Tia Juana like an isolated crimson and gold dragon with emerald eyes blinks wickedly and wisely against a background of dull green and purple hills, swimming in yellow sunshine.

Hidden away in the quiet valley of the same river, at the base of the silent old mountains which keep steadfastly watch over the changing destinies of this modern shrine, the tiniest and simplest of all, silent, devout people.

There, crude, ugly stacks of adobe flame into burning glory when scarlet garlands of chilis periodically conceal the rough architecture beneath a solid ruby-colored tapestry.

In ramshackle buck-boards with wobbling wheels, behind lean, half-redd horses with low-slung heads and high hip-bones, the gingham-shirted Mexican in white sombreros and plumed hats accompanied by his mantilla-covered wife and their dozen children staggeringly and proudly to the clear, sweet call of the Mission bells that float across the clean, bright air spaces from the quaint little town on the edge of the river.

It was for these simple, kindly, reverent people that Tia Juana with its Mission, its bull-ring, its fast beer saloon and its general store was originally intended. It is for the American that it has eventually come to mean an oasis on the border of the new world.

The only dry thing about Tia Juana is its river.

At night the various cafes, gambling hells and saloons blossoms into pandemonium and bloom beneath the swinging lights in a colorful panorama of melodrama. Men, who are made articulate by thick, stammering voices and the raucous bawls of the croupiers, who shout numbers and signs in a jargon of the gambling hells from Shanghai to Juarez, from Morocco to Mexico City.

Persons of many nations and many walks of life touch elbows and good naturedly chaff each other, mellowed by Mexican six per cent beer and whiskey not bottled in bond. Rank and caste are forgotten at midnight in Tia Juana—and the socially ineluctable exchange confidences with the submerged tenth regardless of class distinction. For the moment man and his brother and woman and her sister are in truth equal—caught in the thrilling tide of the gambling fever.

Sometimes one is seen to grope his way out into the darkness with tightly clenched fists and an agonized expression on his face—a loser of perhaps his last $100, until one morning together a few more shekels during the week and will be back again by next Saturday to try his luck.

If you are interested in discovering how many friends you have who are keen on "slumming" parties, just run down to the border and listen while they explain why they're there!

What is a distance of 145 miles to an energetic "slummer"? A mere drink of water, so to speak.

I must confess, however, that it was not my friends and acquaintances whom I met down there who fascinated me with any terrible fascination.

They are all right in their snug quarters at home, but for the first hour after their arrival in Mexico, they seem strangely out of place and far too well groomed.

As the various parties warm to their pleasure, they become less and less stiff and formal, however, until finally it is amazing to see a young girl carefully reared and trained in one of the most exclusive seminaries turn pale with anxiety as she bets her money at the roulette table and watches the wheel spin and pause on a losing number.

There is plenty of "atmosphere" and local color in Tia Juana. In fact, one may get almost any kind of local color one may desire—for from 25¢ to $1,00 a drink—depending on where you get it and what "poison" you choose.

Ann Smith was there.

You know Ann, the wife of that hard-fisted, tightwad, John Smith, of the mid-west village of Millberg.

The only decent thing one can say for John is that he had the grace to die before Ann lost all her hair and teeth.

She stood just beside me in her plaintive, plain, old-fashioned, unrespectable garb with her lined and rugged face shining with excitement. Both of us were hanging breathlessly over the table, back of which swung the wheel of fortune!

Ann always put her dollar on the twenty; when she won, her old eyes shone like coals of fire and her face shone with eager excitement; when she lost, she was a good sport and smiled like a lady!

She was so sure about the twenty, that I put, a quarter on it—and lost, but the house couldn't do much with 25¢ anyway and it meant almost nothing in my life—once I got away from Tia Juana.

Ann is in California for the purpose of "doing" it thoroughly, and while she does not add much to its cities savorily, she proved a distinct acquisition financially at Tia Juana.

Speaking of croupiers—that is, if one must speak of them somewhere—Tia Juana has all breeds, from the mottled, red, fat-toad variety, who has

(Continued on Page 20)
Eastern Wisdom

(Continued from Page 6.)

all the while edging nearer and nearer to the coping.

Suddenly he stepped too near, he slipped and went tumbling down the several stories toward the pavement.

A policeman observed the tumble, hastened beneath the falling child and deftly caught it in his arms, saving its life.

At this point the director knew the word “dummy” would be formed in a hundred throats. It was what he was waiting for and he permitted the child to lie perfectly inert for a few minutes so that the dummy idea would be enhanced. Then when he felt that enough footage had been run to thoroughly convince the audience that the child was a dummy, the youngster rubbed his eyes and sat up—and the surprise element was obtained.

But—

When the film reached the eastern slasher, whose sense of dramatics is confined to hitting a man over the head with a large board, he quickly got out his little shears, whacked the film off at the point where the policeman caught the child in his arms and inserted a close-up of the leading man thereby absolutely convincing the most unsophisticated audience that the child really was a dummy, else it would be shown otherwise.

There are a plenty of blacksmiths in Los Angeles; why send the pictures East to be ruined?

Luther Reed has left Los Angeles for New York, where he expects to remain two months. Mr. Reed went via San Francisco, to enable him to hold a conference with Peter B. Kyne, whose novels Mr. Reed will adapt for Cosmopolitan Pictures. While in New York, Reed will confer with John Golden regarding a new play he is writing for that producer.

....

Clayton Hamilton, critic, author and lecturer has been signed by Goldwyn for a long term to write originals and continuities.

....

Virgil Hart, assistant director to Hugh Ryan Conway, who is directing “The Money Changers,” for B. B. Hampton at the Brunton studios, has returned to Los Angeles from San Francisco where he has been for several days following a number of scenes in Chinatown for the Oriental sequence of the feature.

....

Miss Patricia Owen Walsh recently celebrated her third birthday. Among those present was Seena Owen, who happens to be Miss Patricia’s mother.

Apparel Exquisite

Such alluring ways the style creators have of blending colorful fabrics, gauzy draperies and feathers. For example, the evening gown depicted of dawn blush hue and lustrous elegance. What more wondrous apparel could any beauty don to grace the country club dance or formal town gathering? Where this little frock awaits you are many others, each with a charm individual and distinctively its own. At California’s Smartest Shop—635 South Broadway.
The Dressing Room

By Grace Wilcox

While chatting with Seena Owen about clothes, I discovered much I hadn't known before concerning horses and throwing the rope.

It seems that a cow-pony is much more to be desired than an ermine coat and that a rope of just the right twist is a dearer possession than a diamond sunburst.

Motor cars are all right for convenience, but they do not in the least compare with a good mount and a Mexican saddle.

As for clothes—well, one had to wear them, of course—but really the only costume in which Miss Owen has any particular interest is a western riding habit with a leather coat trimmed in fringe. She hereby requests all burglars to take away anything else she may have of value—but never under penalty of the penitentiary carry off this riding coat.

In the first place, she found it in a junk shop at the corner of Third and Los Angeles streets—and its duplicate is not on earth. It is as rare a find as a jade elephant of the early Ming dynasty.

"Oh, yes—I'm sorry you came about clothes— for really, while they are necessary to our modern civilization, they're a fearful bore, don't you think?" inquired this sparkling western girl, who understands horses, but cannot get at the inner meaning of the clothes question.

However, having been sent for a clothes story, I insisted, so we found ourselves in her luxurious boudoir in her charming and artistic Manhattan Place home.

Miss Owen confided in a stage whisper that if I liked her wardrobe, it was due entirely to the ingenuity of Madame Hoffman, who was formerly with the Lasky studios and now has a smart Hollywood shop of her own.

So while she held up for inspection a perfect dream of a cold colored gown with one hand, she used the other to illustrate how one handles a lariat while on an actual round-up.

But the gown of course is the thing—and this one that looked like gold leaf was a perfect beauty, exquisitely designed and modeled. The underslip was of gold cloth, while a rich gold lace of heavy pattern formed a bountiful overskirt caught here and there with gorgeous burnt orange flowers. The bodice—if such it may be called—was of gold lace, the back cut extremely low so that "one is dressed but not concealed," as Miss Owen laughingly said.

She was at the moment wearing a charming afternoon dress of black charmeuse—a long straight line—covered from neck to Harem hem with an elaborate design of cut steel beads, a touch of color being added by a narrow sash of French blue groove ribbon.

"Organdie is really my favorite material," Miss Owen explained as she displayed an organdie frock as crisp as a peach blossom in peach color. The full overskirt was trimmed with bandings of radium lace as was also a quaint fichu forming the bodice. Organdie flowers gave an added spring-like touch to the fresh little gown, while a peach—

(Continued on Page 30)
Courtney Foote has arrived in Los Angeles from New York, and will commence work at once in "The Sea Rover," a Jack London story, which is to be produced by Metro. Mr. Foote has been cast in the leading role.

Ward Crane who has appeared in a number of Louis B. Mayer productions has gone to New York for several weeks' vacation.

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CHAPTER XIII

It developed that the completion of the task Murray had set out to perform was greater than had been anticipated and he was necessitated to remain still another month at the Rancho del Rey.

Though he was burning with anxiety to be off on what he feared was a vain quest for his parents or relatives, he would not leave until his work had been entirely finished.

Frequently the wild man visited the Willetts and he enjoyed the company of Miss Willetts to a great degree. She was a cultivated young woman, rode, played golf and talked well, but Murray's ideal was one Shirley Bramwell, and this he could never forget.

Murray made no effort to communicate with the Bramwells except by his weekly reports to the bank. Judge Bramwell wrote him frequently, at first begging him to come home and assume charge of the bank, but he soon found that his entreaties were useless, and finally he desisted. He learned that when Murray's mind was made up, there was no changing it.

The "wild man" at length addressed a letter to the judge, in which he explained about Moore, and though the judge was at first vehement in his denunciation of his former business partner, he at last consented to help give him another chance, and when Moore had, so far as Murray could learn, made good, he was given the management of a small banking institution at Yucapi, which Judge Bramwell and Willetts had established.

General Ojingo, Moore told Murray, was killed by the Mexicans, as were all the members of his band. He (Moore) was permitted to escape because of the fear of international complications.

And when Moore at last assumed charge of the Yucapi bank it was a con- trite and mild-mannered manager that greeted the customers of the institution. He knew that he owed the opportunity to make a man of himself only to Murray, and from a bullying, self-satisfied, snubbing individual, he was completely cured, and the owners of the Yucapi bank had no cause to complain of his management of the institution's affairs.

After the water was flowing on the big Ojingo rancho and the work had been completed to its minutest detail, Murray bade the men and the owners of the Rancho del Rey a hearty farewell and left for Yucapi. Then he gathered the many kindnesses that had been shown him by the men and the foreman of the Rancho de Batundi, and, feverish as he was to go out into the world in search of his name, he turned his horse and rode over to the "Widow's Place."

As he neared the Rancho de Batundi the same old feeling of exhilaration and joy passed through him. From a melancholy person without a name, he seemed to be suddenly transported to the seventh heaven of delight, and as on previous occasions, he tried to fathom the mysterious feeling, but was unable to do so.

The foreman saw him coming, recognized him and greeted him cordially.

"I'm sure glad to see you," said Bob Downs. "I hear you've made the desert bloom' like the rose over Rancho del Rey way."

"It hasn't bloomed yet," replied Murray, smiling, "but we hope it will."

"I've been telling the widow of your exploits," continued the foreman, "and she wants to meet you. So if you don't mind, we'll go down there."

Murray was no longer bashful and awkward in the presence of women, and he followed the foreman with alacrity.

The widow proved to be a handsome woman, a little past middle age, with kindly features and a beautiful welcoming smile.

Bob hesitated over the introduction. He was gotten to ask Murray his name, so he mumbled something and let it go at that.

The feeling of pleasure that Murray had experienced when he rode up to the house was now increased a thousandfold. He wanted to shout from sheer joy. The widow, too, seemed startled and strangely ill at ease. And as she took hold of Murray's hand, she, too, felt a singular exaltation and then, the "wild man" tears streaming down his face, shouted the word "Mother!" and clasped her in his arms.

The foreman conghed, grew red in the face, picked up his hat and went out. He heard the widow say: "Murray, my boy, my own boy!" He heard the widow sob, then he hastened over to the bankhouse, a peculiar swelling in his throat.

For two hours Murray and his newfound mother sat in the parlor of the big house, and held each other's hands and talked and no one bothered them.

"To think," said Mrs. Hill finally, "that YOU should know ME. It's incredible—how did you know me?"

"Something—I don't know what—told me—that's all," replied Murray.

"It's a peculiar gift I have of knowing things. I can't account for it—I just have it."

And then he told of his ten years' life as an animal, and of his regeneration, aided by Judge Bramwell, and of his work and his plans.

Mrs. Hill said that her husband had bought the Rancho de Batundi for a mere pittance eight years before, and then died. It was she who developed it and brought it into a state where it was paying more than $10,000 yearly. And Murray for the first time since he had been brought into civilization, was supremely happy.

Mrs. Hill showed him his birth certificate, and other documents, a lock of his hair, his photograph taken when he was a mere babe, and other little treasures she had preserved and worshiped.

Continued on Page 29.
Picture Folk

Following the production of "Sowing the Wind," Anita Stewart's forthcoming production, the Louis B. Mayer studios at Eastlake park will be closed for several weeks while the star is sojourning at her Long Island home. Mildred Harris also will take a vacation.

Harry Spingler has brought suit for divorce against his wife, known professionally as Vera Micheleena. Spingler claims desertion.

Howard Hickman, known privately as Bessie Barriscale's husband, has up and quit directing, and is again to appear as an actor. It is understood that Mr. Hickman will go to Goldwyn, although nothing definite has been announced.

Capt. Bogart Rogers, former army aviator, and son of Earl Rogers, local attorney, was married June 26 to Miss Isabel Young, daughter of a wealthy Oregon apple grower. Capt. Rogers is a member of the Ince publicity department.

Harry Houdini, handcuff king, sends word from Glasgow, Scotland, that he will return to America by airplane, starting from London, where he will fly to Paris, from there to Cherbourg, which is the place for the final take-off.

Ethel Clayton, Lasky star, accompanied by her mother and brother, have reached New York en route to London, where she will make two pictures at the Famous Players-Lasky British Producers, Ltd., studio, following a sightseeing trip through Europe.

Carlyle Blackwell has signed a contract with Cosmopolitan, and will appear opposite Marion Davies in "The Restless Sex".

Hugo Ballin Productions has been formed in New York with a capital of $150,000. The works of Achmed Abdullah will be produced.

James B. Leong, it is announced, has formed a company to be known as James B. Leong Productions, Inc., which will make "Chinese stories exclusively in California. The first of a series to be made is "The Porcelain Bell of China". Leong is said to have been the technical expert on "Broken Blossoms" and "The Red Lantern".

Molly Malone has been engaged to satisfy Jack Pickford in his next Goldwyn picture, "Just Out of College," from the story by George Ade, under the direction of Al Green.

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Edward’s “Child”

Suit to force payment of commissions on a contract alleged to have been signed with the R. C. P. Smith Syndicate has been brought by E. G. Elliott against Georgie Price, a vaudeville performer.

According to Mr. Elliott, who has been acting as manager for Mr. Price in Los Angeles, the vaudeville performer signed a contract to appear in a series of comedies for the Smith Syndicate, but after he had reached the presence of one Gus Edwards, he was influenced to remain out of pictures and Elliott is suing for either a fulfillment of the contract, or a commission in full for his efforts in obtaining the contract for Price.

Elliott says that Edwards claims to have adopted Price and that he is the guardian of the actor. However, Mr. Elliott states that Mr. Price is of age and that Edwards has no right to dictate to him.

Recently Mrs. Gus Edwards was sued by the parents of Lila Lee on similar grounds.

Willard Mack, actor, author and matrimoniist, is, according to the public prints, about to take unto himself another wife, in the person of Barbara Castleton, Goldwyn actress, who is at present in New York. Mr. Mack has been successively (not successfully) married to Marjorie Rambeau and Pauline Frederick. Miss Castleton recently lost a husband while en route through Reno.

Edward Jobson, character actor, has signed a contract with Metro and becomes a member of the permanent stock company. Mr. Jobson has been appearing in Metro pictures for many months, as well as for Lasky, Goldwyn and others.

June Mathis, head of the Metro West Coast scenario department, has returned from a hurried trip to New York, and will remain in Los Angeles during the filming of “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” for which she prepared the script. While here Miss Mathis will scenarioize “Polly With a Past,” which will be produced with Ina Claire in the title role, which she created on the stage.

Hale Hamilton and his new wife, Grace LaRue, are vacationing at Santa Barbara, following a successful run of “Dear Me,” a three-act comedy from the pen of Luther Reed, at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, in which Mr. Hamilton and Miss LaRue were co-stars. “Dear Me” will open the last week of August in Boston, for an extended engagement, prior to a New York premiere.

Homebrewers:
Want a kick? If you would win it
Put a little raisin in it.

Proteers:
Want a kick in half a minute?
Put a little raisin' in it.

To sin is human and to purr, feline.

Madge Kennedy is the latest to come to the front with announcement of her own producing company, to be known as Madge Kennedy Pictures Corporation, which will, starting in the fall, make four pictures each year. Miss Kennedy's contract with Goldwyn expires in September, after which she will take a month's vacation in Europe. On her return she will appear in a stage play and at the same time produce her own pictures.

Maurice Tourneur's handsome new home on a hilltop at Hollywood is nearing completion.

Another Studio

A new studio to cost $250,000, is in the process of construction for the Herman Pictures Corporation, according to the announcement of E. P. Herman, president and general manager of the organization.

A site on Wilshire boulevard in Santa Monica has been selected and work is rapidly being pushed, one stage being practically completed. A $15,000 electric generator plant is being installed, and as soon as this is done work will be started upon the second big special production, “Something More,” which is a sequel to “That Something.”

“That Something,” a photoplay featuring Marjory Wilson, which enjoyed a long run at the Victory Theatre, was the first picture to be produced by the Herman Corporation.

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Ground Broken

With appropriate ceremonies, ground was broken last week for the new Robertson and Cole studios at the corner of Melrose and Gower street in South Hollywood, adjoining the Brunton plant.

Work will be rushed on the first unit stage so that no time will be lost in getting several new productions under way.

When completed the new studios will house the producing organizations of Pauline Fredericks, Mae Marsh, Dustin Farnum, Lew Cody, Sessue Hayakawa, and other artists to be announced later, all of whom are to appear exclusively in Robertson & Cole features.

Dorothy Devore, former Sennett bathing beauty, has been signed to support Charles Ray in his latest feature, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," under direction of Joseph DeGrasse.

Robert Thornby has completed work on "Half a Chance," his first special seven-reel production for Jesse D. Hampton, with Mahlon Hamilton in the leading role. The feature will be cut under the personal direction of Mr. Thornby.

Robert Gordon has finished work in "The Vice of Fools," a Vitagraph production. Mr. Gordon's contract expires with J. Stuart Blackton in July and he will visit his home in Los Angeles before announcing plans for the coming year.

Frank Mayo, bon vivant, and boulevardier, has agreed to pay his wife, Joyce Moore Mayo, $100 per week pending the trial of her suit for separate maintenance.

Forrest Stanley, former matinee favorite of Los Angeles, has been placed under a long-time contract by Cecil De Mille, and will appear as leading man in a forthcoming De Mille production.

Florence Turner, one of the first of the legitimate artists to desert the stage for motion pictures back in 1907, has been engaged by Metro to support Viola Dana in "Blackmail," by Lucia Chamberlain, to be directed by Dallas Fitzgerald.

Hulbert Footner, magazine writer and author of many stories of the Canadian Northwest, has arrived in Hollywood and has started work at the Metro studios. He will write four original stories a year.
Ince and Hart

When the suit of William S. Hart, film star, against Thomas H. Ince, whereby Hart seeks to enforce the terms of a contract, said to have been entered into with Ince, was called in Judge Works court, attorneys for Ince endeavored to show that the suit was really an action to collect dividends, but as it had not been shown that dividends had been declared, the complaint did not state sufficient facts to constitute a cause of action.

The court ruled otherwise however, and held that the relation between Ince and Hart was governed by the contract in question.

Proceeds from the sale and rental of Hart features amounting to $100,000 are involved in the suit.

* * *

Henry King has started work on "Going Straight," which is the third of a series to be made by Jesse D. Hampton for Pathé release, with Henry B. Warner in the featured role. Lilian Rich will play the lead opposite Warner. In the supporting cast are Harvey Clark, Howard Davies, Claude Payton, Frederick Huntly and Fred Kohler. "Going Straight" is an adaptation by Fred Myton of John A. Moroso's novel, "The People Against Nancy Preston."

* * *

Harry Revier has finished and shipped to New York the first three episodes of "The Son of Tarzan," the National Film Corporation serial, from the jungle romances of Edgar Rice Burroughs, adapted for the screen by Roy Somerville.

* * *

Henry McBride has been made supervising director for Dominion Photo-play Company, which will produce a number of Ralph Connor's novels for the screen, to be released by First National.

* * *

Jerry Storm, erstwhile director for Charlie Ray, is being shown the sights of New York by Richard Barthelmess. Jerry will return to Los Angeles in about three or four weeks, when he will announce his plans.

* * *

Gloria Swanson has signed a new contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Mr. Gloria Swanson (Herbert K. Somborn) has resigned as President of Equity Pictures Corporation.

* * *

Robert Broadwell, who recently went East and started his own company to be known as Broadwell Productions, Inc., has started work on a feature entitled "The $100,000 Kiss" which is a Nick Carter story. This ought to go well with the Western Union Boys in Blue.

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swelled to the bursting point with his liquor, to the lynx-eyed, cat-faced dope fiend who indifferently but watchfully and swiftly deals the cards and when off duty lives for a few brief hours in some fanciful ecstasy of his own imagination superinduced by the "brand" to which he is addicted.

Timid Tim from Timkenville had come a long way for his drink—in fact, Timkenville is not far from Boston—if you remember your geography.

Tim looked a trifle stilted and uncertain of himself; he wasn't at all sure about the fitness of the place—but he was out for a good time and there were quite a few present who were willing to help him have it.

A Brunette dame with jet hair and purple powder muddled him and said she needed a drink to brighten up the day. Tim thought at first she was speaking to someone else, but as she grinned up at him in her best Jezebelian manner, he backed off, looked at her, then in his precise Boston English, and extending a dollar toward her, he told her to go and buy herself one.

Amazement was written large on the dame's unvarnished face, as muttering something about "swell guys and hell" she walked off.

After that episode Tim seemed to take heart a little; he asked a promising looking chap with a clean shave for a match; they fell into a conversation and the last I saw of them they were "beating it" for the bar, arm in arm.

Jenny was there—she might have been the Jenny out of Rossetti's "Jenny" for all I know. She was pale and beautiful with cheeks too pink and lips too crimson—a languid darling of the gods at three in the afternoon, but at eight in the evening a shriveling, frighten- ing she-devil with her claws unsheathed!

And all because the anemic young clerk who accompanied her was obliged to tell her that he had lost his "wad!"

Furthermore, he had lost most of his weak mind in liquor—so when told her—he stuttered a good deal. She ran off and was lost in the crowd, leaving him to gape stupidly around like a halfrwit, to know there was something to cry about, so laughed.

A cold, calm, fox-faced crumpet called me "sister" and I wondered how he knew I was interested in universal brotherhood. These men are wonderful psychologies; they can tell how much money you have in your purse before you open it. He "sistered" me because he thought I was with a pros- perous-looking profiteer whose pockets were bulging. Even a faro dealer can't always be sure "who's with who" in Tia Juana.

Horace was among those present, shrugging his tightly-tailored shoulders, flicking his dainty handkerchief and declaring that everything was beastly, by jove. That was early in the afternoon. Before midnight he was observed sans the handkerchief, sans his coat, yelling like an Apache because he'd made a "killing". A little later he was "threatening a roulette wheel operator with sudden death and having a bully time generally.

Horace should often visit Tia Juana; it is for such as he that the wicked little town should wave forever!

"Oh, go on kid—put her down there—you c'n never tell your luck—and maybe you'll win enough to take us home on. Don't be tight—loosen up—I've shot my wad—but you've got ten bucks left—let her roll!" Thus spoke McGarity, formerly of the machine gun squad who wears a nifty little bullet hole in his cheek and who since the Great War is unsettled and unhappy unless he's getting a thrill somewhere—thus he spoke to his pal, who makes his $1.00 an hour in a Los Angeles garage.

"Say, old girl, kick through with ten bucks, will you? I need it to change my luck. You're money's always luckier than mine. "Old Girl," who looks somewhat worried and grim, "digs," and as she does so says, "This is the last cent, Eli!"

"You give me a pain, you do, Hen. You never do nothing but play and play and play and lose and lose and lose. I came down here to see the sights—and so far all I've seen is a deck of cards. Why'n you come over and show me some of them—you knows —I ain't seen nothing!" Mrs. Jones, who had got a neighbor to stay with the children while she and Hen motored down in the river, was plain peeved.

"Oh, hell, what's the use of coming down here in the first place? If I'd known you was going to be an old grouch and never give me a cent to spend, I wouldn't have come!" Sally of the chorns was chagrined to discover Prince Charming an ogre after all.

Beneath the life and gaiety of this modern Babylon is a smoothly flowing current of law and order. Those who are responsible for Tia Juana, both the Americans and Mexicans, are not going to be closed up by the first inspector or the first wild-eyed reformer who crosses the border.

Things, so far at least as Monte Carlo is concerned, are done decently. Bottled goods are not sold and any persons who desire to do a little private bootlegging will find it fairly difficult to purchase the liquor, to say nothing of getting past the customs house with it. There are "spotters" about and the certainty of this is established beyond a doubt when one's motor car, innocent of liquor, is passed with a cheery wave of the inspector's hand.

The underworld denizens who flourish here, the conductors of the games, the bar-keepers—in fact, everybody and everything seems to be ruled with an iron rigidity. While it is possible to get drunk, disorderliness in the casinos and cafes is taboo and too much noise is quietly quieted. Tia Juana is not operated for young boys and girls, nor for Sunday school scholars, but for those who know something of the world and its ways, something of the customs of other countries: for those who desire to observe the other half, it is interesting and neither better nor worse than places of the same kind that in former days dotted this country wherever a city sprang up; nor is it different from many such towns scattered over the world and patronized by the so-called better classes everywhere.

As for writers, artists and psychologists, it is a playground, a hunting ground—a place in which a thousand pictures and a thousand stories are born each hour—a place in which every type, from the wretched, matted-haired, disease-scarred old hag to the silken-veiled, smartly tailored, title English lady may be found and pigeonholed for future reference.

Here humanity high in its evolution and humanity struggling upward through its filth, meet in common comradeship and in the fellowship of "the wine while it is red," the playing of the game and the taking of wild chances, it makes merry and forgets its troubles!

Tia Juana, the meeting place of those who have had too much pleasure and those who have had none—cheer-o!"
Win $7500 Suit

For the second time within a few months Goldwyn has been sued by a scenario writer for misappropriating scenes from a story. This time it is William R. Lighton and Louis Lighton. They allege that in "Jes' Call Me Jim," which was supposed to be a film version of J. G. Holland's novel, "Seven Oaks," there had been interpolated most of the scenes from their own story, "Billy Fortune and the Only Girl!." A compromise settlement of $7500 for the picture rights to the story was given the Lightons. It was not until after the Lightons saw the story "Jes' Call Me Jim" on the screen that they recognized their own story. They immediately started suit, but the case was settled before it reached the court.

Morris Gest, to whom goes the doubtful fame of having induced Geraldine Farrar to enter pictures a few years ago—but that is another story—anyway, Morrie ran down to the pier to see Mary and Doug off to Europe, and offered them $10,000 for the privilege of filming scenes during their honeymoon voyage—and ain't that just like Morrie?

Ora Carew, former Mack Sennett bathing beauty, who recently directed her talent along dramatic lines, has signed a contract with William De Mille to play leading roles in his Paramount productions. The first picture in which she will appear under Mr. De Mille's direction will be "His Friend and His Wife," adapted from Cosmo Hamilton's novel.

James Morrison, former Vitagraph actor, has arrived on the Coast, his first visit, and was immediately engaged for an important role in "Sowing the Wind," which is to be Anita Stewart's next starring vehicle for Louis B. Mayer.

Owen Moore, Myron and Dave Selznick and Sarah Mason were among the film folks slightly shaken up when a Santa Fe train was wrecked in Colorado.

"Micky" Nielen has returned home, after ironing out all difficulties with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, and will carry out his contract with that organization. "Micky" brought Pete Schmidt back with him and henceforth Pete will handle all exploitation and publicity on the Nielen pictures from Los Angeles.

Franklyn Farnum has been resigned by Col. Wm. N. Selig, to appear in a series of five reel western features. Otto Lederer will direct.
Confessions

It's curious how most wealthy blokes,
Repeat the same old, dusty jokes.
In telling all us real poor folk,
Just, "How I got my start!"

How Nature, cruel and unjust,
Constructed them from common dust,
But they were strong on can and must,
And likewise, "perty smart."

They tell us anyone who tries
May emulate the maxim wise,
"Early to bed, early to rise,"
Impatient for the race;
Be up when day begins to peep,
Be ready when the birdies cheep,
And hustle while the sluggards sleep,
And dream about the chase.

Of course they owe some things to dad,
To sense a good deal from a bad—
He left them what few yens he had,
When he "gave up the ghost;"
With this small start and lots of grit,
They clamped their teeth down on the bit,
And never loosed their hold on it,
'Til safely past the past.

The start is but a simple thing,
"One swallow never makes a spring,"
And we would like to hear 'em sing
Of ways and customs which,
They've followed from their early youth,
The devious paths pursued, forsooth,
The unadulterated truth.

Just, "How I Grew So Rich,"
—E. L. AULTMAN.

Doris Deane of Pasadena, has been engaged for an important part in "Head Over Heels," a Goldwyn production starring Mabel Normand. Vic Schertzinger will direct.

Mary O'Connor, film editor for Famous Players, has returned from New York with a bundle of new plays under her arm. But she won't tell the names of any of them. Miss O'Connor while in New York attended seventeen shows in thirteen days, she says.

Jeanie Macpherson has signed a new contract with Cecil B. De Mille, under the terms of which she will write exclusively for him over a period of five years. Miss Macpherson is required to write only two scenarios a year.

Alf Goulding, who wields a comedy megaphone for Rolin Films, decided to get married the other day so he took Miss Marcella Desmond, leading woman with the Harry Pollard company, to a minister's and had the knot tied.

Jack Mulhall, one of the screen's handsomest leading men, has been selected from a host of actors to support Bebe Daniels in "You Never Can Tell," her first starring vehicle for Realart, under the direction of Chet Franklin.

In the Movies

Elliot Howe, who recently went through four productions with Frank Keenan, has been engaged as assistant to Henry King at the Jesse D. Hampton studios.

Macey Harlan, New York actor, has arrived in Los Angeles, to appear in support of Betty Compson in her second starring vehicle, yet to be named.

Helen Jerome Eddy has been engaged for an important role in "The First Born," which will be Sessue Hayakawa's first independent feature for Robertson-Cole. "The First Born" is a stage play which had a remarkable success.

Conway Tearle has signed a contract whereby he will make and star in six productions a year for National Picture Theatres.

May Allison, Metro star, is to be presented in a picturization of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel and stage play, "The Marriage of William Ashe".

Waldemar Young, former scenarist for Mary Pickford, has been engaged by Metro to occupy a desk in its fast-growing scenario department.

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Chester's Plans

Work on the construction of a beautiful administration building, laboratory and workshops has been started at Gower Street and Sunset Boulevard, where C. L. Chester will have his headquarters, with the completion of the structures.

Mr. Chester, who has come here from New York to make his permanent headquarters, has taken over the Gail Henry comedies which are being made at the Lehman Culver City studios, and he is the new business manager for Henry Lehrman comedies.

In addition to these companies, Mr. Chester is making at the old E. & R. Jungle Film Company's studios near Lincoln Park, a series of two-reel comedies, featuring "Snooky," the "humanzee," with pretty nearly human intelligence. In fact William S. Campbell, the director, alleges that Snooky takes direction a whole lot better than a great number of alleged human actors.

At present Mr. Chester is maintaining offices in the Markham Building at Hollywood where he has a number of people working on his Chester-Outing releases, his Globe Trots and his Screenings, which are issued every week.

Eddie Rosenbaum has been added to the Chester staff. He is at present handling publicity for Mr. Chester.

Margaret Lockwood, formerly a Broadway favorite on the stage, is the new art director for the Herman Film Company. In private life, she is the wife of E. P. Herman. She will also play an important part in Herman's next picture.

House Peters has gone over to J. Parker Read to play a part in the Louise Glaum picture. Following this production, Mr. Peters will be starred in his own company, now being formed.

Stewart Edward White has returned to Los Angeles to confer with J. Parker Read, Jr., on the production of Mr. White's novel, "The Leopold Woman," which has been purchased as a vehicle for Louise Glaum. Wesley Ruggles will direct.

Ann Forest, who made such a tremendous hit in "Dangerous Days," the Goldwyn picture from Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, has been engaged by Cecil B. De Mille for the principal feminine role in his next big picture to follow "Something to Think About," which is now in the cutting room.

Naomi Childers, Goldwyn actress, has returned to her home in Hollywood, following a three weeks' visit with her mother in New York City.

Movie Folk

Ora Carew has been engaged for a role in "The Crossroads," the second big production which Lloyd Carleton will direct for Clevehunt Photoplays. Melbourne MacDowell and Lawson Butt have the chief male roles.

Jack Roseleigh, legitimate actor, has been added to the roster of famous players at the Jesse D. Hampton studios. He has been cast to support Blanche Sweet in her latest picture, "That Girl Montana." Mr. Roseleigh just finished a season as leading man with Bertha Kalisch in "The Riddle Woman."

Robert McKim, bad man, recently elevated to stardom by Benjamin B. Hampton, has been loaned to Robert Brunton for one picture, "The Devil to Pay," which Ernest Warde will direct.

Harry Carey is trying to secure a vacation from the Universal so that he can take a wild west show on the road.

William Irving has been selected for the cast of "Someone in the House," which John Ince will direct for Metro.
A Hardboiled Egg

By Frederick Bennett

Is it to be "hard-boiled" a crime, or a curse and a fatal state of being?

Too much film life, too much sophistication, too much of inside knowledge and rubbing elbows, if no longer edges of steins, with the inner mob, is the cause of being hard boiled. And the effect? Well, judge for yourself:

Smiles to the right of me, giggles to the left of me, gasps of admiration to the gallery of me and whisper of "ain't he a darling" to the parquet of me, as I sat in the front row of the balcony and scowled.

There I was in an audience, which was terribly enraptured about a movie performer. I was but the pimple on the fair hide of happiness!

They raved about him. But I could only see him as the chap that still owes me money and whom I knew when he sat in his stocking feet in a Hill street "we-half sole them-while you wait" cobblerly, reading the want ads. I could only see him as he leaned against the old-time joy counter with a bubbling glass of champagne, bought with his last dollars merely to four-flush. Well I remember how he slunk away when I passed the door and looked in. The I. O. U. in my pocket was dog-eared and worn out with age and hope.

I could only see him as the chap who dodged his wife and three little children and strove to buy a flashy looking car for another man's sweetheart. The enthusiasts around me marveled at his apparent manhood and Apollo-like physique.

But I knew his doctor and his masseur.

And then the ingenue that he was fussing about in the story. Her pouting lips seemed to whisper the most scrumptious nothings to the juvenile.

How the audience could hear the delicate mutterings emanating from her dulcet soul!

But I had heard her in a chop-suey joint inhaling noodles and swearing blue streaks because there were not enough onions in her mess of grub!

I have heard her lay down the law to a wardrobe woman. I have heard her curse her mother, her child and the scenario writer with language that would wither the mainstays of Inferno.

And the villain, the "heavy" as he terrorizes the scene by a mere look as he plots and plans for the downfall of the toddler girl, as he schemes to throw father, mother and the whole outfit into the jaws of death, desolation and high rents.

Ah, I know HIM, also. I have seen him step off a Hollywood car in a pouring rain and assist a crippled woman off the car. He wore no raincoat. He walked through mud and mire to help her and he missed the owl car and walked fourteen blocks through slush, downpour and several torrents because of his kindness for the lady.

In the meantime, the hero, the heroine and their ilk were gliding home in a waterproof limousine.

Oh, but I am hard boiled! I have seen the inside!

Richard Barthlemess, Griffith star, and Miss Mary Haye, a Follies girl, are to be married, according to reports from New York. Miss Haye has been playing opposite Mr. Barthlemess in "Way Down East". And yet some folks don't believe in propinquity.

Dr. T. Floyd Brown, Plastic and Cosmetic Surgeon. See page 19.
Film Folk

Anna Q. Nilsson, rapidly recovering from a minor operation performed at the California Hospital, rises to deny the rumor that she is engaged to Freddy Wickersham, automobile man. Merely friends, says Miss Nilsson, that's all.

C. A. (Doc.) Willat, president of the Irvin Willat Pictures Corp. and general manager of the National Film Corporation of America (which by the way are more titles than the Kaiser now has) is in New York on a business trip.

Thos. H. Ince has purchased the screen rights to "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," by Charles Belmont Davis, which will be adapted for the second Douglas MacLean starring vehicle.

Fred Niblo and Emil Bennett are sojourning in New York, having finished their contracts with Ince. Mr. Niblo will shortly announce his new affiliations.

Alan Hale, who entered pictures a long time ago with the old Lubin Company in Philadelphia, and later appeared in films for Lasky and Fox, has arrived in Los Angeles, following a tour with Louis Mann in "Friendly Enemies," and has been cast in an important role in Monroe Salisbury's first independent feature.

Sessue Hayakawa is recuperating at San Diego, following a slight operation.

Cecil B. de Mille has announced the name of his next big special production as "The Other Wife," by Jeanie Macpherson. Work has been started with Ann Forrest and Forrest Stanley in the leading roles. To make it complete, the picture should be filmed among the big trees.

Bebe Daniels had to postpone starting work on her first Realart starring vehicle under the direction of Chester Franklin, owing to a slight operation on her face at the Methodist hospital. Miss Daniels had a bothersome tooth which infected her jaw and the inside of her cheek. Both are doing nicely now, however.

Stuart Holmes has been engaged by Metro for the heavy role in "Body and Soul," Alice Lake's latest starring vehicle. Mr. Holmes just completed his work in the Benny Leonard serial.

Dr. T. Floyd Brown, Plastic and Cosmetic Surgeon. See page 19.
Pilgrimage Play

The Pilgrimage Play, "Life of the Christ" opened Monday night in the great outdoor theatre especially built for it in the hills of El Camino Real Canyon, Hollywood, before an audience which packed the amphitheatre to its capacity.

The pageant was received in silent emotion by the vast throng, applause being the exception; a sincere tribute to the artists portraying the roles.

Lighting effects which far surpass anything ever before attempted added not a little to the charm of the presentation, giving a quality of mystery to the play as well as adding to the drama.

In the cast are Henry Herbert as Jesus of Nazareth, Florence Stone as the Magdalene, Rosamonde Joyzelle as the Virgin Mary, H. Ellis Reed as John the Baptist, Phillip Ryder as Herod, Hal Fanner as Satan, Florence Pierce Reed as Martha, and many others.

The play will be presented every evening for ten weeks.

WHITEHORN WINS BET

"Jimmy" Whitehorn, the Hollywood Kissel Kar kid, is having a hard time these days keeping up with the motion picture crowd's demand for his speeders. Jimmy is the gent who makes a statement and then proceeds to prove it before you can get away from him. On Saturday last he told a group at the Vitagraph lot that the Kissel could not be made to overheat. The response was a large and boisterous laugh. Jimmy started proving up. He took four of the wise lads up Cahuenga pass in second after first loosening the fan belt. He did it four times—and the radiator was just nice and warm—that was all. Jimmy won a lot of cigars and one lunch.

Doraldina, famous exponent of novelty dances, has arrived on the Coast to appear in a number of pictures for Metro, the dancer having recently signed a contract calling for her to appear in four pictures each year for a period of five years. The first picture is to be "The Passion Fruit," by Carey Wilson. Edward Sloman will direct.

Eddie Lowe, at one time a Morosco matinee idol, has returned to Los Angeles, after a prolonged absence in New York.

Macey Harlan has arrived from New York to appear in Betty Compson's next production.

Jack Proctor and Seigmund Herzog have been signed to assist Eric von Streiselm in his special for Universal.

Dr. T. Floyd Brown, Plastic and Cosmetic Surgeon. See Page 19.

FREDERICK BENNETT

the Author of

"Mary of the Movies"

A 90,000 Word Novel

Depicting Life in the

FILM WORLD

An epitome of realism, "Mary of the Movies" is the story of a Maryland girl who comes with credulous blue eyes and a heart full of hope into the world of make-believe.

Mary meets, and so does the reader of this book, every well known character of the film (Los Angeles) colony and sees the shortcomings, the fallacies and the pitfalls of the film game, commercially, morally and artistically. Later she gets a different angle of vision—she begins to do in Rome as the Romans, or some of them, do, and after that * * * well the book is a revelation, a primer in the film game, and a postgraduate course.

Mr. Bennett is the author of numerous comedies, serials and dramas. He wrote the last Helen Holmes serial, the Great Radium Mystery, several of the latest two-reel comedies for prominent comedians. He is a graduate of the University of Christiania, Norway, although British by birth, and now American, was a correspondent in the Boer War, is secretary of the Pyramid Society of Great Britain and Egypt and has explored the farthest north, as well as the most remote parts of Asia, South Africa and the Polynesian Islands.
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Motion picture studio owners and executives are manifesting a keen interest in the new budget for the Los Angeles fire department, which is now under consideration by the Budget Committee of the city council.

With millions of dollars invested in property of the most inflammable description, this is the one department of the city government that the picture people must depend upon for service of the highest quality and efficiency, said a prominent picture producer.

“The fact that the Fire Chief of Los Angeles, now the tenth city in the United States, with a population verging on a million, is receiving the pay of a first class clerk, is hardly a credit to any of us. The picture interests are going to insist that Chief Scott receive at least as much as such cities as Detroit and Cleveland and Newark, N. J., to say nothing of San Francisco, pay to their chief.”

The chief of the San Francisco fire department receives $5,000 a year. Los Angeles pays its chief $900 a month, just $3,600 per year, a man responsible for the safety of a territory larger than that of any other cities in the United States.

The recent earth tremors in and around Los Angeles have awakened renewed interest in this subject and the picture men are watching for the budget committee’s report with unusual interest. The talk among the studio men centers on the fact that San Francisco’s great disaster was due to the fire that followed the great quake and the lack of proper fire protection. They insist that it is almost ridiculous to depend on a fire department headed by an underpaid department head.

It is said that a letter to this purport will be sent to the budget committee.

Tom Gallery, son of police captain Gallery of Chicago, who came out to Los Angeles on a visit, and in a short time found himself working as leading man for Zaza Pitts, followed by engagements with “Micky” Neilan, and Viola Dana, went back home on a visit, and arrived in Chicago just in time for the race riots, which are held annually in that city.

Jane Novak has asked the court to grant her a divorce from her husband, Frank A. Newburg, an actor, on the grounds of physical and mental cruelty. Mr. Newburg denies that he was cruel and is fighting the action. The case was submitted when a reconciliation suggested by Judge Crail failed.

Dr. T. Floyd Brown, Plastic and Cosmetic Surgeon. See page 19.
The Man Without a Name

(Continued from Page 14)

ped because she believed he was dead. And they spent the two happiest weeks of their lives there on the Rancho de Hidalgo.

And then Murray modestly explained of the bank presidency that had been offered him, and his mother was proud and overjoyed to think that her son—HER son—had, unaided and handicapped as he was, within the space of two years developed into a business man of wonderful ability.

Later, though Murray did not exactly so state, Mrs. Hill learned that there was a girl up there in Los Angeles whom her son loved, and her heart ached because of his hopelessness.

"Murray," she said a few days later, "you must go to Los Angeles and accept that position. They want you, and I want to see you at the head of so great an institution."

"But you will accompany me?" he inquired. "I want you, mother, with me always—always."

And Mrs. Hill agreed to go with him. So, taking documentary proof of his birth, they were driven over to Yucapi the following day and that night they reached Los Angeles, where they went to a hotel.

From his room Murray telephoned Judge Bramwell at his home. Briefly he explained his good fortune in finding his mother, and the judge was overjoyed to learn that his protege of things had now to take charge of the bank affairs, and also because of the boy's apparent happiness.

"Bring your mother and come right down," said the judge. "What do you mean by staying at a hotel when you have a perfectly good home?"

Murray hesitated, and then replied: "Well, mother wanted to make a few purchases and sort of fix up before calling on you, but we'll be down tomorrow."

Then, as he started to hang up the receiver, Murray heard the Judge say: "Here, now, don't have a minute, and Murray again placed the receiver to his ear and the voice he knew and loved so well came say to him:"

"Hello, Nibbs: shame on you for not asking for me," was what he heard, and his heart gave a great throb, and he knew he was blushing like a 15-year-old girl.

"I wanted to ask about you—and for you—and of you," Murray replied, boldly, doggedly, shamelessly.

Then he stopped, fearful at what he had said:

"Well, then, why don't you?" came Shirley Bramwell's voice, and Murray was thrilled.

"Come down," the girl went on. "I have a bunch of things to say to you besides begging your forgiveness."

"You never did nor never will be able to say anything for which you should ask forgiveness from anyone, especially me, and say, Shir—er—Miss Bramwell," he broke off. "I've got a name, now!"

He said this exultingly, proudly, like a child speaking of his toys.

"Yes, so father said, and Nibbs. I'm sorry I said mean things about you, and I've wanted a hundred times to tell you how grateful I am for all the splendid things you have done, and that I—we—all—think everything of you."

"Do you mean it—that last part?" Murray was perspiring; he was excited; he was nervous.

"Of course, I—we—are—Oh, come down, won't you?"

"Will I?—in ten minutes!"

Bursting into his mother's room, Murray tremblingly explained that they must go at once to the Bramwell home. It was extremely urgent, he said.

And Mrs. Hill, having previously suspected that her son had found the Girl, smiled knowingly, and prepared to accompany him.

CHAPTER XIV

Murray led his mother almost on a run to the Bramwell home. Arriving there, he introduced her to the members of the family, who immediately fell in love with her for what she was, and when Murray took the hand of Shirley and squeezed harder than he suspected, the girl blushed prettily. The judge noted it and smiled to himself, then he said:

"Shirley, I hate to spoil your first meeting with Mrs. Hill, but it will take you but a few minutes to go up to my office and get a document which you will find lying on the table. Here's the key, and—er—Nibbs might be induced to go along."

He did complete the sentence. They were already starting, and the judge smiled again to himself and said:

"I'm still a pretty shrewd old lawyer, at that."

Then he and Mrs. Bramwell proceeded to enter in the guest—Murray's mother—and the hours went by. One—two—three—and yet Shirley and Murray had failed to return from their errand.

At last the judge spoke about it in a serious tone.

"I don't like to say anything against your son. Mrs. Hill, but I beg you to tell me in over—stepping the bounds of hospitality by remaining away so long. I sent him on an errand that would ordinarily take five minutes of his time."

Then he looked at his watch.

"It has just been three hours and nineteen minutes since he and my daughter passed through that door."

Then noticing the half puzzled expressions on the faces of the two women, he chuckled.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll go find 'em."

And he went out.

On the front porch they sat in a dark—
ed corner. They were very close together, the judge noted, and unless his eye—
sight was becoming defective, his daughter's head was on his protege's shoulder.

"Hm!" he said. "His daughter heard and moved. "Shirley, spoke the judge.

"Yes, father," replied the girl; "here I am."

"That's what I thought," said the judge.

"Did you—er—get the document?"


The judge chuckled again.

"We'll go right after it," said Murray, both of them rising. "You see, we—we—were resting a few minutes and—"

"Well, never mind," said the judge: "there is no document to get. Do you think I'll leave my papers lying loosely around the office?"

Then he went in the house, and as he glanced back he saw his daughter's golden head again seek its resting place on a manly shoulder, and he softly closed the door, and still chuckling, joined his wife and Mrs. Hill.

THE END

Rosemary Theby has returned from a trip to New York and has been engaged by Louis Gansier to play opposite Otis Skinner in Kismet, which will go into production the first week in July at the Haworth studios.

Nicholas Dunnaw has been engaged by Louis Gansier for a big supporting role in Kismet.

Dr. T. Floyd Brown, Plastic and Cosmetic Surgeon. See page 19.

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Dressing Room

Continued from Page 12

colored taffeta hat set it off to perfe-
ction.
You know how it is with a black sequin evening gown—no woman can resist one—and Miss Owen is no excep-
tion—for, as she says, she “fell with a
terrible thud of the purse” for a mag-
ificent creation which has for its only
adornment a gorgeous American Beauty
sash which is fastened with a huge
knot at the side and has fringe on each
end of the heavy ribbon. It is a sil-
houette without sleeves and cut ex-
tremely decollete.

A pink Georgette crepe frock in-
tigued me because of its simplicity and
grace. It was trimmed in bandings of
Cluney lace and tiny French flowers
of shell pink and lilac. It was French
from its Cluney collar to its short full
skirt—even though it was made at
home. With it Miss Owen wears a
wide taffeta hat of lilac color trimmed
with blue and silver ribbon.

“Well, that's one of my pets,” she sud-
denly exclaimed as she brough forth a
gorgeous black velvet evening cape
trimmed with a huge white monkey-fur
collar and with a wide band of the same
fur around the bottom.

“With the exception of my riding
togs, this and my organdie dress com-
prise my only weaknesses at present
in the matter of wardrobe. I suppose
it is impossible for any woman not to
be keen about some of her own or some
other girl’s clothes. Eve started me—
and nothing can stop us unless it be-
comes the fashion not to wear any.”

While in New York, Miss Owen
bought an exclusive model in a grey
duvetine street costume with deep col-
lar and cuffs of silver fox fur. She had
intended to surprise her friends with it,
but unfortunately the director of the
picture in which she was working with
Owen Moore saw it first and exclaimed:

“That's the suit for the picture!”

That seemed reasonable enough until
Miss Owen discovered that she wore
the costume in every single scene with-
out a change. That settled the tailline
for her—she became so tired of it that
she finally had it made over, which she
now considers an extravagance, as she
says it is psychologically done for.

I inquired which shops were her fa-
vorites in Los Angeles and she said the
western junk shop on Third came first,
then for materials she liked Robinson's,
furs and coats Myer Siegel & Co., and
Chappel for hats.

“If I have my way my next picture
is going to introduce a real western
girl—one who does not languish when
trouble bites her, but who buck up and
thinks of something to do,” she ex-
claimed, as she flung everything in a
leap on the bed and we started down-
stairs.

Her fans (myself included) enjoy
seeing her languish and weep on the
screen, even if her heart isn’t in her
work and, as she looks charming in her
“society” clothes, we have hopes of see-
ing her wear many more of them, al-
though she is determined on the “west-
ern stuff.”

Marion Davies, Hearst star, has ar-
rived in Los Angeles to appear in
“Buried Treasure,” which will be filmed
at the Brunton studios by the Interna-
tional Film Company.

D. N. Schwab, president of the D. N.
Schwab Productions, wires from New
York that he has disposed of Dave
Butler's initial story, “Sitting on the
World” to First National. After the
completion of Mr. Butler's present
story he will go to New York to arrange
for a permanent release. He is being
directed by his father, Fred J. Butler.

Lillian Jeffries, a niece of the famous
James J., former heavyweight cham-
pion, is gradually fighting her way to
the top on screen circles. She has been
engaged to support Wallace Reid in
“The Charm School”.

FIFTY-FOOT SCREEN TEST
(UNDER SUPERVISION OF AN EXPERT)

Half-Doz. 5 x 7 Still Photographs
Half-Doz. 8 x 10 De Luxe Portraits

ALL FOR $45

HOPKINS & PAYNE
Care of ARTHUR SHIRLEY STUDIOS

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Those who prefer a car of racy lines—a car of
individuality, power, speed—will find their desire
fully realized in the New ReVere.

It may be obtained in any finish or in any style
of upholstering to suit the individual taste.

To know the New ReVere is to understand its
rapidly growing popularity among those
motor car owners who are most exacting in
their requirements. Come in and see the New
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The Man who Made the Prince Laugh

JACK COOPER
Fox Sunshine, Big Best Bet for the coming Year
The Morality Bunk in Motion Picture Art--
It Rises Above MATERIAL Things
Fat Bellied Intemperance!

To the Publisher of IT:

I have been reading your editorials for a long time. One in particular, which appeared a few issues ago—in which you accused the church of making a hobby of prohibition—has made you many friends here.

To me that article made a special appeal because my husband is a churchman and a prohibitionist—my father and brother have both been drinking men all their lives—yet they have never caused one-tenth the misery my husband has by his intemperate eating. For two years I had to work to support three children because he had rheumatism caused, the doctor said, because he would not curb his appetite. ** * he was too fat and unhealthy to get into the army.

I am trying to get him to read your editorials.

Sincerely,

MRS. EVA BURTON.

1323 Marden Avenue,

Tuscon, Ariz.

You are right—gluttony is gluttony! Intemperance is intemperance!

Churchianity may foster your over-fed prohibition husband—

CHRISTIANITY DOES NOT!

The gospels command temperance—they draw no line between gluttony and gorging—

Scripture contains no heavenly dispensation for the fat-bellied teetotaler—

You say your father and brother were drinking men—

Yet they have not caused you one-half the grief that your over-eating prohibition helper has—

Which proves that your prohibition husband is far more intemperate than your drinking father and brother—

It was a drinking army that fought its way from Flanders to Fédéral—

Not an army of drunkards—not an intemperate army—but an army of red-blooded freemen, who carried the guidon of personal liberty to victory—

The only part of that army that was dry was the Y. M. C. A.—

In the light of the contemptible record made by that organization it becomes easy to understand the distinction you draw between your husband and your father and brother—

And it also becomes easy to understand what lay in the heart of Lincoln when he told the malingers of Grant who accused the great Civil War commander of being a drunkard that they had better find out what brand Grant drank and furnish it to some of the other generals—

The proof that your father and brother are not half as intemperate as your "dry" husband lies in the fact that they didn't care enough about their liquor to walk to the polls to protect their right to have it—

As was the case with thousands of other so-called drinking men—

Let someone try to pass a law curtailing the food supply of your gluttonous husband—

You would probably find him shouting his indignation from the housetops—

You say he was too fat and unfit to pass his medical examination to go to France—

There were thousands like him who voted the prohibition ticket—

And they made up a great part of the army that stayed at home to make it dry while their so-called "intemperate" brothers were dying bullet riddled!

Yours,

EDWARD ROBERTS, Publisher.
The Playground of the Editor

A Little o’ This

Some peaches are clings, while others take a chance.  

William Tell was the first man to put the biggest apple at the top!  

They wanted a crowing cock—instead of the donkey—as the Democratic emblem. So they nominated Cox!  

Pancho is not the only Villa in the bandit business. Did you every try to rent one?  

Burbank has crossed two varieties of spades to increase the size. Which probably brought about the cross-eyed potato!  

“Necks!” Yiped the barber. But nobody stirred. They aren’t shaving ‘em now.  

The Poles, as noted by the daily press, are having a close shave. Mebbe—and this is only by way of surmise—mebbe they’re barber Poles!  

This idea of having elevator starters seems to be a sheer waste. Why doesn’t Ford or somebody invent a self-starting elevator?  


If, as they say, the wish is father to the thought, a day dream is probably a poor relation!  

The daylight-saving fiends don’t want to take time by the forelock—they want to lead him along by a rope!  

“From whom did you learn corn doctoring?” they asked the Hebrew foot surgeon. “From my folder,” he said, plaintively.  

When the Board of Medical Examiners holds a session, the quack doctor ducks!  

If Hell is paved with good intentions they’ve got a lot better roads down there than we have, ours being paved with bad intentions most unanimously.


Vacation

When life grows rather stale and crude I like to seek the solitude  

Of painted hills and shady dells away from haunts of men;  

’Tis then I take a soothing stroll on paths where silence grips the soul,  

And dream a dream of nothingness beside a fairy fen.

I like to take a little fling at Wandering and Wandering  

Adown the glades of Lotusland and up the Aisles of Rest;  

And then beside a purling stream I sit alone in hope and dream  

And wonder why the birds and bees are always full of zest.

A peaceful calm envelops me among the hillocks wild and free  

Amid the vales of Pleasant Thoughts entwined around the scene;  

The grateful hum of Nature’s song upon the zephyrs waft along  

And I am lulled to sweet repose upon a couch of green.

The flowered days of summertime are made of Harmony and Rhyme—  

The cadence of a threnody—the bells of old Lapaz;  

’Tis then I seek the scented wild and watch the poetry unfold  

Upon the screen of Nature’s screen—and yet away from jazz!

The latest fad for women in Paris is to paint the knees. They’re painting the joints in Tia Juana, too!  

Don’t envy the goldfish—he hasn’t got a scent!  

A secret may be told to you  

That isn’t worth a jottle;  

But keep it! Take a homely tip:  

Become a thermos bottle!  

With all the tightrods about you’d think that occasionally the middleman would get squeezed!  

The trouble with the telephone service seems to be in the switch board. It makes it so easy for the operators to switch us onto the wrong number.

Chambermaid went blind. A psychologist fitted her eyes with a pair of keyhole glasses and now she is back at work!

What is sauce for the goose is dyspepsia for the gander!  

It is a far cry from satchel to sables—but many a woman has cried that far!  

Many a chicken’s wishbone has made her wish come true!  

Lack of fine foods do not worry the landscape artist. He can tickle his own palette!  

Quench the thirst of deserts  

And they’ll blossom like the rose;  

Quench the thirst of man and he  

Will blossom at the nose!  

Tough luck—getting a cafeteria steak!  

Wooden-legged man lost his artificial limb on Mr. Doon. The winner took the stump for Cox!
Summer Love Song

Dew lace is gleaming:
   Fairies have spun;
Tryst trails are beaming,
   Sweet in the sun.

You and I
In July
Wander on together;
   Glad are we
For the free
Summer-tinted weather

Warm breezes teeming:
   Breath of the south;
Like roses, dreaming,
   Kiss of your mouth.

With the years,
Come the tears;
Gone the surging passions:
   But the moon above,
With a love
Summer hearts can fashion!

Fortune does more than smile on
some of us—she gives us the ha-ha.
* * *

The chief crop of the state of Ohio
seems to be presidents.
* * *

Cold baths and grand opera are both
splendid if you can get used to them.
* * *

President Wilson may have made the
world safe for democracy but it’s doubt-
ful whether he’s made it safe for the
Democrats.
* * *

What books if shoes are twenty-five
dollars a pair? In this day and age,
it’s a job to keep sale and upper to-
gether!
* * *

The best indication of the popularity
of the Ford automobile is the fact
that the distributors sell so many of them
that they can afford to ride around in
a regular car.
* * *

Young Miss (from the country):
“What is that queer looking thing
on the front lawn?”
Auntie: “Why, that’s the garden
hose.”
Young Miss: “Do tell! What funny
looking legs your garden must have!”
* * *

It seems to drive ‘em crazy,
   Puts ‘em in a nutty fix,
When a group of men are bitten
   By a flock of polly ticks!

Two Women

One took life
Like a racing mare:
   Head up-flung, step high,
A bit of blood in the eye,
   Impatient of ropes,
Scenting victory
   With eager nostrils,
Descendant of blue-ribbon stock,
   The Heaven-born!

The other took life
Like a sorry nag:
   Neck patient for the yoke,
Eyes dulled by dust,
   Ears limply listless,
Content to plod
   Day following day,
Daughter of a dreary line—
   The burden bearers of the ages!

MISTAKEN

One of the foremost psychoanalysts in
the country says concerning the mov-
es: If intellectual laziness were not
so universal, the moving picture busi-
ness would not have grown to such
enormous proportions. The scenes are
written with a view to supplying for
everybody the fulfilment of their
most extravagant wishes.

Our friend the psychiatrist has gone
far astray this time. We know a whole
group of men who are “extravagant
wishes” are not fulfilled by the scenes—
we mean the writers of ‘em.

If some of our speakers were fitted
with Maxim silencers, they’d make a
better hit with the public.
* * *

You can always tell a movie director
   —but you can’t tell him much.
* * *

Little Fellow: Why does the soprano
   close her eyes when she sings?
Big Brother: Ah, she’s got a tender
   heart and doesn’t want to see the pain
   we get when she strikes high C!
   * * *

It must be mortifying to be press
   agent for an embalmer.
   * * *

Philosophy is a wonderful institution
   —it enables philosophers to be happy
   on the pittance that they receive for
   philosophizing.
   * * *

The biggest figure is our divorce
courts still continues to be the triangle.

Mothers

There are mothers with light hair,
   And mothers with brown hair.
   (All mothers have eyes shining fair!)
   There are mothers to suit for the heart
   of each one
   Who has lived since the rise of the very
   first sun.
   But these dear human mothers have
   made us forget
   The two greatest mothers that we’ll
   ever get:
   * Mother Life is the first for she gave us
   her breath
   And the name of the second great
   mother is Death!

The mothers that you love and I love,
   it seems,
   Are symbols of these that we’ve woven
   of dreams.
   (But very dear symbols we weave into
dreams!) Life wakes us and teaches us how we
   may creep,
   But Death folds us close when it puts
   us to sleep.
   * Mother Life is the first for she gave us
   her breath,
   But the name of the second great
   mother is Death!

Heavy smokers are in favor of the re-
   turn of alcohol. It makes a cigar
   lighter!
   * * *

Roses are red,
   Violets are blue;
   Good beer is scarce,
   But not home brew.
   * * *

Our rents fall due in the same old
   way.
   * * *

And the first frog said: “Lord, how
   you made me jump!”
   * * *

The tree reaching imploring arms
heavenward does not know that it is a
living prayer to God.
   * * *

Maybe we could still live as cheaply
   as the grandparents did — if we were
   willing to live the way they did.
   * * *

A local minister sprang a good one
   at morning service last Sabbath: “The
   way things matrimonial are going in
   Los Angeles, it might simplify matters
   to attach a divorce coupon to the mar-
   riage certificate.”
"Why don't you fire incompetent help?" is often asked by customers who approach them—or, reproach them.

What is the answer?

I set out to see what could be encountered between sunrise and sunset in the way of absolute incompetence, indifference and insult from those who are hired to render service.

To calm my mind I naturally sought a good cigar, one of the kind that crackles cosily when it reaches the "snip" stage.

"Then's swell smokes," said the clerk at the nearest store. "I smoke 'em myself.

With such a recommendation, how could I resist? But I did, and took two of some he declared to be the worst sellers. I found them "less worse" than any I had smoked for some time.

This clerk reminded me of a tailor on Broadway who told me that he sought to choose a certain pattern because he "was having a suit of that same stuff made up for himself!" It was exclusive!"

I had to send a telegram. As usual the phone was bon de couplant. I wanted to know if there were some code—some single code word—one could add to a message that would make the messenger leave it underneath the addressee's door in case no one was at home.

"Sure, put in the address," said the girl, without looking up.

I did. And then she wanted to charge for fifteen words instead of ten.

I tore up the telegram and thought of a special delivery letter. Then I recalled how a little elusive paper slip is left at the house of the absent addressee with a hieroglyphic request to call at some obscure sub-station that closes after a certain hour.

Neither the great telegraph system nor the postoffice has thought of a single code word that will waive receipt so that a missive will not be hopelessly delayed when the sender is in a rush. The receipt seems to be the essence with the companies, while expedition is the purpose of the senders.

Finally I concluded that I could do better by walking to the house myself and pushing the note under the door.

Marveling at the awkwardness of things, I decided that I would have a cup of black tea in a hurry. I don't drink ice water with tea; I don't use knife of fork with tea, and the paper napkin was not so essential.

Still all of those articles were installed one by one before me by a languid waitress and then came the tea. Why not the tea first, as it needs time to draw?

I had to wait until it drew. Then—

it was green tea!

I told the waitress.

"Nobody around here drinks nothin' but green," she said. "I use green, myself!"

Also there is the cafeteria disher-up who sneezes into the napkin she uses to wipe the plate she hands you.

And the germ-infested fruit vendor who handles his wares lovingly during his spare moments.

And the saleslady who sneers at you when you ask for something a little cheaper.

And the office boy who reaches out a party paw for your card and makes of it a grimy introduction when it is handed to his boss.

And I could think of a hundred others if I was getting paid for it like you.

—The Printer Who Set this Type.

I staggered out. I could not help recalling two sisters who operate a "quaint" restaurant in the film belt of Hollywood. The place is choked with blue China cats and yellow thingum-bobs with pink whatnots and the darling little hills of fare with large prices are adorned with daffodils and for-get-me-nots. Pink automobiles with purple wheels stand outside in line and the patrons feel that everything is artistic, although it would make any true artist sick below the diaphragm.

A dash of this and a spray of that constituted my dinner, when it finally arrived from the kitchen. I inquired for a potato.

"Well, you see, sir," said one of the culinary twins, "my sister and me don't like potatoes, so we don't serve 'em. But if you will let us know when you are coming, we will have a potato for you."

A woman who looked as if she had been fed on birdsseed came out behind me with a look of satisfaction, but her 175-pound husband looked as if he could devour a whole cafeteria for dessert.

Then I ambled along and thought of the laundries that button the second button from the shirt's neckband—the only one that a man wants tombutton; the waiter who takes away the menu to prevent you from ordering anything more; the cleaner who forgets the sharp of an indelible pencil in the coat pocket of a light gray suit; the drugstore where you buy your checks in advance, which forces you to decide what you want before you see it; the pastry shop that expects you to know the name of Napoleons, prune tarts, strawberry daffodils, or whatever the things are and sit in the booth and describe to the waitress what it is you want.

My head swam and I perspired. I already had worn out one handkerchief and went into a store to buy another.

"I have some of the best linens, some of the sealed ones, and I have—" began the effeminate clerk.

I fled in terror. I have never as yet met a haberdasher's clerk who would tell me what the firm or the institution the store has for sale. It must have
to the very nearest point. He owns the darned place individually, although I recall how he tried to work as an atmospheric extra a few days before.

A cold drink might do me good and I walked up meekly to the edge of an affectionately-sticky soda fountain. But there sat two pretty men with belted coats, curly hair and a touch of makeup. The soda squirell was totally lost. She wasn't there! She was in dreamland and I waited for her to come to. She mechanically pushed my elbow off the counter with a sticky rag and a waft of its stale and conglomerate flavor struck me. She pretended she was wiping the counter, but she was really spreading on the sticky stuff a little more evenly and stickily.

"Did you want something?" she inquired after a long while and after she made certain it was at Solomon's instead of the Dome that she was to meet the "gays" that night.

"No," I muttered. "I don't know now what I came in for."

Then at Westlake Park where I sat down to gasp, I saw three motorcycle messenger boys with "rush" packages and message.

I wandered out and came back to the same point an hour later during which pilgrimage I had encountered a few other atrocities. It was almost dusk. The "rush" boys and their packages were still there, and they evinced no signs of moving, to say nothing about RUSHING!

But I accomplished something later. I talked to the draggist who employed the girl at the soda fountain and he answered the question I asked at the beginning of this wait.

"If I fire the girl," he said, sadly, "the next one—the chances are—would be a helvan lot worse. They must always be!"
Deep Stuff

THE TARANTULA

The tarantula, I suppose, is one of the most difficult animals to domesticate there are. A man might break a rattlesnake to harness and make a fair success of it, or he might teach a stingless scorpion to stand on its hind legs and beg for bread; but the tarantula is too nervous and high-strung for that sort of business. I have never yet seen a man leading a tarantula around by a string. A tarantula lives in a hole in the ground in the summer and in silence in the winter time. It is the color of a chew of tobacco and its bite is worse than its bark. I don't know of anything that is faterable than the bite of a tarantula, unless it is a bite of cyanide of potassium.

GARDENING

Gardening was invented by the ancients as a mode of punishment to take the place of the rack; which the authorities discontinued as too nerve racking.

A garden is a plot of ground covered with weeds and a disgusted onion bed. It also carries a concealed weapon in the form of wind, which remains in hiding until the new seed are put to bed and otherwise made comfortable. Then it comes out and blows the seed into range 12, section 4, township 5, west of N. E. meridian.

If a few seeds by some chance are too deep for the wind to frolic with, the neighbors' chickens stay up nights and gather them to their bosoms.

When the first dandelions begin to sprout the man with the hoe does his other suit and laboriously hoes them and gently nurses them, while he catches rheumatism, cold, malarial, hay fever, lice and corns, sunburns and the pig. Then he invites his friends to come out and look at his nice fresh radishes and pumpkins and dews and salads and lettuce and radishes and potatoes and so on and so forth and segno al trio.

He works in the garden every moment of his spare time until the dandelions and other crops are ripe. Then he looks upon the garden, goes into the house, changes his clothes, slaps his wife in an absent-minded manner and hires a Chinaman to plant his ex-garden to lawn.

"Th' paper sez," said Silas Brown, "That Ormer Locklear come to town, An' sailed his airplane aroun'—

With his French aviator."

"Thet makes me think," said Martha then.

"What Avy done with that ol' hen, Since she's gone from th' chicken pen; I guess our Avy ate 'er."

THE POCKET DICTIONARY

To the man who rises to remark that all our troubles are but figments of the brain and that nothing is really bad, I would submit a vest pocket dictionary. If he does not know the meaning of such words as cow, hen, father, dog or hay he will continue his remarks. But if he really thirsts for knowledge and fondly imagines he will get it by perusing the little pocket mind destroyer, he will die a drunkard and an outcast.

I used to have a friend by the name of Yeer, but I lost him. He asked me to name his first child. I called it "January," because it was the first of the Yeer. Now old man Yeer refuses to speak to me because I didn't name the child "December."

It's all in the spelling—If they say, "How's your dog?" you say, "Fine." If they say, "House your dog," you say, "Sure." Anyhow, the scions of our front families are daily "parking their dogs" in WOOLF & BEAN'S HOTEL ALEXANDRIA SHOP and putting their classic brows under the cooling influence of a WOOLF & BEAN STRAW HAT. Speaking of canines, they say that the wearers of said STRAWS can "put on the dog" and get away with it!

A MELLOW DRAMA

"Have you no sole?"
The speaker, clad in clerical garb, gazed into the eyes of the young lady opposite. She bowed her head as if to hide her shame. Outside the noise of the bawd and seller in the busy mart went on unmindful of what was taking place inside those doors. Once more the clerical gentleman was speaking.

"I say, have you no sole?"

"No," came the low, tremulous answer.

"Well, then, bring me some salmon."

AT THE VILLAGE POSTOFFICE.

I wandered to the village Tom, the place where we were boys. About a hundred years ago, when we made all the noise.

That ever happened in the town. I saw Postmaster Jones, I saw the people call for mail; the same uncertain tones.

We were still in vogue, the same old crowd asked for their mail, you know.

Who never got a letter since a hundred years ago.

Though I have cut but little ice upon the road to fame.

One time a barber gentleman took pains to forge my name.

SHINE 'EM UP!

If there is one thing that disturbs my equanimity and causes me to be sorry I got up feeling fine—if there is one word that can turn me from a sweet-dispositioned person into a pessimist and a grouch and a disturber of the peace of the commonwealth, it is the Greek or the Negro shoe shiner.

I don't care if my shoes DO need polishing—though it makes no difference to the lowly shiner—I don't want him to yell out so the world can hear as he looks sadly at my shoes: "Shine!"

I don't like it, I say. To me it is an insult and there ought to be an ordinance against the practice.

I have frequently had a perfectly good shine and I have walked down the street possibly a block—mebbe two—and at once and immediately one of these shiner boys will take a look at my shoes, shake his head in a sort of resigned manner and yelp wildly: "Shine!"

And then, of course, everybody stops to look at my shoes. At least, that is the way it seems to me. I know I often sneak a glance at the other fellow's shoes when I hear one of these street insinuators bawl: "Shine!" at him.

The point is: They yelp regardless. If a man has a shine they holler anyway. It sort of makes one think that (Continued on Page 23)
**Morosco Organizes**

As announced exclusively in IT a few weeks ago, Oliver Morosco, George Bentel and Frank Egan have completed their production plans and are incorporating as a $2,500,000 company for the purpose of producing for the screen various Morosco successes.

A new gigantic studio will be built in Los Angeles at once, but production will start at a temporary studio. The first picture to be filmed, according to the new company, will be Maud Fulton’s “Humming Bird,” which will open at the Little Theater with Maud Fulton and Henry Walthall in the leading roles, next Monday night.

Other plays to follow the “Humming Bird” will be “Seven Miles to Arden,” “Linger Longer Letty,” “The Chum Digger,” “Manana’s Affair,” and hundreds of others.

At least a dozen plays are all ready for screen production and, as Mr. Morosco has first call on all the prize plays at Harvard University, the company feels that there will be no dearth of material.

According to George Bentel, it is the plan of the new Oliver Morosco Productions, Inc., to label each film “Made in Los Angeles,” for it is in Los Angeles that all the pictures will be made.

**MODERN BANDITS**

W. S. Campbell, director of comedies for C. L. Chester, was driving home from Santa Monica Thursday evening.

Suddenly his car was halted by a waving lantern—and a gruff voice commanded him to hold up his hands.

He held ‘em up, while a large and sinister-looking revolver pointed steadily at him from in front of the radiator.

For fully ten minutes did the pistol keep the director’s hands in the air. Not a word was said. Campbell began to wonder what it was all about. Then:

“All right,” came a voice from the rear.

The bandit with the revolver stepped aside. Mr. Campbell drove on, wondering what it was all about.

Another mile or so and he knew. His car stopped of its own accord. He got out and tinkered with it. Still it wouldn’t start. Then he looked in the right spot for the trouble. Yes, he was right.

The bandits had emptied his gasoline tank!

**The Mighty Comedian**

One time—and ‘tis the no fairy tale—a young man up and died. He was a screen comedian, and “gagging” was his pride.

He used to think up all the stunts with which to make folks laugh.

And millions sought his photograph and begged his autograph.

’Twas he who figured out the falls, the chases and the pies,

’Twas he who thought of all the plots, the heart throbs and surprise.

Directors came, directors went and “gag” men hurried by,

Not one could think of tales like his—his brain just whizzed on high.

You couldn’t tell that guy a thing—’twas only waste of breath;

No matter what your story was, his had it skinned to death.

He knew “just what the public wants;” he knew its every whim,

Great humorists and men of note were simply scorned by him.

And so—I say—this great man died, which soothed his mental pains,

And scientists rushed madly forth to diagnose his brains.

They sought to ascertain the cause for all his brilliant strokes;

They thought they’d find an extra set of cells filled full of jokes.

They finished up their work at last and wildly sought the breeze—

The thing he’d called his wondrous brain was one large hunk of cheese!

**PRAISES SKINNER**

Otis Skinner is said to be winning the love and admiration of every man and woman employed in the making of Kismet. He accepts direction with the willingness of a beginner, there is no task too arduous for him but that it is graciously performed and he radiates decency and goodfellowship in every move, according to Louis Gasnier. He thinks Skinner’s good humor is certain to have its effect on the quality of the production and that Kismet should prove a masterpiece.

“Bing” Thompson, who some years ago made a picture called “The Isle of Regeneration” for Fox, has been engaged by Universal to direct Frank Mayo.

The tenor who sings during the ent’ract at the movies usually has a light voice—but—a heavy pompadour!
Just An "Extra Girl"

By M. O.

Within a narrow ash-scriven alley a white rose tremblingly pecked out among the weeds. Occasionally a sunbeam would find its way through the dense forest of leaves and would gently kiss the rose. And so it grew. The weeds vaingloriously nodded their heads and threw, almost choking the little rose. But somehow it managed to live, though sullied and stained by the weeds and the dust and the ashes. And then one day a child came through the alley and, skipping the rose there among the weeds, pinched the flower and threw it into the dust. But the weeds were unbeautiful and rank—and dirty—and they still live and flourish there in the alley.

For the purpose of this story her name shall be Annie.

Born of a mother who knew life too well, Annie was never in a hurry, except when the mother managed to "catch a live one." Annie and her sisters and brothers quickly learned that there are two sides to life—one for them and one for those who had mothers who did not drink or swear.

Annie quickly learned to do both—and other things. No one took the trouble to tell her right from wrong. And wasted away a kind of growing right.

And so she grew to girlhood, with wishful dark eyes, jet-black hair and a vague longing—a longing to run away from the alley full of weeds.

And then one day—long after she had known men of all sorts and under all conditions—weeds that choked the alley of ashes—a day Annie met a Man—her savior, it seemed to her.

He was not one of the weeds that grew, arrogant and blattant, there among the ashes. He was of a type that Annie rarely ever saw—a gentleman of wealth, position and culture. But he had looked upon Annie and found her beautiful in form and face and voice. And right willingly did she go with him away from the darkened windows and the saddenedness and the ashes.

For a long time she was happy—wonderfully, gloriously, supremely happy. This new world, clean and wholesome, was all after her world—her heaven—and the man she loved—the man who had led her into this new life—was to her the embodiment of all that was good and beautiful and true. She loved him, boldly at first, now shyly and, at length, fearfully.

And then, because she loved him in this new and hardly understandable way, she began to ponder upon things—matters over which she never before had wasted a thought — things about which she had known nothing until now.

She began to realize that she was declassée—that try as she might she could not reach his level.

But he smiled at her. He told her not to worry her pretty head—and he offered to marry her! That was, indeed, a greater test of his love than she felt that she had a right to expect.

Still—it was her opportunity. The man had everything to offer her—and offered it whole-heartedly and freely, even lovingly.

And then, to ease the situation—to offer her a chance to make of herself that which she believed she must be, the Man bought for her many books—books which would teach her the things she never had known—never would know—in the alley.

Laboriously she spelled out the long words. Far into the San Francisco night she worked and studied and hoped to be able at last to cross the line of demarcation between the castes of the Uprights and the In-diffrents—hoping—

One evening the Man came home to their cozy nest. He found a note on the table, the words poorly spelled, the English twisted—but he understood. She had left him—because she knew—now—that she never, nearly could reach his class—she belonged among the weeds—in the alley.

She returned to Los Angeles. By persistence and a beautiful face she managed to get into the pictures. But her advancement was slow—and one day she married the man her mother had selected for her—a weed.

He was doped the day he struck her with some wooden object. It bruised her side and the wound never healed. The doctor said it would probably cause pleurisy, but he did not tell her that it would, eventually, affect her lungs—that tuberculosis would follow. He did not know—for sure.

Slowly her strength was—lost and she wanted to avoid the alley. Away from the weeds there was sunshine.

Painstakingly she learned from a kindly soul how to make rose beads. Other work was heavy and—she was tired these days—and her side—there was much pain. But the weeds grew in such profusion. She was afraid of them—they might cut off her sunshine entirely, and so with $3 and her ticket she returned to San Francisco.

She was virtually dying when someone—found her there—lying on a dump bed in a dismal lodging house—making beads—isometrically. A weary woman, but not tireless.

Annie died the other day. Her husband wondered why they hadn't told him she was ill—he might have done something—still she was always kind—funny-acting—

Out in the ash-scriven alley the weeds, vigorous and loving and heavy with dirt and grime, are growing closer to the tattered buildings—thrusting upon the filth and the dust and the ashes. But around the spot where once a white rose shyly lifted its head, a puny peeks out, scarlet and ashamed—for the white rose was found there where the boy had thrown it and a smiling woman carried it tenderly across—out of the alley. The weeds whispered hoarsely together that they had heard it was an angel—taking away a pure white soul—but what do weeds know about souls!

The Summer Sea

By Grace Wilcox

A quiet, grey sea softly glowing like the pink in a pearl responding to warm, living flesh; the lapping of a tired tide worn out with its stormy vigils and its incessant fretting; grass, flowers, trees and shrubbery open sleepy eyes to the refreshing softness of the misty morning; birds sing futile songs to arouse the sun; gardeners in blue denim pick up bits of paper from the painted green of the lawns.

The noisy bang of pots and kettles in far regions announce the arrival of the kitchen workers; the daughters of Martha hurried into blue gingham, while Mary's daughters in their soft beds far above, shrouded in the finest of pink crepe and fine lace, dream of a perfect lover.

With a gentle pulsing of the machinery of the fashionable seaside hotel that smooths its motion to the right, the idle guests who will soon begin another day of boredom.

Three hours later these guests stroll languidly in for breakfast, read without interest the morning papers and arrange their plans to amuse themselves until the inevitable luncheon hour.

Smooth, marcelled, veneered women, minus emotion, thought or passion, stroll about in multi-colored sports clothes, whisper rapid secrets behind jewelled hands, pour in toager ears bits of gossip, threads of subtle intrigues and exaggerations of innocent little flirtations in moon-washed summer houses.

For no reason except that their paths happen to cross for a summer vacationing, the women glance contemptuously toward one another; cliques ignore other cliques; one group goes in for tennis, another for bridge, another for dancing, another for swimming, another for reducing—but each little set is suspicious and a trifle jealous of the other, because the individuals comprise—

(Continued on Page 23)
New Producer

E. S. Bradley, an eastern capitalist with the motion picture fever tearing madly through his veins, has come to Los Angeles and has jumped right into the middle of things.

First, he went out and took Al St. John on for a series of comedies—five-reelers. Warner brothers are supposed to be through, so far as St. John is concerned. He has been making two-reelers for several months, releasing through Paramount-Arthea.

Then, having secured a Robert W. Service story, Mr. Bradley reached out and grabbed one Wallace Beery, who has been assigned to play the lead and direct the picture.

Studio space will be taken at one of the community plants and work on St. John's first special will begin as soon as he completes his contract with Warners. Beery will start right away, it is said.

On top of all this comes an announcement from H. M. Warner that Mr. St. John is under contract to Warner brothers for a period of five years and that the brothers will fight, if necessary to hold the comedian to his contract.

With which statement the case is left with the jury.

Fannie Hurst has signed to write a series of stories for Universal.

Irene Rich, well known film player, has been granted a divorce from Capt. Charles Henry Rich, who is believed to be in New York. She was awarded a decree after she had showed that her husband had an "obsession" that she did not love him.

Harry Morey, Vitagraph star, will come west shortly to make a series of pictures.

Monte Blue will go east shortly to appear in "The Kentuckians," to be directed by Charles Maigne for Paramount.

Evelyn Paton has been signed by Universal to direct Eva Novak in a special feature.

Carter DeHaven may produce on his own within a few weeks. He already has selected his story.

Mrs. Sidney Drew will shortly leave comedies behind her, it is said, and go in for drama — long ones. She will probably produce in Los Angeles.

"Hoot" Gibson has signed a new five-year contract with Universal.

J. Parker Read, Jr., who has injected himself into the Hart-lace controversy by suing for $64,500, which he alleges is due for his services in obtaining a marketing contract for the Hart pictures, brought out in court that lace and Hart expected to make $1,600,000 in two years from the sale of their pictures. The case has been continued.

Carter DeHaven has purchased a home at Hollywood for $50,000 and plans to expend $10,000 on improvements. The place is located at Vine and Franklin.

Jack Pickford, it is said, will shortly sever his connection with Goldwyn and head his own producing organization.

George Chesebro has been signed by Universal to appear in a feature with Eva Novak, after which he will be featured in a serial.

According to an announcement from the east, Richard A. Rowald of Metro, sailed for Europe on a Corona. A good jokesmith with a good typewriter could write quite a quip about the Corona thing—but what if he did?

Sol Lesser has announced that he will get out of the producing end of the motion picture business and devote all his time to the First National Exhibitor's circuit. He is establishing offices in New York.

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In these first warm days of summer every woman is interested in getting a smart sweater for sport wear, but a cool sweater as well. The solution awaits you here — models of sheerest chiffon wool alpaca, in several brilliant hues, flame, emerald green and turquoise, for instance. Other light wool collarless models for use with fluffy shirt waists are gaining in favor for midsummer use. Then in more expensive sweaters — silks, in every wanted style and color.

Illustrated — One of our dashing wool outfits, a coat with skirt to match. There is unlimited choosing here in costumes of this nature.
By Grace Wilcox

Louise Glamm is like a lily, a lotus, an orchid or a strange, exotic flower. Perhaps in some former life this slender creature with her deep amber eyes, auburn hair and rich ivory complexion may have walked with Pharaoh's kinswomen in a palm garden.

Or perchance she may have been a slave-girl whose duty it was to amuse an exacting mistress—a queen of the Nile—who commanded her to dance weird interpretations of life as it was then lived or to sing to her sad, sweet love songs.

If as a slave girl she envied the noble women in their "purple and fine linen" then in her life today she is being recompensed, for no Egyptian queen ever had more gorgeously beautiful raiment than has this modern girl who seems to cast an Oriental spell over her surroundings.

Miss Glamm cannot be placed in a modern scene; the occidental background, with its clipped lawns, ornamental trees and stiff architecture, is neither congenial nor becoming to her.

The fashions of today with their stilted stitchings, true patterns and neat outlines have no place in her wardrobe.

For her the jewels of an East Indian princess, the ornate, flowing garments of the far East, or the entire, daring design of an inspired French dressmaker!

Her dressing room at the two studios stops being Colonial with its mullioned windows; the interior is charming with Oriental draperies, rugs, cushions, divans, bric-a-brac and wall panels.

She received me in a gown which she must have dreamed.

Her new picture, Stewart Edward White's "Leopard Woman," is soon to be released, and this is one of the gowns incidental to the fascinating story.

The creation almost defies words to describe it. The first impression is that the entire gown is composed of ropes of pearls and rhinestones. The jewels cascade across the shoulders and are fastened to a slender black velvet band forming the bodice. From huge bracelets streamers of pearls slip along the arms and connect with immense pearl rings on each of the four fingers of both hands. Cobwebby silver cloth and black velvet with a mesh of pearls and rhinestones form the draped skirt, which is joined to the bodice with a jeweled girdle.

A head dress of spreading white peacock feathers and a cap of solid rhinestones is worn with this unusual costume.

A leopard skin dress is another unique adjunct to her recent wardrobe—this also to be worn in the picture. It is draped into sinuous lines of clinging grace and has a bodice of purple chiffon and gold embroidery.

"You know, the truth is I never have any clothes of my own," confided Miss Glamm.

"I'm not interested in the formal styles of today. I adore designing the things I wear in my pictures, but when I'm invited out to dinner or want to run down to the beaches, I always have to scurry around and find something" (Continued on Page 28)
What's the Matter with D. W.?

By E. R.

The incorporation of D. W. Griffith and the method that is being employed to secure the funds Griffith requires is the one big topic of conversation in and about the studios just now. Film-wise, acres and "rail birds"—and there are a million of them in Los Angeles—claim to read many things between the lines of the prospectus issued by the brokers. Much more do they claim to read in the letter written by Griffith to these brokers explaining the stock issue.

Why does D. W. Griffith have to resort to a sale to the public at $15.00 per share to secure needed capital when it has generally been believed that inssofar as finances were concerned his name was one to conjure with and that millions were his for the asking, is what these wise ones are wanting to know.

From the letter written by Griffith to the brokers who are handling the entire issue it is evident that they have underwritten Griffith's entire offering, but that whatever representation is made to the public they are quite willing to have Griffith make that, for a handwritten note at the bottom of the prospectus and the daily paper advertisements calls attention to the fact that the statements made regarding financial condition are believed to be true but not guaranteed to be so.

The price asked for the stock is $15.00 per share, and 125,000 shares are offered for sale, making $1,875,000 that the public is being asked to take care of. Griffith retains 375,000 shares which he holds in a class designated as B and which are not to earn any dividends until after 10 per cent has been paid on the stock sold the public.

The wise ones: This sum, $1,875,000, is pithy, indeed, compared to the vast wealth that was said to be waiting on the United Artists at the time they were organized and when Messrs. McCauley and Price were placed in charge at enormous retainers. With Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford and Griffith in the combine it was generally accepted as a fact that the financial interests of the country were only waiting for the call to open their coffers and pour the contents thereof into the picture grinding hopper of the "Big Four".

What has happened since then? Is what the mob at the Athletic Club, in the studios and on the "Alex rug" are asking.

That the Griffith stock should prove a valuable investment is not doubted, but the general feeling seems to be that he has not added to his prestige by offering it for sale in the manner he has. That the stock is being hawked about there seems to be no doubt as the writer was in a studio the other day when a salesmen came in and tried to interest a well-known picture man in it. Of course, he was informed that there was any spare cash lying about that studio it would be invested in its own pictures.

The older heads in the industry seem to see much more in the Griffith stock sale, however. They emphatically declare that Wall Street is out of the picture business for good and that the taste of Lasky and Goldwyn was sufficient and likewise plenty to last the money gang for many a day to come. Normally, Griffith could pick up the telephone and get ten times what he is seeking to raise. The only question this group can see is that Wall Street is "through".

There is yet another group of curb-stone analysts who see in Griffith's move his determination to be free from financial domination of the big money crowd and that he is making a direct appeal to the people who have helped make him famous. They insist Griffith has a very wise head and that he does not intend to permit his work to be passed upon by "fat-bellied finance".

As yet there has been no way of ascertaining just how the stock is selling.

McCarthy Company

The John P. McCarthy Productions, Inc., with a capital of $200,000 has been formed in Los Angeles by John P. McCarthy, creator of "Out of the Dust," as president; H. A. Rechtsteiner, secretary, and others well-known in the production end of the picture business.

It is the plan of the new company to film four big McCarthy specials a year, work on the first of which will start very shortly.

Mr. McCarthy's "Out of the Dust," dozens of scenes of which are patterned after the Remington paintings, created a furor at its New York preview and will shortly arrive in Los Angeles for its first run.

So true to Frederick Remington's masterpieces are the scenes in "Out of the Dust" that the P. P. Collier estate has loaned its collections of Remington paintings to P. P. Craft, who is handling the picture, for lobby displays.

The picture was written and directed by John P. McCarthy and the titles were written by Miles Overholt, editor of IT.

INCORPORATIONS

The following motion picture companies have been incorporated at Sacramento:

Ropewie Dorety Film Corporation, incorporators William P. Dorety, Ethel L. Dorety, E. A. Baker, capital stock $150,000; subscribed $400.


Sunkist Film Company, incorporators E. C. Harth, Anna Harth, William Terrill and Ola Terrill; capital stock $10,000; subscribed $500.

House Peters (Inc.), incorporators House Peters, Harry R. Haskin, Walter E. D. Coreay, F. J. Raven, Howard V. Dennis; capital stock $1,000,000; subscribed $500.

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Period Furniture

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A Personally Conducted Scandal
By O. Harvey

Whiz! Ring!
A bullet sped past the ears of the low-bending occupants of the touring car and imbedded itself in the earth in the center of the road.

"For a gendarme that fellow is a punk marksman, unless, of course, he is trying to puncture the extra tire at the rear," said Freddy Funnel, as he turned the auto down a narrow bit of highway, slowed it down and finally brought it to a halt at the edge of a thickly-wooded spot.

The girl was sobbing.

"Oh, let me go, monsieur," she pleaded in French. "It is a mistake, a terrible, awful mistake. I have told you I thought you were Comte d'Aubin."

In the darkness and owing to the similarity of dress the resemblance is remarkable. I have told you that I was intended to elope. Please take me back?

"Well, you wanted to elope, didn't you? What does it matter if one of the elopers is only an imitation of the real article? The big idea is to make a success of it. I don't like to brag, but honest, kid, I'm beginning to think I'm one of the best elopers in the business," said Freddy, enthusiastically.

"And I haven't started yet."

"No, no, monsieur. Take me back. They are aroused now; the hat masque is spoiled. Father thinks I have been abducted. Oh, this is awful." And she burst into another fit of weeping.

Freddy pondered.

"Say," he said, "don't get so pessimistic. Let's move over on the sunny side. Now the point is this," he then said, gravely, "You came to me on the lawn and said you were ready, then you squeezed my hand. That settled it—I was ready too. You asked me if the car was waiting. I replied that it was. Then we came away from the giddy throng, boarded the first automobile we came to, and fled with our ill-gotten gains."

"But, monsieur, when I heard—er—swear in English, I knew you were not Count d'Aubin, and I told you of the terrible mistake."

"Sure, but those fellows with the pistols were trying to shoot the perfectly good air out of our tires while you were elucidating and—well, I wanted to give 'em a run for their money anyway."

The sound of an approaching motor caused Freddy to action once more. He threw in the clutch and the machine glided away. As soon as he had his bearings he continued:

"Listen, girl. We can't go back now. Should we successfully dodge the wild, weird marksmanship of the gentlemen to the rear and reach your father's place, think of the unpleasant situation in which you would find yourself.

"We've got to make some kind of a bluff," he continued. "I don't know what it'll be, but I'll try to think it out as we meander forward."

They sat in silence for a few minutes.

Mr. O. Harvey goes somewhat out of his way to write a fiction story with its locale in France. But having been over there he doubtless feels that he is an authority on locations, as indeed most of the soldier boys are, they having traversed a great deal of that country afoot. You are going to like "A Personally Conducted Scandal." It is complete in this issue.

Then, "Perhaps you're right," she said. "It would be embarrassing and difficult to explain. Please 'think it out' soon."

"But what will the count say?" she said after awhile.

"If he's the kind of a man he ought to be, he'll understand without much explanation," said Freddy, soberly. He let the car cut another notch and they bowed swiftly into the town of Lassan.

At a crossing a gendarme stopped them.

"I was waiting for you, monsieur," he said. "A telephone message from the home of Monsieur de Chambray advised us that you would soon be along this way. Welcome to our city, Monsieur—I don't get the name?"

He smiled. "Alight, dear monsieur and monselle. Time is pressing."

"That'll be all," said Freddy, breaking in on the voluble gendarme's attempted wit. "Your high-handed methods of stopping us this way may appear highly amusing to your narrow, moth-eaten mind, but I am afraid we shall have to draw the curtain on the little performance. Kindly remove your hand from the seat, we must be on our way."

With but a moment's hesitation, the guardian of the peace of the village of Lassan stepped away from the car.

"Pardon, monsieur, I see I was mistaken. Sorry to have detained you. Pass on," he said.

"But how—how—did you do it?" inquired his companion, who had been an exceedingly interested listener, as the car moved swiftly through the streets.

"A large, yellow, jumpy American coin did the trick," said Freddy. "They all fall for it over here," he mused to himself.

They speeded on into the darkness in silence. The girl no longer sobbed.
We Demand Air

Editor of "IT:"—Observing that the few are corraling all the publicity shrinks, while the vast majority of our fellowship are corraling all the computed silence, I suggest a Bullhooitooicous movement wherein the modest, retiring genius will press agent themselves into fame. With your kind permission, I will start now.

BILL WING.

STARTLING FILM NEWS

Bill has moved his office to another chair.

There is much mystery as regards Bill's next masterpiece. Bill is as much in the dark as anyone.

Bill is unable to meet the stupendous demands for his autograph, having run out of blank checks.

Bill is planning a world tour to gather material for his next 276 photoplays, which he will write upon special order for all the stars, as soon as the stars order them.

By special arrangement with himself, Bill also will supervise the writing of these stories.

Having returned from his trip around the world—which he did not take because of the expense—Bill will now proceed to write the masterpieces previously announced.

Rival managers of various studios have invited Bill out during the past month. So he got out.

Jerome Storm, former director for Charles Ray, is forming a company to be known as the "Jerome Storm Players" and will start production soon. Robert Gordon has been asked to join the new organization.

* * *

Henry J. Arnez is the new general manager for the Jack White and Lloyd Hamilton comedies.

* * *

Emile Chantard has left Fox, following what he says was too much interference by Fox in his production plans. His entire producing organization unit also quit Fox to go with their chief.

The American Film Company was denied a new trial against Mary Miles Minter who recently was awarded $4,000 unpaids salary.

* * *

Lenore Lyman has gone over to Metro to appear in a Nazimova picture.

* * *

Among those who are helping Dave Butler make his newest picture are: Elinor Field, Phoea Hains, Alice Knowlton, Mrs. Harry Todd, Elsie Bishop, Harry Todd, Elmer Dewey, Billy DeVaul and Larry McGrath.

* * *

Earl Montgomery, the comedian, has started work on the first of a series of independent productions.

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We have an exceptionally large selection of RUGS ranging in sizes from 20x14 feet to 40x22 feet.
LaCarmen Co.

The LaCarmen Productions is a new organization just formed for the purpose of producing photoplays in this man's town. Claud Barber is the general manager and the director general.

Delores Lopez is writing the stories for the new concern. Antonio Stanich, an operatic artist, has been engaged as leading man. The balance of the cast has not yet been announced.

The new concern plan to make six original pictures a year. A studio site will be selected shortly and a new plant built, it is said.

Los Angeles capital is back of the organization.

Mary Hay, who is married to the husband of Mrs. Richard Barthlemess, is scheduled to appear in pictures opposite her husband. She was formerly a Follies girl.

Abraham Lehr of Goldwyn now answers to "Daddy," a boy having arrived at his home, who weighed in at eight pounds, bedside.

Jimmy Hogan will direct Louise Lovely in her first starring vehicle for Fox.

Jimmie Harrison has left Christie to try himself out again in dramas. He formerly was with Griffith.

Ben Reynolds has been engaged by Eric von Stroheim as head cameraman for the filming of "Foolish Wives," a sequel to "Blind Husbands."

Now that Ora Carew is going to be featured by DeMille, a lot of folks want to call her Aura Carew!

Jack Wheeler has gone to New York with the completed print of "The Mystery of the Hope Diamond," written by May Yohe and directed by Stuart Paton. He will arrange for distribution while there.

The Kineama theater will be closed for a few weeks shortly, at which time it will be entirely renovated, a new stage built and other improvements made.

A. Daniel Bell, newspaperman, has joined Jack White and Lloyd Hamilton as publicity expert.

Jack White has finished two comedies and is starting on the third at the Astra studios at Glendale.

Tsuru Aoki, Japanese actress, has returned to Los Angeles from an extended visit in Japan.

PLAYERS

Clark Irvine has started figuring out the number of screen players whose initials are alike in both names, as witness: Art Acord, Barbara Bedford, Catherine Curtis—I guess every letter is there; let's see—Dorothy Dalton, Edna Earle, Franklin Furnham, Gene Gauntier, Howard Hickman, Isolda Hlian, Jacques Jaccard, Kathleen Kirkham, Lila Lee, Mac Marsh, Paul Powell, Ruth Rowland, Scott Sidney, Tom Terriss, Vola Vale, Winfrid Westover, and—and—Bennie Zeidman.

Ernest C. Ward, well known director has purchased a home in the foothill district north of Santa Monica.

Victory Bateman, stage star, has joined Brunton for a part in a picture or two.

Ralph Lewis is playing an important part in Louis B. Mayer's production, "Sowing the Wind," featuring Anita Stewart.

Kathleen Kirkham, who expects very shortly to head her own producing company, failed to get a vacation because Thomas Ince grabbed her for an important role in "Beau Revoir," now being filmed at the Culver City studio.

Emory Johnson, Doris Pawn, Gerald Pring and Macey Harlan are among the players who will help Betty Compson make her next picture.

Lula Warrenton, who has been playing in pictures in New York, has returned to Los Angeles.

Anna Nilsson will head her own incorporated company shortly. She will make a series of plays particularly suited to her type.

Jay Brien Chapman has resigned as publicity director for Federal photoplays and will open an independent office in Hollywood.

Film Folk

Jack Lewis, former publicity director for Selznick, has gone over to Brunton's to handle the press agency of the Federal photoplays.

Allen Holubar's contract with Kaufman extends only to one picture. The picture which is a feature, as yet unnamed, with Dorothy Phillips, will be completed in October.

Hope Loring says the press agent, invented or devised the Fox Trol, while acting as hostess in a New York cabaret, which would be interesting if it were true. Irene Castle whose unmarried name was Fox, (she being a daughter of Dr. Fox of New Rochelle, N. Y.), was the first one to present this terpsichorean movement.

William Selig has disposed of his Chicago studios to an automobile concern and will operate only his Los Angeles plant, it is stated. The Chicago plant was at one time the largest motion picture studio in the world and some of the greatest pictures the industry ever turned were made.

Conrad Nagle will appear opposite Bebe Daniels in her next Realart picture, it is said.

Marion Aye has joined First National and will probably be featured in a forthcoming production.

A $100,000 improvement schedule for Rolin has been announced by Hal Roach, following the signing up of Harold Lloyd for a million and a half a year. Three companies are now at work at the Rolin studios and two more will start within a short time, it is said. Those companies already at work include those of Harold Lloyd, Harry Pollard and Eddie Boland.

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SIMONIZ
The Most Scientific Method of Protecting the Finish of Your Automobile

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Music in Pictures

Does music help an actor to act? Do the strains from a studio orchestra lend aid to the director? A great number of directors insist upon music at all times, some of them demand it only when an exceptional dramatic scene is about to be filmed. But the majority of studios are all harmonized up with music. Is it a necessary adjunct to a production? That is the question. Ernest Warde, Brunton director, says it's the bunk. Also he goes on:

"Music used in film making is nothing less than dope. I refuse to include my actors in the same category as race horses and give them virtual hypodermics of Bach or Wagner every time it is necessary for them to register emotion. Just as dope will sometimes make a horse lose his head and start pitching and kicking all over a course, so music will invariably make a player over-act. Saturate an actor's senses with "Hearts and Flowers" at the moment when he is supposed to render a commonplace good-bye to his wife before leaving on a three-day business trip to Chicago and he will probably weep, wince, hang his head and carry on generally like 'Armand' in the last act of 'Camille'.

"Real artists cannot do their best work to the mandolin scraping of a studio orchestra. They are distracted instead of inspired. A scenario writer once suggested that the late Sir Beerbohm Tree employ music while making scenes for the film play of 'Macbeth'. The actor asked the man if he hired an orchestra to help him with his writings. 'I should say not!' said the writer. 'How could I think with a pack of fiddles squeaking at my elbow?' Said Tree, 'We actors are required to think occasionally, too!'

"This fad of music is sometimes ridiculously overdone. A friend of mine recently came upon a picture camera set up in front of a bank entrance in a business section of Los Angeles. Behind the camera was a nine-piece orchestra. 'At a signal from the director the musicians began a languishing aria from 'Madame Butterly.' My friend expected to see a soul-tearing scene enacted. Instead a smartly dressed young lady walked briskly before the camera, dropping a handkerchief as she passed. One of our well known athletic stars emerged from the bank, picked up the handkerchief, appeared to recognize the initials and sighed heavily. Then he pocketed the handkerchief and climbed into a waiting machine. My friend lay awake several hours that night attempting to solve the problem of the nine-piece orchestra.'
$250,000 Company

Business men of Los Angeles are waking up to the fact that outside capitalists are coming in here and taking money right away from them through the agency of the picture producing business.

Three or four companies have recently been organized here by local capitalists and have started production with already very gratifying results.

And so it is of interest to note that the Woolwinces have decided to expend some of their wealth in the production business.

For with Claire Woolwine at the head, the Premier Productions has been incorporated for $250,000, fully paid in, and the new corporation has arranged for its first release in September. Which means that actual shooting must start within a few days.

Premier Productions, Inc., will make only short subjects, it is announced, which will be released through Special Pictures Corporation, in which the Heilmans are said to be interested.

A new big studio on Santa Monica boulevard will be built immediately and the new company will make three one-reel comedies a week, beginning at once, to follow these with a series of two-reelers.

Stars of known box-office value will be employed, and stories will be written by experts only, it is said.

The incorporators of Premier Productions, Inc., are Claire Woolwine, Alonzo L. Hart, Max Richmond and John R. Martin.

Mr. Martin will supervise the productions. He formerly was with J. Stuart Blackton and is now engaging talent for his first productions.

The Balboa studio at Long Beach will be used for the present.

Joe Dowling has been engaged by Branton for an important part in a Harry Leon Wilson story.

Niles Welch has been signed by Branton for a picture.

Paul Chalfin, architectural artist, has joined Cecil B. DeMille’s forces at Lasky’s.

John T. Powers and some Oklahoma capitalists are forming a company to shoot a series of all-Indian pictures, the exteriors of which will be made in Oklahoma, it is announced. “Feather-Shocking Tales” such like will be filmed, it is said. A studio will be procured here later and the interiors made therein.

Eddie Lowe has signed a contract to appear opposite Katherine MacDonald in her next feature.

CUTTING PRICES

No more unfair ratings for motion picture players in the matter of personal insurance service is the news that was last week given out to the film fraternity by A. V. Woods, local manager of the West Coast Life Insurance Co., who has just returned from San Francisco, where the home office of the company is located.

In the past, for reasons never quite clear, says Mr. Woods, insurance companies have either declined to accept photoplayer risks or else have exacted extremely high rates for their policies.

Woods has for some time past specialized in personal insurance for the picture fraternity, especially that phase of it which has to do with annuity and income policies, as a protection against want in time of need. From the first he was struck by the high rates exacted by all the companies. His work in this direction has finally borne fruit and the same rates are open to members of the profession as to people occupied in any ordinarily safe vocation.

Woods represents one of the largest companies on the coast and is the youngest district manager in the business.

GRIFFITH TO RETURN

David Warl Griffith, who a few months ago shook the dust of California from his feet “forever,” has decided to come back, and it is said he will arrive about the first of October, accompanied by his entire organization, composed of actors, actresses, mechanics, billposters, “yes” men, and all.

Perhaps D. W. found it too cold back in Long Island to wear his funny Panama hat with the windows cut around the crown, or maybe the resident chauffeur was objected to his occasional outbursts of grand opera (D. W. used to be a singer before the stage got him), but, at any rate, he is coming back.

WRITERS ORGANIZE

Plans have been perfected for the organization of the Screen Writers’ Guild of the Authors’ League of America, to comprise scenario and continuity writers as well as all those engaged in the marketing and preparation for production of published stories and original scenario manuscripts. To cover the entire field two classes of memberships are planned.

Final plans for the organization were agreed upon at a meeting held Thursday, July 8, at the L. A. A. C., Frank E. Woods, of the Lasky forces, presiding. A committee of thirty was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws and to arrange for another meeting, at which time permanent officers for the ensuing year will be elected.

There were fully five hundred members of the writers’ fraternity on hand.

Solve Mystery

After a hysterical week of gunshoeing, tipboeing, rubberheeling, eyesdropping, pepboeing, hushed whispering and analytical staring, Mr. Griffith was all due modesty, and with no desire tochorlote aloud its triumphant astuteness, is able to announce the identity of the strange director whose mysterious comings and goings have recently been the subject of much sotto voce gossiping on all the roundabout streets of the Godfather’s lot.

For many weeks—in fact, ever since the company first started its work—a man known as Jones has been the invisible power behind the throne in the Betty Compson Productions. When work was begun on Miss Compson’s first picture, “Prisoners of Love,” nobody seemed to know who was at the head of affairs and much secrecy was maintained regarding the identity of the producer and financial backer of the production. Art Rosson’s was the visible hand that was moulding the daily work into a picture, but Betty signed the checks and, so far as any one knew, Betty was the whole works.

But from the very beginning whenever a decision was required on an important question in the making of the picture the usual method of settling it was “Let’s show it to Mr. Jones.” When it came to looking over the daily runs and cutting the picture “Mr. Jones” was always on hand to see that things were handled as he wanted them to be.

The continuity was blue-penciled by “Mr. Jones,” the camera man was selected by “Mr. Jones,” the costumes were personally designed by “Mr. Jones,” and daily Betty rehearsed behind closed doors with “Mr. Jones” standing by to pass judgment on what he did and did not like.

It wasn’t long before the people around the lot began to wonder what to talk. This “bird” was so different. Most producers walked around with a medal pinned to their chests to let all the world know just how big and important they were. Everybody knew there was someone who was “the whole cheese” behind the Company company, but they just couldn’t figure out who it was.

Now it “goes out” that the mysterious Mr. Jones is none other than that master craftsman in the art of picture making — Mr. George Lonnie Tucker. And the reason for his hidden identity lies in the fact that he was having a little lawsuit with the Mayflower people over “The Miracle Man” and other things and it wasn’t convenient to let the enemy know just what he was doing. That’s all settled and George Lonnie Tucker will resume his own name hereafter.

But it was thrilling while it lasted.
When Sessue Hayakawa decided to picturize the great stage classic, "The First Born," which has endeared itself to two generations of theatregoers, he selected as his director Colin Campbell, the man who blazed a new screen trail when he made "The Spoilers," the first great feature play to be produced, and which has long stood the test of comparative criticism. Following "The First Born," Campbell will produce a super feature for Dustin Farnum.

And following that, he will continue to direct the big specials, pictures bearing the stamp of excellence, placed there by the exhibitor and the public itself.

WATCH FOR
CAMPBELL DIRECTED PICTURES
Automatically Dictated

By Grace Wilcox

(A friend of mine, who was not a writer, appeared to me clairvoyantly and told me clairaudiently that he would be glad to automatically dictate something he had on his mind if I would transcribe it for him. The result follows and I disclaim any responsibility for it.)

I daresay you know I passed out on the final strain of "Dardanella" played on a jazz horn at the Blue Dragon.

It was a good old life while it lasted, but I am forced to confess the swift pace on earth counted for almost nothing in the scheme eternal.

On this plane one is frightfully handicapped by having nobody to assist one in going from bad to worse.

Since coming here I have found it necessary to get acquainted with myself and to learn to think.

I have not lost my looks because the door on the material life has closed behind me, but, on the other hand, I must say something of a comfort not to have to feed the oldbulk with three meals a day and worry about whether my hose and waistcoats are correct the rest of the time.

It is considered bad form to run in herds. Exclusiveness here is carried almost too far, for I find that I have to associate with myself much more than I like.

"Dardanella" kept on ringing in my ears long after I knew I was dead—but at last it ceased and left me in peace.

One morning a gentleman in a purple robe spread a panorama of my thoughts before me—and the picture was distinctly Cubist in effect—a jumble of impressions and little crawling figures, with occasionally an idea taking shape, but coming to nothing.

I was not favorably impressed I can tell you by the living painting.

In the center, however, there was a pink flame, which seemed to rise steadily heavenward and one whom I am not allowed to name told me this was the Divine Spark which made all men brothers.

It seems if you on earth would let this spark guide you life would be much more beautiful and existence on all planes easier to bear.

One of the most agreeable things here is the fact that one may follow his own inclination without being laughed at or without having to stifle it because of commercial conditions.

You will no doubt be surprised to learn that I have seriously taken up poetry.

While with you, I knew my Witter Bynner, Amy Lowell, Louis Untermeyer and Marianne Moore from their heights to their depths, but none of our set suspected me.

Now I find that many of the younger souls here go in for that sort of thing and, while a few mid-Victorians fail to see the beauty in symbol and vers libre, claiming that their Longfellow and Tennyson are the last words in poetry, still we manage to have quite interesting groups who are either inspiring their earth-brothers or writing their own interpretations of life.

Perhaps at another time I shall be able to send you some of my things, which you are at liberty to publish and get for them what you can. Having no use for money myself, I can still see how it might be quite convenient for you to add to your income, with the prospect of gasoline going higher.

For some time I kept running down to earth and frequently my old haunts (I dislike them) but so discovered that this was doing me no good and beside, once you are able to read the mists of your fellow-beings and friends, you can scarcely bear up under what is revealed to you.

Naturally, one of the first things I did was to have a look at Mable, my fiancée.

Imagine my horror when I heard her confide to Nell that she was glad I had dropped off as it saved her considerable annoyance. It seems that she had employed a bookkeeper to get a line on Dad's business and so had decided to marry Dick, who had more money—anyway he had been her real lover from the first.

Then I went over to Ethel Lane's to see how she was taking my demise. I had always been fond of Ethel and was supposed to have broken her heart. She was engaged in the feminine occupation of putting her hair on curl papers—and suddenly she paused, struck by this thought: "Wonder if old Ned is finding anybody who can jazz a foppish person and he never had always been Prohibition?"

I fled that place and found myself in Dad's office.

His stenographer had her head on the desk and was sobbing. My governor was leaning over her putting her hair and asking what she was crying about. She said she felt awful and old Dad fell for it like a thousand bricks. He was just on the verge of proposing marriage to her — but I stopped him. I whispered the truth in his ear: She was "vamping" him for all she was worth; wanted him for his money.

It is a kind Providence that conceals our thoughts each from the other; otherwise we should have long ago ex-terminated every living being on the earth.

It gave me a sort of uncanny pleasure to mix with the crowds along the streets for a time.

I just drifted along with them—seeing but unseen—with an unholy sort of joy permeating my being in the knowledge that if I were to suddenly materialize I should create a tremendous sensation and cause some of the Exaggerated Egos to fall on their faces.

It is extraordinary how many places there are to go and the number of persons who flock to them. Everybody leaves home about eleven in the morning and never returns until dinner-time these days.

To picture shows, theatres, dance palaces, cafes, hotels, tea rooms, clubs, parks, mountains, beaches, pool-rooms and what not they sit—anywhere just to be doing something that doesn't require any work or any mental effort!

It is amazing!

They spend their lives speculating about high-powered motor cars, limited trains, flying machines and on those beastly motorcycles that dart through the country like the emissaries of Satan.

How they hurry—they earth-creatures—hurry, hurry, hurry—taking their pleasures in great gulps like thirsty pirates.

Finally it occurred to me to investigate their thoughts and find out if possible from what they were flying, so I took a look at the mass consciousness—and behold!

The people in the cities of the earth everywhere are hurrying to get away from themselves!

(Just here an intruding ego interrupted to say that he was Byron and that he felt annoyed that his name had not been mentioned with the other poets in this article, which my friend had dictated. Lord Byron said he had given the so-called Moderns their ideas and before him there had been no other poets worth mentioning—so naturally we could see how important it was to put him in with the others. Hence this epilogue.)

Louise Lorraine has fully recovered from injuries received while making the tenth episode of "The Lightning's Eye" and is again at work in the serial opposite Elmo Lincoln.

* * * 

Goldwyn will release the Betty Compson productions, it is announced. She will make about six features a year.

* * *

Lew Cody has been fussing around New York for the past few days. It was a hurried visit. Some of his former wives live there.

* * *

Gladys George, who was widely heralded a year ago as a new find of Thomas H. Ince when that producer saw her with DeWolf Hopper in "The Better Ole," is no longer connected with the Ince organization.
"The Heart of Lincoln"

FRANCIS FORD, as the "Great Emancipator,"

in his Big Americanization Feature which is soon to be released, and John Dean,
father of Harry Ellis Dean, who voted for Abraham Lincoln.
Fat Dividend

It certainly does pay to learn how to add right. That is if you don't go and become a bookkeeper. Take, for instance, Hannibal N. Clermont. He stopped off at Detroit on his way to Los Angeles and spent seven years in the efficiency department of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, and, now, just six months after he organized the Clermont Photoplays Corporation, he comes along and declares a dividend of 10 per cent. A large and growing number of other producers should have stopped off at Detroit and learned how to count up instead of subtract.

Clermont is the man who has learned more about pictures in less time and learned it well than almost any man in the game. He went into pictures earnestly, cut out the ballyhoo part of it and applied a few practical business methods.

After a trip to Washington and New York, Clermont tells of the great demand for educational pictures and forecasts the arising of great picture theatres which will show short subjects exclusively—as educational reels, news, travel films, cartoons, novelties, etc.—a return to old-time movies in point of cost, but with up-to-the-minute service and combined with show features.

After the completion of "Beyond the Cross Roads," an adaptation of the popular book by Bradley King, the third Clermont special feature will be launched with George Weston's big Saturday Evening Post story, "Hard Boiled Mable" as the vehicle. Six features, all personally directed by Lloyd B. Carleton, will be made this year, but in 1921 production will be speeded up and twelve pictures will be the output.

Shine 'em up

(Continued from Page 8)

the whole world knows that he needs a shine; that he is either a tightwad or an uncouth person.

It makes me angry, that's what. It may not seem so serious to other taxpayers, but I have heard others speak of the evil.

Something ought to be done about it—but nothing will be done. If I was looking for somebody to insult me every morning in order to make the day seem more fair, I wouldn't pick out a dirty Greek or a still dirtier Negro. I would select a small good-looking person with a flower in his buttonhole and a smile in his heart. Then I would like him!

Frank Borzage has arrived in Los Angeles for the purpose of directing a picture for Cosmopolitan at the Brunton studios.
The Summer Sea

Continued from Page 10

ing the sets are born that way—having nothing better to do.

Against the backdrop of the expansive vine-covered piazza dotted with Cubist swings and chairs, they chatter, read light fiction or criticize the wearing apparel of the middle-aged woman and her daughter from the country town, who are quite delighted with everything and anxious to make friends with the cold-hearted, frigid circles who ignore them.

After awhile bright sweaters are changed for bathing costumes of jade green, cool blue or wistful lilac, daring cerise or dashing scarlet — costumes which expose too many thick, ugly bodies and too few young, slender ones.

The daughters of these rich women ride the surf with thin-shouldered, anxious, young men, who have neither money nor brains to recommend them, but who are here because it is a smart place to be and because there are sure to be wealthy young matrons and pretty girls looking for romantic adventure.

Bare legs and shoulders and bright bathing caps bob about in the emerald waters, rolling, tumbling and drifting in the surf, which bears them out to sea and back to shore again, sweeps them off their feet and lifts them high atop a swelling breaker—watched each moment by a bronze young god of a life-guard.

At dinner they appear in the coolest and laziest of summer gowns, and as the shining sea changes to dark purple and finally to a black mass outlined by phosphorescent sea-foam, they drift into groups again and finally off to bed, glad that another day is ended.

A few miles up the beach from this fashionable hotel twenty families are camped in the sand.

Here there is also the rattle of pots and kettles in the morning, but there are no kitchen-workers other than the members of these families, who have pitched their tents beside their Fords and for two weeks will breathe God's life-giving air blown off the sea.

The fragrance of bacon and fish ascends to heaven and their shivering bodies hover around the drift-wood fires until the rays of the sun warms their earth for them.

In rough, khaki clothes and later in bathing suits they live all day and their merry shouts and laughter, their happy chaffing and their little shrieks as they are tossed about by the surf testifies to the fact that they are having the time of their lives.

Here is no boredom, but the very essence of freedom; the spirit of Vacation stays here with these simple, friendly folk, who scorn their rich neighbors shut up in the stylish hotel, where they must follow the rules and change their clothes three or four times a day.

Sometimes the fashionable women in their limousines drive along and look at the campers, and who shall say that there is not the glam of envy in their tired eyes?

The sea, impartial and indifferent, receives them all, and from Coronado to the Golden Gate they splash in the cool waves and refresh themselves for another year of money-grubbing or money-spending.

The Labor Film Service, Inc., is the name of the new company that has been formed to make and exploit labor propaganda pictures. The pictures will be shot in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Alla Nazimova, known professionally as Charles Bryant, has gone to New York on an errand.

Clyde Drollinger and Beatrice La Plante, film players, have become one —under the working title of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Drollinger.

Pat Dowling, Christie publicist, has left for a tour of the United States in the interest of Christie productions.

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Bring this ad with you and, after you have made your selection for your suit or overcoat, we will allow you 10 per cent on your order.

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Making photoplays to the public's order!

That is the pledge—or challenge—made by William Duncan to the convention of exhibitors attending the annual session of the Rocky Mountain Screen Club at Denver.

"The motion picture business is the only industry which pleases itself with its product and then submits it to the public," Mr. Duncan told the convention. "In every other line of activity the producers endeavor to give the public exactly what it wants—not what the maker thinks it ought to have.

"We have been shooting blindly at the public's desires. We flatter ourselves that we have supplied them, or at least come close to them, because we have made money. But that may be true because the public is taking what it can get and not because it is getting what it wants."

Mr. Duncan and Miss Edith Johnson, heading a wagon, represented Vitagraph at the convention, which was made up of exhibitors and exchange men from Denver west to the Pacific Coast and rivalled the national convention of the industry in size.

"The chapter-drama, or serial," he told them, "is gaining in popularity regularly. I get the information accurately from the actual returns on the books. Soon it will be just as firmly established as a part of the motion picture entertainment as is the continued story in the national magazines. No fiction periodical would publish, nor would it flourish, without a continued story today, and I predict that the same rule will soon apply to motion pictures.

"I may be wrong in several specific instances, but in general I believe I am right in saying this:

"You larger exhibitors with several popular-priced houses and one million-dollar house find that you make your greatest proportionate profits in the former. For in these theaters you give the patrons the nearest approach you can to what you find they want, while in the million-dollar house you exercise your hobby and give them what you think they ought to have.

"You find that a good serial 'packs them in' the smaller house, yet you are timid about trying one in the larger house. You say your spectators are too high-class. I'll argue that people, as newspaper editors will tell you, are 'just folks,' and what please one group will please all generally. Motion pictures are too big to appeal to any class; they belong to all classes.

"Many hundreds of your patrons in the outlying house will also visit your big downtown house. They will go to other theaters also. You alone cannot hope to supply all their amusement.

"I'll admit that the serial photoplay has not attained the heights to which it will eventually rise. In many instances the idea has been abused and the continued film story made comparable only to the most thrilling dime novel. I am going to credit myself with trying to bring it up from this classification. But I want your help, as the best guide I can obtain, in doing so.

"Therefore, Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, and myself will give you exactly the serial you want, if you tell us what you want. If I can find out what you require in a continued photoplay I can promise that the best writers will prepare the plot, that the best players I can obtain will play the parts and that the best technical staff procurable will construct the sets—that no expense will be spared to make that serial to your order."

Mr. Duncan told the exhibitors where to write him their suggestions, at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California, and invited them—and the others he spoke to who were not exhibitors—to send him their idea of the ideal serial, whether it be drama, comedy-drama, or melodrama. He was loudly applauded and many promised to write out their ideas. From them he hopes to get a good idea of the public pulse and will guide his future productions therefrom.

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The “Letty” of the Screen

GRACE DARMOND

Playing Letty, in “So Long, Letty,” now under production at the Christie Studios
John B. Seitz has been selected as the generalissimo for an army of ten cameramen who will film "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" at Metro.

Jack Glavey is Robert Broadwell's director of publicity. Also Mr. Glavey is supervising the cutting of Broadwell's first Nick Carter picture. Also Mr. Glavey wrote the scenario for the story which is entitled "The $100,000 Kiss." Mr. Glavey is a busy man. He's all to the "glaves!"

Otis Skinner is working at the old Griffith studios where Gasnier is directing the famous star in "Kismet."

Pauline Frederick will make her first picture at the Lois Weber studio. Henry Otto, formerly with Metro, is directing her.

Fontaine LaRue has joined the Alice Lake company at eMetro.

E. Richard Schuyler, scenario writer, is to become a director for Robertson Cole shortly.

Joe Brandt, formerly manager for National Film Corp., is organizing a film clearing house in New York through which he will handle independent pictures.

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(Continued from Page 14)

ated about forty miles to the east of Algnan and knew that the au-
torities in that sleepy old town would have been notified. It was worth a try, any-
way.

"Where are you going?" finallay inquired the girl, timidly.

"Aignan," said Freddy. "That seems to be our next destination. I don't know a soul there, but—I will."

Again silence, save for the hum of the machinery, as it sped rapidly over the well-
kept highway.

"You—you—are Monsieur Funnel, are you not?" inquired the girl in a trembly little voice.

"By heck, I did forget to introduce my-
self, didn't I? Yes, that's my name," he said. "Freddy Funnel, American, lucky—
tonight—and—and—glad to meet you."

"You were at the ball given by Monsieur Balzac, were you?" inquired the girl.

"Yes, I was there. Had a letter to Mon-
sieur Balzac from a friend in Paris. In fact, I stopped at the Balzac home for three days.
Were you there?"

"Yes."

Her heavy veil hid her face, but Freddy was certain he had not met her at the ball. He would have remembered her voice. And, besides, he had seen only twice—with his hostess and a maiden aunt of Balzac.

"You have a staunch friend in Monsieur Balzac," said the girl.

"Yes. I have had him. We were to-
gether a couple of days in Bayonne; that's all."

"Nevertheless, he is most loyal to you.
He is my cousin."

"Oh."

The houses began to appear more fre-
quently. Occasionally a light from a win-
dow could he seen. Freddy looked at his watch. It was three o'clock.

"Sometimes," said Freddy, after the si-
lence had become thick and honesome, "sometimes I feel that this life is just a matter of dodging the penitentiary and hunt-
ing a soft spot to fall on."

"Why the philosophy?" inquired his com-
pannya, now not a trace of fright or resent-
ment in her voice. In fact, she had gradu-
ally thrown off her apparent fear and dis-
may and seemed to have placed her in so
compromising a plight with a stranger and a forieigner, and indeed she seemed to be en-
joying the sensation of "eloping" with the wrong man.

"I was thinking," said Freddy, "a habit I have acquired tonight. Now when I went to the bal masque on an invitation given me by Monsieur Balzac, your cousin, who failed to tell me, by the way, that he was related to your father—he is your father isn't he?"

"I referred to my father—yes. Anyway, the bal masque was given by my father a yearly event, it is. An old-fashioned idea of his, but one that the entire countryside respected."

"I was only going to say that when I went to your father's house I was a law-abiding American citizen, I came away an abductor, an aunt thief and the penitentiary—and what do you know about that?"

Freddy always encountered rocks and quicksand on his trips, too. He seemed to be the conversational sea, howbeit he talked French like a native.

Could he tell who was the girl actually pixigling? She was. More than that—she continued to riggle.

"Monsieur Funnel," she said. "Think of the many kinds of a criminal you are not."

"I can count em on one hand after to-
night," he said. "But what I can't under-
stand," he continued, "is how did that bunch of lads who watch you set your father's watch so quickly that we—you—were missing?"

She said nothing.

"You know sometime might take a notion to go away at any time. And since there were perhaps a hundred autos parked around the grounds, it seemed to me as though they had been tipped off."

Still she sat in silence.

Freddy continued to explain his thoughts out loud:

"Come to think of it, I suppose the count——What his name kind of missed a deal a count——I'll tell you what happened when he saw you being embezzled by—not an eloper, an interloper."

"Yes, yes, that must have been the way it happened," she said, quickly.

"That, however, is not the point at issue, went on Freddy.

Many lights were gleaming a few miles in front of them.

"I think that is Aignan," he said. "It is nearly daylight. When we reach there I
will take you to a hotel where you may rest up a bit, if you care to, and I'll stroll around and grab a cup of coffee. We will consent to act dead for a brief period."

"Do you think it will be safe?" she in-
quired, alarmed. Now that the real issue was to be met she was not so brave as when she was enjoying a quiet spin along the road.

"Don't you think we had better study over the matter for awhile and formulate our mode of action? You need a rest, too, you know.""

"In a case of this kind the sooner it is over with the better," said Freddy. "That's my way. I can't count on my country already. Your father, too, will have taken a hand.

"O, father won't get excited," she inter-
posed, hastily. "Really, I'm not worried—
now."

"At the same time," said Freddy, "we've
to have some sort of an alibi. And if
we get it at once we will be prepared for whatever may arise."

The car glided into the outskirts of Algnan. Already there were many signs of life, and Freddy found his way to a tavern.

The girl said nothing when Freddy alighted from the car and went inside to arrange for a room for her. Quickly he returned, a smile on his lips.

"I told the clerk I was a chauffeur and that my passenger was ill and wanted a
nice quiet room for a day or two until she was better able to travel," he whispered, as he assisted her from the car.

Together they went into the tavern where his "fate" was registered in a hodd hand. "Mlle de Chambray."

Freddy, hastily glancing over the regis-
ter, saw what she had done.

"Why—why," he stammered, "you've used your own name, haven't you?" he said, in a low tone, as the clerk turned for the key to her room.

"Certainly. Why not?" petulantly.

"O, all right," he said. "Only it might lead to complications."

"I don't care," she said, as she turned and followed the bellboy to the elevator.

"Funny," mused Freddy, as he took up the pen to register. Then he wrote under his signature.

He was assigned a room, but declined to go up at that time.

"I must take my car to a garage," he told the clerk.

After placing the motor in an obscure shop on a street several blocks from the business district, Freddy returned to the hotel. By this time it was nearly six o'clock. Freddy strolled over to the registry counter.

"At Monsieur Du Pay of Bayonne stopping here?" he inquired, by way of beginning a conversation.

The clerk said he would see.

Freddy's eyes wandered over the register. A blot of ink totally obliterated the signa-
ture exactly above his own.

"Has my fate come down?" he inquired
quickly.

"Yes, m'sieur," replied the clerk. "She asked for a man named Balzac. We called them up and said she would take them to the office herself. She has not yet returned."

"Thanks," said Freddy. And I went out. He walked up the main street many blocks, then he crossed over to another street, and continued his stroll. He was thinking.

A beggar, ragged and emaciated, asked him for alms. Freddy tossed him a couple of francs and passed on. He heard a slight commotion, and, looking back, he saw the beggar fall to the pavement.

Freddy ran back and lifted the man into his arms and carried him into a near-by apsectory's shop.

"Only a faint," said the apsectory. "We'll soon fix him. The man is starving: that's all.

After the restoratives and a few spoonful of bouillon, the beggar was able to sit up. He explained to Freddy and the apsectory that he had lately been discharged from a position without doubt he would have been advanced to be a refined, intelligent sort of a chap, and Freddy there and then decided he could use him.

They left the shop and sought a cafe. There they ate breakfast and Freddy un-
folded his plans. After being persuaded that a woman's honor was at stake, the young man readily consented to act as the sick man's valet.

Freddy had figured on obtaining the aid of a woman, but time was passing.

From the cafe they went to a clothing es-
ablishment where they were fitted out with a neat business suit, and then they obtained a room at a private boarding and rooming house, explained that the young man was extremely ill but not of a conta-
gion, and Freddy carried him to his room. The better to maintain the deception. Then, the stage being set, Freddy went back to the tavern. There he was told that his father had been assigned a room in her room, so he wrote a brief note explaining the situation, sent it to her, and then turned in for a brief rest himself.

When half an hour later the clerk had re-
ired, a handsome, well-dressed man entered the hotel, registered and inquired for Mlle. de Chambray or her chauffeur, and was told that neither had come down yet. The day clerk was then on duty, but he was certain that neither had appeared in the lobby. The clerk looked at the signature. It was "Count d'Aubin." Royalty rarely stopped at this tavern, and the clerk had been so elated and so eager to please the noted guest. Incidentally, he wondered why a count should inquire for a chauffeur. A curious story was this.

Should he telephone to mam'selle's room? In that way it could he made certain whether she was in. The clerk went to the telephone. Yes, she was in. What name? Count d'Aubin, to be sure.

"Don't tell her," quickly interposed the count. "Here, let me talk to her."

The count, though listening attentively, caused some fragments of the conversation to end up as "Balza," "Scandalous behavior," "Will wait in the parlor," was all that he was certain about.

The royal guest sought the ladies' parlor, where he was soon joined by Mlle. de Cham-
bray. She was apparently somewhat discon-
tented with visiting. The count looked stern-
ly at her.

Continued on Page 29.
Dressing Room

Continued from Page 12

that will do to wear. "From a sweater and skirt, Oh Heaven, deliver me!"

"But I have a rather pretty little French model that I picked up in one of the shops recently," she continued as she called Elsie, her maid, to show it to me.

It was stunning—a deep lilac color—Georgette crepe with a semi-kareem skirt and panels of the material draped at the sides. The bodice was sheer lace and had long tight sleeves.

"Oh, yes, Elsie," she suddenly exclaimed, "do find my street costume that I'm wearing in this picture."

The creation was of black satin, in long, clinging lines with a bolero effect of heavy Irish lace, long, tight sleeves and at the bottom of the skirt were white balls of the Irish crochet dangling from the hem. With this black and white costume she wears a small black velvet hat with two white aigrettes and carries a swagger stick of white ivory, while a cape of black velvet bands alternating with chiffon provides the wrap.

Miss Glaum has recently started a new fad for golfing. She has discovered a really sensible golf costume, which consists of tweed trousers made exactly as are the men's golf breeches. She wears a flannel shirt with natty scarf, woolen stockings and sandals. Local society women have long been debating the advisability of adopting this costume, and Miss Glaum declares once they have played golf in it nothing will induce them to go back to full skirts, which are always getting in the way.

For the beach, she has a Batik smock and white skirt, with which she wears sandals; also she drapes bright silks about her head in the Turkish turban manner.

A dancing frock of soft, creamy hand-made lace and chiffon, having a bright colored girdle, formed a part of her summer wardrobe.

When I asked her where she bought her things, she made me a characteristic reply:

"I shop everywhere in Los Angeles. My things are always so different from those that people generally are buying that it is difficult to find them. I like Bullock's, Coulter's, and Robinson's for materials. I seldom have trouble finding the weird colors I need in those shops, and then for ready-to-wear things, of which I buy very few. I like Harry Fink's, Myer Siegel's and the Unique."

Somewhere Louise Glaum has a lucky elephant of ivory and a lucky beetle from an Egyptian tomb; she didn't tell me so, but I know it. There is the subtle atmosphere of the Orient about her—and she uses some sort of eastern magic to create that atmosphere.
Personally Conducted

(Continued from Page 14)

The curious day clerk took occasion to enter the parlor on a pretext that the heat was not properly regulated. He spent considerable time at the radiator.

"And he was determined to come this way and that's what spoiled it all," the girl was saying, and he added that she couldn't figure anything out so much about the country it would have—"

"But how—how did it happen?" the man broke in.

"Well, it was dark on the lawn, you know, and half the people were wearing masks—"

The bell in the office clanged noisily. It was a cruel blow to the clerk, but he had to go. He was not detained long, however. This was getting interesting. He made no sound at the apparently suffering radiator.

"There are several features about the matter that I can't understand," he man was saying. "I particularly noticed that your own maid telephoned to the police at least ten minutes after the shots were fired."

"She is a dependable girl," replied his companion, enigmatically. "But the thing to do now is to relieve Monsieur Tannen's mind. Poor boy, I am afraid he has worried himself half sick over it all."

She returned from somewhere.

"He says in this note that he has a 'sick friend' for whom is putting off death un—"

The guard fixed someone who could be con— convinced that I employed him to bring me to hear his dying gasps. He regrets that he couldn't find a 'sick girl friend' and hopes that the man will do."

"Well, of course, I can fix everything but the cause for it all," said the count. "There was a general commotion after the guards had fired over your heads a dozen times and then gave chase, but the fact that it was noisy, and that you took renders it more easily explained."

The clerk moved quietly over to another radiator. It, too, needed a gentle hand to smooth its fevered brow.

"Let us eat breakfast," said the count. "I had just time to catch the train after receiving your message, and I feel the need of something heavier than a cigarette."

Then they went into the dining room of the hotel. The clerk returned to his post of duty. Freddy Funnel was looking at the register.

"This count person," he said, "is he in?"

"He just went in to breakfast with Mam- selle de Chambray," replied the clerk.

"Want to see him?"

"Lord, no," said Freddy, as he went out and down the street to the private house whence he had come an hour before.

He found his sick friend and promptly discharged him.

"We've changed the program," he told him. "We're going to cut out the last act and the moving pictures."

Then he gave the man a twenty-fancie piece and bade him good-by.

At the hotel he learned that Mlle. de Chambray had gone to her room. Count d' Aubin would see Monsieur Funnel in the billiard room.

Freddy went into the billiard room. Standing at one end was his only friend in south France—Ivan Balzac.

"Bonjour, Monsieur Funnel," said Balzac, grasping his hand heartily. "You seem to be a long ways from Monsieur de Chambray's party."

"Yes, you're not what you could call lead- ing a calliiton there yourself," returned Freddy.

"But, really, what are you doing in this out-of-the-way object?" inquired Balzac, his eyes twinkling.

"Who, me? Why, I ran up here to see a man—a sick friend who I feared was about to pass over and—he owed me two dollars," said Freddy, brightening.

Balzac laughed.

"Er—is there anybody with you?" inquired Freddy, soberly.

"No," replied Balzac. "The name on the register need not alarm you. I used it—under the circumstances—as a crude joke. I have a talk with my cousin, Mlle. de Chambray, and I understand the situation, partly. There will be no further results," he continued gravely.

"And I want to thank you, old man, for your efforts in her behalf."

"Forget it," said Freddy. "I owe her an apology for acting like a mule when she suggested that we turn back."

"It would have been fatal," replied Balzac.

"You could have done nothing else than what you did."

"Where's—Is this Count d'Aubin?" inquired Freddy, as they emerged from the billiard room.

"That is a point upon which my charming cousin was most evasive," replied Balzac. "I do not know."

"It was lucky for all concerned that guests were requested to wear business suits," said Freddy. "I don't carry a change in my pocket."

Balzac agreed to take the car back, together with Mademoiselle de Chambray. So Freddy wrote another note to his "fare," bidding her goodbye and apologizing for his method of departure. Then he took the train for Bayonne.

Balzac and his cousin sped homeward in the car. The girl, well-eyed, sat reading during all the long trip. Balzac's queries got scanty responses.

As they neared his home, Balzac said:

"You know, I ought really to know more about this misfire eloipement. It will be easier explained. Who is Count d'Aubin, anyway?"

"There is no Count d'Aubin," she sobbed.

"There never was anybody but just Freddy Funnel. And I knew him all the time."

"H'm," mused Balzac. "Once Freddy told me he feared to scratch his head lest he get a silver in his fingers. I couldn't see the point then: I do now."

TO SCREEN CLASSICS

If satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Universal Film Corporation concerning his contract, Frank Mayo, who is at present starring for the "U," will shortly head his own producing organization.

Mr. Mayo is in receipt of a proposition from a group of Englishmen, former friends of his father, who was a great favorite some years ago on the English stage.

It is the intention of this group of men to feature Mr. Mayo in the same plays made famous by his grandfather and father.

The first of these will be "Davy Crockett," which was first presented by Mr. Mayo's grandfather and in which the present star, then a child, played the part of "Bob" Crockett. Later "Davy Crockett" was produced in this country by Frank Mayo's father, and now it is the desire of the syndicate to perpetuate this classic on the screen.

Another play to be produced in pictures is "Puddin'-Head Wilson," which was also created by Mr. Mayo's grandfather. Both these plays have been done in pictures, but it is thought fitting that Frank Mayo should be the logical one to do them for the screen.

Isidore Bernstein denied the above report and said that Mr. Mayo's contract with Universal had three years yet to run, and that he would continue as a Universal star.

My garden is choked with weeds—

but where a weed will grow, a flower will blossom, and where a flower will blossom, my beloved will come.

* * *

Let us legislate against the house across the street. There is where the phonograph is located, where the noisy children are and where the dogs and cats congregate. If we can only get rid of the house across the street the birds will sing sweeter and life will be one grand panorama of gladness and a lot of other poetical things that I can't think of now.

* * *

Irresistibly fair in virgin youth and loveliness, she is remote, irreproachable, alluring. Flattery does not beguile her, her lover's caresses would leave her dumb and cold. Like the magnolia-blossom, she is speechless in contemplation of her own unlovely beauty.

Woman of education and refinement, accustomed to meeting the public, desires position in office where courtesy and good presence are of value.

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Phone 599704
Hugo Ballin has started work on his first independent production. Mabel Ballin plays the female lead. He is working in New York.

Albert Capellani has been signed under a long-term contract to direct for International, producer of Cosmopolitan Films, or Hearst, as you like.

Rose Mulaney, formerly with Metro here, has resigned as casting director for Selznick. She will manage a number of stars and directors.

Finis Fox has left the Metro scenario department to join Sam Rork's Katherine MacDonald company.

June Caprice, for a long time with Fox, has been signed by Pathé.

A party of 86 missionaries on their way to the dark continents took with them complete motion picture outfits—with which to Christianize the heathen.

Fred Niblo will get back into the acting end. According to his new plans he will make two specials a year, featuring himself, while his wife, Enid Bennett, will make four.

Nigel Barris will have the role opposite Pauline Fredericks in her first Robertson-Cole production.

In their mad endeavor to take the film business away from Los Angeles, the San Francisco crowd has arranged for a studio site at San Mateo where 37 acres have been set aside for the plant. A million-dollar corporation has been formed and a $300,000 studio will be built, it is announced.

Olive Thomas has returned to New York following the completion of her latest Selznick feature. "Nobody."

Hewlings Mumper, vice president of the Benjamin B. Hamptom Company, has gone to New York on a business trip.

Trixie Frigancza has been sued by William Koebele, assignee of a department store, for a bill of $4,095.62, alleged to be due the store for clothing purchased in 1919.

Joyce Fair, formerly with Ernest Truex, will have an important part in one of the coming Morosco productions.

Richard Lappen, boy actor, has been engaged for an important part in "The Devil to Pay," a Robert Brunton production. Ernest Warde is directing.

Mary Jane Irving, child actress, has been loaned to Tarce by Brunton for a picture.

Charles Swickard has been signed by Metro to direct Alice Lake.

Thelma Percy is playing a leading role in the third Jack London story to be filmed by Metro. Others in the cast are Dwight Crittenden, Jack Carlyle and "Doc" Cannon.

Bennie Singer has been selected as the new casting director at the Metro studio. Bennie is an experienced hired hand at the casting business. He used to catch fish.

Helen Jerome Eddy is playing in Hayakawa's newest production.

Dorothy Devore has been loaned by Al Christie to Charles Ray for a part in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."

Betty Blythe has purchased a lot in Hollywood opposite the home of J. Warren Kerrigan and will build a house thereon.

The cast which will support Marion Davies in her next Cosmopolitan production at the Brunton studios is composed of Edith Shayne, Norman Kerry, Anders Randolph, Earl Schenk, John Charles and Thomas Findlay.
C L E R M O N T
(Get Used to This Name; You’ll See It a Lot)

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The Motion Picture Journal of Joy....

"Published Where the Pictures are Made"

With the above as its slogan, this publication will, on or about September 1, start on a NATIONAL CAMPAIGN OF SERVICE to the manufacturer, distributor, exhibitor and patron of motion picturers—AFTER THAT DATE "IT" WILL BE ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

Originally consecrated to the principle that TRUTH AND TRUTH ONLY must be the keystone of the arch of the cinema industry if the industry is to endure, this publication will continue working toward that end—but in a bigger and broader way—"PUBLISHED WHERE THE PICTURES ARE MADE"—

This slogan is of vital importance to every person in any way interested in motion pictures—

It means first hand information—information that is not relayed through the publicity and sales departments—

It means a standard of integrity for both producer and exhibitor—

It means undiluted news direct from the place of its happening—

AND IT MEANS ALL THESE THINGS AT LEAST ONE WEEK EARLIER THAN YOU CAN RECEIVE THE SAME NEWS IN ITS DILUTED FORM IN ANY OTHER PUBLICATION—INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF CALIFORNIA.

The Studio Press, Inc., of California, is taking over this magazine and its company for the purpose of making of "IT" a national weekly, retaining many of its sparkling features and adding many new ones.

Chief among these additions will be a concise review—not a criticism—of the completed pictures every issue. This review will be an expert's diagnosis of the salient features and the "show points" of each photoplay. Exact data on pictures in the making will be furnished for the benefit of buyers.

An effort to bring about a more friendly feeling between the Exhibitor and the producer will be another aim of "IT" in its broadened field. "IT" believes this can be brought about by publishing the TRUTH.

"IT" has gained a nation-wide reputation among fans and producers for its absolute veracity. "IT" will go to the exhibitor with that reputation and continue to tell the truth upon all subjects.

"Published Where the Pictures are Made"
The First Lesson in Service

Bring Daddy his slippers—that’s the good sonny!

An eighteen-months-old baby is about as interesting a being as there is in the world—

It has passed through many vicissitudes—it has earned the right to live—

Its bottle has been changed a good many times until the proper nourishing values have been reached—its little imperfections have been doctored—its early ills cured—

It is now reaching out in the world—looking on with big, inquisitive, wondering eyes—learning to bring daddy’s slippers and mother’s sewing—

Learning at the very threshold of life that the one big transcendent motive in human life must begin and end in—

SERVICE—

This publication, founded eighteen months ago, has from its very inception been dedicated to the idea that there could be but one excuse for its existence—the willingness and ability to render service.

And with it the abiding belief that such service must be founded on TRUTH—

In this regard we have been close to the line—at times our adherence to this belief has been costly, far more costly than those who believed in us and supported us have any idea—

It is almost inevitable that every service impinges upon the so-called rights or self-asserted prerogatives of some man or group of men—

We have felt the sting of the lash of business and social coercion—have listened to the kindly chastenings of well-wishing but short-sighted friends—

This publication has survived because it has been and is founded on truth—

Eighteen months after its birth it starts on a bigger and broader mission—

Beginning September 1, “IT” will be published weekly—

It will be a weekly budget of truth—service and joy—

It will go to the producer, the distributor, the exhibitor and patron of motion pictures in every corner of the earth—

And to all of them it will carry the doctrine of TRUTH and SERVICE—

It will tell the world the story of pictures in the making at first hand—from the place where they are made—

It will exist on the theory that there is today no mission on earth quite so important, quite so significant, quite so sacred as that of giving to the millions who find the great bulk of their recreation in motion pictures the story of how those pictures are made and what they are after they have been made.

IT PUBLISHING CO.
For Hot Weather

A snore is sleep with the varnish rubbed off!

* * *

If the freebooters would turn boot-leggers, any drinking man can see that they would get a lot of patronage!

* * *

It is indeed mete that the next president of these United States should come from O'-high-O!

* * *

The memories of the bar-tenders are more bar-tender than ever these days!

* * *

The propeller of a ship is the first thing to break, for some reason or rudder!

* * *

The stenographer came in all out of breath and exclaimed this one:

Here is a commoner sentence

Than “Thirty days!” It’s class!

For all the people are using it:

“Where can I get some gas?”

But the office boy wasn’t astonished any. He came right back with:

Well, while you are quoting the classics,

And while other sayings you mooch.

You’re muffing the greatest quotation:

“Say, where can I get some hooch?”

* * *

Fellow across the alley has just figured out why he is so unlucky. He has been throwing away all the pins he has found in his shirts after they have been to the laundry!

* * *

New skirts now carry hip pockets.

Suffrage is a fine thing.

* * *

Cobbler makes it a point to swallow a few tacks every day. Says they nail down his soul!

* * *

By the time they get through fighting over there, the Danube Waltz will be a funeral dirge!

* * *

Soldiers tried to bottle up the fightin’ Irish at Cork, but their spirits were too strong.

* * *

A land navigator on our block says that every time he sees a flock of every hair it makes him seasick!

* * *

Suggest that they graft the interstitial gland of the camel onto humans so we won’t want a drink. It would be the only fair thing for the prohibitionists to do.

The Buck Passers

They raise the wages of the men who run the choo-choo trains—
And then they swat the Public in the eye;

They boost the wages of the men who labor for their pains—
Then they soak the gentle Public in the eye;

No matter what the reaction and the fight is all about;

Amid the ballyhooing and the tumult and the shout,

The fellows with the bludgeon seem to see just one way out—

That’s to swat the poor old Public in the eye.

A group of bohunks call a strike and cut production down—
So they forthwith swat the Public in the eye.

The street cars see a chance to pick the pockets of the town—
So they swat the Public family in the eye.

The voter-chasers take a drink, then make the country dry,

The Bolsheviki burn the crops and hool for cream and pie,

The profiteers corral the food the while the babies cry—

But they deftly swat the Public in the eye.

P. S.

It takes a lot of preaching now to interest a guy,

But I hope these words of mine will swat the Public in the eye!

War cripples are forming a battalion.

Their slogan is: “Half a Leg, Half a Leg, Half a Leg Onward!”

* * *

“Wilt thou take this man for butter or worse?” And the stiff collar said: “I wilt!”

* * *

Once there was a man.

Who wanted to raise tobacco.

So he could send samples.

To smokers here and there.

With this line:

“Put this in your pipe.

And smoke it!”

I thank you.

* * *

Next will be “The Stein Song,” sung by the Grape Jews quartette — Eck-STEIN, EinSTEIN, GoldSTEIN and SilverSTEIN!

* * *

Man who bought some Period furniture now calls it Commune furniture because its price with him was so short.

* * *

No wonder the camel got his back up. There’s nothing like a dry country for making folks sore!

* * *

“Pussyfoot” Johnson boasts of having “given an eye for Prohibition”. The hired man across the hall says he would give an eye for just one drink!

Up in Minnesota there was a storm brewing. The revenue officers camped on its trail all night. But when they learned that the storm originated there they went home. That made it home brew!

* * *

O wad some power the gittie gie us
To find a still where folks won’t see us.

* * *

Chinaman wanted to organize an old-time Chinese club, but he couldn’t find any ex-queues for it!

* * *

Why not replace the telephone switchboards with ouija boards? We would at least get some kind of a number!

* * *

Wouldn’t it be a lot more convenient if we would remove the capital of the United States to Ohio?

* * *

They call it Rape Rum because when you drink it, it makes you bay!

* * *

Gardener calls his flower garden his jazzmine!

* * *

A shummy skin was popular with our grandmothers, but a shiny skin is the latest wrinkle!
Turn Over, Mr. Chesterfield

The extremely courteous, not to say solicitous and deferential manner with which San Francisco, through its mayor, adopts toward Los Angeles is nothing less than Chesterfieldian. Witness the message of condolence sent by Ralph to Snyder upon the occasion of the recent earthquake shocks. So why not take a lesson from this great courtesy? Why not employ more diplomacy in our regular lives? Observe:

(Upon the occasion of a severe storm at San Francisco in which several buildings are blown down.)

Mayor Rolph,
San Francisco.

Permit me to extend the sympathy of Los Angeles in your storm troubles and to offer a climate that is fit to live in, to say nothing of a city with fine real estate possibilities.

SNYDER.

To William S. Hart,
City.

My heart aches for you in your hour of bereavement which is about to follow, as I intend to fight you to a finish and get what is due me for making you what you are today. Accept my sincere sympathy.

INCE.

( Upon the occasion of William Fox’s visit to Los Angeles.)

William Fox,
Fox Studios.

By way of welcoming you to Los Angeles, please allow me to say that since I left you in such haste, you have not made a comedy with a lion in it and therefore you are flying. Accept my heartfelt condolences.

HENRY LEHRMAN.

To George Home,
Police Chief, L. A.

It is with extreme regret that I inform you that I intend to get your scalp at the earliest possible moment. Please accept my deep regard for your welfare after you are ousted from your job.

R. T. BURGE.

To Adolph Zukor,
New York.

Congratulations. I saw you the other day with your hands in your OWN pockets. This is remarkable. May I suggest that you can still find a few exhibitors looking the other way. Cordially,

J. D. WILLIAMS.

J. D. Williams,
First National.

Before taking your marbles away from you, may I offer you my sympathy, and point out to you the nearest road to the poorhouse?

ADOLPH ZUKOR.

( Delving into state matters.)

To the State of Nevada,
Carson City.

Am bowed down with sorrow over the fact that you have in your midst a piece of cheese working under the title of attorney general. May I not offer the suggestion that you feed him to the rats?

Mary Pickford Fairbanks.

Mary Pickford Fairbanks,
Europe.

Congratulations on your astuteness in locating Minden, Nev., as a fine resort. Also please express our congratulations to your former husband, Owen Moore, as a clever business man.

STATE OF NEVADA.

(Purely personal.)

Louis B. Mayer,
City.

Sorry to note that you are closing your studio and that Mildred Harris Chaplin is taking a vacation. My only regret is that both of you did not do this before you started.

Charles Spencer Chaplin.

Charles Chaplin,
Hollywood.

Please accept my heartfelt sympathy owing to the punch I gave you in the jaw. If you have been rendered any more ivory-headed than you were before you set out to become a prizefighter, I am indeed anguished.

LOUIS B. MAYER.
How to Bring 'em Together

By O. Harvey

The editor said: "Go out and see why the motion picture producer and the Los Angeles citizen don't get together."

So I started forth. Obviously the only way I could ascertain this was to ask questions. Which I forthwith proceeded to do.

He was playing a game of pool, the first hand, and so I asked:

"How can the producer and the citizen be brought closer together?"

The man replied: "Well, a strong rubber band would do it, or maybe a couple of switch engines."

"You don't understand me," I said. "What I want to do is to get 'em to eat out of the same trough—hold hands—slap each other on the back—and such like."

"Oh," yawned the pool player. "Why didn't you say so? Set a bottle of Old Crow in a given spot. That way you can get the whole country together in the manner you so morbidly desire."

It was no good. The poor oyster couldn't comprehend. So I went out and saw a plumber. I said to him:

"How would you go about getting the picture folk and this town to love one another?"

"Get a San Francisco man to come down and say something detrimental to the climate," said he.

I moved onward. I asked the same question of an actor.

"Why," he said, "I have no trouble with them, I assure you. I have always gotten along with Los Angeles. The people adore me and, of course, I am very fond of those who so love me.

"I—I—"

"You are pretty hard on the I's," I told him, and hurried away.

A hardware merchant was visited. He was asked the usual question. He said:

"What do you want 'em to gather?"

"Nothing," I replied. "Come to think of it—nothing."

"You said you wanted 'em to gather," he insisted.

Now, how you gonna talk to a man like that—a guy who can't spell!

My next oracle was a street cleaner.

"How?" I inquired, "are we going to induce the lion to lie down with the lamb?"

"Pull the wool over his eyes," chirruped the cleaner of asphalt. I killed him on the spot.

Well, it was a hard task the editor had set me. But I hold my job because of my never-tiring persistency. And so I continued to interview notables here and there. I met a reuter of motion picture properties.

"How?" I asked him, "are we gonna, etc., etc.?"

"Keep the citizens from looking at the rotten pictures the producers turn out," he said. "That's what makes 'em mad."

That sounded awfully reasonable to me. But I couldn't come back and tell the editor that. The reason I am working is for the purpose of drawing a salary. If the editor recalled the salary, there would be no sense in me working. So I passed that one by and went on to a great merchant.

He answered my question—the same one I had asked the others—with a few hard-boiled questions of his own:

"Why get 'em together?" he asked.

"You don't try to get the former kaiser and President Wilson together, do you? Why should they work the same side of the street?"

I tell you it is discouraging, this here interviewing business. Especially when the weather is hot. Now, you take the next man. He was driving his pale blue pink trick car down the boulevard. I halted him and asked him as per the same:

"You can't do it," he said. "The whole trouble is with the women. Women can get together and fight and have a fine time. They get acquainted and pull off tea battles and hair-pulling parties and enjoy themselves first rate. But they've got to be acquainted. The trouble with getting the picture folks' wives and the citizens' wives together is that the picture man doesn't keep a wife long enough for her to become acquainted with the wife of the cit."

Upon which I shall make no comment.

Committees I limped away. Was there no one in all this big town or its suburbs who could slip me the desired info? It looked as though there was not. Not any, it seemed to me. And then I met him.

"Huh?" he said. "Just that way—'Huh?'" Then he wisely said: "Water, y'know, seeks its level. The fellows who are on the level will get together, anyway. It's the others who cause all this ruction—and if they got together we would all starve to death. Get 'em together? Migawd! Keep 'em apart!"

(Note to Editor: I am afraid to come in. Here is my report. You will find my mangled remains in the park. Please notify the sheriffs in the seventeen counties, whose names are attached hereto.)

SHORT SCENARIOS

1—In the dark he took what he thought was headache pills.

2—He couldn't swim. They went canoeing.

3—He was trying to teach his wife to fly.

4—He wanted to show his girl how fast the car would go.

5—The parachute did not open.

6—The parachute did not open.

7—It contained wood-alcohol.

Jesse L. Lasky, who recently arrived from Europe, has brought back a whole parcel of English writers who are to contribute their brain children to the American screen. Among them are Arnold Bennett, Edward Knoblauch, Henry Arthur Jones, H. G. Wells and Compton Mackenzie.

* * *

Maurice Tourneur built a concrete ship, then took it out in the ocean and sank it for scenes in "Deep Waters," a sea thriller now in the making. To a man on shore this might look like exculpating something—but it isn't.
Dates in History

(1509) Henry VIII married the first time.
(1809) Lew Cody divorced the first time.
(1547) Silk stockings first worn by Henry II of France.
(1907) All persons in motion pictures, slaves, farmers' daughters, etc., wear silk stockings.
(1510 B.C.) Nebuchadnezzar saw the handwriting on the wall.
(1910 A.D.) First bathing girl comedy made.
(33 B.C.) Marc Anthony discovers the first vampire, Cleopatra.
(1913 A.D.) William Fox discovers the worst vampire, Theda Bara.
(1640) Torture abolished in England.
(1940) No more Billy West comedies.
(858 B.C.) Sardanapalus dies upon large bier.
(1920) Americans die for one small beer.
(1066) William the Conquerer invades England with 600 ships and 60,000 men.

(1920) Mary Pickford invades England with 600 trunks and 1 man. —Lew Tennant.

If the report is true that liquor is being sent across the river into Detroit in miniature submarines, no doubt a number of ex-barflies will want to join the mosquito fleet.

H. H. Van Loan has returned from a several months' business trip in New York. He has several new contracts for photoplays.

BE-HANNESEY

Period Furniture

1122 N. Western Ave. Phone Holly 3936

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Are Producers “Up Stage?”

By Frederick Bennett

Are the prominent men, the big guns, in the motion picture profession supercilious, “uppish” or discourteous?

One of the general and also erroneous impressions that the general public, and especially Los Angeles people, have, is that it is harder to get an interview with a big M. P. man than it is to get an audience with Rockefeller, Morgan or the Pope.

Almost every business man, salesman, to say nothing of hordes of “talented” and writers, voice the opinion that producers, directors and stars are “stuck-up,” unreasonable and very unbusiness like.

To almost anyone outside of the game and to many who have for years been on its fringe this appears to be a characteristic of the business. How often does a big, or lesser, picture man or woman keep an appointment, for instance? An appointment with almost any of them means nothing whatever, as a rule.

This has created a barrier of dislike between the many who have suffered and the few who have broken the appointments. It is apparently gross indifference and indifference on the part of the motion picture men.

But please remember that there is no occupation on earth, except perhaps the work of a sculptor or portrait painter, that requires exclusive attention to a greater degree than picture making.

The sculptor and the painter do not, however, have to await the vagaries of the sun.

They can stop when indisposed or feeling a lack of inspiration. They can pick up their work any time.

A great financier can leave his work to trusted lieutenants, almost any business man can delegate his task to someone else.

But it is here that a director, for instance, differs from all other occupations on earth.

A woman with a wild scenario calls for Director So-and-so.

If he stops working to see her for an hour, there is a loss of eight hundred dollars to the production. I have one actual case in mind.

Will any Los Angeles man hand over eight hundred dollars and in addition to that throw his mind out of its channel and sit down and concentrate on a new thing, several times each day, merely because some stranger has an idea?

That a scenario is not accepted at once, that the check is not immediately forthcoming, seems unbusinesslike to the outsider. The check for the story is a small thing. How many writers, even, stop to think of the fact that when a producer finally accepts a story he and the corporation he represents have decided to go into a business undertaking amounting to from twenty to two hundred thousand dollars!

Every feature picture made nowadays usually represents an outlay greater than most Broadway business enterprises.

Do you expect a surgeon to throw down his instruments in the middle of an important operation and come out and see you?

No more should a producer, director or writer be expected to drop his all-important work and come out and jazz away his time.

The motion picture people realize that they at times do lose because they will have to forego the pleasure of meeting outsiders. In fact, there is no class of men on earth who desire more to meet everybody and everyone than the big motion picture men. They realize that there is much undiscovered talent, many wonderful persons and a wealth of story material outside of the studio walls. But the cost of mining radium is great. Likewise the cost of sifting is too great for the exchangers of the makers of pictures and the day is too short.

In addition to this, the producers have this to contend with:

Irregular sunshine
Changes in story demanded by the “New York office”
Labor troubles
Temperamental authors
Interfering authors
Faulty research and technical work
Ungrammatical title writers
Hours in the projection room, looking at the same stuff repeatedly
Delay by sickness
Delay in getting raw negative
Camera troubles
Policy conferences
And—worst of all—relatives who come to visit.

There are but very few things about the business that are certain. Any commercial house knows when it is open and when it is closed. No producer knows when he will work and when he won’t.

Dinner parties at home, the meeting of relatives at stations—the most necessary conventional things must be side-tracked at times for the merciless juggernaut—the irregular business.

In the minor companies the actors get a few days off, but the men higher up then are cutting, or supervising the cutting, “talking” the next story and editing subtitles until away into the night.

The stagehands, the carpenters and the painters have regular hours.

There are no other regulations for the writer than this:

Twenty-four hours per day. Most of the thinking is done after the rest of the world is asleep.

I trust that this will, in a measure, make the business men of Los Angeles conscious the apparent dilatory methods of the men and women in the motion picture studios.
August Roses

There are roses that bloom
In spring, in spring:
Roses as fair,
As they swing, they swing,
As fair as the young girls are.
Their breath is as cool
As the breeze from a pool
Or the dream of a distant star.

But the roses that bloom
In fall, in fall,
They, too, swing fair
From the garden wall,
But fair as the women are,
And they front the doom
Of an autumn bloom
With mature wisdom far.

Oh, the roses whose blooms are in springtime unfurled,
Are young things of June moon and star-dust:
But the roses that win boast hearts of the world
Are the glorious roses of August!

It has always taken more than Paradise to keep Adam and Eve together.

Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuftett,
Eating her curds and whey.
A gentleman spied 'er
And, sitting beside 'er,
Asked: "How do you get that way?"

We used to fret and stew—now we just fret.

Quakes are nothing to get worried about—just old Mother Earth doing the shimmey.

IN A MOVING PICTURE CAFETERIA

Waitress: "We have raspberry, custard and lemon pies, sir."
Actor: "Give me the raspberry."
Waitress (meaningly): "With pleasure."

IN IT'S STEPS

Trouble with the working man is that he can't spell. He thinks that "A laborer is worthy of his HIGHER!"
PUBLISHED IN IT JAN. 1, 1920.

"The laborer is worthy of his higher" would seem to be the union version.
PUBLISHED IN JUDGE JULY 17, 1920.

Hostess: "Oh, Mr. Brusque, have you tried any of our home brew?"
Brusque: "Yes, ma'am, I have tried it and I find it guilty."

Nothing lives for so short a time in captivity as love.

Forest Symphony

Sometimes in the orchestral aisles
Of some great grove,
A worshipper may hear the singing trees:
The giant oak, whose voice
A tripe husky is with age;
The gray-leaved poplar
Whose high notes are like a silver flute's;
And the sweet trills from every maple's throat
The redwood times his vibrant bass
To minor cadence from the willow trees;
The laurel and the sycamore
Staccato sing of live and war;
The fruit trees, too, (though they croon best
Low lullabies at autumn time). And the straight pines whose voices thrill
Like growing boys' at Christmas time, And there are many more—
But they sing softly
For they sing so sweet
That the world hearing them Might soon forget the dream she has Of hearing singing stars. And love the dear trees best!

Husbands desire their wives often But themselves after.

Phonographs and women are both delicate mechanisms—but you can stop the talking from a phonograph.

Marriage nowadays is nothing but an endurance race.

This is "Vidor Village," Hollywood, the new King Vidor motion picture studio and production plant. It is built in the form of a typical Yankee village, from toll gate to court house.
The Film Capitol of the Film Capital

Some time ago a well-known author referred to Hollywood as the film capital of the world. This being the case, it seems justifiable to refer to the Famous Players-Lasky West Coast studio as the “capitol” with the differentiation in spelling noted.

In point of age, while it is not the patriarch of the Southern California studios, it is probably the best known and for that reason is the mecca for those who seek a nearer view of the film activities of the west. However, few visitors are admitted for reasons that should be obvious.

At this studio, on Vine and Selma avenue, are the western offices of Jesse L. Lasky, first vice president of the organization, and the study and workroom of Cecil B. De Mille, director general. Charles Eyton, one of the most experienced theatrical men in the country, is general manager, and Fred Kley is studio manager.

The growth of seven years or less, the studio has now become probably the most complete in the country, including in the two large “lots” three enclosed stages, two open stages, besides many buildings housing the various departments. Approximately five hundred people are employed the year round.

During the past year some notable productions for Paramount release have come from the studio, including such films as Cecil B. De Mille’s “Male and Female,” “Why Change Your Wife,” “Don’t Change Your Husband,” “Something to Think About,” etc., William De Mille has completed “The Prince Chap,” with Thomas Meighan; “Conrad in Quest of His Youth,” also featuring Mr. Meighan; and is now at work on Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle recently transferred his allegiance to the legitimate and has already made two big comedies under the direction of Joseph Henabery, “The Life of the Party” and “The Traveling Salesman”. Next he is to do “Brewster’s Millions”.

This year Elsie Ferguson, it is understood, will make a picture or two at the studio here, and Thomas Meighan will soon return from New York to star in “Easy Street”.

Among the well-known scenarists on the Lasky staff are Jeanie MacPherson, Olga Printzlau, Beulah Marie Dix, Elmer Harris, Walter Woods, Julia Crawford Ivers, Edith and Clara Kennedy, etc. Frank E. Woods is supervising director and Mary O’Connor is film editor. Lou M. Goodstadt is casting director.

The Lasky studio, as it is called for convenience sake, has developed marvelously in every department and represents today the pinnacle of achievement in institution of its kind.

Ann May has been engaged by Cecil B. DeMille for a role in his latest picture, which has the working title of “The Other Wife”. * * *

Jocie Sedgwick, star of “The Double Adventure”, Brunton serial, fell from a horse and injured her back, thereby delaying work on the production. Jocie is better now, so is the horse. * * *

Frank D. Ormiston, technical director, is hearing a lot of nice things every day now on account of the beautiful sets which were built for Kismet under his direction.

WHY WE BOOST 'EM

Out of every three persons in the United States one goes to a motion picture show every week, or 52 times a year. The average weekly attendance at the movie theaters of the country is nor 35,000,000.

As this cannot include babies and old people too feeble to indulge in the pleasure; people in hospitals, asylums and jails (although they have occasional chances to see pictures), it will be seen what a hold this form of amusement has on our public.

These figures were gathered by the New York Association of Motion Picture Advertisers direct from the theaters of the country, and may be relied upon as authentic.

“His Friend and His Wife,” with an all-star cast.

Here George Melford’s productions, “The Sea Wolf,” “Behold My Wife!” “The Jucklins,” etc., were made, and next Mr. Melford will produce “The Faith Healer”.

Ethel Clayton has made a number of excellent pictures at the Lasky studio recently, the last being “The Sins of Rosanne,” with Tom Forman directing.

Wallace Reid is another whose pictures have emanated from the Hollywood plant, and his latest to be completed, “The Charm School,” will be followed by “Always Audacious,” both directed by James Cruze.

The Lasky studios ensconced within a shady vista on Selma Avenue, Hollywood, the oldest studio in Southern California to remain under one management.
THE WORST WAY

"I want to get into pictures in the worst way," said the sweet young winner of a popularity contest to Carl Laemmle the other day. "I'll give you a letter to my brother-in-law, Julius Stern," answered the Gibraltar of picturedom.

Joe Ryan, Vitagraph serialist, is recovering from severe gashes about the face received when he dove into a concrete tank which was supposed to have contained water, but, like everything else, had gone dry. Gashes will spoil the face of any actor.

Vitagraph has purchased for $10,000 "Lady Fingers," by Jackson Gregory, as a vehicle for Earle Williams.

Pete Smith, nee Schmidt, who draws down a stipend for getting Micky Neilan's name in the papers, sends word that the S. S. Great Northern foundered in San Francisco Bay as Micky was shooting some dock scenes. Here's Micky's name three times but it doesn't prove Micky was there, does it? Had to say Micky again—that makes five times. Pete ought to get a raise.

Jean Paige (so says the p.a.) will go to New York after her work in the Vitagraph serial, "Hidden Dangers," is finished and buy some new gowns. She will visit her parents in Illinois on route. Jean should wait until she's on the way back and show 'em the gowns.

Hope Hampton, in choosing Jack Gilbert to direct her forthcoming pictures, says the nicest things about him, according to Clark Irvine, there being but seven adjectives she didn't use in describing him. Jack hopes Hope's right.

William Fox is the latest producer to break into the serial field. Richard Stanton has just completed the first, which is called "Bride 13".

Burning midnight oil in a motor car produces nothing but a smell.

---

SUMMER WASH FROCKS

The values offered in our Washable Summer Dresses are creating genuine amazement—enormous cuts have been made in the major portion of this stock. You will find exquisite dresses of Organdy, Dotted Swiss, Voiles, Linens, Ginghams and Novelty Crepes. Just the kind of better warm weather apparel one needs for vacation usage. Some of the prices follow:

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Harry Fink & Company
APPAREL FOR WOMEN AND MISSSES EXCLUSIVELY
635 • 637 • SOUTH • BROADWAY
Screen Stars Create Fashions Now

By Grace Wilcox

The long enmity between the modistes of Paris and New York is at an end. Sartorially speaking, both cities own themselves outgeneraled. Milady has long ceased to regard either of them as the last word in fashionable apparel.

If she desires to know what she shall wear and how much of it she strolls or motors to her favorite moving picture theater and there finds all the latest ideas in smart costuming. It has been noticed for the past two or three years that any style becoming to the individual is considered good form.

For instance, Paris tried to tell us we must wear our dresses to the knees, but it "didn't take"—few, indeed, were the women who followed that style—although the skirts are undoubtedly shorter.

It is a matter of surprise to the Harry Collins, Hicksons, Lucilles, Puquins, Poirets, Armands, and Callots of New York and Paris to discover that their patrons come to them with ideas they want carried out in their costumes.

Formerly this was not so, the clients being willing to trust these experts in everything, but more and more they insist on certain original motifs for their creations. "Where do they get these ideas?" inquire the famous dressmakers.

It is generally supposed that these noted makers of fashions dictate also to the moving picture women, but this cannot be said to be true.

For instance, in the large studios the producers have recognized the necessity of properly "dressing" the picture, and elaborate dressmaking establishments are conducted where expert modistes and an army of assistants are engaged regularly in turning out gorgeously beautiful wardrobes for the stars.

Not alone are the outside garments made, but dainty lingerie and every accessory of the toilet, including the finest and laciest of negligees and undergarments, while in accordance with the sets and the social functions described in the sub-titles, each individual appearing is properly groomed for her part.

In the case of stars who provide their own picture wardrobes, they have access, of course, to the famous dressmaking establishments, but it is a matter of pride with many of them that they originate and design their own clothes, having their ideas embodied in the clothes turned out from the smart costume shops along Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue, New York, and in Paris when they are there.

Women from Emporia to Constantine are receiving ideas of dress from the moving picture screen and there can be no doubt that the effect is being felt in every city and country town in America.

It is a well-known fact that certain stars draw women to them by their clothes and the chic manner in which they wear them.

Perhaps none are better known in this regard than Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Kathryn MacDonald, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Louise Glaum, and Dorothy Dalton.

Milady attending a production where these women are starred is always intrigued with the idea of their clothes before she goes and on returning home has recourse to double adjectives and explanation points.

In "The Yellow Typhoon," Anita Stewart's last starring vehicle, she asserts that she wore every gown she had to her name and then was obliged to buy others.

Naturally, Miss Stewart, whose home is really New York, "dressed" her picture to the extent of many thousand dollars worth before she came to Los Angeles to make it.

Out at the Mayer studio the other day she was busily engaged on her new drama, which is to be released late in the autumn.

Beneath strong violet rays she was working while the thermometer was still hovering around the early nineties.

She was wearing a gorgeous sequin gown of white tulle spangled with rhinestones and pearls—a shimmering creation with a ruff of orchid tulle at the throat; a wrap of chiffon and sequin bands was thrown carelessly over a divan—evidently to be worn later as part of the costume.

Miss Stewart's wardrobe may best be described with the adjective magnificent, as it contains one of the most elaborate and original collection of clothes for which she has ever been made to behold.

If you will remember, Miss Stewart looks exceedingly chic in tailored clothes, and this modesty model of dark red duvetine with hat to match is a treasured possession.

Sports clothes with sweaters and tunics of various colors, sport skirts, plain and pleated, in plaids, checks, stripes and plain colors and linen blouses with crisp hemstitch frills and ruffles of real lace form an important detail for summer comfort and convenience.

Thin, lacy gowns and frocks of organdy—also for the warm weather and to be worn in her new picture—swing in a row in her closet, while hats as sheer as cherry blossoms gently jostle each other on the long shelves.

Then there are the more elaborate costumes which would cause any woman to envy her because of their beauty and style.

Among these is a flame colored satin gown, with an overskirt of flame colored net trimmed with horizontal bands of rose ostrich feathers, shading from a light pink to a deep crimson. With this dinner dress Miss Stewart carried a flame-colored ostrich fan.

A Batik evening gown provides a charming Russian effect. Of green silver cloth on a background of orange satin, the entire creation is hand-painted in the Batik design, over which are sprinkled iridescent spangles.

An afternoon gown of black velvet has a drape on skirt, waist and sleeves of black silk heavily embroidered in silver. The collar and cuffs are of taffeta fur and the effect is distinctly smart and modish, long lines giving a graceful silhouette to the figure.

A dinner dress of black satin with a black lace overskirt and sleeves is effectively trimmed with a ten-inch band of silver lace on the bottom of the skirt and a deep silver lace girdle. With this dress Miss Stewart wears black jet ornaments, carries a black ostrich fan and wears handsome lace hose and satin pumps with jet buckles.

Continued on Page 25
The World's Only Motion Picture Municipality

From a hill behind Hollywood you look down on a walled city within which are streets—streets of Cairo, of Paris, of Tokio, of Madrid, a new England village, the plaza of Monte Carlo, Chinatown in San Francisco, thoroughfares in Turkey, in Mexico, Arizona, New York.

It is a city of universal streets—it is Universal City.

"I want to see Fatty and Charlie," announced a woman visitor at Universal City recently. She meant Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin, and the only reason she didn't ask for Mary and Douglas Fairbanks was because she'd read they were in Europe.

She, like countless others in the United States, thinks of Universal City as the capital of the film world and the workshop of all brightest screen luminaries. In retrospect, she is right, for there are few names of note in the motion picture industry today that have not at some time in their career been connected with Universal or its forerunner, the famous Imp.

Today, with the film industry marching to a scientific perfection with factory-like studio communities founded on efficiency developing on every side, Universal maintains itself at the forefront, taking eager advantage of every innovation and improvement and encouraging its employees to make new strides for themselves.

Its studio is rightly called a city, but it is more than that. It is the only studio having mountains on the lot. At various points of Universal's 600 acres are canyons, precipices, stretches of rolling prairie, stock ranches, swamp-land, forest, jungle—even a mountain lake 300 feet long, and nearly as broad.

A tributary of the Los Angeles river runs right through the ground, and to film river scenes all that is necessary is to turn on a couple of fire hydrants and fill the river with water.

There are six covered stages comprising what is claimed to be the greatest stage area of any studio in the world. There is a theatre, complete from galleries and lobby to the loft and fly docks behind the proscenium. There is a menagerie of wild animals, and a ranch where hundreds of heads of horses are maintained.

It is stated that Universal's new lighting plant will be the most powerful in the industry. Four motor generator sets of 24,000 amperes total capacity—more than double the largest direct equipment in present studio use—are being installed in a new substation of reinforced concrete.

(Continued on Page 33)
Plays Life Lead

Tom S. Gallery, son of Police Captain Michael Gallery of the Chicago police department, has married Zasu Pitts, screen star, who is under contract with the R. C. P. Smith Syndicate.

Mr. Gallery came to Los Angeles from Chicago for a vacation, following his discharge from the tank corps of the army in which he held a commission as lieutenant. Having a number of friends in the motion picture business, it was natural that he should visit the studios, and in one of them he was given a test, more as a little fun than with any serious intent to adopt pictures as a career. But the test proved that Mr. Gallery not only possessed good looks but an ability to act, coupled with a personality that "got over". Negotiations with any other company were rudely interrupted when Romance stepped in and took Mr. Gallery by the hand and lead him up to Miss Pitts at a social affair in Hollywood, and she immediately decided that no one but Mr. Gallery could play the leading male role in her next picture for Brentwood, for whom she was then working.

There then followed a rapid-fire courtship, which culminated in a trip to Santa Ana where the youthful pair were married by Rev. H. Emmelen at St. Joseph's Church, with Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor as witnesses.

While on Location

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Luxury is Keynote at Metro Studio

If you have an appointment with a Metro star or executive, don’t say, “Which building?”

“Which garden?” is the proper query when referring to the company’s reconstructed lot.

For landscape gardeners and carpenters vie in importance with the cameramen and stars at Metro these days. In addition to the quaint Japanese garden, you will now find the Studio Court Garden, from which the company’s playwrights and authors turn out their brain children, and the Comedy Garden, about which Buster Keaton romps through his new series of two reelers.

The most recently completed of the Metro building operations is the new Scenario building, a double “L”-shaped structure that surrounds a garden of the sort calculated to lure ideas from the least creative brains. The main entrance, reception room and suite of offices have been given over to the news writers who, it is promised, will share rustic seats and shady garden nooks with such celebrities as Irvin S. Cobb, Bayard Veiller, Peter B. Kyne and June Mathis, of the company’s story-producing staff.

The new scenario building occupies the block just east of Cahuenga avenue and across the street from the general offices. Across the street to the north is the geranium-bordered garden, one block square, in which Buster Keaton and Lou Anger collaborate on the new series of fun makers now being turned out there.

But these features are but the high lights of the general building program outlined by Joseph Engel, in charge of the company’s West Coast properties. A two-story fireproof paint shop has been completed and now is being used by the Metro scenic artists. A three-story receiving and shipping room is handling the less fascinating but equally important phase of the film producing business. A big plaster shop and half a dozen smaller structures have been added to the rapidly growing village on the six city blocks now occupied by the plant.

Attention of these actually engaged in the business of picture-making centers on the special production of “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” the Vicente Blasco Ibanez novel now being filmed under the direction of Rex Ingram. The director and June Mathis, who prepared the screen version of the story, declare it will be the greatest Metro picture ever made — and the quest for slightly more than 11,000 principal and extras to take part in the big scenes would indicate that their promises were not without foundation.

The list of forthcoming Metro pictures, either completed or about to be completed, includes: “Blackmail,” starring Viola Dana; “Are All Men Alike?” starring May Allison; “Body and Soul,” starring Alice Lake; “Someone in the House,” an all-star production; “Passion Fruit,” starring Mme. Doralinda; “The Star Rover,” all-star, and “Madame Peacock,” a Mme. Nazimova production.

Frederic Sullivan and his entire company was loaned by Al Christie to Selig for the purpose of making a five-reel picture for Selig. Those picture folks are said to be clubby. A lot of folks would like to borrow Al’s Cadillac some Saturday night.

Harry Gribbon, who is one of Al Christie’s comedians, was at one time a matinee idol in the South, and audiences went crazy over him, so says Pat Dowling. That may account somewhat for the number of asylums through the South.

Larry Semon had a hard time to find a cross-eyed baby for a part in his newest comedy. Someone said: “Advertise.” Said he: “I would, but the babies can’t read.” But he did — and got two hundred of the cutest babies with the nicest bountiful eyes that ever looked two places at once.

Gladys Walton has signed to do two or three pictures for Universal. If she pleases there is a possibility of a real contract later on.
One of the World's Most Complete Studios

The West Coast studios of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation of New York, situated at Culver City, California, now comprise nearly fifty acres, and is considered one of the largest studios in the world. This large tract of land is required for the various buildings, five glass-covered stages, one "dark" stage and the exterior settings which all play a prominent part in making Goldwyn pictures.

Vice President Abraham Lehr is in charge of the studio, with the heads of the various departments as his assistants. J. G. Hawks, well known scenario writer, heads the scenario department, with Thompson Buchanan, author of "Civilian Clothes," as scenario editor. Clifford Robinson is casting director; James Johnson is production manager; J. J. Cohn is business manager, and H. E. Edington has charge of the studio finances. Cedric Gibbons and Julian Garnsey design all the sets and Miss Sophie Wachner is the genius responsible for the elaborate gowns worn by the Goldwyn players.

Director Clarence Badger, Al Green, Harry Beaumont and Victor Schertzinger handle the destinies of the pictures starring Will Rogers, Jack Pickford, Tom Moore and Mabel Normand, respectively. Reginald Barker, Frank Lloyd, E. Mason Hopper, T. Hayes Hunter and Wallace Worsley guide the players in the all-star Eminent Authors' stories, which are written by such noted authors as Rex Beach, Basil King, Gouverneur Morris, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Atherton, Leroy Scott and Rupert Hughes.

The employees of this big studio number seven hundred, with an average excess of about three hundred daily. This number includes executives, office employees, actors, carpenters, mechanics, etc. Practically every branch of industrial activity is represented. There are two miles of cement walks and drives and ten acres of lawns and flowers. The Milwaukee Building Company of Los Angeles took six months to erect the plant in 1915. Since then additions and improvements which cost over a hundred thousand dollars have been made. Eleven permanent outdoor settings have been built since then. These structures are replicas of streets of various localities all over the world. Represented among them are Russian, French, Spanish, Mexican, Alaskan and New York streets. In addition to these settings, Goldwyn recently constructed an African village set on the coast about three miles north of Santa Monica at a cost of about ten thousand dollars. A hundred and ten temporary stage settings are erected every week on the stages. These are torn down as soon as they are used and the lumber either used to build new sets or sold. An annual revenue of ten thousand dollars is derived from the sale of salvage. Since recent additions have been made to the laboratory it is possible to turn out two hundred thousand feet of film in twenty-four hours. A hundred dressing rooms for the use of the stars and regular stock players, two large spaces for extras and one huge "mob" room are continually full.

A big commissary that accommodates twenty-five hundred people weekly is one of the busiest places on the lot. The "prop" room at the Goldwyn studio is generally needed to be one of the largest and best equipped in the business. In connection with this department there is a property making shop where an average of one hundred and fifty new pieces of property are made each week. The company automobiles travel about two thousand miles daily carrying actors to location and making other trips for the company. Two telephone operators handle an average of 3900 calls daily on 62 connections and eight outside trunk lines.

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT"
"Oft in the stilly night,"
In dreams old friends surround me,
And Memory brings to light
Past scenes which but confound me.
The "smiles," the beers,
The mellow tears,
The sports who called you "brother,
Come, drink your fill,
It's on me, Bill,
Aw, come on, have another."
Thus, in the cheerless night,
The hour for celebration—
"Bevo!" Where is thy might,
Thy vaunted stimulation?

When, I remember all
The boys once linked together,
All those who liked them "tall,"
In any kind of weather,
I feel like one
Who drinks alone
About three in the morning;
His pals all fled,
His spirits dead,
A headache just a-borning.
Thus, in the cheerless night,
When needing a libation,
Oh, for a beacon light,
An open "service station".

—E. L. Aultman.

Here is the great Goldwyn studios at Culver City, one of the most complete motion picture studios in Southern California.
Vitagraph Spending Millions on Pictures

Unaffected by changes of season or other disturbing elements within the motion picture industry, Vitagraph continues to maintain an even schedule of production. This month work was commenced under a new budget of expenditures which will run well into the millions of dollars before the close of the next fiscal year on June 30, 1921.

Two productions alone, being started this week, will total in cost more than one million dollars. William Duncan, the serial king, is limited only by this amount in the making of his fifteen-episode chapter dramas. He is beginning the second production of his three-year contract for six serials, for which his salary alone will average $10,000 a week. The other large feature just being started is a famous classic, which Director David Smith will make into a special production of seven reels length.

Another big project from this production angle is the new schedule of Larry Senon comedies, each to be limited only by a cost of $100,000. This is a highly unusual price to pay for making two-reel comedies, but it is warranted by the reception that is meeting the funny film antics of this comedian throughout the world, Vitagraph finds.

Director Chester Bennett is starting "The Romance Promoters," with Earle Williams, a five-reel feature. This week Vitagraph paid $10,000 for the film rights to the book, "Lady Fingers," as the next feature for this star.

Three serial units are constantly producing the year around. Besides William Duncan, Antonio Moreno makes two serials a year. He is now half way through with "The Veiled Mystery," which he is directing himself. Joe Ryan and Jean Paige, as co-stars, are finishing "Hidden Dangers," a serial under the direction of William Bertram.

Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, has perfected his organization to the point where he can devote most of his time to the actual writing of serial photoplays. With Cleveland Moffett, noted magazine writer, as collaborator, he spends his summers at Oyster Bay, N. Y., and his winters in Los Angeles writing the scripts for three serial companies. Both will come to Los Angeles in the autumn to remain until next May.

Jimmy Aubrey, comedian, has been promoted from program releases to a special release and his two-reel offerings will now be known as "Jimmy Aubrey Comedies." Jess Robbins is directing him.

The Vitagraph Company of California, as the Los Angeles unit is known, therefore, has now two features, three serials and two comedies constantly in the course of production. The addition of another feature company and one or two more comedy companies within the next month is not unlikely. W. S. Smith, a brother of Albert E. Smith, is general manager of the western organization.

W. S. Smith has inaugurated a production system with William Duncan serials which has operated so successfully that he may extend it to other companies. It is the independent unit method, by which the director—in this instance Duncan—is surrounded by a complete studio staff, making his a complete producing organization independent of all other administrative departments.

The Vitagraph Company of America at Brooklyn, N. Y., parent of the California organization, and of Vitagraph, Inc., the distributing organization, continues to produce in the east. Alice Joyce and Corinne Griffith are being starred in a series of special features and Director Tom Terriss is producing an all-star feature under the title of "Dead Men Tell No Tales".

Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, is entering his twenty-fourth year as a motion picture producer.

SAYS ALLEN HOLUBAR

PRODUCERS who say they receive no cooperation from the city of Los Angeles must have forgotten about the public library or else never appealed to that institution for aid. In the making of my last three pictures I have been given help by the public library workers that I would have been willing to pay hundreds of dollars for, and all without one cent of compensation. I would suggest that the cinema producers draft some sort of memorial or testimonial of appreciation to be presented to Librarian Perry and his assistants.

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California "Locations" Rival Bible Scenes

According to President James A. McGill of The Historical Film Corporation of America, Camerafornia, which means that part of the Golden Poppy State contiguous to Los Angeles, was the only place to be found on any map where the Bible could be filmed in a way that would be convincing as to topography and scenic investiture. Before settling upon Los Angeles as the only possible place to film the Bible pictures, almost every other location was considered, including the Holy Land.

The Holy Land of the Pageant of the Bible now in process of filming by President McGill's company will be the Holy Land of the Roman Empire of the time of Tiberius and not that of today with ruined cities, squalid villages, terrible poverty and decadent people. The Holy Land of the time of Christ was a gorgeous and opulent country. The influence of Greece and Rome had done much to bring beauty to it, especially in the way of architectural embellishment, and as it was on the trade routes to India and the Far East, it was rich in material things. Titus had not yet battered down the walls of Jerusalem and destroyed its temple and its palaces, and Roman wealth had created beauty spots in every available place where nature offered either clear water or cool breezes. It was a wooded country in those days, and there was a charming resort tucked away in the hills or on the Lake of Tiberius, on the Jordan and at the springs of Jericho. It is this beautiful, fertile, colorful, enchanting country that the Bible filmers will put into their pictures and no land in the world lends itself so perfectly to this substitution as "Camerafornia." Here is a topography marvelously akin to that of the Holy Land, and it has a semi-tropical arboreal investiture that will satisfy any stickler for Biblical correctness.

Another company distinctly Angeleno is Clermont Photoplays Corporation, the company financing Lloyd Carleton Productions and other producing units. This concern originated in the mind of Hannibal N. Clermont, a young man of ideas and vision who believes that fewer and better pictures should be the slogan of not only one company but of the entire motion picture industry. Mr. Clermont was strongly of the opinion that Los Angeles was not only the place to make pictures, but, what was more to the purpose, that Los Angeles money was ready to invest in the right sort of a motion picture project.

Calling H. F. Albers, a local capitalist and mining man, to his assistance and enlisting the services of W. D. Ball, E. D. Clarage and other men of prominence, Mr. Clermont started by hard work to justify his faith and in the shortest time on record he organized a financing company, made a contract with Lloyd Carleton Productions as his first producing unit, produced a picture and paid a dividend of ten per cent on the preferred stock within six months. This was never done before and it is likely to be a long time before it is equalled. Every dollar of this money was Los Angeles money and in organizing his company Mr. Clermont succeeded in interesting representatives of thirty-four of the best-known financial and commercial concerns in Los Angeles.

Clermont Photoplays Corporation is, therefore, a dyed-in-the-wool Los Angeles concern and it was at once on good terms with local dealers in motion picture supplies. Mr. Clermont says he has never in a single instance found cause for complaint either as to prices, service or materials supplied, and he believes that cooperation is merely a matter of courtesy and a clear understanding of needs or requirements on both sides. Clermont Photoplays Corporation having established the world's record in financing and paying dividends, are now trying for a third record—that of producing the most successful pictures.

Mrs. Reginald Barker, formerly Clara Williams, is recovering from a slight illness.

ANOTHER ABUSE

WHY not a campaign against the newspapers calling every girl who ever played a bit in a picture an "Actress," or "Movie Star"? If a girl has played in one mob scene and gets into any sort of trouble, the newspapers don't say "Woman Arrested". They use larger type and say "Actress" or "Star Arrested". The same with men.

Now I appeal to you to act as a mouthpiece for the members of the motion picture and stage profession, who resent the wholesale abuse of the words "Actress" or "Actor" in connection with the publication of scandal in Los Angeles.

We (15,000) are connected with pictures which appear at theaters using large daily and weekly advertising space in all newspapers and individually we contribute to the support of many a press. The mercenary view may help compel a little more truth in headlines, if the appeal to reason and honor fails.

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A view of the Brunton studios taken from an airplane. The Brunton plant is located just off Western avenue on Melrose.
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Film Folk

May Allison is credited (by her press agent) with the authorship of three jokes this week. They are entirely original, but not with May.

Antonio Moreno is shortly to take a motor trip through Mexico, according to announcement. They are short of matadors down there, aren’t they?

Vitagraph has started the construction of its eighth studio in Hollywood and will make other improvements to its plant that will call for the expenditure of well over $100,000.

Violet Heming has gone to England to visit her mother, but will return to the United States in the fall to resume her picture work.

Bessie Love, according to the newspapers in the east, which same information comes through the p.a., is just as pretty and chic off the screen as she is on. As an actress she is chicer off than on.

Beatrice La Plante vigorously denies that her marriage will make any difference in her picture activities. What of it? If it did, it might be well for a lot of picture people to get married.

George Probert has been engaged by Metro to play the leading male role opposite Nazimova in “Madam Peacock,” from the book of the same name by Rita Weiman. Mr. Probert appeared with Nazimova on the stage in New York in a series of Ibsen plays.

Florence Turner, who has just completed a role in “Blackmail” for Metro, has been re-engaged by that company to appear in support of Doralda in “The Passion Fruit”.

Luther Reed has turned over to Metro “Cinderella’s Twin,” an original story which is to be Viola Dana’s next starring vehicle. It is a comedy crook-melodrama.

“Buster” Keaton, who deserted the vaudeville stage at the insistent demands of “Fatty” Arbuckle, thereby breaking up the famous “Three Keatons,” consisting of his mother, father and himself, is once again a member of the “three,” having surrounded himself with the family out at the Metro studio.

The Farnum boys, Dustin and William, have been doing a lot of fishing lately—William in the East, Dustin in the West. If those boys caught all the fish credited to them by the press agents they could keep ten canneries busy the year round.

Scores U.S. Westerns

“The British boy should not be incited to exchange the good old English method of settling disputes with his fists for the use of revolvers and automatic pistols, which the American film hero produces on the slightest provocation.”

This is one of the statements made by an official of a newly organized film company in London—a company created for the avowed purpose of popularizing home produced films.

“Our English girls can hardly be said to gain by the extreme sickly sentiment which forms the story of many love films from over the water,” continued the producer. “American producers have apparently no knowledge of British customs and ways.”

Rudolph Valentino has been secured by Metro to enact the leading male role in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse”.

Dorothy Gish, accompanied by her mother, has sailed for Europe, where they will spend the balance of the summer.

Noah Beery has signed with Metro to appear in “The Passion Fruit”, Doralda’s first picture.

Edward Earle, former leading man for Vitagraph in the East, has arrived in Los Angeles to appear as leading man for Doralda. This is Mr. Earle’s first visit to the coast.

Screen Notes

Jack Pickford and his director, Al Green, spent several days at the California University to absorb atmosphere for a picture, according to news received. What’s the matter with the Naval Academy?

Metro has at last announced the complete cast for “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” production having been started at the studios in Hollywood. Here it is: Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, Alan Hale, Pomroy Cavan, Stuart Holmes, Joseph Swickard, Brinsley Shaw, Bridgetta Clark, Mabel Van Buren, Smoke Turner, Nigel De Brulier, John Sain Polis, Derrick Ghent, Edward Connelly and Jean Hersholt.

Hamptno Del Ruth made such a hit with William Fox when he showed the big producer “Skirts,” the six-reel feature comedy, that Mr. Fox immediately took the rubber hand off the bank roll and told Del Ruth to make a fool of it on the next comedy. Can’t imagine a Fox comedy called “Skirts” unless it’s because there are none.

A. Daniel Bell, press agent for Jack White comedies, gets the free ticket this week which entitles bearer to hear the tooth-pick chorus in Pershing Square each evening. His was the first Japanese film fan letter to reach this office. Ted Taylor was close behind, but the postmark on Ted’s was a half hour later than A. Daniel’s.

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**In the Pictures**

Tom Nash of Selig has turned his attention from orange, lemon and other fruit trees to specialize on chestnuts. From the looks of some of the Selig pictures, he’s been doing that a long, long time.

Bertram Bracken has been engaged by Col. Selig to direct “Kazan,” the Curwood wolf-dog story of the Canadian woods and snow country. Exteriors have already been made and Director Bracken will start on the close-ups as soon as the all-star cast is completed.

Dave Hartford has been engaged by Sam Rork to direct Katherine MacDonald in “The Second Latch Key,” adapted from the story of the same name by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

C. L. Chester has resigned as business supervisor of the Henry Lehrman company. Lehrman can now get in and out of trouble as best he can. Mr. Chester will devote his entire time to his own interests, which includes Chester Outings, Chester Comedies, Screenies, and Globe Trots.

Helen Jerome Eddy has been elevated to stardom by the Smith Syndicate, which is also exploiting Zaza Pitts.

**MORE BIBLE PICTURES**

For the first time in the history of the motion picture industry, a company has been formed for the purpose of producing pictures which are to be used in carrying Christianity to the heathen. The Francis Engel Film Co., Inc. has started work upon its first production, and will also produce short biblical subjects, as well as educational and children’s pictures. Offices have been opened at 815 Title Insurance Building.

Sessue Hayakawa has secured the film rights to “East Is West,” one of the big stage successes of New York, which kept Fay Bainter on Broadway well over a year.

Oliver Morosco is to present Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in a new stage play called “The Rainbow Bridge”. Wonder what’s at the end of it.

Kitty Gordon is coming back with her back, possibly to make a picture or two. If she brings her six-shooter someone might put her in some two-reel Westerns.

Pomeroy Cannon, who first broke into the films back in 1905, has been cast as “Madariaga,” the old Spanish ranchman, in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” now in production at Metro.

**So he Travels**

Jack Conway can’t get away from California right now, so he had a lot of scenes written into “The Spenders” which calls for a complete passenger train of eight cars (and engine, of course). There are four Pullmans, an observation and (here the press agent’s copy is blurred). It’s either dining car or dynamo car, but it is something that can be made light of, and now all day long Jack orders his engineer to drive all over California, while occasionally a scene or two is filmed to keep the camera sprockets from corroding.

George Arliss has been secured by A. J. Callaghan Productions, it is announced, to make a film version of “The Devil,” a former stage success of Mr. Arliss.

Jacques Jaccard is writing the script for the next Frank Mayo picture to follow “Black Friday.” Most of the picture will be made on a private yacht which Universal has purchased and will sail to Catalina Island. Jaccard will direct.

William E. Taylor has completed “Furnace,” which was three months in the making at the Lasky studio. Nice picture for the hot weather.

---

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Fred J. Butler, for five years stage director for Oliver Morosco, has resigned and will in the future devote himself entirely to the direction of motion pictures in which his son David is being starred.

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1—While filming "The Sea Maid" Miss —— had a narrow escape from drowning when she was suddenly taken with cramp. Only the presence of mind of her leading man ——

2—On his recent tour through the United States, the Prince of Wales danced several times with Miss ——, and declared that she was the best dancer that he had ever known. The Prince gave Miss —— a solid silver toothpick as a memento of the occasion —— etc.

3—While playing the character of "Dip the Blood" in the all-star production, "The Gun-Man's Love," so realistic was ——'s make-up that he was mistaken for a real criminal by the Pasadena police. He was taken to jail and finger-printed, and it was several hours before the studio people could convince the police that —— was not a real crook.

4—If Wabado Yakaloos, the celebrated Russian artist, had his way Miss —— would forsake the screen and devote her talents to painting. When the noted artist was in Los Angeles recently he saw several bits of Miss ——'s work, and so enthusiastic was the painter that he tried to persuade —— etc.

SIT'S SIZE

"Si" Snyder, dean of press agents on the coast, who recently took unto himself a bride, has an office consisting of 42 rooms. "Si" is handling publicity for the Historical Film Company, which is filming the Bible, and as the company is working entirely upon location, he has the use of the big house formerly used by the Rolin Film Company at the top of Court Pligt entirely to himself. "Si" has the various rooms named after the different books in the Bible and—according to the type story he is writing—he hires himself to the particular room best fitted. For instance, a publicity story concerning the book of Deuteronomy is written in the Deuteronomy room on the first floor, after which he writes one on Genesis on the third floor back, etc.

* * *

Frank Mayo has started work on "Black Friday" at Universal under the direction of Frederick Thompson. Dagmar Godowsky has been engaged for the supporting cast, as has Lillian Tucker and others.

* * *

Dorothy Phillips has been confined to her home with a slight touch of bronchitis. Try white pine and tar.
Expert Direction

By Lew Tennant

I've never been guilty of writing to a screen magazine and asking why Harold Handsome, after a rough-and-tumble saloon fight, emerges with his hair slicked back in perfect alignment, why the fellow who falls into the fountain emerges with dry trousers, and all that sort of thing, but I've often wanted to.

Down in Arizona a few years ago the punchers started a near-riot in a movie where a western picture was being shown. It began when the cowboy-hero tied his pony to a bit of brush on the plains. No real puncher ever ties his horse when out in the open. He lets the bridle-reins drop to the ground, and his well-trained animal remains as fixed as the Statue of Liberty. And when the said actor-plainsman mounted his horse from the wrong side the show was ended then and there.

I've often wondered why the slayer in the third-rate boarding house always wears silk stockings, why the drawing room of an English castle contains an American-made Victrola and piano, and more bric-a-brac than there is in three junk shops. Why plays of long ago show the hero in a Kollege Klothes suit, why the criminal in a crook picture is shown casting off a perfectly forged specimen of the banker's signature. When I was a crook it wasn't so simple a job to produce a good forgery.

And I saw a picture recently, supposedly laid in Italy, but in one touching scene Prince Moliterno was reading a Los Angeles paper. And his daughter, the belle of Rome, when talking to her lover said—and you did not have to be an expert lip reader to catch it—"It will kill my poor father." I always thought they spoke Italian in Italy, but perhaps not. And now that pictures of the slums are popular why do the close-ups of the abused daughter of the brutal prize-fighter show her nails to be immaculately manicured? I wonder! The other night I took a friend of mine, who happened to be a physician, to see a movie, and in the hospital scene, where all the equipment and everything was correct to a fine point, the doctor in the picture performs the operation without rubber gloves! It spoiled my friend's evening, and he spoiled mine.

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Fashion Makers

(Continued from Page 13)

A formal evening gown is built on a gold cloth foundation, having an accordian pleated skirt of black. The bodice is of black velvet with a gold thread running through it, the same also forming a tunic effect. Across the shoulders rhinestone bands present a charming contrast and relieve the gown from any appearance of heaviness. Miss Stewart confesses to two weaknesses in dress—one ostrich feathers and tulle, the other furs.

Furs of sable, kolinsky, mole, ermine and mink are elaborately used either for trimming or for wraps.

A wonderful wrap of ermine has recently been added to her collection of furs. This is an evening wrap, with a shawl collar and extends to the bottom of her skirts, the entire garment of the finest of ermine.

There is also a sable wrap—a soft, rich thing—extremely becoming to Miss Stewart’s rare beauty.

A shell-pink evening wrap of chiffon has wide bands of ostrich feathers in the same delicate color.

There is a pigeon-egg blue satin evening gown with an overdress of chiffon in the same color. This gown is almost literally covered with pearls—thousands of them having been used as a trimming. It is made on long lines, clinging to the figure and has a court train of blue velvet of same color.

A maline hat with imported grapes of different colors is a smart adjunct to be worn with various informal costumes.

Miss Stewart’s bungalow dressing room on the Mayer lot has a drawing room done in Chinese design with a blue Chinese rug, Oriental draperies, Chinese flowers and prints and high teak-wood chairs, tables and divans of Chinese workmanship.

Her boudoir is in rose taffeta and Dresden flowers, the walls of French grey. Soft French grey rugs with rose borders, French ivory dressing table, chairs and chaise-lounge further convey the scheme of interior decorating.

This is one of Miss Stewart’s hobbies—interior decorating—and her dressing room and two houses—one on Mission Road and the other on Long Island—attest her ingenuity in this direction.

K. H. Milligan has arrived in Los Angeles from New York, where he was associated with Creation Films, Inc., successors to the old Kalem Co., and announces his intention of promoting a company to produce a series of two-reel western pictures as well as features. Mr. Milligan controls 37 exchanges.

Ray Ripley, former vaudeville star, who deserted the two-a-day when his route brought him to Los Angeles some months ago, has been engaged to support Frank Mayo in “Black Friday,” now in production at Universal, under direction of Frederick Thompson.

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“HOW TO WRITE SCENARIOS”

Writing for the movies is really very simple, provided you first learn the essentials of the craft. Take, for instance, the western pictures. There are certain rules which, if followed, guarantee success.

Your hero must first of all be homely. No handsome heroes are ever allowed in westerns. Of course, that is contrary to fact, for there are as many nice looking chaps in Arizona as Connecticut, but it’s the rule anyway. You can have him be (1) a preacher in “Hell’s Half Acre,” (2) the honest gambler in the Red Light Saloon, (3) the sheriff of Deadwood City, (4) or the foreman of the Two-Bar A ranch.

If you use number 1, your plot runs something like this: The preacher (you must call him parson) falls in love with the sister of an Easterer seeking health in the West, but ruining his chances, and dissipating his money in the dance halls and gambling joints. The owner of the most notorious dive, Dangerous Dan McChew, seeks to get the girl within his power through her brother’s love of cards and drink. The Parson matches his wits and his six-shooter against the bad, bad Dan McChew. You know who wins. All you have to do is to fix it for the final fade-out, brother well, sister and Parson eloped in half Nelson.

But be sure to call your town “Hell’s Half Acre,” or “Devil’s Gulch,” and use the word “locoed,” to show that you know your west. And lastly, just before the final fade-out, just before the girl clasps the Parson in her arms and kisses him for rescuing her brother, you must have the Parson say, “Well, I reckon I’ll be a-travelin’.”

INCORPORATIONS

Chester Fairbanks Productions; incorporators, Chester Fairbanks, Milton Cronick, George Reider, A. E. Roberts, J. McDowell; capital stock, $100,000; subscribed, $7. The company is incorporated for 50,000 shares, par value $1 a share. Charles Amador, who was recently featured by the Bull’s-Eye Film, is to be starred, supported by Helen Kessler. The directors of the company are Judge Barnes, H. J. G. Branning, Fay Hawwood, Charles Amador and James Leek.

Charles E. Kaufman, a cameraman, has sued Frank Keenan for an accounting of $100,000 which he alleges Keenan received from Pathé for four pictures, and on which Kaufman alleges he was to receive 5 per cent of the net. Kaufman photographed the four pictures in question.

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The marvelous growth of the Motion Picture Industry, its public-spirited enterprises, its generous donations in time and money to government and municipal drives, its enormous investments in real estate, materials and equipment, its vast army of employees who, for the most part, spend their money in Los Angeles, its powerful influence for good through the medium of educational and highly entertaining pictures, has undoubtedly done more to bring our fair city into world-wide prominence than any other single agency.

In this magnificent enterprise Barker Bros. have been privileged to participate by supplying the furniture and other "props" for countless elaborate interior sets in various studios, and in furnishing a number of the largest Motion Picture Theatres in Los Angeles.

But still more intimate is the connection of the Motion Picture Industry with the House of Barker Bros., for we have had the pleasure of furnishing and decorating the homes of many members of leading producing companies.

As the Motion Picture Industry, by the immensity of its activities, and its constant and successful efforts in raising the standard of their productions, has drawn the eyes of the world to Los Angeles, so Barker Bros., through untiring efforts in meeting the demand for better home furnishings, has developed into the largest home furnishing establishment in the West, ranking as one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the world.

We thank the Motion Picture Industry for its generous patronage and wish to state that Barker Bros.' service will continue to be maintained on the same high standard of helpfulness and efficiency.
Force of Habit

David Dalton, the great director, entered his office, closed the door and locked it. He seated himself at his desk and from the drawer took out an automatic revolver. Clicking a cartridge from the magazine into the chamber he placed the gun against his temple.

Dalton was married to a woman whom he did not love, a woman who was ruining him financially and morally. He had sought freedom but she had blocked divorce. He had decided to kill himself. In the fraction of a second before his finger closed upon the trigger his eye fell upon the pile of unopened mail before him. For ten years Dalton had opened and read his mail before attending to any other duty, and the force of habit overmastered him now. Unconsciously he lowered the pistol and ran a paper knife under the flap of the telegram which lay atop the pile. It was dated Palm Beach, Florida, and read:

"Mrs. David Dalton fatally injured in automobile accident here last night."

ESTABLISH LIBRARY

From the proceeds of the recent successful ball given by the Motion Picture Art Directors' Association, it was decided at a meeting held last week to establish a research library of rare volumes on architecture, which will be open to the use of members and producers.

At this meeting an election of officers for the coming year was held at which time the present incumbents were re-elected. The officers are: Alfred W. Alley, president; R. E. Sibley, vice-president; E. C. Hartley, secretary; Sydney Ullman, treasurer.

Louis W. Thompson, president, and H. J. Roberts, general sales manager of Select Pictures Corporation, have a cute little theater seating two, right in their offices. The screen is only two feet by three, which causes Rupert to ask if the pictures won't be small and hard to see. A trifle small perhaps, but no harder to look at than some of those on the big screens at 17-22-39-55 cents.

Gertrude Atherton, novelist, has arrived in Los Angeles for a month's stay. She will spend a lot of time at the Goldwyn studios, studying motion picture technique, as she contemplates writing an original story for Goldwyn, to be presented as an Eminent Authors Production.

(Note to Adv. Mgr.: Give this tip to Fred Palmer's School of Scenario Writing, and bill him pro rata page rate. —Ed.)
Film Story Series

The stories featuring "Scattergood Raines," a character in a series of stories published in various magazines from the typewriter of Clarence buddington Kelland, have been purchased by the Edna Schley Productions, Inc., and work on the first picture will start immediately.

This is a series of stories wherein the lead is played by a past-middle-aged man, often without the love element, and the results will be watched with interest by producers and the public.

Another series of magazine yarns—the humorous stories of Ellis Parker Butler—featuring a "correspondence school detective," will, it is expected, soon be filmed with Joe ("Mutt") Murphy playing the title role throughout. They will be made into a series of two-reel comedies.

Will Hereford, veteran character actor, who is greatly in demand owing to his versatility, finished in the part of a minister for a Charlie Ray picture Friday and was immediately engaged to play a role in an Allen Holubar picture, commencing the following day. You could say the Alpha and Omega of characters, but what's the use.

* * *

Lloyd Hamilton's second comedy, produced by Jack White, has been named "Dynamite," and shipped to Educational Film Corporation in New York for release. If it gets off well it should go over with a bang.

* * *

Marvel Rae's friends, according to the publicist, are anxiously waiting for her appearance in "A Fresh Start," a Jack White comedy shortly to be released. Judging from some of Marvel's recent "stills," you can't blame 'em.

* * *

Dwight Cleveland, scenario editor for Jesse D. Hampton, is lining up subjects for King. (News Item) Trying to revive royalty in this country—or what?

* * *

Morris Schank, producer of the Hank Mann comedies, has announced that he will have two additional units at work in the near future. He will produce five-reel comedies for fall release.

* * *

The New York State College of Forestry has sent a film depicting methods of forestry and the re-forestation of idle lands throughout the state to stimulate interest in this line of work. The film will take the place of a traveling lecturer.

* * *

Louise Glanum is the ideal person to play the leading role in "The Leopard Woman." This is conceded by Stewart Edward White, who wrote it; Wesley Ruggles, who will direct it, and J. Parker Read, Jr., who is to produce it; Bull Montana is doubtful, Spike Robinson yet to be heard from, and Joe Martin too full of monkey business to care.

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Wins “Baby Marie”

Mrs. Edytha Osborne won a divorce and the custody of “Baby Marie” all at once. She swooped, Edyth Sterling was exonerated, and Leon T. Osborne isn’t so bad, at that, according to the presiding judge who granted the decree.

Following which comes Helen Holmes, who files an answer to Harry M. Warner’s claim for $30,000 against her for alleged breach of contract and asks for $18,500 damages, alleging a breach of the contract on the part of Warner.

Here are the alleged violations of contract:

That he refused to pay the expenses of the star and her maid from Los Angeles to New York; that the alleged guaranteed minimum profit of $5,000 has not all been paid; that the producer failed to advertise and exploit the serial to the extent provided in the contract, and that on frequent occasions the star’s salary was delayed, causing her great inconvenience.

W. Hansen has been appointed stage manager at the Ince studios by Thos. H. Ince, vice Harry Schneck, who has resigned.

Madge Kennedy has sued Goldwyn for $6000, which sum she alleges to be due her on her contract. In her complaint, Miss Kennedy alleges that the defendant agreed on September 5, 1918, to pay her $2692 a week and owes her new $4487 as salary. She also alleges that the concern also owes her $1574 on costumes. She sued under the name of Madge Kennedy Bolster.

Thos. H. Ince, who is an honorary member of the Fire Chiefs’ Association of the Pacific Coast, has donated a handsome silver trophy to be awarded to the Pacific Coast fire department which shows the greatest strides in fire prevention methods. The trophy will remain in the custody of Chief Scott of the Los Angeles Fire Department, who will formally present it to the Pacific Coast municipalities at the annual convention of fire chiefs to be held in Los Angeles in September.

Shannon Day (this is not an Irish holiday), a former Follies girl, has been engaged by Allen Holubar for a part in Dorothy Phillips’ first independent picture. What ails the crop of New York millionaires?

Beatrice Burnham has been engaged by Freddie Fralick, Ince casting director, to play opposite Douglas MacLean in “When Johnny Comes Marching Home,” the working title of the comic’s next picture.

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Only a Kid

"Hank" Martin, who attached himself to the Chester studios along back in the early '80s, or thereabouts, disappeared the other—whiskers and all.

Coincidently, the glands of two of the Chester goats were missing.

They searched for them, but no results came of the search.

Came a riot call to the studio from Lincoln Park. One of their men was acting up something scandalous. Ed Rosenbaum investigated. He found that:

"Hank" was playing hide-and-seek with the girls.
He was riding the merry-go-round and hollering for more speed.

He was playing leap frog with the kindergarten class.

And he was swiping lemonade from a concessionaire.

Eddie led him home, the while the old man tugged at his gray beard.

"Dad gum it," he said, "what the heck's the matter with ya? Can't a kid have any fun?"

The goats are moping around the lot, but they'll live. "Hank" has been placed in a pen along with Leo, the fightin' lion.

HIGHEST PAID COMEDIENNE

After a prolonged cessation of production, Gale Henry, the elongated comedienne, has signed a contract with Special Pictures Corporation which calls for her to make twelve two-reel de luxe comedies a year.

Miss Henry will have her own producing unit and will simply deliver the negative and a sample print of each comedy made.

According to the terms of her contract, although the figures are not announced, Miss Henry, it is said, will become the highest paid comedienne in pictures.

Ruth Clifford, former Universal star, who recently signed a two-year contract with the Frohman Amusement Company, has arrived in Hollywood for a visit with her family. Miss Clifford will return to New York September 1.

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Pedigreed male Boston Terrier, beautifully marked; from Heath Ford stock. 1011 So. Central Ave., Glendale.

Edward Connelly, veteran character actor, has been cast in a prominent role in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse".

Douglas Gerrard has been engaged by Metro to direct Doraldina and has started work at that studio—if anyone desires the information.

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Universal City

(Continued from Page 44)

One switchboard of 46 panels—nearly three times the total switchboard capacity of the present best equipped studio—is under installation, while a subsidiary board of ten panels is already in use. Miles of heavy cable carry current to every corner of Universal City, and numerous transformers, located at various points of the plant instead of centrally grouped, "step down" the power for use in illumination.

Universal is coming into extensive use as a leading studio by independent producers, and even by other studios. In the last few months Maurice Tourneur, Edgar Lewis, Wm. Fox, J. Parker Read, Jr., James Oliver Curwood and Max Linder have filmed productions at Universal, and others to take advantage of the city's facilities are Lasky, Goldwyn, Vitagraph, Metro, Kosmik, Samuelson, Brunton, Katherine MacDonald, Jesse D. Hampton, B. B. Hampton, Haworth, Christie, Ben Wilson, McCarthy productions and Numa.

ELLIOTT ENGAGED

Frank Elliott, who figures prominently in a number of recent all-star productions, has returned to Los Angeles from New York to play an important role in "The Marriage of William Ashe," the all-star picturization of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel of that name, which is to be made by Metro. Elliott's engagement for the part was the result of his capable performance in Metro's all-star production, "The Hope," which will be released in September.

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Now a Comedienne

Muriel Ostrich, who started with Thanhouser, and later was featured by Vitagraph, and later was featured by comedies for Garnette Sabi, is on her way to Los Angeles, where the pictures will be filmed.

A studio has not been selected, but Mr. Sabi, who will arrive here shortly, plans to lease space temporarily, later to build a studio, it is announced.

Miss Ostrich’s first appearance in the comedy field and her work in them is being watched with great interest.

She has been out of films for some time—hiding her head in the sand, mebbe!

It was hard for Director Albert Green of Goldwyn to lose Jack Pickford—it was almost impossible.

Charles Ray has purchased from Rob Wagner a story entitled “Smudge” and will commence production immediately following the completion of “Forty-five Minutes From Broadway”. “Smudge” will appear in The Woman’s Home Companion in serial form just prior to the release of the picture version.

Mr. and Mrs. Mary Pickford have arrived in New York aboard the White Star liner Olympic. They will leave for California in a few days.

Karl Brown, who has been cameraman for Roscoe Arbuckle, has just been elected to membership in the American Society of Cinematographers.

Tom Moore has started work on “Caravan,” from the novel by Rupert Hughes, under the direction of Harry Beaumont.

Freddie Fralick, for the past two years casting director for Thos. H. Ince, has resigned and will take a two months’ vacation before announcing future affiliations.

Mrs. Charlotte Shelby-Minter-Reilly’s press agent has again dusted off his typewriter, and with a ribbon-shattering touch rises to opine that Mrs. Charlotte Shelby-et al. denies positively that the child, Mary, is, ever has, and never will be engaged to one Percy Helton, Broadway star. Percy being merely a childhood friend of the infantile actress. Just in case anybody ever said Mary was engaged to Percy.

Pearl White’s first film for Fox, “The White Moll,” was given a private showing at the Palace Theatre, New York, followed by a luncheon at the Astor. Should have fed ’em first.

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PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY
Use These News Items in Your House Program

Exhibitors are hereby given permission to reprint any of these stories for program purposes, but this will serve as a release to any subscriber.

Charles Edward Russell, famous sociologist and economist, has been engaged by Benjamin B. Hampton to write a number of photodramas dealing with social problems, and women in politics, it is announced.

If we say it with flowers we at least can't be sued for breach of promise.

Richards & Flynn, Kansas City exhibitors, have come to Los Angeles for the purpose of making a series of two-reel westerns, in which Jack Gardner (Mr. Louise Dresser) will be featured. Mr. Gardner also has written the stories, it is said. They are now seeking a studio site.

A man in New York State claims to have been presented with a farm by his deceased uncle by means of the "weegee" board. That is a dead give away.

Kenneth Harlan was married a few days ago in New York to Flo Hart, a member of "The Follies." Lottie Pickford is just like Eva Tanguay—"she don't care."

May Allison is to be presented in a film version of the stage play, "The Marriage of William Ashe."

Marion Morgan, dancer and former vaudeville headliner, has been engaged by Allen Holubar to supervise all dancing scenes in the Dorothy Phillips picture now in production. Miss Morgan maintains a dance studio in New York and one in Los Angeles, one foot in each, so to speak. To make ends meet Miss Morgan does an act for the Orpheum circuit.

Margaret Cullington is having an aviary built at her Hollywood bungalow. Joe Martin says he didn't know she knew any aviators.

Mack Sennett has about finished his present distribution contract and will commence production early in September for Associated Producers, Inc.

"Chaplin and Gish Divide Garrick Bill." (Headline in daily paper.) Charlie is getting generous again.

A coat of arms often covers a dirty shirt.

Robert Anderson, former Griffith actor, has turned comedian and is making his own comedies at the L-Ko studios under the direction of Vic Watson. Oscar Jacobs is manager of the new enterprise.

Reggie Morris has gone over to Special Pictures Corporation to head the directorial staff of Comicalities, which are to be released twice monthly. Mr. Morris is one of the veteran directors in the comedy field.

Starving oneself for a cause is an empty effort.

President Wilson will turn scenario writer, along with other foolish things he has been accused of doing, if the offer recently made by a large British motion picture organization is accepted. This company wants Mr. Wilson to write the story of the League of Nations, which, with his permission, it will film. The film will be made in England, it is said, and rumor has it that Admiral William Sims will assist in producing the "water stuff."

Alice Lake and May Allison in different pictures on the same stage at Metro. Each had a band to stimulate emotion. May's played jazz; Alice's played "chills and fever." Anyone living in an apartment house knows just exactly how it sounded.

According to an estimate from an authoritative source, the returns from "The Miracle Man" in the United States alone have exceeded $1,175,000. To this it is expected $800,000 or $1,000,000 will be added by the sale of the foreign rights.

Mabel Normand has turned song writer, aided, and abetted by Vic Schertzinger. "A Musical Jekyll and Hyde!" is the name of the song. This tune should go well on the bagpipe.

Sarah Bernhardt, if reports from Paris are true, is coming to America to star in two productions. Although 75 years of age, and handicapped by an artificial limb, the Divine Sarah is still vigorous and in good health.

William C. Hogg, of the San Antonio Pictures Corporation, is in New York on business connected with his series of Macklyn Arbuckle pictures. William C. should get along well with the hams.

Sidney Franklin has been engaged by Albert Kaufman to direct "Parrot & Company," from the book by Harold McGrath. This is the first of a series of three pictures Franklin will make for Kaufman, to be released by Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

Maurice Tournier is producing James Pennimore Cooper's story, "The Last of the Mohicans." None of these famous old writers, it seems, can resist the lure of the movies. See where Fox signed up Longfellow the other day.

When speaking of these rolled-down stockings the women are wearing should one say, "What could be kneeter?"

James M. Barrie has been lured into the motion picture world, according to announcement just made from the Lasky studio. Sir James will come to America to assist in the production of Peter Pan. Every endeavor will be made. It is said, to induce Maude Adams, who created the role on the stage, to perpetuate it on the screen.

Perhaps the girls leave their knees bare because they know that the men like a little Scotch.

William E. Wing, domestically known as "Bill," has finished the working script of "The Whisky Runners," a Northwest Mounted Police story, for Selig. One could say something about the "stills" to be made, but Mr. Volstead wouldn't like it.

Eddie Foy is coming back to comedies, according to reports, now that custard pies have been more or less eliminated. Eddie left Sennett once on account of objecting to his person being used as a proving ground for high explosive pastry. He now insists on a pie clause in his contracts.

If we had a woman President would she have a kitchen Cabinet? No, that is for the department of the Interior.

Julian Eltinge has returned to Los Angeles after a protracted tour through the Orient. Eltinge is considering the formation of his own producing company to make one picture, after which he will return to the stage in a typical Eltinge play.

Winthrop Kelly has arrived in Hollywood from New York to direct a company under the supervision of Maurice Tournier for the Associated Producers.

HOP TO IT!
The Coke-Kane Film Co. has just been organized and will build a studio at Needles. They will do snow stuff!
I'D LIKE MOVIES BETTER IF—
1—There were room between the seats for a tall man's legs.
2—The first part of every film were not devoted to a list of the cast, authors, scenario writers, carpenters, electricians, etc., etc.
3—if there were a law preventing people from leaving the theater and blocking the view just at the exciting moment.
4—if we did not have to listen to a program of songs, jazz on the organ, vest pocket musical revues, etc., before the film is shown.

F. C. Ziegfeld, producer of the Follies which bear his name, will be glad to know, no doubt, that he has been producing burlesque shows for some time past, according to a local press agent, who says: "Burlesque is furnishing much talent for the motion picture screen. May Murray, Olive Thomas and Shannon Day have been lured from the Ziegfeld Follies, and Gale Henry was formerly a member of a Los Angeles burlesque troupe."

Roy Clements is motoring through the White Mountains of Arizona.

George D. Proctor, formerly Lasky scenarist and later with the Capellan unit of International, has severed his connection with that organization.

William Vincent Goin is, according to announcement, sponsoring a new film project to be known as Argonaut Film City, to be constructed at Santa Monica, California. Something could be said here about the money that has "gone" into like things, but there's not goin' to be. * * *

Harry Edwards has been engaged by Universal to direct.

R. H. McRae has resigned as technical superintendent of Vitagraph studios. W. S. Smith has appointed Frank Brown to the vacancy, with C. A. Parker assistant. Al Herman continues as art director, while A. W. Campbell has been made general foreman, and Frank Smith will continue as assistant to the manager.

* * *

Geraldine Farrar has gone to Marblehead to finish scenes in "The Riddle Woman," which she is making for Associated Exhibitors, under the direction of Edward Jose.
Clermont Photoplay Corporation
Hollywood, California

Lloyd Carleton Productions

First Release:
"Mountain Madness"

Just Completed:
"Beyond the Cross Roads"

In Preparation:
"Hard Boiled Mabel"
KISSEL
(CUSTOM-BUILT)
SIX

A Motor Car of refinement, individuality, comfort, ease of control, and above all, the most economical high-grade automobile on the market. Such a Car is the KISSEL (Custom-Built) SIX.

JAS. F. WHITEHORN
DEALER

5850 Hollywood Boulevard       Hollywood, Cal.
Phone Hollywood 914

Kissel Custom-Built 2 Passenger Speedster
Out of the Dust has portrayed the West as immortalized by the brush of Frederick Remington. Now being released by P. P. Craft, 110 West 48th St., New York, N.Y.

John P. McCarthy

Published where the pictures are made

The motion picture Journal of Joy

Price
10 Cents

LOS ANGELES
September 4
William Duncan and Edith Johnson

in

William Duncan Chapter Plays

VITAGRAPH
William Robert Daly
creator of the role
of Joe Pelot in
Irvin W. Willat's
"Down Home"
Snooky, the leading player in the Chester Comedies, is known to theater patrons as a “humanzee,” so-called because of his near-human mentality. Snooky is the offspring of Napoleon, the educated chimpanzee, who was regarded as the greatest chimpanzee actor in the world. Napoleon is dead, but Snooky has not only followed in his father’s footsteps, but he already has outclassed the famous vaudeville performer.
Emotions---a la the new school of mushroom screen stars.
About Bootlicking

It Publishing Co.,
132 N. Broadway,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

We are in receipt of your advertising copy of August 16th issue of "It," and are pleased with the position of the ad, which we placed for the publishers of Film Truth.

However, we are not pleased with your comment on page 18 pertaining to the same publication. While we do not subscribe to the editorial policy of Film Truth, and while we personally believe that the Moving Picture population is mentally and morally up to the standard, still we must register an emphatic protest against what appears to us to be double dealing, accepting an ad, and "knocking" the product.

Consider that we are withdrawing the ad after the contract expires.

Yours very truly,

EGBERT BROTHERS,
Morrison Barnes Egbert.

Dear Mr. Egbert:

Bootlicking journalism is already overcrowded! This magazine sells space ONLY—it does not sell its honor.

IT was born, not with a silver spoon, but with a burning desire to be truthful, though fair.

IT has a penchant for making war on "hokum" and camouflage and exaggeration.

From its very inception, IT has reserved the right to say what it pleases in its news columns, regardless of its advertisers.

There is not enough money in the motion picture industry to influence its policy one way or another.

Past records prove this.

If you will peruse IT from week to week, Mr. Egbert, you will note that IT very often publishes advertisements and in the same issue takes occasion to say something not complimentary to the advertiser.

This is not a studied pose; it merely happens. Because, sometimes IT has only praise for an advertiser.

And in every case IT is sincere.

That is why IT is flourishing today. That is why IT is eagerly sought everywhere as the one magazine that tells the truth about the motion picture industry, without fear or favor and without a play to the salacious-minded, the producer or the actor.

That is why IT is the fastest-growing magazine in America!

And IT thanks you for giving it an opportunity to say these words: NO ADVERTISER HAS MONEY ENOUGH TO INFLUENCE "IT'S" NEWS COLUMNS.

EDWARD ROBERTS.
A Reel of Condensed Fun
By the Editor

You Tell 'em—

An overseer never could become an under-seer. He would get into deep water right away!

* * *

The parrot may get into the best society circles, but the owl always is mentioned in Hoo's Hoo!

* * *

A labor leader never leads in labor. He only labors in the lead!

* * *

The handsomest goat doesn't always make the best butter!

* * *

The political war horses are beginning to smell powder—now that the women have the vote!

* * *

If Wilson is the life of the party, it must be nearly time to go home!

* * *

A mild, modest actor was blushing,
A two-gun man scored with his shots;
A man told his wife she was pretty,
And a leopard was changing its spots.

* * *

There are no sour grapes in the vineyard of love!

* * *

The wood from a rubber plant ought to be fine material for the constructing of stretchers!

* * *

The worst feature about home brew is that you have to taste it and tell the manufacturer that it is good!

* * *

A professional banjo player often feels the ping-pang of hunger!

* * *

"Bull" Ducham, the actor, now wheels a baby carriage. He "rolls his own"!

* * *

The suffrage sore ought to get well, now that it will not be necessary for the women to packet!

* * *

He couldn't hear very well, anyway, so when the Suffrage leader yelled, "Votes for Wimmen," he thought she wanted "Goats for Women"—and married one and so became one.

* * *

The reason people get only COATS of tan is because the censors won't permit 'em to get any other kind!

* * *

Fellow down the street makes so many touches you'd think he had been raised on a touchstone!

* * *

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?
Far be it from the writer of these here jiggedy lines to do any bragging, that being entirely in the province of actors and such, like, but what are you going to do about a letter like this:

Enclosed please find check for three dollars for IT, commencing, if possible, with the next issue. Also I would like to be enlightened as to why you haven't made a weekly out of IT ere this!

And, say, who is the rummy that keeps putting in those aggravating paragraphs which tantalize us wth memories (to quote myself) of "those happy days when Gordon Gin was .85?"

Yours for success—and I wish IT a barrel of it.

—S. A. Reynolds,
Rancho Dolores
Tugunqua, Cal.

I'm Only a Type

"Wotsa idea of carrying around them sticks?" queried the woodpecker of the busy bird. "Whatcha buildin' that nest for?" And the busy bird replied: "Oh, just for a lark!"

* * *

These here "wooleu" suits you see advertised for $21.50 must be made from the wool of the black sheep of the family!

* * *

"That," said the customer, "is where the shoe pinches." Saying which, he handed over $18.75 for a pair of six-dollar kicks.

* * *

Men with cork legs usually belong to the floating population!

* * *

Man across the alley calls his fighting tom cat his war kit!

* * *

Anti-tobacco reformer wants to compel folks to quit wearing smoked glasses!

* * *

Old-time drinkers used to drink themselves under the table. Now you've got to take ALL your drinks under the table!

* * *

Don't be discouraged, lady friends; Let dimes chase the frown; If nothing seems to hold 'em up, Why, you can roll 'em down!

* * *

The way the Third Party is being maligned, you'd think everybody wanted to punch the ticket!

* * *

Commuter saves time by carrying his razor to and from work and sharpening it on the street car straps with no lost motion.

* * *

You may paste it on the billboards And you're taking not a chance— You may tell it to the nation: "Women don't look good in pants!"

* * *

The Poles must belong to the Children of Israel. For they, too, swept back the Red sea! (Dry joke.)

* * *

Bolsheviki should take on Doc Cook as their leader. He couldn't reach the Pole, either!

* * *

Having 'em rolled down that way, there's no danger of somebody raising the RENT in stockings, anyway!
Yuma’s Verdict on the West

By W. C. Tuttle

IT—has reckon—We I reckon—western “two-gun man” they carry the “tougher” they are. IT has shown through interviews with former “bad men” and bandits—Al and Frank Jennings and others—that there never was a “two-gun man”. In this very humorous story, Mr. Tuttle shows up the western photoplay better than many columns of explanations. Read it and laugh. It is one of the best things IT ever has published.

THE TWO-GUN MAN

IT has often scolded the portrayers of western “bad men” who think that the more guns they carry the “tougher” they are. IT has shown through interviews with former “bad men” and bandits—Al and Frank Jennings and others—that there never was a “two-gun man”. In this very humorous story, Mr. Tuttle shows up the western photoplay better than many columns of explanations. Read it and laugh. It is one of the best things IT ever has published.

Bill Allen’s honkatonk used to be. He asks him about Bill, but Yuma kicks me in the ankle, and I looks at this here picture thing.

There’s some readin’ comes on, but I ain’t noways swift and all I gets is the first word every time. I think the first one was “The” and the next time I grasps “A”, but the rest stampedes ahead of my eyesight.

Then it shows a street, and me and Yuma sits up. She’s the goods. I’m about to ask the feller where this is, but the danged street busted, and then we’re looking at the inside of a honkatonk.

There’s the regular old gang there. Then a feller comes in. I looks at him and then at Yuma. Yuma sets ahead and says:

“Now, for the killin’. He’s goin’ to last about a minute.”

“Why?” asks the feller.

“Two guns,” says Yuma. “That vest! Whooee! Somebody’s goin’ to inherit that vest.”

Then a feller acts mean-like towards this hombre. They meets near the bar, and this two-gunner lams him under the chin, and knocks him flat. Then he whirls around, and holds up that whole bunch with his two guns.

I hears Yuma shuffle his feet. Then he whispers:

“Fer Gawk’s sake, why don’t somebody kill’n? Look at them jaspers, Windy! Every time he swings his guns away from ‘em they could go home and git a gun. Oh, why don’t somebody kill’n’?”

“Sh-h-h-h-!” says the feller, “he’s got the drop on them.”

“On twenty-three of ’em?” asks Yuma.

“Sh-h-h-h-!” says somebody else.

Then the feller starts backin’ up the stairs, and that fool bunch stands there, with their hands up until he gets plumb to the top of the stairs, where he’d have to use a rest to hit ’em with a shotgun. Then he disappears.

The bunch starts after him, goin’ fast. Then we sees a room with a girl in it, and this two-gunner comes bustin’ in and talks to her. We sees that lousy bunch of half-witted punchers come runnin’ down the hall, and smus up again her door.

Then this two-gunner grabs the girl in his arms and jumps out the winder, just as they busts in.

“Watch his bounce!” yelps Yuma, but just then we sees the outside of the building. There is a hawse standin’ at a tie-rack, and above him is the window.

Now, you ain’t goin’ to believe this, but I seen that feller fall out of that winder, with the girl in his arms, and square in the saddle, sock the spurs into that hawse, which rars high and handsome, pawin’ at the sky, and then they whirls around, and goes away from there, shootin’ back, with that hawse on the dead run—and—he——the men—in—that—window!

“Oh-h-h-h-h!” wails Yuma.

“Set down!” hisses somebody.

“Some thrill, eh?” says the feller.

Then we sees the bunch grab their hawses and chase him. Fer some reason or other he got hoodled into headin’ for a high bluff. Just why he does this is likely explained in the writin’, but I don’t sate it. Anyway, he hops that bronc right off that bluff and into the river—kerosene!

“Oh!” gasps Yuma, and starts to get up, but sets right down again. The feller on the hawse, with the girl in his arms, sousin’ along in that river, turns around and shoots one of them pursuers off the bluff.

“Come on, Windy,” says Yuma, and we pilgrims out of there, with the feller right behind us. Outside we stops for breath.

“Some film, eh?” says the feller. “Had yuh goin’, didn’t it? That feller is supposed to be the greatest livin’ exponent of the days of the old West. What did you think of it?”

“W-e-e-e-l,” says Yuma, scratchin’ his head. “I reckon I’m gittin’ old and sort of forgetful, mister, and I don’t like to answer yuh, but I’d like to ask a favor. Does you know the judge down at the police station? Do yuh? Good. Next time yuh see him, say that I said:

“If sure as hell has.”
They Repent in March

The Ides of March were a crisis in Rome, but they were nothing as crises go in comparison with the annual domestic crises of movie America.

The Odds (not the Ides this time) of March are about 10 to 1 against any other month of the calendar for the greatest number of movie marital mixups. Why? Ask somebody who knows, if anybody does.

Take the Triunvirate of Filadorn for instance—Douglas, Mary and Charlie.

On a March day Anna Beth Sully Fairbanks was legally freed from Douglas Fairbanks at White Plains, New York. The preceding spring she had announced her committal unhappiness and when she filed suit she mentioned as correspondent "an unnamed woman."

And on a March day just one week later Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks first married a Pittsburgh broker, James Evans, Jr.

On a March day of the following year the divorce judge at Minden, Nev., entertained America's sweetheart unaware and granted a decree from Owen Moore. Reporters besieged the train of the million-dollar-curles girl at every way-station and water tank between Minden and Los Angeles. And Mary only said, "I'm not going to remarry."

Douglas Fairbanks, on location in Arizona, experienced the same sudden reportorial solicitude when he returned to Los Angeles with a broken finger. And Doug only said, "I'm not going to remarry."

But three weeks later—and on another March day, too—the reporters and the world learned that a quiet home ceremony had solemnized the wedding of Gladys Mary Pickford Smith Moore to Douglas Elton Fairbanks, and that the most famous lovers in the world were living in Beverly Hills.

On a March day two years ago the cinema colony suddenly realized that the Little Man With Funny Big Feet was escorting one particular petite and pretty little actress to all the dancing parties in Hollywood. Then the actress appeared with a diamond on her hand. Rumor rumbled to the city editors. Charlie denied anything more than friendship, and—not more was said until little Miss Harris confided to an interviewer that she was, really and truly, engaged to wed the comedian.

The marriage took place, sure enough, but everyone concerned resolutely kept mum for three weeks. Then the preacher peached, the marriage clerk confessed—and the public read that young Mrs. Chaplin was in the hospital with a nervous breakdown.

Whether it was caused by the strain of keeping a secret three weeks will never be known.

On another March day of this year 1920 the Charlie Chaplins separated.

**THE MARITAL IDES March 1918**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Charles Chaplin and Mildred Harris fall in love.</th>
<th>Louise Glau divorces Harry J. Edwards.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gladys Brockwell divorces Robert B. Broadwell.</td>
<td>James Young divorces Clara Kimball Young.</td>
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**March 1919**

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<tr>
<td>Anna Beth Sully Fairbanks marries Evans, Jr.</td>
<td>March 1920</td>
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<tr>
<td>James Chaplin and Mildred Harris are estranged.</td>
<td>Louise Glau divorces Harry J. Edwards.</td>
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**March 1920**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Sylvia Breamer divorces Edwin W. Morrison.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Ann Forrest divorces Ann Little.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anna Beth Sully Fairbanks marries James Evans, Jr.</td>
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**March 1921**

|-----------|

Rumor whispers "Divorce," but no one concerned admits it.

Not only the Great Triunvirate, but many other scintillators of the film firmament, are officially, legally and finally severed from spouse in the month the Romans named after the god Mars.

On a March day 22-year-old Sylvia Breamer was freed from her 44-year-old husband. A nove queen, receiving tons of two-cent homage daily from worshipers in Aberdeen and Zanzibar, is snubbed by her husband in public. Imagine. Edwin W. Morrison, an Australian theatrical man, snubbed wife Sylvia, telling her that her career would be ruined if folks knew she was married. She accused him of "exploiting" her and received a divorce.

On another March day another star who did not appreciate her husband's exploitive endeavors, lost that husband. This time hubby brought suit. James Young sacrificed his career as a director to make Clara Kimball Young famous, and then she repudiated his advice on business matters, he claimed. "CKY" denied the charge of desertion and accused hubby of being "insanely jealous," but as she failed to appear in person at the trial the divorce was granted. The following year Mr. Young married another Clara K.—Clara K. Whipple. So now there are two Clara K. Youngs in the world.

Also in the month of March Alan Forrest filed divorce suit against Ann Little in Santa Barbara, Cal. He charged desertion and said that they had not seen each other since the month of their marriage two years previously.

Now comes the big, two-ring cinema siren circus—said to be the most elaborate movie marriage mixup on record—and in it March again figures prominently.

Any mere man who wonders how a vampire fits in a domestic setting can write Harry Edwards, motion picture director, and be reasonably certain of authentic information. Edwards married and unmarried two movie vamps in record time.

On two March days in 1918 Louise Glau and Gladys Brockwell were granted divorces from Harry J. Edwards and Robert B. Broadwell, respectively. The couples had lived together nineteen and sixteen months, also respectively, but not respectfully. Miss Brockwell (who had married on a March day, also) said her husband liked his home so much that he kicked whenever she wanted him to take her out. After the divorce she decided to try the ex-husband of her siren contemporary. She did so on July 1, but he didn't suit, or something. Anyhow on July 4 she asserted her committal independence.

Besides, as she told the court, she had discovered that her previous divorce had not legally "took," yet.

Oh, it's a merry, mad month of movie marital mixups, this month of Mars that Eros had invaded!

**THINGS THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN**

1—Billie West has brain fever.
2—Louise Glau is married to a Kansas farmer.
3—Charlie Chaplin announces that he will make one comedy a week.
4—Lucky signs F. X. Bushman to a ten-year contract.
5—Eric Von Stroheim wins a magazine popularity contest.
6—George Jean Nathan, in Smart Set, praises the late films.
7—Bull Montana plays leads with Mary Miles Minter.
8—Mary Pickford retires from motion pictures.

A receiver had been named for the telephone company. "Now," remarked Mr. Grouch, the consumer, "if the courts will appoint a transmitter, we may get a little service."
“The Wages of Sin”

By Lew Tennant

Dere Grace:

Well, Grace, hear I am writing you first upon my arrival just as I promised when I left Riverbank, and presently I will tell you all about the other stars and how it feels to be in the pitchers. I have seen practical all the actors and Billy West. Yesterday the fellow I had a letter to from the Motion Picture Mirror introduced me to Douglas Fairbanks and Harold Handsome. I can’t say much for Doug, Grace, on acct. of him being dark like a Indian, but this Harold is the goods and just as good looking in the flesh as in the films.

I and he talked quite a while, Grace, whilst he was waiting for another fellow to ride a horse over a tree across a river and Harold was supposed to do in the film. He explained that he wasn’t afraid to do the stunt himself but didn’t see no use on acct. of it not being actin and besides what is the use of a star like him taking chances?

“Most stars are awful conceited,” Harold tells me. Its so, Grace. Some of these hear stars are reglar snobs. “Yes, most of them are terrible conceited,” he says, “why they’s some of them that thinks they is lots better actors than I am.”

Just then this hear fellow who is ridin on that tree falls off and although I turned away to keep from seein the tragedy I couldn’t help but notice that he and the horse fell in a mangled heap on the rocks below. You no, Grace, you and the other poor fish back home thinks that all these hear stunts they do in pitchers are all framed up. Take it from me, you kids is as wrong as the democratic party.

Why, Grace, they’s a guy out hear that rides a bicycle around the edge of a 16 story bldg. for $10 a day just to give you comedy fans a thrill, and as for jumpin off bridges and from one arrowplane onto another that is nothing atall for these birds, Grace. But the stars, you don’t see no of them doing nothing which will muss up his marvelle. Whenever one of the stars gets a scenario which calls for some desperate stunt like galloping through Central pk. or making a mad dash for a Pacific Electric car he calls for a double.

I haven’t been workin myself as yet, Grace, on acct. they being no suitable scenario for me at the pres. time. However, I have enjoyed minglin with the other stars on the lot.

I and a fello in the Artgraft co. went down to Venice to the Ship last eve. This ship is a place which is like the Elite Dance Hall in Riverbank, except the prices for soft drinks is much harder and the dress suits the fellows where don’t look rented. Its a much more classier place, Grace, but the wiggles they calls dancing is practical the same as in Riverbank. Theys a dancing teacher hear, Grace, getting 50 ($) dollars a night just on acct. he won’t say my name in front of Sid Gramman’s. That’s your little Ina May.

We couldn’t do no work today on acct. it raining. You might think from the railroad ads. that rain is something as scarce as sugar in somny California, but you can’t believe all you hear, Grace. All the gals in Honolulu can’t shake a wicket thigh and do the hula hula. Theys lots of ’em workin in the ukalalie factries that goes home alone nights I’ll say. And when it comes to those pitchers of dusky naids clad totally in a string of beads and a few flowers, why I’ll bet my only pair of lace stockings that you can see more bare woman at a dinner party at the Alexandria than ever was showed to the silvery moon at a pol feast along the way to Waikiki. Reading about places and living in ’em is two separate things. The pitcher post-cards that shows a street seen in Havana, three drunks in the four-ground, and a saloon as the drop, don’t mention the cottees that share the best of Cuba’s hotel beds, nor the ancient and frayed edge movies they is showing at Rialto prices.

I heard a whole lot about Dixie, Grace, but when I visit my aunt in Alabama I found out it wasn’t nothing like them Robert E. Lee songs we used to sing. Why my aunt’s husband was still waiting for another war with the Yankees and the bull-frogs down their was so darn lazy they hadn’t never learnt to swim.

What I start out to tell you in this hear letter, Grace, was about this director with the fishy lamps. You can just tell he’s one of these guys what thinks every woman is just dirt under his feet, Grace. I know they’s goin to be trouble around hear some day, and it aint goin to be as far off as the day when my kid brother gets his bonus from the war Dept.

I’ll let you no when the curtian goes up.

Yours till they can Mary Pickford, Ina May.

Dere Grace:

You no how it is in moving pitchers, Grace, a decent girl can’t get nowhere. I’ve just about decide to quit and come back to the old switchboard. This director what got at our company is eyein me all day like a cat watching a spacer, and I bet he aint thinkin how much does she look like Sarah Burnhart, Grace. Just let that guy start somethin with me and I’ll show him there’s one respectable woman in this game and then knock his can off. If I can’t succeed and be straight I

Continued on Page 25

ABOUT MR. TENNANT

Lew Tennant, whose humorous contributions are now appearing regularly in IT, writes satire without sting, humor without effort and wit with abandon. He just doesn’t care. This series, the letters of an ex-telephone queen, who won a contest held by a film magazine and is now in Hollywood, a full-fledged actress, as per agreement of the contract, are extremely clever, and Mr. Tennant has promised to write some more of them. They are almost too true to be funny — but not quite.
SIGN NEW STAR

Otto Tumble, Director General of the Yellow Dog Film Corporation, has just secured the signature of Lotta Krust to a three-year contract, and production will start immediately on "The Summer Squash," with Miss Krust in the title role. The story is by Luther Burbank, author of "The Spineless Cactus," "The Colleekless Cucumber," "The Untamed Cusaka," and other gladsome tales.

Director General Tumble discovered Miss Krust in a Harvey eating house and was impressed with her possibilities as a screen star by the ease and grace with which she polished off a fresh freight conductor who rudely hurled a rilaid jest right into the face of a railroad sandwich that in some way escaped the boys who were headed for France in 1917.

Miss Krust had had no screen experience, but it is said that she is kind to her mother. She comes from a famous old family. Grandpa Krust in early days was a constable in Indiana. Her father was the inventor of the Little Giant Stump Puller, and her sister, Gesundly, had her vermiform appendix removed last spring. Dinkville visitors may remember seeing a cute little appendix in a quart fruit jar in the window of Holt's pharmacy. That was Gwen's.

It is stipulated in Miss Krust's contract that her brother, Hard, is to have a place in her company and he will be sent for as soon as he can be located. When last heard from, he was peddling eucalyptus ointment in Oklahoma.

The policy of Director General Otto Tumble is to secure the very best talent, regardless of expense.

By R. BEERS LOOS, Chief of Publicity

ANOTHER HUMORIST

These "Notes from the Yellow Dog" studio are carefully prepared by the publicity representative of the famous studio—Mr. R. Beers Loos. It makes no difference that there is no Yellow Dog Studio—so long as Mr. Loos writes the items, does it? Mr. Loos was formerly editor of that famous humorous weekly, TEXAS SIFTINGS. He is a playwright with many successes, a scenario writer and editor and a humorist supreme. You are going to enjoy his "Notes".

Eytton. Let us know in advance when you are coming again.

Miss Polly Bloomer, head of the scenario department, announces the acquisition of the screen rights to "The Diseases of Hogs and Cattle," a thriller published by the U. S. Agricultural Department in 1861. Miss Bloomer says that inasmuch as the title, plot or characters of any book or play purchased by the studio are never used, that "The Diseases of Hogs and Cattle" is just as good as a high-priced story by Shaw or Bennie Ziedman.

The Hookworm Sisters, vaudeville favorites, have been sufficiently engaged for the forthcoming production of Fromage de Brie's "Pull the Plug, Mabel." They appear in 364 bathroom scenes and are doing artistic work, notwithstanding that neither of them ever saw a bathtub until they stepped onto the set. They thought at first that it was a fireproof casket and balked at getting into it.

The research department has been working night and day the past week, "Passing the Buck," on which filming will soon start, calls for a bar-room set and the technical director is up in the air. No one on the lot seems to know what a bar-room looks like, and some never heard of one.

The scenario staff had a three days' layoff last week. The office dictionary was in use that length of time on the pulpit of a church set and no work could be done by the writers.

SPECIAL CENSORED

"The Horned Toad of Cinema Desert," Yellow Dog's latest six-reel special, will be cut down to 64 feet and released with the regular news weekly, owing to a slight disagreement with the censors. The story concerns a fearless son of the desert, with a big heart and Adam's apple, who goes into the cattle business, starting with one blushing cow and her ambitious husband. In a few years the desert man has thousands of head of cattle and, as he does not use his branding iron on his neighbors' stock, the censors maintain that the film suggests just how the increase occurred and therefor is unfit to be shown to children, taxi drivers, Democrats and Hollywood people.

Production on "The Anonymous Baby" has been held up several days on account of the leading woman, Pansy Peruna, being confined to her home with a sprained ankle. The casting director, Benton Cutting, in order to keep the money in the family, cast his little nephew, Price Cutting, for the infant. Pansy lugged him around three days before she weakened. The infant weighed 81 pounds and chewed tobacco.

An onita board has just been installed in the scenario department which is to be used altogether in writing sub-titles. An improvement in the titling of Yellow Dog productions may be expected. Always look for the trade mark—a tin can with a yellow dog slightly in the lead.

Thirty or forty employees of the Yellow Dog studio were on hand at the Santa Fe station, with flowers, to welcome Bennie Ziedman home from his European trip. Bennie reports that London and Paris tendered him a tremendous ovation and in New York the police were called out to clear a way for him from the Greek shoe shining parlor up to Coffee Dan's. Mr. Ziedman was accompanied on the trip by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Furanks, who are in pictures.

Fans all over the country will learn with regret that the Yellow Dog's popular young leading man, T. Humphrey McGoogan, will retire from the screen after his next picture, "Why Women Roll 'Em Down at the Tops." "Humph" says that being a screen idol is not what it is cracked up to be and he will be glad when he gets back to barbering. Besides, he's tired of paying big alimony to seven selfish women.
Keep Joy in Films, says Otis Skinner

"The moving picture industry has become the greatest factor of amusement in the world, and it has improved to the point where it commands the attention of all."

With these words, does Otis Skinner, dean of the American dramatic stage, and hitherto most unrelenting of all the anti-screen standpatters, voice his change to enthusiasm towards motion pictures and the motion picture profession. Mr. Skinner had this and much more to say about the super-importance of the motion picture as a means of amusement for the toiling masses of this worried world.

One by one, the best-known theatrical names have appeared on the screen. These stars have either left the stage entirely for the movies, or acknowledged the latter to be of sufficient importance to take up a part of their time. The day finally came when practically all save Otis Skinner capitulated to the lure of the silver sheet. He attained a rather unique position, which threatened to become permanent, by thus consistently avoiding the silent drama.

Today, however, in a Hollywood studio, Otis Skinner is blathering "Kismet"—as severely as if there were nothing extraordinary about his surrender. But the public will not be fooled. Whatever influence has prevailed upon this new convert, whatever he has to say, has become, by reason of his fame and his delay in coming to this decision, of vital importance to all.

Mr. Skinner does not stop with the above. He goes further and not alone does he justify the motion picture, but in emphatic fashion puts the stamp of his disapproval on the so-called attempt to elevate and uplift the screen.

Asked if he thought the films would ultimately advance to the point of educating the people, or bringing them nearer to a taste for higher art, he exclaimed with stress and promptitude:

"Heaven forbid! The people don't want to be educated. An amusement is primarily for the purpose of amusing. If it attempts to educate, it will be a failure."

Thus according to this master artist does all the line and cry regarding better pictures and more elevated pictures come to naught. Mr. Skinner says:

"The screen entertains the people and in doing this justifies its overwhelming growth to an extent that cannot be said of any other form of amusement ever offered the public.

"The movies have to appeal to a vast crowd of differing tastes. Think of the total number of people who see one stage play in comparison with the number who see one movie. Naturally the movie must be made to appeal to the mass mind, not to a distinct class of intelligence. However, that does not necessarily ruin the play. That a great percentage of enthusiastic movie audiences is extremely intelligent proves it."

Asked if he was pleased with the filming of "Kismet," Mr. Skinner said:

"Indeed yes. There are certain possibilities on the screen for 'Kismet' that we lack on the stage. Where a few words must suffice on the stage to explain a situation in the past, on the screen the whole episode can be shown in detail, and the play made more intelligible. Then take, for example, the multitude of scenes. Only the screen can do them justice. On the stage a small section of a street or of a house is all that can be shown. On the screen we can follow each actor to each place of action. We have a street scene in the filming of 'Kismet' that is more Bagdad than Bagdad. You know, in the real Bagdad one is apt to see an electric car now and then, and other signs of encroaching civilization. Nothing of that sort here. Yesterday we filmed a scene there. It was just before dawn. Every one was asleep. Down the street came a beautiful dog, the only creature awake in that dim, silent place. He sniffed curiously at me as I, the beggar, lay asleep on the steps. It was inspiring!"

"Do you get the same satisfaction out of acting before the camera that is present with an appreciative audience?" he was asked.

"Of course, I miss the tangible evidences of appreciation that the stage gives, but there is not so much difference as I fancied between acting on the legitimate stage and before the camera. I thought I would have to learn all over again, but I find that I only have to work slower and beware signs of encroaching civilization."

"The one lack is the spoken word. There I find the only point on which the motion pictures compare unfavorably with the stage. The former can appeal to the emotions only through the visual detail. There can be beautiful scenes; there can be sordid scenes, but where is the voice that gives to each its meaning and its valuation?"

To Otis Skinner, it is no great wonder that this appears to be a serious drawback to pictures. Few are gifted with the glorious voice that is his, but few are able to act as well as he even under the difficulty of subordinating that voice. So, after all, it is not an unsurmountable obstacle.

"Has your experience in the movies encouraged you to remain in them permanently, Mr. Skinner?" was the next query.

"Well, I am returning to the stage immediately after completing this picture, but—I am not saying that I may not return to the pictures," he replied, warily.

To those in the picture industry who have been so fortunate as to come into personal contact with him, Mr. Skinner has been the surprise of surprises. Complacent to a degree, entirely unexpected in one who occupies so prominent a place in the public eye, he has proven as amenable to direction as a novice. Most of the ordinary trials that bring revolt from many men and women of the screen he has gone through with a smile. Scenes retaken half a dozen times found him more patient at the end than any man or woman on the set. Rehearsals in the heat of the August days, and garbed in oriental draperies that added ten-fold to that heat, he emerged from serene and smiling.

The thing that's as rare as a day in spring is a house for rent in the fall.

"Snip! Snip!" said the scissors.

"That's a cutting remark," murmured the subtitle to the "close-up," "but it will soon be patched up."

The desire to live high is not necessarily a lofty ambition.

Why not keep 'em down on the farm by importing a few Broadway calves.

Can You Imagine—
(a) Nazimova playing opposite Larry Senon?
(b) Ben Turpin as Hamlet?
(c) What sort of a picture William Fox would make of Daisy Ashford's book, "The Young Visitors"?

Love's Labor Lost—Applying for the position of secretary at the Billy West studio.
Why we Hate 'em

1—Because the heroes of the screen, no matter in what character cast, wear Kollege Kut Kothes and slick back their hair with vaseline.

2—Because every piece of good writing, when made into a photoplay, is ruined by a slobbery embrace at the end.

3—Because no screen actress can portray emotion other than breathing as if she had just run the hundred yards in ten seconds.

4—Because the wicked are meted out dishonor in pictures, whereas in real life their cars splash mud upon the lowly and righteous.

5—Because the first thousand feet of every film is but an announcement of the star, the support, the author, scenario writer, title writer, director, assistant directors, electricians, carpenters, etc., etc., etc.

6—Because of the asinine rot that is printed in the papers about the players.

7—Because the highest art of the photoplay is revealed in the tense scene in which the villain will have his way with the fair heroine unless the hero arrives in time to save the day.

8—Because the most adroit screen comedy is depicted by a little chap with tremendous feet who kicks a fat lady.

9—Because it is the vogue to portray all Germans as lustful, all Mexicans as sneaking cowards, all chorus girls as immoral, all Americans as brave, all small town folk as good, all city folk as bad, all policemen as burly, all politicians as dishonest, and so on.

10—Because when a book, such as "The Admira1ble Crichton," is adapted to the screen it is given the booby title of "Male and Female".

11—Because no picture is quite complete without the touching deathbed scene, and because the jazz orchestra feels called upon to play "Hearts and Flowers" while the heroine stands weeping over the dear departed.

In answer to a number of queries received by this magazine it is noted herewith that Thomas Meighan's last name is pronounced "Meighan".

Harry Carey, in search of good westerns, is trying to buy the screen rights to "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse".

INSIDE INFORMATION
"You have a great future in the movies," said the dentist to the sweet young thing, as he bored a cavity.
"Oh, I'm so thrilled! How can you tell?"
"I see the film on your teeth," he answered, turning on the gas.
—Herbert S. Marshutz.

THE FOOLISH FILM FAN
By Lew Tennant

They say Dorothy Dalton has the most perfect mouth in the world, but lunch! I'd put mine up against hers any day!

Some one asked the Editor if he thought Geraldine Farrar was a wonderful actress. He said that she had a superb voice.

A famous star says that he started life as a barefooted boy. Well, none of us were born with shoes on, were we?

Never complain when you have the tummy-ache. Think how Patty Arbuckle would feel!

Who says movie actresses haven't imagination? One of them has written a book called "Just Me".

The high price of haircuts may be the reason for the hirsute adornment on Lew Cody's neck. Mebbe.

You surely do get tired of seeing grinning movie stars posed for toothpaste testimonials; but when it comes to silk-stocking advertisements—that's different!

ETIQUETTE NOTE—When you invite a movie comedian to dinner it is not advisable to serve custard pie for dessert.

SUGGESTION TO MACK SennETT—If your bathing girls ever go on strike we suggest the following actresses suitable for the work:

Gail Henry
Marie Dressler
Texas Guinan.

As she appears to—

The Film Fans—"Isn't she wonderful! Just too sweet for words! I think she's the most beautiful girl in pictures, don't you? And don't you envy her leading man in the scenes where he makes love to her—um—um?"

Her leading man—

Camera boy! Spoils every chance I get. Wants to crowd everybody else out of the picture. They keep telling me to get more pep in my love stuff, hah! Like to know how a guy can put his heart into it when he's kissing a mutt like her.

Her director—

Gosh! what a nasty temper! Acts like she was Caruso or some of these temperamental Scots, showing up here three hours late when we're paying extras ten fish a day. Spoiled kid! Thinks she's a second Mrs. Fiske, ha, ha! If it hadn't been for the swell stories and my direction she'd still be doing French maids.

The interviewer—

Seems to be a nice kid. I'll give her a big boost, tell all the fans how swell she treats everybody around the studio. Seems to be popular with the extras, too.

The extras—

High-brow! She'd walk right over you, wipe her feet on you. Wonder if she thinks she's the Queen of Sheby or something. These stars sure do get your goat, all stuck up like the clerk at the Hotel Astor. Cat!

Her husband—

Well, I'm putting her over ain't I? Sure, I know all about that divorce talk, but she ain't going to start nothing so long as I'm putting up the money to get her pictures by. Two little daws from the Follies? Sure, meet you at eight thirty.

GONE ARE THE DAYS—Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, G. M. Anderson, Maurice Costello, Haig and Haig, Christy Mathewson, Lillian Russell, the sheath-gown, "He Kept Us Out of War".

Press dispatch from England states that a motion picture producer blew out his brains. We always said they had brains—that proves it.
This department is designed for the purpose of giving to the world the latest styles in women's wear, for it has developed that the gowns worn by the motion picture stars are being generally copied by leaders of fashion throughout the country. Only those stars whose gowns are famous for their beauty are described herein.

An ancient Eastern philosopher has said that if one is to attain the full joy of life, one must know that each day contains the essence of all the delight there is in the universe. To extract that essence, it is necessary to be wise, to love and to give.

The words of this ancient scholar occurred to me the other day as Colleen Moore, radiantly lovely and delightfully gracious, poured me a cup of excellent tea.

In the art史ic library of her charming home—a home where the spirit of youth and gladness is a tangible thing expressed in a gay confusion of flowers, books, magazines, cushions and bright draperies—Miss Moore, absurdly young, flattering joyously over the tea service, eagerly disclosed her plans for a vacation to be spent in the mountains in a quaint little bungalow built in a tree—like a squirrel house!

"When I get back, my brother says I shall probably be 'mutter' than ever," she laughingly confided.

Pretty Colleen Moore belongs to the modern school of young women, who, fired by ambition to achieve success in the cinema art, begin their career before the camera when most girls are entering high school.

No interview being complete without the most-covered question, "How did you happen to go into pictures?" I asked it.

"Everything conspired against keeping me out," surprisingly replied the charming Colleen.

"I suppose if I had wanted to be a stenographer or a school teacher or a trained nurse, I should have been switched into pictures just the same," she continued.

"While I was in the grades, I made up my mind that unless I could become a moving picture actress, I should perish miserably—so I 'worked' every avenue I knew to get in. Fortunately I had an uncle who sympathized with my ambition and, as he wielded a powerful journalistic pen, he took my future in hand, with the result that my mother was astounded one morning to find herself aboard a transcontinental train bound for Los Angeles with a daughter, who had a funny little contraband in her pocket!"

Concerning her education, Miss Moore gaily explained: "Oh, there's really time for everything if one gets in the habit of conserving the minutes. I knew I had to learn a lot of things if I were to be successful, so I just divide my days off—so many hours in the studio, so much time for study under the direction of a private teacher, so much time for music, an hour for play—and then I have time on my hands."

Colleen Moore numbers her fans now by the thousands, her rise to fame having been exceedingly rapid. Among some of her later successes are her appearances in the Charles Ray pictures, "The Busher" and the "Egg Crate Wallop"; with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Devil's Claim"; in the all-star cast of "So Long Letty" and in "Dinny", a Marshall Neilan production.

"Oh, yes, I love pretty clothes," explained the vivacious Colleen apropos of the real subject of this interview.

At the moment, she was a vision in French blue—a soft, pinkish-gray tone of blue so becoming to grey eyes and auburn hair.

It was in the way of a semi-sport dress of crepe de chine, having long panels heavily embroidered in silk of the same color both on the long waist and short full skirt. These panels extended along the sides of the skirt in the way of a semi-overskirt—a style unique in vogue just now. With this when out of doors Miss Moore wears a French sweater of knitted silk with long fringe and a tricorn hat embroidered in gold thread.

A black satin tailleur, crisp and smart, combines satin and tricotine in an Eton jacket with appliqued tricotine figures, a wide satin sash, a skirt of tricotine with accordion pleated satin panels and a satin basque effect with long, tight sleeves. An orange colored satin turban with black beaded designs is worn with this costume.

A black lace dinner gown has trimmings of jade ostrich tips arranged in loops. It is sleeveless, the bodice having a lining of black satin extending to the shoulders across which the transparent lace falls in a quaint fichu. A tight satin skirt has a full ruffled overskirt of the lace caught at the sides with the jade ostrich tips. With this dress, Miss Moore wears jade earrings, bracelets and necklace and carries a jade ostrich fan.

A street dress, strictly tailored, is of black satin with appliques of white broadcloth. Miss Moore is especially fond of the combination of black and white and the note of these colors is sounded throughout her wardrobe. The dress is cut on a long straight line, having a tight, short skirt with straight panels extending from the hip line, these panels embroidered in the broadcloth applique. With the dress is worn long white gloves and a black satin turban embroidered in white flowers.

A cloth-of-gold evening dress, cut extremely decollete, has a slender cloth of gold bodice and a short, full skirt—ballet effect with numerous layers of gold colored tulle ruffles. With this gown, Miss Moore wears jet ornaments and gold slippers with huge jet buckles.

A tailored suit of blue serge with tight fitting shoulders, a mannish cut jacket and straight, plain skirt provides a useful adjunct to her autumn wardrobe. With this she wears a dark blue French hat with a pianist's feather perkily extending at the side.

An afternoon dress of French blue Georgette crepe, elaborately embroidered in white beaded designs, has a Venetian lace collar and a full skirt cowed with the same design. A midnight blue duvetine street coat cut on long, straight lines has a wide shawl collar of squirrel and a band of the same fur around the bottom.
Mary's Grave Mistake

By Frederick Bennett

Walk carefully on thin ice, but don't jump!

Utter lack of diplomatic foresight, ripping a wound when it should be left to heal, is what has been done in "Suds".

Mary Pickford has again made the serious mistake of giving the screen world a masterpiece!

She gave herself a terrible jolt in "Stella Maris," one of the finest things ever made for the screen. Then her unfortunate divorce notoriety. Then, just when the world was sympathetic, when there was scarcely a person in the world who did not wish and feel that "America's Sweetheart" should be condoned, forgiven and be loved and admired more than ever, she comes out with "Suds" and jolts us!

A masterpiece indeed! The research, the story, the continuity and Wladimir Young's master hand made it one of the screen stories that should become a classic—but—

It was the most inopportune time; it is most malaprop!

The heathen does not care to know that his idol is full of sawdust or sand or knot holes.

The "movie" theatergoer, taken on the whole, places a favorite on a high pedestal.

Mary Pickford is, or has been, to the world at large: A sweet, pretty, even handsome little girl. Her ringlets, her clean, childish visage, her angelic smile and her "cuteness" and daintiness are her essentials.

Then, in "Stella Maris" she came out with sunken cheeks, high malar bones, the prominence of her eyegomatic processes are exaggerated, her treasure, her hair, is made to look as if it was stirred with an egg-beater.

Then what?
She tatters on her pedestal.
Faymuson fought against the lure of the screen for long time. Maud Adams likewise and is still obdurate.

Why?
Because they know that with large city audiences the veil of smoothness which is created by the distance and the lights of the spoken drama performance, age and shallow faces and even emaciated looks and shallow complexions will not be observed. The cold scrutinizing lens is merciless.

There never was a better screen face than Mary's.

Yes, evidently with the desire to present something really artistic, "Stella Maris" and "Suds" were made.

But somebody forgot the screen demands interesting melodramas such as the "Miracle Man" and not masterpieces where the beauty of the rose is perverted into the ugliness of the spider.

No man or woman with true artistic taste can deny the great achievement in those two productions. But how many read tween, how many have seen Mantell, how many saw Irving? "Suds" and "Stella Maris" were too great, too aristic and too wonderful to be understood by screen audiences, two per cent of which are squirrels and eighty-eight per cent are "nuts".

"Suds" is for the squirrels and not for the nuts.

Mary's mastery was established beyond question is "Stella Maris," her unquestionable greatness was clinched and united to the mast in "Suds".

But, the illusions of her millions of admirers have been jolted. It is as fatal to do that sort of work for the general public as it is to allow the public back of the tawdry scenery of the show house or to have some of the inflated, over-advertised stars make "personal appearances".

The world knows that Mary can act. It is not necessary to naa her sweetness and her darling features for the sake of demonstration of her histrionic propensities.

But she can't be too pretty, she can't be too sweet to hold her coveted, marvelous place as "America's Sweetheart".

SUCCESS: THE 1920 WAY

Inspiration
Perspiration
Condensation
Presentation
Novelization
Picturization
Compensation.
—Herbert S. Marshutz.

HOLLY: "You say that the stars lead wild lives. Why, I know one chap in the movies who doesn't drink, gamble, go joy-riding, never had an affair of the heart in his life and doesn't even smoke."

WOOD: "Aw go on! Who is he?"
HOLLY: "Wesley Barry!"

Some Folks Think:

1—That if one could read the lips one would be shocked at what is said during the supposed love-scenes.
2—That the animals in pictures have their teeth and claws pulled out.
3—That the pies they throw in comedies are not real pies at all.
4—That Charlie Chaplin loathes comedy and longs to play Hamlet.
5—That not one of Mack Sennett's bathing girls can swim a stroke.
6—That the newspaper accounts of the doings of the players is all bunk, written by a publicity agent.
7—That all players wear loud clothes and drive gaudy cars.
8—That Nazimova's real name is Jones, and that she was never in Russia at all.
9—That all film companies steal the plots from scenarios submitted.
10—That Doug Fairbanks could lick Jack Dempsey if he entered the prize ring.
11—That all stunts are done by double exposure.
12—That when Will Rogers is making a picture a stenographer follows him around jotting down the clever remarks he makes.
13—That all marriages between players end in divorce court in three months.
14—That it is necessary to have pull to become successful.

What has become of the good, old-fashioned press story of the star who appears at the studio in character, and is not recognized by the gatecrash?

CAST FOR AN ALLEGORICAL PICTURE

Youth—Fannie Ward.
Beauty—Bull Montana.
Wisdom—Ben Turpin.
Love—Fatty Arbuckle.
Grief—Charles Chaplin.
Grace—Marie Dressler.
Sin—Mary Miles Minter.
Wealth—Buster Keaton.
Happiness—Alice Joyce.
Passion—Bessie Love.

Now that the overall craze is a thing of the past we can breathe easier. In time it might have struck the Christie and Sennett studios.
By O. Harvey

An actor named Percival Bolivar Wood Admitted to folks that he thought he was good.
He worked in the films as a player of parts,
And his press agent said he was fond of the Arts.
"Mister Percival Wood," so the press agent wrote,
"Is a painter and sculptor and writer of note.
He spends his spare time in his gorgeous den.
Where he dallies with clay and with palette and pen.
His cups and his prizes are stored in the vaults
Of his great country home where he keeps all his faults!"

Now Percival Bolivar read all the tales
Which his press agent scribbled by bushels and bales.
Each morning he read them and smiled in his glee,
For each yarn formed those wonderful letters: "M F."
He sipped at each word like a bee at a flower,
And gathered more confidence, ego and power.
He cut out the articles after each book
And gathered and pasted them into a book.
And all his spare time spent away from the lot
His eyes were kept glued to that wonderful spot
Where an article said, though the language was terse,
"Mister Wood is a wonderful writer of verse."

Now Percival Bolivar Wood, be it said,
Was shy (like some others) of stuff in the head.
So when he perused all those wildly weird tales
That his press agent scribbled by bushels and bales,
They sounded to him like they might all be true,
And so he got to believing them, too.
His head grew so large that his hat wouldn't fit,
But the jeers of his friend didn't feaze him a bit.
He knew he could dash off a poem or book,
And model and paint and polo and cook;
He'd swear he could play the piano, and sing,
And drive racing autos, or any old thing.

So he buzzed all about like a flock of mosquitoes,
An overjoyed victim of press agentitis.
Now it is related that Percy Wood died,
And hurried across to the fair Other Side,
And there he was met by a golden-harp band,
And everyone hastened to grasp his slim hand.
"We've read in the papers," the gate-keeper said,
"How you with your brililance knocked 'em all dead,
And so we've been waiting," he bargained at once,
"For you to come over and show us some stunts.
Come, paint us a picture, or sculp us a face,
Or sing us a ballad and wake up the place;
Come, write us some poetry, tell us a yarn,
Or do something clever, we don't care a darn."

But alas for poor Percival Bolivar Wood,
He had come to a place where he had to make good,
And his brain wouldn't function (what little there was);
Not a wheel in his noodle would jiggle or buzz.
He didn't know what was the best thing to do,
For he found that there wasn't a thing that he knew.
When he had unraveled the fiction from fact,
He learned, in addition, that he couldn't act.
Well, the throng at the gate watched his utter chagrin,
While the gate slowly closed and he couldn't get in.

Then over the heavens a voice harshly rang:
"Poor flasher! Poor flasher! Poor flasher!" it sang.
Poor Percival Bolivar Wood turned away,
His mouth was a-tremble, his face ashen gray.
The angelic hand turned and struck up the chords
That harmonized well with the ouija boards.
As the golden gate clanged with the buzz of a bell,
Wood heard this sad parting: "Goodbye. Go to hell!"
TO LOS ANGELES AT NIGHT
City of a Million Lights, What does light mean to you?
Factory blaze and station tower, City clock with lighted hour;
Bright cafe and picture show With electric signs aglow;
Lamps in home and church and store, Street lights twinkling by the score;
Gliding trains and motor cars Shooting burning arrows through you—
City of a Million Lights, What does light mean to you?
Many ages have been spent To give you such an ornament.
Savage men of vague desire Worshipped at the throne of fire;
Fought strange fights that it might burn Steady on its altar urn;
Set a bonfire like a mark Of God who challenges the dark.
You who have a myriad flames Like little stars strung through you, City of a Million Lights, What does light mean to you?

Phrenologist: "Madam this bump on your head indicates what a good actress you'd be."
Madam: "You're wrong there. That bump on my head indicates what a bad actor my husband is!"

In these days of the high cost of living, consider the cat. When it is almost prohibitive to keep one life going, imagine the poor feline who has nine!

SEPTEMBER SOULS
If it is true that there are souls For every month of the year, Then September souls must be the link Between the souls of summer and of fall, The equilibrists, Measuring the cool mystery of the autumn time With heating memories of a summer passed; Mastering poise, They set a warm experience Against the dread of winter, becoming thus The true philosophers of Life!

"IT'S TOO DIVERTING"
Mr. Joseph G. Lenem is one of the highest class advertising counselors in the west. You can tell he's high class by reading the following, to-wit:

In my humble opinion you're producing by far the cleverest and brightest journal in the motion picture field.
My only objection to it is that it interferes with my day's work every time it comes. I almost feel inclined to have it sent to my home instead of my office—it is too diverting.

Cordially,
—Joseph G. Lenem, Advertising Service and Counsel, Los Angeles, Cal.

Talk to most men and you'll discover that they know exactly what kind of a woman they wanted to marry—but they didn't do it!

HINTS TO DIRECTORS
If you wish to establish innocence, use a light-haired girl out in the farmyard, fondling a litter of pigs. If you wish to establish the guilt of a vampire, use a couch and a dark-haired girl kissing a pararquet.
If you wish to register the villainy of a heavy, let him kick a stray dog around.
If you wish to register a determined hero, let him smash his derby down over both ears and stride masterfully off the set.
If you wish to establish the identity of a detective, have him smoke a fat cigar with the band on it.

An actress, writing up her biography for a moving picture directory, claimed to be a graduate of the Smithsonian Institution. Education, what crimes are committed in thy name!

SAYINGS BY JOHN
The lower notes from the movie pipe organ resemble my one-dollar-bill roll—it takes a lot of 'em to make a little music.

Among the pillars of society, the caterpillar is the most o-fur-bearing of them all.

"Golly, hon," says our washerwoman, "Ah suah does get mixed up nowadays. Whenebber Ah goes to chu'ch an' heahs de pipe o'gan, Ah begins to look around fo' de pictuahs to begin."
—John McNulty.

THE BABIES' CALL TO ARMS
Baby, we need soldiers who Are just little folks like you. We have heard so much of wars With their shrapnel and their scars, That a baby's trusting eyes, And his lovely little size Are all that stop the breaking of our hearts.
Oh a baby's mouth is warm, And the comfort of his arm Is a glory and a service, both in one; All the gladness of the world Is in infant fingers cured And it will be till the length of life is run!
Stalwart men with sword and gun Are with violence undone; And the cannon's smashing blast Shall destroy itself at last; But a baby's innocence Is invincible defense And his weakness is his most resistless strength.
Oh, a baby's soul is sweet And it never knows defeat Though earth turns away to weep its weary tear; Still his little laughter's thrill Like the rainbow on the hill And bring God from out His heaven just to hear!

Live and learn a lot that's no good to you.

There is a time in every woman's life when she is undecided whether to marry a good provider or a good kisser.

IN MOVIE-LAND
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty's DOUBLE had a great fall. All the king's horses and all the king's men Couldn't put Humpty's double together again!

Janitor's Son: "Pa, where's that hot air coming from?"
His Pa: "I guess I forgot to close the door into the publicity office again."

Fluffy Young Thing: "I'm just crazy to get into pictures!"
Gruff Old Extra: "Well, you won't know how crazy until you've been in 'em awhile!"

There is only one thing as stale as the press agent's story about the star's stolen jewels and that is the funny paragraph written to kid him about it.
Olga Printzlau has signed a five-year contract to write exclusively for Lasky.

Harry Morey, for a long time with Vitagraph, is expected to come here shortly and produce a series of independent productions.

Frank C. Griffin, for a long time with Sennett, has been signed by the Special Pictures Corporation to become production manager for that concern. Recently Reggie Morris and Chester Conklin were signed by Special Pictures.

Al Nathan is no longer with the Hallroom Boys comedy company. He is taking a vacation before announcing his plans.

"Truant Husbands," the first photoplay to be made by Rockett brothers, is being completed. Thomas Heffron directed.

Richard Dix, former stage player, has joined the pictures and is playing opposite Sylvia Breamer in "Parrott and Company" for First National. Sidney Franklin is directing.

Harry Gribbon, formerly with Sennett and Christie, has joined Special Pictures.

Standard Film Laboratories has been formed with a capital stock of $700,000, of which there has been subscribed $250,000. The incorporators are John M. Nicholson, C. E. Vernilyea, S. M. Tompkins, C. B. Stewart, O. H. Hewlett, A. R. Groenke, L. A. Whitmore, E. J. Burns, Dr. George A. Harding, John Q. Critchlow and C. T. Gilmore.

Louis B. Mayer has gone to New York, accompanied by Mrs. Mayer and his two daughters, Irene and Edith.

Mrs. Sydney Drew will direct Alice Joyce in a screen version of " Cousin Kate," Ethel Barrymore's stage success, for Vitagraph.

Gladys George, formerly with Ince, has been engaged by Lasky to support Thomas Meighan in "Easy Street". It should be a simple task.

Max Linder, having finished his first five-reel comedy, "Seven Years Bad Luck," will take a vacation until the middle of September, at which time he will start work on a new comedy. M. Linder will continue to work at the Universal studios.

Courtney Foote has been engaged by Thomas H. Ince for an important role in a big special which John Griffith Wray will direct. It is announced Mr. Foote will soon head his own company, which makes him an acrobat—a Foote at the head.

Ruth Roland has started work at the Brunton studios on her latest serial for Pathé, "The Avenging Arrow," adapted from the novel, "The Honey Moon Quest," by Arthur Preston Hankins. Eddie Hearn plays opposite, with W. J. Bowman directing.

I WANT 'EM. HAVE YOU GOT 'EM?
Features-Comedies-Westerns

I have been commissioned to secure the best features and short subjects that have been produced for both program organizations and independent exchanges.

IF YOU HAVE PICTURES THAT WILL STAND THE ACID TEST OF PUBLIC APPROVAL, I WANT YOU TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME AT ONCE.

JOE BRANDT
Temporary Address: 1113 Van Ness Ave., Hollywood
Phone Holly 157

Talented—Yes or No?
For the Writing of Photoplays

You want the frankest answer in the shortest length of time to the question: "Have I talent for writing photoplays?" And when the answer is "Yes," you want the surest, quickest way of training that talent for practical use in this great, fascinating, money-making field.

The Palmer Course in Photoplay Writing meets both wants. It puts your work to the acid test QUICKLY, and when you have demonstrated that you have the gift, it thoroughly trains you actually to WRITE and SELL scenarios.

These distinguished authorities on motion pictures constitute the Palmer Advisory Council—Thos. H. Ince, Cecil B. de Mille, Lois Weber and Rob Wagner.

Mail this ad with your name and address and you will receive a sample copy of The Photoplaywright, the Palmer magazine, usually distributed to students only, and copies of our latest pamphlets explaining the Palmer plan.
James Morrison, who came to the coast to support Anita Stewart in "Sowing the Wind," has been engaged by Jesse D. Hampton to play the role of the Imp in "When We Were Twenty-one," one of Nat Goodwin's successes.

Marcel de Sano, formerly with Metro, has been engaged by Universal to direct Carmel Myers in a new feature, "The Orchid." It is announced that M. de Sano came to this country on a diplomatic mission from France. He will doubtless need a good deal of diplomacy at the "U." The gate still swings outward.

Seena Owen, who recently joined the Renco Film Company, will have an important role in "Lavender and Old Lace," under the direction of Lloyd Ingraham and Lee Royal.

Lee Royal has become scenario editor for the Renco Film Company. Shooting is being done at the Mayer studios. He is also co-directing.

JAP LETTERS OUT

Joe Rock, having grown tired of reading the stereotyped letter from the Japanese schoolboy, went to the post-office yesterday and brought this one home from Havana, Cuba:

Mr. Joe Rock,
Comic of Vitagraph.
My dear Joe:
I desire you the remittance of your photography to publish it in my review with the hope of power to have in my hands.
I desire you the remittance of your dedication.
With prematurely the thanks,
Sincerely,
Peter David Galiana.

Louis B. Mayer has purchased from Abe Warner the old melodrama, "Why Girls Leave Home," which he will produce upon his return to his studio a few weeks hence. It is stated that Mildred Harris will not be with Mayer in his future productions, although this has not been officially announced.

Arthur Wenzel, who has left the Victory theater management to handle players, has signed Richard Dix, Edmund Lowe, James Liddy, Edward Everett Horton, Paul Harvey and George McDaniels. Mr. Wenzel has secured contracts for Marguerite Sylvia, grand opera star, and Mabelle Burch, coloratura soprano.

Herbert Standing, the veteran actor, who was injured some time ago when he was struck by an auto not in the profession, is able to resume his work in the pictures, he having been signed to appear with Wanda Hawley.

Elmer H. Young, the west coast cartoon animator, begs to allege that Bray, whose animated cartoons are well known, was given credit for the animated titles in "The Mollycoddle," whereas Mr. Young was the author. Mr. Young has established offices here and is doing considerable work for the trade. Which is by way of slapping Mr. Bray upon the ankle.
To The Public:

The Vitagraph Company of America has caused to be given widespread publicity, through paid advertisements in the Daily newspapers and motion picture trade press, to an announcement threatening litigation against certain vague and unnamed persons and motion picture producing companies who, it is alleged, are attempting to induce me to leave the employ of the Vitagraph Company and make pictures for them.

I wish to announce that I am unable to understand the reasons that prompt the Vitagraph Company to make such charges, since there is not the slightest foundation or justification for the same.
The Vitagraph Company has never submitted to me any facts that would warrant it in publishing the said announcements and I resent the publication thereof as an unwarranted, unfounded and untrue insinuation against myself and all other persons or firms who might be considered among those to whom these charges might be addressed.

I believe I voice the sentiment of all reputable persons and organizations connected with the film industry when I say that they too will likewise resent any such blanket charges as these which, without naming anyone, cast the stigma of alleged secret dealing upon an entire industry.

LARRY SEMON
A Few Short Subjects

THREE NEWS ITEMS

As exclusively printed in IT a few weeks ago, Samuel Goldwyn is out of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. His interests are said to have been absorbed by the Duponts, and Messmore Kendall, owner of the Capitol theater of New York, has taken his place at the head of the big institution.

An entirely new policy of production will be put into force at the studios shortly and, it is said, less fabulous salaries for mediocre players will be the watchword.

Over at the Fox studios, Hampton Del Ruth, who has been making the Sunshine comedies for a year or more, has resigned, together with half a dozen directors and featured players.

Fox announces that more comedies than ever will be made there, however, four directors now working on ‘em.

Also, it is said, Nazimova is leaving Metro to organize her own production company. She will take a vacation as soon as she completes her Metro contract, after which she will begin work under the Nazimova Pictures banner, Charles Bryant, her husband, being the manager.

And if you can crowd any more news than that in one small space you’ve been told something!

Lottie Pickford is no longer Mrs. Rupps. Said her husband wouldn’t support her, or anything, so the judge said she could be single again. Her mother was her best witness. Say what you will, it won’t do good to her. Ask Mildred—she knows!

Viola Dana, May Allison and Alice Lake, three Metro players, are going to Arrowhead Springs to help entertain the convalescent soldiers at the government hospital. They will make a picture for the amusement of the invalids and any soldier so brave will be asked to take part in it.

“Peter Pan” will be directed by William DeMille, it is stated. Sir James Barrie expects to come to Los Angeles and watch ‘em shoot the story.

Seattle, Wash., August 31.—(Special)—Although the musicians in all the Jensen & Von Herberg theaters at Seattle, Tacoma and Portland are out on strike, the Seattle and Portland players having walked out in sympathy with the Tacoma strikers, the theaters are enjoying a good business. Each theater is equipped with an organ and that suffices, it appears.

E. D. TATE.

Good Bye, Plots

Scenario writers who have in the past depended upon the Nick Carter stories for their plots are, according to announcement just received, due for a setback. Broadwell Productions, Inc., a Boston, Mass., corporation, has sent broadcast a warning to all persons that it is the sole owner of the motion picture rights of the Nick Carter stories which have been published during the past thirty years.

It is further announced that any act of plagiarism of these works, whether it be situation, plot, or idea, that is found to have been committed after March, 1920, will be prosecuted by the Broadwell corporation, which will take every legal step necessary to protect the Nick Carter output of stories.

The Nick Carter stories are being produced by Broadwell at Filmland City, Massachusetts, and are being adapted for the screen by John J. Glavey, formerly with Bennett and Fox.

Garnett Sabin, who is to make the Muriel Ostriche comedies, and who was to have arrived in Los Angeles a couple of weeks ago to arrange for the production, was stricken with appendicitis and is just now recovering in New York from the operation.

* * *

Marion Davies is starting work at Brumpton's studio in “The Love Piker,” for International, under the direction of Frank Borzage. George D. Bakers, who made “Buried Treasure” with Miss Davies, has returned to New York.

* * *

Louis F. Gottschalk, the composer who makes the pictures harmonize, has just completed the score for Betty Compson’s latest feature, “Prisoners of Love”.

* * *

D. N. Schwab, president of the D. N. Schwab Productions, featuring Dave Butler, has returned from New York, where he went to arrange for the next Butler feature.

* * *

Margaret Shelby, sister of Mary Miles Minter, has quit the motion picture profession to sell real estate—her own tract near the L. A. Country Club.

“Dont” MacLean and “Dougl” Fairbanks had a meeting the other day, their first. Each had his automatic smile along. It is said, they will share all tooth paste publicity in the future.

SIGNS GOLF PLAYERS

Martin Beck, according to announcement, signed Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, world’s champion golfers, to a contract calling for them to do a headline act over the Orpheum time. In part of the act the audience will throw celluloid golf balls on the stage, and Ray and Vardon will execute difficult shots. It’ll be all right until seven substitutes ancient eggs for golf balls—then they’ll tee off.

William V. Mong has been secured by Fox to play the role of Merlin, the magician, in a big production of Mark Twain’s story, “A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur’s Court.” Bill can do it. He is turning ten gallons of milk and six bushels of corn into hogs out on his ranch every day!

* * *

Flo Ziegfield has become tired of the motion picture business and is considering entering the various members of his Folly chorus, as he has, it is said, inserted a clause in all contracts, barring motion picture work.

* * *

Mme. Olga Petrova has gone abroad with her husband, Dr. John D. Stewart, who will engage in cancer research work. On her return Petrova will complete a vaudeville contract, after which she will appear in her own play, “The Eighth Sin,” on the stage.

* * *

Mary Miles Minter, according to a press agent, will enter blooded stock at the Livestock Show, Exposition Park. Probably bull!

* * *

Hobart Bosworth has brought suit against Hart Hoxie, motion picture cowboy, to collect $1000 on a promisory note which it is said Mr. Hoxie gave Mr. Bosworth in 1918. The complaint filed states Mr. Hoxie left the state after the note became due.

* * *

Lee Royal, scenario editor of the Renou Film Company, has published an interesting book entitled “The Romance of Motion Picture Production.” It was written to give the public a brief insight into the methods of motion picture production.

* * *

Mary Huntress has just finished an important part in the “Romance Promoters” for Vitagraph, in support of Earle Williams.

* * *

W. E. Atkinson, general manager of Metro Pictures Corporation, has arrived in Hollywood, and is inspecting the new buildings which have been added to the studios.
It's what they all say

Goldwyn Distributing Corporation

111 Walton Street

Atlanta, Ga.

July 9th, 1920.

Mr. Edward Roberts,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:

Please place my name on your mailing list. "IT" is truly all the name implies. Send me bill and I will remit check. "This is a Goldwyn Year."

Yours very truly,

R. L. Gary
District Publicity & Adv. Dept.
Location Studios

For the purpose of looking over several sites under consideration for a proposed three-unit studio, John Jasper, creator of the Hollywood Studios, is in San Francisco, where he was joined by a syndicate of financiers who are behind this project which will offer to motion picture companies on location the same facilities as their permanent studios.

While no definite location has been selected, the studio will be erected within a few minutes of the heart of San Francisco.

Plans which are said to have been approved call for three complete glass stages, each supplied with its own executive offices, property department and projection room. In addition, a laboratory will be built, which, it is estimated, will take care of 50,000 feet of negative a day.

Another feature is the erection of a permanent street, which can in a short time be converted into most any kind of street desired.

Work of construction will be started as soon as a site is chosen, and it is expected the studios will be ready for use around the first of the year.

The Catherine Curtis Productions expects shortly to come back, according to Ernest Shipman, who announces that he will handle six pictures to be made by that concern.

Rex Ingram, who is directing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" for Metro, has had a complete French village constructed for scenes in the picture. To make the former A. E. F. boys working in the picture feel at home, there should be a "Y" hut, with coffee $4.60 per cup, and 15-cent cigarettes at $1.00.

Lillian Hall, a diminutive blonde, who has been cast in "The Last of the Mohicans," is said to have played with some of the biggest brunette stars in the west.

Maurice Tourneur says art is crying on all sides waiting to be found. In a lot of places it is not recognized unless wearing silk stockings, a low-cut gown, and having a desire to be reasonable.

Jack Holt will play the lead in the new Mary Miles Minter picture for Realart. Others in the cast will be Clarence Geldart and Jackie Young, child actor.

Bill Wing, Selig's versatile editor, alleges that the best way to treat falling hair is to catch it in a dust pan. The paper upon which the advice was written was covered with tear stains.

Beats Scenario Game

The writer of the following letter to a local film exchange is probably the only man in the world who has beaten the scenario game. Read and grow fat.

Several weeks ago, I felt that I was called to write scenarios — which I promptly set about doing. I finished 'handliners' and your company had the first refusal of them — which they did, courteously,decidedly and promptly, 1, 2, 3, like that:

"This 1, 2, 3 proceeding was carried on by a few others, whom I decided were in the same class as the Metro—passing up a real find in the scenario writing field. However, as the returns came in such a rapid succession, I began to wonder if you were all wrong, or had merely stolen them, as they came along.

"Well, a friend—a real one—suggested my borrowing $1,100 from him and going into the electric welding business. I did — and here I am doing something I know from the bottom up, inside and out and around, and can get real pleasure out of thinking there isn't one—scenario writer, director or manager—out of a thousand that can do the work I'm doing.

"Now, Mr. Rosenberg, if you are in a position to send me welding to do, requiring no long shots, close-ups, iris shots, subtitles, etc., I'll guarantee you satisfaction as to promptness, price and quality of work, and won't hold any grudge whatever, concerning the refusal of my scenarios.

"P.S.—I still have my scripts you can have the three for $1."

To Mr. Garnett Sabin: There is a letter at this office for you.

Henry Woodward, now playing in "The Last of the Mohicans," once won an eight-mile race across Hampton Roads, Virginia, according to announcement. Which is some feat. Any one else could have walked across the Roads.

Cleo Madison is, according to her press agent, wearing a "devil gown" in "White Ashes," now being made at Metro. With a little thought anyone could make a helluva joke out of "devil" and "ashes."
The Wages of Sin

(Continued from Page 8) this: A ship is near wrecked in a storm and the rudder or whatever you run 'em with is lost. The crew, after many days of drifting becomes mutinous. The Captain, which is Bill, has on board the daughter of the ships owner, and for her sake he stands god on the deck his six shooter tightly clasped in his mitt. The crew gets more mutinous. Days and days, nights too, the Captain stands on the booky hatch clutching his gun while the crew plots below. Suddenly the bosun, Jake Muller, leaps up from the thatch.

"We want a word with you, sir," he cries in accents wild.

"Speak then, dog," barks the skipper.

"The first man that comes beyond you coil of rope gets drilled. What will ye have, sunk's?"

Presently they come, garred, grim and determined, rebellion shining on their unshaven faces.

"Sir," cries the bosun, "Me and me mates has been thinkin' as how it were you as saved us from the storm and has been the means of bringing us to yonder land in safety. To show our appreciation me and me mates had threw in and now presents you with this purse of doubloons and this gold ingersoll watch. Three cheers, boys, for our skipper."

And while the cheers rang high the captain heaved his pistol overboard and clasped the owners daughter and the watch in his arms while tears ran down his beard.

It will be a grand film, Grace. I almost cried just watching em make it. Well, anyways, after they gets through with that they is going to start on our pitcher. And, this bear fisher lopped director gives me the once over and tells me to come to his office. Right there I sneeled a monse. Says I, this bird wants to get me alone and insult me. I had half a mind not to go, Grace, but then I thought well what's the use of crossing a bridge and borrying trouble before you come to it. So I went, but cooly and determined not to take no foolishness.

"Young woman he said, "do you realize that it takes more than near beauty to become an actress? he asked. Old stuff, Grace, that always leads up to the question how much are you willing to sacrifice for your art. Then they tells you that you must live and love and suffer and they proposes to love you and let you suffer. But the wages of sin is death, and I nint figuring on none of that stuff in pay, Grace."

"Are you willing to sacrifice something to succeed?" he asks. Didn't I tell you so?

I never answered him, but looked him straight in the eye, firm. I come pretty near bawling him right out then and there, but what's the use of flying off the handle, be a lady at all times, eh Grace? So I said nothing and smiled at him, trying to make him see that I was innocent.

"Well, don't grin at me," he barks.

"I ain't goin' to ast you to share a apartment on the Drive or accept a dimon necklace. I'm tired of having to fool with you brainless chickens. If I ever had a girl with sense in one of my companies they'd forget that Griffith ever made a film. What I'm askin' you to do is to chop off your golden curls so you can play the lead in our next picture, "Soup and Nuts".

I said I was, Grace.

You tell 'em, Clara Kimball, I'm too young.

Ina May.

Violet Clark is a new scenario writer to be signed by Ince. She comes from New York, a town on the Hudson river.

Gladys Brookwell, for many years with Fox, has joined the Edgar Lewis company and will be featured in "The Sage Hen". She will not play a chicken part.

Tommy Meighan will leave shortly for New York to appear in one picture for Famous Players-Lasky. Frances Ring, his wife, will return to Los Angeles with him.

Mary Miles Minter is starting work, after a vacation, at the Realart studios. Chester Franklin will direct her in a Tom Geraghty story.

Howard Hickman, husband and former director of Bessie Barriscale, has been engaged to direct "The Killer" for Benjamin B. Hampton.

Lloyd Ingraham has been engaged by Renco to direct "Lavender and Old Lace," which has been adapted for the screen by Lee Royal.

Nelson MacBowell, the well-known character actor, is now appearing in Maurice Tourneur's production of "The Last of the Mohicans". The company is now on location at Bear Lake.

Mabel Normand has gone to New York on a brief vacation between pictures.

Paul Bern, cutter, actor, film editor and the like, has been made a director for Goldwyn and he will be given a picture at once.

Leonhardt in Again

Harry Leonhardt, formerly one of the owners of the California theater, will not be downed. He, with two associates, has started another motion picture company under the name of the Allied Independent Attractions, Inc., and the plan is, not to produce, but to aid other producers. The new company will render a service from furnishing stories to distributing independent productions.

Offices will be opened shortly in Los Angeles and New York.

The other two men interested with Mr. Leonhardt are Ralph Proctor, formerly with the Associated Exhibitors, financier.

More Trouble for Chaplin

First National Exhibitors' Circuit has served notice upon the exhibitor and distributors of the land that it holds all rights to Chaplin's five-reel comedy, "The Kid," and that anyone trying to handle the production will be prosecuted. First National holds that Chaplin has failed to fulfill his contract with that organization and that all pictures produced during the life of the contract with him belongs to First National for distribution.

Chaplin has gone to New York.

Hank Mann has formed his own production company and will shortly begin work on his independent comedies, which will be released by Arrow Film Corporation. He has three more pictures to make under his old contract.

Bessie Love claims the man who has been masquerading as her brother is an imposter, inasmuch as she has no brother. Which seems like a fair alibi.

The Universal gate which swings to the right with great and stunning velocity and which swung recently for Louis Loeb, controller for that firm, swung that gentleman into a job—instead of a position—with a taxi company. Now, it is said, the taxi company's dandr off gate swings outward, too, and Louie slipped through!

Nazonova will play "Aphrodite," the play that made Dorothy Dalton famous. The picture will be made in New York.

Lionel Barrymore has signed to appear in a series of pictures for First National.

Three members of the Chester executive staff have been bitten by the matrimonial bug, all within a few days. They are Guy DeLong, auditor, who has married Nevada Wolfe; Charles Hochburg, film cutter, who married Rose Lippman. Tom McGowan, film editor, will wed Sue Wood on September 11.
Money Talks! This is a sample of the trade's response to the announcement of IT's entry into the national motion picture field.
Exhibitors are hereby given permission to reprint any of these stories for program purposes. They are copyright and protected, but this will serve as a release to any subscriber to this magazine.

**Pick-ups for your House Program**

Bebe Daniels is to be starred in a new screen version of “In the Bishop’s Carriage”. This was one of Mary Pickford’s early successes.

Rupert Hughes has arrived in California and is at work on the continuity of an original screen story to be made by Goldwyn.

With “Black Beauty” under production at Vitagraph, the story being the autobiography of a horse, there are but few human players in the cast. So far as is known this is the first time a horse has been the star in a feature. Of course there has been a large number of jackasses—but that’s another story.

Fred Niblo is to direct Douglas Fairbanks’ first picture to be made following the Fairbanks-Pickford honeymoon. It is Johnston McCulley’s story of love and adventure, “The Curse of Capistrano”. The accent is on the “curse”. Didn’t Mary Pickford once marry Owen Moore down there?

A friend of mine is always knocking the stars. The latest thing that he has found to disgust him with Harold Haas is that Harold buys great gobs of Bay Rum. Well, why not? Bay Rum is 20 per cent alcohol.

Lee Moran and his wife are said to have become reconciled, following an application for a divorce by Mrs. Moran.

Madge Kennedy has deserted the screen for a dling on the stage, and is now rehearsing in New York under the management of Henry Savage, who is to star her in “Cornered,” a new comedy. But it will probably be no more savage than a Goldfish!

Antrim Short, it was rumored, married Marguerite De la Motte. Both, however, deny the rumor. If it were true, one could say something about a little Short before long—but then, since it isn’t true, one can’t—can one?

Jack Pickford has been admitted to citizenship and granted papers to show it, and in addition had his name changed legally from Smith to Pickford. He has sailed for Europe, accompanied by his wife, Olive Thomas.

**THE EXHIBITOR KNOWS THEM**

1—The seventeen-year-old boy and his sweetheart who stay through both shows when there’s a love story on the screen.

2—The extra man (he has the part of the dead soldier in the battle scene) who comes every night to see himself act.

3—The sweet old lady who always stops to say how much she enjoyed the picture.

4—The ten-year-olds who wish every picture were a “western”.

“Mamma’s Affair” is the name of a new Morosco play which is being shown on the Pacific Coast. No, it has nothing to do with Mary and Doug, or Mildred and Clark.

Marion Aye, former Mack Sennett bathing girl, has been signed by Hampton Del Ruth as leading woman for Fox Sunshine comedies. After seeing Marion, Aye! Aye! is correct. She fills both of them.

Lloyd Hamilton, according to the press agent, recently bagged sixty rabbits while on a location trip. A man in Hollywood reports the loss of sixty-one rabbits from his pen. What became of that other rabbit?

Aw, I saw a war with awe—

Not but with awe that Warsaw!

Richard Stanton, who directed the first Fox serial, which has been called “Bride 1,” has, it is said, finished his contract with that organization and has gone abroad.

There is a deaf and dumb barber down the street who—but why start a run on his shop? He’s busy enough.

Mayflower Pictures Corporation will continue its western production exclusively to the Brunton studios, a contract having been signed for space. George Loane Tucker and Raul Walsh will head the two units making pictures here.

The movies have grabbed Champions Benny Leonard, Jack Dempsey, Carpenter, “Babe” Ruth, Willie Hoppe, so why not sign up Stanislaus Wabitszkes, chess champion of Manchuria?

Maurice Tourneur was at one time a boxer in France. Which is almost like being a bull fighter in Labrador.

Frank Mayo had a nice collie dog. A truck load of cantaloupes ran over it. Now you know why Mayo is melon-collie!

Wadsworth Harris, scenarist, has just received a deed to a Colonial mansion at Calais-on-the-St. Croix, Maine. If anybody cares to know or believe it.

Philip Ryder, according to his hired man, has just finished a book on Stage Lighting, which is to be published at once. Motion picture studios will manage to stumble along in the dark until it is off the press.

Thomas H. Ince has announced “The Bronze Bell” as being the next Ince-Vance special to be made for Paramount-Arctraft. They expect to ring in a lot of new stuff in the picture.

Rudolph Valentino, who is playing the lead in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” according to announcement, gave up a dazzling career as a farmer when he took up professional dancing. Now, the trouble is, the in-sult editor doesn’t know which to tell him he ought to go back to!

Barbara Bedford, feminine lead in “The Last of the Mohicans,” is said to have inherited her father’s professional ability as a designer. If he had been an actor, she might have become a button-hole maker.

Minniehaha, a full-blood Cheyenne Indian, will for the first time in her life wear shoes when she appears in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” for Metro. Horseshoes mebbe.

Nell Shipman, Inc. has just been formed, with the following as incorporators: Nell Shipman, Bert Van Tuyle, William H. Clune, O. K. Evans and Anna G. Brown. Capital stock is $200,000, with $5 subscribed.

There was a big headline in the newspaper the other morning about a prominent business man whom prohibition had forced into drinking up his wife’s furniture varnish. Seems as if a lack of liquor led to a lick of lacquer!

Jack White has decided to eliminate extreme slapstick in future Lloyd Hamilton comedies, but will place emphasis on scenic effects and subtle story. You know Ham—he’s as subtle as a woodpecker on a desert.
A great number of exhibitors are anxious to keep in touch with certain players — stars and others who have proved drawing cards for them in the past—whose work is watched with interest by the theater patrons. This department is designed for the purpose of acquainting the reader with the doings of every player of note in the motion picture profession. When a player is not mentioned, it means that he is either taking a vacation, or is resting between pictures.

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Theby, Rosemary. With Fox. In "The Little Grey Mouse," a drama. (Continued on Page 38.)


CINDERELLA’S TWIN. By Luther Reed. Directed by Dallas Fitzgerald. With Viola Dana, Dorothy Peterson, Lila Lee, Walter Macdonald, William Courtwright, Victory Bate- man, Walter Perry, Edward Connelly and others. Metro. Late fall release.


EASY STREET. Directed by Tom Forman. With Thomas Meighan and Gladys George. Famous Players-Lasky. Late fall release.


THE FIRST BORN. Directed by Colin Campbell. With Sessue Hayakawa, Helen Jerome Eddy, Marie Pavia, Goro Kino and “Sonny Boy” Ward. Hawthorne picture. Late fall release.


FOOLISH WIVES. Directed by Erich Von Stroheim. With Rudolph Christian, Marguerite Christie, Martha George, Max Busch, Cesare Pompa, Edward Hol- arch, Mme. Kopetsky, Nigel De Bruier, Al Edmundson, Dale Fuller, Malvina Polo and Rose Von Stroheim. Universal. Late fall release.


FROM NEAL HART. You will find “it” enclosed to pay for IT fall release. Because IT keeps me informed on all movie news and I cannot get along without IT. That’s IT. Sincerely, Neal Hart.


IRIS. By Sir George Trevelyan. Direc- ted by Henry Otto. With Pauline Frederick and others. Robertson-Co production. No release date scheduled.


THUNDERBOLT JACK. Directed by Mur- dock MacQuarrie with Jack Hovell and Marin Sais. Berwill Film Corporation serial. Fall release.


WHITE ASHES. By Luther Reed. Direct- ed by Phillip Rosen. With Cleo Madison, Ida Merry, William S. Orr, George Hughes and Gareh Hughes. Metro. Late fall release.


Joe Rock’s Beautiful Home FOR SALE

Completely furnished Hollywood bungalow; ideally located in the foothills; every modern con- venience; two bedrooms; four porches; two sleeping porches; large living room; dining room; kitchen; bath; cement garage; large den. This place must be seen to be appreciated; it’s beauty and appeal to an artistic taste cannot be adequately described. Beautiful grounds; fruit trees. Price $12,500—for particulars. 1954 Pinehurst Road, Holly 4077 or 15422.
These reviews are compiled on the theory that every motion picture has some entertainment value, and they are offered as a guide in ascertaining and fixing that value so that extravagant and inflated advertising will fail in its purpose of misleading you as to the box office and artistic worth of any production.

The high-sounding phrases and technical dissertations of the so-called “literary critic” tend only to bewilder and befuddle both exhibitor and patron. We, therefore, eliminate this element and adopt the viewpoint of the man in the audience, supported by the expert and experienced authority of a staff that has been engaged in the distribution and exhibition of motion pictures ever since their inception.

The names of all those in any way materially responsible for the mechanical or artistic features of a production are given in these reviews, because it is of the highest importance that the exhibitor should know that the creators of a photoplay are experienced picture makers. Photoplay building calls for unusual skill and experience and the appearance of an unknown name in an important capacity should generally be a warning to the exhibitor to exercise special care.

Edited by James J. Tynan

The Great Redeemer

CLASSIFICATION
Western crook drama. Six reels.

DIRECTOR
Clarence Brown, under supervision of Maurice Tourneur.

AUTHOR
H. H. Van Loan, author of “The Virgin of Stamboul,” “Vive La France” and a number of Tom Mix and other stories.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Charles Van Egner. Excellent throughout.

PRODUCER
Metro.

DISTRIBUTOR

SUPPORTS
Marjorie Daw; has appeared with Douglas Fairbanks in a number of pictures; featured in Marshall Neilan’s “River’s End”; is well known to fans and has a large following. Joseph Singleton; has appeared in a number of Universal and Triangle pictures and specials. Well known. Jack Macdonald; played in King Vidor’s “Better Times”; is familiar to picturegoers. Ruby Lafayette; played lead in “Mother o’ Mine” and is well and favorably known. Other supports only small bits, but well handled.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Dan Malloy, a bandit with a talent for painting and drawing, is wounded after he and his gang have held up a train. He makes his way to the home of The Girl, who attends to his wounds. He falls in love with her, and leaves a sum of money which she discovers after he has departed. This is to save her father, who has gambled away money which he was to use for another purpose. The sheriff wants to marry the girl, and he, suspecting Dan of the train robbery, lays a trap into which Dan falls. Dan is sent to prison for ten years. He puts in his time drawing pictures on the walls of his cell. A convicted murderer, about to be executed, occupies the cell across from Dan. This murderer denies the existence of God and burns a Bible at Dan. The Bible falls at Dan’s feet. He then paints a picture of the crucifix—It being the frontispiece of the book—on the wall of his cell. This picture appears as a living thing to the condemned murderer, and he goes to the gallows at peace with the world. Dan is pardoned and returns to the girl. The sheriff is killed by a bolt of lightning. Happy ending.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
Should make money for any theatre on a run. Those who liked the “Miracle Man” will like this, and will see it if only for material for discussion and comparison.

LOCALITY APPEAL
Will go anywhere. Should be exceptionally well liked among Christian Scientists.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise the names of the players and the author. Advertise the theme as being like that of the “Miracle Man.”

REMARKS
A pleasing picture which has all the elements of a western drama, with prison atmosphere added, and a strong love interest. The picture is well directed and the small cast handle respective roles very well. Joseph Singleton as the condemned murderer, though but a small part, gives an excellent performance.

Curtain

CLASSIFICATION
A society and theatre drama. Five reels.

DIRECTOR
James Young. Has directed Clara Kimball Young, Norma Talmadge and Earle Williams in many of their best pictures.

AUTHOR
Rita Weiman.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Joseph Brotherton. Has photographed other Katherine MacDonald productions. Photography in this picture is good.

PRODUCER
Katherine MacDonald Productions.

DISTRIBUTOR
First National. STAR Katherine MacDonald is a very beautiful woman, is pleasant to look at, but as an actress she has not yet arrived.

SUPPORTS
Charles Richman is a well known and finished dramatic actor who has passed the heyday of his youth, but looks surprisingly young in this picture. Has appeared recently with Mildred Harris Chaplin and in a number of Lasky productions. Lloyd Whitlock has appeared recently in “Scratch My Back” and “Cupid the Cowpuncher.” He did the best possible with a thankless role. E. B. Tilson has been on the screen since the time of the Lubin company. Has appeared with Bert Hart, Anita Stewart and in a number of specials. He enhances any cast. Florence Desmond has appeared in Goldwyn pictures. Helene Sullivan is a newcomer.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Nancy Bradshaw, at the moment of achieving her first great triumph as a star after a life spent on the stage, succumbs to the wooing of a millionaire, whom she marries and for whom she abandons her career. He soon forgets his marriage vows and resumes his former illicit life. After four years of married life, she discovers that he has a laisnon with the actress who succeeded to her place in the theatre. She encounters them in the hunting lodge where she had been wooed. He makes plausible excuses and she forgives. Later he makes a trip to Mexico and she soon learns that he has gone away with the other woman. He returns and finds her back at the theatre, pleads with her to return to him, but she sends him away. She then turns to the playwright who has loved her all along.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
This story will appeal only to those who find entertainment in looking at a beautiful woman, or to that class of people who enjoy society atmosphere and high life scandal. Do not play over minimum.

LOCALITY APPEAL
None to speak of.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Start discussions as to whether or not a man can be reformed by the love of a woman, and whether a woman should give up a career for love. Get newspaper interviews from prominent people on this subject.

REMARKS
The director was evidently trying to achieve something in this picture which he did not quite reach. The story is an ordinary one with no special appeal to sentiment. The picture runs to a lot of footage, apparently for the purpose of encouraging Miss MacDonald to act.
### The Cradle of Courage

**CLASSIFICATION**
Crook drama. Five reels.

**DIRECTOR**
Lambert Hillyer. Has directed all of the late Hart pictures.

**AUTHOR**
Frederick Brabury.

**SCENARIO**
Lambert Hillyer. He has made practically all of Hart adaptations.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**
Joe August. Has photographed all of the Hart pictures. Very good in this.

**PRODUCER**
Hart-Famous Players-Lasky.

**DISTRIBUTOR**
Paramount-Artcraft.

**STAR**
William S. Hart. Gives excellent performance in different kind of role.

**SUPPORTS**
Ann Little; has appeared with Wallace Reid in "Excuse My Dust," and as leading roles in the all-star cast of "The Squaw Man"; lead in a number of Hart features. Tom Santschi; has been on screen number of years; played in "The Spillers" opposite Wm. Farnum; is remembered for the big fight scene, with Geraldine Farrar in a number of Goldwyn pictures. Gertrude Claire; played mother to Charles Ray in "Paris Green"; with Frank Keenan in "Brothers Divided"; also in other Hart features. She is a well known character woman. Francis Thorwald has not appeared in big parts prior to this one. George B. Williams; played with Charles Ray in "The Bush Leaguers," as team manager; with Frank Keenan in "Tod of the Times." Well known to screen fans.

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS**
Square Kelly, a notorious safe-cracker, returns from France after three years in the army, and for the love of the adopted daughter of a gang leader, decides to go straight. He whips the gang leader for insulting the army. He then goes on the police force, through the efforts of his soldier "buddy," the son of a police captain. His mother puts him out of the house. He is later called on to arrest marauders in a large home on his beat. They are his brother and the leader. His friend is found dead and Kelly thinks he has killed him. He learns that the gang leader had shot his brother in the back because the brother would not fire at Kelly. He kills the gang leader and is reconciled to his mother. A misunderstanding with the girl is explained away, and all ends happily.

**BOX OFFICE ANGLE**
Hart fans will like this. Those not caring for Western Hart pictures will admire him in this different role. It should prove a winner.

**LOCALITY APPEAL**
Will go anywhere.

**EXPLOITATION ANGLE**
Advertise as a new kind of Hart picture. There are many who are tired of seeing Hart in his Western character. In this he wears a soldier uniform and a policeman's uniform. You could tie up with the police department. Run advertising as readers, telling of some mysterious serious robbery, etc.

**REMARKS**
This is an unusual Hart picture. It takes him out of his usual character and to good advantage. Hart is excellent. Gertrude Claire as the "hardened" mother does the best work of her picture career. All the supports render excellent performances. The direction is good. Production is well built.

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### Madame Peacock

**CLASSIFICATION**
Theatrical and domestic drama. Five reels.

**DIRECTOR**
Ray Smallwood. Directed other Nazimova pictures.

**AUTHOR**
Rita Weiman. Author of "Curtain" and other stories.

**SCENARIO**
Nazimova.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**
Rudolph Berquist. Very good.

**PRODUCER**
Metro.

**DISTRIBUTOR**
Metro.

**STAR**
Nazimova. Plays two roles—mother and sister.

**SUPPORTS**
John Stepping; has been on the screen ten years; with Essanay company; played with Wallace Reid in "Sick-A-Bed"; is well and favorably known. Gertrude Claire; played in number of Charles Ray pictures; most recent, "Paris Green"; with Bill Hart in "The Cradle of Courage"; is well known character woman. George Probert; first screen appearance, but is an actor of note, having played in ibsen repertoire with Nazimova on stage. Rex Cherryman, Juvenile, who has risen from the ranks of the "extra"; is now with Mary Pickford. Albert Coby; has been seen in small bits.

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS**
Jane Goring leaves her husband and daughter to find a career on the stage. She reaches great heights. Her husband, years after, comes to her on the closing night of the season and asks her to go with him to Colorado, where he hopes to regain his health. She refuses, and does not even ask about her daughter, whom she has not seen for years. Four years later, Jane Goring is to appear in the Harvard one play. In the cast is her daughter, who is not recognized by the mother. The daughter makes the hit of the show on the opening night. Jane Goring is greatly upset at this, and tells the manager either the girl must go, or she will. This suits the manager, and he tells the girl that he will sign her to a contract. The young author of the play is infatuated with the girl. Jane goes to her home, and the same night her husband brings the daughter, who made the hit in the show, and mother and daughter are united. Happy ending.

**BOX OFFICE ANGLE**
Only the most enthusiastic Nazimova follower would like this picture. Any exhibitor who has not played her would do well to wait for a better one. High class houses might do fairly well with this. It is not worth the price asked for a Nazimova picture.

**LOCALITY APPEAL**
There is none to speak of.

**EXPLOITATION ANGLE**
You would have to trust to the name of Nazimova to do anything.

**REMARKS**
This offering falls far short of other Nazimova pictures. There is little or no action. Nazimova, as the daughter, gives a splendid performance, but as Jane Goring, the star, she merely runs to excessive footage, in long shots and close-ups which bore. George Probert is very good. Rex Cherryman, as the author, gives an excellent performance, a rather thankless role. John Stepping, as the manager, is excellent. Others do all they are allowed to do. There is too little story and too little action, and much too much Nazimova, great artist though she is. The production is magnificently staged. 

is admitted, meets the cousin and falls in love with another member of the company, Harvey Darling. Bobby gets into all kinds of difficulty with the manager and nearly breaks up the show. He is also mistaken for a bigamist by a detective. He arranges to run his cousin and her friends after the show, which he does, in company with a companion. They arrive at the theatre in evening dress, to the surprise of the girls. Bobby wins the girl.

**REMARKS.** This is a very good comedy. It is a companion picture to "Peticoats and Pants," in which Bobby Vernon appeared some months ago. If that was liked, this one will be. The titles are clever. Will add to any program. Supports are all members of Christie stock. Two reels.
The White Circle
Adapted from "The Pavilion on the Links"

CLASSIFICATION

DIRECTOR
Maurice Tourneur.

AUTHOR
Robert Louis Stevenson.

SCENARIO
Jack Gilbert and Jules Furthman.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Alfred Orteilb. Very good.

PRODUCER
Famous Players-Lasky.

DISTRIBUTOR
Paramount-Artcraft.

LEAD
No star.

SUPPORTS
Janice Wilson, sister of Lois; appeared with Frank Keenan in "The World Affame"; not very well known to the screen. Spotisswood Altkine is well known character actor; played in "The Birth of a Nation"; with Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd Jr."; is well known to picturegoers. Jack Gilbert; well known juvenile actor; played with Frank Mayo in "A Brother of the Rich"; other Universal pictures. Is now directing Hope Hampton. Jack Macdonald; played in King Vidor's "Better Times" and was the sheriff in "The Great Redeemer." Harry Northrup; former Vitagraph stock actor; has been on the screen a number of years; played in "The Luck of the Irish"; in "The Brute Breaker" with Frank Mayo; is well known for his screen "villainy." Wesley Barry, boy actor, in "Male and Female;" "Don't Ever Marry"; is now being featured by Marshall Neilson.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Henry Huddleston, a banker, has gambled away the funds of the Carbonari, an Italian secret society which has planned a revolution. Huddleston is called on for the funds, and he and them, makes a bargain with Northmou, an adventurer, for the hand of Clara Huddleston in return for aiding his escape from England to the barren shores of Scotland. They escape and are followed. On the coast of Scotland they meet Cassils, a former friend of Northmou, with whom he had fought a duel some years before, Northmou holding fire and claiming the right to shoot at any time he desires. The Carbonari surround Northmou's house and set fire to it. Huddleston is changed from the cringing coward to a real man by the bravery of a little boy, and, to save the others, walks out to his death. Northmou, desiring the girl who had fallen in love with Cassils, decides to take his shot, but seeing domestic servitude ahead, gives up the girl and goes forth in search of adventure. Happy ending.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
The patrons of most any class house should like this, although there is no special appeal. Minimum is plenty to pay for it.

LOCALITY APPEAL
None to speak of.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise the name of Tourneur—also the author, Stevenson; also play up Wesley Barry, who is now practically starring.

REMARKS
This picture drags a little. Once it is started it moves along smoothly, suspense well sustained, but works up to a climax that is commonplace. Janice Wilson plays a small part well. Harry Northrup is splendid in a part that calls for a rapid change of mood. Spotisswood Altkine excellent. Jack Macdonald is good in a small part. Jack Gilbert very pleasing. Wesley Barry, with little to do, does it well. Direction is good and the production well built.

Down Home
Adapted from "Dabney Todd"—Novel

CLASSIFICATION
Rural drama. Approximately seven reels.

DIRECTOR
Irvin V. Willat. Also directed "Behind the Door" and "Below the Surface."

AUTHOR
F. N. Prescott.

SCENARIST
Irvin V. Willat.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Frank M. Blount and Andrew Weber. Excellent throughout.

PRODUCER
Irvin V. Willat.

DISTRIBUTOR
W. H. Hodkinson.

LEAD
No featured player.

SUPPORTS
Leatrice Joy, has appeared as leading woman in "The Invisible Divorcee" and "Blind Youth"; with Roy Stewart in "Just a Wife," and a number of specials. Edward Hearn, former Kleim actor, later with Helen Holmes in serials; played leads at Universal now appearing in Jack Dempsey serial, and with Ruth Roland serial. Robert Dailly, at one time Selig director, recently returned to screen as an actor. John P. Lockney; appeared with Enid Bennett in "Partners Three"; with Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate"; with Blanche Sweet in "The Girl in the Web." Is well known to picture fans. Joe Murphy, the original "Mutt," has appeared in a number of well known comedies. Frank Braidwood; played the college boy in "Going Some" for Goldwyn; has appeared in a number of pictures. Aggie Her- ring; appeared with Frank Keenan in "Todd of the Times"; with Charles Ray in "Paris Green." Is well known character actor. James O. Barrows; appeared with Frank Keenan in "Brothers Divided"; with Tom Mix in "The Untrained." Is a newcomer to ranks of character actors and gaining wide recognition. Sid Franklin, a character actor of note. Nelson McDowell; appeared in "Going Some!"; with Roy Stewart in "Riders of the Dawn." Is familiar to picture fans. Now with Maurice Tourneer. Bert Hadley; seen in supporting casts of a number of pictures. Edward Nolan; has appeared in number of small parts.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Leatrice Joy, daughter of a drunken n'eer-do-well father, is in love with Edward Hearn. She, through the death of her mother, is left a small farm, to become her own when she reaches age eighteen. As large deposit of gold is found by accident on the farm, and an unscrupulous real estate man endeavors to secure the property from the father for a small sum. The deal is prevented by Edward Hearn, who secures the deed after a terrific fight. And in the end the salt syndicate buys the property from the girl for a large sum. A slight misunderstanding between the girl and boy is ironed out and all ends happily.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
This picture, if booked to run, should make money for any exhibitor, as it is a picture that will receive considerable "word of mouth" advertising, and that is what fills theatres.

LOCALITY APPEAL
This picture should go in any theatre. Small towns will like it because the patrons know the types in it—big city houses, because the patrons enjoy the type of life portrayed.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Play up the name of Willat, the director and producer, as the director of the year's two big pictures, "Below the Surface" and "Behind the Door." This is his first production for "on his own."

REMARKS
This is a screen painting. The rural atmosphere is wonderfully preserved. It is a combination of a Charles Ray picture and "Way Down East," with all the comedy of the former, less the unpleasantness of the latter. There is a sequence dealing with a country volunteer fire department which has more laughs than the average comedy. Bob Dailly gives an excellent performance as the father. There is a good fight, which is given a twist in the cutting. The direction is practically faultless. The production is technically well built. It should be a winner.
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With Maurice Tourneur’s Super-Production
Fake Contests

The motion picture industry, which seems to be considered more or less legitimate prey for unscrupulous promoters of fake schemes, appears to have been attacked from a new angle, according to news received from the Middle West.

A group of men go from city to city, interest a local newspaper in a popularity contest among the young women of the city, the winner to be given an opportunity to "star in pictures".

Various companies are mentioned as being behind the contest, and it usually is easy to induce the newspaper to join in the contest and help promote it, the legitimacy of the proposition never being questioned after a reputable producing organization is mentioned.

The Christie Film Co. is the latest company to be so exploited. A man named Roy Pierce promoted a contest in Milwaukee, Wis., and announced Miss Myrtle Moran of Milwaukee as being the winner and chosen by Christie to go to California to commence her screen work.

In addition to the newspapers and public, exchange men and exhibitors are also invited to join in these alleged fake contests.

The Christie Film Company has taken steps to bring about the prosecution of those who have used its name without authority.

LARRY-ATING LARRY

"And everywhere that Larry went the lamb was sure to go." Only in this particular case it looks as if the lamb was a whole flock of 'em, and also the lambs are not lambs but rubber-heeled sleuths, who so the report goes have formed a cordon about Larry so that nobody in the whole wide world who wants to make comedies can get near enough to Larry to have him make them.

The Vitagraph Company of America seems to have an idea that there is a plot afoot to kidnap Larry from off the Vitagraph lot. Larry insists that there is no ground for this suspicion, and that he has not been trifling with big fat offers from other concerns.

At all events, Vitagraph is doing another and chee-chew act across the ice with Ruby Larry and is determined to keep the bloodhounds away from its pet comedian.

COLLEEN MOORE TO STAR

Colleen Moore, the dainty little actress whose work with Wasley Barry in "Dinty" pleased Marshall Neilan, has been signed by that producer to star in his forthcoming productions.

DEL RUTH'S PLANS

Following is a telegram received by IT from the office of Hampton Del Ruth:

"Hampton Del Ruth contemplates plans for independent picture production, Wall Street money involved. Mr. Del Ruth who for a period of two years has been creator and supervising director of all William Fox Sunshine comedies takes his place among independent producers, studio site to be located in Los Angeles. Operations to involve the making of two six reel spectacular farces and twenty-six two reel comedies per year. Further details to be announced soon."

Continued from Page 28


V


W

Wilson, Lois. With Lasky. In "His Friend and His Wife," a drama.


Warner, H. B. With J. D. Hampton. In "When We Were Twenty-one," a comedy drama.
They were the first

To be placed on IT's Roll of Honor after this magazine had announced its intention of going into the national field.

JENSEN & VON HERBERG

with the following theaters securing IT's weekly visit of Service, Joy and Truth

Portland, Oregon:
- Liberty Theater
- Majestic Theater
- People's Theater
- Star Theater
- Columbia Theater

Seattle, Wash.:
- Liberty Theater
- Coliseum Theater
- Strand Theater

Yakima, Wash.:
- Liberty Theater

Tacoma, Wash.:
- Rialto Theater
- Colonial Theater
- Victory Theater

Bremerton, Wash.
- Rex Theater
- Liberty Theater

Butte, Mont.:
- Rialto Theater
- People's Theater

Great Falls, Mont.:
- New theater under construction, not named.

And most every other exhibitor in these cities, besides.
Sitting on the World. Sophie Kerr — Smiling all the Way from Alice in Underland by — Henry Payson Dowst
Girls don't gamble any more — George Weston —
Published where the pictures are made

LOS ANGELES
September 11

Price
10 Cents

the motion picture Journal of Joy

Alta Allen

in
Hampton Del Ruth's
Super-Comedy Production "SKIRTS"
All exhibitors and their patrons have known for years the name of Hampton Del Ruth in connection with the production of successful comedy films.

All exhibitors and their patrons will accept this producer’s name as a positive guarantee of individuality and merit.

A Hampton Del Ruth Production
WILLIAM FOX
presents
SKIRTS

HAMPTON DEL RUTH'S
Hippodromic Spectacle of Comedy
in Six Parts

with All Star Sunshine Comedy Cast
including
The Singer Midgets and the Famous
Sunshine Widows

Personally Directed
by the Author
HAMPTON DEL RUTH
EAST IS EAST

is the title of the Sessue Hayakawa super-production that COLIN CAMPBELL has just started directing after a rest of a few weeks following the completion of

THE FIRST BORN

which CAMPBELL also directed with Hayakawa in the leading role—and which is to be released by Robertson-Cole. Add these two to the following honor roll of COLIN CAMPBELL Directed Pictures:

THE SPOILERS
THE NE’ER DO WELL
THE GARDEN OF ALLAH
THE CRISIS
THE THUNDERBOLT
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS
MOON MADNESS

and you will then know better why it is that in choosing your pictures you should always be on the lookout for

COLIN CAMPBELL DIRECTED PICTURES
And we thought the last scene of that serial was taken at Big Bear Lake!
A Dream of Empire

Lynch, word has gone forth that you are planning a little motion picture Czardom all for yourself—

That in your little scheme of empire you contemplate making every exhibitor and patron of motion pictures in thirteen sovereign states pay tribute to you—

That every man and woman who enters a theater in the South will have their pleasure enhanced by the knowledge that a sleek gentleman in Atlanta is to receive the fat end of their hard-earned dimes—

Lynch, men have been trying to earn their bread by the sweat of other men's brows ever since the dawn of time—

And the Subtle, and the Slick and the Cunning and the Slippery have through all ages succeeded in yoking and chaining their fellows—BUT

Now and then the oxen become mad and they do a lot of goring and rending—

And never in all history has there been a time when the yoke chafed more than right now—when the oxen were quite so restless, quite so maddened by their tormentors and exploiters—

Lynch, there are only two people entitled to receive any of the emoluments that come from furnishing entertainment to the people through motion pictures—and they are the producer and the exhibitor—

That makes a parasite of the man who steps in between the producer and the exhibitor—who draws forth sustenance but gives nothing to the life and growth of the industry—

Lynch, you're not a manufacturer, you're not a distributor, you're not an exhibitor of motion pictures, and yet you purpose to make every man, woman and child in thirteen states "come through" to you if they expect to participate in what has become the one great means of recreation to the masses of the earth—

Lynch, you're very ambitious—almost as ambitious as you were in the days of the old Triangle!

But, listen: The people are also ambitious—they're ambitious to protect their rights and their liberties and the exhibitors and patrons of pictures form a great part of the mass of these people—

The motion picture theater is today the Temple of the Masses—and the man who bars entry to that temple had better be as big as the whole United States—

Lynch, try to remember the General Film, and the Wright Brothers, who tried to bar everyone else from flying; and the gang that tried to hog steamboating and steam railroading and the talking machine—and in fact every modern far-reaching improvement or development—

The reports of the Supreme Court of the United States contain pages upon pages telling the story of attempts to levy tribute—and of the failure thereof—

Lynch, don't be a goat. If you're working for Lynch, get sense—if you're doing someone's else job, tell them to do their own dirty work.
THE POOR MUST SUFFER

Lumber is so expensive these days that young lawyers are starving to death because they can’t afford to hang out shingles!

Perhaps the reason it takes so long for a plumber to accomplish anything is because he’s always hanging around the joints!

There’s one thing about a bathing beauty—but that’s about all!

I saw a wide-eyed garter snake
go fleeing toward a mildewed lake.
“Why drown yourself?” I yelled in prose.
Said he: “I flee a vampire’s hose!”

A woman’s hat is like a dish of hash—it looks like something, but nobody knows what!

The man who waits for something to turn up will be rewarded—when his toes turn up!

A slicker is usually a slicker!

When is money raised? Why, when it’s dough!

I heard that joke in Kokomo;
I thought I’d take it to Zanzibar,
But that would be carrying a joke too far!

When Diogenes approached a laundry he blew out his lantern. He learned that they call that clothing annihilator a Mangler!

Ruth Bub is a self-rising batter.
That’s why he makes the dough!

The Camel Walk is the name of the latest dance. Kind of a dry movement, probably!

Too many persons think the Golden Rule is a Rule of Gold!

In the olden days a shepherd used to carry a crook. Perhaps that is why so many woolen things are cotten—it’s a crooked business!

All women are potential stenographers—they acquire the “touch” system so easily!

Handed down from the Stone Age:
Cherry Pie!

What with the “L” and one thing and another, Chicago is ill from the noise!

THE SUNNY SOUTH

“Sing me a song of the sunny South.”
A pilgrim moaned and mumbled it:
There’s just one inspiration left,
And that’s the following, to wit:

I strolled across the borderland,
Where moonshine men loom gaunt and skinny—
A sober party had to come
And “Carry Me Back to Old Virginia!”

Oh, what a head it handed me!
A moonshine kick that left no quiver;
Next day I lay upon the ground
And drank the whole blamed “Suane River!”

“The Lonesome Pine” is now a stump,
Nearby the stuff to make an orgy;
A dollar bill—a wink—a drink—
Too high? Well, this is “DEAR Old George!”

Dear moonshine, how you twist me up;
Oh, how I love to see you shine;
I drink and then I’m All Bound ‘Round
With the Mason-Dixon Line!”

That “Sing Me a Song of the Sunny South”
No longer carries a thrill—
Just sing ME a song of the MOONY South,
And rock me to sleep in a still!

CUBIST ART

Figures may not lie, but loaded dice are not on the square!

The calendar is a very changeable thing. It seems to be week-minded!

Fellow applied to the home of a Spiritualist for ouija board and room!

Oftentimes the high-brow has the lowest neck; and sometimes the polished brow has a rough neck—but between ‘em they manage to get a head!

Note to Natural History makers: Magpies could chatter a lot better if they were supplied with chattering teeth!

A Circumstance and an Accident were arguing about their individual importance. But Fate came along and threw them both into the scrap heap.

A Spanish dancer ought to be able to catch fish, having so much knowledge about how to cast-a-net!

Joke: Why is the U. S. to the immigrant like a laundry? Because it treats ’em rough and dry!

A doc once took a lot of pains to renovate the actors’ brains; And now—could anything be meaner? They’ve nicknamed him a vacuum cleaner!

“Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?” They make scarecrows in the imitation of man!

No matter how you figure it, the former role is the one that brings the LANDslide!

The Cudahy children, having taken on pictures, are also in the packing business—they’re packing ’em in!

Actor named Ball announces the arrival of a baby at his home. Probably one of those bumbling baby boys!

Business men have to put up a good front if they’re going to meet a cyclone!

Actors have been so schooled to look away from the eye of the camera that none of them can look a man in the eye any more; and that ruins their credit!
Diary of a Leading Lady

By B. T. Clayton

Monday—
Arrived in Los Angeles today for my invasion of moving pictures. I realize that there is a great deal of money in the pictures, but I shall not remain more than a season or two. I shall sign no long-time contracts, play the leads in a few pictures perhaps, and then return to the stage.

Dropped into Wolff’s studio today and met the casting director. I told him that I was entering pictures and would consider a lead at $500 a week. He said that at present the only thing open was the part of a French maid in “The Soul of a Vampire”. Very crude humor. However, I pretended to be amused at his little joke.

Tuesday—
My press agent landed me a great story in a local screen magazine, “I Want to Be a Bachelor Maid”. It’s true, too, there isn’t a man on earth that I’d look at.

Met the casting director at Famous Authors’ today. Told him that I was thinking of going into pictures, playing leads at, say, $100 a week. He said that he had the part of a French maid open in “Alias Comic Valentine”. I can’t see anything funny in this maid joke.

Wednesday—
I met my old friend Bob West on the street today. Bob played with me in “West Lynn”, nice chap but a rotten actor. He seems to have made quite a hit in the movies, playing opposite Clarice Caramel. In the old days Bob and I had quite a love affair, and when I threw him over he deserted the stage. He seems to have aged quite a bit, poor dear, I knew that he would take it hard.

It is rumored that he is engaged to his leading woman. I can’t for the life of me see what he sees in that little françoise, and I told him so. I invited him to come over and renew our acquaintance.

Thursday—
Bob called last night and we went for a ride in his Rolls Royce. Perhaps I made a great mistake years ago— he seems to have made a wonderful success—I wonder if Bob still cares?

Friday—
Dropped in at Filmart to see Gordon and at Screenart to see Glenn. Both said that they had nothing open except a French maid part. Idiots! I have written a note to Whitegraph asking for a lead at $200 a week. I am sure that I shall be offered a contract soon. If I am not I shall see the smaller companies. After all the smaller companies have the largest futures.

Saturday—
I invited Bob to lunch with me today, but he had to work, he said.

I have written all of the small companies, telling them my record in legitimate and notifying them that I would consider a contract to play leads at $100 a week. I shall select the offer which looks most promising.

I invited Bob to lunch but he said that they were making a picture.

No news from my letters. I think that I shall give up this idea of the movies. After all a real artist has no business on the screen. You won’t see Ethel Barrymore—yes, I believe she did—well, anyway, you won’t see—er—oh yes, Sothern and Marlove in pictures! I should say not. A real artist belongs to the stage, the screen is for slapstick comedians and essay-headed ingenues.

I have wired Dorosco asking a part in one of the new shows.

Friday—
I wrote Bob a note today, a sweet and forgiving note, telling him that perhaps I made a big mistake long ago and that the years had made me realize that after all I cared—

I can hardly wait until he comes, poor dear! After we are married I think I shall retire from the stage. Perhaps I had better wire Dorosco. Oh well, I’ll wait.

Monday—
Oh diary, how broken hearted I am today. I cannot write. Bob is married, the morning papers carried the story of the elopement of Robert West and Clarice Caramel.

Tuesday—
I hope Bob is happy with his fuzzy headed doll. It shows me that he was not worthy of a fine, true woman. I am thankful that I never encouraged him.

Wednesday—
At last I am in pictures. It is true that I am not playing a part worthy of my talents, but my part has possibilities. It will not be long before my ability is recognized.

I have signed with Wolff to play the French maid in “The Soul of a Vampire”.

CALAMITY
Idly the film magnate thumbed the pages of his favorite newspaper. With scant interest he glanced through the details of the coal miners’ strike which would cause untold suffering. Imperiously he scanned the headlines which cried of the railroad men’s threatened strike that might tie up food and mean starvation for thousands. He passed up an editorial on the seamen’s strike that was affecting the money market and paralyzing shipping. Suddenly he came upon a two-stick story of the bakery workers’ strike.

“My God!” he cried wildly, the paper falling from his trembling fingers, “it will ruin the comedy industry!”

By Lew Tennant

Because the motion picture actors and actresses have brought millions of dollars into this state, because they live and spend their money in California, any law which discriminates against the players should be repealed. It therefore behooves the legislature to take action upon the statute governing the marriage license fee.

According to the present law a film player pays as much for a marriage license which he or she expects to last for six months as does the ordinary citizen who uses it for the rest of his natural life. John Doe, when he buys a marriage license, does not expect to be lived up at the window for a new one next summer. He buys that license as he does his home, and he expects it to be the last one he shall ever purchase.

But the film star knows that he will have to fork over another two dollars in a few scant months after his next Reno trip. He wouldn’t count on retaining the same wife any longer than the same model automobile. It is well enough for the ordinary citizen, without temperament, without an artistic soul, without the changing nature of a genius, to settle down and all that sort of thing, but the artist, the creative mind is something vastly different.

Why not in the name of fair play and justice, provide a marriage license at half price, good for six months only?

OUR OWN CONTESTS
Most Beautiful Star — Gale Henry.
Louise Fazenda, second.
Star With Greatest Personality—
Joe Martin.
Screen’s Greatest Comedian—Billie West.
Lew Cody, second.
Most Versatile Actor—Charles Ray.
Plaint of an Honest P. A.

Here is the sad plaint of a press agent who tried to tell the truth. W. C. Tuttle, Neal Hart's right h by, continually written and what-not, went to Big Bear Lake, and he says: "We talked over the publicity end of the trip. We agreed that the public had been bunked too much, therefore we would tell the truth. The following," he goes on, "may not be good publicity, but it's the truth."

We did not make the trip in an aeroplane. We did not ride in our new $30,000 car. We did not take a lot of theatrical men with us. We did not have a secretary. The band did not meet us.

We had a hard time getting a place to sleep. No one recognized us. A Western film star and a well-known Western story writer — unrecognized. One man mistaken us for someone else, in the dark, and spoke. We grasped a chance to introduce ourselves. He said: "You all any relation to Gage Washington Ha't, down in Mobile?"

Yes, it was hard. Neal and I consorted each other. I suggested that he buy a bunch of cows. That is always good publicity. We found a man who owned some. He showed us one. Her name was Agnes. We asked the price. We failed out on Agnes.

I said it might be good publicity if Neal would buy some ground and build a classic summer home near the lake. He agreed. We hunted up a real estate man. He had some extra dirt — sure. We delved into the matter. We ended up by asking him to "do" an outlaw role in our next picture. We talked to another man about building a log house. I finally stole a piece of pine bark from him to make a picture frame, and then we bought a house and left Agnes with us as fast as possible.

Neal said, "Stay with 'em, Tut — we're going to tell the truth." Then he suggested that he catch the largest fish that ever came out of the lake. Fine! We asked a man where we could find a large half-witted fish. He said they never got any bigger than two pounds. Think of it! Neal said, "Let's leave that to Catalina."

We got into our flivver and started down the grade. The road wasn't so bad, kinda sketchy, but the continuity was awful. Close-ups of curves, trees and rats, and never a long shot. On the last downward bump we lost our enclosure. "Oh, oh, oh," says Neal, "we're up against it now."

But just then a Cadillac came along, and the driver loaned us his money-wrench. We got along fine with that, until a front wheel got in a hurry and went down the hill ahead of us.

We wanted folks to notice us. We tipped the bellboy, or rather cabin-boy, to page us the next morning at breakfast. Fine! We were going to let folks know we were in their midst. Fine! Breakfast from seven to nine. We overslept.

We went around the place, acting like picture folks. We studied locations, excitedly, pensively, explosively. We dressed like picture people. We showed utter disregard for my white flannel pants and shoes. We took turns wearing Neal's six-shooter. We carried a script board with us. Did we get over? Him-m-m.

We didn't pay $50,000 for the story. No. We wrote it ourselves. It may not startle the picture world, but it may give 'em a shock. We're working like a couple of beavers, trying to build a dam-story. We love the truth like a calf loves its mother — what a!) We're wondering if George Washington would have got past with his hatchet if he had had a p.a.

Yours, "TUT."

WOMANHOOD

I had known her since she was more like a wee, ruddy, dimple-kneed dolly than a little girl. I watched her play house in an old packing case at the age of six. I saw her at twelve, a brown-skinned, pig-tailed tomboy. At fourteen her fresh frocks were of a more maidenly length, and she carefully dressed her hair according to movie modes. But always she seemed as nothing more than a child.

But today — today I realized. It was on the street car. We stopped at her corner and she clasped her schoolbooks tightly in her left arm and alighted facing the rear.

She had reached womanhood!

Some Leading Men

As told by Clarice Peach

DICK

Dick, the dramatic delineator of the Westerner, the rough and ready rider of the plains, fearless, chivalrous, and kind. In nearly every one of Dick's pictures he saves the heroine from the clutches of the dance hall, and fights a duel to the death with the Bad Man of Hell's Half Acre. Dick has killed more movie villains, saved more movie heroines than any other celluloid star. One day last summer Dick and I, driving down a deserted street, saw a drunken man beating a young girl with a heavy cane. I implored Dick to stop and save the child. Instead he opened up to sixty miles. I reproached him for being afraid of the drunken man.

"I'm not afraid of the guy," said Dick, "but look at the big stick he's got!"

TOM

Tom has played in a dozen or more of my pictures. He always takes the part of the juvenile lover. He is a splendid actor, admirably fitted to play the part of the wealthy son of an aristocratic family, fastidious in his dress, perfect in his manners. But off screen Tom chews tobacco, and you can't get him to wear a collar.

CARLYLE

Carlyle is the screen's greatest villain. You see him cast as the gambler in Hell's Half Acre, plotting the downfall of the heroine, cheating at cards, shooting men in the back. You see him in war pictures as the Austrian spy, in Wall Street dramas as the crooked operator, selling worthless stock to widows and orphans. Oh, you know Carlyle, all right. No doubt you have said to yourself as you have watched him, cunning, treacherous, furtive, plotting and planning through five hectic reels, "That man must really be a son of a gun, he looks so mean." Quite right. He is. I ought to know. I'm married to him.

GENE

The Perfect Lover! Gene, the drawing-room artist, the subtle master of amour, the virtuoso of affairs de coeur! To see him play the screen lover is to have one's heart beat faster, to play opposite him is to forget the clicking camera, the tawdry set, the glaring lights, to live the part rather than act it. To feel his strong arms about you is to have awakened in your breast a longing hitherto unstrung. And Gene's kisses! One day he took an extra girl out in his car. He tried to kiss her. He got so flustered that he turned loose the steering wheel. They crashed into a telegraph pole and we had to hold up the making of a picture six weeks until he came out of the hospital.
A leather medal is hereby presented to William De Mille for his bright and original title of the new Coloso Hamilton picture, "His Friend and His Wife". We gather that the plot will be something new.

CONGRATULATIONS

Several months ago, while in South Africa, I heard that Dick Darem, the Punk Artz star, was married to that eminent actress, Gloria Goldfish. Today, when I saw Dick at the studio I rushed up and congratulated him. "Don't congratulate me too soon, old top," he said, "the Nevada courts are trying to throw the whole divorce out on the grounds of collusion."

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN HOLLYWOOD

What She Has Really Seen of the Movies

1.—In the restaurant where she takes her lunch the extras also eat.
2.—At the Orpheum theater in Los Angeles she saw Fatty Arbuckle.
3.—A friend took her through the Fox studio, but no picture was being shot.
4.—She has seen the other studios from the outside.

What She Tells Her Friends on a Visit Back East

1.—That she lunches at a cafe frequented by all the stars.
2.—That she sat next to Wallace Reid at the theatre one night.
3.—That a friend, who plays leads for Fox, took her through the studio while a picture was being made.
4.—That she has watched the "shooting" in all the studios.
5.—That in her bungalow court numerous stars live; that Conrad Nagel, who lives next door, has a peach of a rooster in which she has had coated of rice.

"WELL-KNOWN MOVIE STAR"

Gladys Brown played an extra in a ballroom scene.

She wrote home that she was a movie star.

Some of the folks in Hickville didn't believe that until

Gladys was hurt when a party of joy-riders smashed up their car, and the papers announced to the world that "WELL-KNOWN FILM STAR IS HURT IN AUTO CRASH".

IMPRESSIONS

(Apologies to Louise Fazenda)

BILLY WEST

A second-hand clothing store.

Grand opera played upon an out-of-tune hurdy-gurdy.

NAT SPEED

MARION DAVIES

Papier mache food served in solid silver dishes.

A Rolls-Royce body on a Ford. "If you can tell it from a diamond send it back."

LEW CODY

A Colt's 45 Automatic loaded with blank cartridges.

SUNSHINE COMEDY

William Fox talks on the progress of motion pictures.

SPEAKING THREE

Harry Lauder
Charlie Chaplin
Mack Sennett.

PROOF

"I used to believe in spiritualism before the death of my director," said Tessie Tootles. "But several nights ago we were playing with the ouija board and it announced that he wanted to talk to me."

"This is Arthur," said the ouija.

"Where are you, Arthur?" I asked. "And what do you think, that damned thing spelled out H-E-A-V-E-N!"

THE MILLENNIUM

The 18th amendment repealed.

Dinner at the Alexandria, $1.00.

Board of censors abolished.

FAMOUS FILM FANS

George Jean Nathan.

PROGRESS OF MOVIE PICTURES

1934—"Miss Jerry," forerunner of the movies.

1907—First comedies and dramas.

1912—First five-reel photoplays.

1915—Griffith produces "Birth of a Nation."

1920—Thea Bara quits the screen.

"The people in the small towns are learning to dress from the screen stars," says one of our famous producers. Yeah? Can you imagine Tessie Hunkins of Rumpus Ridge, Arkansas, walking down Main street atired a la Gloria Swanson?"
The Yellow Dog International News Weekly for the current week is of extraordinary interest. Among the subjects are: Francis Ford fording the Los Angeles River in a Ford which he can well afford; ruins of Patricia Murphy's cowshed at Monrovia after the fire; Harry Lauer spending a nickel; party of scientists excavating for fossils near the Brea unearths corkcreek, an implement much used by the early settlers of California; eccentric tourist who does not take his meals at a cafeteria; Los Angeles belle who wears cotton hose and has never worked in pictures; army of wadehounds devours barbed wire fence on Walter E. Woods' Imperial Valley ranch; reception at Salt Lake of Charlie Chaplin, who denies that he has any intention of becoming a Mormon; harvesting the ukulele crop in Hawaii; croquet tournament at Watts; tunule designers walk out in Sonoratown; prison life in the L.A. County jail. Yellow Dog has camera men everywhere.

Polly Moran is considering a tempting offer to play the lead in a series of Yellow Dog society dramas to be produced under the direction of Fremont de Brie. Miss Moran says she will look around and if she can dispose of her six-shooters she may accept.

“The Toothless Virgin,” a Yellow Dog super special to be released shortly, is destined to create a tremendous sensation. The story deals subtly with love, malice, intrigue, revenge, Holy Rollers, adonoids and home brew. Even heredity is not overlooked, showing how human weaknesses are handed down from generation to generation. On the eve of his marriage, Harold Rollover discovers that his fiancee is secretly practicing taxidermy, whatever that is. He starts an investigation and learns that his fiancee's grandmother stuffed olives in Spain; that her father stuffed ballot boxes in Atlanta; and that her half-brother is stuffing mattresses in the Lieawake Mattress Works. Harold confronts his fiancee with the written report of the detectives. She stuffs it in her stocking, bites off four fingernails and executes a pas seul, whatever that is. Having nothing now to live for, Harold moves to San Diego. The story would like to give the moral to this soul-lifting drama, but a careless property man lost it down a crack on stage 3.

Pansy Perna, Yellow Dog star, has been granted a divorce by her husband, Knight Rohrer, on the grounds that he plays the saxophone. The court awarded the Pekinese to the husband and the Bull Durham and the papers to the wife. The four children of the divorced couple will be raffled off on stage 2 next pay day.

Director General Otto Tumble has insured the Yellow Dog studio for $250,000 against fire. No scenarios in the future will be considered that do not call for a conflagration scene—the bigger the better.

Lotta Krust, the Yellow Dog’s new star, was sued last Monday for a three weeks’ laundry bill, totaling $1.29. This brings as a lie the report circulated by a rival film company that Miss Krust had to do her own washing on account of the low salary paid her by the Yellow Dog Film Corporation. Miss Krust’s salary is $10,000 a week, and this is proved by Mr. Tumble’s own statement that forth in a circular recently sent out to exhibitors. Could further proof be asked?

The main title of Yellow Dog’s big feature, “The Purdah,” has been changed at the last moment to “Hanged, Though Innocent.” The cutting girl refused to cut in the scene at the climax where a messenger arrives from the governor with a reprimand for the condemned hero just as the hangman is adjusting the noose. No argument would budge her, so the director had to submit to having the hero hang. It seems that the cutting girl is mad at the extra man who played the part of the messenger. An appeal was made to Director General Tumble by the author, but Mr. Tumble declared that it would be useless for him to interfere. He said that he had been in the picture game for twelve years and never yet had known a studio that was not run by the cutting girl and the head stenographer, and that he wasn’t hunting trouble.

Benton Cutting, casting director, is trying to break the company’s contract with Miss Betty Cookie, the only screen leading woman in the world with turban eyes. For two years Miss Cookie has demanded a double every time a scene called for her to smoke a cigarette, claiming that smoking made her sick. The other day Cutting entered Miss Cookie’s dressing room without knocking and found her with her feet cocked up on the make-up shelf smoking a corn cob pipe. Think of the extra money that woman has cost the company for cigarette doubles!

While filming a cafe scene last Thursday, Isadore Sepulchre, the well-known Irish comedian, had an eye put out and his nose broken. Director General Otto Tumble offers a reward of $3 for information that will lead to the detection of the miscreant who slipped a store lid into the custard pie. Fatty Arbuckle was visiting the studio when the accident happened. Mr. Tumble says he does not suspect the Mellin’s Baby Food comedian, but as a precautionary measure he has issued certain instructions to the studio gatekeeper. Professional jealousy is worse than the bite of a Schnapps bathing girl.

Production on “Waffles” was held up two days last week on account of the leading man, Dodge Holmes, being summoned to attend the funeral of his mother-in-law. Dodge has had much sorrow recently and sincere sympathy is extended him. This is the fifth mother-in-law he has buried in the past year and a half, although four of them were on the retired list.
The film world, to which publicity is the staff of life, may be interested in the statement that the largest “press stunt” that has ever helped to make an individual actor or actress famous was recently given a girl in a local studio. More newspaper space was devoted to her on one story than has ever been garnered by “Doug” or “Mary” at any one time—and its recipient is yet only on the approach to stardom.

The manner in which it was gotten may also interest some of those who wonder why the average movie press agent’s laboriously typed products do not gain them more fame. It shows that there are “D. W. Griffiths” among publicity men if one knows where to look, in spite of the editor’s oft-times pessimistic despair on viewing the weekly donation of “blurbs.”

The production of this particular story is as unusual as the press man who did it. It started in Southern Utah where he explored for and found it’s prehistoric cliff-dwelling “location.” It continues to New York to conferences with scientific men and deep dives into masses of archæological data, and then to Los Angeles, where the actress’ picture was posed. There, through involved laboratory work in making double-exposed newspaper layouts, it ended in the writing and release of the story. Then, at something like fifty million breakfast tables, it was read and wondered over. A new celebrity had been put on the map.

In short, the young actress had been lucky enough to secure the aid of one of the country’s most successful publicity men, and certainly its most unusual one.

His name is Eyre Powell, and he is in Los Angeles resting up between the production of his last big “stunt” and the next one. The name does not mean much to many film people because he works under the impression—an old-fashioned one to judge by some—that his job is to make other people famous. In fact, this article is the first in which he himself has been brought to light, and it is almost in the nature of an expose of one of the greatest powers behind the throne of the publicized.

Always with several big press items “cooking,” he picks his people to suit the stunt. That in itself is unusual. He is as much of a director in staging his own stuff as the director of a film and works in the same manner. But where the film director produces a story on celluloid, he produces real news—and that is what newspapers want.

It is never “bunk” or faked material. When Powell says that someone has done anything it is a safe bet that he or she has achieved exactly that, and it is always news. Every time he moves he creates it—for someone else, and it always finds ready market.

In fact, one big French syndicate recently sent to America to find the source of several big stories in which movie people were featured, in order to secure rights for their publication in France and England. They found it. It was Powell.

His one rule—and listen, you P. A.’s who bring tears of boredom to the editor—is contained in the question, “Is it news?” But there is more than that. He never lets time, distance or difficulty stand in his way, and he never “puts one over” on the press. His stuff is always as real as an A. P. dispatch and his word is good in any newspaper office.

And on top of it all there is an inexhaustible, boundless supply of “pep.” He fairly out-Fairbank’s “Doug” himself.

It was on the roof of the continent that he secured material for press-agenting Canadian government movies, with an expedition of professional mountain climbers who got cameras over glaciers and up mountains where nothing of the sort had ever penetrated. But a few days before he had sent a star to the bottom of the ocean in a diving suit, many thousand miles away, incidentally going down himself. From phone he relayed her story and her scene under the water by submarine tele-sations directly into the office of a great newspaper. Front page stuff!

While a war correspondent, in aiding the cooperation of the films in spreading government propaganda, he took a battle tank through the winter snows of Pike’s Peak.

His experiences read like a modern

[Continued on Page 18.]
How to Break In
(A Famous Star Tells Girls How to Become Motion Picture Actresses.)

By Gloria Swansneck

It is estimated that there are 14 million young girls dreams of entering the movies. There have been more than 40,000 articles written in the screen magazines in which the stars advise these innocent players not to think of getting into pictures, but not one single one advising them how to reach the heights of stardom.

Therefore I am setting down in this article the several ways to first break in, and then become a star. One of the simplest methods of procedure is that which was employed by Elsie Ferguson, Geraldine Farrar and others, namely, to enter the legitimate and to become famous as a stage star. Having done this, it is almost certain that you will be offered a movie contract. Another equally easy way to get into pictures is to take some line of work such as price-fighting, baseball, aviation and so on. When you have reached the zenith as Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Carpentier and others, you will be sought by the producers and offered a huge salary.

If, however, you do not desire to first become a stage star, or a champion fighter, you can adopt this simple means of reaching your goal. You can study a correspondence course in motion picture making such as the Rising Sun School of Art and Drama, and when you have completed your lessons, go to the studio with your diploma. Upon presentation of this diploma, Mr. Griffith, or Mr. Ince, whichever director you select, will congratulate himself upon your find, and you will be given a leading part at once. The principal reason that the novice is not hired at the studios is because the directors doubt his or her ability to act. But armed with a diploma from a correspondence school you will have no difficulty in being taken on at once.

Having gotten in the game, you want to become a star. This is absurdly simple, too. The easiest method is to form your own company, hire a good director, secure a good supporting cast, such as Thomas Meighan, Anna Q. Nilsson, Robert McKim, and so on, and a splendid scenario written by C. Gardner Sullivan. After your picture is completed you will have to conduct a huge publicity campaign, full page ads in "IT" and in the daily papers, and ingenious stories by your press agents. Provided you carry out this program, your success is assured.

The slower method is to become a bathing beauty, and then after several years, when another Lasky leading man or woman is promoted to stardom, Mr. DeMille will offer you a contract to play dramatic leads.

"One of the difficulties that confronts the reviewer of motion picture plays is that of finding out who's who in the making of it."

The above is an excerpt from the review column of a Los Angeles paper. And that is what is wrong with practically all reviewers—they have to find out who's who, and why, and where, and a lot of other things that go into a review, if it is going to help anyone in determining the merits or shortcomings of a photoplay. It is never a difficulty for an IT reviewer to find "who's who." They know, and are proving it every week in "Hokumless Reviews," which are conceded by directors, artists, managers and exhibitors to be the first real comprehensive reviews yet to be printed. They are reviews that help.

THE STARS' VACATIONS
By B. T. Clayton

"It is as necessary for a star to take a vacation, to get completely away from her business, as it is for a Wall Street broker. Else she will get to hate her work and vice versa grow stale," said Madame Olearc Allover, the famous star. Madame Allover has been resting from the fatiguing work at the studios by making a two-a-day tour of the Morpheus Vaudeville circuit. She says that the work at the theatre, the rehearsals, the hotel life, the constant travel and the extra nuttiness, all serve to rest her and prepare her for the grind of acting before the camera four hours a day.

William S. Liver, the western actor, spent his vacation on the Cross Bar ranch in Arizona, hunting, riding range, punching cattle, getting away from the atmosphere of the lot where he makes cowboy pictures. Wallace Speed, de-liner of America's society youth, was on his holiday at Newport, where it is "so different." H. H. Stosselma, the scenario writer, who has been working a lot of speed all summer, seized an opportunity for a needed rest and hied him to the North Woods, where he wrote seven plays.

Cutie Goodform, Mack Sennett's most beautiful bathing girl, spent her vacation at Venice. "It was such a novelty to go swimming again," said Miss Goodform. "I had almost forgotten how, since I became a bathing beauty."

PRODUCERS' QUESTIONNAIRE
(Questionnaire submitted to buyers of photoplasy materials and answered by one of them.)

Question: What is the ideal story for a motion picture?
Answer: One that has been published in a magazine of international circulation.

Q. Why?
A. Because it has been published in a magazine of international circulation.

Q. Why, then, do you buy a magazine story which has been thoroughly advertised by the magazine, and then change the title of it?
A. Because it has been published in a magazine of international circulation.

Q. How can you tell that a story purchased from a magazine of the character you note—how do you know that such a story will be pleasing to the audiences of the country?
A. Because it has been published in a magazine of international circulation.

Q. How do you know that your stars and players will be able to handle the roles which appear in such a story?
A. Because it has been published in a magazine of international circulation.

(Note to the public: This is the first page of the questionnaire, but the twenty-seven others are so similar that they would only bore you. The answers are exactly as they appear above.)

Stories From Press Agents Received Last Week—That Tom Mix had been elected sheriff of Hitching Post, Nevada. That Mary Miles Minter had won a popularity contest in Afghanistan. That while in make-up as a Chinaman, Lon Chaney was mistaken by a landladyman for a brother celestial. That Hedda Nova's wolf-hound died of appendicitis. (Where was yours, Rene Rivierre?)

At a showing of Mildred Harris Chaplin's recent production we heard all sorts of comments on the picture. The verdicts of the fans ranged from "Punk" to "Rotten".
This department is designed for the purpose of giving to the world the latest styles in women's wear, for it has developed that the gowns worn by the motion picture stars are being generally copied by leaders of fashion throughout the country. Only those stars whose gowns are famous for their beauty are described herein.

Having witnessed her interpretation of a drab, cold, hungry little orphan in "The Prince Chap," I had expected Ann Forrest to be a wistful, plaintive type with a sort of childish treble and a pleading glance.

Instead of which she is a very self-possessed young woman with a personality arresting in its vital intellectualism and her voice is a deep throaty, musical contralto — Ethel Barrymoreish in timbre. In place of the pleading glance, she has a direct, eager, alert gaze and only in a reflective mood do her beautiful gray eyes seem to contain a hint of dreams.

In a gorgeous gown of Cardinal purple velvet, with her shining golden hair piled in a mass of braids and coils on top of her aristocratic little head, Miss Forrest was having luncheon the other day in her dressing room on the Lasky lot.

"It's a funny old world," she philosophized between bites of chocolate cake—"especially it's a funny old world for women.

"There are two kinds of us—one is trying to reduce and the other is trying to intrigue a little fat to cling to the bones," she humorously continued.

"The stout ones are subsisting on a lettuce leaf and a glass of lemonade—both of which they despise—and the thin ones are attacking goat's milk, which they hate," she added.

"We're never satisfied regardless of the fashions, are we?" questioned Miss Forrest's sister, Mabel, who, by the way, is studying for grand opera and who has a voice of liquid gold, according to her teachers.

So we leaped easily and gently into the subject of fashions — which have become the absorbing question for the women of the screen and those who constitute the ever-critical public.

But before we began discussing short skirts and wide or narrow silhouettes, Miss Forrest told me of her new home in Laurel Canyon — "a place right in the heart of the woods," she exclaimed—"a regular hunting lodge sort of place, where Mabel can sing as loudly as ever she wants to and I can oreat in my native tongue without disturbing the neighbors!"

"What could be more appropriate for such a place than the name of Forrest lodge—and that is what it is to be called?"

Creation Miss Forrest was wearing.

It is to be one of the costumes in George Melford's new production, "The-

Ann Forrest

In a smart afternoon frock of black taffeta with chamois bandings. Fashioned by Ethel Chaf-fin, designer at West Coast studio of Famous Players-Lasky.

Faith Healer," written by William Vaughn Moody, which will be Miss Forrest's next starring vehicle.

Of Cardinal purple velvet, the gown sweeps in statuesque draperies about.

To begin with, I must describe the her slender figure, the panels lined in silver cloth, which material also lines the long court train. The gown is formally decollette, bands of rhinestones forming shoulder straps as well as a

heavy girdle with a sash and tassel also of the jewels. Cardinal ostrich plumes form the head-dress and a gorgeous ostrich fan with a long rhinestone handle is carried. Stockings embroidered with rhinestones and purple thread and purple slippers with huge rhinestone buckles are accessories to the creation.

A semi-afternoon dancing dress, of which Miss Forrest is especially fond, is of navy blue taffeta, having a long, tight basque, with a full skirt elaborately embroidered on one side with gold thread. Puffed sleeves above the elbow and a collar of real lace give a distinctly feminine touch to the frock.

A flame-colored sports coat of silk dupion—fresh from Paris—leads a little bit of bright color and dash to Miss Forrest's wardrobe. It is a three-quarter length and has a wide shawl collar of squirrel. The coat is lined in grey Georgette and is of a distinctly modish cut.

"Here is my treasure," she exclaimed as she brought forward what looked like an entire wardrobe in itself.

The treasure proved to be a Danish peasant costume, in which Miss Forrest sometimes does a folk-lore dance. Of homespun cloth in a bottle green shade, the skirt is supposed to be worn over seven petticoats. A flowered purple apron and a high crinoline and lace head-dress are also a part of the costume. This, according to Miss Forrest, is the way the women of the middle classes dress in Denmark.

A black charmuese evening dress with a fish train flashes with jet embroideries and is brightened by knots of gay colored flowers. The gown is built on long lines, which seem to be particularly becoming to Miss Forrest, and depends upon its style and jet trimming for attractiveness.

Copenhagen blue is one of Miss Forrest's pet colors and this shade is found often in her dinner and afternoon dresses, also in trimmings for her hats, which are usually of dark blue or black.

With a plain tailored blue tricot and suit, edged with a narrow black braid, a plain tailored blue hat of duvetine in the semi-fan shape, having a medium brim and a wide bow of blue ribbon, is worn.

A dinner dress of old blue is of Georgette crepe in straight, clinging lines, having a square-cut neck, above-the-elbow sleeves and flounces of Venetian lace in a deep ecru color. With this dress turquoise ornaments are worn.
Free! Free! Free!  

*(New Plots for Stars in Search of Scenarios With a Novel Twist.)*

W. S. Hart—

Two par formats, bad man and stage robber, falls in love with Parson's daughter and reforms. Girl falls ill with fever. Doctor says he must have ice to save her. Pete, who had sworn never to rob another train, holds up Overland Limited and gets a chunk of ice. Rides back to town with ice pursued by sheriff's posse. Meanwhile Mexican attackers attack. Pete fights bandits single-handed when posse flees. Kills leader, routs bandits. But the ice has melted in the heat of battle and the girl dies. Pete is arrested by sheriff and sent to prison for train robbery — life sentence.

Charles Ray—

Bennie Jones, son of poor widow in small town, clerks in grocery store and loves daughter of wealthy banker. Has invented patent coat-hanger which he plans to make him rich. Stranger comes to town selling stock in Wildcat Oil Co. His silk shirts and fancy vests win the girl's heart. Bennie goes to city to find stranger is a crook. Meanwhile, the oil company brings in gusher, all citizens in Hickville are rich. Stranger marries the girl. Bennie arrested in city for infringement of another man's patent and sent to jail for 40 years.

Theda Bara—

Nazra Natura, vampire, lures college boy away from his fiancée. Rich father comes to vampire to buy her off. Father fails for wiles of vamp. He is hopelessly enmeshed in her net. She forces him to pay her huge sum of money, which almost bankrupts him, then she elopes with son. She sets son up in business in small town. He succeeds. They live happily ever after. Fiancée turns out to be a dope fiend.

Reed Henstis, local newspaperman, has been selected to prepare the continuity of "Ethan of the Mountain," which is to be Monroe Salishbury's second independent production.

Charles West, whose screen activities date back to the early Biograph days, has been engaged to play the role of "Tom Denning" in "The Witching Hour," which William D. Taylor is producing for Realart.

Robert Brunton is, according to the press agent, dragging the literary harbor (whatever that is) for a suitable story for Roy Stewart's first independently produced feature. If he is referring to Jack Cunningham, he'll have to wear a linen duster when he does the dragging.

Courtney Foote, who is playing the masculine lead in "The Bronze Bell" for Thos. H. Ince, is looking for a novel to be adapted for his first starring vehicle, following the completion of the Ince picture. Mr. Foote does not like a novel unless it snaps into high gear in the first chapter, he says.

Louis Bemison, former stock actor, and later in films for Betzwood Film Co., of Philadelphia, is playing the lead in "Lavender and Old Lace" under the direction of Lloyd Ingraham.

**NEWS ITEM**

Among the visitors at Screenart Studios last week was Abraham Tinkum, of Sandy Centre, Alabama. Mr. Tinkum is famous as the only living American who has never attempted to write a scenario.

Indians who used to give their war whoops on the war path now give the same kind of whoops on the war tax!

**BOOKS SUITABLE FOR THE SCREEN**

"Egyptian Pottery," by Professor Elia Smoots, Boston University.

"Prehistoric Fauna," by Edgar Deepone, Smithsonian Institute.

"History of Futuristic Art," by Andrie Kozlow.

Los Angeles Telephone Directory.

Ina Claire, who created and played the name role in "Polly with a Past" on the stage for Belasco, is now working in a picture version for Metro. The picture is being made in the East.

John Ince will take up the job of directing Dorothy in "Passion Fruit" where Douglas Gerard left off, and at the same time it was decided to change the name of the picture to "But Yet a Woman."

George Mcdaniels, leading man for Madeline Traverse, in "The Iron Heart," was painfully injured, according to published reports in the "smelting" scene. Wonder which scene was the one that smelt.
FREE SPIRITS

"We are free spirits."
We pride ourselves that we can see Beyond the far horizon's rim And that our thought is greater than the sun For it's not bounded by one track from day to day.
But let our enemy speak ill of us And at once our spirit is chained to the rocks With a vulture of hate preying on our vitals That is more terrible than the raven of Prometheus.

"We are free spirits."
It is a bold and lovely sentiment: It has a frank regard for great spaces And confesses that the earth is one of a myriad stars: But let a friend buy that for which we have longed, And giant envy leads our spirit into a barred room Of many shadows From which there is no escape.

"We are free spirits."
It has the rarified atmosphere Of celestial spaces and we revel in it; We shoot through the heavens with a comet And laugh with God: But let one woman or one man mean all of life to us, And the elf of love locks our spirit in a gilded castle Through the windows of which we are afraid to look.

"We are free spirits"— In that sleep alone that is too deep for dreams!

All these high-priced victuals And these soaring rents Make our silver dollar Look like thirty cents!

Many a juicy matrimonial plum has turned into a dried prune.

Times change. Many a man who used to favor stewed chicken has to content himself with a hard-boiled hen.

To a woman, a man is as good as his kiss.

QUERY
Tell me, when we come to die, What name shall I call you by?
You can't be my "husband" then When there aren't such things as men;
And I can't hail you "hero dear" Where there's only snoops to fear.
"Honey-bird" and "sweetikin" Seem hardly terms to call ghosts in;
And certainly it isn't meet To call an angel spirit, Pete!
Tell me, when we come to die, What name shall I call you by?

A joke on marriage is about the only fun we can get out of it!

Our idea of a safety match is the marriage of any man to a dumb woman.

A woman pays and pays and pays—but it's usually a man's money that she pays with.

The modern woman is more than equal to raising a large family; she's superior to it.

TO "THE DOUBLE"

There's a fellow in the pictures who is seldom heard about And press agents in their stories always leave his mention out: But he's just about the bravest man there is upon the screen— It's the motion picture double that I mean!

He's the man who takes the hero's place in all the risky stunts, (In those "super" scenes that the director wants.) Oh, he's the man who walks the raging torrent on a rope And rides the bucking broncho down an inward turning slope.

They throw him handcuffed off the dock locked in an airtight box; He jumps two hundred feet from cliffs and lands on beetleling rocks. Oh, he's the man who climbs the building twenty stories high And boards the engine of the night express that thunders by.

He's the man who drives the auto to a realistic wreck And does a handspring from his cart right on the villain's neck. If you want someone to play a scene with thrills of death run through it, Ask the motion picture double and he'll do it!

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CLASSIC SOON TO ARRIVE

Probably the most unique photoplay ever to be made in this country is that of John P. McCarthy's "Out of the Dust," which is soon to be released by P. P. Craft of New York. Mr. McCarthy wrote and directed the story—a story of the old West—selecting for his locations and interior scenes such as contained the exact settings provided by Frederick Remington in his wonderful paintings. And so practical—every scene is a replica of one of that great artist's masterpieces.

And the photography, by Victor Milner, A. S. C., enhances the beauty and exactitude of these admirable settings, which are so true to the originals that Collier & Sons, who published the reproductions of most of Remington's paintings and sketches, have loaned the originals to Mr. Craft for lobby displays.

The subtitles were written by Miles Overholt, editor of IT.

Mr. McCarthy will soon start on another feature production—a story of present-day life—following which he plans to make a series of pictures portraying the life of the American family. John F. Powers, president of the Los Angeles Baseball club, is the president of the McCarthy Productions.

Monroe Salisbury has gone East with a print of "The Barbarian," his first independently produced feature. Mr. Salisbury is accompanied by his business manager, Eugene Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. James Corrigan, the latter known as Lilian Elliot, have been added to the cast of "Lavender and Old Lace," which Lloyd Ingraham is directing for Renco Films. The Corrigans were until a short time ago members of the Morosco stock company.

Sidney Bracey, widely known to film fans when he appeared as the butcher in the "Million Dollar Mystery" serial, has been engaged to support Doralinda in "But Yet a Woman," which calls to mind, by the way, that James Cruze, now Wally Reid's director, played the hero in that thriller.

Bernard During has returned to Los Angeles from New York, where he was starred in two features for Selznick. Mr. During in private life is Mr. Shirley Mason, and a brother-in-law of Viola Dana.

Edward Laemmle appeared in person at a Los Angeles theater one evening the past week, in conjunction with that "life and death" feature, "Shipwrecked Among the Cannibals." Mr. Laemmle gave a talk, telling a spell-bound audience how he was nearly killed by a man-eating tiger, but for the timely arrival of "Curly" Stecher, Universal zoo superintendent, who carried the animal back to its cage!

Oliver Morosco has arrived in Los Angeles, bringing with him from New York a flock of new plays and stories. One of these, "Sweethearts for Three," is said to offer unusual screen possibilities.

House Peters and Florence Vidor have been selected by Thomas H. Ince to head the all star cast which will appear in "The Magic Life," under the direction of John Griffith Wray.

Frank Lloyd has been elevated to "stardom" among Goldwyn directors, his future pictures for that organization will be known as "Frank Lloyd Productions."

Arthur Edmund Carew has been engaged to support Tom Meighan in "Easy Street," now under production.

Madge Bellamy has arrived at the Thos. H. Ince studios, and will appear in Ince pictures during the coming year. Miss Bellamy is the first of a number of young actresses picked by John Blackwood, who is scouting in New York for talent. Others will follow.

James W. Horne, who has been directing for Astra, at Glendale, will direct the Ince-Vance special, "The Bronze Bell," he having just signed a contract with Thos. H. Ince.

Thomas H. Ince has secured the screen rights to "Dence High," a Saturday Evening Post story by Helen Topping Miller. It will probably be produced with an all-star cast. Ince always has an "ace" in the hole (joke).

Raymond McKee, Fox actor, has recovered from the sleeping sickness after a two months absence from the studio, and is at work opposite Shirley Mason in "Joan of Rainbow Springs."

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Virginia Fox, a former Mack Sennett bathing girl, has been engaged as leading woman for "Buster" Keaton comedies.

Jean Paige has returned to Hollywood from a visit to New York, and is playing the human lead in "Black Beauty," the widely-read "story of a horse," by Anna Sewell, which is now under production at Vitagraph studios.

Ellinor Field is playing opposite Joe Ryan in the western serial, "The Purple Rider," in which Joe is starring for Vitagraph.

Jimmy Ambrey, Vitagraph comedian, is filming scenes for his next comedy on a big farm in Ventura. If it's anything like a Sennett comedy they're not having much trouble keeping the boys on the farm.

Larry Semon is hard at work on the "script" for his next comedy. He is laboring at Catalina Island.

Hugh Fay, elongated comedian, has insisted that in the future he will insist that all contracts contain a clause specifying that he is not to be used as a target for custard pies. If Hughie would stand sideways there isn't a pie thrower in picturedom that could hit him. They couldn't even see him.

Henry Lehrman is, according to announcement, straining every nerve to make his third First National comedy his biggest. Didn't know he had any nerve.

Will Herford, character actor, is playing in "Bunty Pulls the String," out at the Goldwyn studios.

Elliot Howe has been engaged to assist Howard Hickman and E. Richard Seayer in producing "The Killer" for Benjamin B. Hampton at the Branton studios.

Bessie Barriscale has finished her work in "The Broken Gate," by Emerson Hough, and it is now in the cutting room, where Director Paul Sarnon is editing and titling it.

Frank Lawrence, chief film editor at Universal City, assembled a two-reel picture from scraps of features and comedies, and it is said to make a blood-curdling melodrama with humorous relief. Those who witnessed its showing say it should be released. Wonder if that's the way they made "Shipwrecked Among the Cannibals"?

WORLD'S GREATEST P. A. (Continued from Page 12.)

Arabian Nights, for, as the creator of adventure for others he creates it for himself. And the scars of the battle are many. He has fallen off of cliffs, off of ships into the ocean, photographed and written his stories in speeding airplanes while his "subjects" were in others, and plumbed the depths of glacial crevasses in search of material.

Demand on him carry him everywhere and his mileage is tremendous, something like 40,000 miles for the current year alone, but he takes it all as part of the job and continues to fill more space than probably any other American newspaper man.

Who will he make famous next? You'll never learn—from Powell.

Edmund Goulding has arrived in New York from England, to prepare the script for "The Devil," in which George Arliss will play the title role for Andrew Callaghan Productions. Jimmy Young will direct.

Mitchell Lewis has gone to New York for a brief visit—and to complete arrangements for the making of several big special pictures.

Andre Barthier, who photographed "Earthbound" for Goldwyn, has been engaged by Famous Players-Lasky, and will operate the crane on the new Charles Maigne Productions.

Col. W. X. Selig has purchased the screen rights to "Which One Shall I Marry?" a stage play by Ralph T. Kettering. The purchase price was said to be $15,000.

Lucille Ruby, who appeared opposite Neal Burns in a number of pictures, is, it is announced, about to form her own company. She will make two-reel situation comedies.

Bible Films has been formed at Dover, Delaware, with a $1,000,000 capitalization. The incorporators are T. L. Creten, M. A. Bruce, and S. E. Dill of the Corporation Trust Company.

Master Pictures Co. has purchased the Jamul ranch near San Diego, and will, it is said, build a western city to be used in a number of pictures.

Sheldon Lewis and Virginia Pearson, picture players, are said to have been placed under contract by Alex. A. Aurons and George B. Seitz to appear in the legitimate.

Metro has just completed a two-story paint and carpenter assembling shop. One of the features is underground storage tanks for paint material.

Frank Beal has just sold to Metro the screen rights to Jackson Gregory's novel, "Lady Fingers." Mr. Beal recently purchased the story from the author.

Margaret Turnbull, Lasky scenarist, has gone to London, where she will be attached to the scenario staff of the Famous Players-Lasky-British Producers, Ltd.

Warren Fromme, recently with Mrs. Sidney Drew, has been engaged as assistant to Jerome Storm in the making of the first Lillian Gish picture for Frohman.

Naziwora has gone to New York on a two-weeks' business trip. On her return she will start work in "Aphrodite," Metro having purchased the screen rights to the novel, by Pierre Lony. Morrie Geist presented Dorothy Dalton in a stage version of the book the past season.

William A. Vanderlyn has been appointed art director for the King Vidor studios, recently completed. Mr. Vanderlyn, it is said, studied his profession in Vienna, Rome, Paris and London. He has been associated with Iene, Griffith, Selznick and the Clara Kimball Young companies in a like capacity.

Special Pictures Corporation has taken over the Jesse B. Hampton studios in Hollywood. Hampton will hereafter produce at the new Robertson-Cole studios.

Garreth Hughes has been signed to a long-term contract with Metro, according to announcement just made, which elevates this young actor to stardom. Mr. Hughes has been in pictures a little more than a year, but came to the screen with a wealth of stage experience.

King Vidor has started work on "The Sky Pilot," from the pen of Ralph Connor. It is understood Mr. Vidor is going to top a number of years from the age of the hero of the novel and have it played by a well-known juvenile.
"Kismet," which brings to the screen for the first time Otis Skinner, has been completed, under the direction of Louis J. Gasnier, and is now in the cutting room. It is scheduled for a late fall release.

"Bull" Montana, who holds the "drop kick" record for the wrestling game, is so elated at his victory over Leslinger that he has issued a sweeping challenge to the whole world to meet him anytime, anyplace, and for any amount of money. This goes for Ted Thye, Joe Stecher, Joe Martin, and Smokey. There are a lot of screen manums with whom Bull wouldn't last ten seconds.

Henry Lehman has completed a comedy entitled "Wet and Warner." In the cast are Billie Ritchie, Al Ray, Charles Conklin, Charlotte Dawn, Jack Miller and Billie Engle.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Martin, of Universal City, celebrated their wedding anniversary with an elaborate feast to which a number of friends and neighbors were invited. Among those present were Charles L. Ephalp, The Wolves, all the Lions, and several of the Chim Panzees. A good time was had by all.

Louis Bennison, who is playing the masculine lead in "Lavender and Old Lace" for Renato Films, will leave for New York on the completion of the picture, to start rehearsals of "Heaven," a drama in which Marc Klaw will present Mr. Bennison as star. The play will open at a Broadway theater late in the fall.

Allen Watt has been made director general of the newly formed Kewpie Dorety Comedy Company. He has been promoted. He was formerly captain in the army.

"Rube" Ruth," home run king," says he did not pose for the single reel picture which is being sold by the C. B. C. Sales Corp. on the state right market. Joe Weil, publicity man for the corporation, says there never was any intent to show Ruth posing; that they are merely showing him playing ball; that they didn't know what kind of an actor he was, but they knew he was a good ball player.

Carranza's fall from power in Mexico, according to advice received by First National, is expected to prove favorable to American films.

JOINS BOOKING AGENCY

Arthur G. Wenzel, former manager of the Supera and Victory Theaters, who gave up his theatrical duties to devote his entire time to the exploitation and management of stage and screen stars, has become associated with the Lichtig and Rothwell booking agency in the Markham Building at Hollywood.

Mr. Wenzel will take complete charge of the publicity department of the agency, which, it is said, handles the advertising and publicity campaigns of many well known screen stars, writers and directors.

Mr. Wenzel has planned to engage a large staff of writers to prepare copy for Lichtig and Rothwell clients.

June Elvidge, according to the papers, is leading a "double life" in New York—she plays at the Knickerbocker Theater at night, and at the Metro studios mornings and afternoons, where she is appearing in "Fine Feathers." Mobbe the papers get that "double life" idea from her husband, who alleged a similar complaint recently.

Ward Crane, who has appeared in a number of pictures made on the west coast, has been signed to play opposite Constance BINNY in "Calderon's Prisoner," a Realart production, being made in New York.

Bob Horner, according to announcement, is developing the continuity of "Souls for Sale." Negative or positive?

Chester Conklin's first two reel comedy for Special Pictures has been named "Home Rule" and it is being directed by Harry Edwards. Harry knows nothing about "home rule"—ask Louise or Gladys—they know.

Fontaine La Rue has been engaged to play the heavy lead in "The Faith Healer" which George Melford is producing for Famous Players-Lasky.

Louise W. Thompson, President of Special Pictures, is going to New York, which is on an island across from Hoboken.

Mildred Harris Chaplin was asked to make the opening address at the dedication of the new million-dollar Panthages Theater, Toronto, Canada. Most anyone would think Mildred had had enough to do with articles bearing the "million-dollar" trademark.

Robert Harron, the well known screen actor who died from an accidental revolver shot wound last Sunday night, was the third member of the Harron family to meet a tragic death within the past couple of years. A brother, Charles Harron, was killed in an automobile accident and a sister was the victim of the influenza plague which swept the country a little more than a year ago.

Louis J. Selznick has, according to reports, gone to and borrowed a half million dollars, and will immediately proceed to knock a hole in it by commissioning picture productions at the Selznick studios, which have been idle for some time.

Charles Gilbly has been engaged by Fox to direct features—if anybody cares to know.

Leila McCarthy has been engaged as leading woman for Jimmy Aubrey comedies.

Louis Howland, brother-in-law and former studio manager for Lois Weber, has been engaged as production manager for Mary Pickford.

Antonio Moreno, upon completion of "The Veiled Mystery" serial, will go on a tour of Mexico, taking the serial with him.

The Assistant Directors' Association, through its members, is endeavoring to interest picture stars and the public in general in collecting foreign postage stamps, which are to be turned over to the disabled veterans of the world war who are now at Arrowhead. All persons are asked to mail any stamps they may have or collect, to the association headquarters, 5444 Hollywood Boulevard, and they will be placed promptly in the hands of the soldiers.
COMEDIAN SUED

The Vitagraph Company of America has instituted a suit against Larry Semon, film comedian, for damages amounting to $104,382.22. In the complaint it is alleged that a competing company offered Mr. Semon a much larger salary than Vitagraph now is paying him, and that he would be required to make fewer pictures with the new concern; that Semon endeavored by various methods to force Vitagraph to release him so that he could accept the more tempting contract.

The complaint also alleges that Semon, under his Vitagraph contract, receives $2500 a year and is to make 12 pictures a year, and in the complaint states that Semon cannot possibly fulfill his contract within the stipulated time.

Mr. Semon last week in answer to a statement by Vitagraph caused to be published an advertisement in which he said that there was no foundation for the belief on the part of Vitagraph that he desired to leave that organization and accept a contract with another producing company. In conclusion, Semon said:

"I believe I voice the sentiment of all reputable persons and organizations connected with the film industry when I say that they too will likewise resent any such blanket charges as these which, without naming anyone, cast the stigma of alleged secret dealing upon an entire industry.

* * *

James Kirkwood will be starred by Allan Dwan, it is announced. Kirkwood has been playing male leads for Dwan for some time.

* * *

Alfred Walker has been made director for the World Motion Picture Company.

* * *

Pat Digan and associates, all of whom are experienced makers of pictures, have formed a company for the purpose of "doctoring sick pictures." They have opened offices at 1119 Holingsworth building under the name of the Star Pictures Enterprises and they announce that they will get at least a part of the investment out of any "sick" picture now on the shelves, from cutting and titling to selling the darning thing.

* * *

Carmen Davis, who came to California with Frank Dobson's troupe appearing at the Orpheum, has left the troupe flat and has already made arrangements to appear in films.

Wilfred North, former production manager for Vitagraph's eastern studios, has been appointed to the west coast studios in a like capacity. Chester Bennett, who in addition to directing Earle Williams also managed the western studios, found the task too difficult, so asked to be relieved of the managerial duties.

* * *

Edith Roberts, Universal star, who has been in the east for six weeks on a vacation, writes that she is almost ready to come back to California—and work. When she makes up her mind and comes back she will go to work in "White Youth," which Norman Dwan will direct.

* * *

Charles Hutchinson, hero of Brunton serials, has gone on a motoring trip, accompanied by Mrs. Hutchinson, a bull pup and a canary, according to a press sheet just read. Wonder if he took a double along to talk back to hostile traffic cops!

* * *

Katherine MacDonald is to give her personal attention to the music for her pictures, which is to start with the one following "The Notorious Miss Lisle." After which she might be giving her personal attention to the acting for said pictures.

* * *

Lila Lee has been added to the cast of "Easy Street" in support of Thomas Meighan.

COMEDY VS. TRAGEDY

The question now before the house is: Has Charlie Chaplin retired from pictures?

Ever since the completion of "The Kid" and the domestic difficulties which drove the little comedian into morbid seclusion and thence to other climes, there have been well-defined rumors pointing to the final abandonment of his studio and the field of comedy. It was whispered here and there that Charlie was not of the temperament that withstands strife and domestic tribulation—and recently he has been more or less the object of many attacks of various kinds.

All this, it is said, has weighed upon the mind of the comedian so that he has been unable to see the funny side of things; that he has been sticking closer to his violin, playing the plaintive melodies that go with despair and hopelessness and remorse.

And then, as a climax, comes the announcement that the Chaplin studio and equipment is for rent.

None of his former associates seem to know just why this valuable property is to be leased, but the rumors persist that Charlie is "through." Of course, the comedian still has a contract yet unfulfilled with the First National—but what's a contract more or less these days!

Bobby Connolly, boy actor, has been engaged to support William Faversham in "The Sin That Was His."

Talented—Yes or No?

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Mail this ad with your name and address and you will receive a sample copy of The Photoplaywright, the Palmer magazine, usually distributed to students only, and copies of our latest pamphlets explaining the Palmer plan.
CODY PRESSED OUT

Lew Cody, according to the public prints, will close his releasing arrangements with Robertson-Cole on the acceptance of "Occasionally Yours," his third picture, although his contract called for four. Robertson-Cole announced that he reserves the right to reject any Cody production, and that with the third picture the series will in all likelihood be ended. The right kind of publicity will, it has been proven, make and sell anything up to a certain point. Beyond that, merit alone counts.

The wrong kind of publicity will, it has also been proven, break anything or anybody, and according to "Snooky" and the Ouija board, Lew Cody has been given a landslide of the wrong kind of publicity.

It may occur to Mr. Cody, and those responsible for his exploitation campaigns, that the strongest rebuke to the type they have painted Cody to be lies in the fact that many women patrons of pictures have in all probability remained away from theaters when Cody pictures have been shown.

If you take the word of a booby, no woman wants to think of herself as potential prey for a male Theda Bara. Seehah!' (meaning, whoinneel cares!)

Doris May has emerged from oblivion into which she slid following announcement that Douglas MacLean would be individually starred in future productions by Ince. Miss May has been cast in the leading feminine role in "The Bronze Bell," playing opposite to Mr. Foote. That would seem to place her at the head.

Bertram Bracken, who is directing "Kazan" for Selig, had a narrow escape from death or serious injury yesterday when two ferocious wolves escaped from a pen on the set where Mr. Bracken was working. The animals were driven off before they had a chance to inflict harm to the director. Note—An affidavit in which the publicist attested to the truth of it accompanied this story.

Andrew Callaghan, who is responsible for the latest Bessie Love pictures, has arrived in Los Angeles after a short business trip to New York. Mr. Callaghan brought back with him Arthur Berthelet, who will direct Miss Love in her next picture, "Penny." One could say that she isn't worth that, but we've got to remember that these are the days of profit-seers.

Harry Schenck, formerly stage manager at the Ince studios, has been appointed associate director with John Griffith Wray, who is to direct "The Magic Life," an Ince special.

Every Day is Pay Day for This Star

George Beban Jr., affectionally known as "Bob White" insists on being paid each day for his appearances in his daddy's productions. Mr. Beban is seen standing over his five year old son and seeing to it that he does not slip anything over on the Beban accountants.

Queen Marie of Roumania, and her daughter, Princess Marie, are, according to the public prints, to be starred in a picture especially written for them by old "Doc" Goodman. The proceeds from the picture are to be distributed to the suffering population of Roumania. "Suffering" will be the word if "Doc" Goodman writes the story!

Major Charles H. Bell, O.B.E., who came to Hollywood to learn all about picture production at the Lasky studios, has gone back to London to take up the management of the Famous Players studios in that city. The Major is very quick "study".

Mabel Julienne Scott, who has been playing leading roles for Famous Players-Lasky, has been signed by Goldwyn to play the role of Delphine in "The Concert," which is being directed by Victor Schertzinger.

Howard Hickman has evidently objected to press matter sent out in which E. Richard Schayer was credited with co-directing "The Killer" for B. B. Hampton with Mr. Hickman. Seems like passing up a good alibi. A note sent out from the Hampton studios corrected the alleged error.

Rosa Gore is playing with Jimmy Aubrey comedies at Vitagraph, according to the p. a. "Playing with"—she doesn't have to "look at."

Queen Marie of Roumania, and her daughter, Princess Marie, are, according to the public prints, to be starred in a picture especially written for them by "Doc" Goodman. The proceeds from the picture are to be distributed to the suffering population of Roumania. "Suffering" will be the word if "Doc" Goodman writes the story.

Herbert Howe, who has been representing Picture Play Magazine on the coast, has gone to New York, preparatory to a trip abroad—not that it is of the least importance.

Clyde Cook has been promoted to stardom in Fox comedies, having arrived here from New York. He is to appear in a number of two reel comedies to be known as Clyde Cook Comedies—if anybody cares.

Charles Hutchinson, hero of Brunton serials, has gone on a motoring trip, accompanied by Mrs. Hutchinson, a bull pup and a canary, according to a press sheet just read. Wonder if he took a double along to talk back to hostile traffic cops?

Roy Somerville has completed thirteen episodes of "The Son of Tarzan" serial in detail and has the last two episodes blocked out. Harry Revier is producing the serial in collaboration with Mr. Somerville for David P. Howells of the First National.
Pick-ups for your House Program

Exhibitors are hereby given permission to reprint any of these stories for program purposes. They are copyrighted and protected, but this will serve as a release to any subscriber to this magazine.

Jack Kerrigan, according to his press agent, was supported by three leading women in his last picture, "The House of Whispers". Seems to be reversing the usual order. Lots of them try to support three women! *

One sure way to prevent your scenario from being returned to you—Don't write one! *

Charles Ray has purchased "Scrap Iron," by the late Charles Van Loan, and will start production on it in a short time. Probably a hard picture to make. The darn thing may be rusty by this time. *

Leading Man: "Do you think my mustache becoming?"

Extra Girl: "It may be coming, but from the looks of it now it will arrive about Christmas."

Bessie Love is, it is said, uncertain when she will begin work on Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop". Well, who the Dickens cares! *

A motion is before the house to have motion picture theatre orchestras play some tune other than "Hearts and Flowers" where the hero and heroine are clasped in fond embrace. *

George McDaniel appeared on the screen at three different theatres in Pittsburg, Pa., last week, according to information received, and contents noted — and hurled into the waste basket. *

Advertisement of a Clara Kimball Young picture says: "The Most Wonderful Eyes in the World!" How about Ben Turpin's? *

Roy Stewart, according to the announcement of his hired hand, has been asked by F. W. Volger of Portland, Oregon, to handle the Volger entry in motor boat regattas in southern California waters. He'll do it—if they'll give him a close-up. *

Charles Gordon, who is playing a role in the Fox production of "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," is said to have positive information that the Russian royal family, including the Czar, was murdered. His next role will probably be that of an ouija board.

DON'T YOU FEEL SORRY FOR

1—D-Furt Arbuckle when he has a tummy-ache?
2—The very pretty wife of the matinee idol whose corset-string breaks at a tea given by her husband's affiancée?
3—The barefoot dancer with a bunion?
4—The actor who plays a fight-scene with Doug Fairbanks?
5—The director with a bum 'script and a temeramental star?
6—The young physician whose sole wealthy patient takes up Christian Science?

Mary Miles Minter is said to play three separate characters in her new picture for Reallart. Let's hope in one of 'em she will be a 16-year-old girl.

King Vidor has been granted a charter for his newly-formed organization, to be known as King Vidor Productions, Inc. The incorporators are King Vidor, B. L. Graves, Harrison Cassell and Dave Schumann. Capital stock $2,000,000, with $50.00 subscribed.

Speaking of profiteering, the stars set a price of two bits on two of their photographs!

Rumor hath it that Kipling's works are to be filmed by a certain well-known company. From past performances we shall look for these titles: Gunga Din—The Supreme Sacrifice. Kim—The Lure of the Far East. The Light that Failed—She Loved and Lost.

"Stars to Enter Livestock Show" is a headline in the current issue of a Los Angeles paper. A few ingénues will show their calves, probably; Mack Sennett may enter some chickens, while "Bull" Montana will enter himself.

Antonio Moreno will not appear in serials following completion of "The Veiled Mystery." That was not the wind—merely a composite sigh of relief breathed by thousands of screen fans.

Frances Marion, who is directing Mary Pickford, is said to have met her husband, Frederick Thompson, through injuries he received while playing football. Football is a dangerous game!

Universal is said to have made arrangements for the adaptation of Willard Lee Hall's play, "Out of the Past," for the screen.

William Duncan has engaged Frank Weed for an important role in "The Wizard Spyglass," his latest Vitagraph chapter story. There is a good joke concealed here. "The Man With the Hoe" would have a lot of fun with it.

Max Linder it is reported is planning to build a studio in Hollywood which will have a front an exact replica of Comedic Francaise in Paris. You've gotta put up a good front to sell pictures.

Mildred Harris Chaplin announces she has no interest in Charlie Chaplin's productions. It is the principle she is concerned over, perhaps, or principal!

Hiram Abrams, who is associated with the "Big Four" when asked concerning a rumor that Samuel Goldwyn would produce a number of pictures for release by the "Big Four," said: "I haven't spoken to Goldwyn for two months." Who is the injured party?

Mary Pickford is being sued by a scenario writer, one Horace Carpenter, who says he wrote a scenario called "Girlie" at the request of Miss Pickford. The sum asked for is $5,000. Any reader can make a good joke by cleverly using the word "build" with the writer's name.

Golden Gate Studios Corp., will shortly start work on the erection of studios to cost approximately $300,000 which are to be built at Sun Mateo, California.

D. W. Griffith presented "Way Down East" at a Broadway theater in New York, with ten dollars per seat as top price. The picture is in twelve reels.

Flo Ziegfeld of Follies fame, it is announced, will invade Los Angeles to recruit girls for his beauty choruses.

WHEN THE PICTURE FLIVED

The producer blamed the director.
The director blamed the star.
The star blamed the story.
The author blamed the producer, the director, the star.
A great number of exhibitors are anxious to keep in touch with certain players—stars and others who have proved drawing cards for them in the past—whose work is watched with interest by the theater patrons. This department is designed for the purpose of acquainting the reader with the doings of every player of note in the motion picture profession. When a player is not mentioned, it means that he is either taking a vacation, or is resting between pictures.

A
Atkinson, Spottiswood. With Yellowstone Productions, Denver, Colo.

B
Bosworth, Robert. With J. Parker Read, Jr. In "Fate's Honeymoon," a drama.

C

D
Dean, Priscilla. With Universal. In "Outside the Law," a drama.
Daniels, Bebe. With Realart. In "In the Bishop's Carriage," a drama.

E
Froney, Bill. With Reelcraft. In one reel comedies.

G

H
Hamilton, Lloyd. With Astra. In two reel comedies.
Hotchinson, Charles. With Brunton. In serials.

J
Jones, Johnny. With Goldwyn. In the Edgar series.

K

L
Mix, Tom. With Fox. In "Prairie Flowers," a drama.

M
Mong, William V. With Fox. In "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," a comedy.
Mann, "Hank." With Schlank. In two reel comedies.

N

O

P

R

S
Stewart, Roy. With Brunton. In features.
Sweet, Blanche. With Jesse D. Hampton. In features.

(Continued on Page 30.)


EASY STREET. Directed by Tom Forman. With Thomas Meighan and Gladys George. Famous Players-Lasky. Late fall release.


FOOLISH WIVES. Directed by Erich Von Stroheim. With Rudolph Christians, Marguerite Armstrong, Madeleine George, Mae Busch, Cesare Gravina, Edward Reinach, Mme. Kopetzky, Nigel de Brulier, Al Edmonds, Lena Ferre, Marion Polo and Erich Von Stroheim. Universal. Late fall release.


THUNDERBOLT JACK. Directed by Murdock MacQuarrie. With Jack Hoxie and Marion Stack. Berwick Film Corporation serial. Fall release.


WHITE ASHES. By Luther Reed. Directed by Phillip Rosen. With Cleo Madison, Lydia Knott, William Conklin and George Ray. Metro. Late fall release.


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IT will follow on the next mail.

VERNON ATHLETIC CLUB

Santa Fe and Thirty-eighth Street

Where the Fight Fans Gather

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

SEVEN FAST BOUTS
The Barbarian

CLASSIFICATION
Drama of the north woods. Six reels.

DIRECTOR
Donald Crisp. Directed many Wallace Reid pictures, and Wanda Hawley's first starring vehicle, "Miss Hobbs." Their fans.

AUTHOR
Theodore F. Solomons, a novelist. Writer of outdoor stories.

SCENARIO
Percy Heath. Former reader for Belasco. Now with Metro as scenarist.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Ira Morgan and Charles Steiner. Excellent throughout.

STAR

PRODUCER
Monroe Salisbury. His first independent production.

DISTRIBUTOR
No releasing arrangements made as yet.

SUPPORTS
Jane Novak; played in "Wagon Tracks" with Bill Hart; in "The River's End" for Marshall Neilan; is well and favorably known leading woman. Now working in "Kazan" for Selig. J. Barney Sherry, was character man with Ince; with Marshall Neilan in "The River's End"; with Frank Mayo in "The Little Brother of the Rich"; is well known to screen fans. Alan Hale; former heavy man with Lasky, later with Fox, and big independent producers. Is well known. Now with Goldwyn. Lillian Leighton; character woman with Lasky; played mother with Marguerite Clark in "All of a Sudden Peggy"; now with William de Mille's "His Friend and His Foe." William Barrell, a well known character actor who has appeared in small parts for a number of producers. Michael Cudahy, boy actor, makes his first screen appearance, as does sister, Anne Cudahy. Lillian Hancock; character woman; new as far as cast principals are concerned.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
"The Barbarian," Monroe Salisbury, lives with his father, a retired college professor, up in the north woods country. An effort is made by an unscrupulous man to get the professor, in the absence of the son, to sign a deed to their property. The professor, at the point of death, refuses, but gives the man a letter to an attorney. The man forges the deed and turns it over to his employer, who goes to inspect the lands on which are large deposits of iron. He takes his family and the daughter pretends to care for the "Barbarian" to help her father gain the land. She really falls in love with him, and the dishonest man is exposed by a faithful Indian squaw, who had witnessed his dealings with the college professor. The deed is torn up, and the "Barbarian" gives title to the land to the girl's father, provided the money derived from the iron goes to establish conservatories so that all little children may be taught to sing. Happy ending.

LOCALITY APPEAL
It may please in better class neighborhood houses. Will go where star is liked. Not worth a lot of money.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
None to speak of, but better in neighborhood houses than in transient theatres.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Play the name of Monroe Salisbury; also Donald Crisp, the director. Advertise the remarkable photography and beautiful scenic background.

REMARKS
As a story this may have been excellent, but as a picture it falls short. It drags. There is a great deal of suspense and in spite of a very capable cast, it falls into the class of mediocre pictures. Anne Cudahy, a newcomer, is pleasing to look at, and her brother, Michael, has personality that pleases. He seemed to do what little he had to do as though he were imitating Douglas Fairbanks. Jane Novak shows more vivacity in this picture than in any part she has yet played. All the others perform well, but they cannot make a gripping story out of a beautiful word-painting.

It's a Great Life

Adapted from "The Empire Builders"

CLASSIFICATION
Comedy. Depicting life in a boys school.

DIRECTOR
E. Mason Hopper. Directed the Edgar stories for Goldwyn.

AUTHOR
Mary Roberts Rinehart. Also wrote "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," "Dangerous Days," and other stories.

SCENARIO
Edward T. Lowe. Staff writer.

PHOTOGRAPHY
John Mescall. Very good.

PRODUCER
Goldwyn.

DISTRIBUTOR
Goldwyn.

STAR
None.

SUPPORTS
Cullen Landis; played in "Going Some" for Goldwyn; formerly played at Universal, now member of Goldwyn stock company. Molly Malone; former comedy actress with Chris-tle; also leading woman for Roscoe Arbuckle; co-starred in Strand comedies with Ralph Ince. Clara Horton; played youth in "Everywoman" for Lasky; now with Charles Ray in "Nineteen and Phyllis." Howard Ralston, boy actor; played opposite Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna." Otto Hoffman; former Ince actor; has appeared with Charles Ray and other Ince players; with Tom Moore in "The Great Accident" and "Stop Thief!" is well and favorably known character actor. Nick Cogley; plays "boy" with Tom Moore in "Tommy's Bow," playing part of Toby; played with Will Rogers in "Jes Call Me Jim;" is member of Goldwyn stock. Ralph Bushman, son of Francis X. Bushman; has appeared in small parts for Christie; is new to films. Tom Moore and John Ince are character men who have appeared in a number of pictures.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
This is a story of life in a boys school which gives an insight to the trials and triumphs of the youth, "dangerously" in love. He feels slighted, not hearing from the "lady," and listens to plan of conquest against the natives of the Solomon Islands, which is proposed by his schoolboy friend. They get into many imaginary difficulties, but the youth is eventually made king. He meets another girl and is torn between two loves and his desire for conquest. There is a happy ending.

LOCALITY APPEAL
Any theatre should make money with this. It is a refreshing story that will appeal.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
Should do anywhere.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise the name of the author; call attention to the fact that she wrote "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave." Tie up with schools. Send a crowd of young fellows through town dressed as college students and compose a "yell" to attract notice to the play and theatre.

REMARKS
Very pleasing light, frothy picture. It drags slightly, but not enough to impair the entertainment value. The dissolve scenes are well handled, showing the natives of the Solomon Islands. Howard Ralston is excellent as the chum. Cullen Landis gives a pleasing performance. Others handle their respective roles with credit. Direction is very good. Produc-

STRIKING MODELS
PRODUCER—Christie. DIRECTOR—Reggie Morris. DISTRIBUTOR—Educational.

LEAD—Fay Tincher. AUTHOR—Frank R. Conklin. SCENARIO—W. Scott Darling.

STORY
Fay, an assistant in a modiste shop. The models go on a strike. Fay is made a model, knowing nothing of the strike. When she learns of it, she puts on the hat and coat of the proprietor's jealous wife. The proprietor, thinking Fay is his wife, takes her home with him. At his house she reveals herself clad in lingerie, and makes the proprietor meet the demands of the models for more money. Fay returns to the shop with the glad news. She wins the love of the editor, played by Eddie Barry.

REMARKS
This is not as good as the usual run of Christie comedies, although there are a number of laughs and some clever titles. The supporting players are members of the Christie Stock Company. It will help round out a program.
The Round-up

Classification
Western drama. Seven reels.

Director
George Melford.

Author
Edmund Hay.

Scenario
Tom Forman.

Photography
Paul Perry. Very good throughout. Exceptional in introduction.

Producer
Famous Players-Lasky. George Melford Special.

Distributor
Paramount-Arctraft.

Star
Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle. Good in spots. Has tendency to burlesque role.

Supports
Tom Forman; has been associated with Lasky for number of years as leading man; played in "For Better For Worse," "Told In The Hills," "The Tree of Knowledge," and "The Sea Wolf.

Irving Cummings, well known to screen in heavy roles; played in "Sex" with Louise Glau; "What Every Woman Learns" with Paul Bennett; was "Passion" in "Everywoman"; now with Carmel Myers in "The Orchid.

Mabel Julienne Scott; played in Melford-Lasky production of "The Sea Wolf"; now playing leading feminine role in "The Concert" for Goldwyn.

Jean Acker, has played small parts in number of pictures. Edward Sutherland; played in "All of a Sudden Peggy" with Marguerite Clark; now playing in "The Witching Hour." Guy Oliphant; former actor for Selig; has been with Lasky for some time; supported Wally Reid in number of the automobile pictures; in "The Dub" with Reid.

Jane Wolfe; has been associated with Lasky some years; played in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" with Katharine MacDonald; in "Puddin' Head Wilson" and a number of Lasky productions.

Wallace Beery leaves date career from early days of Essanay; later became comedy director, then back to acting; recently took up dramatic end of acting; played in "The Unpardonable Sin" with Blanche Sweet; "Soldiers of Fortune" all-star cast; the heavy in "Behind the Door" with Bosworth; and other productions.

Brief Synopsis
A story of two men loving same girl. They are friends.

One is prospecting, and is reported dead; he had been engaged to the girl. Later his friend gets letter from prospector telling of his recovery from injuries, and enclosing letter to girl which said friend retains for himself. He marries the girl. Prospector returns night of wedding. Girl learns truth. Sends husband into desert after other man. Sheriff goes after husband because he had been implicated by the bad man in a robbery. Prospector located, but is killed by Indians. Sheriff and troops rescue husband. Happy ending.

Box Office Angle
This picture will probably cost a lot of money. It is a special, with a high-salaried comedian in it, and it was a long time in production. The exhibitor has to pay for all this. For story interest and dramatic value it is not as good as the average Hart picture.

Locality Appeal
None to speak of.

Expiration Angle
Play up Arbuckle and the strong cast. Hire a band of riders, dress them up in cowboy clothes, let them ride through the streets and shoot up the town with blanks—if the police will stand for it. If they don't, you get the publicity, anyhow.

Remarks
This did not come up to expectations. There is no reason why Arbuckle should be featured unless it is because he gets the largest salary; Tom Forman had easily the better role. Wallace Beery, as the heavy, was good. Irving Cummings gave an excellent performance. Mabel Julienne Scott was good in a "sad-eyed" role. Others handled roles acceptably. Arbuckle was inclined to inject slapstick. There are a lot of laughs, but many of them where they don't belong. It is only fair.

The Purple Cipher

Adapted from "The Purple Hieroglyph." A short story.

Classification
Mystery drama.

Director
Chester Bennett. Has directed other Earle Williams stories.

Author
Will F. Jenkins. Short story writer.

Scenario
Chester Bennett and J. Grubb Alexander.

Photography

Producer
Vitagraph.

Distributor
Vitagraph.

Star
Earle Williams. Gives very good performance.

Supports
Vola Vale; played the girl with Bert Lytell in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"; with Bill Hart in number of pictures; is well known leading woman. Alan Forrest; former leading man for American Film Company; appeared with Mary Miles Minter and Margarita Fisher; also played "Cassidy of the Air Lanes" with Locklear; is well and favorably known. Ernest Shields, former Universal player; also appeared in Lois Weber pictures; supported Mary MacLaren in "Shoes"; is well-known juvenile. Henry A. Barrows, character and heavy of note; played with Blanche Sweet in "The Girl in the Web"; also has appeared with Susse Hayakawa. John Elliot, character actor; has appeared in a number of small parts. Goro Kino has appeared in number of Oriental roles.

Brief Synopsis
Leonard Staunton becomes involved with a Chinese secret society which attempts blackmail by sending a mysterious card to his friends and, finally, to him. When the girl is threatened, Staunton goes after the gang, and captures them with the aid of a submarine, only to find that the girl's cousin and a friend are in a frame-up with a crooked detective. This detective had been engaged by Staunton to run the gang to earth. Staunton wins the girl.

Box Office Angle
Should prove a winner in any theatre. Patrons will like it.

Locality Appeal
None to speak of.

Expiration Angle
Play up the mystery angle; throw-outs with the purple cipher printed on them along with a mysterious message or warning. There are a number of things which present unlimited scope for advertising novelties, according to the tastes of the exhibitor and the class of his patronage.

Remarks
This is a splendid picture and should prove entertaining to any audience. The mystery element is well sustained and suspense is carried along to the last few feet. Direction is splendid, as is the cutting. Each member of the cast handles his role excellently. The production is well built.

The Suitor


Story—Larry Semon in love with a girl prevents the servants who are members of a gang of crooks from robbing the family. The gang is headed by a count who also wants to carry off the girl. There is the usual Semon comedy and byplay, injected, some clever gags, and the chase. Everything ends well, with Larry winning the girl.

Remarks—It is slap stick comedy with a lot of new gags inserted. There are several thrills which are usually found only in serials, such as leaping from a speeding motor cycle to a rope hanging from an airplane. It will entertain. Lucille Carlisle is leading woman. Two reels.
These reviews are compiled on the theory that every motion picture has some entertainment value, and they are offered as a guide in ascertaining and fixing that value so that extravagant and inflated advertising will fail in its purpose of misleading you as to the box office and artistic worth of any production.

The high-sounding phrases and technical dissertations of the so-called "literary critic" tend only to bewilder and befuddle both exhibitor and patron. We, therefore, eliminate this element and adopt the viewpoint of the man in the audience, supported by the expert and experienced authority of a staff that has been engaged in the distribution and exhibition of motion pictures ever since their inception.

The names of all those in any way materially responsible for the mechanical or artistic features of a production are given in these reviews, because it is of the highest importance that the exhibitor should know that the creators of a photoplay are experienced picture makers. Photoplay building calls for unusual skill and experience and the appearance of an unknown name in an important capacity should generally be a warning to the exhibitor to exercise special care.

Edited by James J. Tynan

Seven Years' Bad Luck

CLASSIFICATION
Comedy. Five reels.

DIRECTOR
Max Linder.

AUTHOR
Max Linder.

SCENARIO
Max Linder.

STAR
Max Linder.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Charles Van Enger. Very good.

PRODUCER
Max Linder.

DISTRIBUTOR
No releasing arrangements completed.

SUPPORTS
Thelma Percy, sister of Eileen Percy, has appeared in number of comedies; now with Fox. Harry Mann, is well known comedian; has been with Christie and Universal, and is now producing his own comedies. Chance Ward; new in comedy but a screen actor of experience, played with William S. Hart; in Fox pictures; at one time assisted in producing Helen Holmes serials. Betty Patterson; experienced in comedies. Alta Allen; has appeared in number of small roles. Now with Hampton del Ruth. Lola Gonzalez is a dancer of note. Hugh Saxon; has had a lot of comedy training.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Max breaks a cheval mirror and is informed by his valet that it means seven years' bad luck. Max immediately does everything in his power to offset the hoodoo, which brings him into many laugh-getting situations.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
This comedy should please in any house and make money for the exhibitor, if he plays it on a short run. People will talk about it.

LOCALITY APPEAL
Should go anywhere.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise Linder. This is his first picture since he came out of the French army. Advertise that it is different, and with many new and original ideas.

REMARKS
This is a comedy with a lot of new "gags" and "business" all of which are laugh-getters. There is one particularly good "gag" where Linder transforms himself into a negro by pulling a thin black silk stocking over his head and face. This is only one of many. Harry Mann assists Linder in a piece of "business" which is one of the hits of the picture. In it they both must work in absolute coordination before the frame of a mirror which has been broken. Mann deserves a lot of credit for his work. Others are all good, and aid materially in making this a real comedy that is different. Al. Davis deserves mention for assisting in direction.

The Jailbird

CLASSIFICATION
Comedy drama. Five reels.

DIRECTOR
Lloyd Ingraham. Also directed other Douglas MacLean pictures.

AUTHOR
Julian Josephson. Author of Charles Ray's best pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Bert Cann. Has photographed all MacLean pictures. Very good.

PRODUCER
Thomas H. Ince.

DISTRIBUTOR
Paramount.

STAR
Douglas MacLean. Gives very good performance.

SUPPORTS
Doris May, until recently co-starred with MacLean. Lew Morrison, well-known character actor; has supported Charles Ray in number of pictures; also played in " Burning Day-Light." William Courtright, character actor; appeared in a number of Charles Ray pictures. Wilbur Higby; played in "Let's Be Fashionable!" with Ray in "Homer Comes Home"; former Griffin actor. Otto Hoffman; with Ray in "Homer Comes Home"; Tom Monroe in the "Great Accident"; is well and favorably known character actor. Bert Woodruff; played with Ray in "Bill Henry." "Homer Comes Home," and other pictures. Edith Yorke, character actress; fairly well known to screen. Arthur Millet; has appeared with Frank Keenan in "Ted of the Times"; with Charles Ray and other stars; is well and favorably known. Joe Hszelton; has supported Charles Ray in number of pictures. Other well known types.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Shakespeare Clancy escapes from jail by mixing with visitors. He is a notorious safe-cracker. He joins his companions and learns that he is heir to his uncle's estate, which proves to be a small amount of money and a small town paper. He, in company with his pal, settle down in the small town. They promote a fake oil company which turns out to be real. Clancy wins the girl, then goes back to jail to serve out his sentence. Haopy ending.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
Should go in any house. Any exhibitor who has played MacLean knows what can be done. Those who have not, would make no mistake in this one.

LOCALITY APPEAL
None to speak of.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise the star.

REMARKS
This is a Charles Ray type of picture with MacLean in the leading role. Everyone in this picture has appeared with Ray. The story is entertaining, and though a little improbable, will hold interest. Everyone in this picture gives a splendid performance. Direction is very good. The production is well built.
The Man Who Had Everything

CLASSIFICATION
Drama. Five reels.

DIRECTOR
Alfred Green. Has directed other Jack Pickford pictures.

AUTHOR
Ben Ames Williams. Short story writer of note.

SCENARIO
Arthur F. Statter, Goldwyn staff writer.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Clyde Cook. Very good throughout.

PRODUCER
Goldwyn.

DISTRIBUTOR
Goldwyn.

STAR

SUPPORTS
Lionel Belmore, a character of note; has been associated with Goldwyn for some time; played in "Jes' Call Me Jim" with Will Rogers, "A Strange Boarder" with Rogers; many other Goldwyn productions; is well and favorably known. Alec Francis, a Goldwyn player; appeared with Tom Moore in "The City of Comrades," in "The Street Called Straight" and many others; is well known character actor. Shannon Day, a young woman who came to the screen recently from the Ziegfeld Follies; has had little experience. Priscilla Bonner entered pictures a year ago; played extras for time; was picked by Charles Ray to play lead in "Homer Comes Home:" is rapidly gaining recognition as young leading woman; has been cast recently in a Tom Moore picture. William Machin, played in the "Corsican Brothers" with Dustin Farnum; has appeared in a number of small parts. Nick Cogley, Goldwyn stock player; remembered for his work as "Toby" in "Toby's Bow."

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
A father, to bring the good out in his son, follows the advice of a blind beggar, and allows the son to have everything he desires. Every whim of the boy is gratified, and in a few weeks he so tires of it all that he determines to go to work and make good. He secures work in his father's ship yard, and by diligence and close application works his way up. He gives up the "siren," and in the end wins the girl who had loved him all the time, and who happens to be his father's private secretary. Happy ending.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
This picture should please in any theatre.

LOCALITY APPEAL
There is none to speak of.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Play up Jack Pickford's name. Advertise the exceptionally strong cast. You could tie up with boys' and young men's clubs; for in it are problems that constantly confront those having the welfare of young men at heart.

REMARKS
This is a very pleasing picture. There are no thrills. It is a story in picture form. There is a lesson. Lionel Belmore, as the father, gives a splendid performance. Mr. Belmore seems to live every part he plays. Priscilla Bonner is pleasing, and learning rapidly. Alec Francis good, always. William Machin gives a pleasing performance; here is an actor who should be given bigger parts by some one. He has a personality that "gets over." Shannon Day was an acceptable "siren." Carl Girard is good in the only "mean" role in the picture. Direction is well handled, and the production well built.

The Broken Gate

CLASSIFICATION
Drama. Five reels.

DIRECTOR
Paul Scardon.

AUTHOR
Emerson Hough, well known novelist.

SCENARIO
Jack Cunningham.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Eugene Gaudio. Very good.

PRODUCER
B. B. Feature Co.

DISTRIBUTOR
Robertson-Cole.

STAR

SUPPORTS
Marguerite De la Motte; played in "The Sagebrusher" all-star cast; in a number of Jesse D. Hampton pictures with William Desmond; in all-star cast of a Tom Terris-Vitagraph special; now playing with Douglas Fairbanks; she is well and favorably known. Joseph Kilgore, former well known legitimate actor; played in "Shore Acres" for Metro; in "The Yellow Typhoon" with Anita Stewart; is gaining recognition as character and heavy man. Lloyd Bacon, son of Frank Bacon, legitimate actor; was at one time with Charlie Chaplin and Arnold Gregg; a George Loane Tucker discovery.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Story of man and woman who err in early youth. Woman later runs millinery shop in small town. There is a son who grows to early manhood and falls in love with a young heiress. The father is an attorney with ambitions to go to the U. S. Senate. The son is arrested for a murder committed by a half-wit. Father is engaged to assist prosecution. He does not know boy is his own son until later. He withdraws at instance of the mother and the girl. The half-wit confesses. Father goes repentant to mother, but she turns him away. A friend shows him he is not fit to be a senator. Boy wins girl.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
Patrons of most any theatre should like this.

LOCALITY APPEAL
None to speak of.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Play up Bessie Barriscale; also the name of the author. This picture is to be made into a stage play, which reverses the usual order of things. You might tie up with a book or department store on a special sale of the book, and let them carry your advertisement in their ad.

REMARKS
This is an entertaining story. Interest is well sustained. Marguerite de la Motte is very good in a congenial role. Joseph Kilgore handles a difficult role capably. Miss Barriscale is very generous to her supporting cast; each one gets his share of the camera, which always helps a story. Direction is very good, and the production well built.
Pictures in the Making
Continued from Page 24

OUT OF THE SUNSET. Directed by Stuart Paton. With Eva Novak and others. A drama. Late fall release.


J. Stuart Blackton is planning to go abroad for his health—which ought to improve the motion picture industry some.

E. Mangus Ingleton, scenarist, has completed his contract with Thomas Ince, and will leave in a few days for a several months' visit in Europe, which ought to help the motion picture industry some.

S. S. Hutchinson, president of the American Film Co., has arrived in England where he will spend some time in the interest of his company.

I WANT 'EM. HAVE YOU GOT 'EM?

Features-Comedies-Westerns

I have been commissioned to secure the best features and short subjects that have been produced for both program organizations and independent exchanges.

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The M. P. D. A. REMEMBERS!

Though the war is over to most of us—though we are trying to forget the awfulness of the conflict, there are memories that must remain, tragic and terrible, ever before our eyes—the disabled soldier.

And while many of us are trying to forget, the Motion Picture Directors’ Association is trying to help the disabled soldiers to forget—by making life a bit easier for them, by cheering them with something more tangible than sympathy.

That is why this admirable organization has arranged an

Entertainment and Dinner Dance

to be given at the

Hotel Alexandria

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 16th
the proceeds of which will ALL go to the

Disabled Soldiers of Los Angeles

This page is contributed by "IT" to the Disabled Soldiers’ organization and to the Motion Picture Directors’ Association with heartfelt praise to those men who are trying to make life a bit brighter for the crippled fighters.

Remember the date.

September 16th, at the Hotel Alexandria
The Saenger Amusement Company Joins the Rapidly Growing IT Family

Controlling the Booking Destinies of Fifty Theatres in the South—The Saenger Amusement Company Subscribes to *it* for Each of Its Theatres.

Saenger Amusement Company's Executive Offices, New Orleans, La.

They All Read *IT* and Like *IT*!
From Comedy to Drama -- A Mere Nothing
Faked Runs! Forced Runs! Broadway Runs!

To,
The Vigilance Committee
of the National Association
of the Motion Picture Industry,
New York City.

You've been cast for the important role of the Gold Dust Twins of the screen—
The exhibitors of America are waiting to see how well you play the part—waiting
and watching—

Wondering whether you will attempt to clean-up the critics of the motion picture
industry—OR WHETHER YOU ARE GOING TO ROOT OUT THE EVILS
THAT EVOKE THEIR CRITICISMS AND ATTACKS—

They want to know, among other things, what you are going to do to stop those
faked and forced "Broadway Runs,"—than which there is no more unscrupulous
bunco game in the whole long list of disreputable business practices that have been
charged against motion pictures!

The friends of the industry are not particularly interested in the "fake stock" bugaboo that
seems to have frightened you so badly—

Exhibitors and patrons of pictures both feel
that stock fakers can no more hurt honest pro-
ducers and manufacturers than a crooked mining
scheme can injure a real gold mine—

But they are deeply concerned with many
of the practices that these so-called honest pro-
ducers indulge in—

They want you to investigate some of these
fake "Broadway Runs"—

They want to know what producers put up
cold cash to have their pictures shown in Broadway
houses—

They want to know the names of the high-
binders who force pictures to run for weeks after
public interest in them has ceased—

They want to know who furnishes the money
to pay some of the fake mobs who stand in front
of the theater while the "hokum" flashlight is be-
ing taken—

In other words—strange as it may seem—
the one thing they are most keenly interested in
is the curbing and strangling of those methods
which by fraud and deceit and chicanery and de-
liberate swindling takes their money from them!

The exhibitor and the picture fan will be-
lieve in the sincerity of your purpose only when
you do your best to make it as previous a crime
to practice deceit in the marketing of a motion
picture as it is in the sale of any other product—

False, lying advertising has been banned in
all else—

In many states and cities—Los Angeles is
one of them—there are penal ordinances prohibit-
ing fraudulent commercial advertising—

Then why should motion pictures remain the
one polluted channel?

The producer who buys a Broadway run and
then uses that run to sell his product—who
"papers" a house for weeks for advertising pur-
poses, or who adopts fake methods of exploita-
tion to wring unearned and unmerited returns
from the exhibitor and theater patron, is a far
greater menace to the future of motion pictures
than the feeble and impotent "fake stock" schem-
er can ever hope to be—

The producer who foams at the mouth as
he excoriates the critic who "lies" about him is
only too often the first to bribe that critic to lie
in his favor—

Most of the enemies of motion pictures—and
that is what you are supposed to be gunning for
—are to be found within and not without the
gates—

And among these enemies there is none
greater or more dangerous than your promoter of
faked and forced Broadway runs—AND HIS
NAME IS LEGION!

Yours,

EDWARD ROBERTS.
A Reel of Condensed Fun
By the Editor

A picture bride is a negative proposition on the face of it!

Of all the inhabitants of the forest, the one to most seriously object to the destruction of the trees is the beaver—he cares a darn!

Once a maddened lion grabbed at Maggie Shane, But Maggie saved herself from death—she grabbed his shaggy mane!

A road hog always tries to have his bacon!

Period furniture scratches very easily. Period furniture has such long false!

A burglar tried to buy a piano with skeleton keys so he could play it himself!

If you must invest in a going institution, try a cyclone. An earthquake is too shaky!

Fellow across the hall says a Chimman wrote the wedding march you hear occasionally. Said after he tried it out, you ought to have seen Lo Hen grin!

You don't hear anybody mention Pin Money nowadays. Pin Money won't buy pins any more!

Fellow went out hunting wild geese and died from fright when a flock of them honked by. He thought it was a parade of women in flivvers!

They used to say that Threw is a Crowd. But nobody believes that Parley Christensen's Third Party is a crowd!

The only clever thing you can say about the toothache is that a buzz saw doesn't mind it!

It is safer to send for a medical student than a graduate physician. The student is permitted to operate only after a person is dead!

Little Marian Milestones, the newest star, I found out in the stables. She is said by her press agent to be a great lover of horses.

"Do you ride every day?" I asked.

"No; I haven't learnt how yet," she smiled. "I like to look at the horses, though, and wonder what makes 'em go!"

TOO MUCH MUCHNESS

Life is too cluttered with jazz—too many kettles of fish; I want less razz-a-ma-tazz—gimme a helping of gish!

Gimme a Dorothy wink—a pont that is very ca-tish—
Gimme a Lillian kink—gimme an evening of gish!

I am so weary of sex—I have had more than I wish— Take away problems that vex—gimme a saucer of gish!

Lead me away from the fight—I'm tired of the fist and the shrirch—
Banish the Life of the Night—bring on the sunshine of gish!—
Screen me a natural play—gimme a more soothing dish—
Film what we do every day—gimme an eye-full of gish!

I am all fed up on legs—pie is a tiresome dish—
Gimme some bacon and eggs—gimme a helping of gish!

Maybe it's the beating of the waves that makes a light house tender!

No wonder there is so much cutting and shuffling in Europe. They've lost a lot of kings out of the deck.

Doctor, whose customers were suffering with the grip, didn't want to offend them, so he added a semi-circle to the sign down in front and placed it on his desk. It then read: "Don't Bark Here!"

A kitten never writes poetry, although it is very fond of the Meows!

Trouble with a Scotch orator is that he usually gives a dialecture!

A tailor must be a very nervous person. He is always on needles and pins!

The Matrimonial Sea is full of fish, And women bait their hooks with great success; They do not use a sinker; They do not use a thinker, But neither do the fish—that's why they're fish, I guess!

A dealer down the street is offering Fords for five hundred and TIN dollars!

Once upon a time there was a motion picture director who said there were a couple of things he didn't know—but he couldn't think just what they were for the moment.

Sight-seeing automobile driver announces that he operates a SEE-going auto!

Women have two distinct moods—a pensive mood and an ex-pensive mood!

The complexities of life are weighing down the next-door neighbor. He says that by the time he gets a new pair of garters adjusted so that they don't hurt his legs they are all worn out and he has to get a new pair!

It may not sound funny to others, but why wouldn't it be kinda humorous to say that now that the Prohibition leaders have made the country so prosperous and are therefore out of jobs, why, I say, wouldn't they make a great success in the Dry Cleaning business?

In the Philippines they have a disease called Beri Beri. Here we have one called Thedabara.

The difference between Tom Mix and Harry Carey is Universal. (Joke.)

If a poet would write his stuff in the cellar, he would be surer of a good meter!

Where, oh where is Charlie and "The Kid?"

"Do you drive your own car?" I asked Minnie Fewclose, the great purveyor of tragic roles.

"Naw," she replied. "I hate driving. I need to drive cows back home."
**Movie Madness**

**INTERVIEWS**

I found Delphine Katsuch, the famous leading woman, curled up in a morris chair reading Shakespeare.

"Do you enjoy the Bard of Avon?" I queried, throwing the clutch into my fountain pen.

"Huh!" she replied.

"Do you love Shakespeare?" I made it plainer.

"Gawdno!" she answered, "I was lookin' into the darn book to see if mebbe I had put my new ten-thousand-a-week contract in it. I sure put it somewheres!" 

**ORIGINALITY**

"We need a title here," said the cutter to the title man.

"Whatcha wanna get over?" wanted to know the educated egg.

"Lapse of time," replied the cutter.

So the title writer wrote: "Next morning."

Some day I hope to read in a Movie Magazine:

An interview with a female star in which the star does not rant about her ambitions, her athletic abilities and her pets.

An interview with a male star who does not shrink from such unnecessary publicity, and who does not hope to do better.

An interview with "Crooked-nose" Murphy.

The only time a picture player does not tell the world how good he is—is when his interviewer changes the story. Which is why the average interview is the bunk.

Bathing beauty used her head—

Oh, yes, she often thinks—

She bought a violet bathing suit,

Because a violet shrinks!

Somebody has just discovered that there are iron bars on the white house windows. Put there by the Drys as propaganda, probably!

**PEET**

Note to the press agent who is expected to put over "Kismet". Try this on your typewriter:

Irish maid heard the word "Kismet".

She asked her mistress what it meant.

"Fate," her mistress told her.

That evening the maid negatived to answer the bell when a guest arrived. The mistress sent for and chided her on her neglect of duty. "Now tell me," she said, "why you did not answer the bell?" "Sure," replied the maid, "I was upstairs washing me kismet!"

**HOW COME?**

Pearlie Possum, ingenue: Mother done it.

J. Wellington Loco, leading man: Who, I? Why, my dear sir, it was inevitable. I am—I!

Rose Raspberry, leading woman: Mother done it.

Hector Heck, director: I was a stage carpenter. They wanted some comedies made. I'm a great cut-up, so they asked me to make the one-reelers. I made 'em—and here I am, the greatest comedy director in the business.

Mabel Moonshine, star at head of her own company: Mother done it.

Bill Hart, we understand, is going to quit after three more pictures. If he starts in writing poetry about his horse, we are going to have a talk with Senator Phelan and see if he won't include him with the Japs.

**MAN**

*Put his ouija board in the cellar in the hope that he could catch a few spirits for his empty barrel!*

**Q. & A. JOKE**

"Once a party of scenario editors decided to hold a story-writing contest."

"Yes?"

"Well, they held it."

"And which one carried off the honors?"

"There wasn't any honor. Didn't I say they were scenario editors!"

Some persons say Mack Sennett is only a figurehead!

Charlie Murray is certainly a slap sticker for detail.

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet,

Eating some curds and whey;

Along came an actor—

A he-vamp distractor—

And that'll be all for today!

I knew a mountain had a foot,

A side and top, but dear!

I read that two policemen went

And pulled a mountain-ear!

The fordowner saw a sign in a seed store which read: "Bulbs to Plant."

"Gee," he said, "I didn't know they were to plant. I thought they were to press!"
Genial Otto Tumble has presented the publicity department with a beautiful, hand-painted work of art, in a gold frame, which has been given a place of honor between a picture of Lew Cody and a road map to Tia Juana. It is a finely executed painting of a lily, symbolic of purity, and underneath the following: "Remember, boys, you are not under oath." Mr. Tumble also presented each member of the publicity staff with a serviceable hypodermic syringe and a bottle of dream tablets. Yellow Dog publicity stories from now on will read like any of the others you see in the daily papers.

Filming started Monday on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the play which Director General Otto Tumble bought under Julius Stern's nose from the Greek bootblack. Some radical changes have been made in the story, principally on the suggestion of Charley Stevenson, who works with Harold Lloyd at the Hal Roach studio. Charley has been with Lloyd and "Snub" Pollard so long that he is well versed in the finer technique of the classical drama. Why, this man Stevenson is so well posted that he even uses the word "psychology" in connection with picture making, you can bet your last quart that he knows a lot about the art—or else doesn't know anything and is trying to cover it up.

Well, anyway, Stevenson said that "Uncle Tom" was a little old-fashioned and it ought to be jazzed up a bit. He said that if Harold Lloyd were producing it he would probably have little Eva wear chin whiskers, so Eva is romping through the scenes with a Santa Claus beard and is just too cute for anything. Owing to the recent race riots in Chicago, Stevenson suggested that we make Uncle Tom a Hindoo instead of a darkey, and transform Eliza into a Swedish peasant girl. Instead of chasing Eliza across the ice, she swims a frog pond in an "Annette Kellerman." She is not chased by a pack of bloodhounds, but by a ferocious police squad. The property man could not locate any bloodhounds, but he had no difficulty in finding purity squads, hence the substitution. Legree, the slave driver, has been made a rent profligate and given a megaphone instead of a blacksnake. Topsy figures as a hula-hula dancer. Marks is a Nevada lawyer canvassing for California Business. The transformation scene shows Little Eva sitting astride a beer keg in a full cellar, a popular conception of Paradise.

Oswald Thudd of San Bernardino may be added to Yellow Dog's galaxy of stars. Mr. Thudd has written to Mr. Tumble for a position and Mr. Tumble says the letter sounds like business. Here it is:

"What is it that's in contrast to get into Pitchers? I am a young man, ambitious, have a good education and am not afraid to work. I can ride any hoss that wears hale, can play the ukalaylay and am also a pretty good reciter. Think I have all the qualifications necessary to become a great moving Pitcher star.

Legal complications having arisen concerning the rights to film "Ben Hur," the Yellow Dog production of the big, spectacular play will be released under the title of "Ben Hurry." Mr. Tumble did not care much for the original title, anyway. He says the play was named after a brand of soap. Exhibitors booking this feature need not fear injunction proceedings, as the play has been so changed as to be unrecognizable. As an illustration, the chariot race has been eliminated. In its place the director has introduced a thrilling wheelbarrow race between two rival mortar mixers. When it comes to revising or building up a plot it should be borne in mind that Yellow Dog has a few Rupert Juliens of its own on the pay-roll.

Francis X. Fairbrother, Yellow Dog's dare-devil leading man, had a narrow escape from death the other day while working in a fire scene where it was necessary for him to rescue a maiden from the flames. He is looking at a window of a female seminary. Just as he was starting up the ladder, his trousers caught fire. With rare presence of mind Mr. Fairbrother removed his trousers and continued the scene while the crowd cheered and the camera ground on. Sam Levy is the only loser by the accident, as they were installment trousers.

After signing up Mollie Cuddle for five years at an enormous salary to play leads, Director General Otto Tumble heard rumors that she was a lemon and hesitated in putting her to work. Yesterday he dashed into the casting director's office wildly excited and his Bevo countenance radiating joy. "Cutting, old boy," said he, slapping the newest boil on the back of the dialog's neck. "We're all right! Miss Cuddle is a regular actress—a great actress. Just saw her on the lot leading around a Russian wolf hound.
DUNAEV IN WRECK

Nicholas A. Dunaev, widely known Russian actor and writer, had a narrow escape from serious injury and possibly death when the car which he was driving, was thrown before a Hollywood boulevard car near Normandie avenue. Mr. Dunaev managed to leap to safety as his runabout was rolled fifty feet by the street car, and received a few minor bruises, and a severe shock. The accident was caused by a reckless driver who attempted to turn around in the middle of the block, which caused him to crash into Mr. Dunaev’s machine, throwing it in front of the car. After the smash the driver attempted to speed away, but was overhauled by a woman in another car, who turned the license number into the police. Mr. Dunaev has been compelled to cease work on an original story he is writing for Louis J. Gasnier.

Syd Smith, comedian, with Hamilton-White Comedies, and veteran of the Argonne, where he was wounded, is the recipient of daily letters from his old buddies of the 364th Infantry, 91st Division, congratulating him on his comedy work in “A Fresh Start” and “Non-sense,” produced by Jack White.

King Vidor borrowed Coleen Moore from Marshall Neilan to play opposite David Butler in “The Sky Pilot,” having first borrowed Dave from D. M. Schwab Productions; at the same time Vidor has loaned his wife Florence Vidor to Thomas H. Ince to work in “The Magic Life.” Isn’t it a great life!

A new gate man, Keep M. Our book charge at Universal City while Tod Browning was out at lunch the other day. When Mr. Browning returned he was halted at the entrance.

“I work here; I’m a director,” he explained.

“All right, go ahead,” said the new gate man.

(One could have the new gate man say “Aw gawh, where’s your sport shirt and megaphone?”—but why not a little realism once in a while?)

Charles H. Christie, general manager of the Christie films, has gone to New York for some comedy. What’s the matter with Main street, Charlie?

Hallam Cooley, according to his publicist, battled two hours with a 200 pound tuna while fishing at Catalina Island. Not bad, 100 pounds an hour.

Carl Clausen, well known magazine writer, has joined Metro’s story producing forces. His latest story appearing in the S. E. P. was “The Perfect Crime.” There are none of ‘em perfect.

Wallace MacDonald has been signed to play the leading role in Edgar Lewis’ next feature picture.

**

Put it up to Argus

The fabled Argus—he of the hundred eyes—was no more watchfully zealous than this modern Argus with the myriad eyes centered on the Motion Picture Industry.

Every day thousands of problems, both great and small, from all parts of America, pass under the all-seeing scrutiny of this unique service organization.

During the course of each business year some member of our organization is called upon to lend a friendly hand in the numerous intricately perplexing problems and the many startlingly revolutionary plans and ideas conceived by the energetic minds of the Motion Picture Industry.

The sum of our combined experiences is a rich source of practical knowledge based on facts—a wealth of material at your service for the advancement of the Motion Picture Industry as a whole.

And to back up this service, we have a complete stock of equipment for both producer and exhibitor—ranging from a lamp to a fully equipped motion picture theatre.

Put it up to Argus Men—they know.

Distributors of

Argus Check Universal Adapter
Argus G. E. Projector Lamp Equipment
A. C. to D. C. Compensators
Argus H. E. Motor Generator Sets
Argus Crystal Read Screen
Argus Flat White Screen
Argus Lighting Change Maker
Argus-Weiss Film Waxes
Argus Aisle-Keys
Simplex Projection Machine
Victor Portable Stereopticon
Argus Whart Studio Camera
Argus Industrial and Educational Films

DeVry Portable Projectors
Making Stereopticon Slides
Using Argus Projection Room
Lobby Display Frames
Automatic Ticket Sellers
Ticket Choppers
Theatre Signs
Theatre Chairs
Stage Scenery
New Theatre Equipment
General Theatre Supplies
Duplex Laboratory Equipment
Wohl Studio Lighting Line
Fulco Products

The ARGUS ENTERPRISES Inc.
Calvary Brothers Division
Los Angeles Branch
836 South Olive Street
Los Angeles.
Loafing Round the Lot

J. G. Bachmann, who is associated with Benjamin P. Schulberg, has returned to New York following a several week visit to Los Angeles, where he was in consultation with R. P. Fine- man, vice president and general manager of Katherine MacDonald Pictures Corporation. Mr. Bachmann is treasurer of the company.

Vitagraph has so many children working on the lot, that it was found necessary to establish a school as a part of the studio. A teacher assigned by the board of education, rings the bell every morning and all the children get busy with the three "r's." Among the pupils are, Georgia French, Laddie Earle, Burwell Haukirk, Bunny Davy, Jane Mickinn, and Marie Trebon.

Luther Reed who wrote the story and continuity of "Cinderella's Twin" will superintend the cutting and titling of the pictures which stars Viola Dana. A step in the right direction.

Read this and laugh:

Mary Thurman saw a poor little mongrel wandering forlornly about the set during the filming of Allan Dwan's "In the Heart of a Fool." Mary, who is kind-hearted called him "poor doggie" and gently patted his mangy head. Mr. Dwan, hearing her thus commiserating, replied: "Poor nothing,—while the whole country is as dry as the Sahara at high noon, this hound is never with out his w(h)ine." Repartee—what?

W. S. Smith, general manager of Vitagraph, has set aside a portion of the studio grounds for a co-operative garage for the use of employes. It will be built on a membership plan and sustained by yearly assessments.

Buster Keaton has finished his fourth Metro comedy which has been titled "The Backyard," Virginia Fox plays opposite Buster, while "Big" Joe Roberts continues to get the worst of it.

SEMON HITS BACK

Larry Semon, film comedian, has replied to a suit against him for $401,-338.22 damages, alleging breach of contract, by filing a cross-complaint in the Federal District Court, demanding $1,-000,000 from the Vitagraph Company of America. Semon alleges that the Vitagraph company inserted advertisements in moving picture publications which subjected him to "hatred, contempt, ridicule and obloquy and caused him to be shunned and avoided." The actor replied to charges made by the company that he was recklessly extravagant in staging pictures by stating that the company failed to provide him with efficient actors to support him and that he was furnished with a poor quality of stage properties.

Lon Chaney, who has scored another triumph in "The Penalty," will appear in a David Hartford production, "Nomads of the North," which is made up of eight-star cast.

George Beban has announced that he will personally prepare and select the musical score to accompany "One Man in a Million," his latest picture which took ten months to make. Mr. Beban wrote the story, prepared the script, played the lead, directed it, cut it, edited it—and now he is going to attend to the musical score. If George was "A Million in One Man" he could travel with each print, sell the tickets, collect them, project the pictures, sing the illustrated song and play the organ and so on.

Harry Ginsberg, representative for the Educational Film Corporation of New York, through which the Hamilton-White Comedies are released, arrived in Los Angeles a few days ago to confer with Irving M. Lesser, local manager for the company, and to visit the studios where the Educational productions are made.

Will the Sennet bathing beauties please give ear? Girls, here's your chance. Paint your legs henna color, your shoulders a pale mauve, wear a powdered wig, don the usual wisp technically known as your bathing suit, have a variegated rose or tiger lily sketched on your knees—and you will be entirely comme il faut—the Parisiennes have just tried this new style out at the Longchamp races—and it's a riot. To be sure they wore a gold band around their ankles and something in the way of a gown—but they were not Sennet bathing beauties!

Frank Mayo will begin this week to work in the picturization of "Colorado," for Universal. After "Colorado" he will have the role of "Davy Crockett" from the stage play of the same name. Frank Mayo, first, our hero's grand-father, produced the piece and later the present Frank appeared in it; also he made his debut in it at the age of five years. If there's anything in the old adage, "Like father, like son," the present Mr. Mayo will "do his family proud," as the southerners say.

Sol Lesser expects to leave Los Angeles for New York in a few days with a print of "One Man in a Million," George Beban's latest feature. It is probable that Mr. Beban will accompany Mr. Lesser. While in New York distribution plans for the feature will be arranged.

Tom Mix says a man must know his horse before he attempts stunts with him. We've seen fellows on the ranch who knew their horses fairly well take fearful tumbles, while on the screen we've seen brave heroes, who had never been on a horse's back leap from cliff to cliff and take yapping chihuas as they leaped.

Some directors have no heart at all—if one is to believe their publicity men. For instance, there's Rex Ingram directing Metro's production, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Could you imagine a human being with a palpitating soul commanding a good looking young actor to grow a beard? Just like that—"grow a beard—and give me no excuses!" Fortunately Rudolph Valentino is able to obey the dictum—and while the growing process is going on, he is no longer seen in his usual haunts; he is now "haunting" back alleys.

MUST BE SQUARE

"Triangle pictures, triangle stories—there's been too much of them. That's what is the matter with the industry," said the Idiot. "How do you figger?" inquired the M. P. editor, sadly. "Look at the old Aitken company. That's all they made—Triangle pictures. Look at 'em now—they're busted!"
Kenneth L. Eagon of Chicago, formerly associated with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, exploitation and sales, has finished “Cedarbrook Farm,” which will be the scenario used for the first Pinnacle Comedy, released by Pinnacle Productions, Inc., November 1. Eddy Eckels, general manager of the Independent Film Association, took the script on “Cedarbrook Farm” with him to the studios at Glendale, Calif., when he left Chicago with Ollie Moore, director. Leon and Blanche White and Al Martin will be starred in Pinnacle Comedies. Eagon has started to work on the second comedy—“Raspberries,” and expects to go to the Pacific Coast within a week to aid in direction of those comedies, working with Dr. John West.

Virginia Warwick, who is playing the part of “Chichi” in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” says she finds her knowledge of French very useful in her work. A lot of film folks would find English useful, too, if they would use it sometime.

The Van Curen Productions Company has closed a contract with the Hermann Film Corporation for the use of its studio. Van Curen company will produce a picture entitled “The Waif of the Wreck,” founded on the book of the same name by Van Curen. The cast includes Ted Dixon, Norris Johnson, Harry Lonsdale, Jane Watson and Willis Ellingford.

Margaret Cullington has just finished work in a Special Pictures Corporation comedy, “A Schoolhouse Scandal.” Probably increased teachers’ salaries.

Reminiscent of the old days when they cavorted together as Ham and Bud for Kalem, was a visit paid recently to the Glendale lot of the diminutive comedian, Bud Duncan, to see his old pal and co-worker, Lloyd “Ham” Hamilton, of the Hamilton-White Comedies.

Charles Gordon suggests that an Englishman be engaged to write titles for American-made films that go to England, and American title writers write titles for British films that come to America. He further says that some of our words in good standing are considered vulgar in England, and some in good standing in England would cause a riot in America. There you are. If it isn’t one thing it’s another.

LITTLE BROWN SISTER

Now, that the Japanese film fan letter is in the publicity dead letter office—we have a new one—the Filipino girl fanzette who writes the following letter to Lloyd “Ham” Hamilton.

Imus, Cavite.

Mr. Lloyd Hamilton,

My dearest Mr. Hamilton:

I hope that this letter from a Filipina girl will not surprise you for your place as one of the best actors in the movies is not known not only by the courties of Europe and America but also by the Philippines. That everybody in the Phil. Islands is after you is not an exageration to your popularity.

Dear Mr. Hamilton, though we can’t see each other ever, yet let us be friends and treat me as a best and true friend of yours as ever. Dear Mr. Hamilton, may I have a good fortune to have a very nice and handsome photo of yours be kind to your newly friend to send me your photos. This is all and I hope that my request will be granted.

Your new acquaintance,

Pepita Jardiniano.

Editor’s Note: If the space grabber who sent this in will call at the office he will be presented with an engraving of the famous twins Haig and Haig.

Peté Smith, director of publicity for Marshall Neilan, has gone to New York with a print of “Dinty” under his arm, or in his suitcase, or wherever it is publicity directors carry prints entrusted to their person. Pete will tell J. D. Williams how “Mickey” Neilan wants the picture exploited.

Art Rossen has signed a contract to direct Betty Compson’s next production as yet unnamed. It will be released by Goldwyn.

DISAPPOINTMENT

By Lew Tennant.

While we were calling on the Jones’ the other evening Jones motioned me to follow him. He took me through the dining room, the kitchen, down a flight of stairs to the cellar. My hopes rose high. I had heard that Jones had an excellent private stock, more than that I noticed when he greeted us at the door that there was a faint aroma about him of fragrant Old Scotch. “Come over here,” said Jones, “I want to show you our new furnace.”

A three-day convention of Motion Picture Owners of America will be held in San Francisco this week. Among the stars who have accepted invitations to be present at the convention are Bessie Barriscale, Clara Kimball Young and Beatrice Michellena, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Tom Mix, Dustin Farnum, Princee, Mabel Normand, May Allison, Shirley Mason, Charles Murray, Al St. John, Bobby Vernon, Buster Keaton, Dorothy DeVore, Fay Tencher, Carmel Myers, Al Christie producer of Christie comedies, C. A. Hutchinson, Neil Burns, Roy Stewart, Howard Hickman, Eddie Lyons and Lee Morran. The convention will last three days.

Monroe Salisbury is said to be considered an Indian owing to his portrayal of Indian characters on the screen. According to that, Bob McKim, would be as welcome in nice society, as a Japanese professor at a testimonial dinner to Senator Phelan.

“Duck Inn,” second of the Mermaid Comedies produced by Hamilton-White, starring Lloyd Hamilton, and released through Educational exchanges, has broken all records, it is claimed, for the Cleveland territory by being held over for the fourth consecutive week at the Euclid Theatre.

Kathleen Kirkham, according to publicity, has about completed the organization of her own company, and will make announcement later, giving full details.

Bearice Bee Monson, formerly with Marion Kahn and Monty Banks Productions, has been engaged to play opposite Lloyd “Ham” Hamilton in his newest comedy, “April Fool,” now in the course of production. She should be a honey!

Ted Laurel, a young English comedian, who only recently arrived in this country, has been engaged by Lloyd “Ham” Hamilton to play a character part in his latest comedy, “April Fool,” in the course of production.

He is a son of M. A. Laurel, manager-director of the Metropole Theatre in Glasgow, Scotland.

Valie Fenton, Annette Keller on bathing girl and high diver, was loaned to the Jack White “Mermaid Comedy Co.” last week to do a spectacular dive at Balboa, for White’s latest comedy, now on the second week of production. Wonder if anybody can borrow a bathing girl.
Bessie Love is going to Arizona with her company to make scenes of great groups of cattle on the ranges, for her next picture, "Penny," now in production under the direction of Arthur Berthelet. Probably be a lot of bull in it.

Harrison Ford has become a wholesale leading man, according to announcement, having signed to play with both Norma and Constance Talmadge. See where they've reduced the price on all Fords.

Oregon will have a chance to see a nationally famous man. Frank Borzage is taking his entire company north for scenes in Peter B. Kyne's story, "Kindred of the Dust," in which Marion Davies is starring for Cosmopolitan Producers. They are going up among the big trees. Was it Shakespeare who said something about "books in the running brooks." Let's hope Miss Davies finds a volume on dramatic art.

Ben Turpin celebrates his fifty-third birthday this month, according to announcement. Ben has seen twice as much as the ordinary guy; he looks two ways at once.

George Walsh has quit the Fox banner to carry his own, according to reports.

Lloyd Ingraham advises producers to keep in touch with the small exhibitors, in a speech made before an organization connected with the motion picture industry. It has been the rule of some producers and distributors to "touch" the small exhibitor for as much as he will stand.

They had offered a prize to the screen player who registered some one emotion better than the rest.

Surely there was one single emotion in the entire gamut of emotions that registered clearer and better than any other.

So they made a composite picture of a hundred of the greatest film players registering emotions.

It was to be an interesting experiment and the world waited breathlessly.

At last the register was ready.

All the players in the land, as well as their friends, flocked to see the composite picture.

Then suddenly it was flashed on the screen. Right well might they gasp, for

It showed a close-up of a HOT AIR REGISTER.

Barbara Bedford, leading woman in "The Last of the Mohicans," was, according to announcement, attacked by a half-tame or half-wild deer (the copy from the P. A. is blurred) and sustained a painfully bruised shoulder when she ducked. O! dear! O! dear.

Frank Elliot rises to remark that published accounts of his death are premature. Mr. Elliot has been receiving his mail marked "deceased." He has been confused with Milton Elliot who lost his life when the plane in which he was riding with Lieut. Orner Locklear crashed to the ground.

Art Rossen is building a house at Beverly Hills, it is being made of adobe blocks, Mexicans are making the building blocks, Art is making a picture of the Mexicans making adobe blocks which will go into the house that Art is building.

Maurice Tourneur has, according to his space grabber, engaged a Spanish caballero to attend to his heavy mail from Latin countries. Why not a Toreador?

Buck Jones, who was shot in the arm during the filming of a scene, is back at work. Announcement from press agent. By the way, wonder if Reginald Jay is back yet.

Allan Dwan, according to announcement, is to star James Kirkwood, as soon as Mr. Kirkwood finishes two pictures with Marshall Neilan.

Pauline Frederick is to appear in a screen version of "The Mistress of Shensone," by Florence L. Barclay. The picture will be directed by Henry King and released by Robertson-Cole.

Vitagraph has taken out insurance policies to the amount of $50,000 on the horse which is playing the name role in "Black Beauty."

General Manager Henry J. Arenz of the Hamilton-White Comedies is back at his post at the Glendale lot, after a severe illness.

Ray Berger, who produced "Purity" with Audrey Munson, and a former director of "Kolb and Dill," is now with the Hamilton-White Comedies playing character parts.

"Go slow and easy," says Charles Ray to E. W. Robinson, who drove Sol Lesser and Dave Bershon to Bakersfield to deliver the print of "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," for the opening of the new California Theater in that city. Seated in the pit and ready for the plane to take the air are Sol Lesser, western First National chief, and Dave Bershon, Manager of the Los Angeles branch of the First National Exhibitors’ Circuit, Inc.
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS
Jo, in town, learns from a poster on Jo's ranch in Nevada. They are considerably worried about a high bidder for the saddle, who may have driven away from Archibald Holden Claverling, the boy actor, and that's why they've resorted to Archibald's help and advice. After a series of dark-dawn escapades perpetrated by the little girl, Jo will manage to get her back to his mother and they are given the real secret of what happened to the postman's money, $4,650.00. The mortgage is paid and there is enough money to settle all the debts and to tile the house and to buy a new horse. Jo's pal is the dead image of Neal Newcomb, the boy actor, and Jo's idea is to have Neal Newcomb on the screen and decide they could do better pictures from him.

In this issue, read how the "little egg" makes it possible for the boys to realize their ambitions and let Jo's pal tell you how they got along in the movies.

Yes, sir, it was the strangest thing, coming as it did that way. And yet it wasn't so surprising, either, when you stop to think of it. Because Jo got a letter from little Archibald Holden Claverling, the boy actor, propounding a certain query, and there couldn't be anything more natural than for him to get a letter from the kid he had rescued from a watery grave, or whatever it was he might have killed himself in. He read the letter, if we hadn't turned him over to his parents.

But what the letter held inside of it was the strange and important feature of the letter. It was an offer of a job for Jo and I. It said:

"Dear Jo. My father, who is production manager for the Ex-co Film Company, has given him permission to write and ask you and your hired man if you two would like to come down here and make a western for the Company. They are looking for some real riders and if you two can make good, they will pay you $25 a day and furnish horses. Please answer as soon as possible because they are going to start a big western feature with Neal Newcomb and they will want you men in it.

Yours very truly,
ARCHIBALD HOLDEN CLAVERLING.

O. K. Richard Henry Claverling
(Archibald's father).

Production Manager for Ex-co Film Co.

The letter was typewritten on an Ex-co Film Company stationery, and it looked like a stenographer had done the heavy work.

It begins to look," I says, "like you was going to have a chance to show up on this here Newcomb frontier."

"Seventy-five dollars a week. Whew!" yipes Jo. "Do they pay that much money? I guess he must mean seventy-five a month.

"Nope—a week," I asserts. "Haven't you read how none of them movie players get less than three or four thousand a week after they hire a press agent?"

"It don't sound nearly as reasonable," opines Jo. "If it is true, why is anybody doing anything else?"

"Some men must work and some must loaf," I says. "All of us ain't actors, in the first place—some at this family." I says. "Only half of us is actors—me."

"That's right," says Jo. "Some families are just like apples—half of 'em are rotten. Make the Archibald Holden Claverling to be rid of you and me," I tells Jo. "Mebbe he just wants to see how we will act to get a lot more money for his picture."

"I was afraid of that, too," replies Jo, "but you, your dad signed it, which makes it pretty near unanimous with the members of our family."

"And him being a kind of a straw boss at that," I goes on. "It looks like we might take a chance."

But Jo wouldn't believe anything so easy and we'd both been over to Caliente and talked with his lawyer, Ote Stevens.

Ote Stevens knows quite a bit about various parties and handles some of the Nobody's business in Archibald's letter, why, he gazed on the words with astonishment.

"So long, Sis," says Ote, peering over his specs. "I wish," he says, morbid-like, "I wish they'd make me an offer like that. I know I'd use seventy-five a week. I'd use seventy-five a week and I'd be so bright I could think of ten, if I put my mind to it."

"Well, would you take the job?" Jo asks him.

"I wouldn't take it, but I would put it in the safe and get a lot of insurance on it, so's the spectacles could stand it."

"Well, you're my lawyer," says Jo. "So if we take them jobs, we will hold you responsible.

"Sure—go to it," grins old Ote. "Of course I'll pay all damages if you two rough roosters don't happen to be able to understand the rudiments of acting."

"I know them rudiments backwards," I chimes in. "I used to be in a med—"

"Aw, shut up," says Jo. "That's all I've heard for two months now—and that medicine show.

"Yes, Sis," Ote mumbles, kinda to himself, "if I had an offer like that, I would grab it so quick it would slip out of my hands.

"I would take that job right pronto and let the others course."

"Coarse is right," avers Jo. And then we went home and wrote a letter to Archibald and our little father, telling them that we were on the way to become motion picture stars of a certain magnitude.

Then Jo went and hired Henry Cox to come down and take the pictures, and of course he came down at seventy-five a month, and we told the boys goodbye and went on from that place.

And when we reached the Ex-co Film Company's studio, little Archibald and his parental father were there to meet us, and you wouldn't believe the dandy little kid was glad to see us. The way he shook our hands and carried on...

"I am glad you decided to join us," his dad says. "We have the big western picture tomorrow and we really need some good riders. Come on, and I will see that you are assigned dressing rooms."

So we went along a lot of little cells and found our stalls, and a guy came in and showed us how to make up our faces and hands and what to stand it, and our names went onto the payroll.

After we had got kind of moved in and was making ourselves at home as much as we could in a room three by six feet in magnitude, why, this here Claverling person sent a boy for me and asked me would I come in his office.

"I just wanted to get another look at you alongside of Mr. Newcomb, here," he says, introducing the hero of the film. "Fly George does look alike," he goes on. "You could very well pass as twins," he says.

Newcomb didn't seem to like it much, I guess, but he admitted we did resemble each other to an alarming extent. It was a lot of fun, he says, and adds, "I don't think Mr. Newcomb Hero was any too glad. But, Gosh! I didn't want to look like him, either, if you ask me.

Then this here Claverling person turned to Jo and said:

"You salary will be one hundred dollars a week instead of seventy-five. But you will be expected to double for Mr. Newcomb at times if they can ride well.

"I can," I says, and went back to Jo's stall.

"Some people," I says to Jo, "become actors who never seem to be gifted with the knack of acting, while others, I goes on, "are natural-born actors, who can be recognized on sight."

"I don't probably have the brains to say something," says Jo. "Does it make any difference whether I understand you?"

"It does," I says. "The difference between a谎 and a finished actor, you are the hired man.

"Now, what do I say so the joke will come in at the right point?" he asks.

"None!" I says. "That's no joke.

"That there training I got in the medicine show is what made me the success I am to-day," I says to Jo. "I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for that valuable experience."

"It's too bad that you have to look like Newcomb," mormons Jo, overlooking a chance to say something scornful about the medicine show business.

"I'm sorry about this whole unfortunate affair," Jo goes on after a minute's thought, because you will be kept on as a double at a small salary and show this guy Newcomb up—and, incidentally, you—and mebbe take his place, if I feel that way about it.

"I don't probably have the brains to say something," I says. "He's a plain four-flusher—but a hundred a week's the all I need."

"Let's show him up, anyway," says Jo. Let's do our darndest at riding and stunt ing and fighting and whatever alsig is called for—do it a lot better than he can—and it won't be long till the bosses will be noticing us instead of him."

Which is what we decided to take up in the regular order of business.

Well, sir, Jo and I, we got down to the studio at 5:30 the next morning and had to wait around there till 9 o'clock for the jobs to open up, and if you was hired to do a hard day's work in a day at that money! I guess it was 11 o'clock before we rode out with the rest of the gang to the place where we were to do our rough riding. The director said he wasn't going to shoot the scenes in order—he wanted to get the mob stuff first, he said. Well, he had it. I suppose there was a hundred men of every kind you could think of working there, and if I had seen any one of 'em on the range, day or night, I would have gone and told the sheriff.

Newcomb hadn't showed up yet, and when one of the punchers came leading up a black, out-lawish bronc, why, some of the cheap actors said he didn't blame him.

"Because," says a spotted-shirt egg next to me, "ol' Nigger can sure sunfish some!"

The director, Sam Herrold, looked over us kind of careful, he says:

"You fellows look like scarey—come here."

The bird at my left allowed Herrold meant me—looked over me very careful:

"Can you ride?" he asks.

"I'm betting on it," I says. "Why?"

"Because," says a spotted-shirt egg next to Newcomb, he goes on. "Go get into your make-up.

"I'm in it now," I started to tell him, but Continued on Page 30
This department is designed for the purpose of giving to the world the latest styles in women's wear, for it has developed that the gowns worn by the motion picture stars are being generally copied by leaders of fashion throughout the country. Only those stars whose gowns are famous for their beauty are described herein.

Great tears were gently coursing down her cheeks and splashing her orchid-colored gown; the orchestra tenderly sobbed out the strains of a sad melody and in grief-stricken pantomime she was bidding him a long farewell.

Subtle Sorrow (in capital letters) stalked about the set and even the furniture seemed chastened and subdued.

Acute melancholia gripped me and I felt the tears about ready to tie in double bow-knots under my chin, when she burst into a merry laugh and said she was through with the sob-stuff until after lunch.

When Carmel Myers weeps, she weeps—and strong men wipe furtive tears away with grimy handkerchiefs, while the cameras register deep distress.

In "The Orchid," now being filmed by Universal under the direction of Marcel de Sano, Miss Myers has the intriguing role of a beautiful and aristocratic crook, who—but the story so far is a deep, dark, profound secret—so the details must be left to the imagination.

"It's a gown part," confided Miss Myers—"all dressed up and somewhere to go all the way through—but I like having to think about clothes for a change. Always before I've had character roles that required little in the way of costumes—but this is just one dress after another—and all of them must be good looking."

By now we were well out of the "sorrowful set" and on our way to the Universal cafeteria, where we were to have a half hour for luncheon.

"New York is the place to pick up clothes sense," declared Miss Myers as we gave our attention to the catastrophe.

"Fifth Avenue, Madison and 57th streets are liberal educations in the matter of dress. Smart apparel is a necessity both in private and professional life in New York and what I didn't know about style would have filled a book when I arrived there. But fortunately there are plenty of teachers the subject, and while I've taken with them prove rather expensive, still one makes it back in knowing something about what one should wear and how."

A distinction accorded to few was that which quite accidentally came to Miss Myers during her engagement in "The Magic Melody," a Broadway success in which the young star scored a real triumph. In getting together a costume which should at once be different and becoming, she hit upon the old-fashioned mitts as an accessory—long lace ones—which set Broadway quite by the ears and incidentally set the fashion. Before two weeks had elapsed mitts were being shown in all the exclusive shops windows and directly afterwards they were being worn with all sorts of costumes for both evening and afternoon.

That Miss Myers has acquired clothes sense was demonstrated in her dressing-room, where I was shown one of the most chic and beautiful wardrobes it has been my good fortune to see for some time.

The dinner gown in which Miss Myers was at the moment appearing was a simple, straight-lined model of orchid-colored charmeuse having a loose girdle, V-shaped neck, short sleeves and fastened down the back from neck to hem with small knots of blue tulle. With the gown, she wore a necklace of seed pearls and a scarf of orchid and blue tulle.

A handsome negligee of black chiffon has a back panel of gold lace—fishnet pattern. Bands of ermine are used to finish the mandarin sleeves, the neck and the bottom of the skirt, which ends in a long train.

A gorgeous evening gown is built on a foundation of white chiffon. The chiffon is embroidered solidly in white beads in which are set motifs of black beaded flowers of a large pattern. A shawl collar and deep cuffs are of black fur. This is a Parisian creation of unusual grace and beauty and is used in one of the scenes in "The Orchid."

A rose and silver brocaded satin evening gown is modeled on long, slender lines—a semi-princess effect—cut extremely decolette with narrow silver shoulder-straps. A collar of kolinsky fur with a bracelet of the same fur about the left wrist and a banding of the fur around the edge of the court train give to the creation an extremely smart and different effect.

An afternoon gown is of black charmeuse, modeled on the Chinese style, with a long coat effect having a sash of turquoise blue ribbon and heavily embroidered in turquoise silk. A debutante ball dress is of blue tulle with a full skirt over which are strewn hundreds of pink rose petals. The bodice is of light blue brocade, while a silver sash and shoulder straps of rose petals form pleasing details of the pretty gown.

"Hats," said Miss Myers, "are considered of great importance in New York, so I bought a few for emergencies."

Of eight or ten, three particularly appealed to me for their smartness.

One of these is of blue velvet, medium brim, and with a single silver buckle as an ornament. Another is of French blue duvetine—touque in shape—with a dashing pheasant's feather at the side. The third hat is of black tulle—a semi-evening hat—with a wide brim of fluted tulle and with a flat bow of black velvet at the back.

A charming street costume consists of three pieces—coat, skirt and a sort of over-bouse of lace heavily embroidered in bright colored beads. The skirt and coat are of dark blue duvetine—the coat tight fitting and quite long, the skirt very short, the former having collar and cuffs of grey fox.
Not to Be Laughed At

One time I joined a comedy company. I hope I am an actor. I was hired for one anyway.

We went out on the lot and the director told us what he wanted us to do first.

I remember that I was to enter the door at the rear and peer over the chef's shoulder, at which time the chef was to see me in a mirror and hurl a string of sausage around my neck.

Then there was a double exposure—the sausages were turned into little dogs which crawled up and down my anatomy.

Then the company was halted. We waited for an hour, two hours, three hours. I supposed they were building another set, perhaps; or perhaps we were waiting for another player. I asked someone.

"Oh," replied the actor, "we gotta wait till Joe, the director, thinks up another gag!"

After about six hours Joe thought of another one.

This time I entered the same door. A girl in scant attire was bending over, tying her shoe. A mouse came running out of a flour barrel. The girl climbed up on a chair. The mouse chased after her. I came to her rescue with a shot-gun.

The girl's skirts were high. I was told to drop the gun and look at the girl's legs, unuppered. The gun exploded as it fell, shot the chair out from under the girl, she fell on the mouse, killing it.

We waited all afternoon, but the brilliant director had not yet thought of a new "gag," so we quit for the day.

The next day we went through a similar experience; the "gags" were fully as good as those of the first day, but they were too scarce—and so we spent most of the day waiting.

This continued for 32 days—but we finished the two reels. During that period, a young man—a humorist with a fair reputation—applied for a job as scenario writer. He showed the scenario editor some of his stuff. It sounded funny to me, sort of subtle, but good.

Still it wasn't all slapstick.

"No," said the editor, "this won't do. Nobody can write our sort of stuff. It's got to be spontaneous—something the director catches right on the spur of the moment."

That was four years ago, I believe. Today that scenario editor is out of a job, although he has been directing comedies. BUT—

That young man who applied for a job as scenario writer is making $50,000 a year writing dramas for the screen.

Oh, I quit after my first experience. I'm in the cafeteria business now—I think up all my own "gags."

Continued on Page 26

THE END OF THE PICTURE

The two husky giants were to stage a fight on the edge of a cliff just before the end of the picture.

"Remember," they said one to the other, "we've got to watch ourselves to see that we don't become angry and hurt each other."

"Sure," they replied to each other.

"Tell you what we'll do," said one.

"We'll tell each other funny stories while we're fighting."

And it was agreed.

When the fight started, Bill said to Ed:

"One time"—Bill—"a fellow who never had seen a woman but his mother"—Bill!—"went to town and met a girl!—Zam!—"waitress and"—Bam!—"married her. Zip! Zowie! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!"—Bill—"started home!—Ker-thud!—she fell off her horse!—Ziza!—and broke a leg and"—Kersham!—"he didn't know what else!—Zim!—"to do, so!—Bim!—he shot her—Zowie!—to put her out of her misery."

"Excuse me if I don't laugh," said Ed, "but you know this is being shot now."

"Sure," replied Bill.

"Well," went on Ed, "Once a young man—Bam!—"married"—Zow!—"had to pawn his watch"—Stam! Bam! Bam!—"on account of!—Thud!—of a poker game!—Zim! Zam!—and he forgot and!—Rip! Rap!—'left the ticket!—Bam!—in his pocket!'—Bim! Bam!—"Well, his wife!—Zow!—found the ticket!—Zing! Zang!—and asked him how come?—Bill! Bam! "—and he said he had been—Slap!—'to a dance'—Bam!—'and that was only'—Zip!—'a check.'—Zam!—"But!"—Bill!—"what kind of a dance?—Thump!—'was it, anyway?'—Zing!—she wanted to know!—Rump!—'This is your pants.'"

"That is a good one," said Bill, as they went into a clinic. Then as they broke away, he went on:

"Once upon a time there was a guy that was a cheese-maker. He didn't know how to put the holes in it, though, so he tried it this way: First he hit it in the eye, like this!—Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!—'Then he hit it alongside the head like this!'—Zing! Zang! Zang!—'Then he punched it in the stomach!'—Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!—'And then—'

As Ed toppled over the edge of the cliff for the real and final count, Bill finished:

"And that's the way you fix a piece of cheese!"
I can sing you a kind of a story
Of a girl who was brought up to act—
A dear little girlie
With tresses so curly,
Who never knew fiction from fact—
The details are not grim and gory,
But I must get on with my story:

Her mother took her from lot to lot
And stood in line as "extras" did;
From one to another each day she’d trot,
Hoping somebody would let her through.

At last one day she got a chance;
The little maiden staged a dance.
It wasn’t much, as dances go,
But it gave the little girl a show.

And then she did some other bits—
Her Ma supplied her with her wits—
Until by many a bitter knock,
At length she found a place in stock.

The mother drew her check each week—
The maiden, always mild and meek.
Went right ahead as best she could,
For well she knew she was only "good".

She knew she wouldn’t climb to Fame,
For acting wasn’t quite her game.

Ambitious mothers!
They’re everywhere;
There may be others
Stuck here and there,
But you can bet
Your largest dot
Most of them get
On the picture lot.

The mother, now watching her child improve,
Took on some new kinds of capers:
Because, you see, her very next move
Was to get her Sue’s name in the papers.

So she worried a bit about a name
To suit a child a-chasing Fame.
But the trouble was, as others knew,
The girlies had grabbed all the sweet ones;
Lovely and Darling and Sweet and True—
Also they’d taken the next ones.

She thought of June Day,
But that was gone;
She figured on May—
There was more than one;
July and August she passed with scorn,
And selected September Morn!

Oh, you can see the move was wise:
The p.a.’s opened up their eyes,
For here was a chance for them to write:
"If you’ve nothing on, I’ll be down tonight!"
And other silly things, I guess;
But it hit the mark, I must confess.

September Morn grew up well known—
Her mother saw to that;
And soon she started "on her own."
Her purse was long and fat.
And her hacker, he with the narrowed eyes,
Bided his time ere he took the prize.
But where was father through all the years
That mother was basking her soul in tears?
Father was running a grocery store,
And profiteering the wolf from the door;
And piling up coin for a rainy day,
For that was his way—
He had nothing to say,
But he hoped that his Sue would come home some day.

September Morn struggled along,
Wishing she had a home—and baby;
For life was never a joyous song—
She hated to be a lady—
And on that day when she got the can,“
She up and married a cameraman!

The cameraman soon got out of work,
But they say he’s an excellent grocer’s clerk;
September’s through with the froth and foam,
She’s perfectly happy to have a home;
And father is tickled to have his Sue,
And the cameraman, and the baby, too!

And mother—well, mother is seeking Fame.
She stretched the wrinkles and changed her name.
From lot to lot she gaily flits
Doing comedy character bits.

Ambitious mothers!
Ambitious pests!
Directors’ brothers;
Course food for jests.
A taste of glory.
A grasp at Fame.
The same old story
Without a name!
They’re All Immoral

By Lew Tennant

Down in the one-cylinder hamlet on the kerosene circuit of the South where I was born they used to boast of having produced three celebrities, a delegate to one of the many Bryan conventions, a Confederate general, and Jim Malone, who robbed three Central of Georgia trains before they shot him in the back.

I can remember as a boy hearing the old fogies who whittled soft pine in front of the general merchandise store recall the days when they had swapped yarns with the general, been treated to drinks by the delegate, and loaned money to Jim Malone. In the City Hall there was a framed portrait of the old warrior. In Kelly’s Saloon a print of the highwayman, and in the aristocratic (but dilapidated) mansion of Squire Jackson an autographed photograph of the Bryan delegate.

Time has wrought few changes in that sleepy little village. A new gate on Widow Jones’ fence, a coat of paint on the courthouse, a wing on the weather beaten school house, and the town is as it was before the days of prohibition, feature films and war-tax. But as Kelly’s saloon is gone so is the memory of Jim Malone, also are the deeds of him who fought at Gettysburg forgot. And the Bryan delegate’s photo was lost when Squire Jackson’s home was burned.

Today, should you visit the old town the first, or surely the second person that you should meet would tell you that this is the place where Blanche Deare, the famous movie star, was born. And her picture, all done in colors by a boy who sat beside her in school, has a place of honor next to a display of patent medicine in the drug store window.

And should you some day join the group who carve strange nothings from slabs of white pine as they sit in the warm morning sun and spin yarns you would learn much of Blanche that never has been printed in the Motion Picture Argus, or the Film Fans’ Classic. That she was “a wild un,” that they “knowed that she wouldn’t come to no good when she trowed over Robert Lee Estey and run off a buggy-ridin’ with that slick drummer from Hamminham.”

You’d further learn from Tom Tyler, who was in Los Angeles once and “seen all them movie pitcher folks” that “they’re all immoral, bad lot, yessir! That there gal had a better stayed to home and made some fine feller a lovin’ wife?”

And Blanche’s people, the Smiths, they don’t go to Epworth League as often as they used to. They got tired of having folks point them out and whisper about their daughter who run away and became one of them actresses. And when a picture called “The Lure of Broadway,” came to the Vaudeville, and people recognized the wine-guzzling vampire as Blanche, many of the ladies quit speaking to poor little Mrs. Smith.

So when Blanche Evans came out to Los Angeles for something or other he realized that being a church member in good standing and all, that he shouldn’t go traipsing after Blanche’s kind. But somehow he couldn’t resist the temptation to find out how she looked, and whether she really did go around dressed in a gown with bats and spiders on it, snoring cigarettes and drinking champagne.

At the studios they told him her address, a fashionable apartment in the city. He made his way there expecting his worst fears to be confirmed. Some nam was paying for that apartment, Clem just knew that.

Blanche was cordial enough, and she didn’t wear any gowns with spiders and bats on them, and if she smoked and drank wine he didn’t see her do it. But just as he was preparing to take back all that he had thought about her he heard the telephone bell tinkled.

“Oh, that you, honey?” Blanche cooed into the receiver. “Meet you at the Alexandria at eight? Oh, all right. And say, dear, the rent is due, and the bills for those gowns came in today, and I sent them over to the studio to you. All right, thanks.”

She hung up. Clem waited to hear no more. He bid her a frosty farewell. He asked the boy at the switchboard who lived in 414 and the lad replied, “Why, Miss Blanche Deare, the movie queen.” Miss Blanche Deare. ‘Miss!”

So Clem went back to the old town to spread the awful news and to add his voice to the general opinion that, they’re all immoral.” And Blanche went to meet her husband.

Now that the musicians are inclined to fuss over their salaries received for playing in the moving picture theatres, the awful mechanical photo-player again confronts us as a possibility; hardly a probability.

Howard M. Mitchell
DIRECTING
SHIRLEY MASON
IN
“Two Little Wooden Shoes”

Fox West Coast Studio
Try This Over on Your Check Book!

Exhibitors all over are doing it. There must be a reason. Find out why—Read IT!
How Many Are Funny?

How many of our comedians are funny?

We hear so much of funny So-and-So and the way “be” makes the audiences laugh.

How much of the inner secrets, the science and the psychology of comedy is known to the outside world? How much of these things are fully understood by the comedy-makers themselves?

The requisites of the present day comedian are so little understood by the comedians themselves and by the world at large, that it may be interesting to analyze a little:

First of all a comedian must be LIKED—likeable, lovable.

Secondly; he must have physical stamina.

Thirdly: he must have a director who knows the limitations of the world’s sense of fun, not necessarily the world’s sense of humor.

Last, but not least: he must have a creator behind him who can set aside personal opinion and create what will make the nuts laugh, not the squirrels.

Acting on the basis that the world consists of ninety-eight per cent nuts and two per cent of squirrels.)

We have several comedians, such as Chaplin, Arbuckle, Buster Keaton and Hank Mann, whose smiles, eyes, expression and apparently persecuted personalities evoke the liking and the compassion of the great masses.

There are others whose lackadaisical manners, alleged stupidity and don’t-give-a-damness have brought them fame, such as Harold Lloyd, Larry Semon and “Snoo” Pollard.

Again, there are men who think they are funny with filthy clothes and missing teeth, but are they?

The great Sennett camp developed a number of men whose simple irony and seemingly inborn humor makes them well liked, such men are: Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Harry and Eddie Gribben and the Pasha Heavyweight.

In Polite Comedy, we have the “pretty” boys of Christie type: Bobbie Vernon, Neal Burns, Harry Depp, Billy Fletcher and others.

Jimmie Adams is coming strong, Billy Franev is funny despite his forbidding attire, Bud Jamison is stepping up, and Eddie Barry is in a class all by himself—and it is hoped he will remain funny, although he just got married.

And as for Al St. John and Monte Banks, they are coming with seven league strides.

But we forget THE MEN WHO MAKE THE FUNNY MEN FUNNY and who tell the FUNNY MEN HOW TO BE FUNNY.

We will, for a change, say a word for the COMEDY WRITERS. There are dramatic cliques, drama leagues, drama thases and Drama thatses, but where, oh where, do we ever hear of the writers of comedy?

As the Bank of England is a pivot in financial circles—The Sennett Studio is the “Old Lady of Threadneedle Street” when it comes to comedy creation. It was the nucleus. It has resolved itself to the logical survival of the fittest—therefore the survival of a few—who will be brought to the obscure pinnacle of confined fame, such men as Roy Griffith, Johnny Gray and Bert Glassmire, to say nothing of Sennett himself—while the unit who strutted in the glory of the Sennett Sun stumbled and fell (via an expensive but nonproductive route) into the chasm of oblivion, which is the inevitable destiny for the re-hasher, the borrower, the non-originator, the purloiner of other persons’ ideas.

We all know that Rex Beach is not a summer resort, but a man who writes novels. But how many, however, have heard of “Pop Redley,” the dean of comedy writing—of Jean Havez, the Czar of wheezes, gags and cleverness, to say nothing about his lilt-ting lays? Havez was the funny man behind Arbuckle and is now the inspiration of Buster Keaton.

Then the Heavenly scenario-twins, W. Scott Darling and Frank R. Conklin—whose team work does much to make Christie Comedies as good as they are—and as for wild, irresponsible, nutty comedies, (lions ‘n everything)—we have to thank such masters as Fred Fishback, William Watson; and a new-comer, Thos. Buckingham, who may soon be heard considerably.

And even honest, white, square, Louis Jacobs is “no slouch” when it comes to suggesting a sudden twist or a “gag.”

Comedy making is a terrible, serious, iron-handed business. In the ten or more classes or strata of comedy, there are a number of clever, keen and earnest men generally not heard of, but lack of space precludes the possibility of their individual mention.

But the Generals of Comedy, who possess the rarest of talents—an inherent sense of fun making—are coming into their own—not by publicity, but by personality and ability.

Yet, somehow, it seems that all of the 12,000,000,000 inhabitants of our earth should hear more of and about the funny Stepchildren of the Movies, the men who make the Comedians funny!
These reviews are compiled on the theory that every motion picture has some entertainment value, and they are offered as a guide in selecting and filling that value so that extravagant and inflated advertising will fall in its purpose of misleading you as to the box office and artistic worth of any production.

The high-sounding phrases and technical dissertations of the so-called "literary critic" tend only to bewilder and befuddle both exhibitor and patron. We, therefore, eliminate this element and adopt the viewpoint of the man in the audience, supported by the expert and experienced authority of a staff that has been engaged in the distribution and exhibition of motion pictures ever since their inception.

The names of all those in any way materially responsible for the mechanical or artistic features of a production are given in these reviews, because it is of the highest importance that the exhibitor should know that the creators of a photoplay are experienced picture makers. Photoplay building calls for unusual skill and experience and the appearance of an unknown name in an important capacity should generally be a warning to the exhibitor to exercise special care.

Edited by James J. Tynan

**Trumpet Island**

**CLASSIFICATION**
Drama. Melo at times. Six reels.

**DIRECTOR**
Tom Terris. Has made a number of Vitaphone pictures.

**AUTHOR**
Gouverneur Morris. Well known novelist.

**SCENARIO**
George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester, well known writers.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

**PRODUCER**
Vitaphone.

**DISTRIBUTOR**
Vitaphone.

**STAR**
Wallace MacDonald and Marguerite De La Motte.

**SUPPORTS**
Josef Swickard; a well known character actor has supported some of the best known stars in pictures; played in "Sailing the Wind" with Anita Stewart; is in the cast of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" now in production, Arthur Hoyt; played with Elmo Lincoln in "Under Crimson Skies;" in the all-star cast of "In the Heart of a Fool," an Allan Dwan production. Hallam Cooley; at one time with Universal and other companies; played in a picture "The Daughter of the Don;" also supported Charles Ray in "An Old-Fashioned Boy."

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS**
Young man starting to dissipate a fortune left to him. Leaves a wild party and prevents a young girl whom he has never met from committing suicide. He falls in love with her at sight. But her father and fiancée arrive and take her home. Later she is forced into a loveless marriage. In the meantime the young man, to get a grip on himself purchases an island and goes there alone. He studies and lives in a primitive manner. The girl is taken on an aerial honeymoon by her husband who is a wealthy aviator and they have trouble in a storm; the husband crashes down into the water. The girl crashes down on the young man’s island. He saves her, and finds that her mind has been affected by the fall and that she is childlike mentally. Eventually she recovers. The husband is cast on another island, and is saved by two "pirates." These two men have seen the girl and go with the husband to rescue the girl. The husband insists on taking her away from the island, and starts off with her and the two men. The men attempt an attack, but the husband sees them; he holds them at bay with a gun. In order to avoid one of the men creeping upon him with a knife, the husband makes a mistake and plunges over a cliff. The young man wins the girl, of course.

**BOX OFFICE ANGLE**
Should make money in any theatre.

**LOCALITY APPEAL**
None to speak of.

**EXPLOITATION ANGLE**
Advertise the name of Gouverneur Morris, the director Tom Terris, and the all-star cast. Prove controversies on the subject of forcing a girl into a loveless marriage, and should young men be allowed to handle large fortunes when they do not know the value of money.

**REMARKS**
Here is a picture full of thrills, suspense and story. It gets very melo in spots. Wallace MacDonald gives a sincere performance. Marguerite De La Motte is an appealing heroine, and handles her role well. Josef Swickard is good. Arthur Hoyt as the husband is excellent. Hallam Cooley fits his role. Others add to the picture. It is well staged.

**The Point of View**

**CLASSIFICATION**
Drama. Domestic angle. Five reels.

**DIRECTOR**
Alan Crosland.

**AUTHOR**
Edith Ellis.

**SCENARIO**
Edward Montague.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**
Very good.

**PRODUCER**
Selznick.

**DISTRIBUTOR**
Select.

**STAR**

**SUPPORTS**
Rockel1 Fellows; well known leading man; supported Constance Talmadge in "In Search of a Sinner;" is well known to screen fans. Arthur Houseman; appeared in pictures for the old Edison company; later appeared in Goldwyn pictures; he supported Eugene O’Brien in "A Fool and His Money;" is well known. Hugh Hunley; has appeared in a number of pictures, as have Helen Lindroth, Cornich Beck and Warren Cook.

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS**
An aristocratic New York family meets financial reverses, and the duty of paying all things falls upon the shoulders of the daughter. She does everything in her power to make ends meet. She rents a room in their flat to Western millionair. She is engaged to a young clerk who is a triver. He rejects the girl, and suggests that she marry someone with money. Later to help her brother realize his ambitions she marries the millionaire. He learns that she has only married him for his money. He decides to let the other man have her. She realizes then that she really loves her husband. The usual happy ending.

**BOX OFFICE ANGLE**
Should please in most any theatre. But not worth a lot of money.

**LOCALITY APPEAL**
None to speak of.

**EXPLOITATION ANGLE**
Prove the expression of opinion on the question, "Should a girl sacrifice herself for her family?" Advertise the star, and Rockcliff Fellows, who has a large following.

**REMARKS**
This is a rather conventional story. None of the family knows there is such a thing as work. There is very little suspense and no action whatever. There is a lot of sympathy built up for the star. But no one could ever be in doubt as to the ending. The direction is good, and the production well built.

**IT'S**
NEW YORK OFFICE is located at 729 SEVENTH AVENUE
Once a Plumber

CLASSIFICATION
Comedy. Five reels.

DIRECTOR
Lyons and Moran assisted by Eugene DeRue.

AUTHOR
Edgar Franklin. Staff writer.

SCENARIO
P. G. Hoadley. Staff writer.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Alfred Gosden. Very good.

PRODUCER
Universal.

DISTRIBUTOR
Universal.

STAR
Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are excellent.

SUPPORTS
George Williams; played with Charles Ray in "The Busher;" with Frank Keenan in "Todd of the Times;" has appeared in many productions. Sydney Dean; played in Treasure Island;" has appeared with a number of well known stars; is well known character actor. Lillian Hackett; a Universal ingénue; has appeared in a number of pictures. Edna Mae Wilson; has appeared in a number of pictures. Others in picture are familiar to picture goers.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Eddie and Lee are partners in a small town plumbing establishment. Eddie is ambitious to become wealthy, and is waiting for the opportunity. Lee is satisfied to be a good plumber. Each is engaged to one of the small town girls. They are called upon to repair a broken faucet in the home of a millionaire; they are impressed with the splendor of the home. The millionaire, and his associates are in trouble for selling bogus mining stock. The millionaire overhears Eddie talking about opportunity. He then with his associates, elects Eddie and Lee president, and secretary of the defunct mining company, and makes them sign a paper assuming full responsibility for selling the stock. Eddie and Lee meet two adventuresses, friends of the millionaire, and soon forget their small town girls. The Federal agents arrive and arrest Eddie and Lee, who escape and later hear the millionaire laughing over the tricking of the plunbers. Of course the real culprits are arrested. In the meantime Eddie and Lee are roughly handled by the fathers of their small town girls, aided by a large mob. They wake up in the hospital bandaged from head to foot. The girls call and all is forgiven.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
This will prove a god attraction in any theatre.

LOCALITY APPEAL
None to speak of.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Hire a couple of plumbers or men to look like plumbers with Kits. Let them walk around town and appear to be fixing water pipes, etc. If you can get away with it, let them open up a street hydrant, and when they are arrested you will get lots of publicity. Tie up with Master Plumbers associations, promote a contest of some kind among them. You could make arrangements with some large plumbing concern to place stills and announcements in an attractive bath room window display.

REMARKS
An excellent laugh provoking picture. There are lots of funny situations in it. There is a good story. The picture is well staged, in spots it is better staged than some Universal Dramas. Lyons and Moran are very good. Others in the cast add greatly to the fun.

Behold My Wife

CLASSIFICATION
Drama. English social life contrasted with Canadian snow country. Six reels.

DIRECTOR
Sir Gilbert Parker. Well known novelist.

AUTHOR

SCENARIO
Frank Condon. Story writer now staff writer for Lasky.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Paul Perry. Excellent throughout.

PRODUCER
Famous Players Lasky-Melford.

DISTRIBUTOR
Paramount.

STAR
All-Star.

SUPPORTS
Mabel Julienne Scott; played in "The Round-Up;" and other Lasky productions, now with Goldwyn for role in "The Concert." Milton Sills; is well known leading man, has supported Geraldine Farrar, Mildred Harris Chaplin and many others; appeared with Katherine MacDonald in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me;" now playing in "The Faith Healers." Elliot Dexter played in "Old Wives For New;" "Don't Change Your Husband;" is well and favorably known leading man. Winter Hall; appeared in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" with Bert Lytell; with Clara Kimball Young in "The Forbidden Woman;" is well known character actor, Helen Dunbar; played in the old Es-sanay company and appeared in a number of pictures with Francis X. Bushman; is well known character woman. Ann Forrest; appeared in "Dangerous Days" and "The Great Accident" for Goldwyn; in the allstar cast of "A Splendid Hazard;" is now with Lasky. Maude Wayne; is a young actress who is gaining prominence; now working with Universal. Templar-Powell is rather a newcomer to cast. Clarence Burton; appeared with Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry;" and in "The Fighting Chance" is well known. Mark Fenton; played in "Hairpins" with Enid Bennett; also in "Homespun Folks;" is well known character actor. Fred Huntly, and F. R. Butler are known to the screen.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
To avenge himself on his aristocratic family for a fancied wrong, a man, when his sweetheart marries another while he is away in the wilds of Canada, marries half-bred Indian girl and sends her to his proud parents in England. He then seeks to drown his remorse in drink. He goes down the social scale until he reaches a stage where he is thrown out of low dives. In the meantime the Indian girl has arrived at the English home, and is at once taken in hand, and she becomes in a course of a few years a polished woman. The man, is saved from himself by a company of surveyors, and goes back to England. There is a reconciliation and he sees his son for the first time.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
Any theatre should make money with this, although it will probably demand a large booking fee.

LOCALITY APPEAL
None to speak of.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise the name of the author Sir Gilbert Parker. Provoke argument as to whether it is possible for a girl reared in the backwoods to become a polished woman. Play up the strong cast. Elliot Dexter is popular, as is Milton Sills.

REMARKS
This is an artistic production with lots of entertaining qualities. Mabel Julienne Scott handles her role excellently both as the half breed and the polished woman of high social position. Milton Sills as the husband is very good. Elliot Dexter gives his usual sincere performance. Clarence Burton in a small role is good. Winter Hall is good. Ann Forrest has little to do, but does it well. Helen Dunbar is pleasing as the mother. Maude Wayne fits her role admirably. All the others add to the picture. The direction is splendid, and the production handsomely built.

"Hokumless" Reviews

That Means Honesty and No Guess Work
—Read Them Here Every Week.
In the Heart of a Fool

CLASSIFICATION
Drama. Six reels.

DIRECTOR
Allan Dwan.

AUTHOR
William Allen White. Well known novelist.

SCENARIO
Lillian Ducey.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Broening. Very good throughout.

PRODUCER
Maryflower Pictures Corporation.

DISTRIBUTOR
First National.

STAR
All-star.

SUPPORTS
James Kirkwood; played in "The Luck of the Irish!" for Dwan; in "Man, Woman, Marriage" an Allen Holubar production; is well known leading man; is now with Marshall Neilan in "Pard." Philo McCullough; played in "A Splendid Hazard," with Henry Walthall; in all star cast of "Soldiers of Fortune" for Dwan; in "The Untamed" with Tom Mix; is well known. Ward Crane; played in "The Luck of the Irish!" with Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon!" is well known leading and heavy man. Mary Thurman; former Sennett bathing beauty; played opposite William S. Hart in "The Sin of Alphonse Queud." for Dwan Anna Q. Nilsson; in "The Luck of the Irish!" with William S. Hart in "The Toll Gate!" has appeared with Wallace Reid; is well known leading woman. Maryland Morne; is rather a newcomer to cast but is a capable actress. John Burton; character man with long service on stage, has appeared in a number of pictures. Kate Tof; in "A Magnificent.

SUPPORTS
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BRIEF SYNOPSIS
The story of a small town. It shows sweethearts, Grant the son of the newspaper owner and Laura the daughter of the doctor. The girl, to make the man jealous, slighted him, and he feeling the slight deeply, turns to another woman. Margaret who is eager to offer sympathy (this after Laura had gone away to school, in a short time Grant learns that Margaret is becoming a mother; the doctor advises Grant's mother with Mary, and assume motherhood. Grant's baby. This is done because Margaret refuses to marry Grant. The child is brought back, and accepted as the son of Grant's mother. Margaret marries Henry a young lawyer. Laura marries Tom another young lawyer, the partner of Henry. Tom is a trifle and is having an affair with his stenographer. He later in the course of the story leaves her, and goes to New York, and divorces Margaret his wife. Laura divorces Tom, who then marries Margaret the former wife of his friend and partner, who has "gone to the dogs." The stenographer is discharged and finds it impossible to get work. In the meantime a daughter has been born to Laura. Grant, former sweetheart of Laura's is hurt in a mine fire, and is nursed back to health by her. He, in gratitude for the sacrifice made by the miners in saving him from the fire, devotes all his energy to bettering conditions for them. The former husband Tom, in the employ of the mine, hires ruffians to attack the miners head quarters. When threatened with armed resistance, he holds the boy, who was born to Margaret, now his wife (and whom everyone thinks the little brother of Grant) as a target. In the meantime Margaret has stolen her child from Laura's home, and threatens to kill it if he harms the boy. He puts the boy down, but a ruffian shoots the boy. The boy dies, and Grant confesses to Laura that he is the father. Eventually Tom is killed by Margaret her wife who commits suicide. The other attorney and the stenographer save each other from the "depths" and are married. Eventually Grant and Laura are married.

SHADOWS OF THE WEST

CLASSIFICATION

DIRECTOR
Paul Hurst.

AUTHOR
Seymour Zeffill.

SCENARIO
James Dayton.

PHOTOGRAPHY
W. W. Bell and O. G. Hill. Very good throughout.

PRODUCER
Dwan Pictures.

DISTRIBUTOR
Arrangements not fully completed.

STAR
Lieut. Pat O'Brien and Hedda Nova.

SUPPORTS
Seymour Zeffill; an actor of ability who is not so well known to picture goers. Ben Corbett; a cowboy actor who has appeared in a number of pictures. "Virginia Date" is fairly new to cast. A number of excellent Japanese types portrayed by Americans to good advantage.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
This is a propaganda story of the great insurges by Japanese upon agriculture and its economics on the Pacific Coast and especially California. Woven into the story is a romance, which culminates only after the principals have gone through thrilling events and adventures brought about by their efforts to prevent the Japanese from carrying out a number of plots aimed at American industry.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
American audiences will like this picture. It should make money.

LOCALITY APPEAL
While this picture is propaganda, there is a lot of story interest and suspense, and some excellent acting on the part of the principals. Hedda Nova as the American girl who is "squeezed" out of agricultural pursuits by the Japanese is very sincere, and gives a sincere performance. Lieut. Pat O'Brien, a soldier of fortune, makes his first screen appearance, and gives a very good performance, having a screen personality that gets over very well. "Virginia Date," is good in a small role. Ben Corbett, a cow boy actor is excellent. Seymour Zeffill, as the Japanese gives an excellent performance in a role that could have been easily over acted. Paul Hurst has handled his players admirably. The production is ample, though mostly exterior.

man to love more than one woman at a time. Are men polygamous by nature? Advertise the strong cast in the picture. Advertise the author. Advertise Allan Dwan.

SUPPORTS
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BOX OFFICE ANGLE
American audiences will like this picture. It should make money.

LOCALITY APPEAL
This picture will appeal strongly to Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States. Eastern states will not quite understand what it is all about.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Use quotations from speeches by Senator Phelan on Japanese exclusion. Start discussions as to whether or not the yellow race should be given the same rights in America as the white.

REMARKS
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A great number of exhibitors are anxious to keep in touch with certain players—stars and others who have proved drawing cards for them in the past—whose work is watched with interest by the theater patrons. This department is designed for the purpose of acquainting the reader with the doings of every player of note in the motion picture profession. When a player is not mentioned, it means that he is either taking a vacation, or is resting between pictures.

A
Aitken, Spotlights. With Yellowstone Productions, Denver, Colo.

B

C

D
Dean, Priscilla. With Universal. In "Outside the Law," a drama.
Davies, Bebe. With Reelart. In "In the Bishop's Carriage," a drama.
De La Motte, Marguerite. With Fairbanks.
In "The Curse of Capistrano," a comedy drama.

E

F
Frederick, Blanche. With Robertson-Cole. In "Iris," a drama.
Frayne, Bill. With Reelcraft. In one reel comedies—

H
Hamilton, Lloyd. With Astra. In two reel comedies.
Hutchinson, Charles. With Brunton. In serials.

J
Jones, Alida V. With Universal. In "White Youth," a drama.

K

L

M
Mix, Tom. With Fox. In "Prairie Flowers," a drama.

N
Mong, William V. With Fox. In "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," a comedy.

P

R
THE PICTURES IN THE MAKING


EASY STREET. Directed by Tom Forman. With Thomas Meighan and Gladys George. Famous Players-Lasky. Late fall release.


FOOLISH WIVES. Directed by Erich Von Stroheim. With Rudolph Christians, Marguerite Armstrong, Maude George, Mae Busch, Cesare Gravina, Edward Reinach, Mme. Kopetzky, Nigel de Brulier, Al Edmondson, Dale Fuller, Malvina Polo and Erich Von Stroheim. Universal. Late fall release.


WHITE ASHES. By Luther Reed. Directed by Phillip Olsen. With Cleo Madison, Lydia Knott, William Conklin and Garrett Hughes. Metro. Late fall release.


"THE KID" TO PRODUCE

"Jackie" Coogan, who plays the title role of "the kid" in the Chaplin finished, but undistributed feature film, is to make a second photoplay. He worked with Chaplin for a solid year on the one picture.

"Peck's Bad Boy" will be the production in which "Jackie" will appear. The series of Peck books have been purchased for screen use and Bernard McConville is preparing the first volume for silent drama purposes. The story will be ready for the camera within a few days and work on production will start October 15.

Nate Watt has been engaged to direct the production. Mr. Watt has had a great deal of experience in directing pictures of this nature and has held the megaphone for some of the latest and best photoplays shown in Los Angeles.

Space has been engaged in the Louis B. Mayer studios and the "Peck's Bad Boy" organization is hard at work on details leading up to actual production. DeWitte Hagar has been appointed production manager. Mr. Hagar conducted the studio business for the entire length of George Beban's "One Man in a Million" production. Charles Watt will serve as assistant director.

Mr. McConville states he is rewriting the "Peck's Bad Boy" series with the object of inserting a moral to the children in all of the books—"don't be bad."

Charlie Chaplin is holding so tightly to "The Kid" that there are apt to be some squalls shortly.
Governor Cox says he goes to the movies whenever he has the time. Perhaps he will be free to go often after November.

Florence Turner, having completed her part in "Passion Fruit," Metro's starring vehicle for Madame Doraldina, will have a few week's vacation. Not that it makes any difference.

Dallas Fitzgerald is directing Viola Dana in her new starring vehicle for Metro, "The Offshore Pirate." Miss Dana and most of the company are still at Catalina where many of the scenes have been filmed.

Miss Jean Hollingsworth has resigned as chief reader at the Goldwyn studios to become a continuity reader at Metro. She has been succeeded by Linden Gordon Rigby, who was promoted to the position.

Bessie Love, according to announcement, has purchased the Log Cabin in Laurel Canyon, which is said to have been a nuisance when conducted as a roadhouse. The neighbors are said to be pleased that the nuisance has been abated. Now if Bessie shows any of her pictures there—

Jacques Jaccard is finishing "The Throwback" for Universal. Hope it won't prove a boomerang.

Fatty Arbuckle has finished "Brester's Millions" for Lasky.

Theodore Roberts is having a few days' rest from his work in the new Cecil de Mille picture—"Forbidden Fruit."

Joseph De Grasse is, according to announcement, being besieged by architects who want to build him a house. If anyone cares to know.

Alice Lake is in San Francisco as a guest at the Northern California Exhibitor's convention. Immediately upon her return she will begin work on her next picture, "Mother Love." Edwin Carewe will direct.

Metro is said to have stopped all Eastern production for the present. Some of the Western production would not suffer by being stopped.

Two guys went to the beach.
One was a movie "extra."
The other didn't have any money either—

Mabel Normand is said to have kept a bound copy of each scenario she has ever picturized. Some of those Keystone scenarios must look funny—bound.

Charlie Murray says there's still the fights, Cuba and Tia Juana, even if baseball is shot to pieces. Charlie is always merrily philosophic—and we need him in these trying times.

May Foster says if she keeps on leaping from the aged mother to the comedy vamp, she will soon be able to take all picture hurdles by simply changing her style of coiffure. As the sentimental mother she parts it in the middle; as the vamp, she combs it straight back.

Louise Fazenda is about to begin work under her new contract with Special Pictures Corporation. Now, Louise, don't you go and get pretty and spoil all our laughs, will you?

Messmore Kendall announces the completion of the first production from the company bearing his name. It has been titled "The Song of the Soul," and features Vivian Martin, John W. Noble directed. Hope it won't reverse the syllables in Mr. Kendall's first name.

J. R. Crone, former manager for American Film Company, at the Santa Barbara studios, and later with Louis B. Mayer, has been appointed production manager of the Robertson-Cole studios, according to announcement by H. R. Huff of the Robertson-Cole company.

Harry Raver is planning to produce a picture which will bear the title of "The Libertines." It should be easy to cast.

Reed Heustis and Jim Colwell, well known newspaper men, have written a story for Harry Matthews, veteran director.

Mildred Harris Chaplin has lowered her anti. Old Charlie will soon be able to come out of retreat if she keeps on subtracting. Her latest figure is only $200,000.00—her first order, according to gossip, was for a million.

Maurice Tourneur is under the care of two physicians and a trained nurse. M. Tourneur suffered an attack of pleurisy complicated by ptomaine poisoning. It has been necessary for the noted producer to cut off all communication with his studios.

New York is said to be infested with fake acting schools. From the looks of some pictures the graduates are not having much difficulty in getting their diplomas recognized.

Wallace Reid will shortly start work in "The Daughter of a Magnate," by Frank Spearman, scenario by Eugene B. Lewis. Frank Urson will direct.

Mildred Davis, according to her press agent, delights in making old fashioned braided rugs from discarded silks. You can believe it if you like.

Ernest Truex is, according to announcement, making arrangements to produce six comedies. But then nobody has to look at them.

Marion Morgan, who has directed many of the dance features for various pictures, is writing a book. Naturally, she is not writing about ants and their habits, or why is a nut?

Stuart Holmes has taken his naughty face and a big gun and gone a-hunting. How the wild game of the great northwest will shudder when they read this—but Stuart says he has to get out of the country for a change of scene. He's gone to Canada.

Lillian Walker has started work in a picture to be called "You and I," if anybody cares to know.
Why They Act

(Continued from Page 14)

good sense, and that is why you laugh at them. Most of us are comedians, but we don't know it—that is, we are comedians if making blunders and getting into trouble and hurting others and doing the wrong thing—if those things are funny, then the world is made up of comedians. The trouble seems to be that no one has explained that to us and we have been going along all these years thinking those things were serious.

I suppose I have seen eight or ten thousand photoplays in which the heroine loses the top of her blouse in a tussle with the villain, and I have spent entire days wondering how it comes that she never loses any more of her gown than just that much.

I used to have the exact figures in inches that the waist is torn from the throat downward. As I remember them, each one was exactly eight and three-quarters inches from the throat, slightly below the chin to a given point, and there they stopped—everyone of them. It looks to me as though the director, mebbe, put a chalk mark and said to the villain: "Don't go below that mark, Joe; the book of rules, page 9, article 6, states explicitly that so far is the limit."

Not that I am interested, you know, in having 'em go any further down. It doesn't make the least bit of difference to me. I was only observing that they seem to stick pretty close to the rules. Still I get kind of tired of the same-ness, and it takes so little to make me happy!

IN ONE REAL

My friend, Jack Dalton, the movie star who is known as "the male vamp," the human hypotenuse of every lurid triangle in the films, the home-wrecker, the arch-seducer, attempted to kill himself last night. Another man had run away with his wife.

Jacques Jaccard Productions
Season 1920

Written and Directed by Jacques Jaccard

The Great Air Robbery—Ormer Locklear
Desert Love—Tom Mix
The Terror—Tom Mix
Under Northern Lights—All Star
The Throwback—Frank Mayo

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EVE RY TUESDAY NIGHT

SEVEN FAST BOUTS
WILLIAM BERTRAM

If a child of four spoke English with an Indian accent and was raised on the plains among the Indians mostly on a bareback horse; and at the age of nine moved into a new and mountainous region of the West and associated with miners, hunters, trappers, Indians, loggers, cowboys and the general population of the pioneer West; and in time went on the stage and worked with most of the best ones of their time and was in turn, actor, manager, stage manager, stage director and advance agent, both on the big time and kerosene circuit for twelve years—and eventually worked into pictures and for seven years tried to absorb all the knowledge available, would he be the man best equipped to make the best serials?

Such is the record of William Bertram who recently completed the Vitagraph Serial “Hidden Dangers,” and who is now in the mountains among the big pines he knows and loves so well, where with a cast of regular boys, and with the able assistance of that capable “slave driver” Bert Ensminger is making another thriller in fifteen episodes called “The Purple Riders.”
PICTURES IN THE MAKING

[Continued from Page 23.]


Many Famous Film Folk

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Business Firms of Los Angeles Catering to the Motion Picture Profession

Jo Mixer

Continued from Page 12

this here director was somewhere else giving a mess of orders, so I had to go back to the funny-faced guy with the chaps and asked, "What's this? I already heard it.

"Because," he answers, sneerful, "you gotta make up like Newcomb if you're gonna look like him and you poor devil, you're three. Yuh gotta git th' same clothes on, o' course."

Well, they sent me around from place to place, like I was looking for a left-handed monkey wrench, or something, till the wardrobe woman and the casting director and a few other began chasing themselves around a tree worrying about me. But I got dressed up after awhile, and then I forked that there black mustang and rode him right up till the director said it was a plentyn.

I don't say it was easy. That there Nigger boss did his best to see that I didn't enjoy myself none, but I was still among him when Sam Herrold hollerered enough. I kinda suspicion that nobody but Jo thought I could ride that hoss.

When I was getting down off'n old Nigger, this here hero, Neal Newcomb, came onto the busy scene. I kinda sneered at the gang and otherwise seemed to want to make it as pleasant for everybody as possible.

Also I noticed out of one corner of my eye that little Archibald Holden Ryan Clavering was lingering about. He seemed to he one of the main actors, outside of this guy Newcomb.

"Interior next," yelps Herrold. So we all strolled over to a hand-made saloon, and a bunch of us actors were put to work playing poker and talking about it, and one thing and another.

Then Herrold, he began talking through his megaphone.

"Mr. Newcomb!" he shouts, "you will come in through that door at the right. Blevins will shoot you at the feet of the Chinaman, and you take your gun away from him. That will start the fight. I want you six fellows win the table to keep up and start for Newcomb. Then fight, damn you, fight!"

It began right away to look like Jo and I were not the regular actors right at the start—because we were among the six guys at the table.

"That's all," mutters Jo to me. "Here's where we get this guy Newcomb. The boss said we could fight!"

I never saw anybody so pleased over such a personal matter in my life. I guess it was because there were six of us against one. Jo, he was right sore on Newcomb for some reason. I reckon, mebbe, it was because he figured the hero was such a tourfushee—and he hates anybody that don't do him in.

Well, sir, we started that fighting scene, and I don't know up to this point whether the four other fellows were afraid to get in andegal or if they laid down on a-purpose. I only know that Jo and I did our very best to kill this hero of the films, and didn't miss it. No, sir, the results were pretty nearly nil.

The smoke of battle has slightly cleared away. I am already noticing the clear, sweet air any to speak of.

This here Mr. Newcomb, he went and treated us right rough. Me, I ain't got a good car left. Jo, I am shy three nearly new teeth, and my lips are cut in seven consecutive places. I feel like a wild cat had dragged me through a cactus farm and then spit in my face.

Jo, he looks worse and more of it. As soon as he comes out of the hospital, we will go over the situation in detail, and try to figure out what kind of ammunition Mr. Newcomb uses. We will probably ponder over the holocaust awhile and then learn that they slipped Jack Dempsey over on us while we was faces down among the floor somewheres.

Yes, ma'am, Mr. Newcomb is more or less of a fighting man. Jo and I, we figured out that with the able assistance of four other gentlemen equipped with fists and boots and spurs—we kind of figured that we would be a mess out of our handsome hero. But we erred.

We made a tactical blunder somehow, and it is bound to worry us till we get it all straightened out. I remember that we started in manfully to pulverize Mr. Newcomb's noble features of the figgering that I would naturally get his job when we were through with him, and Jo believing he ought to be trimmed on general principles, and mebbe he himself might get the job as chief hero.

We fought for nearly an hour, I guess, and I wouldn't go through with that punishment again—I don't care if it was only ten minutes—for a thousand dollars a week. Life just naturally ain't worth it. No wonder movie actors get such big salaries!

Instead of making a physical wreck of Newcomb, he came out as unharmed as a cat in a cage of sparrows, seldom taking all the time like we saw him in that picture at Caliente that time, and Jo and I were converted into a couple of pieces of liver. I wonder what they feed that guy!

I can't see, eat or smell. All I can do is hear—and I've already heard a plenty.

Little Archibald Holden Clavering came over to my dressing room awhile ago. So I kind of begin to suspect that everything wasn't exactly right at the start. Because these here words he did say:

"Youse guys will treat a kid mean, will ya? I knowed I was gonna get even with yousomehow. Know when do? I got my dad t' send for ya jus' t' get ya into this picture so's Newcomb would beat ya up. I knowed ya looked like Newcomb, an' that's why my dad let me ask ya t' come down—so's ya could double for him. I wanted t' see ya get bucked off an' killed. But I got fooled there—so far. Anyway, ya got licked good an' plenty—which was what I was after. I known youse guys would try t' lick 'im. All extrys try that—once. I guess youse ol' grouchos will treat lil' boys better nex' time one comes t' your ranch."

And after that little burst of wrathful explanation, he went away from there. Then I heard his mother holler to him:

"Are you, Archibald, that darling?"

And this here Dare Devil Duncan replies:

"Here, mother, dear. I was down there trying to alleviate the pain of one of the gentlemen who was injured in a scene with Mr. Newcomb."

"My little hero!" yipes his mother.
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Whole Hog or None

To the “Kings” Who Have Anointed Themselves “Kings” and “Queens” of the Screen.

“Whole Hog or None” is a poor creed—for the hog!

A goose may be goose enough to lay golden eggs—

He isn’t always willing to be killed just to put the stamp of truth on an old adage—

Time was when a hundred dollars a week was a great many dollars to a motion picture player—

That was about the maximum when “The Spoilers” was made—

Twenty times that and more is now being paid to many of you whose services might have been considered worth a hundred then—

The hundred might have been too little—but twenty times a hundred is much too much—

You know the story of the General Film—

It was the first to introduce the “Whole Hog or None” slogan in motion pictures—

On the difference between the little they paid you and the tremendous revenues they received, the members of the General Film grew fat and arrogant—very fat and very arrogant.

They exploited you—

They squeezed and coerced the exhibitor—

They blew up—just as anything does that becomes overfat and overgrasping—

Their finish brought to a close what you might call the first epoch in motion picture history—

And yours is about to become the concluding chapter in what may some day come to be known as the second epoch in picture history—

The General Film theory of business—the “Whole Hog or None” theory—is ethically indecent—but nowadays most of us laugh at ethics—commercially and financially it is suicide—

The first tight squeeze of the money market—and who can any longer deny that the strongest of the producing organizations have felt its pinch—and your fate is sealed—

Millions of dollars are at this moment tied up in pictures that have not yet been shown—

The greater part of these millions represent exorbitant salaries paid to you—

The first result is curtailed production—and many capable players without employment—

The second is the disciplining of the entire work ing force of the industry in order to destroy the “Whole Hog” idea—

The third is that with finance turning deaf ears to picture investment the exhibitor is left to bear the brunt of the crisis—

And the total result is that every branch of the picture industry is now engaged in evolving defensive measures against your usurpations which bade fair to overwhelm them—

And in this even the courts of the land are supporting the industry—

The highest court in the state of New York the other day rendered a decision holding you financially responsible for every whim, idiosyncrasy, idlecy, or any other tomfoolery you indulge in—

Like the General Film, there has been too great a gap between what you got and what you gave—

In your going no tears are shed—rather is the exhibitor and the general public speeding the day.

They want to know when you will be through—They do not like “Whole Hog or None!”

Yours,

EDWARD ROBERTS.
To look at some women's legs—well, it's no wonder stockings run!

Friday is a very unlucky day for fish!

A skeleton in the closet can't be very serious—skeleton grins grin!

The servant problem: One minus one equals none!

An author can't build his first story with bricks—he has to use lead!

The man who invented the locomotive used a great deal of ingenuity!

After seven hours the farmer got the old mule fastened to the fence. Then he got a large whip and celebrated the glad mule-tied!

A Labor Union is a good deal like a rattlesnake—they both get rattled before they strike!

'Tell me not in mournful numbers'—Nineteen hundred twenty-one. Make 'em cheerful, please!

A worm in a cider press always turns to cider!

Flowered pajamas are night-blooming series!

A jellyfish married an electric eel and—did ya ever taste any current jelly?

'Fellow who has a poor constitution is trying to get a doctor to amend it!'

Speaking of blow-outs—it's difficult to say which is the more to be avoided—an automobile tire or a church social!

Niagara Falls, being close to the Canadian line that way, always has a hangover!

When a river's banks are full, why, it makes its deposits in the ocean!

A woman's magazine usually has a large skirtulation!

A lot of people don't care much for that Volstead act—judging from the rehearsals!

A friend in need—is about the only time he is.

When a furniture dealer runs down his rival, he always knocks wood!

The fisherman—he pulls a lot of good lines!

It's almost as popular nowadays to die under an automobile as it is to die under a sheet!

In order to be a success in Paris, it is necessary to be very French!

There is a divinity that shapes its own ends, too—divinity fudge!

Woman was arrested for mistreating her father. The neighbors said she always kept her paw on a bargain counter!

The Ensign was a tough egg. So the Englishman called him a Hen-sign!

The safety-pin is nightier than the sword!

An umbrella makes a good weather profit!

Home life has been made very complex. If trouble isn't brewing, something else always is!

Well, football players don't expect any money for throwing games, anyway. Why, it's all they can do to get their quarter back!

"A cold storage chicken—" began the speaker. "Oh, I know that one," broke in a young man. "What one?" the speaker wanted to know. "That cold chicken story," said the young man. "If she sat down her knees froze, and if she stood up her neck froze—and between the two she couldn't think." But that wasn't what the speaker started to talk about at all.

A good place for a peek is on a mountain top, but a keyhole requires less imagination!

Life is either a merry-go-round or a bump-the-bumps!

Tourist said he didn't care to travel over a railway trunk line. He only carried a suitcase!

Boy ate seventy-five green apples and then had a fit. The doctor thought maybe it was appleplexy!

You know, some women's eyes are wise; some women have no scruples—

And so I guess their eyes are schooled.

Because they have two pupils!
Give 'em Plenty of Action

(The scenario editors insist on action. ACTION—and more ACTION! So, the next time you write a scenario, remember this—no matter what the story is about, give 'em action. Herein is submitted a sample of an action story—plot, climax and everything needed to make a successful photoplay—something the public wants! Absolutely.)

Joe Spittax fell over a chair as he reached for the hand of his sweetheart. Molly McSwish, who turned a flip-flop and landed right side up at the side of the piano, which turned around and spilled six over-due notes from its interior.

"I love you madly," said Joe, striking Molly over the head with a whatnot.

"How wonderful," cooed Molly, throwing a chair at the cat.

"Love is a mysterious element, is it not, sweetheart?" bawled Joe, kicking the side out of the house.

"As mysterious as a desert night," answered Molly, striving for a cardboard Sullivan sub-title, as she leaped into the air and swatted Joe over the left ear with a piano stool.

At this juncture Molly's mother on her maternal side entered the room, dragging her husband by the hair and occasionally stepping on his face.

"Good evening, Joseph," said Mother, kicking Joe in the ribs. "How's your father?"

"Oh, fine," replied Joseph, as he ran around the room for a few moments. "Is Mr. McSwish well?"

"Yes; he's just getting over an argument," said Mother McSwish, kicking an eye loose from father.

"Oh, mother, dear," twittered Molly, "Joe is hoping to discover oil on his ranch." She punctuated this clever remark with a swipe at her father's eyebrow.

"I am glad to hear it," said Mother, stomping a couple of corns off Joe's feet. "How gushing!"

"Yes, I gotta pay the mortgage somehow," said Joe, aiming a blow at Mother's nose.

Suddenly there was a commotion outside. Father arose and rushed to the door. A shot rang out and Father tumbled to the floor. Holding Mother in front of him, Joe staggered over to the doorway and demanded that the murderer step forth and get shot.

"Bang!"

Mother crumpled up in Joe's arms. He dropped her to the floor, as she was of no further value to him.

Grabbing Molly by the hair, her sweetheart dragged her over to the door the better to protect himself from the assassin's bullets. But the murderer, grinning sheepishly, walked out from behind the barn.

"Excuse me," said "Hard-Edge" Smith, the dare-devil outlaw, "I made a mistake. Ain't this Sam Scoopshovel's place?"

"No," replied Joe. "This is the home of Silas McSwish and you've shot him all up."

"Well, ain't that funny," mauled the bandit, half to himself, kicking a slot off the barn. "And here I thought I was a-killin' Sam." Then he burst into a fit of raucous laughter.

Joe Spittax, our hero, was a man of action. He was a man of action because he used to write scenarios which demanded action. So he again placed Molly in front of him and, pulling his six-shooter from his licker pocket, he proceeded to shoot large apertures in the bandit's form.

After which he called up the undertaker, then mounted his horse and rode away.

As soon as he was out of sight, Molly inspected the casualties and discovered that, after all, there was only one—the bandit. Father and Mother had merely fainted, for the bandit wasn't used to shooting people in public and his aim had not been true.

But Joe's was.

Arriving at his oil ranch, Joe rushed out to the cowpunched to see what could be done about whatever it was that was worrying him.

Sneaking along in front of him was a man wearing a false mustache. He was trying to steal Joe's best oil prospec.

Whipping out his revolver, Joe took careful aim at the sneaking man, crippling him beyond hope of repair.

BUT—

The bullets went crashing on into the ground—on and on—and on—and digging their way into a critical spot in the earth, they struck a strata of oil, which spouted upward and tore a large round hole in the earth until a gushing oil well stood before Joe in all its magnificent splendor.

"Now," said Joe to himself, as he ran around in circles, trying aimlessly to bite himself in the back of the neck, "Molly and I can get married—only I guess nebhe she ain't hardly good enough for a rich man like me."

But let us go back to the McSwish ranch.

The bandit whom we thought had died arose unsteadily and asked for a drink of water.

"At the risk of rusting my boilers," he said to Molly, "gimme a drink of that stuff that makes saloon keepers hungry, carefully aiming a blow at her dimple.

There are two clinches in this story, which, with the action, should doubly insure its sale to any studio.

On the horizon there is silhouetted a couple in fond embrace—Joe Spittax and Evelina Emp, the waitress at the Blue Dog restaurant.

And at the McSwish ranch, Molly is holding the head of the bandit in her lap, occasionally bending over to kiss him.

While Mother and Father McSwish are happily burling articles of antique furniture at each other.

The End.

HIS NICHE

"Surely there is a place somewhere for me!"

The speaker, a tall, esthetic young man with large studious spectacles, stood at the side of the production manager's desk and pleaded for a chance to make good. Because, as he said, he was ambitious and all he wanted was a place so he could show them.

For an hour he had stood there, endeavoring to prove to the haughty production boss that he was overlooking a bet by not hiring him on the spot.

And then he repeated: "Surely there is a place for me—somewhere."

"Yes," said the worried manager, "There is." He scribbled an address.

"Here, take this address and go to the place mentioned—it is the place for you."

Joyfully the young man took the address and hurriedly left the office, after which the production manager locked his door and kept it that way.

The young man went to the street and number scribbled on the piece of paper and found a place for him—the Pest House!
Helping the Poor

Realizing that there are only a few plots for scenarios, anyway, I thought I would begin at the beginning and write ‘em all.

So I took the best chapters from the Bible, revamped them into a modern story and sent it forth to a well-known producer. Six months later I got it back. Simultaneously there appeared on the screen a picture by this same producer with all of my story incorporated into still another scenario entitled “Andy Fixes It.”

Meantime, I had taken all the best stuff from Shakespeare and had made a fine drama out of it. This I had sent to another great producer. Later all my material was rehashed and worked into a picture by that concern. It was called “Henry Hates To Do It.”

But I did not despair. I dug up all of Dickens’ works, and took the best dramatic features from his works and wrote a pippin of a yarn. I sent it out to a third great company, and it, too, was injected into an original story by one of that company’s staff writers, and it was entitled “Tom Tries It.”

In regular sequence I rewrote “Paradise Lost,” “Huckleberry Finn,” “Bill Nye’s Baled Yale” and “Secess and Health.”

I sent these out to four other producers and in time each one appeared in the “embellishment for four stories purchased from a well-known magazine. They added a lot to their value, too.

I remember that “Huckleberry Finn” furnished the comic relief for a tragic religious yarn, while “Paradise Lost” was used to get sympathy for a rollicking comedy drama. And so on.

That is why I feel that I have done my part toward elevating the pictures. I do not seek reimbursement for my efforts. It is like watching the bobber in the middle of a fish line. I am always expectantly waiting to see how they are going to swipe my stuff without being raw about it. And so I shall keep up the good work.

I hear that a certain company is going to film Dante’s “Inferno” shortly. So I am now getting together all the humorous matter contained in Ayer’s Almanac. Then, just about the time I think the scenario writer is going to be stuck for some contrast stuff, I am going to send him my story.

There are more ways of doing good in this world than by feeding the pigeons in the park!

Producer decided to film a comedy production with trained fleas. But when he started shooting the picture he discovered that all the fleas were tragic-exped—themselves to be—trying to make a living on a Mexican hairless dog!

Thought for a comedy director:

Why not make a story out of the epitaphs on the tombstones in your nearest graveyard?

SCENARIOS

Noah wrote a scenario. It was all about his little voyage and was full of action.

“Sorry,” wrote the scenario editor, “but we aren’t doing any water stuff any more.”

Solomon wrote a scenario. It was a good story and the author wrote from experience.

“We can’t use it,” wrote the scenario editor. “The public is tired of sex stories.”

Lot wrote a scenario. He told all about the burning of Sodom and Gomorrath, his flight and how his daughters got him pickled.

“We can’t use your story for the reason that it isn’t true to life,” wrote the scenario editor.

J. Nummery Nump wrote a dialogue story about nothing in particular which, by accident, was published in a magazine of national circulation. The scenario editor bought it—then they changed its title.

“We like the water stuff and the sex element,” wrote the scenario editor. “It is so true to life.”

SUGGESTIONS

Since the producers put buttonhole makers in charge of production, and former stage carpenters are made directors and waitresses are made stars, why not make:

Undertakers write comedies?

Preachers edit the bathing girl pictures?

Russians act as cashiers?

(Voice from the audience: “Well, c’mon! Ain’t they!”)

THE NEW SCHOOL

A continuity writer left the films to work on a newspaper. His first assignment was an elopement. He wrote ‘er this way:

“Exterior—Day. Bill Baffer and Angela Axlegrease got a long-shot of each other about six years ago. Bill panned down on Angela and liked her from every angle. After the first medium shot at Bill, Angela pined for regular close-ups of him, and got ‘er regularly.”

“Exterior—Day. Bill Baffer and Angela Axlegrease arise out of the old homestead yesterday and made a long-shot to Santa Ana, where they endeavored to get a heaven-director to megaphone ‘em an a marriage knot. But they had no sooner landed on the lot till a silhouette in the dim distance told them that Pa Axlegrease was about to be double-exposed on the scene.

“Interior—Day. Pa panned the pair halfway, moving steadily closer so that he could get a good still of them. Bill overacted his part when he tried to drag Angela out of Pa’s camera range. The director entered, left center, with his little black book, when Pa yielded:

“‘I forbear the bids!’

‘Get off the set!’ shouted the director. ‘You’re static!’

‘Tears—real tears, for Angela is an easy cryer—came to the daughter’s eyes. They fell upon Pa’s heart and softened it.

‘Disregarding the picture, Pa rushed into the scene for a clinch with Angela and Bill. Then he stepped back and let the camera do its worst. And after the director had yelled ‘Cutt!’ Angela and Bill faded into Pa’s arms and then came the usual happy ending and the final clinch.”

TOO TECHNICAL

He was a technical director. He married a star whose mother was her manager, and so he overworked himself trying to figure out what relation his mother-in-law was to the motion picture industry.

It was too technical for him!
Their Old Jobs

A hypnotist got a job in the pictures—because he had once been in vaudeville, and the director thought he was an actor, not knowing what the word 'hypnotist' meant.

So one day, while the companies were—as is customary—waiting for somebody to get something—or something—the hypnotist approached sixteen beautiful and intelligent-looking leading ladies, ingénues and stars, who were sitting around a table, and looked 'em in the eyes. Then he made a few passes in front of their faces, and said:

"You are all back on your old jobs. Come on, now! Get busy! Go to work!"

A beautiful, statuesque blonde, the $7,000-a-week "find" of a great producer arose and, hurrying back stage, yelled raucously:

"Two in the water, medium. Stack o' hot. Draw two!"

A pretty little ingénue got up, yawned, and, placing her hands on the table, said:

"This 'n's five cents a yard, lady. Y' can't do better nowhere. We bought 'em at a sheriff's sale."

A queenly "vampire" began bending over a chair, straightening it about and shaking it down.

"Bu-leave me, Carrie," she said, "I'd rather manœuvre a man's room any time than one o' these here fussy dames that ain't never been in a hotel before in all her married days."

But one of the "extra" girls was not of the same class. For she yawned, turned aside and said:

"That will be all for tonight, Luella. See to the lights."

No—she was different. You see, she was the performer's wife. He couldn't hypnotize her!

OFFERED TO ANY P. A.

A "grip" was resting at the edge of the set after he had been working for at least ten minutes with the stage carpenters.

The ingénue was called, and as she ran toward the set, she fell over the tired man.

"What's the matter?" asked the assistant director. "Are you ill?"

"No," answered the witty little ingénue, "I'm just getting over the grip."

(The rights to the above "joke" are hereby transferred to any press agent who has had a hard week.)

The Gentle Dove

They're all alike. You take any projecting room, and the laboratory man is the goat, the alibi, the ultimate whoosis.

Any day on the lot, you hear such animated cartoons as this:

Big Boss: "Migawd! Look at that! Whassamatter with that film? Was it dragged through a sewer or some-thing?"

Laboratory Man: "Well, you see, the new night man ran that through, Boss. He never handled so much film before, and he got it too cold."

(Next picture.)

Big Boss: "Lookit! All out of focus! What kind of camera work is that. I'd like to know?"

Cameraman: "It wasn't the camera. I remember that shot. It was perfectly all right. That happened in the lab. somewhere."

Laboratory Man: "Well, you see, I had a lot of other work on hand, and the new man, Jim Hizzies, he got the soup a little too hot. But I caught it in time—there's only about a hundred feet of that."

(And the next.)

Big Boss: "Hey, operator, what's wrong with you? Can't you see your'e jazzing it all up?"

Operator: "It ain't the fault of the machine, Boss. See—that's the way it would look if it was the machine. Must be the lab."

Laboratory Man: "Well, you see, Boss, you know there's a little thumb-screw—you see, a piece of film got in between the screw and the —— But I caught it right away. There isn't much of it spoiled."

Thank goodness for the Laboratory Man—he apologizes for everybody; and he takes the blame like a perfect—damfool!

TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH

There is said to be no truth to the rumor that Charlie Chaplin has bought "The Marriage Bloke" for picture purposes.

Henry Lehrman is not going to make "The Lion and the Mouse."

Eddie Laemmle will positively not pictureize the old school song, "The King of the Cannibal Islands."

Sam Goldwyn does not expect to buy the film rights to "Up in Mabel's Room."

In the old days the bandit who used to hold up mail stages ought to have been called a stage villain—but he probably wasn't!
By R. BEERS LOOS, Chief of Publicity

PRIZE CONTEST

Following the example of a Los Angeles newspaper which is publishing "half-headed" pictures of prominent motion picture actresses and offering prizes to those who guess who they are, the publicity department recently published in the Film Flunkey a portrait of the lower half of a popular Yellow Dog actress and offered prizes to the lucky ones recognizing her. Hundreds of answers have been received, and they are all correct. Following are some of them:

"Tippecaneo, O., Nov. 25.
Yellow Dog Film Corp.
"Have seen the actress in dozens of films and have always felt sorry for her because she never seemed to have any clothes. She is Lotta Krust."

"BITUMINOUS COLE."
"City, Nov. 24.
Yellow Dog Film Co.
"I know those legs. Saw them sticking out of a taxi window one night on Hill street. The desk sergeant said the lady's name was Lotta Krust."

"KEENE THOMPSON."
"Mojave, Nov. 24.
Yellow Dog Film Co.
"Every trainman on the Southern division of the Santa Fe can identify those legs as belonging to Lotta Krust, who formerly waited on the lunch counter here. Trains always left Mojave late when Lotta mounted a stepladder to wash the eating house windows."

"CURD WHEREZ, "Conductor Train 13."
"Los Angeles, Nov. 29.
Y. D. F. Corp.
"Send the prize care Special Pictures Corporation. Saw those legs sticking out from under a table at the Ship Cafe one night. Lotta Krust said they were hers."

"FORD STERLING."
"Los Angeles, Nov. 24.
Yellow Dog.
"I recognize 'em by the scar on the left knee. I was present the night Miss Krust's fiancé kicked her on the leg and broke her bottle."

"SCOTT DARLING."
"Scenario Editor, Christie Studio."

"Culver City, Nov. 25.
Yellow Dog Film Corp.
"Would recognize those legs anywhere. One night at a party in Laurel Canyon I awoke to find them in my lap. I asked the hostesses to call the owner and have her remove them. Lotta Krust responded."

"CHARLEY STEVENSON, "Hal Roach Studio."

Yellow Dog's INDIGESTIBLE DIGEST

This year no one need hang anything on the Christmas tree for Tom and Jerry. They won't be there.

Man whose wife eloped didn't make much of a fuss about it until he discovered that she had thoughtlessly carried away the key to the cellar.

Many a "celebrated" moving picture actress is never heard of until she gets in jail or has her ribs mashed in an automobile smashup.

A child in Los Angeles has to be watched to keep it from eating nails and glass. Such expensive food is enough to make the parents watchful.

Mr. Harding will probably be able to save considerable out of his salary as President, now that a manufacturing concern has presented him with a safety razor.

Women are not as timid as they used to be. You will observe that on many occasions they show more backbone than men.

Lotta's legs seem to be better known than the vice-president of the United States.

Lotta Krust has installed in her home on Wayward Drive a new $5,000 rosewood piano. It is probably the most unique instrument in the world and was designed by the popular screen star. It contains no works, but the interior is arranged to accommodate three dozen mart bottles and two five-gallon demijohns. Most any time you drop in on Miss Krust you will find her practicing at the piano.

Lotta Krust failed to report at the studio for a week, and the director-general motored out to her bungalow the other afternoon to see if she were ill. For a present to the actress he took along a fine, long-chassis, Italian anchoy hound. Lotta opened the door to the general herself and was as happy and chipper as a birdlet choking on a fat worm. She was delighted with the general's present, and, calling her Colorado-maduro maid, said: "Blanche, put one of these dogs in the garage, two in the basement, one on the roof to frighten the birds off the telephone wires and turn the other one loose in the front yard to keep the diamonds-backed elephants off the grass."

The general fears there is something the matter with Lotta.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE

This is a small world after all. Harold Flitt and Josephine Flopp, both prominent Yellow Dog stars, were married two weeks ago. Sunday they motored out to visit Josephine's mother, who owns a fifty-foot eucumbere ranch at San Gabriel. When they arrived a bony caver hound jumped all over Harold, he was so glad to see him. Harold remarked that he knew Zip well, his third or four wife, he had forgotten which, having raised Zip from a puppy. Josephine said that she had raised Zip and this brought about a comparison of strawberry marks, etc., establishing the fact that they had been married to each other before. Both were pretty sore. Josephine says this will be a lesson to her. Hereafter she will never divorce a husband until she has lived with him long enough to implant his hair on her system so that every one-in-ahile she bumps into an ex-husband and can't call him by name to save her life. It's mighty embarrassing, yet there are people who think that a movie actress has no trials.

Ida Dare, Yellow Dog's beautiful bathing girl, blushingly admits that her legs are her fortune. Ida has many admirers who look with covetous eyes on her fortune.

Someone threw a cookestone into the big water tank, and when "Bonehead" Tuttle, stunt man, made a dive into it from an eighty-foot "prop" ship-mast, he didn't rise to the surface with any spontaneity. When they fished him out he had the stove carelessly festooned around his wishbone and had to be pried off with a crowbar. If he hadn't struck it head-on he might have been injured, but as it was he only filled up with water, which was discharged when his rescuers walked on him. "Bonehead" refuses to pay for the stove, but Sol Getz says he will hold it out of his salary.

Just how Director General Otto Tumblr failed to get "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has leaked out. When he went to cable Ibanez he discovered that he didn't know how to spell "Apocalypse," so he bought an easier one from a Greenwich Village author who has all kinds of reputations. It is a poultry story entitled "She Has Such Beautiful Eggs."

"Buck" Stealey, who graduated as a cowboy at Scranton, Pa., and who is familiar to fans as the hirsute hero in Yellow Dog Western dramas, has had to retire from the screen. Someone stole his hairy pants.
Betty Ross Clark, Paramount leading woman, has been living a strenuous and diversified life of late. Dividing her time between the Roscoe Arbuckle Company and her new home now being built in picturesque Verdugo Canyon, her days are not without their comedy situations and high lights; also Miss Clark is not lacking in a sense of humor.

"Naturally one is never exactly dull when working in Mr. Arbuckle's company," she said as she finished wringing the water out of a peach-colored negligee, in which she had just been rescued from drowning—an episode in the newest Arbuckle feature.

"But this is nothing— getting ducked in the Pacific is part of the day's work—but the plumbers—there's excitement for you!"

"They dislike wasting the gasoline to drive out to Verdugo Canyon—so they add this item to their bill—and they drive heavy, expensive cars!"

"Of course, I try to argue with them, but it's no use—and it wouldn't be so bad if they would only get us connected up interiorly—but we have to come to our apartment in town for hot and cold water—while all they seem to do is to drive about in limousines!"

"Here's another costume that contacted the ocean—but came out all right," she said, pointing to a yachting suit having a white pleated serge skirt, navy blue Norfolk jacket with smart cape attached, and a blue tam.

"Here are a few things that I am wearing in this picture," she continued as she slid back a cretonne curtain and exposed half a dozen gowns.

"My dressing room seems always to be in some sort of confusion—on account of something always happening to clothes that I wear in this new picture—they look all right in the morning—but by the time I come in from location—well—these scattered about here are all ready for mending."

There is a black satin evening gown—quite short, with a plain bodice, jet straps over the shoulders; a tight, short skirt, draped at the sides and for trimming a girdle of ostrich quills. With this Miss Clark carries a black ostrich quill fan.

A gold brocade evening gown has turquoise straps across the shoulder, a turquoise and jet tassel ornament at one side and a black tulle and velvet fish-tail train, caught from the side with a cluster of turquoise roses. The dress clings to the figure, and is draped at the bodice and about the ankles.

A gorgeous negligee is of printed chiffon in a bright flame color. An Egyptian girdle, with long chains and heavy ornamens of jade and silver, a jade beaded fringe around the bottom of the skirt and a scarf which forms the loose sleeves and a flowing panel ending in a train, are accessories of the charming creation.

A blue duventine street costume consists of a dress and coat—the former having a plain skirt of the duventine—short and narrow and an overblouse effect joining the skirt below the hips in a loose, straight line. The blouse is of French blue chiffon, heavily embroidered in gold. The coat extends in an uneven line—the left side shorter than the right and fastened over with a large buckle of the duventine. Collar and cuffs are of sable fur, and a small hat is of French blue duventine with an old gold ornament.

An afternoon dress is of rose colored velvet and chiffon—the draped velvet skirt embroidered in silver roses and the bodice of chiffon is loosely draped and has long ends extending to the bottom of the skirt.

A squirrel coat and toque, with a straight-line blue serge frock and grey suede ties and hosiery form Miss Clark's motoring costume.
"I'm Good — Very Good"
By Anonymous

Once I was an ordinary person, with no ambitions, no aims, no prospects. Today I am hailed as one of the great lights of the motion picture profession. Actors call me by my first name; they go out of their way to be pleasant to me, and leading women smile dazzlingly upon me.

Why?

Once I was homeless, broke and hopeless. I had a husky voice, due to too much red liquor and too little exercise. One day another bum induced me to go with him to a studio lot and apply for work as an "extra."

The director needed "atmosphere," and he gave us employment for three days. There was nothing to say, and I got by, though I could barely speak.

It was a lazy life and I continued to work around the lot whenever they needed a bum like me. But my voice troubled me at all times. It was embarrassing, too, for whenever I was addressed I found that I could barely make myself heard.

Then I saw an advertisement in a newspaper. It said: "Develop your lung power. Acquire a baritone voice, and conquer worlds. The voice is the greatest asset a man can make. Make yours profitable."

I called upon this marvel—this voice builder. I paid him for a full course of treatments. Gradually my voice began to grow stronger. The "professor" insisted that I use it; he demanded that I talk upon every occasion and in a loud manner. That, he said, was the only way in which I could develop my vocal talents.

So I began to tell the actors and the directors how to make the pictures. Sometimes they resented it, but mainly I discovered that they didn't know any more about it than I did. Finally, in a burst of playfulness, I suspect, someone handed me a megaphone and told be to use it—that I could make more noise with it. And just as playfully I took it.

And that was the act that made me what I am today, a famous director.

For the Great Producer saw me with the megaphone, heard me giving orders to everybody nearby, called me into his office and gave me a company to direct—a company composed of near-deaf players. I was the only man, he said, who could talk loud enough to make them understand. (I might say here that this was a company of foreign vaudeville performers, hired for a spectacle by this producer for a certain purpose. All, strangely, were "hard of hearing.")

Well, as I say, that was the turning point of a hitherto misspent life. I yelled so loud and so often at these near-deaf players that it became a habit. Also it impressed the Great Producer.

Because the photodrama was a financial success. I let the cameraman do all the work; I merely followed his suggestions—always in a loud tone of voice.

Is She the World's Most Beautiful Woman?

This is Lady Diana Manners whom D. W. Griffith and Adolph Zukor each sought for pictures, but who constantly refused to be starred, until J. Stuart Blackton persuaded her to come over here and appear in some of his productions. She is said to have a composite face of the late Olive Thomas and Lillian Gish.

I am glad to get this off my conscience. A number of persons will recognize the author of this, because some of them know how I got my start. I shall feel easier now.

Still and all, I'm as good a director as any of them.

In a loud voice I repeat, I'M GOOD!

The voice builder is now working for me. He is the best cameraman I ever had!
Harvest of the Motion Picture Plants

TO FILM "MOTHERCRAFT"

King Vidor Productions has been engaged to produce a motion picture to be called "Mothercraft" under the auspices of the Child Welfare department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America, for the purpose of teaching and training the girls in the upper grammar school grades the science of caring for babies. The film will be distributed through Women's Clubs, Parent-Teacher Associations, branches of the Red Cross, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and similar organizations.

The scenario for "Mothercraft" was written by May Bliss Dickson, national founder of the Mothercraft movement, who also made the arrangements with Mr. Vidor. Craig Hutchison, of the Vidor staff, will direct, and the following cast will appear: William H. Crane, veteran stage actor, whose only other screen appearance is in "The Saphead;" Catherine Vidor, Laura LaPlante, Roscoe Karns and Myrtle Reaveau. Max Dupont will turn the crank.

Frank Mayo, according to his press agent, who at times is a very much-mistaken person, is to go to Chicago to act as one of the judges in a beauty contest being held by the International Film Company.

Billie McCarthy, one of seven hundred applicants, has been chosen by Universal as a double for Gladys Walton, and will immediately start work in "The Millionaire Kid," under the direction of Harry Harris.

Erich Von Stroheim's production of "Foolish Wives" will, it is estimated by the accounting department of Universal, cost $750,000 before it is finally completed. Not only the wives are foolish!

Clifford Robertson, Goldwyn casting director, is in New York on a business trip.

Mabel Normand is said to be in the East in poor health and under treatment.

Mildred Marsh, sister of Mae Marsh, was married to Ygnacio John Forester, a member of one of the oldest Spanish families in Southern California. The "Y" in his given name is silent as in "Fish."

Elinor Glyn has been in Hollywood two weeks and has finished one scenario for Lasky in that time. You'd think she'd take at least Three Weeks to it!

David Kirkland is to direct Mary Pickford in her next picture, which was written by Frances Marion.

Superba Comedies Corporation has started on its fourteenth single reel polite domestic comedy, under the direction of Jay Hunt. Fifty-two comedies are to be made for release through Celebrated Distributing System, headed by M. Nathan and I. B. Reuben. Frederick Bennett is writing the stories, and production is being done at the Francis Ford studios.

Magda Lane and Inez MacDonnell have been engaged to play opposite Eddie Polo in "The Seal of Satan," his latest serial, which J. P. MacGowan is to direct in Cuba.

Maybe Abe Stern will go Metro one better, if "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" turns out well, and make "Seven Horsemen of the Apocalypse!"

Harry S. Myers, head of the Stereopticon Department of the Baptist Board of Promotion, has taken a motion picture of the Mono Indians at Auberry, California, which is to be called "Sunrise for the Mono." The picture will show the tribe in its daily life, and at work in its mountain home. The scenario was written by Coe Hayne, of the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

If any motion picture player is interested, A. B. Cohn & Brother announces that they have moved from their former location at 228 Merchandise Place to 365 New Pantages Theater building, Seventh and Hill streets. A. B. Cohn & Brother have been operating in Los Angeles for 51 years.

Roscoe Arbuckle, according to rumors, went east to marry Dorothy Wallace; further rumor had it that they quarreled, and Miss Wallace then broke the engagement and returned a huge diamond ring to Roscoe. After which, it is said, "Fatty" decided to go to Europe to drown his sorrow. Arbuckle is a good comedian, but he probably couldn't see anything very humorous in bigamy, and besides, Minta Durfee might have something to say as to why such a marriage should not take place.

HART WINS SUIT

William S. Hart was awarded judgment by Judge Works in the Superior Court at Los Angeles to the amount of $87,779 in his suit for $100,832 against Thomas H. Ince. The suit was started in August by Hart, who demanded an accounting of monies received by Ince under the terms of a contract he had with Hart which called for a fifty-fifty division of profits from the sale of Hart pictures. After credits and balances were adjusted, Hart's share was brought down to the amount of the judgment.

William S. Hart has also brought suit against the All-Star Feature Distributors, alleging that it is distributing old pictures of his which have been given new titles, such distribution being to his injury, as it is alleged exhibitors and others are led to believe they are showing new Hart pictures.Mr. Hart asks damages to the amount of $250,000 and names Sol Lesser, president of the corporation; Jacob Samuels, secretary; I. M. Lesser, and others.

Ruth Darrow has been added to the scenario staff at the King Vidor studios.

Marion Aye, formerly of Sunshine comedies, has been engaged as a leading woman for Larry Semon, to succeed Lucille Carlyle, who decided she wanted to do dramatic work, and is said to have gone east to do it.

Jean Dunbar, of the Vitagraph eastern studios, has arrived in Los Angeles to work at the Vitagraph western studios.

W. R. Leighton, author of the "Billy Fortune" stories, and who is adapting Irving Bachelier's "The Light in the Clearing" for Dial Film, is to form his own producing organization for the purpose of screening the "Billy Fortune" stories.

Tom Santechi is rapidly recovering from an attack of appendicitis at the Clara Barton hospital in Los Angeles. He expects to resume work in the series of western features he is making for Cyrus J. Williams in about six weeks.

Marshall Neilan has been made a member of the executive committee of the California Mission Restoration Association, which hopes to restore all the California missions. Others on the committee are Henry H. Hoover, Charles Templeton Crocker, Judge William H. Waste, R. M. Robin, Harry Chandler and John G. Mott.
A Few Short Subjects

George Ovey, former cub comedian, and creator of the character "Jerry," has been signed by the Pacific Film Company to produce 52 single-reel comedies in which Mr. Ovey is to appear again as "Jerry." Wonder where Tom is?

Katherine MacDonald has returned to Los Angeles following a visit with her mother and sister in New York.

Robert Gordon and his wife, Alma Francis, are said to have signed with an English motion picture company and will go to London to produce three pictures there. The company has purchased two original stories from Mrs. Gordon.

Dorothy Farnum, scenario writer for Joe Schenck, has been loaned to Whitman Bennett to write the continuity of "Jim the Penman" for Lionel Barrymore. Why didn't they let Jim write it?

Broadwell Productions, Inc., a Massachusetts corporation with headquarters at 587 Boylston street, Boston, which has been engaged in making the Nick Carter series, announces an increase in its capitalization from $300,000 to $4,000,000, with the approval of the secretary of state of Massachusetts, upon motion of the president and board of directors, following a meeting of the stockholders, who approved of the plan.

Al Lichtman, manager of the department of distribution of the Famous Players, denies that he is in position with Jansen & Von Herberg. He says he merely was seen talking to Von Herberg and the rumor followed. What he says he really was doing was selling a block of pictures to Von Herberg. Well, now that that's settled, let us get on with our work!

Berman, general manager of Universal exchanges, is on his way to California to continue on route to inspect various "U" exchanges.

Pinnacle Productions, Inc., denies that it has relinquished its studios in Glendale. A rumor to this effect was abroad after Pinnacle had moved to the Balchower studios in Hollywood, with the Neal Hart western and the Leo White comedy companies. It was merely to secure additional space for interior sets that the companies were moved.

Walter K. Hill, formerly with the Motion Picture World, has been engaged by Vivian Moses for a position on the Fox publicity staff.

SEEK MORAL PICTURES

Lincoln Hart, widely known writer and producer of motion pictures, and a former naval officer, is the creator of a new organization formed in Los Angeles, but with a world-wide scope, which has for its purpose the reaching of 51,000,000 non-church-goers by the medium of the screen. The organization, which is really in the form of an ethical movement, contends that while a man may not go to church, and that many of the churches are practically empty on Sundays, the theatres are all filled to capacity, and a message or thought conveyed to a person via the screen in a good, strong dramatic picture will accomplish more than a half-hearted attendance at church.

The organization, which is to be known as the Ethical Motion Picture Society of America, will not produce its own pictures, but will endeavor to interest each producer to produce one ethical picture a year. There is no intention to produce or promote biblical films whatever, but merely a picture with a big thought and message.

More than 500 persons attended the organization meeting, almost every race and creed being represented, and for the purpose of securing funds to carry on the preliminary work $2,000 was raised in a few minutes among those attending.

A Los Angeles newspaper in publishing a report of the meeting became facetious and alleged that the organization was formed for the purpose of censoring pictures. Mr. Hart says nothing is further from the aims of the society. It is merely a big movement that is taking advantage of the motion picture screen as a medium of reaching every one regardless of the language spoken or understood.

Rose Dione, French actress, has been engaged by Max Linder to support him in his next Robertson-Cole comedy.

J. R. Mahon, at one time assistant advertising manager of Ruckheim Brothers & Eckstein, Chicago, has been appointed to assist Dick Robinson, exploitation and advertising manager of Independent Film Association.

C. H. Rosenfeld, formerly with Robertson-Cole, has formed his own organization, to be known as Tri-State Film Corporation, with offices in the Godfrey building, New York. He will handle independent pictures in Greater New York and a few productions nationally.
Kris Kringle Mountings

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Special Christmas mountings.

Special Christmas suggestions for gift photographs.

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Zasu Pitts Signed

Zasu Pitts, according to announcement, has been signed by the newly formed Columbia Feature Film Company of San Francisco, backed by a group of well known business men of San Francisco and indorsed by the Chamber of Commerce. A studio has been secured and Miss Pitts is to go north the latter part of December to commence work in a picture adapted from a book, entitled "Cinders." Miss Pitts was formerly a star under contract with the R. C. P. Smith Syndicate, which has temporarily abandoned production of pictures. Tom Gallery, at present working in "Not a Drum Was Heard" for Marshall Neilan, will play opposite Miss Pitts in "Cinders," upon completion of his present contract. He is her husband.

Margaret De La Motte is, according to the announcement of her guardian, J. J. Frothingham, to appear exclusively in Douglas Fairbanks pictures or in pictures released by United Artists for a period of one year.

William V. Mong, widely known screen character actor, has been placed under a long term contract by J. L. Frothingham, and will make his first appearance for that producer in one of the leading roles of a screen version of "The Other Woman," from a novel by Norah Davis.

Everett Maxwell, magazine writer, is preparing the continuity for Chester Conklin.

Lloyd ("Ham") Hamilton was at one time leading juvenile with James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda"—but he escaped.

Lee Oehs has arrived in Los Angeles on a business trip.

Merle Johnson plans to produce eight program pictures a year, featuring a star and four featuring a writer of national reputation, neither having as yet been named.

George Fitzmaurice's production, "Money Mad," is to be released in January under the title of "Money Worship."

Peggy Shannon has been added to the cast of the unnamed serial which George B. Seitz is producing.

Helen Muir has been added to the cast of "The Mistress of Shenstone" in support of Pauline Frederick.

H. J. Reynolds of Reno Film Company is in New York on a business trip.

"Hank" Mann has received an offer to come to France and make two-reel comedies. Mr. Mann feels, however, that there is no place like California, which has sunshine, etc., etc. See any Chamber of Commerce bulletin.

Rupert Hughes, Goldwyn Eminent author, has arrived in Los Angeles accompanied by his wife and daughter. They will all remain for the winter.

Dick Sherer has been made assistant to Duke Warner at the Berwilla studios.

Betty Blythe was a guest of honor at a dinner and entertainment on board the battleship New York in San Pedro harbor—if you want to believe her press agent, and even if you do, what matters it?

Howard Millercott was so seriously injured in an accident while on location with the Marshall Neilan company in Arizona that he later died.

E. K. Lincoln has finished his current production, "What Is Love?" Ask any tennis player.

Harry Morey, former Vitagraph star, has been engaged to play in "A Man's Home," a Selznick picture which Ralph Ince is directing.

Michael J. Connelly has been made casting director for the International studios.

Elaine Hammerstein's next starring vehicle for Realart has been named "The Pleasure Seekers."

Katherine Kaelrad and George La Guerre have been engaged to support Constance Talmadge in "Mamma's Affair," which Vic Fleming is to direct.

Gayety Comedies, a new organization, has gathered together a stock company of well known comedy players to make two-reel comedy features to be released through Educational Films exchanges. The leading women are Patricia Palmer and Mary Wynn, and the leading men Francis Feeney and Henry Murdock. The first comedy now in production has been named "Blondes."

Three for Morosco

Oliver Morosco Productions, Inc., announces that by January 1 three companies will be at work producing Morosco stage successes. Production has already started on "The Half-Breed," with William Desmond in the leading role, surrounded with an all-star cast of such well known players as Ann Little, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. The production is being personally handled by Oliver Morosco, assisted by Charles A. Taylor who prepared the screen version from the original play. J. C. Hutchinson has been engaged as cameraman, and George C. Shryer, art director.

Alexander Alt and Helen Howell are starring in two-reel comedies under the direction of Al Martin.

Harold Lloyd is at work on his first comedy under his new contract with Associated Theaters, Inc.

John Russell has arrived in Los Angeles and will be assigned a new mahogany and Underwood out at the Metro studios. He is one of Metro's new writers.

Frank Lloyd, according to Frank Lloyd's press agent, says the public likes to cry. After seeing some of the pictures produced, how can it help crying?

George B. West of the Sunkist Comedy Company is expected back in Los Angeles in a few days, following a visit to all the important exchange centers in the country, for the purpose of giving trade showings of the first two Alice Howell single reel comedies, "Boulevard Producers" and "Who Chose Your Wife?"

George Bunny has completed his initial comedy, "At It Again," for Goldwyn release, at the National studios.

D. W. Griffith is to produce a screen version of Bartley Campbell's famous melodrama, "The White Slave."

"Bull" Montana is no more. No, he hasn't died—simply changed his name to read hereafter on screen and program—"Mr. Jack Montana."

Jack Gavin, at one time a featured player of the Australian Feature Films, is in Los Angeles to make a series of Western pictures for Atlas. The Australian rights have been sold.
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READ'S SCENARIO CONTEST

J. Parker Read, Jr., in conjunction with the W. H. Hodkinson Corporation, distributor of the Read productions, is to hold a scenario contest which will blanket the country. Harry Owens of the J. Parker Read, Jr., organization; Richard Weil, publicity chief of Hodkinson, and George B. Gallup, Jr., manager of advertising for Hodkinson, have formulated a plan that is expected to interest newspapers, exchanges and theatres all over the country.

The scenario contest is open to all, and is for the purpose of securing suitable material for Louise Glaum, star of "Sex," "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," "Sahara," and other productions. Two thousand five hundred dollars is the first prize; $1,500 is second prize, and $1,000 is third prize, and the producer has the option of purchasing additional stories at $1,000 each in unlimited number.

"Fighting Fate," Vitagraph's latest chapter play, featuring William Dunneu and Edith Johnson, will be released around the first of January.

* * *

Sir Gilbert Parker, under the guiding hand of Mary O'Connor, is adapting his first story for the screen at the Lasky studio—"The Money Master," from a story by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Florence Lawrence, "The Biograph Girl," has arrived in Los Angeles from San Francisco ready to start work in "The Enfoldment," which Producers' Pictures Corporation is to film from the story by George H. Kern, general manager of the company. Miss Lawrence went into conference with Mr. Kern upon her arrival, discussing the scenario, which is being written by Reed Howstis and James Colwell, considered a number of players for parts, and reviewed a number of pictures for the purpose of deciding upon a director. Work of actual shooting will commence within ten days.

Voll Shipman has added to her home a projection room and a cutting room that she may, without effort on her part, review the day's work and prepare over the cutting and assembling of her pictures.

* * *

Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, who came to Los Angeles to make that city his home, has gone to New York on a brief business trip.

* * *

Mary Pickford is to make one more picture in Los Angeles before going to Holland.

* * *

Elsie In Maie, author and director of "The Unfortunate Sex," is to produce a number of pictures, according to announcement. Not that this is expected to startle anybody.

BUYS "PROPS" IN EAST

Vitagraph this week received at its west coast studios in Hollywood the first carload of goods which ordinarily are purchased in Los Angeles.

A few months ago, among its many daily purchases, Vitagraph bought several tape measures for the use of cameramen, and, according to W. S. Smith, they were billed to the company at $4 each. A man whose connection with the motion picture industry was not known was sent to the same dealer and he purchased the identical tape measures for 80 cents each. The Vitagraph company then inaugurated a thorough investigation of Los Angeles prices to the motion picture industry and what it discovered is said to reflect but little credit on the majority of dealers in the city.

W. S. Smith, general manager of Western Vitagraph and vice-president of the Motion Picture Producers Association, and his colleagues in that organization have frequently complained to the Chamber of Commerce.

To get relief from this alleged price inquiring, Vitagraph has decided to purchase all its properties and other needs in the East, ship them here, and in the end, it is claimed, money will be saved.

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In the Movies

Pioneer Film Corporation of New York is to distribute the Nick Carter series, now being produced by Broadway Productions, Inc. Ten pictures of the series have been completed and will be released at an early date.

R. W. French, formerly associated with the National Motion Ad Company of Chicago, has been added to the sales department of Independent Film Association.

The Saenger Amusement Company, operating a chain of theatres in the South, has booked the J. Parker Read, Jr., production, "Love Madness," through the W. H. Hodkinson Corporation for a total run of fifty-five days.

Owen Moore has finished his work in "Lend Me Your Wife" and has gone on a hunting trip. They all do—afterward.

Madeline Traverse has returned to New York from some place she has been and it is expected an announcement will be made in a few days regarding plans for her own company, or something.

Henry Lehrman is producing his fifth First National comedy, in which he is using a number of lions. Henry is always thinking up something new.

Wanda Hawley, Realart star, is to appear in a screen version of "The Next Besters," by Lula Ragsdale, with continuity by Douglas Bronston.

Elmer Harris, author of "Ducks and Drakes," a BeBe Daniels picture, will personally cut and title the production—which might be terribly exciting news, but isn't!.

Misso Seki, a Japanese, and Thena Jasper, colored, are supporting Wanda Hawley in her latest Realart picture, "Black and Tan"—wot!

Carl Laemmle, Universal president, is said—IS SAID—to have given a check of $5000.00 to two charitable institutions in San Francisco in return for the appearance of 100 society folks of San Francisco appearing in "Foolish Wives."

T. Roy Barnes has been hunting ducks up around San Bernardino. P. S.—He didn't get any.

Hobart Henley is directing Conway Tearle in his next picture for Selznick, entitled "The Waiter." Sounds like a good tip.

Mildred Harris Chaplin—beg pardon! Mildred Harris—who, according to her own statement was hurt professionally by using the name Chaplin, is to go abroad next year with Mrs. Marshall Neilan, according to announcement. But then mummy may change her mind at the last minute.

Hampton Del Ruth, well known comedy producer, and Alta Allen, motion picture actress, were married Thanksgiving day, following a premature announcement of their wedding by enthusiastic friends. Mr. Del Ruth had difficulty in locating a minister to perform the ceremony, owing to the holiday, but finally located one in Hollywood.

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On the Inside -- Looking Out

Albert Shelby LeVino, who for the past four years has been a member of the scenario staff at Metro, is now "free lanceing," having resigned his position. Mr. LeVino, during his association with Metro, wrote sixty-one screen adaptations.

Edward Connelly, veteran character actor, has been cast in support of Nazimova, who is producing "Aphrodite" at the Metro studios.

Gareth Hughes, Metro's newest star, is expected back at the west coast studios in a few days, having finished his work in "Sentimental Tommy." He was loaned to Lasky to play the stellar role in that production.

Edward Cecil has been given a role in the all-star cast of Metro's production, "What Is the Matter With Marriage?" which Philip E. Rosen is directing.

Thomas H. Ince has purchased an original story, entitled "Finding Home," from Gertrude Andrews.

S. M. Thompson, chief of Universal City film laboratory, is working on a new lens that will meet with the exacting requirements of the motion picture camera.

John B. Ritchey, who has been associated with Thomas H. Ince in a number of confidential capacities, has been made head of the Ince scenario department, succeeding John Blackwood, who has gone over to Universal. Mr. Ritchey is a writer of wide experience, and has been identified with the literary and dramatic field since an early age. He numbered among his intimate friends such well known figures as Henry M. Stanley, Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkinsin Smith, Bill Nye and many others.

Bertram Bracken has, according to announcement of Charlie Condon, returned from a hunting trip in the north, where he reports quail, duck and other game birds are to be found in endless number. The startling thing about this announcement is that Mr. Bracken was not credited by his p. a. with getting the limit on any of the birds which are so plentiful.

Sol Lesser and George Beban are in New York on business relative to Beban's picture, "One Man in a Million."

Allen Holubar has no high salaried subtitle writers attached to his staff, says a press agent. Well, who ever thought he had?

Edward Kennedy, former Mack Sennett comedian, has been engaged to support Viola Dana in "Sorrentina," which is now being produced at the Metro studios.

E. W. Guyol has arrived in Hollywood from New York and has taken up his duties in the scenario department at Universal.

Kenneth McGaffey, former press representative for Mary Pickford, has been engaged as manager of productions for the Harry Carey company at the "U."

William Garwood and Pierre Hungate

Whom You All Know

BOOKINGS

6548½ Hollywood Boulevard
Temporary Telephone 577660
The New York Idea

The Honor Bound

**The New York Idea**

**CLASSIFICATION**

**DIRECTOR**
Herbert Blache.

**AUTHOR**
Langdon Mitchell.

**SCENARIO**
Mary Murillo.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**
Jacques Bizuell.

**PRODUCER**
Realtar.

**DISTRIBUTOR**
Realtar.

**STAR**
Alice Brady. Gives the best performance possible in a silly role.

**SUPPORTS**
Lowell Sherman, former legitimate stage actor, appeared in a number of pictures. Hedda Hopper, played in "Carnival Wives;" with Norma Talmadge in "The Isle of Conquest;" with William Faversham in "The Man Who Lost Himself." Others in the cast are George Howell and Clarence Handy-sides.

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS**
A story of New York society as it is supposed to be. The girl marries the man, the ceremony being performed by a bishop whose brother later is, as a judge, instrumental in divorcing the same couple, the judge having already been divorced by his wife. The judge now offers himself to the new divorces, and she accepts him, while her ex-husband is seen constantly in company with the judge's wife. Then there is a silly-ass type of individual in the story who wants to marry either of them. Of course it all turns out right in the end, when each sees the mistakes, etc.

**BOX OFFICE ANGLE**
Not very much to it except Alice Brady and Hedda Hopper. It would not do to promise much of an offering.

**LOCALITY APPEAL**
Might prove diverting to the divorce colony in Reno.

**EXPLOITATION ANGLE**
If you can think of anything that can be used to make divorce a drawing card—use it.

**REMARKS**
The second poor vehicle for Alice Brady—"A Dark Lantern" was the other. This may have been a very successful play, but as a picture it is very poor. There is no real reason for it. The situations are overdrawn. Although the judge is one of the wedding guests, the bride does not meet his wife until a long time afterward. It seems strange that, being in the same "set," the judge's wife should be a stranger. As there is only supposed to be one ground for divorce in New York, it is interesting to note how trivial a matter a divorce is considered, and how boldly the principals meet and are pleasant to each other. If New York society people ever go to see pictures of this kind, it must furnish more amusement to them than a Chaplin comedy. The production is lavishly built. Alice Brady is a clever actress and worthy of better story material, than is being furnished her.

**IT'S**
NEW YORK OFFICE is located at 729 SEVENTH AVENUE

**Honor Bound**

**CLASSIFICATION**
Drama. Self-sacrifice theme. Five reels.

**DIRECTOR**
Jacques Jaccard.

**AUTHOR**
Jacques Jaccard.

**SCENARIO**
Jacques Jaccard.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**
Bennie Klein. Very good throughout.

**PRODUCER**
Universal.

**DISTRIBUTOR**
Universal.

**STAR**

**SUPPORTS**
Irene Blackwell, played in "His Bonded Wife" for Metro; "Miss Innocence" and "Caught in the Act." Helen Lynch, is a newcomer to cast, but shows ability. Dagmar Godowsky, played in "The Peddler of Lies" with Mayo, and in other pictures. Gordon Sackville, appeared in World Film and other productions. Edward Coxen, played in a number of American Film Company productions; played in "In Old Kentucky" with Anita Stewart; is well known leading man. Nick de Ruiz, has appeared in a number of pictures.

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS**
Billy Thorpe, a young man engaged to Claire, the daughter of the president of a large rubber company, is sent to South America to work, after he has displaced the girl's father by his wild ways. Ellison, the manager of the South American branch office, is married to Thorpe's sister. When Billy arrives in South America he finds Ellison drinking heavily and having an affair with a native girl. He tries to straighten Ellison up. Thorpe works hard doing his own as well as Ellison's work. The father of the girl with Claire and Ellison's wife come to South America on a yacht. Billy straightens Ellison out to receive the party. It is made to appear that Billy is really the one having the affair with the native girl. To protect his sister, he takes the blame. It is all straightened out when the native girl tells Claire the truth.

**BOX OFFICE ANGLE**
Should please in most any theatre.

**LOCALITY APPEAL**
None to speak of.

**EXPLOITATION ANGLE**
Advertise the name of the star, who has a large personal following. Tie up with some store or factory selling rubber goods, and make a rubber display in your lobby. Use catchlines: "He went to South America to look after the rubber business—what did he do?" "What is a 'Throwback'?

**REMARKS**
The best story Mayo has been given for a long time. Jaccard has not sacrificed his story for the benefit of the star, which adds to the strength of the picture and does not detract from the personal performance of Mayo. Helen Lynch, in her first ambitious role, is very pleasing. Dagmar Godowsky, as the native girl, gives a splendid performance. Irene Blackwell is good as the sister. Edward Coxen as the weakening, Ellison, plays a good part to advantage. Nick de Ruiz is very good. The production is mostly exterior, with a few scenes on a yacht. There is plenty of suspense, well sustained.
From Now On

CLASSIFICATION
Melodrama. Underworld stuff.

DIRECTOR
R. A. Walsh.

AUTHOR
Frank L. Packard.

SCENARIO
Not credited.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Fox.

DISTRIBUTOR
Fox.

STAR
George Walsh. Walks through the part—sometimes he runs.

SUPPORTS
Regina Quinn, Marie Mejeronis, and several others are in the supporting cast.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Dave Henderson, a boy raised in an orphanage is taken for adoption by a wealthy man. When Dave is about 25 his benefactor dies and leaves him $100,000. Dave takes this money and immediately gets in with a crowd of race track gamblers and thugs. He puts the money into a book-making business and finally when a horse race goes against the book, all his money is used up. Dave has already asked for his hundred thousand and has been assured by the bookie that he will get it in due time. Dave is sent to the home of another bookie to bring back a hundred thousand dollars. He steals it, and later is sent to prison. He meets Capriano, a former leader of the Black Hand, and his daughter, Teresa. Dave then comes out and goes after the money which has come into the possession of a man named Millman in Pittsburgh. Dave is trailed there by his former bookie partner. Teresa goes to save him from “One Eyed Joe,” who has been given a secret sign by her father, which means that Ben is to be killed. Ben gets the money from Millman, “One Eyed Joe” gets it from Dave, the bookie gets it from “One Eyed Joe” and the bookie is killed by the brother of a girl he had ruined, who returns the money to Millman, who in turn gives it back to Dave. Dave marries Teresa and they settle down on a quiet little place in the country, and “from now on” he goes straight.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
If you have patronage that likes melodrama of the knock-down-drag-out variety, book this, for it is full of it.

LOCALITY APPEAL
High class neighborhood houses would do well to avoid this offering.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise George Walsh. Wrap up a bundle of papers, cut to the size of a bank note, making a package about the size of a small brick. Tie it with heavy twine, seal it with red sealing wax. Mark it with theatre name and address and “$100,000,” then announce that a number of such packages will be hidden in various parts of the neighborhood near the theatre. Give rewards for the packages located and returned.

REMARKS
This offering falls far short of former Walsh pictures. The situations are very much overlaid, although there is plenty of action of the rough-house variety. There is some little acting by Regina Quinn, as the girl, is appealing, Marie Mejeronis, as the former black-hand leader, gives a very good performance. The others in the cast help as much as possible. Do not put too much stress on the fact that the author of “The Miracle Man” wrote this one. It must be remembered the “Miracle Man” was a failure in every way until it was made into a picture. The production is ample for this type of picture.

The Mark of Zorro

CLASSIFICATION
Romantic Drama of early Spanish days in Southern California. Approximately seven reels.

DIRECTOR
Fred Niblo.

AUTHOR
Johnston McCulley.

SCENARIO
Eugene Mullin.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Harry Thorne and William McGann.

PRODUCER
Douglas Fairbanks Productions.

DISTRIBUTOR
United Artists.

STAR
Douglas Fairbanks. Gives excellent performance in two roles with widely different characterizations.

SUPPORTS
Marguerite De La Motte, played in “The Sagebrusher,” in “The U. P. Trail,” both for B. R. Hampton; in “Trumpet Island,” Vitagraph all-star production. Claire MacDowell, played in “Something to Think About,” a DeMille special; and well-known actress. George Periolat, played in a number of productions with the American Film Company stars. Robert McKim, played in a number of Ince pictures; in “The U. P. Trail,” for Hampton; is widely known screen heavy. Noah Beery, played in “The Sea Wolf,” a Lasky special; in “Go and Get It,” a Marshall Neilan production; it well-known heavy and character actor. Tote DeCrow, played in serials in support of William Duncan, and in many other productions. Charles Mailes, played in “Homespun Folks,” with Lloyd Hughes; appeared in a number of Universal and Triangle pictures. Syd DeGray, has appeared in a number of character parts in many productions. Walt Whitman, is well-known character actor, having appeared in a number of Universal and Triangle productions. Snitz Edwards, well-known stage comedian, has appeared in “The World Adame,” with Frank Keenan, and in other pictures.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Don Diego, a young Spaniard of noble blood, returns to Southern California after being educated in Spain. He is impressed by the oppression and cruelty under which the natives and those not favored by the governor are living. He adopts a disguise, wears a mask, has a secret entrance built to his home, and proceeds to administer punishment to all deserving it. He is an accomplished swordsman and always leaves the mark “Z” on those he punishes. He calls himself Zorro, and soon terrorizes evil-doers. As Don Diego he is a lustless, unambitious cavalier, the despair of his father. Don Diego is sent to call upon Lolita, a beautiful girl whom his father wants him to marry, but he is such an interesting man that she is disgusted. He returns to her as Zorro, and in that character woos her. Zorro finally enlists the aid of the caballeros and succeeds in throwing off the yoke of oppression by forcing the governor to leave the country, taking with him those of his men who are undesirable. He then reveals to his father, the girl, and others, that Don Diego and Zorro are one and the same.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
This will be a sure winner, and will break records if given a chance.

LOCALITY APPEAL
Any locality.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise Fairbanks and his strong supporting cast, also Fred Niblo, the director. Dress up your lobby with Spanish atmosphere; dress the ushers in costume. Employ Spanish dancers, and give a musical program of Spanish music. You can safely advertise this as Fairbanks’ best picture.

REMARKS
Douglas Fairbanks has taken a costume play, and put it over. There is not a dull moment in the entire seven reels. An exhibitor cannot go wrong by booking this offering. Fred Niblo has handled the direction admirably, especially in the mob scenes. Each and every one has something to do and does it in a natural manner. Marguerite De La Motte is excellent as Lolita. Bob McGim, as usual, is a splendid heavy. Noah Beery gives a very good performance in the straight role. Walt Whitman, in a small role, is very good. Each and every member of the troupe, down to the most unimportant peon, renders the star excellent support. The production is well built. A sure winner.
Conrad in Quest of His Youth

CLASSIFICATION
Drama. Man trying to return to Youth in search for happiness. Five reels.

DIRECTOR
William C. DeMille.

AUTHOR
Leonard Merrick, novelist.

SCENARIO
Oga Printzlau, staff writer.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Al Wilky. Very good.

PRODUCER
Famous Players-Lasky William DeMille.

DISTRIBUTOR
Paramount.

STAR

SUPPORTS

BRIEF SYNOPSIS
Conrad, a British officer of 35 years, returns from India feating that he is getting old. He wants to bring back the days when he was a youth. He visualizes the girl with whom he was in love when he was 17. He gathers his cousins and former playmates around him and they try to do things as they did when younger, but the experiment is a dismal failure. Conrad looks up an old sweetheart and finds her fat, married and the mother of several children. He goes to Italy in search of the woman he loved at 17; he finds her much older than he expected and near-sighted. He makes an appointment with her and falls asleep while awaiting her. He is returning to London, and has a lay-over between trains. He encounters a theatrical troupe which is in financial difficulties. He meets one of the girls, who is being visited by Lady Rosalind, a former friend of the performer. Conrad falls in love with Lady Rosalind, thinking she is a member of the theatrical troupe. She tells him he must look for her from Lady Rosalind. He calls on the Lady, and, of course, finds she is the girl he loves. He then realizes that he has ended his quest.

BOX OFFICE ANGLE
Will please in high class houses.

LOCALITY APPEAL
High class neighborhoods only.

EXPLOITATION ANGLE
Advertise Tom Meighan, who is very popular; also the strong supporting cast. Set up a "Fountain of Youth" in your lobby and dispense water to guests. Tie up with a water company to furnish the water in return for the publicity. Hire a good-looking young man, well dressed. Have him searching along the streets near the theatre as though looking for a lost article. His motions will attract a crowd. Have a boy then hand out a dodger with the printed word: "That's Conrad in Quest of His Youth"; see how he found it at "theater."
A great number of exhibitors are anxious to keep in touch with certain players — stars and others who have proved drawing cards for them in the past—whose work is watched with interest by the theater patrons. This department is designed for the purpose of acquainting the reader with the doings of every player of note in the motion picture profession. When a player is not mentioned, it means that he is either taking a vacation, or is resting between pictures.

**A**

**B**
- Busch, Mae. With Universal. In "In Foolish Wives," a drama.

**C**
- Carew, Ora. With Metro. In "What is the Matter With Marriage?" a drama.
- Chadwick, Helene. With Goldwyn. In "Mr. and Mrs. Miserable Jones," a drama.

**D**
- Dix, Richard. With Goldwyn. In Mr. and Mrs. Miserable Jones," a drama.

**E**

**F**
- Franey, Berta. With Reelcraft. In one reel comedies.

**G**
- Gibson, Helen. With Astra. In the reel Western dramas.

**H**

**J**

**K**

**L**
- Lester, Kate. With Goldwyn. In "Mr. and Mrs. Miserable Jones," a drama.

**M**
- Mann, Hank. With Schlank. In two reel comedies.

(Continued on page 30)


WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS. By Sir James M. Barrie. Directed by William C. deMille with Leslie Wilson, Conrad Nagel, and others. A Lasky picture. No release scheduled.


PECK'S BAD BOY. Directed by Nate Wat. With Jackie Coogan, George Pierce, Bull Montana and others. An Irving Lesser production. No release scheduled.

APRODITE. Directed by Ray Smallwood. With Nazimova and others. A Metro picture. No release scheduled.


TRAILS OF TWO MOONS. Directed by Edward LeSaint. With Buck Jones and others. A Fox picture. No release scheduled.

PARTNERS OF FATE. Directed by Bernard During. With Louise Lovely and others. A Fox picture. No release scheduled.


DAUGHTER OF A MAGNATE. By Frank Spearman. Directed by Frank Urson. With Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and others. A Lasky picture. No release scheduled.

SORRENTINA. Directed by Al Kelly and George Probert. With Viola Dana, Rudolph Valentino, Frances MacDonald and others. A Metro picture. No release scheduled.


THE HALF BRED. A stage play. Directed by Oliver Morosco at Brunton studios. No release announced.


DUCKS AND DRAKES. Directed by Maurice Campbell. With Bebe Daniels and others. A Realart production. No release scheduled.


Continued on Page 29.
Pick-ups for your House Program

Exhibitors are hereby given permission to reprint any of these stories for program purposes. They are copyrighted and protected, but this will serve as a release to any subscriber to this magazine.

Eve unsell, scenario writer, has been incorporated, and known as Eve Unsell Photoplayers Staff. She has Lester Blankfield associated with her. Miss Unsell has just returned from London, where she organized the scenario staff of the Famous Players British producing unit.

Roscoe Arbuckle went to New York and made a speech at the Friars Club. George Cohan rejoined the Friars.

Richard Headrick, three year old actor, known to screen actors as "Ichie," has been engaged to support Anita Stewart in "The Tornado," now in production under the direction of Edwin Carewe.

Jackie Coogan, "The Kid," who is to appear in "Peek's Bad Boy," has so far recovered from an accident that he has been removed to his home in Hollywood from the Glendale hospital.

Kathleen Kirkham has finished her engagement with the Cathrine Curtis Productions Company, filming "The Sky Pilot," under the direction of King Vidor.

Hector M. E. Pasmezoglu of St. Louis is on a New York business—if anybody cares to kxxgztsgtuggu.

William Christy Cabanne expects to leave for New York in a few days with a print of "What's a Wife Worth?" which he has just produced for Robertson Cole.

Doraldina is to travel around the country with her Metro picture, "Passion Fruit," and appear where it is shown. Stealing George Beban's stuff.

Tom Terris and his Vitagraph company are at Natchez, Miss., filming scenes for "The Heart of Maryland." In the cast are Catherine Calvert, William Collier Jr. and others. There is apparently no truth in the report that Mr. Terris is to make a new version of "The Sea Wolf" on the Mojave desert.

Col. Robert E. Lee, descendant of General Lee of Civil War fame, is president of a newly formed company which is to make pictures from stories by well known Southern authors. The company is incorporated for $750,000 and is known as Lee Films, Inc.

Maurice Tourneur is in New York for a brief visit.

If motion picture plots are scarce, Why take those hackneyed chances? Why not take off some time and film Those Hollywood romances?

Rosemary Theby, according to her press agent's dream book, has been presented with a beautiful set of Spanish castanets, because she is studying Spanish—or castanets, or something.

Thomas Meighan and his director, Tom Forman, are expected back in Hollywood to complete scenes in "The Quarry," Meighan's latest picture, which was started in New York.

Roscoe Arbuckle is to make a tour of Europe, prior to his return to the Lasky studios from New York.

Miriam MacDonald, sister of Katherine, has broken into pictures. Others found it easy, why not Miriam?

Lloyd Ingraham, according to his press agent, is directing a ring-tail monkey, which is being used in "The Girl in the Taxi," a Carter De Haven production.

Anita Stewart, according to a press matter, may be found huddled in a corner of the house showing her pictures, so that she may study the attitude of the audience towards it. There are a lot of actresses who should crawl under the house and—stay there.

Lasky studio heads are planning the erection of a new dressing-room building exclusively for stars. It will be planned so that each star will have a suite of two rooms, with all modern conveniences, and tastefully decorated. In a short time it is expected that Elise Ferguson, Dorothy Dalton, Ethel Clayton and Billie Burke will arrive from the east to commence work here.

B. P. Schuelberg and B. P. Fineman are associated in a motion picture project. Now, if their initials, B. P., stand for "Better Pictures"—fair enough.

Edouard Belin, French electrical expert, is of the opinion that motion pictures can be sent over telegraph wires. After he sees a few more pictures he will think they have been sent over wires—via the underground conduit system.

William Fox's production, "When New York Sleeps," is to be released in London under the title "Windows." To make it easier for Brits to see through mebbe.

Victor Herman, who has been directing Owen Moore in Selznick pictures, has been secured to direct Dorothy Gish for D. W. Griffith, Inc.

B. P. Schuelberg has returned to New York following a conference with B. P. Fineman on the west coast, relative to future activities.

Hiram Abrams, Denis F. O'Brien, and First National each deny that there is any truth in the report that First National is to release future Pickford and Fairbanks releases.

F. B. Warren of Associated Producers says the one outstanding evil in the picture business today is dirty competition in distributing organizations. Another that stands out a little farther is poor pictures.

Ruth Mattimore, a pupil of Ruth St. Denis, has been engaged by B. B. Hampton to play the role of an Egyptian dancing girl in "There Was a King in Egypt."

Margaret Cullington has been engaged to play a part in Carmel Myers' latest production, "Cinderella Jane," which Rollin Sturgeon is directing.

B. A. Rolfe has arrived in London.

Max Asher has gathered together a number of bathing girls from Christie, Fox, Rolin, Universal, Chester and Hamilton, which he is going to take over a vaudeville circuit, in conjunction with a novelty motion picture act.

Charles Garman, fat boy, who has appeared with a number of comedy companies, has been engaged by Jack White to play in Mermaid Comedies, succeeding Syd Smith.
THE LAUGHOGRAPH

Why not present your own Topics of the Day, Mr. Exhibitor? Why not be your own producer? Why not run a feature like this:

The Blank Theatre

Presents

We furnish complete sets of PRINTED GELATIN JOKE SLIDES, together with your announcement and supply you with the best jokes in America every week at a very cheap price. You insert these slides between two glass slides—and that's all there is to it.

Nine of these joke slides for $1.00. Remember, these are ORIGINAL JOKES, and this is our own original idea. Order them now and get the exclusive rights in your city.

Send Ten Cents for Sample

The Laughograph Co.

200 Thorpe Building

Los Angeles, California
New York City and Thereabouts, Dec. 1.—Society note: Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin was the guest of Mr. Chas. B. Dillingham (who was known a few years ago as Charley, the small time advance agent) at the performance of "Tip Top" at the Globe Theatre the other evening. He was standing in the wings holding a conversation with the erstwhile Frederick Stone. I wonder if Charley was giving F. S. some pointers on how to remain a favorite with the public even though your wife may employ a clever "soft" press agent! The girls in the chorus recognized little Charley and Mr. Roy Hoyer, one of the leads in the production, told the audience that the man who made the derby hat famous was in the wings. Of course our hero flushed with shame and left the theatre without "tipping the doorman."

News comes from the gang of "corner lizards," who dominate the corner of Forty-sixth street and Broadway that the International Film Corp. is contemplating producing a special-large-extra-super production entitled "Where Was Marion When the Lights Went Out?" This picture will be the greatest sex drama produced in ages. A year's subscription free at my expense to anyone guessing who will be the star of the above named production. 

Eugene O'Brien, better known as the "Prince of the lady picture fans," made his stage debut the other evening at the Columbia Theatre in Far Rockaway in a legitimate production, written especially for Gene. It is said that the play took an awful flop. Allen Dale, hurt his P. A. for little Marion, said that the public get enough of the Lew Cody bunk in pictures without having to pay "five berries" to see it done all over again on the "legit." 

Charley McCarthy, publicity purveyor for the Famous Players, has been called to Boston on account of the critical condition of his sister.

Little Dorothy Dalton of "Aphonadite" fame, and otherwise, is back at the Famous Players studio in Long Island working on her latest picture, "The Teaser." Oh, Dorothy! And to think you once worked for Lee Shubert!

The Idiot told the press agent that when he was in the navy he saved his ship from being burnt by fire. "How do I do it?" asked the P. A. "Why, I beat a hole in the bottom of the ship," was her sink!" Note: The above gag is copyrighted and is not for use as a subtitle in any Reelcraft picture.

By Irwin Richard Franklyn

NONCALANCE

He tore the letter open
And read the sheets so cheerily
He was in shirtwaists from New York
At present making Erie.

Page eight, the last, had a P. S.
Which ran: "Oh, Jack, today—
I almost slipped on telling you—
Your wife has run away."

He folded up that missive drear,
With hope not longer buoyed;
But all he did or said was this:
"Oh Gosh! I feel annoyed!"

The old Biograph studio in the Bronx has been obtained for the Lillian Gish Company by Wm. Sherrill. Work will begin at the new studio at once.

Ray Dec, formerly principal feminine dancer at the Century Grove, has been signed by Metro to play the feminine lead opposite Bert Lyttell in his latest picture, "A Message From Mars."

Frank Joyce, brother of Alice Joyce and also prominent hotel owner of New York and Miami, purchased 200 tickets for the Disabled Soldiers' Benefit at the Shubert Theatre Sunday night. The Idiot of the N. Y. A. Club wants to know why Frank bought two hundred seats when he could sit only in one.

Norman Trevor has been signed by W. K. Ziegfeld, a brother of Flo, the man who put more chorus girls in pictures than anyone else known, to star in a series of eight pictures to be made under the banner of the Ziegfeld Cinema Corp.

"What's M. S. and Al. wanna bring on those bathing girls from the sunny beaches of L. A.? New York is becoming very impatient, Mack."

Harry Millarde, who directed the Fox production of "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," has been signed by the Fox organization to direct Bill Farnum in his next production.

Eugene Kelcey, Allen of the Women's Wear Magazine wants to know if the story of "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" depicts the life of a movie "extra." Again Eugene asks us if the American Tobacco Co. has anything to do with "Mauruss" Gest and Ray Constock's production, "Meecha."

Oh, Lady! Lady! If Wally Reid was always audacious, what's your hurry? Because You Never Can Tell if Bebe Daniels will go with Conrad in "Onset of His Youth!"

Word comes from the man who made the bedroom famous, Mr. Albert H. Woods, that he has placed Gloria Swanson under contract to star in a musical comedy some time this season.

Miss Kay Laurell, once a famous Goldwynite, was arrested with several friends at Shanley's on Sunday evening for wanting to repaint the walls of the establishment with a lip stick and also for disturbing the peace and sanctity of Broadway.

"Footsteps," by Barbara Chambers, will be the first picture to be made by the recently formed Merv Johnson Productions, Inc.

The Cinema Artists, Ltd., has accepted a story by the writer of this column entitled "Grease Paint," for the first production starring Miss Amanda House.

Hal Oliver, former exploitation manager for Famous Players; Ace Beery of the Ringling Bros.' publicity department, and Irwin Franklyn, have drawn up partnership papers and will handle the publicity and exploitation for companies such as Robertson-Cole, Mayflower and Cinema Artists.

Henry Stephenson, who at present is appearing in "Spanish Love," has been placed under contract by the Ziegfeld Cinema Corp. to co-star in a production entitled "The Tiger's Cub," with Florence Reed.

Teresa Valerio, Fred Stone's leading lady, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Brigadier General White the other evening at the studio of the Cinema Artists, Ltd., in Fort Lee. General White is in the United States in behalf of Lord Northcliffe, who desires to teach the American public the truth concerning the much disputed Irish question. Gen. White intends to carry out his mission by using the motion picture as the means of educating the public.

Pearl White and her husband, Mayor Wally McCutcheon, proved that married life isn't really as bad as it is "cracked up to be." The other evening at the dinner and dance given at the Cinema Artists' studio, Pearl refused to dance with any one but her soldier husband. C. C. kindly note.

Where was a certain popular comedia and his brother the other evening after the raid on "Dinty" Moore's Gin Mill? Also, why didn't they close the

Continued on Page 28
The New York End
Continued from Page 27.

Harry D. Wilson, personal representative for Sol Lesser, is in New York with Mr. Lesser and George Beban, who are making arrangements for the distribution of "One Man in a Million," Beban's latest picture. Mr. Wilson is mapping out a tour for Beban, who is to appear in conjunction with the showing of the picture, which is to be exhibited before women's clubs and civic organizations, as well as in various large theaters.

Edith May, of Monroe, Wisconsin, winner of the National Sales Girls' Beauty Contest, conducted by Mayflower Pictures Corporation, is to appear for six weeks in a specialty act in the Ziegfeld Follies, and in her spare time will be tutored in the intricacies of motion picture acting by Miriam Cooper. Following this, Miss May will make her picture debut in an R. A. Walsh Mayflower production.

Vivian Martin is at work at the Messmore Kendall studios in Long Island on her third picture for that company, to be released through Goldwyn.

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PICTURES IN THE MAKING
[Continued from Page 24.]

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Sidney Franklin has, according to announcement, acquired the rights to Andrew Soutar's story, "Courage," which is to be his second independent production for release through Associated First National. Sada Cowan has been engaged to assist in preparing the screen version.

Carroll Owen has been engaged as film editor and will write titles for the Vidor company.

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(Continued from Page 23)
S
Selwyn, Clarissa. With Universal. In "Plain Folks," a drama.
T
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