MOVIE WEEKLY
March 4th, 1922
10¢

The Tempestuous Romance of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy

What is Hollywood Really Like? A Closeup Focused by Betty Compson

Mack Sennett
Bathing Girl
THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Movie Weekly's Stand on the Taylor Case

THE tragic death of William D. Taylor, well-known Paramount director, has shocked the motion picture colony and the general public.

The attitude of the picture folks is that of deep sorrow for the loss of one they esteemed. There is a bitter seriousness in the protest of the producing executives against the sweeping condemnation that is expressed via the newspapers. Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President of Famous Players-Lasky; Samuel Goldwyn, President of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and others, have banded together to get to the bottom of Taylor's death. No expense will be spared to prosecute the guilty one. No expense will be spared to right the entire picture colony—which, unfortunately, has been branded by this second disaster within so short a span of time—in the eyes of the public.

"Movie Weekly" takes the stand of non-partisanship. Motion pictures and everyone in them are our friends. The public is our friend.

The public surely wants to know about Mr. Taylor and what is going on out West. These reportorial details can be read in the papers from day to day.

If therefore will behooves a weekly magazine to poach on newspaper ground. What "Movie Weekly" is going to do is to publish the life story of William D. Taylor.

We have authorized a well-known writer to gather this material for us and we run in three to four installments.

"Movie Weekly" will not cast opprobrium on the motion picture players, or upon the picture colony. If there is to be anything said, let it come from the authorities. We are, therefore, expecting soon such a series as from people well-known in the industry. This will give you the real truth of Hollywood by those who know and are fearless enough to say what they know.

Out in Los Angeles, the Times, a local paper, rises to say: "Among the film people one can see delightful, romantic, wholesome domesticity on the one hand, or an amazing effrontery in free love on the other. There was one little lady at a hotel whose ideas were distinctly interesting. A frightful crash was heard at midnight and it appeared an irate husband had forcibly removed another man from her room via the window route."

Everyone admits that there is this cancerous eaten side of the film colony. But why rail at it? Wipe it out. That's what is going to be done at Hollywood. The Taylor tragedy, following in the footsteps of the Arbuckle case, has aroused the ire of every home-loving Hollywoodite that suffers in the sin shadow cast by such cases.

The whole trouble seems to be that the public has been fed up with eulogistic stories about the stars, and, judging from the sundry letters that come into this office, many fans actually believe them to be "little tin gods." They aren't. But, on the other hand, they aren't a black and thoroughly demoralized set.

At this writing, the Taylor mystery is unsolved. Much speculation is heard on all sides. We refuse to indulge in this pastime. William D. Taylor's life has been one of adventure and romance, and it will all be told in a vivid and dramatic style in his story as we will publish it in "Movie Weekly."

We ask our readers not to turn radically against Hollywood and the motion picture people there. Keep your head during this crisis and don't say anything against any man or woman that will shame you when the Taylor mystery is finally solved.

We reiterate. Our stand in this case is that of a non-partisan. What is yours? Write and tell us. We are interested.

A NOVELTY-BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Is there such a thing as novelty in pictures? There is. Beginning next week we run a series of articles entitled "Norma Talmadge—Fortune Teller."

Norma will tell you some very interesting things about causes and effects that are founded on superstition.

Are you superstitious by any chance?

If you are, you will be tremendously interested in what Norma has to say.

Even if you are not, you will be interested, for the series is written in a way that will interest all.
So at last Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy are married!

They've been engaged goodness knows how long—so long that people began to think they would never marry. You know how it is with those long engagements. The romance seems to wear off.

But not so with Jack and Leatrice. Romance was as rosy for them as on that first day out at the Goldwyn studio—

But to begin at the beginning.

It was at first at the home of friends that the two met. Gilbert was married, though separated from his wife for some time when he met Miss Joy. Miss Joy is a straightforward girl, who decides what to do and does it, and always rushed together to see it.

Both, too, are musicians, which makes another bond between the pair.

So the friendship went on for two years or more, with each finding a great and pure joy in each other's society. Miss Joy is an intellectual girl. She doesn't care at all for the life of the cafes, except in as much as she can study types there; she loves to study and read good books. And while Jack occasionally likes a ripping good time, he infinitely prefers companionship with Miss Joy.

"She's a wonderful girl," he told me last summer, when I learned of their engagement.

A very natural remark, of course—but then it happens this time to be true. It was while she was playing "Bunty," at the Goldwyn studio, that the two came to know each other well. Jack Gilbert was playing a part down there. They used often to lunch together and discuss pictures and other impersonal subjects. But the leaves of their natural attraction for each other was working all the time. Gilbert at the time was an ambitious young actor who wanted to be a director. He got his wish recently with Fox, but has since gone back to acting.

"Yes, I'll marry you some time," Miss Joy told Jack when he made known his love. "But I'm not in a hurry. You see, there's my career."

"I won't interfere with your career," answered Jack. "I'm anxious for one myself. There's no telling on the day of their coming, whether in this world or the next, we may not part our careers together!"

All this was after Jack had obtained his divorce.

But some cloud came between them—a foolish quarrel. Jack is a very jealous young man, and the clever and vivacious Miss Joy has many admirers. But Gilbert has a quick temper, and perhaps she teased him a little. At any rate, there was a breaking off of the engagement which lasted many weeks. Occasionally they met by accident, and each looked the other way.
What is Hollywood

An Intimate Closeup of the Picture Colony
Focused by BETTY COMPSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: The title of this article is a question that seems to be uppermost in the minds of picture fans. It occurred to us that Betty Compson, the author of "MATRIMONY IS A CAREER," which appeared in an earlier issue of "Movie Weekly," was especially suited to answer this national question. And so she writes this answer, exclusively to "Movie Weekly." If our readers wish to ask any questions in turn, we are confident Miss Compson will be happy to answer them.

YOU have seen stories about Hollywood in the papers of your town or city; you may be sure that every other city is reading them, too. Many of these stories take an unfriendly tone. Vague reference is made to "Hollywood parties," allowing the inference to be made that disgusting orgies are a usual thing here; veiled slurs are cast upon the hotels, the studios, the homes of Hollywood. It is time something was done to bring the truth to light, and I am frankly and sincerely eager to do my bit toward that end.

Even for readers who have never been here, I don't need to write about the physical features of the lovely place—its hills, green or brown in Summer or Winter, its palm-bordered walks and rose-grown gardens, its boulevards and bungalows, the smallest with its roomy ward, rising from busy Hollywood Boulevard to the quiet and peace of the lower hill-tops.

At a baseball game, we always stand up for the seventh inning. Well, in this, the seventh year of my life in Hollywood, I am going to stand up—for my home town, and for my friends who live here!

To begin with, we of the screen are not different from other people. While I was doing "The Miracle Man," mother and I lived in a bungalow on one of those Hollywood hill-tops, from which we had a wonderful view across the valley to the snow-capped San Bernardino mountains. I was so busy at work every day, and often at night, that none of my neighbors even knew I was in motion pictures until "Bill," my Spitz terrier, got into a fight with another dog down the street one day when mother was downtown. The owner of the other dog insisted upon talking with me.
Really Like?

immediately, so my maid called me at the studio. Until then, I think, there had been an idea about the neighborhood that I was a trained nurse!

But this story isn't to be about myself. It is to be about Hollywood and the people you know through the screen, the folks who live here. I want to repeat just a scrap of conversation I heard the other morning. Mary Miles Minter met Constance Binney, in makeup and costume, just inside the studio gate.

"Good morning, Constance," called Mary, "what are you 'as' this morning?"

"Oh," laughed Constance, "you see me today 'as' little Edna, just about to elope to New Jersey."

What Mary replied—that "she hoped he was nice, to make up for New Jersey"—isn't the point. The point is that you always, or practically always, see your stars and players "as" in their screen characters, while I see them, between scenes and after studio hours, "as a." That is the way I should like to show them to you. And I have no hesitation in saying that nine out of every ten of them would be very glad to have you see them, in their homes and at their recreation, just as their very intimates see and know them. The screen players, with very few exceptions, have nothing to conceal.

Of course, that is at the heart of the whole outcry against Hollywood. Among the people who have achieved prominence via the screen there are—because they are a perfectly representative group of good citizens—a few who lack restraint, who cannot stand prosperity, and fall into excesses. The trouble is that when one of these exceptions gets into trouble, at once he or she is given notoriety exactly proportionate to the friendly publicity which has preceded.

When a popular idol commits a real or alleged offense against good taste, the fall from his high estate always equals and frequently exceeds his former popularity. "The higher they are, the harder they fall," is a simple truth of human nature, and constitutes one of the penalties of screen fame or any other kind. In other words, the public wants its idols to be human, and yet is disappointed in them when it finds out that they are so.

But to get back to the Hollywooders and the Holly-would-be's and discuss another phase of the matter, addressing myself directly to you, gentle reader, as a representative of our collective "boss," the "interested public." There is on your part a tendency, unfortunate at times, to confuse the player with the part played. Particularly is this true if a star has played in a series of similar parts, or in a certain type of role in which, perhaps, she first won the public's heart.

An illustration of this point is my good friend, Bebe Daniels. You have been used to seeing her in tomboy roles—sometimes a bit daring. "The Good Little Bad Girl," they called her. She is familiar to you as the worldly-wise flapper, looking for a new thrill. In a recent picture, she dressed in boy's clothes and went off at night, with another younger, to a cock-fight attended chiefly by men of the sort that goes to cock-fights. It is a capital entertainment, as filmed, but however much of a shock it may be to you, I must tell you that it isn't Bebe Daniels.

To particularize, Bebe lives in a charming home (not in Hollywood, as it happens), with a charming mother and a quaint old grandmother like a picture in a book, and she seems perfectly happy under their care and chaperonage. Of course, she goes out, when she isn't working, and has her kind of a good time, but there's no doubt that many a present day "post-deb" would regard the social life led by Bebe Daniels and many other of the younger stars as "slow and stupid."

The willingness of the layman to identify the actress with the part she plays is interesting. "Pies up, now; wouldn't the reigning "vamp" in the days when we had vamps have lost out by letting you know that instead of inhabiting an apartment in which through drifting clouds of incense, one occasionally caught glimpses of velour hangings, satin-draped couches and tiger-skin rugs, she really lived in a tiny green-and-white bungalow with a devoted husband and the two loveliest children in the world?"

Conversely, does not the prize ingenue, the imperious actress with the Dart of sweet and sometimes sugary heroines, take a fall in your esteem when she gets into the divorce courts? Mind, I'm not saying that you should think less of her, but we both know that you do.

Now, make your own application of my argument to Hollywood, where most of the screen players live. Consider, for instance, Wanda Hawley, who thinks so much of the town that she recently built a beautiful home on one of its heights, where she lives with her husband. Parenthetically, I'll read some of the

(Continued on page 29)
Success of Favorite Movie Stars

By

William Leslie French

Editor's Note: This is the second article of the two-part series that explains the success of favorite movie stars in their handwriting by one of the most notable of handwriting experts. If there are any questions pertaining to this series that our readers care to ask, just send them in and they will receive immediate consideration. We are planning a "surprise handwriting" article which will run in either next week's, or the week following, issue of "Movie Weekly." Look for it.

Fame has many fans. To be famous signifies the recognition of some sort of success achieved. And no surer fashion of determining the essential elements which make for high popular acclaim can be found than that which an individual exhibits in handwriting. It is the intimate link between the nerve-action of the hand and the mind. So when you regard the signatures of screen stars, you are looking squarely at the high or low lights switched on by the electrical currents of their personalities. The steady glow holds your attention. The power underneath you feel even if you do not know the cause. For this reason, if for no other, there is a wide demand for the personally-written signatures of men and women prominent in this expression of the drama. Likewise, upon the signature, every writer unconsciously places great stress in using certain strokes that declare the prominent traits. Handwriting is the natural private gesture of each person's whole makeup, and you will see that it only requires the eye and the mind working together to form a fair judgment.

Constance Talmadge

So in the minute and a half when Constance Talmadge was writing her name, she unconsciously put herself on record as a woman whose physical exuberance and love of action, health, trend of mind and energy, furnish her with considerable balance and poise. Her brain is alive with ideas, notions, warmed and flushed by a happy way of looking at life, temperamentally cheerful and laughter-loving. Still no amount of detailed work robs her of the pleasure of doing everything with a finished gesture. She will say to any adverse criticism, "Well, I've done my best. Do you want more than that, for Heaven's sake?" Which shows that she enjoys using her wits and a bit of henna-toned temper. But only occasionally. In her comings and goings among her associates she moves calmly, easily, with even a half-indifferent air. Her capitals reach upwards, as if to grasp some bigger thing upon which to lay the impress of her whole self. Here is her pride, her belief in a sun-lit future. She is reliable. Loyal—but a bit distrustful. She really admits few into intimate companionship. Her affections are potent, but her humorous eye would seize the amusing side of anyone who tried to be serious in a motor car. "Stop, look, listen," oh ye of the opposite sex! And she uses her brains always. Thus she is human enough to hold any material advantage as a cemented flight of stairs upon which she intends to tread steadily aiming for the best in creative work.

Rodolph Valentino

In the same healthy atmosphere travels R. Valentino, whose even, well-poised fist moves ambitiously upwards, gesturing with his rather flamboyant capitals, exclamatory of his intense vitality and the conscious belief in himself. Each carefully-connected stroke invites you to look into his active mind, teeming with an intense desire to make good. In each curve lurks a laugh. In the straight base-line, strengthened by the long, under-scoring sweep, he assures you frankly that he has a great deal of nerve and will never be satisfied until you meet him frequently. That bold hook on the end of his...
""" shows his grit, his clinching hold on every detail in order to produce in a versatile manner with artistic finesse. The way he gathers his letters together—a clutch—denotes his practical side. Once attempt to worst him by any ill-treatment and his whole temperament will arise with an adequate come-back. It would surprise you, as he is tactful and pleasing in manner. By nature vitally strong, he is the type who will meet flame with flame and enter into the gaiety of living. Yet, pressure being even, he understands the art of self-dominance. By this his advance along the stellar way can be measured by the height of his signature. Very high.

Gloria Swanson

"No possible probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever," that the immensely virile swing, well-balanced style with curve linear capitals shown by Gloria Swanson gives evidence that she possesses a vigorous personality. She is able to adapt herself to any new conception or situation, exhibiting a staying-power constant and unshaken. That lofty looped "1" combined with the long-curved pen-gait, tells of a frank, straightforward person who has a rapid speech, positive and clean-cut, while her fondness for rhythm and melody would be apparent in every pose, every gesture. A great love of beauty, music, and the wide open spaces causes her to think and act in the terms of nature and action. Still, having a dual personality, there is a luxurious appreciation of everything that can be offered in the way of enjoyment. An existence which winds and curves through the purities of light and even excitement, has an allure for her. So she gains in experience and responsiveness, being able to interpret them in her own fashion.

Actually emotion is one dominant keynote, the emotion which holds her through her picturesque vision. There is never any relaxation when she views ahead of her—big achievement. That long extended outward final ending is a positive emphatic exclamation that she is tireless to attain her goals.

Tom Meighan

An excellent letter of introduction is the signature of Thomas Meighan, whose slightly vertical script, firm pressure throughout, and perfect connecting strokes denote his active intelligence, self-control and assurance, in all emergencies. He has the determination to put things through despite any obstacles. He brings his positive bold extending stroke below the line in a masterly fashion, indicating his power of maintaining his point of view without yielding. Still, his rounded even flow reveals his disposition to be considerate and generally agreeable. Not liable to go out of his way to antagonize anyone, even though independence of character is markedly stated. His is the practical vision which enables him to plan and execute, for he has executive ability, tried or untried. Those who know him realize his personal reserves, his tendency to be close-mouthed concerning his private affairs. There is a sharp wit, even caustic at times. But this is not a high light of his general character. In the performance of any special assignment, his reliability and responsibility would be patent. The large, though simple style inscribed, taken with his high, well-constructed capital "M," enforces his tenacity of purpose, his aims,

Barbara Castleton

The upright, easy-swinging slant of Barbara Castleton, with the large appearance of her letter-formations, are a revelation of a clear, active mind and an adaptable and friendly attitude. No matter in what position she might find herself, she has the wit to extricate herself. Kindly and full of reserved power, she enters into the spirit of affairs readily, easily. No perpetual chip on her shoulder! When she barred her "I" with the little clutch at the end and the blunted form of her finals, she answers in a semi-jovial fashion, "Oh, I am able to take care of myself all right. I can keep my end up."

Buck Jones

"There, I guess that will do," is the remark Buck Jones lets forth in a hap-hazard fashion when he dashed off his name. The rapid, forceful slant upwards to the right photographs clearly his optimistic, buoyant nature. He holds one definite idea in his mind—to get there by every possible effort. The fairly heavy pressure reinforced by...
Shooting Baby Peggy for Little Miss Mischief

**Exclusive to Movie Weekly**

**Baby Peggy**

The two-year-old star who has just been signed to a new long-term contract by Julius Stern as a Century comedies.

_Her motion picture Mama and Daddy tell her... in Little Miss Mischief, that she is going to have a little baby brother. Whereupon Peggy looks griefed and protests in vain as she doesn’t want any old baby brother._

**So she decided to run away from home. An old junk-man steals her, and makes her buy junk for him. Peggy stuffs a cat, puts it on fences, at night and meows fit to kill. Then folks throw shoes and hats and every old thing at her. These she collects to sell for junk. Simple?**

**But of course, Peggy wouldn’t be a junk salesman for long. So she is soon found and returned home. Where we—find her making a man-o’-war out of an otherwise staid butler, and insipid. As she is concerned, planning to live happily ever after, in spite of baby brothers._
The Dramatic Loves of the Barrymores

PART II—(Concluded)

There are two Jack Barrymores. One is the movie star of "Jekyll and Hyde," "The Lotus Eater," and "Sherlock Holmes" the stage star of "The Jest," "Redemption," and "Richard III." The other is the younger brother of Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, the happy-go-lucky, artistic Bohemian youth.

Perhaps the strangest manifestation of the Barrymore genius has been the flowering of the talent of Jack during the last decade. Jack Barrymore was known to all the world when he was still nothing more than a child. He was keenly regarded as a possible successor to his father in the hearts of the theatre-going public. But as the years passed, as he grew into his late twenties without accomplishment, the world said that Jack's was another case of possible attainment being spoiled by too favorable circumstances.

Moreover, no one ever supposed that Jack Barrymore would become a really great actor. He was thrust into the business of acting merely because he was a Barrymore. He started life as an artist. His weird drawings, suggestive somewhat of the decadent French school, received publicity because they were done by a Barrymore. He was just another of those long-haired Bohemians who, of late, have crowded into Greenwich Village in New York.

Moreover—handsome, gay, irresistible—he lived like any other citizen of Bohemia. He didn't care what happened to him. Unimportant roles in unimportant plays came to him occasionally. He had his steady Uncle John Drew to watch over him; his sterling sister, Ethel, to care for him; he possessed the prestige of being a Barrymore and he lived as he pleased. There are stories of a Barrymore-Drew family council and of a decision to find a play that would suit John and make an actor of him, force him into winning his way on the stage. And it is probable that John Barrymore was actually forced into his heritage.

Jack Barrymore's career on the stage did not actually begin until several years later. His first important part was in "The Fortune Hunter," that the possibilities of a star were foreseen. Meanwhile, he had been the debonair man about town.

The world was interested in Jack Barrymore. At various times his engagement to numerous women of the stage had been rumored. Among these were Bonnie Maguiri, Vivian Blackburn, Lotta Faust and Grace Lane. It remained for the beautiful Katherine Harris to captivate and win him.

At the time her engagement was announced, her father was separated from her mother. Mr. Harris was spending that summer, the summer of 1910, in Europe. He was notified of his daughter's engagement by cable, and immediately made it an issue between himself and his wife. He gave out interviews in which he stated that the marriage would never be consummated, that he would hurry to the States himself, to prevent it.

But when he finally did arrive, he admitted to the reporters who had hurried to interrogate him that he was powerless. His daughter was her own mistress. And so he remained idly by while the marriage was consummated and Katherine Harris became Mrs. John Barrymore.

A year later the flood of recrimination between Mr. and Mrs. Harris burst and a divorce suit was begun. The youthful daughter and son-in-law of the contesting parties to the suit naturally favored Mrs. Harris and it was entered the movies. His ambition carried him through one production after another. On the stage he was undertaking new and daring things. With his brother, Lionel, he engaged in the famous production of "Peter Ibbetson." He followed this with "Redemption," a Tolstoi play; with "The Jest," an Italian masterpiece, and with "Richard III," creating a tremendous furor with this Shakespearean interpretation. In the movies, his greatest success was an incomparable rendition of the famous "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

At last his health broke down. The strain of playing in pictures during the day and on the stage during the evening was too great. He cancelled all his engagements, gave up his career temporarily and retired to the seclusion of the Midl/00 health resort near New York.

It was during this period that he obtained the consent of Mrs. Blanche May Oelrich Thomas to become his wife. Mrs. Thomas had been married once before to the wealthy Leonard M. Thomas. She was a notable poetess, writing under the name of Michael Strange. The marriage seemed entirely suitable. The couple moved in the same elite social and theatrical circle. The new Mrs. Barrymore was an artist, working in a different sphere, but nevertheless artistically sympathetic to her famous husband. A couple which she wrote at the time of her marriage revealed poignantly the spirit which moved Michael Strange to accept John Barrymore as his husband:

"Ah love, how growing old is very sore
To us who watch the change with youthful souls
And hearts that beat as madly as before
For findings we may seek—though—nevermore."

(Continued on page 31)
THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Page Ten

MOPIE WEEKLY

Captain Selwyn, retired from the Philippin-...
How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

III. IS BEAUTY ESSENTIAL?

YES. Beauty is essential to a girl’s success in pictures.

You may think she can do anything, but the only one anyone will applaud is beauty.

Here’s why. Beauty is being kind and sweet and coy about the subject of beauty. A girl who has a lovely face certainly has far more chance of getting into pictures features, nice eyes and neatly teeth. Everyone knows that the personal charm and character of Lillian Russell are what give distinction to her beauty. Without these great assets she might never have been considered the queen of the fair.

There are very few screen beauties who are perfect from the artist’s standpoint, although a great many have served as artists’ models. But most of them have some distinguishing feature of beauty—and know how to feature this feature.

An actress with lovely eyes may make you forget an ugly mouth or nose by calling attention to those eyes through the use of makeup. There is scarcely a girl who can not be transformed by a coffeshop. You must learn the style of hair dress which becomes you most and stick to it.

Study yourself with the idea of discovering your most attractive feature—eyes, hair, nose, mouth, throat, figure. Then do the best you can to play up this gift.

With the present day accessories of the toilet and the scientific knowledge on beauty subjects, a girl should be able to improve herself fifty per cent more than yesterday.

No one is tricked by makeup—unless the makeup is so clever that it is scarcely makeup. Explanations also should be studied. An ugly expression may destroy any otherwise beautiful effect; a beautiful expression may so illumine an ugly face as to make it beautiful.

In studying expressions and cultivating the right sort, be careful to avoid affectations. In my opinion affectation nullifies all claim for beauty.

Have you ever seen an affected self-conscious man? Did you think him handsome?

Do you suppose, then, that men—or other women—would consider you beautiful if you had affectations and plainly showed that you thought yourself incomparable?

Beauty may be developed physically, mentally and scientifically.

You may develop clear complexion, lustrous eyes, healthy condition of the hair and symmetry of physique by exercise: walking, golfing, swimming, dancing, riding horseback, playing tennis. My favorite exercise is swimming; next to that, dancing. I believe that both forms of exercise are particularly good for the body. They increase flexibility, develop symmetry and grace, impart the secret of smart dress, care as to first impressions, and to feature this feature.

When People—his old job as clerk in one of the one to appreciate it.

Beauty is the very life of beauty. It is the very beauty of beauty. It is the very beauty of life itself.

Have you a naturally beautiful complexion? Leave it alone. You will be notable in comparison to the many painted-and-powdered girls whom the director sees every day. Dress in good taste and the human eye that becomes you. No intelligent observer of girl today needs to be told that simplicity is the secret of smart dress. Care as to detail is respectable. Slim shoes and stockings, a new hat of becoming lines, perfectly made up and dressed as exquisitely as fingers can do it. Combine this care of detail with cleanliness, and who would be so kind as to say any girl will have attraction if not downright beauty? If, in addition, she has the manners that betoken breeding and the smile that indicates charm and humor—well, the chances are she will be asked her name and telephone number—and will receive a call the next time the casting director wants extras.

Beauty and personality are complementary. One aids the other. Sometimes we call a girl beautiful, whereas she would be very plain were it not for the charm which she radiates. Again, a beautiful face plus an amiable manner gives a girl the reputation for personality that indicates charm and humor—well, the chances are she will be asked her name and telephone number—and will receive a call the next time the casting director wants extras.

The thing we call disposition—which is simply being agreeable and thoughtful of others—plays a tremendous part in your beauty. Only the other night I talked about beauty from the artist’s standpoint. There is no use being kind and sweet and coy about beauty. Beauty is essential to a girl’s success in pictures. A large woman appears gauche. A large woman appears gauche. A large woman appears gauche. A large woman appears gauche.

The first motion picture show was a failure. The first exhibition of motion pictures where admission was charged was at the Cotton States Exposition held in Atlanta, Ga., in August, 1895. The inventor took his machine to Atlanta with his heart singing high and came away with it in the dumps. The show was set up along the Midway and a barber was put outside to attract an audience. He sang songs and told stories until a crowd gathered around him, when he would branch off to the wonders of the name of beauty.

The camera penetrates makeup and proves incontrovertibly that Beauty is not just skin deep. And the screen has made us keener of eye in choosing girls. Do we, for example, can determine rather quickly the sort of human being a person is by the play of expression on the face. If we do not like these expressions it doesn’t matter much how regular the features may be or how exquisite the coloring; there is no attraction to hold the eye.

If you believe you have certain features which are of photographic value and have decided to go into pictures, be sure to make the best of your appearance when you call upon the casting director. He is the court of first decision—and sometimes last.

Don’t try to vamp him. Don’t try to act at all. All acting must be done before you ever see him. I mean you must have cultivated your appearance and your expression so that you need not think about yourself when you ask for a job.

Above all, don’t weigh yourself with makeup. If you have a naturally beautiful complexion leave it alone. You will be notable in comparison to the many painted-and-powdered girls whom the director sees every day. Dress in good taste and the human eye that becomes you. No intelligent observer of girl today needs to be told that simplicity is the secret of smart dress. Care as to detail is respectable. Slim shoes and stockings, a new hat of becoming lines, perfectly made up and dressed as exquisitely as fingers can do it. Combine this care of detail with cleanliness, and who would be so kind as to say any girl will have attraction if not downright beauty? If, in addition, she has the manners that betoken breeding and the smile that indicates charm and humor—well, the chances are she will be asked her name and telephone number—and will receive a call the next time the casting director wants extras.

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The thing we call disposition—which is simply being agreeable and thoughtful of others—plays a tremendous part in your beauty. Only the other night I talked from Los Angeles to an assemblage of four thousand people almost two thousand miles away. If such miracles are possible, why not others? They are.

The first motion picture show was a failure. The first exhibition of motion pictures where admission was charged was at the Cotton States Exposition held in Atlanta, Ga., in August, 1895. The inventor took his machine to Atlanta with his heart singing high and came away with it in the dumps. The show was set up along the Midway and a barber was put outside to attract an audience. He sang songs and told stories until a crowd gathered around him, when he would branch off to the wonders of the name of beauty.

The camera penetrates makeup and proves incontrovertibly that Beauty is not just skin deep. And the screen has made us keener of eye in choosing girls. Do we, for example, can determine rather quickly the sort of human being a person is by the play of expression on the face. If we do not like these expressions it doesn’t matter much how regular the features may be or how exquisite the coloring; there is no attraction to hold the eye.

If you believe you have certain features which are of photographic value and have decided to go into pictures, be sure to make the best of your appearance when you call upon the casting director. He is the court of first decision—and sometimes last.

Don’t try to vamp him. Don’t try to act at all. All acting must be done before you ever see him. I mean you must have cultivated your appearance and your expression so that you need not think about yourself when you ask for a job.

Above all, don’t weigh yourself with makeup. If you have a naturally beautiful complexion leave it alone. You will be notable in comparison to the many painted-and-powdered girls whom the director sees every day. Dress in good taste and the human eye that becomes you. No intelligent observer of girl today needs to be told that simplicity is the secret of smart dress. Care as to detail is respectable. Slim shoes and stockings, a new hat of becoming lines, perfectly made up and dressed as exquisitely as fingers can do it. Combine this care of detail with cleanliness, and who would be so kind as to say any girl will have attraction if not downright beauty? If, in addition, she has the manners that betoken breeding and the smile that indicates charm and humor—well, the chances are she will be asked her name and telephone number—and will receive a call the next time the casting director wants extras.

Beauty and personality are complementary. One aids the other. Sometimes we call a girl beautiful, whereas she would be very plain were it not for the charm which she radiates. Again, a beautiful face plus an amiable manner gives a girl the reputation for personality that indicates charm and humor—well, the chances are she will be asked her name and telephone number—and will receive a call the next time the casting director wants extras.
Did you ever pause to consider that your life consists of days, one piled on top of the other? And each day consists of hours, twenty-four of them? Are you among those who work sixteen or more hours a day? Or is it the more congenial union scale of eight hours? But no matter quibbling. The question is: What do you do with the time not actually spent in working?

It is easy to fill these hours with energy. Likewise it is easy to fill them with listlessness or lack of ambition. It is as easy to fill them with beauty and happiness as with ugliness and gloom.

And it is because all of these hours count in the making of your health, in the building of your life and your personality. No girl, especially if she works, can find the necessary time to do any great amount of exercise. Therefore, it behooves her to pay serious attention to various kinds of exercise that, combined in a limited period, will make up to her what she actually needs.

Stand in front of a long mirror—preferably in tights or a gym suit. Keep your eye on the girl you see there. Make her keep her balance as she squats and rises. In the next turn, stand squarely back to back with her, then twist far around first to one side and then to the other until you can look her squarely in the eye.
Then try a side-bending exercise, making her stretch the opposite arm up and over as far as possible, making it a real bend. Alternate from side to side. Standing with your back to the mirror, see if you can bend slowly backward until you can look into the eyes of that girl there. You can do it—if not now, soon, by practice.

Now, standing with your back to the mirror, feet apart, bend far forward until you can look straight back between your legs into the eyes of the girl in the mirror. Next, show the girl in the mirror how to sit upon the floor, grasp firmly the sides of a chair and then first raise the hips as high as possible, then lower the body until you are almost seated on the floor. Repeat this several times.

Can you do the "old-fashioned dip?" The way to do it is to lay flat before the mirror, slowly straighten your arms as your body rises and falls, muscles taut—no knee bending or sagging of the chest. Take a look at this girl in the mirror to see she's doing this exercise right.

I wonder how many of my motion picture friends can go through these exercises. Have you ever tried them?
CHARLIE CHAPLIN DENIES HE'S ENGAGED

Hollywood News "Hot from the Griddle" Per Grace Kingsley

Together Again

ONCE more Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels are to be co-starred. It's the first time since they played together in "Sick-a-Bed."

Everybody was pleased with them in that picture, and they liked them too in "The Affairs of Anatol," but in the latter Walter had to distribute his devotion so much that no lady got a lion's share.

The new picture in which they are to appear is "Nice People," with Miss Daniels once more back in comedy.

Lloyd Happy To Be Home

Harold Lloyd has come home to Los Angeles from New York. The comedian was greeted by his mother and father and his brother, Gaylord Lloyd. The first question he asked was, "Where's the baby?"

The baby is Gaylord Harold Lloyd, and was born just before Christmas, to Harold's brother and Harold's brother's wife. That youngest certainly was wise in his choice of a birth-day, inasmuch as Lloyd at once made out a big check as a Christmas present and placed it on the tree which he insisted on having.

He was telling Miss Ferguson his desires in life.

"When I grow up, I'm going to be a gentleman," he said, "and I ain't going to swear nor nothing."

"What else are you going to be?" asked Miss Ferguson.

"I'm going to be a great big director."

"But supposing they don't let you be a director."

"Well then, I'm going to be a plumber!"

And speaking of Miss Ferguson, whispers are again afoot that William Russell, Fox star, and Miss Ferguson have made up, and that they are going to be married. Certainly it is that the young lady drives Bill's car all the time, and in Hollywood that's a certain sign.

Can It Be...?

Dancing around with Constance Talmadge these days is no less a person than Maurice, the dancer. It's a nice little family party, composed of Norma Talmadge, Constance, Mamma Talmadge, always called "Peggy," Maurice and Leonora Hughes, Maurice's partner, which gathers at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove these long winter evenings.

Before Constance was married she used to dance with Maurice a great deal. Then, Mr. Pialloglou was lucky enough to win Miss Constance's heart, and they were married. But now Miss Talmadge has stated that she meant to get a divorce, and so, being separated from her husband, it's not to be wondered at if she whiles away some other tiresome hours by dancing. And with whom more naturally should she dance than with her old friend Maurice?

Alimony—Thy Name Is Rodolph

So, after all, Rodolph Valentino is going to have a piece of alimony to his former wife, Jean Acker, from whom he was recently divorced. The amount is the modest sum of $175 a month, on which Miss Acker admits that she can live. Miss Acker has recently been very ill, and the physicians attending her say that she will not be able to return to the screen for six months or a year. So the judge who granted the divorce decided that she should have money from Valentino to support her until she was able to go to work.

Elise Ferguson, too, is scheduled to come West within a few weeks. Names of her pictures aren't yet announced. Miss Ferguson has a perfectly good banker husband back in New York, and so she isn't particularly anxious to leave home, but when she comes, all must see answer.

A Denial From Charlie

Poor old Charlie Chaplin! He's kept so awfully busy these days—denying rumors of his intended marriage. Now it's Mrs. Clara Sheridan, sculptress, who made his statue out in California, to whom he is reported engaged. But he strenuously denies the implication.

"Naturally we are friends," says Charlie, "but I'm sure neither of us thought of marriage. Mrs. Sheridan is a very wonderful woman, however, and I'm sure any man might be proud of her."

Bebe...?

Jack Dempsey has just bought himself a comfortable, big, handsome home in Los Angeles. Just whether he intends to wed or not isn't known. Rumor connected his name with that of Bebe Daniels, but Miss Daniels denies the report and says Jack also Bebe's mamma.

"Why," said mamma indignantly, "of course Jack and Bebe are good friends. Jack is just a great, big, nice boy. But Bebe isn't thinking of marrying him. Bebe isn't going to marry anybody for some time. I hope."

There's another little bird fitting around whispering that if Chet Franklin has his way that Bebe will become Mrs. Franklin. Chet has been directing Bebe in her Realart pictures, and she is very much pleased at his work. She denies she is going to marry him, though admitting that they are very congenial friends. She goes about with him to dances and theatres and he calls on her at home.

"Snub" Pollard Says:

On Friday, January 13th, Harry Pollard signed a long term contract with Hal Roach for the production of comedies.

"Aren't you superstitious and demanded somebody of Harry."

"Only about one number and one thing," answered Harry.

"What's that?"

"Three square meals a day."

Who Can She Be?

The explanation has just been forthcoming of why Thomas Meighan and a certain well-known Lasky star aren't speaking these days.

It happened this way. Mr. Meighan always had his foot and or playing on his set in dramatic scenes. The star, who has only a phonograph, sent word asking Mr. Meighan if he would loan her his phonograph, she wished to cry during the making of a certain scene, and couldn't do it to a phonograph. It seemed so commercial, a phonograph, she claimed. "And I just must cry," she said, "so send me a piece that'll bring tears."

Meighan sent his orchestra. But also he sent something else. It was wrapped in a piece of paper, and as Meighan explains, "was something the guaranteed to bring tears."

It certainly would. The "piece" was a piece of onion!
May McAvoy "Terribly" Superstitious

And I'm scared to death of black cats and walking under ladders and breaking mirrors and Friday the thirteenth and so many other things, I can't think of them all at once.

"It's quite proper for the Irish to be superstitious," she defended herself with a rebellious colleen toss of her head and a snap to the large, lumid, blue eyes.

* * * * *

In the Future

Miss McAvoy says that she is going to play in Famous Players' special productions until April, when she will become a full-fledged Paramount star. This means no more "five- reel simplicity" pictures, but pictures that will give her the scope to demonstrate the depth of the ability that is hers—another Grizel role, in other words.

* * * * *

No Engagement Announcement

And by the way, we asked May if there was any truth to these widespread and persistent rumors that she is to marry soon. Her eyes dilated to the dimension of enormous saucers at this.

"Certainly not. I know about all those rumors. Why, do you know that I can't go out with any man without having some paper publish a little note saying: 'A little bird whispers that May McAvoy and...'

"And the next morning," she stated, folding her hands firmly, "I spend in phoning the various papers and emphatically denying the rumor. You can tell the fans for me that I don't intend marrying for many years. I have my career.

Which is the latest and most bonafide news concerning the matrimonial intentions of that youthful screen satellite—May McAvoy.

* * * * *

Bill Farnum Genial Host

A dinner was given recently by the Fox organization in honor of Bill Farnum and his latest production, "A Stage Romance." Quite a few folks from newspapers and magazines were present. "Bill's a lot at the head of the table—but on one side near the head, and chatted genially and jovially with those about him.

He's terribly interested in fighting—is Bill Farnum. He was telling us that when he was in France at the time the Dempsey-Carpentier bout was taking place in this country, the Frenchmen were absolutely wild with enthusiasm, and betting every darning cent they had on their beloved idol—Carpentier.

The proprietor of the hotel where Bill and his wife were staying came gesticulating and volubly around. Bill's direction and wildly offered to bet his hotel that Carpentier would win.

"You take a tip," Bill wised him, "and don't bet your money on Carpentier. He won't last five rounds."

The Frenchman calmed down at his leisure and bet half of the terrific amount of money he had out. Whereupon he drew in three of his biggest bets!

* * * * *

Bill and Dusty Great Fishers

B ILL and his brother, "Dusty" Farnum, who have always been the greatest of pairs, in their work and sports, have been on some momentous fishing cruises together. Bill was telling the time he suffered from a stricture in the vicinity of his lungs. The doctors prescribed absolute rest for him. Whereupon he and "Dusty" went out to fish near Catalina.

Bill had a line with him, but he didn't throw it out. "Dusty" and the boatmen had their lines out.

"Say, Bill," called Dusty, "put your line out fifty or sixty feet and then one of us will be sure to catch anything that's biting."

Bill readily agreed. And within ten minutes, his line was the first to jerk convulsively. He grabbed it. And the fight with the fish began.

He fought that fish from ten-thirty in the morning until six-thirty in the afternoon—eight hours of hard tusseling. And Bill wouldn't let Dusty or the boatman help him.

"It wouldn't be according to law," he gasped, fighting the eight hundred or thousand pounder struggling at the end of his line.

"And the worst of it was," charted Bill indignantly, "I didn't land him. I did better than that, though. The fight with the fish snapped the stricture in my shoulder and did more for me than weeks of rest would have."
RODOLPH VALENTINO

PHOTO BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES
Blanche Beilley of St. Louis notes that in... "Her Social Value," Katherine McDonald is seen wearing any stockings before starting up the stairway. When she gets to the top she has on a black pair. Apparently she changed the stockings on the way up!

Pests You've Met At The Movies

Josh Beck - By Heck

OH, A LETTER FROM CHESTER - Y'KNOW WHEN HE SOLD HIS WHEAT HE TOOK JOSH DOWN TO SEE LITTLE OLD NEW YORK RECKON IT'S JOSH'S FUST TRIP OUTSIDE O' THIS HERE COUNTY HERE'S WHAT HE SEZ - "I TOOK JOSH T' SEE THE 'CAPITOL' WHICH IS THE BIGGEST THEATRE IN THE CITY - AND AFTER WE GOT INSIDE I ASKED JOSH 'BOUTS HE WANTED 'T SIT AND JOSH HE SAID GWAN - YOU CAN'T SIT DOWN HERE - THERE AIN'T NO SUCH PLACE - I'LL WAKE UP IN A MINUTE" - HEH, HEH, HEH.

Questions Answered

A. Sharp, Mauersack Flats.
Q. Is Valentine a musician of note?
A. Yes, at the early age of two he was seen playing on the floor.

Upstate Authentic, New Zealand.
Ralph G. Who is the most popular thought actor today?
Ralph G. It's hard to say as your letter is not dated.

Tony, the barber, 7th Ave, N.Y.C.
Q. Any chance for me in the movies?
P.A. Yes, they are looking for close shoes.
Ernest R. Wild, of Los Angeles, Cal., says: "I do not think that your bright little paper is correctly named as 'hammy-pamby,' as I consider you have one of the most brilliant publications, in the Film World. However, I heartily agree with 'One Who Knows Pictures' when he says: 'Give us some of the stuff of the uphill grind in backing the movies.' By all means let us have something different from the awful sickly gush served up by most of the picture magazines. Oh, those interviews with stars! Thank heaven, you do not go in for that stuff much. . . . I say to you, Mr. Editor, if you will sound this warning note, you will undoubtedly be the means of saving countless thousands of innocent girls from at least a life of hardship, not to speak of anything worse."

In Protest
Miss Annie A. Smith, of Portland, Maine, is not so sanguine about the effect to be gained by words of warning. "I do not mean to denounce the leaders of the industry. I don't think that there is any more corruption in the film industry than there is in the rest of the world," she says. "I only wish that all the 'unknowns' knew something of them myself, having been a reporter for quite a lengthy period. I am a little afraid that Miss Calhoun is a wonderful translation to the screen of 'The Little Minister.' I have read the tale of her love for the 'Little Minister.' In the January 21st issue of 'Movie Weekly,' we ran pictures from Vitagraph's and Paramount's productions of 'The Little Minister,' and asked our readers to compare the two and tell us what they thought of them. The consensus of opinion of our readers is that Alice Calhoun was more than a little silly cost for Babbie than was Betty Compson. The following are representative of the many letters we received."

A Prophecy
Harold Le Roy, 86 East Eleventh Street, New York, Kentucky, is all for Miss Calhoun: "She is the ideal cast, while Miss Compson was miscast. She possesses wonderful beauty and intelligence, and from now on she is my favorite. Mr. Morrison was very fine as Gavin, the 'Little Minister.'"

Alice Is Beautiful
Miss Cora M. Frink, Batavia, N. Y., writes: "Betty Compson is just pretty. I think 'chic' expresses everything in her case, while Alice Calhoun is beautiful. She has all the exuberance and charm of youth and added to that a dignity and grace of manner which I think will carry her far in her profession."
It has come to my knowledge that some of the fans who want pictures of their favorites write to the studio or try to tell you to write to Paramount for her picture. If you do, you won't get it. The idea is to write to the stars themselves for their photos. And, of course, don't forget the quarters. Mary Pickford gives all the money that she receives in this way to charity, but all the stars can't afford to do that.

Peggy (One of My Many Admirers) Oh, Peggy, those joyous letters! How proud we have admirers. Really, I'm as proud and happy as if you were a movie actor could be. Rodolph's picture will be found by turning to the center of the magazine, several pages west. Agnes Ayres' picture was published last August 27th. You haven't been a "Constant Reader," have you, Peggy?

Miss May Bird—A May Bird in March. How charming! Your question about Rodolph's picture is answered in the paragraph just above this one. But you have also written: "Over the Hill." I'm sorry, but I don't know his personal address. Write him at the Fox Hollywood studio. He has just completed "Extra Dollies." May be you suppose that "extra" means extra good. Kenneth Harlan's address is 1314 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. And Betty Compson doesn't give her personal address either.

Viro Ralentino—Why do you wonder what I look like when my picture is there before you so that all who run may see it—or see it and run, as they prefer? Thanks for the information you gave me. Now I will give you some. Gloria is twenty-three; Harrison Ford, thirty-seven; Bert Lytell, thirty-one; and Alice Terry, thirty-three.

Vieux Bleus—For those of my readers who don't know French, that means Blue Eyes. You suggest dropping "M" from my name, but I was never so flattered before! Yes, Mickey Mouse is a cute youngster; he lives at 1720 Vine St., Hollywood. Lois Wilson doesn't give her home address. Viola Negrin isn't married just now. I believe, though, she has been. Watch for her in "The Land of Wonders." I'll propose not to tell the wife what a nice letter you wrote me, if it happens again. Anyway, she isn't jealous.

C. F.—The man who gave Wanda Hawley the all the jewels in "The Affairs of Anatol" was Theodore Roberts.

Delores M.—Ah, ha, Spanish! Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn. She has light hair and brown eyes. Katherine MacDonald is a blonde with blue eyes; she is five feet eight and weighs 130. Sorry, I have no information about Carter Wallace Reid played with D. W. Griffith early in his career; he was in "The Birth of a Nation."

Billy—I haven't the home addresses of either Anita Stewart or Kenneth Harlan. The latter can be reached at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. He is a resident of St. Anthony's in Los Angeles. Mabel Normand is in Louise B. Mayer Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Write to them for photographs.

Ambrose—The information you wish about Viola Dana is all given in Bill Dodge's answer on this page. She was a bit player in "Over the Hill." We can't give everything in one answer. I suppose you think that "extra" means extra good. Kenneth Harlan's address is 1314 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Betty Compson doesn't give her personal address either.

Bill O. Hodges—What a nice letter, Bill. I'll be glad to publish it. Viola Dana's real name is Viola Plagrh. Yes, she is Shirley Mason's sister. She is the widow of John Collins. Her address is 7070 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde and lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood. No trouble at all.

A Movie Fan—But all my correspondence goes to me for the most part. Elaine Hammerstein is still single. She was born in Philadelphia twenty-four years ago. By "Noah Berry" do you mean Noah Berry? That's the only Noah Berry I know a thing or two about. He is the one who built the ark. He is six feet one and weighs two hundred pounds. Does he insist on being called a "Noah." No, he isn't? Mahlon Hamilton is six feet and weighs 185.

Connie—Since your two favorite names are "Bruce" and Bebe, you'll be interested in knowing that she is to play opposite him in a movie titled "Ringing Picture, "Blood and Sand." May McAvoy is also to be in the picture. If you could not publish her answer in the next issue, but I take the letters as a whole and there is always a waiting list.

J. T. B.—I can't quite be sure of that middle initial; is that right? Life has not answer her question in a movie since "Dream Street." I'm sorry, but I do not know her weight and height.

Esther Chung—Another contest! I can always tell them by the way they ask their questions. You don't say "How tall is George?" but "Is George five feet ten?" No, George Walsh is not. He is five feet five inches. If he has dark hair and eyes, Mary Pickford is twenty-nine. She has dark hair and olive skin. She is twenty-nine. She is five feet four inches tall. Eileen Percy is Mrs. E. Hitch Busch. She is five feet tall; she does not give her age. Edith Johnson is twenty-eight and William Dunne is in his early thirties.

Janie—Neither of Harold Lloyd's bands is deformed.

Cris-Cross—You might get a picture of Harry Myers in "A Connecticut Yankee" from him at Universal Studios, Universal City; or if he hasn't one, perhaps the Fox Film Corporation in Hollywood would send you a photograph. Yes, I have a picture of him. Helen Logan wrote me for the answers. We'll write him. Just a hint. Write him in care of Robertson-Cole, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Donald MacDonald was the villain in "Her Face Value," but Wanda Hawley was the star, not Katherine MacDonald. Since you mention Gladys Brockwell, I wonder what has become of her; I haven't heard of her in a long time.

Al A Rly—More pink writing paper! My office is full of it. Al Jennings is making his own pictures now. All that has been released through the Capital Company. Francis Ford has been a director for some years at the Ford Studio. Joe Ryan is still with Vitagraph. "Shorty" Hamilton is being featured in Olive Tiffin, and "I've seen better days." You're certainly faithful to your old favorites, aren't you? Yes, Larry Semor and Lucille Carlyle are really engaged.

MRS. E. J. Rodgers—Robert Agnew was Norma Talmadge's leading man in "The Passion Flower." He was the lover in the picture, and Harrison Ford was the poet. Dorothy—Positively no, Dot, Norma had no children. "Blood and Sand" was not yet playing in New York when this went to press. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine.
**A Reel Crowd**

WHEN a real reel mob is needed for a motion picture in Hollywood, it is quite expensive. Count up yourself—extras at five, or even six each. Just for the twenty-five dollars a day, you are entitled to five extras. If you add a few more—let us say a hundred—you get a mob. Count up!—and you don't get one. No—take it from me—it is no immediate chance of his doing this), he has his determination is necessary to do so. For just as fast as Richard gets a good little start, he is cast for another role in which the mustache is barred. He has just shaved it off for the ninth time. But Richard is so determined, he'll probably grow one yet.

For the freak Museum

When Ralph Block, associate scenario editor for Goldwyn, starts a museum of his own (though there is no immediate chance of his doing this), he has his first rare specimen all ready for it—a man who never wrote a scenario. If there is another such man in the world, he might make himself known to Ralph—but he'll have to prove it.

**Competition for Wall Street**

Down in Wall Street, some of these rich brokers who are popularly supposed to be all-powerful, couldn't understand why so many of their stenographers came in late every day for a week. Even the all-powerful capitalists had no influence over them. And no wonder—for look at the competition they had!

The fact was that Richard Barthesvelle and his company were making a picture up in Westchester County (in case you don't know, that is where many New York commuters live). And all the girls thought the most important thing in their lives was to watch their favorite make pictures. As for their jobs—well, what were jobs in comparison to seeing Dick? It was the determination is necessary to do so. For just as fast as Richard gets a good little start, he is cast for another role in which the mustache is barred. He has just shaved it off for the ninth time. But Richard is so determined, he'll probably grow one yet.

For Those Who Read Recipes

Jacqueline Logan says that her recipe for keeping slim is riding a bicycle, but just the same, it has been noticed that her recipe for getting anywhere is still riding in an automobile.

**Even As Adam**

Frank Hayes, the comedian in Benjamin B. Hampton's "Wildfire," had a terrible accident. And he is going to petition Luther Burbank to fix up a spineless variety of cactus.

Frank went in swimming and somebody "swiped" his clothes—a cruelly careless thing to do! So Frank clothed himself in tights in regular back-to-nature style, and made some sandals out of the California cactus. He thought he was safe in doing so because the cactus had been des-ratured for use in the picture; but its nature proved to be too vicious for cure, and Hayes felt just as if he had on a pair of shoes with nails in them.

He looked very clever when he rejoined his company on location. "You can call me Theda," he told them, "because I am so Bara!"

As one must expect things like that from a comedian, the company went, "Oh, you darlin'!

**Some Baby!**

Babe London, also in the cast of "Wildfire," is as fat as Frank Hayes is thin. So she and Frank, when cut on location with the company, helped out the food situation just like the well-known Jack Seret and his wife. For one of them must eat to grow fat and the other must eat to grow thin—their figures being their fortunes.

"Whoever called you 'Babe London' made a mistake," said one of the cast to the fat lady. She bit. "How's that?" she inquired.

"You should have been called 'Babie Grand,'" was the answer.

**He Was Desperate**

Whenever a certain comedy type is wanted at the Fox studio in New York, a particular man is sent for. Director Charles J. Brabin remembered this comedian when he was preparing to make "Footfalls" and asked Casting Director James Ryan to look him up. A few days later, the comedian walked into the office.

"Are you doing anything?" Ryan asked him.

"Not a darn thing," was the prompt reply, "and say—if I don't get something pretty soon I guess I'll have to take the veal.

**Another Ford Joke**

Mary Carr was working on some new scenes at the New York Fox studios, when Jack Ford, who directs Shirley Mason, walked on the set. His directing instinct was so strong within him that he couldn't resist making suggestions, and he proved to be a pretty useful person to have around.

"I dig," remarked Mrs. Carr, "that this picture is going to turn into a Ford-Carr production."

**A Bent Camel**

"I resigns," said a colored extra in "The Queen of Sheba," to J. Gordon Edwards, the director, "I showed unmistakable signs of seasickness. Can't get me on no more camels!"

"Come, come, George," said Director Edwards, "don't turn me down now; I need you."

"Well, sah, you give me a fresh camel to ride, then.

"A fresh camel?" asked the Director, puzzled.

"Yesuh. The way that there camel's back was worn down—tain' no wonder he rides rough.

A. M. T.
Hints to Scenario Writers

by

FREDERICK PALMER

Editor's Note: This week marks our first gala spread to our new ScENARIO DEPARTMENT, which, henceforth will be under the supervision of the Features Department of "Movie Weekly." We invite you to answer the following questions. They will be answered. When you can find an answer to a question under the Question and Answer section of this department. Just address your letter to the Scenario Editor "Movie Weekly," 119 West 86th Street, New York City.

Tragedy and the Photoplay

Periodically there arises from the ranks of American literary connoisseurs, a prophet in the wilderness who predicts the end of the "movies" unless the producers hastily discard the happy ending and turn their attention to tragedy. Tragedy, "they will say, is the true only form of drama. Every human being eventually goes down to the grave in sorrow. No couple can live happily together, for the simple reason that they both must die. Give us realism! Give us life!

I venture to state that if these same critics were forced to live in that environment that they advocate, they would soon seek refuge in suicide from the maddening thoughts that constant repetition of the happy ending inevitably discards. Accordingly, in the breasts of us all He planted the divine instinct of Hope. He painted the rainbow across the sky. He caused roses to bloom so the blackest part of the night; Spring to follow Winter. Even when men approach death itself, in most instances, they grasp eagerly at the promise of future existence, of a higher plane.

Why, then, disturb the pleasant dreams of mankind? Why throw cold water on an instinct? Why call it Art, when a producers seeks to draw back the curtain from the brutal, morbid side of our existence, and brand an attempt to cater to optimism and the finer things as inartistic?

Producers are men of money, even if they are not always philosophers. They have long since learned that the vast majority go to the theatre to dream—to get away from unpleasant truths, and to glean vicariously some mental strength from what they see, some help in lessening the tense strain of the daily struggle for food, shelter and happiness. They have discovered that the uplifting play will show them a profit, and that the unpleasant play, even when highly acclaimed by the critics, will draw heavily upon their bank balances.

This should be the final answer to those who insist that the photoplay should reflect the unpleasant side of life. The public does not want that sort of motion pictures, as has been proved repeatedly. The public wishes to dream on, and the wise photo-dramatist will let them dream.

What Is An "Idea" Worth?

Were one to stand at the elbow of a busy scenario editor and offer to put in his morning mail, one would be amazed at the large number of letters he receives in which occur the familiar words: "If you can do anything for which you can build a successful photoplay." The writer invariably adds, of course, that a substantial check, or even an approval of the aforementioned idea, would be very acceptable.

As a matter of fact, the scenario editor does not want ideas—at least "in the wild." He wants them, of course, when they are dressed up ready for use; when they have been carefully motivated and grouped into situations that may be placed into continuity for the director's use. But the bare thought—the solitary, scintillating, inspiration—will not do. By all means welcome, of course, but probability, the scenario editor himself has a half-dozen photoplay "ideas," equally good, in his mind all the time. He is never attempted to use because he lacks the time in which to give them proper treatment.

A potential motion picture production when the producers advertised extensively for ideas, and offered to pay fabulous prices for them. That day is past. With the rapid strides that photoplay technique has taken, with hundreds of studies of the art of the scenario, the studios can now see what good dramas that are thoroughly worked out in proper form for production; and they have small time for the carelessly "dashed off" synopsis that contains only a bare suggestion of the story.

After all, the idea upon which a photoplay is founded is not nearly so important as is generally believed. Technique and method of treatment have as much to do with the success of a motion picture as the foundation on which it is erected. And if you are at that age, to attend courses in the art of the scenario, the studios can study the art of the scenario, the studios can study the art of the scenario, the studios can study it. 

Question: What is the difference between a "great idea" and a "superfeature"? Answer: A "feature" picture might be classed as a "superfeature" if the majority go to the theatre for the sole purpose of seeing it. But why should it be considered true Art to be more appealing than the "lords and ladies" pictures? What is the difference between a "great idea" and a "superfeature"? Answer: What is the difference between a "great idea" and a "superfeature"? The main difference is that the "feature" picture is founded is not nearly so important as is generally believed. That is the difference.

In regard to "dramatic punch," you will find that the industry is progressing all the time, and the demands of the market are flexible. For this reason, it is only natural that different leaders in the cinematic world should not agree on every point. In the main it is a subject of which producers are wary, because of their experience with it in the past.

Question: What is meant by the term "stellar role" story? Answer: When a play is written which centralizes the entire production around a chief character, it is known as a "stellar role" story. Question: Exactly what is meant by the term "stellar role" story? Answer: When a play is written which centralizes the chief character, it is known as a "stellar role" story. Question: What is meant by the term "stellar role" story? Answer: When a play is written which centralizes the chief character, it is known as a "stellar role" story. Question: What is meant by the term "stellar role" story? Answer: When a play is written which centralizes the chief character, it is known as a "stellar role" story.

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Jimmy was by his chief's side in a moment, and evidently he was prepared for what he had come to do. Feeling of some body, he began to cut the cords that held him. When his hands were free Burchard removed the gag. "I guess you saved my life," Jimmy answered. "I think the job's done, Jimmy," said Burchard to take the case. Wilcox was reported to have been beyond repair in a beautiful woman, whose reputation is none too good. The detective goes to consult Lola Leslie, "the woman in the case." Jimmy Daly is put to work on the case. Burchard calls on Mrs. Bowerby at her home. While there, he meets Mr. Bowerby and his detective. Burchard tells Jimmy all he knows or guesses about the case, and sets the boy to work watching the movements of Harwood and Lola Leslie. The detective induces Hattie to discharge him and to tell her mother she is through with Wilcox. As he was in danger, and now to the hill, Burchard trails Harwood to a big estate on Long Island, and "listens in" on a conference of dandified crooks. Lola Leslie, Malvina and Harwood all seem to be "in" on a big swindling scheme. Burchard is discovered in the office and is shot, but made sufficient noise to arouse the chief. "Backed in by luck when they come," he muttered. "I'm goin' ter stick. Yuh can't lose me." Burchard went over and looked in the mirror. One side of his face was red with dried blood. He felt with his fingers and knew that it came from a wound near the temple. It was where he had been hit by the bullet. There was also a lump on his head where he had been hit by the butt of the revolver. Neither wound was of any consequence, however.

"Keep your eye on me while I wash the blood off," he said quietly. Jimmy washed the blood off. Burchard went and over and looked in the mirror. One side of his face was red with dried blood. He felt with his fingers and knew that it came from a wound near the temple. It was where he had been hit by the bullet. There was also a lump on his head where he had been hit by the butt of the revolver. Neither wound was of any consequence, however.

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when I substitute bracelets for these unpleasant cords. You see I know about them, having had them on."

He not only changed the cords for handcuffs, but procured a coil of fine, pliable rope and retied the legs and readjusted the gag so that it would be just as effective but less uncomfortable. Finally he secured him to the couch in such a way that he couldn't roll off it.

"Now that you've provided for," Burchard said, "I'll go round up the others. Don't be annoyed if I am a little late in getting back. Come Jimmy!"

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N'I fought he wasn't no detective," Jimmy said to himself as he followed Burchard out to the car.

Burchard drove first to the garage where he had hired his car earlier in the evening. "Is Bob Bowerby here?"

"Yes, he's on night service."

The man in charge went to the door of the office and called, "Bob! Come here!"

"I want Bob to go with me," Burchard said. "I have some of my own errands I want him to drive; I'll pay just the same as if I'd taken a car from here.

"This being satisfactory, Bob took his place in the car.

"Give him a light sentence."

"Hey, Jimmy," Burchard said.

Jimmy did so and settled back in his seat with a sigh of great joy. There was going to be something more doing, and he was to be in it.

The car stopped in front of the magnificent apartment house where the cashier lived, and Burchard, accompanied by the chauffeur and the security man, went inside and asked for Mr. Maltbie.

The clerk at the desk looked them over doubtfully, but Burchard continued to talk in a manner that indicated the look, said curtly, "Call him up and say the Chief wants a word with him. He'll understand."

Maltbie had only just gone to bed, but when the message was delivered over the telephone he obeyed, Maltbie from his bed, athwart the counterpane was over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's.

Jimmy went inside and presently he heard the click that told him the front room was open and he was to go inside, too.

Burchard hesitated for a moment. "Listen sergeant!"

"I'm not going to promise you anything, Maltbie, but these policemen are out to get you."

"Get it, and put your clothes on."

Burchard, whose history he knew, said, "I suppose you suppose you know that."

Maltbie moistened his lips with his tongue, and he was to be in it. "Sergeant, you'll have to promise me you'll do your best."

"I can't promise you anything, Maltbie, excepting this: if you tell all you know and give me all the help you can I'll use all my influence to see that you get a light sentence."

"Then I'm sure I can find him."

"Yes, I have learned that he is innocent and I have discovered and arrested the real criminals. Now I want to find him; and that is why I want to see you about. Can you round up those others and bring me credit enough to clear me credit enough?"

"Yes."

"I've got him placed."

"I was promised."

"You've done the same."

"That's right! I've got him placed."

"I promise you."

"If I don't bring him to you?"

"Yes, I have learned that he is innocent and I have discovered and arrested the real criminals."

"And you went into the bank robbery and the disappearance of Wilcox for your one-tenth of the big loot?"

"Yes."

"Well, get your clothes on and hand over the money."

"Then as the wretched man stood up, Burchard said, "I suppose you were brought into this through Lola Leslie?"

"Yes."

"I got in with her and she persuaded me. I thought she was in love with me. I was a fool; I might have known better. But I needed money and I did whatever she told me to."

Burchard smiled and said, "If you two don't mind, I'll get you Maltbie; I suppose you know what I want."

"Yes."

"I'm not going to promise you anything, Maltbie, but these policemen are out to get you."

"I've got you Maltbie; I suppose you know what I want."

"Yes."

"You are, Burchard!" exclaimed the sergeant, gripping the other's hand again.

"I promise you, I'll get you the credit for this; the old man will see it."

Burchard hesitated for a moment. "Listen sergeant! Presence is all; that is all the help you can I'll use all my influence to see that you get a light sentence."

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Viola Glade, human tiger cat, is sent with a letter to Royal Merton. Viola overhears Merton and her "grandmother," with whom the letters are being planned to destroy the girl's identity. Viola acquires the papers and secretly conceals them in the hollow of a large orchard wattle. Viola then proceeds to Viola's place with Viola, but Isabel Merton checks his declaration of love. Viola is seized by a keeper of an insane asylum and held prisoner. Viola escapes on the way to the madhouse, and wanders into the grounds of a large private estate. Viola discovers two men who plan to rob, and perhaps murder an old colonel. Quick and brazen action, the dastardly old woman's friend, tries the plan of the murderer. Afterward, she tells her story to the Colonel Grafton, who takes her in. The colonel and his bride are on a honeymoon. They are met by two men named Vernon, who have been searching relentlessly for the girl he loved. Vernon, in despair after learning of Viola's marriage, agrees to work with Isabel Merton. Royal Merton causes the wakening of the sin which on the colonel, and his bride are bound for Richmond. The colonel is killed and Viola, also thought dead, is left in the wreckage by Merton, whose sole purpose was to recover Viola's papers. Merton's hiring, however, takes the girl to the insane asylum.

The madhouse doctor's face grew black as midnight. Slowly he drew from his pocket sanguine, concealed and used in binding Viola. She shuddered at the awful fate in store for her. Then her woman's wit and her splendid ability as an actress, the ability that in all days, heart and brain of an army of movie fans, came to her rescue and she flashed him a smile from those perfect lips.

"It was a girl, by force?" she pouted, looking so adorable and delightful that the dotard was completely deceived. "Heavenly how lovely you are," he cried. "No wonder Dale Vernon is almost mad for love of you." The name stung her even in that moment of deadly earnest. "I have reason to believe you must have everything in this world that you want. I am an easy man with the girl I love. So I left with you."

"Tell all you know about Royal Merton," he dared not disobey her, for there was that perfect form of yours close to me while I revel in the bliss of your kisses." He opened his eyes and looked upon her so like a satty that a feeling of nausea swept over her. "One moment," she pleaded, "I am not prepared yet.

"Heavenly, how lovely you are," he cried. "He was afraid that you would find that out by force."

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Viola gazed in silence—Isobel sat at the piano playing and singing; Dale by her side.

while she listened for Vernon's response. She saw a look of utter misery take possession of his face, saw his hands clinch as if he would conquer his emotion. "Mr. Merton," he said, huskily, after a pause, "it was no passing fancy that drew me to that beautiful girl. I loved her from the first moment I saw her."

"Is it necessary to speak of that folly?" he asked curtly.

"Yes," cried Dale, his grey eyes flashing, "it is necessary; for the love I bore for her abides still in my heart."

"And you tell me this in the same moment you ask me for the hand of my daughter?" cried Merton angrily.

"Yes; I would not wed your daughter without telling you," was the responsive answer. Some day I hope to overcome this passion. But whether I do or not, I

"Thank you, sir." Vernon bowed his head and turned away. There was none of the glid alacrity of the lover in his manner.

He turned with bent head and heavy heart and went out of the room, his thoughts all on her who stood within sound of his voice, unable to speak, unable to move.

The door closed on him and the girl who had stood, turned to stone, suddenly came to life. She ran forward oblivious of Merton and her sweet voice rang out.

"Oh, Dale, Dale, my love! my life! come back! I am here!"

But Merton leaped on her and pressed his hand over her mouth to stifle the words she would utter to call back the man she loved.

"Curse you!" he cried, his face grew with fear.

"I thought you were dead. I should have strangled you at your birth. But one more is nothing now."

Viola wrenched herself free from his palsied grasp. He swung wildly toward his hip-pocket and drew the revolver out, through without betraying the fact to her.

She retreated from him and gathered up the precious documents with one sweep of her right hand. Her face was ghastly, his eyes burning like living coals, and his lips compressed till there was but a hard, straight line between them.

"You intend to give those papers to, your lawyer I suppose?"

"I certainly do," she replied firmly.

She was playing for time, yet to the wings of safety. She had reached it. She turned her head as she spoke, to see where the man stood. As she did so Merton took hasty aim and fired.

With a scream of pain, Viola threw up her arms, her nerveless fingers relaxing her hold on the papers and scattering them over the floor. She swayed forward, tottered back, and with a piercing cry of agony, fell.

There was one last groan and then all was silence.

"She is dead!" he muttered hoarsely. "They will come to know the meaning of the shot. I must be quick."

He leaped on the papers Viola had dropped and with a swift movement thrust them in his inside coat pocket.

Then running to the library door he cried out:

"Help! Burglars! Is that you or are you all shot one of them?"

"Call the men!"

The servants were gathering in little frightened groups. Isobel rushed in and with a swift movement thrust them in his inside coat pocket. Then running to the library door he cried out:

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The servants were gathering in little frightened groups. Isobel rushed in and with a swift movement thrust them in his inside coat pocket. Then running to the library door he cried out:

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What Is Hollywood Really Like?

(Continued from page 5)

articles written about the place, one might suppose that there wasn’t a husband in all Hollywood.

During the recent depression, the city of Los Angeles, which includes Hollywood, has been widely advertised as the one “white spot” on the business map of the country. But, over against this, sensation seekers and busybodies have been whispering into receptive ears that Hollywood appears on the moral map as the “black spot.” Unfortunately, because it reacts against them, too, residents of other sections of Los Angeles have been pleased to jape at Hollywood, meaning only to have their little jokes, but this alleged “humor” has been misconstrued by serious-minded journalists and tall-faced reformers, who have made it the basis of untrue but injurious statements. However promulgated, and by whom, the popular fable about Hollywood is a base falsehood.

Look at Mary Miles Minter—you won’t find it hard on the eyes. Mary is a very brainy and discerning girl, as evidence of which appears the fact that she has invested heavily in real estate. I know that she would not have taken this step, nor would her well-informed family have concurred, if they regarded Hollywood as anything less than one hundred per cent, morally, socially and economically.

Let me point out to you another picture: Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel standing by the big telephone number of Mr. Nagel’s favorite hoot-legger Wilson for some evening and so on. She takes her little jokes, but this alleged “humor” has been misconstrued by serious-minded journalists and tall-faced reformers, who have made it the basis of untrue but injurious statements. However promulgated, and by whom, the popular fable about Hollywood is a base falsehood.

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THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE
“THE YOUNGER SET”

(Continued from page 10)

Spero morders,” retorted Selwyn, laughing; but there remained the obstinate squareness of jaw, and his amused eyes were clean round, and his smiling mouth parted; but he had turned away to retrace their steps across the moors in the direction of Silverside. Lashing lightly his loose arm into Selwyn’s, and Gerald, with a laugh, thought for a moment, then turned over and over in his mind the proposition offered him—the speculation of a modern man to whom money appeared to be the last consideration in a plain matter of business. Also he turned over other matters in his mind, and made up his mind that Chaoite be conditionally examined, tested, and considered.

So the matter remained in abeyance, and Selwyn employed two extra men and continued storage tests and experimented with rifled and smooth-bore tubes, watchfully uncertain yet to the necessity of inventing a solvent that would neutralize possible corrosion after a propelling charge had been exploded. Everybody in the vicinity had heard about his experiments; everybody had beenVery interesting, but few were sincere; and of the sincere, few were uninterestingly interested—his sister, Eileen, Drina, and Lalaine—and maybe one or two others.

However, the younger set, now predominant from Wyosset to Woonsocket, had made up their minds to visit Selwyn’s cottage, which had become known as the Chrysalis; and Selwyn, good-naturedly exploded a phlegm of his two or three hundred. He was not for their amusement, and never betrayed the slightest annoyance or boredom. In fact, he behaved so amably during grating interruptions that he won the hearts of the younger set, who presently came to the unanimous conclusion that he was a saint, a missionary to the air. And they sniffed it with delicate noses, and took to it like the aroma.

Kathleen Lawn, a big, luminous, blond-skinned girl, who showed her teeth and threw back her shaggy bangs like a man, declared him “adorable,” but insensitive, which struck one of the Dresden-china twins, Dorothy Minster, and she, in turn, ventured the suggestion that Selwyn was misunderstood by most people—an inference that she herself understood him. And she smiled to herself when she made this offering of sympathy, up to her neck in the surf; and Eileen, hearing the remark, smiled, too. But she felt the slightest bit uncomfortable when that animated brunette Gladys Orchill, climbing up dripping on to the anchored float beyond the breakers, frankly confessed that the ring of every enveloping Selwyn’s career, for society, in her opinion, was not sweet at all; and he had seen Gladys instead. True, Gladys had never been so much interested in him. His hair, too, crisped and he had been set up by them upon the shores of the Government, which had not replied to his briefy tentative suggestion that Chaosite be conditionally nullified. So the matter remained in abeyance, and Selwyn made up his mind that he had been set up by them upon the shores of the Minster twins twiddled their legs and looked sentimentally at the ocean. They were a pair of pink and white little things with china-blue eyes and the fairest of hair, and they were very impressionable; and when they thought of Selwyn they looked unutterable things at the Atlantic Ocean.

Their choice they expressed frankly and innocently; they admitted cheerfully that Selwyn was their idea. But that gentleman remained totally unconscious that he had been set up by them upon the shores of the summer sea. In leisure moments he often came down to the bathing-beach at the hour made fashionable; he conducted himself amably with dowager and chaperon, with portly father and nimble brother, with the late debutantes of the younger set and the younger matrons, individually, collectively, impartially.

He and Gerald usually challenged the runners in a sponson canoe when Gerald was there for the week-end; or, when Lansing came down, the two took long swims seaward or cruised about in Gerald’s dory, clad in their swimming-suits; and Selwyn’s youth became renewed in a manner almost ridiculous, so that the fine lines which had threatened the corners of his mouth and eyes disappeared, and the clear sun tan of the tropics, which had never wholly faded, came back over a smooth skin as clear as a boy’s, though not as smoothly rounded. His hair, too, ached, and grew lighter under the baking sun, which revealed, as at the temples, the slightest hint of silver. And this deepened the fascination of the younger set for Selwyn. So beautiful was that set upon the sands of Silverside.

Gladys was still eloquent on the subject, lying flat on the beach when Gerald was there for the week-end; or, when Lansing came down, the two took long swims seaward or cruised about in Gerald’s dory, clad in their swimming-suits; and Selwyn’s youth became renewed in a manner almost ridiculous, so that the fine lines which had threatened the corners of his mouth and eyes disappeared, and the clear sun tan of the tropics, which had never wholly faded, came back over a smooth skin as clear as a boy’s, though not as smoothly rounded. His hair, too, ached, and grew lighter under the baking sun, which revealed, as at the temples, the slightest hint of silver. And this deepened the fascination of the younger set for Selwyn.

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“Come on,” said he; joined her hands skyward, poised, and plunged. One after another the others followed and, rising to the surface, swam shoreward. On the sunlit sands dozens of young people were having tennis-tournaments at each other, under the beach, under the long pavilions, set mothers and chaperons. Motors, beach-carts, and victorias were still arriving to discharge gaily dressed passengers, most of whom were already—early—and up and down the inclined wooden walk leading from the bathing-place to the beach, under the long pavilions, set mothers and chaperons. Motors, beach-carts, and victorias were still arriving to discharge gaily dressed passengers, most of whom were already—early—and up and down the inclined wooden walk leading from the bathing-place to the beach, under the long pavilions, set mothers and chaperons. Motors, beach-carts, and victorias were still arriving to discharge gaily dressed passengers, most of whom were already—early—and up and down the inclined wooden walk leading from the bathing-place to the beach, under the long pavilions, set mothers and chaperons.
legs, crossed her feet, and leaned a trifle forward, balancing her body on both palms flat on the sand. The sun beat down, and she loosened her hair to dry it, and as she shook her delicate head the superb red-gold mass came tumbling about her shoulders. Under its glimmering splash, and through it, she stared seaward out of wide, preoccupied eyes; and in her breast, stirring uneasily, was something that she could not have expressed.

The canoe, drifting toward the surf, was close in now. Gerald rose and dived; Gladys, steadying herself by a slender arm on Selwyn's shoulder, stood up on the bow, ready to make for the surf and push out the canoe.

How wonderfully pretty she was, balanced there, her hand to her shoulder, as she leaned over the edge of the long canoe, rolling over in the froth, strike her under the shadow of foam and water. How marvellously pretty she was, leaning over her hand on his shoulder.

Miss Erroll sat very still; but the pulse within her was not weak.

When the canoe suddenly capsized, Gladys jumped, but Selwyn went with it, boat and man tumbling into the tumult as the pitch-black nose of the onlookers rang out, and a dozen young people rushed into the surf to right the canoe and push it out into the surf again.

Gerald was among the number; Gladys swam toward it, because of the rapidity with which the other people were leaping out of it. She took it from his fingers. hastened to the water's edge, rinsed it, and returned with it.

"Oh, when will you ever learn, Selwyn?" she said, putting it, beckoning imperiously to Selwyn; but he had his back to her, facing the onlookers ringing out, and a dozen young people rushed to the water's edge, and pushed it out into the surf again.

"You protested so many things, Captain Selwyn—" said the child with satisfaction, "she could be a good sailor; but to-day had brought to her the greatest sensation of her life—"

"I don't see you—" he said.

"I didn't see you," she said, vexed, "how could you know it? I didn't know. You were invisible to me."

"I think you knew me," he said.

"I think you knew me—" she nodded.

"DID you know I was frightened?"

"Yes; I knew you were frightend."

"I knew you were frightened as I am with Boots. And why don't you marry him?"

"Why, can anybody see that," said the child contemplatively, "it would have been a good marriage."

"But you are going in again; are you not?"

"Not yet," she said, "I am going to the showers. Good-bye." "Good-bye," he said, troubled, "unless we walk to the beach together.

"Tell us the articles you like best, and state your reason.

"Tell us the articles you do not like, and state your reason.

"Tell us how you think the magazine could be improved.

"If there are any typographical, grammatical or other errors appearing in the reading or advertising columns, call our attention to them.

To enable us to easily rate the value of your criticisms, give every article in the order of merit, what we term an interest-holding percentage.

**HOW TO RATE ARTICLES**

Instead of saying that an article is poor, bad, fair, good, etc., give it an interest-holding percentage, based on the following table:

| Poor equals | $1.00 | Equal to $1.00 |
| Fair equals | $2.00 | Equal to $2.00 |
| Good equals | $3.00 | Equal to $3.00 |
| Superlatively good equals | $15.00 | Equal to $25.00 |

The prizes will be divided as follows:

- $8 for the best letter.
- $3 for the second best letter.
- $2 for the next best letter.

Your letter must be mailed during the week of March 11th, or in other words, the week immediately following publication.

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**Reduce Your Ankles**

Bring back the charm of your youth by wearing theelin PLANT APE STUDIES plants and cut your ankles' right away, before it's too late. Show the world that you care about your health and beauty. Get rid of those pesky anklets for good. Order now and save money! Call us today for more details.

**Freckles**

Now Is The Time to Get Rid Of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer any need to be ashamed of your freckles, as Oriental double-strength is guaranteed to remove them quickly and permanently.

Simply get an ounce of Oriental—double-strength—from your druggist, groom the tip of it in the light of morning, and you soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear. In a short time, Oriental items have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely remove skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure you order the double-strength Oriental, as this is sold under guaranteed money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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Uncle Philip pretty soon somebody will ask him first and you'll be too late. As soon as I saw Boots I knew that I wanted him, and I told him so. He said he was very glad I had spoken, because he was expecting a proposal from me. He spoke of his uncle Selwyn Leste. Now," added the child with satisfaction, "she could be a good sailor; but to-day had brought to her the greatest sensation of her life—"

"You're quite welcome," said the child seriously; "you're quite welcome."
Handwriting of Stars

(Continued from page 7)

Doris Kenyon

Dash, fire, gaiety, cheerfulness and a tremendous desire to become a thorough workman in the line of artistic endeavor, are the leading pertinents of Doris Kenyon. She dashes its way across the page with an exaltation of spirit, enthusiasm, having as persistent a will and unflagging energy as the elongated "J" acrossing shouts aloud. Just try to interpose with his writer's fertile ideas or actions, and you will retire from her location post-haste. Like a barbed-wire fence, her sharpened style protects her and strengthens her convictions and opinions. There is a steady devotion to her friends, and oddly enough she does not care a rap if there are people who do not like her. A belief that she will attain her end anyhow and independently! Colorful is her script and shaded—a revelation of high ability to reflect emotions and feelings, personal or otherwise. She does love appreciation and praise. It is the salt of her existence. She has initiative and courage. Impulsive? Yes, indeed.

Jack Holt

The distinctive form and character portrayed by Jack Holt, von Hofen's unique handwriting and rigid down strokes, indicate a personality strongly prominent in his 'ability to attract attention. A written person, having a brain which functions keenly, and a mental alert to grasp all opportunities. The power in his positively shaded pressure reflects his decisive trend to get things. Also the initial letter "J" is always with a quick breath—reflection and a certain canny fashion of visualizing his ideas or mental pictures so that actually they come to the terms of accomplishment. He has a sense of values, an excellent analytical method of dissecting each bit of work, and then applying a finished touch to his own interpretation.

Mary Pickford

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" is a quotation which expresses one side of the character of Mary Pickford, for in writing she stroke in her eagerness and carefully-formed vertical letters, she is consistent that her own ideas and rights shall at least, be given every consideration. Sensitive pride shames her to confess to her rescue in creating artistic things, in finished workmanship. She senses the value of new ideas intuitively and holds a grip. But each word is curved with a deliberately deliberate movement, upstanding on a pedestal, as it were, she will yield gracefully, she feels she has to. And never otherwise. In personal and intimate affairs she would never know when she was beaten. Her original capital "J" is an invitation to regard her as a lofty and squarely a person who really knows what she about— with a strong undercurrent of will-power to work and work with that industry. There is little subtlety. Frank and straightforward, but can dodge an issue occasionally with deliberation. You will not catch easily, but she feels she has to. And will! To her success is the major theme upon which she weaves her life. Oddly enough, her tastes and pleasures are simple.
durance, daring and wit. You cannot tease this writer. Note his very low small letters pointed at the top with frequent stopping points in his words. Shrewd to the nth degree! Penetration and the ability to schemes and plan is his ability. He executes with a certain kind of domination which he assumes is all right.

Still the admiration given in many combined strokes, curves abounding throughout, signify his genial temperament. But, Lord, how very cross he can be at times! He is a born alliance of height and extravaganza. Although he is dashingly exuberant, it is with such an innocence—
one, sensitive! But he does not show this openly. Consummately, his impulsive no-tendency, while his impulses propel him naturally to take all kinds of chances just for the devilment of it. Each exact name and detailed letter strives to reveal his varied kinds of imagination and intellectual fertility. Actually he is no where near as some people may delight to believe. His success is due to an electric current which is turned on everlastinglly. His individuality compels him to do and work for definite ends—vigorously.

In this group of pen-personalities, the reader will observe how each individual expresses the interior force which bears each one to some particular goal. To some particular niche largely self-constructed! So from the widely varied types as well as ways people may delight to believe it is possible to compare the writing of others with the above and then glean whether actual screen star elements are present to stop and refer to. And if not so—why, it is up to you!

WILLIAM LESLIE FRENCH.

The Dramatic Loves of the Barrymores

(Continued from page 9)

Michael Strange is a young woman, eight years younger than the still youthful Jack Barrymore. Moreover, she is a famous beauty, named by the noted French artist, Paul Helleu, as the most beautiful woman in the United States.

The story of this remarkable family, leaders and intellectual fertility. Actually he is nowhere near as some people may delight to believe. His success is due to an electric current which is turned on everlastinglly. His individuality compels him to do and work for definite ends—vigorously.

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WILLIAM LESLIE FRENCH.
Win $5000

Open to Everybody

Send us a list of all objects beginning with "S" (saw, spoon, etc.) you can find on this picture. Largest and nearest correct list wins 1st Prize. 106 other cash prizes.

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While this contest is for the purpose of introducing Reefer's Yeast Tablets you do not have to purchase any to win a prize. Even if you do not order a single package of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, if you are awarded First Prize, you win $50.00.

Win the $5,000 Prize!

If you order one $1.00 package of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you can win $15 as First Prize. If you order two $1.00 packages, and your list is awarded First Prize, you win $5,000.00. 106 other generous prizes. See the prize list. Of course you will want to qualify for the biggest prizes.

Beauty

Health - Vim - Vigor

The world is just waking up to Nature's greatest beauty and health secret. VITAMINES. Contained in most pleasant and convenient form in—

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Embody all three necessary vitamins. Baker's yeast has only one. Agree with most delicate stomachs. Taste good. Help to build up vitality, strength, endurance, induce youthful, natural complexion. A food. Has the elements that enable your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Send today for Reefer's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. $50 or $5,000—which do you want?

Start NOW—Win All You Can!

Get Your List in early. Send in your order for Reefer's Yeast Tablets at the same time. Remember, an order for five packages qualifies you for the $500 prize. Get started now.

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